

Portrayal of Kleptomania by Nergis Dalal and Manjula Padmanabhan

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Abstract

Writers get ideas for their writing from the society around. Any incident or behavior, away from normalcy, immediately catches their attention and becomes a piece of art when it gets blended with the imagination of the writer. Kleptomania is a psychological disorder which includes an obsession to steal followed by a relief after stealing. Unlike ordinary stealing, which is planned for certain material or monetary benefits, kleptomania is an instigated desire to steal items though of no personal use or monetary gain. Modern Indian women writers are discussing challenging themes in their works. Nergis Dalal, with her uncanny knack of observing and discovering small incidents in and around her neighbourhood and household presents a female kleptomania in "The Connoisseur". Manjula Padmanabhan, who is known for her versatile writing and shocking conclusions portrays a male kleptomania in her title story "Kleptomania". The present paper studies how the two writers have dealt with the topic in their respective stories.

Index Terms: Kleptomania, loss, guest, host, eating disorder, antisocial, literature, confront

Introduction

People get exposed themselves, at certain times, to different experiences and behaviors which become difficult to deal with. To writers, a person they happen to meet or an incident that happens to someone they know becomes the subject of their writing. When writers trap such experiences, they blend the incidents with their imagination to create realistic pieces of art. Hence, writing is an expression of experience. To modern Indian women writers like Nergis Dalal and Manjula Padmanabhan, such experiences form the crux of their writings. Compulsive stealing or kleptomania is one such behaviour that is dealt as a theme, with utmost sensitiveness by the two writers in their stories "The Connoisseur" and "Kleptomania" respectively.

The term Kleptomania is derived from the ancient Greek words Klepto (to steal) and mania (mad desire or compulsion) thus meaning 'mad desire to steal' or 'compulsive stealing'. Psychologists explain kleptomania as an impulse control disorder which also includes recurring intrusion feelings, an obsession to steal, followed by a relief after stealing. Unlike ordinary stealing, which is planned for certain material or monetary benefits, kleptomania is an instigated desire to steal items though of no personal use or monetary gain. Sigmund Freud believes that the underlying dynamics of human behaviours are associated with certain uncivilized savages, kleptomania being one among them. The present paper discusses two kleptomaniacs, a male and a female, respectively from the stories of Nergis Dalal and Manjula Padmanabhan.

Nergis Dalal is a well-known novelist and a short story writer. She also authored middles, and books for children and on cookery. Her book on yoga is among the bestselling. A few of her short stories are broadcast over the BBC and are published in anthologies in India, UK and Australia. "The Connoisseur" is one among such stories prescribed for graduates in India. The story is about Miss Krishna, a spry, thin and 65 years aged spinster. Her younger sister being married and having left home many years ago, Miss Krishna had to spend all her life looking after her ailing mother. Hence she experienced a curious love - hate relationship with her mother who was domineering and also lavished all her love on the younger daughter leaving Miss Krishna in the cold. On the death of her mother, she was left with a small annuity and a tiny cottage to live in. In contrast, the narrator in the story is a writer who enjoys living alone and arranges her time and life comfortably to suit herself. She is free of financial worries and is able to afford all the small luxuries that make life run smoothly.

The two ladies meet each other the first time at an art exhibition and Miss Krishna gets attached herself to the narrator "like an abandoned dog" by telling her past and driving her to take her home for a cup of tea. In due course of time, she becomes a frequent visitor to the narrator's house. The narrator feels pity at Miss Krishna's miserable past and dearth of things:

'All my life I have been starved of beautiful things. My early life was one continuous struggle. Poverty is so ugly. All those thick coarse sheets on the beds, uncarpeted floors, pottery cups and plates and ugly discarded furniture. How one's soul craves for beautiful things.' (Rao 2009, 64)

The narrator becomes so sympathetic towards Miss Krishna that once in a weak moment, she even invites her to stay with her when the latter's cottage is being distempered and painted. Miss Krishna delightfully accepts and moves into the narrator's house, with an astonishing array of black trunks which are brought 'on the heads of a string of coolies, one after the other, as though she were setting out on a safari into the wilds of the Amazon.' All the trunks are neatly arranged against the wall of the room, and behind the locked door the narrator often hears Miss Krishna shifting them around, 'opening them and presumably unpacking their mysterious contents.'

The narrator gets puzzled to find everything kept once again inside and the locks firmly fastened before the doors are opened. On being questioned of their contents, Miss Krishna brushes off saying that they are just a few things precious to her. The narrator is equally bemused and annoyed to see her house cluttered. However, she shrugs the whole things off consoling herself as 'it is a sort of mild eccentricity common to ageing spinsters.'

By the end of two weeks Miss Krishna proves to be an irritating guest with her habit of fidgeting about the home; her curiosity to know how much money the narrator is left by her late husband and how much she earns from her books and articles; and her fussiness about food as well. The narrator becomes seriously alarmed when she receives feelers from Miss Krishna about pooling their resources and sharing the house permanently. Eventually, she wishes she had never seen Miss Krishna, and feels impossible to exist with her under the same roof. With no intention of cluttering up her house or her life with her guest, on an impulse, she visits Miss Krishna's cottage and to her astonishment finds the house clean and dry smelling very faintly of paint and with no signs of workmen anywhere.

The narrator, on her return home, finds Miss Krishna reading her latest manuscript. A manuscript for a writer is an intellectual property which cannot be allowed to be read before it is published: 'If there is one thing I positively cannot bear; it is to let anyone read something of mine which has not yet been published. There is something essentially private about a manuscript that has not been published.' (Rao 2009, 65) It is quite natural that the narrator loses her tolerance; she tells her guest to move immediately out of her house as all the work is completed at her own cottage. This leads the black trunks go back, safari style.

Nevertheless, Miss Krishna keeps visiting the narrator from time to time, 'always carrying with her a large battered, leather purse, the handles looped over her wrist securely'. During one of her such visits, Miss Krishna opens her handbag and takes out an expensive 'tiny, exquisite coffee cup and saucer, glazed red and gold, delicately translucent' calling it her panacea for all her ills. When the narrator admires the set and identifies it to be expensive, Miss Krishna reveals she got it from a little shop in the bazaar, where one can pick up things like this, sometimes for a song. After several days, the narrator is served coffee at the house of Lalls, her old friends, in a similar cup and saucer and she stares at them fascinated. She learns from her friend that they were bought in Paris a year ago, but unfortunately one set out of a dozen was either lost or broken. The narrator quickly estimates the connection between the missing cup and the one seen with Miss Krishna. During Miss Krishna's next visit the narrator gets confirmed that she also knows Lalls and visits them often. She now understands the secret behind Miss Krishna's treasure - that she actually steals such small and beautiful things. Thereafter, she becomes careful to keep sharp watch on cups and spoons at her house.

Quite often, Miss Krishna keeps visiting the narrator's house and showing her 'latest acquisition - beautiful crystal candle-holder made in the shape of a star, a polished wooden statue, a delicately embossed silver vase to hold a single flower, a tiny jade Buddha, and once a jeweled watch with a fine gold mesh strap.' (Rao 2009, 66) Once she even offers the narrator a gift - a small Burmese lacquered box in black and gold. But the narrator politely refuses to accept it. As the time passes by, she begins empathizing her guest and tries to understand her passion for collecting beautiful things; in a vague sort of way, she even finds herself believing in the little shop which Miss Krishna had so fortunately discovered.

One morning the narrator receives a shock on learning that Miss Krishna is dead due to heart attack. She sends a telegram to her sister and makes arrangements for the funeral. The narrator gets astonished to see the number of people that turn up; she never had any idea that Miss Krishna knew so many people. The sister arrives in time and after the funeral she requests the narrator to stay on. The narrator receives another shock on learning that Maya alias Miss Krishna made a legal will on the paper leaving everything to her as she is the only one who appreciated her things. The narrator is both astonished and dismayed to know Miss Krishna's name as Maya. However, she firmly rejects: 'I have no wish to be rude, but really, I hardly knew your sister. We were simply casual acquaintances. It would be quite improper for me to take her things'. (Rao 2009, 67) The sister feels happy as she happens to be the next beneficiary and 'with all smiles' invites the narrator to see what Maya had in those trunks.

The black trunks which once intrigued the narrator in her house, are now opened to expose the contents. The narrator gasps to see 'every single trunk spilling over with glass, silver, statues, carved figurines, watches, jewellery, monogrammed ice-tongs and spoons, silver trivets, egg-cups made from polished wood, cigarette lighters and fountain pens' - all extremely valuable. The sister is puzzled to find no sets of anything, and everything small. The narrator's absentminded saying 'to fit into her bag' startles the sister. The staring of the narrator finally ends at 'a little nine - inch clock' which she had lost almost three months ago at her house. She seeks permission to just take something in remembrance of Maya and picks up her own little clock, so that it can stand again on her bedside table.

Majula Padmanabhan is a well-noted and multi-talented writer. She is a play-wright, novelist, short story writer, artist, journalist, an illustrator, cartoonist, etc. she has also authored several books for children. The title story "Kleptomania" is one of her most brilliant and unforgettable stories. Manjula Padmanabhan gets the title from a publicizing material of a shop, in which a lady is found snatching an ornament from a shop and the owner is seen screaming after her "Kleptomania!" Actually "kleptomania" happens to be the name of the shop. In another instance, she learns from a friend about her mother's missing of perfumes, thus allowing a writer to pen her wild imagination into a story about people who cannot control themselves from stealing.

The story opens at a dinner table occupied by the hostess Sheila, the host Bhasho, their 14-year-old son Kamal and six guests - Russi, a young author, his sister Ruby who is the new consultant at Bhasho's firm, Ruby's fiancé Sid or Siddharth, Russi and Ruby's mother Mrs. Billimoria, Mrs. Vakil, and her husband who is Bhasho's second in command at the office - all enjoying the dinner and conversing on literature and the young generation of authors. During the conversation, Sheila starts saying 'Literature is form of - of -'

and before she completes her words, she suddenly observes a flicker of movement through the plate-glass top of her dining table. Though she could not make out what she has seen, she is sure that something precious has gone out of her world forever. A word flows to her lips then, knocking so hard against her teeth that she with no choice expels, like a sneeze or an ejaculation: 'Kleptomania'. Russi thinks that she has termed literature as a form of Kleptomania and calls it an 'absurd remark' and demands an explanation why she used that term, thus setting a stage for a hot discussion on 'compulsive stealing'. He sits forward with a child's excitement, expecting Sheila to stumble.

Sheila's mind goes blank and the thread of conversation that preceded her remark gets wiped clear by that momentary glimpse of something missing. Anyhow, before she could fashion some explanation, Ruby comes to her rescue by giving her own opinion about the nature of writers:

'I can see exactly what it means – it's obvious, really. Think of the way that writers use their families . . . they don't really know that they do it – even when they are really consciously writing about their families. They don't realize how much they take, how expensive it is for the victims, socially. And they can't stop themselves. They take the most painful, the most tender memories - knowing that the thrill lies in the taking. Which is what makes them like kleptomaniacs'. (Padmanabhan 2004, 4-5)

Mrs Billimoria confirms her daughter's words saying that her father was a writer and a journalist in whose writings all his family members were found. She also reveals about Russi: 'When he writes his books, he writes about us, his family. All our secrets . . . we love it! We give him whatever he needs – even more than he needs'. (Padmanabhan 2004, 4) All the while Sheila's attention is focused on the vanity pouch on the lap of Mrs. Vakil – the pouch into which she saw Mrs. Vakil stuff her fingers as if tucking something away. she feels her pulse quickening at the sight of the pouch. Sheila, anyhow, manages to drag her attention away with much difficulty and reenters the conversation, which was paved by herself, to 'maintain the civilities'. While confirming Ruby's point, words spill recklessly from her mouth as the sight of the pouch keeps distracting her. The impulse to penetrate it with x-ray vision and there by triumphantly reclaim the thing from inside is however suppressed. The conversation moves on to the poets and Russi calls them 'looters of the first degree' and says:

'They aim their attention at all the warm, fuzzy balloons people cushion their lives with, and they *puncture* them. They reach into the lives of their friends and lovers, they skim away whatever is of interest, to use in their own work'. And he further calls it 'the essence of stealing'. (Padmanabhan 2004, 7)

Sid expresses his opinion that Kleptomaniacs, typically, do not take things of real value. 'It's not *what* they take that matters, but that they're compulsive about it - they can't help themselves'. (Padmanabhan 2004, 8) Bhasho calls it a 'dismal subject' and wonders why they are talking about that. It is Sheila who initiated the topic and she wants to keep it afloat with a hope of some ruse she could get her thing back, though she could neither find out what has been taken nor prevent its getting removed from her house. She feels helpless in 'bondage to the constraints of being a hostess'. She feels 'her spirit flinging itself in futile rage against the fine, invisible bars of her cage'.

As a retrospect, Sheila tells about a party given by her aunt long ago. The aunt had a wonderful collection of perfumes and during the party 'one of the guests went into the room, on her way to the bathroom. When she returned, all the most expensive perfumes were gone from the cupboard.' The irony was that the aunt actually had guessed that might happen and she was trying to stop the person going into her room, but in a moment's inattention, the guest went in and the perfumes were gone. Being a hostess, her aunt could not ask the guest to empty his or her pockets before leaving: 'No one can ever be *that* sure unless they catch a person red-handed. And kleptomaniacs are known to be quite cunning, in their way. They rarely get caught. Besides – how exactly would anyone say the words?' (Padmanabhan 2004, 9)

Mr Vakil points out at the stealing of secret documents affecting national security. The entry of all the guests one after the other into the topic encourages Kamal to interject suddenly to say that Kleptomaniacs do not usually take such documents. Having learnt from net, he further says in his just broken voice: 'They take things they want, mostly even things they don't need - and they can't help themselves'. Sheila observes 'a curious expression in his eyes. No longer a child's gaze. It was disconcerting. As if a stranger had taken the place of her son . . . with the unfathomable expression.' (Padmanabhan 2004, 13) All the guests and hosts try to explore what Kleptomania is and how writers can be termed as kleptomaniacs in view of their pleasure in stealing from real lives of their families and friends.

The evening proceeds well as the guests and the hosts, except Sheila, enjoy the excellent food. Sheila's obsession of the stolen item does not allow her to enjoy the evening. She wishes to find a middle ground 'between taking the extreme path of full exposure and the other extreme, of full concealment . . . some way to be honest, but also . . . polite.' After the dinner the group splits up: Bhasho, the two Vakils and Mrs. Billimoria move onto the balcony; Kamal is asked to take Russi, who ate gluttonously, to his way to the toilet in the guest room; Sheila, Ruby and Sid form a small knot of conversation in the drawing room. But in the back of her mind, Sheila continues to see Mrs. Vakil's open pouch beneath the plate glass. She casts a glance around, but could not identify what was missing. Sheila senses some disturbance within herself. After all, she could not take her mind off the suspicion – that one of her guests has stolen something from her. Slowly, the anxiety that gnawed at her all through the meal begins to dissipate and she tries to concede to herself, that she must have mistaken about something having been stolen.

'Perhaps the internal reflections caused by the beveled edges of the thick glass of the table-top had misled her into seeing a fugitive gesture where none, in fact, had occurred. A trick of the light. A play of shadows'. (Padmanabhan 2004, 21)

The incident that happened in the aunt's party gets repeated in Sheila's party though the act of stealing is entirely different. As Mr Vakil puts it, 'the nature of the theft would be determined by the nature of the item'. The item finally turns out to be a smooth-skinned, beautiful, young boy with soft brown eyes and heavy silky hair. Inside the room, Russi tactfully manages a sexual act with the innocent boy. Being victimized, time collapses for Kamal leaving him 'shocked and ashamed, thinking he had soiled himself'. According to Russi:

'... kleptomania is the natural human condition . . . everyone, in some form or another, lives off everyone else. . . and all of it compulsively, no permission asked, or offered. . . It seems that in order for an act of kleptomania to occur, there must first be a population of those who are sufficiently attached to their possessions to make it worth stealing from them! Or else . . . when does the pleasure arise?' (Padmanabhan 2004, 16-18)

He makes his own explanation 'art cannot control itself. It *must* take whatever its attention fastens on to. Compulsively. Or it isn't art'. (Padmanabhan 2004, 14)

After taking all the pleasure from the boy, Russi returns to the drawing room with a fresh look and sits beside his sister, half-curling his body towards her, on the sofa they shared. Sheila gets startled at their 'unseemly display of sibling affection'. Ruby's gesture of brushing Russi's knee with her hand sends a shock of recognition jolt through Sheila and she recalls a similar gesture she had seen through the glass top of her dining table, between Russi's hand and Kamal's knee. Sheila finds her son missing in the drawing room, realizes he has not returned from the room and suspects that something untoward has happened to him. She feels an instinct of Russi's involvement in her son's missing. All the while Sheila was imagining Mrs Vakil might have stolen one of her items. But finally she realizes the thief is Russi who has stolen something that can never be recovered.

Sheila observes Russi gazing directly at her and finds the expression in his eyes obscenely knowing. She dislikes him of his gross physicality. Russi appears to be 'a surgeon who has slit open a patient from crotch to gullet and is now looking at the organs thus revealed . . . And of course, painfully hammering, dimming everything else, the bright, screaming heart of a mother' (Padmanabhan 2004, 26) and Sheila realizes that her child is lost to her 'Forever'. She feels as if she is 'lost in a whirlpool of pain that threatened to suck her down into a blackness from which there would be no return'. Russi confirms what his mother told of him: 'I wouldn't stand on any ceremony!' and completes his argument on Kleptomania which he did not do during their discussion at the table:

'... the thing that is chiefly removed is the owner's complacency. The belief that life is an impregnable fortress from which nothing of real value can be taken. . . In reality, when such situations occur, nothing can be done to undo the harm. . . When your house has been violated, alongside the material affects you lose, there is also the loss of your faith in ownership in general. The fact that even one thing can be taken against your will weakens your hold *on every other thing in your life*. Even if you were to get the objects back, the complacency is gone forever.' (Padmanabhan 2004, 27-28)

Russi's challenge leaves Sheila passive and helpless. She feels like asking 'Why me? Why my son? Why you? Why today?' but words refuse to form and she turns away from Russi so that he will not see her struggling to speak with tears splashing on her hands. It is unfortunate that no one recognizes Russi's lust for Kamal, and nobody else is aware of the scene taking place between him and Sheila.

Sheila proves herself an able hostess and administrator. The 'unobtrusive yet efficient' performance of the bearer is an indication of her remarkable training when he 'does every act with methodical care, being sure neither to touch anyone, nor to slam the plates down with unnecessary force, nor to allow his presence to intrude upon the company in any way.' In spite of her ability, she gets tensed in the presence of Russi. Sheila, who is proud of her son's handsome looks '... like something edible. A cup of just set dahi, for instance, its perfect whiteness untouched by the slightest blemish or stain' (Padmanabhan 2004, 14), is sure, Russi has done certain harm to her son, but lacks the nerve to confront him. As he was well loved by others, the prospect of exposing him could not be faced.

Anyhow, Russi knows he will never be confronted. He also knows the typical mind of an average Indian and its limitations and takes advantage of it: 'The average Indian would rather cut off his own two feet than be caught saying something blunt and honest'. He believes, Indians keep losing all precious items again and again, 'rather than risk one second of social disgrace' and years afterwards they 'STILL talk about the loss!' As reported by Bhasho, 'It's a question of basic values. In our culture, we prefer to honour . . . the *social contract, the obligations of hospitality* over mere possessions.' (Padmanabhan 2004, 12) As Sheila had opined earlier 'a good hostess should be able to say something that would allow the guest to return the item. Without loss of face' shall never happen. Russi not only says, but also proves that loss is forever:

"You can tell yourself it's all just . . . illusion. . . Or you can ask yourself whether, by snatching a thing from you a thing that you yourself acknowledge is the most precious that you own, I have not, after all, exposed its worth to you. I have given you a moment of pain more hideous than anything you have known so far. You will measure every other experience of your life against this one. You will gain depth; you will gain strength. Loss is the one thing no one can steal from you. Ever. Loss is forever. Hold on to it. Cherish it." (Padmanabhan 2004, 29)

It is observed that 0.6% of general population may have this mental disorder called kleptomania which goes undetected in many cases. The American Handbook on mental disorders *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* lists out five diagnostic criteria for kleptomaniacs – repeated stealing of objects though of no personal use or monetary benefit, stress before stealing, relief after stealing, stealing neither motivated by anger nor caused by hallucination, and finally the behavior not accounted for by any disorder related to conduct or mania or antisocial personality.

Kleptomaniacs, according to Fritz Wittels, a second generation psychoanalyst, are the people who are deprived of love and sex; stealing gives them all the thrill and pleasure they missed in their lives. It is also believed that kleptomania occurs more frequently among women than men and male kleptomaniacs are homosexual and invariably effeminate. Though it is clear that kleptomania is a psychological disorder, the portrayal of the two kleptomaniacs, namely Miss Krishna and Russi generate different emotions among the readers.

Nergis Dalal's story is simple, plain and runs on a humorous note, whereas Manjula Padmanabhan's is very complicated and most distressing. The loss experienced in "The Connoisseur" is simply materialistic and luckily the narrator recovers what she had lost giving the story a satisfactory end and a relief to the reader. In spite of knowing that Miss Krishna is an irritating guest and she steals things from the houses of her friends, one can never refrain from appreciating her art in stealing. Along with the narrator, the reader too empathizes with her condition. But the loss in "Kleptomania" is not materialistic and beyond recovery. Nothing can compensate the mother's feelings; her complacency; her belief. Russi, through his heinous act, proves that kleptomania means not just stealing material things but can also be worse kind of plunder. Manjula Padmanabhan is one of the rare writers who can depict sex and sexuality honestly and sensitively.

Yates (1986) mentions several differences between stealing for obvious profit and nonsensical stealing. Her opinion that individuals who steal for certain profit are prone to have anti-social and delinquent personalities where as those with kleptomania tend to be depressed and socially isolated rises the doubt if Russi may be rightly termed a kleptomaniac. To quote Sid's words: 'Kleptomaniacs take odd things – precious sometimes, but not usually significant . . . the idea that when something is taken with intention, it becomes stealing, not kleptomania.' (Padmanabhan 2004.)

Marcus J Goldman (1991) writes that male kleptomaniacs may develop more overtly antisocial behavior, whereas female kleptomaniacs may show symptoms such as hysteria. Men may exhibit relatively more aggressive acts of impulse while the less impulse disorders are common among women. What Marcus has written about male kleptomaniacs comes true of Russi, as the story also rises the issue of child abuse, an anti-social behavior. It is very unfortunate that a young boy becomes a victim, without any awareness of what is being done to him, of an educated person hailing from a sophisticated family. The act also signifies that the animal instinct has not entirely gone out of human mind to whatever culture, race or ethnic a person belongs to, or however grown might be the human civilization.

Though the causes of kleptomania are not yet identified, professionals link it with mental abnormalities such as depression, anxiety, obsessive-compulsive disorder, substance abuse disorder and eating disorder. Russi is a very typical character who also displays the symptoms of binge eating, an emotional eating problem where a person consumes a large amount of food in a short period of time. Manjula Padmanabhan describes Russi's eating manners very skillfully. His style of speaking with his mouth full, with grease from the chicken covering his mouth with a high gloss, draining his glass of beer and swabbing his mouth with his napkin, leaving a lusty deposit of stains in its whiteness, swallowing mouthful of food and washing it down with beer, eating greedily until he is uncomfortably full, patting his chest and belching without bothering to apologize are the clear illustrations of his weakness for food. Eating disorders, according to psychiatrists, frequently show up mental health issues, such as depression, impulsive behaviour, alcohol or drug abuse, and anxiety disorders.

From the beginning, the portrayal of Russi's character keeps evoking hatred among the readers:

'He was at an age when the pouches and folds on his face were just beginning to look merely fat instead of sleekly self-indulgent. . . His eyebrows were like twin caterpillars, black and woolly, perched on the faintly sweating expanse of his forehead. They reared up together now in pained surprise. . . His full lips looked as if they would deflate if pricked by a thorn, say, from a rose held in his teeth. He had a theatrical bent, presenting his remarks in a sly, knowing manner, as if secret messages were folded into every syllable.' (Padmanabhan 2004, 3-4)

By the end of the story, the hatred turns out to be disgust. His act may bring pleasure for him, but it is a plunder on the other end. The story of Manjula Padmanabhan not just ends in disgust for a person like Russi, but keeps haunting and disturbing the reader.

Conclusion

With their natural talent, both Nergis Dalal and Manjula Padmanabhan are successful in presenting even the most sensitive issue like stealing. 'The Connoisseur' is replete with irony and humour whereas 'Kleptomania' exposes the ugly form of pleasure - stealing, which also can be termed as a social crime. As Padmanabhan accepts in the introduction to her collection *Kleptomania* that she plunders the lives of those around her in the pursuit of the art, in the two stories discussed, the writers have showcased their style of taking real-life issues to make remarkable pieces of art.

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