



A BOOK OF STORIES & LINES OF MEMORIES

DR. M. AISWARIYA

GUEST FACULTY

DEPARTMENT OF MALAYALAM
GOVT. LAW COLLEGE, ERNAKULAM

Email- maiswarya30@gmail.com

Jacob Abraham, a young storyteller and novelist, is one of the notable new writers who enriches Malayalam literature with its variety of themes and innovative writing styles. His works have received many accolades, including the Kerala Sahitya Akademi Geetahiranyan Award, the Kerala Language Institute Karur Award, and the Mathrubhumi Weekly Vishuppathippu Kathasammanam. The beauty and simplicity of the rural language make the storytelling of Jacob Abraham so beautiful. His 'Christmas Book' is a collection of very special stories, memories and lines. The sixteen unique stories in this work give us a beautiful and different world of memories and sights.

The days of the month of Scorpio are nice and warm but the nights are cool and cool. Scorpio - The warm and vast blue sky of the Sagittarius months, the starry sky scattered like amber pearls and the light breeze are such a time when nature is so beautiful. Jacob Abraham's Christmas book takes us back to these wonderful times, to memories, to the month of December that awakens the brightest memories of the Nativity and comes to us. The festive sweetness of Christmas stories is also a retrieval of beautiful memories.

The first story in this collection is 'Sophie's Christmas Cards'. This story takes us mainly to the concept of Christmas cards. Because once upon a time it was a wonderful thing to send Christmas cards or greetings. There was a market like this. Christmas cards are the link between this market and Christmas. But today that market is gone. Similarly, Christmas cards are intertwined with Sophie's life. Roy once said, 'I remember Sophie every Christmas. Sophie remembers me. Christmas Cards Happy Memories .. 'Sophie is coming to Sharon Villa from Goa with Kenyangil for a Christmas. Roy was in the tenth grade at the time. He came to his house after a quarrel with his cowardly wife. Occasionally there is a quarrel and people return home. He first sees Sophie in a garden in Sharon Villa, wearing a yellow frock with polka dots under sapodilla trees. Sophie was gorgeous with butter-like cheeks, ripe champanga-like lips, and straw-like eyes.

Sophie once told Roy about Christmas parties in Goa. The story of her mum and grandma drinking wine and the story of how she tasted Feni when she was young are so many unforgettable Christmas memories. Sophie returned to Goa the very next day after Christmas, intoxicated by the beaches and roads of Goa during the Christmas season. Roy received Sophie's first Christmas card the following year. Most of the Christmas cards sent by Sophie are written as Midiro Roy. In some it is also written as Myderist Roy. From time to time he would look at each of the Christmas cards on the table. But nowadays the market for Christmas cards has disappeared and that place has been taken over by emojis, stickers and online media. One of the major changes in this situation is that friendships break down or people lose touch with each other. The narrator also portrays the man's nostalgia for sending and receiving Christmas cards. 'Did Sophie try to tell me something ...?' The narrator ends the story with this one question. This story leaves many questions within each reader. M. T. and, o. V. We still find many such characters in the stories of Vijayan and Mukundan. Some personal relationships that can not be distinguished as a friend, lover or sister.

'Sophie's Christmas Cards', 'Edwinamissi' and 'Jenny in Proverbs' are three stories that emphasize the protagonists. A Portuguese background comes into play in the story of Edwina Missy. The narrator also brings a European background through the depictions of the streets with a British-Portuguese background. This story infuses us with the sorrows and struggles of a rooted society. In a way, Edwinamissi is the story of three Portuguese personalities doomed to isolation. In

the story of Jenny in Proverbs, we come across many familiar places like Chittaur and Thiruvalla in central Travancore. Although Christmas is a festival from abroad, this story gives it a Kerala background. Through the story of the hippie ghost, the narrator takes us to a completely different world. 'On the fourth day after my grandmother's death, my ghost entered my meth ghost.' This is a very beautiful story. This story gives us an experience of reading some suspense thrillers.

The second part of the work is the author's Christmas memoir. The 'sharing' of writing in memories gives a new experience to the new generation. In the days when meat was a rare food item, in the hilly villages of Pathanamthitta it was easy to share meat for Christmas and New Year. A week before slaughtering the beef, the sharecropper goes to the house and inquires whether the share is being shared and buys an advance. Memories of Christmas walking through the garden of rubber and home with the blood-stained share wrapped in teak leaves still linger in the narrator's mind. It is safe to say that the stock market, which was once active in the countryside, is now gone. In a way, even though this is a great cruelty to animals, such outlets make the joys of Christmas even sweeter, in such a way that the unity of the people of that time can be shared by those who have more and less than trade.

Stories like 'A Burnt Christmas Star', Christmas in the hills and valleys, Christmas in Barnassery, Kapyar Veena Kinar, Christmas Front and those Christmas cards are all very different. Christmas Father - Santa Claus, Christmas cake and Christmas card are all Christmas experiences from the outside. All of these are coming into these stories very brilliantly. Similarly, when it comes to Christmas night, the narrator tries to bring a beautiful background of Christmas carols, Christmas star, Christmas tree, colored paper and so on to his stories. An important feature of all these stories is that they are closer to the memoirs than the stories themselves. Beautiful memories that can be settled by reading alone. The intensity of the experience and the strong flow of language take us to a world of rare beauty.