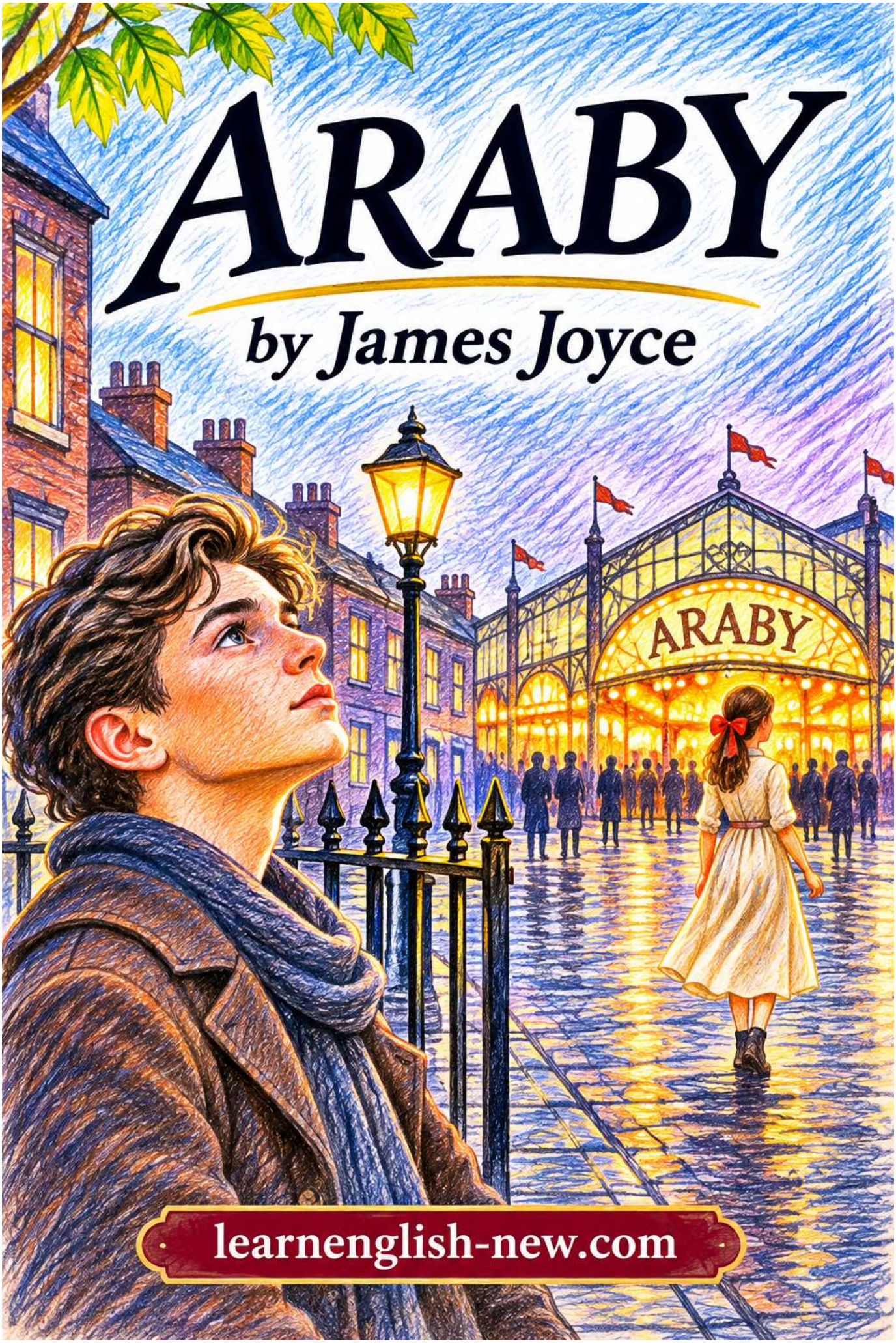

ARABY
by James Joyce
ARABY
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Araby

By James Joyce

CLASSIC SHORT STORY
ENGLISH READING PRACTICE

ENGLISH SHORT STORIES FOR ADVANCED LEARNERS

LEVEL C1

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CONTENTS

About the Author: James Joyce (1882–1941)

About the Story: “Araby” by James Joyce

The Original Story: “Araby” by James Joyce

Vocabulary List

Reading Comprehension

Grammar Exercises

Answer Key

About the Author

James Joyce (1882–1941)

James Joyce (1882–1941) was an Irish novelist, short-story writer, poet, and one of the most influential figures in modernist literature. He is widely recognised for his innovative narrative techniques, psychological depth, and detailed portrayals of everyday life. His works often explore themes of identity, religion, family, memory, isolation, and the complex relationship between individuals and society.

Joyce was born on February 2, 1882, in Dublin, Ireland, into a Catholic family. He was the eldest of ten surviving children. His father, John Stanislaus Joyce, experienced financial difficulties, and the family's circumstances gradually became increasingly unstable. These experiences later influenced Joyce's literary treatment of poverty, social class, family relationships, and life in Dublin.

He received his education at Jesuit schools and later studied at University College Dublin, where he developed a strong interest in literature, languages, philosophy, and European culture. From an early age, Joyce showed considerable intellectual independence and questioned many of the religious and social conventions of his time.

In 1904, Joyce left Ireland with Nora Barnacle, who later became his wife. Although he spent most of his adult life outside his homeland, Dublin remained the central setting of much of his writing. He lived in several European cities, including Trieste, Zurich, and Paris. His experiences abroad, together with his memories of Ireland, helped shape his distinctive literary vision.

Joyce's first major literary collection, *Dubliners*, was published in 1914. It contains fifteen short stories portraying ordinary people and everyday experiences in Dublin. The stories explore the emotional, social, and spiritual difficulties faced by individuals living in a society marked by strict traditions and limited opportunities. **“Araby”** is one of the best-known stories in this collection. It examines youthful idealism, first love, disappointment, and the painful process of self-discovery.

Among Joyce's other important works are *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916), a semi-autobiographical novel about the intellectual and artistic development of a young man; *Ulysses* (1922), widely regarded as one of the most significant novels of modernist literature; and *Finnegans Wake* (1939), a highly experimental work known for its complex language and unusual narrative structure.

Joyce became famous for his use of stream of consciousness, interior monologue, symbolism, and innovative approaches to language and storytelling. Rather than simply describing external events, he often explored the private thoughts, memories, emotions, and psychological struggles of his characters.

James Joyce died on January 13, 1941, in Zurich, Switzerland, at the age of 58. Today, he is remembered as a major figure in twentieth-century literature. His works continue to influence writers, literary scholars, and readers around the world.

About the Story

“Araby” by James Joyce

“Araby**”** is one of the most celebrated short stories by Irish writer James Joyce. It was published in 1914 as part of his collection *Dubliners*, which contains fifteen stories portraying the everyday lives, struggles, and emotional experiences of ordinary people in Dublin, Ireland. Like many other stories in the collection, “Araby” explores the difficulties of growing up in a society shaped by tradition, religion, and social limitations.

The story is narrated by an unnamed young boy who lives on North Richmond Street in Dublin. His quiet neighbourhood provides the background for his emotional and psychological development. The boy becomes fascinated by Mangan's sister, a girl who lives nearby. Although he has barely spoken to her, he develops an intense romantic admiration for her. Her image occupies his thoughts, influences his daily activities, and becomes the centre of his imagination.

One evening, Mangan's sister mentions a bazaar called Araby and expresses her wish to visit it. Since she cannot go, the boy promises to bring her something from the event. He imagines the bazaar as an extraordinary and almost magical place where he can find a meaningful gift for the girl. For him, the journey becomes much more than an ordinary shopping trip: it represents an opportunity to express his feelings and prove the sincerity of his affection.

However, his plans are frustrated by ordinary circumstances. His uncle returns home late and forgets to give him the money he needs. As a result, the boy reaches the bazaar shortly before it closes. Most of the stalls are already shut, and the atmosphere is far less exciting than he had imagined. A young woman at one of the remaining stalls speaks casually with two young men and responds to the boy without much interest. This encounter makes him realise how distant his romantic expectations are from reality.

The final scene marks a crucial moment of self-awareness. Standing in the darkness of the nearly empty bazaar, the boy recognises himself as someone driven by vanity and unrealistic desires. His disappointment is not simply caused by his inability to buy a gift. It comes from the painful discovery that his idealised vision of love and the world has been built largely upon imagination rather than genuine understanding.

One of the central themes of **“**Araby**”** is the conflict between idealism and reality. The boy transforms an ordinary bazaar into an almost sacred destination because of his romantic feelings. When reality fails to match his expectations, his illusions collapse. The story also explores first love, adolescence, emotional confusion, disappointment, self-deception, and the painful process of maturity.

Another important theme is paralysis, a recurring idea throughout *Dubliners*. Joyce presents a world in which people often find themselves restricted by social conventions, family circumstances, religious influences, and everyday responsibilities. The boy's journey is repeatedly delayed by circumstances beyond his control, while his emotional life remains trapped between imagination and reality.

Joyce makes extensive use of symbolism and imagery. Araby itself represents the boy's idealised world of romance, adventure, and possibility. The darkness at the end of the story symbolises the collapse of his illusions and his growing awareness of reality. Religious imagery also plays an important role: the boy's feelings are expressed through language associated with devotion and worship, suggesting that he has elevated his romantic admiration into something almost sacred.

The story is written in the first person, allowing readers to experience events through the boy's limited perspective. This narrative approach is particularly effective because readers can recognise the difference between what the young narrator imagines and what actually happens. Joyce's use of sensory details, carefully chosen imagery, and subtle psychological observation gives the story considerable emotional depth.

The ending is especially significant because it transforms the entire narrative into a story of disillusionment and personal awakening. Through a seemingly simple journey to a bazaar, Joyce captures a universal experience: the moment when youthful dreams encounter reality and an individual begins to understand the limitations of their own imagination.

“Araby**”** remains an important work of modern short fiction because of its psychological insight, symbolic richness, and powerful portrayal of adolescence. It offers advanced English learners an opportunity to explore literary symbolism, narrative perspective, imagery, and complex human emotions while engaging with one of James Joyce's most memorable stories.

Araby

by James Joyce

North Richmond Street, being blind, was a quiet street except at the hour when the Christian Brothers' School set the boys free. An uninhabited house of two storeys stood at the blind end, detached from its neighbours in a square ground. The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces.

The former tenant of our house, a priest, had died in the back drawing-room. Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers. Among these I found a few paper-covered books, the pages of which were curled and damp: *The Abbot*, by Walter Scott, *The Devout Communicant* and *The Memoirs of Vidocq*. I liked the last best because its leaves were yellow. The wild garden behind the house contained a central apple-tree and a few straggling bushes under one of which I found the late tenant's rusty bicycle-pump. He had been a very charitable priest; in his will he had left all his money to institutions and the furniture of his house to his sister.

When the short days of winter came dusk fell before we had well eaten our dinners. When we met in the street the houses had grown sombre. The space of sky above us was the colour of ever-changing violet and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their feeble lanterns. The cold air stung us and we played till our bodies glowed. Our shouts echoed in the silent street. The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses where we ran the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness. When we returned to the street light from the kitchen windows had filled the areas. If my uncle was seen turning the corner we hid in the shadow until we had seen him safely housed. Or if Mangan's sister came out on the doorstep to call her brother in to his tea we watched her from our shadow peer up and down the street. We waited to see whether she would remain or go in and, if she remained, we left our shadow and walked up to Mangan's steps resignedly. She was waiting for us, her figure defined by the light from the half-opened door. Her brother always teased her before he obeyed and I stood by the railings looking at her. Her dress swung as she moved her body and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side.

Every morning I lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. The blind was pulled down to within an inch of the sash so that I could not be seen. When she came out on the doorstep my heart leaped. I ran to the hall, seized my books and followed her. I kept her brown figure always in my eye and, when we came near the point at which our ways diverged, I quickened my pace and passed her. This happened morning after morning. I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood.

Her image accompanied me even in places the most hostile to romance. On Saturday evenings when my aunt went marketing I had to go to carry some of the parcels. We walked through the flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, amid the curses of labourers, the shrill litanies of shop-boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' cheeks, the nasal chanting of street-singers, who sang a *come-all-you* about O'Donovan Rossa, or a ballad about the troubles in our native land. These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes. Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and praises which I myself did not understand. My

eyes were often full of tears (I could not tell why) and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself out into my bosom. I thought little of the future. I did not know whether I would ever speak to her or not or, if I spoke to her, how I could tell her of my confused adoration. But my body was like a harp and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires.

One evening I went into the back drawing-room in which the priest had died. It was a dark rainy evening and there was no sound in the house. Through one of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth, the fine incessant needles of water playing in the sodden beds. Some distant lamp or lighted window gleamed below me. I was thankful that I could see so little. All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled, murmuring: *"O love! O love!"* many times.

At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know what to answer. She asked me was I going to *Araby*. I forgot whether I answered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar, she said; she would love to go.

"And why can't you?" I asked.

While she spoke she turned a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not go, she said, because there would be a retreat that week in her convent. Her brother and two other boys were fighting for their caps and I was alone at the railings. She held one of the spikes, bowing her head towards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caught the white curve of her neck, lit up her hair that rested there and, falling, lit up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of her dress and caught the white border of a petticoat, just visible as she stood at ease.

"It's well for you," she said.

"If I go," I said, "I will bring you something."

What innumerable follies laid waste my waking and sleeping thoughts after that evening! I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days. I chafed against the work of school. At night in my bedroom and by day in the classroom her image came between me and the page I strove to read. The syllables of the word *Araby* were called to me through the silence in which my soul luxuriated and cast an Eastern enchantment over me. I asked for leave to go to the bazaar on Saturday night. My aunt was surprised and hoped it was not some Freemason affair. I answered few questions in class. I watched my master's face pass from amiability to sternness; he hoped I was not beginning to idle. I could not call my wandering thoughts together. I had hardly any patience with the serious work of life which, now that it stood between me and my desire, seemed to me child's play, ugly monotonous child's play.

On Saturday morning I reminded my uncle that I wished to go to the bazaar in the evening. He was fussing at the hallstand, looking for the hat-brush, and answered me curtly:

"Yes, boy, I know."

As he was in the hall I could not go into the front parlour and lie at the window. I left the house in bad humour and walked slowly towards the school. The air was pitilessly raw and already my heart misgave me.

When I came home to dinner my uncle had not yet been home. Still it was early. I sat staring at the clock for some time and, when its ticking began to irritate me, I left the room. I mounted the staircase and gained the upper part of the house. The high cold empty gloomy rooms liberated me and I went from room to room singing. From the front window I saw my

companions playing below in the street. Their cries reached me weakened and indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I looked over at the dark house where she lived. I may have stood there for an hour, seeing nothing but the brown-clad figure cast by my imagination, touched discreetly by the lamplight at the curved neck, at the hand upon the railings and at the border below the dress.

When I came downstairs again I found Mrs Mercer sitting at the fire. She was an old garrulous woman, a pawnbroker's widow, who collected used stamps for some pious purpose. I had to endure the gossip of the tea-table. The meal was prolonged beyond an hour and still my uncle did not come. Mrs Mercer stood up to go: she was sorry she couldn't wait any longer, but it was after eight o'clock and she did not like to be out late as the night air was bad for her. When she had gone I began to walk up and down the room, clenching my fists. My aunt said:

"I'm afraid you may put off your bazaar for this night of Our Lord."

At nine o'clock I heard my uncle's latchkey in the halldoor. I heard him talking to himself and heard the hallstand rocking when it had received the weight of his overcoat. I could interpret these signs. When he was midway through his dinner I asked him to give me the money to go to the bazaar. He had forgotten.

"The people are in bed and after their first sleep now," he said.

I did not smile. My aunt said to him energetically:

"Can't you give him the money and let him go? You've kept him late enough as it is."

My uncle said he was very sorry he had forgotten. He said he believed in the old saying: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." He asked me where I was going and, when I had told him a second time he asked me did I know *The Arab's Farewell to his Steed*. When I left the kitchen he was about to recite the opening lines of the piece to my aunt.

I held a florin tightly in my hand as I strode down Buckingham Street towards the station. The sight of the streets thronged with buyers and glaring with gas recalled to me the purpose of my journey. I took my seat in a third-class carriage of a deserted train. After an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly. It crept onward among ruinous houses and over the twinkling river. At Westland Row Station a crowd of people pressed to the carriage doors; but the porters moved them back, saying that it was a special train for the bazaar. I remained alone in the bare carriage. In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform. I passed out on to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that it was ten minutes to ten. In front of me was a large building which displayed the magical name.

I could not find any sixpenny entrance and, fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in quickly through a turnstile, handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. I found myself in a big hall girdled at half its height by a gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was in darkness. I recognised a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. I walked into the centre of the bazaar timidly. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open. Before a curtain, over which the words *Café Chantant* were written in coloured lamps, two men were counting money on a salver. I listened to the fall of the coins.

Remembering with difficulty why I had come I went over to one of the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flowered tea-sets. At the door of the stall a young lady was talking and laughing with two young gentlemen. I remarked their English accents and listened vaguely to their conversation.

"O, I never said such a thing!"

“O, but you did!”

“O, but I didn’t!”

“Didn’t she say that?”

“Yes. I heard her.”

“O, there’s a ... fib!”

Observing me the young lady came over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The tone of her voice was not encouraging; she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. I looked humbly at the great jars that stood like eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to the stall and murmured:

“No, thank you.”

The young lady changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two young men. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the young lady glanced at me over her shoulder.

I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of the bazaar. I allowed the two pennies to fall against the sixpence in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark.

Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger.

THE END

VOCABULARY LIST

1. **Imperturbable** /ˌɪmpəˈtɜːbəbəl/ — calm and not easily disturbed or affected by difficult situations.
   Example: “The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces.”

2. **Musty** /ˈmʌsti/ — having an unpleasant smell caused by being old, damp, or poorly ventilated.
   Example: “Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers.”

3. **Littered** /ˈlɪtəd/ — covered or filled with things scattered carelessly around.
   Example: “Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers.”

4. **Straggling** /ˈstrægəlɪŋ/ — growing or spreading irregularly, with things scattered or spread out.
   Example: “The wild garden behind the house contained a central apple-tree and a few straggling bushes under one of which I found the late tenant’s rusty bicycle-pump.”

5. **Sombre** /ˈsɒmbə/ — dark, gloomy, or lacking brightness and cheerfulness.
   Example: “When we met in the street the houses had grown sombre.”

6. **Gauntlet** /ˈgɔːntlət/ — a difficult or dangerous situation that someone must pass through or endure.
   Example: “The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses where we ran the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness.”

7. **Odours** /ˈəʊdəz/ — smells, especially unpleasant or distinctive ones.
   Example: “The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses where we ran the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark

odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness."

8. **Diverged** /daɪˈvɜːdʒd/ — separated and moved in different directions or followed different paths.
   Example: "I kept her brown figure always in my eye and, when we came near the point at which our ways diverged, I quickened my pace and passed her."

9. **Summons** /ˈsʌmənz/ — a call or signal demanding someone's attention or presence.
   Example: "I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood."

10. **Jostled** /ˈdʒɒsəld/ — pushed or bumped against by people moving through a crowded place.
    Example: "We walked through the flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, amid the curses of labourers, the shrill litanies of shop-boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' cheeks, the nasal chanting of street-singers, who sang a come-all-you about O'Donovan Rossa, or a ballad about the troubles in our native land."

11. **Converged** /kənˈvɜːdʒd/ — came together or met at a single point.
    Example: "These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes."

12. **Chalice** /ˈtʃælɪs/ — a large cup or goblet, especially one used in Christian religious ceremonies.
    Example: "These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes."

13. **Incessant** /ɪnˈsesənt/ — continuing without stopping or interruption.
    Example: "Through one of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth, the fine incessant needles of water playing in the sodden beds."

14. **Annihilate** /əˈnaɪəleɪt/ — to destroy something completely or make it cease to exist.
    Example: "I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days."

15. **Tedious** /ˈtiːdiəs/ — boring, tiring, or too long because something is repetitive or uninteresting.
    Example: “I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days.”

16. **Amiability** /ˌeɪmiəˈbɪləti/ — the quality of being friendly, pleasant, and easy to like.
    Example: “I watched my master’s face pass from amiability to sternness; he hoped I was not beginning to idle.”

17. **Curtly** /ˈkɜːtli/ — in a brief, abrupt, and sometimes unfriendly manner.
    Example: “As he was in the hall I could not go into the front parlour and lie at the window. I left the house in bad humour and walked slowly towards the school.”

18. **Pitilessly** /ˈpɪtɪləsli/ — in a harsh or merciless way, without showing sympathy or kindness.
    Example: “The air was pitilessly raw and already my heart misgave me.”

19. **Improvised** /ˈɪmprəvaɪzd/ — created or arranged without preparation, using whatever is available.
    Example: “In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform.”

20. **Timidly** /ˈtɪmɪdli/ — in a shy, nervous, or hesitant manner, lacking confidence.
    Example: “I walked into the centre of the bazaar timidly.”

READING COMPREHENSION

Instructions: Answer the following questions based on the story.

1. How does Joyce's description of North Richmond Street and the former priest's house establish the atmosphere of the story and reflect the narrator's surroundings?

2. What significance do the descriptions of the old books, the priest's belongings, and the neglected garden have in introducing the story's themes?

3. How does the narrator's daily routine of watching Mangan's sister and following her to school reveal the intensity and nature of his feelings?

4. Why does the narrator compare Mangan's sister's name to a summons, and what does this comparison suggest about his emotional and psychological state?

5. How does the contrast between the girl's idealised image and the noisy, crowded streets of Dublin reveal the narrator's tendency to romanticise ordinary experiences?

6. Why does the narrator imagine himself carrying a chalice through a crowd of enemies, and how does this religious imagery reflect his feelings towards Mangan's sister?

7. What is the significance of the narrator's experience in the dark, rainy drawing-room where the priest had died, and how does this scene deepen the atmosphere of the story?

8. How does Mangan's sister introduce the idea of Araby into the narrator's life, and why does his promise to bring her something become so important to him?

9. Why does the narrator become increasingly impatient with schoolwork and everyday responsibilities after speaking with Mangan's sister?

10. How do the narrator's uncle's forgetfulness and Mrs Mercer's unexpected visit contribute to the growing tension before the journey to Araby?

11. What does the narrator's reaction to his uncle's delayed return reveal about his dependence on adults and his limited control over his own plans?

12. How does Joyce use the descriptions of the train journey, the deserted carriage, and the improvised platform to create a sense of urgency and disappointment?

13. Why does the narrator find the bazaar so different from the magical place he had imagined, and what details contribute to this contrast?

14. How does the conversation between the young woman and the two young men at the stall affect the narrator's expectations and emotional state?

15. Why does the narrator remain at the stall despite having no intention of buying anything, and what does his behaviour reveal about his desire to preserve his romantic purpose?

16. What is the significance of the narrator's difficulty in remembering why he has come to the bazaar?

17. How does the contrast between light and darkness throughout the story contribute to its emotional development and central meaning?

18. In what ways does the first-person narrative allow readers to recognise the difference between the narrator's youthful perceptions and the reality of the situations he experiences?

19. Why does the narrator describe himself as a creature driven and derided by vanity at the end of the story, and what does this realisation reveal about his personal development?

20. How does the journey to Araby become a turning point in the narrator's understanding of love, idealism, and reality, and why is the ending essential to the story's overall meaning?

GRAMMAR EXERCISES

Instructions: Choose the one correct answer (A, B, C, or D).

1. By the time the narrator became fascinated by Mangan's sister, he _____ her from a distance for several mornings.

   A) watched
   B) had been watching
   C) has watched
   D) is watching

2. The narrator wished that the tedious days before Saturday _____ more quickly.

   A) pass
   B) will pass
   C) would pass
   D) have passed

3. If the narrator's uncle had returned home earlier, the boy _____ to the bazaar sooner.

   A) would have been able to go
   B) will be able to go
   C) can go
   D) would be able to go yesterday

4. The former priest's books, _____ pages were curled and damp, had been left in the house.

A) who
B) which
C) whose
D) whom

5. The narrator found it difficult _____ his attention on schoolwork because he kept thinking about Mangan's sister.

   A) maintaining
   B) to maintain
   C) maintained
   D) maintain

6. The boy imagined _____ a chalice safely through a crowd of enemies.

   A) to bear
   B) bearing
   C) bore
   D) to bearing

7. Having _____ the money from his uncle, the narrator hurried towards the station.

   A) receive
   B) receiving
   C) received
   D) receives

8. The stallholders _____ most of their stalls by the time the narrator arrived.

   A) have closed
   B) had closed
   C) were closing
   D) will close

9. Not until he entered the bazaar _____ how different it was from his expectations.

   A) he realised
   B) did he realise
   C) he had realised
   D) had he realises

10. The narrator promised that he _____ Mangan's sister something if he went to the bazaar.

    A) brings
    B) will bring
    C) would bring
    D) has brought

11. The narrator's journey was delayed because his uncle forgot _____ him the money.

A) giving
B) to give
C) give
D) to giving

12. The young woman at the stall asked the narrator whether he _____ to buy anything.

A) wishes
B) has wished
C) wished
D) will wish

13. The narrator remained at the stall, _____ to make his interest in the goods appear genuine.

A) hoping
B) hoped
C) having hope
D) to hoping

14. The bazaar was so quiet that the narrator could hear the coins _____ on a salver.

A) count
B) being counted
C) to count
D) counted them

15. It was the narrator's unrealistic expectations _____ made his disappointment so intense.

A) who
B) where
C) that
D) whose

16. The more the narrator thought about Mangan's sister, _____ difficult it became for him to concentrate on his lessons.

A) the most
B) the more
C) more
D) most

17. The narrator behaved as though the journey to Araby _____ a sacred mission.

A) is
B) has been

C) were
D) will be

18._____ by the darkness of the nearly empty bazaar, the narrator began to recognise the vanity of his expectations.

A) Surrounded
B) Surrounding
C) Having surround
D) To surrounding

19.Had the narrator arrived at the bazaar earlier, he _____ more opportunities to examine the stalls.

A) would have had
B) will have
C) would have
D) had

20.No sooner _____ the bazaar than he realised that most of the stalls were closed.

A) the narrator had entered
B) had the narrator entered
C) did the narrator entered
D) the narrator enters

Answer Key

1-B, 2-C, 3-A, 4-C, 5-B, 6-B, 7-C, 8-B, 9-B, 10-C, 11-B, 12-C, 13-A, 14-B, 15-C, 16-B, 17-C, 18-A, 19-A, 20-B