

The Quarrel

The poet quarrelled with his brother on some very petty matter. It was so petty that now he does not remember what it was. One thing led to another. Both of them felt that they were right. It had started as something small. It had become big in the end. So they began to hate each other. The afternoon became very tense and unpleasant for both of them.

Then suddenly, the poet's brother patted him on the back. He said that the two of them could not go along like that for a long time. It would be difficult to pass the night in that manner. He said that it was his mistake, Just then the poet felt that his brother was right. In fact he himself was wrong.