

Chapter 1 : The Splendor Of Silence: The Voice Of Indian History - www.nxgvision.com

The Splendor of Silence is a sweet romantic story, woven into the period where India was still under British Rule. It starts off with Olivia, an American girl, getting a trunk filled with her Indian mother's belongings.

In Seattle, a young woman named Olivia, reeling from the death of her father, receives a trunk from India containing, among other treasures, a letter from an unknown narrator. Thus begins the story of four days in May of 1902 and the events that would shake the fragile peace in the small kingdom of Rudrakot in northwestern India, for many years under the rule of the British Raj. It is the story of Sam, an American soldier in search of a missing brother, and Mila, the free-spirited daughter of the local political agent, and of their sudden love for one another, ignited dangerously within the social tinderbox of a country on the verge of change. Sweeping and poignant, filled with evocative details from a fascinating time and place, *The Splendor of Silence* paints an unforgettable portrait of a rapidly changing society and a love ahead of its time. Though the central story of *The Splendor of Silence* is the romance between Sam and Mila, many other types of love are depicted as well. In what ways are each of the central characters in search of or driven by love? The settings in the novel are described in intricate detail. Does this create a sense of exoticism or more of a sense of fleshed-out reality? How do the tones and writing styles of these three sections differ? In what ways do the future and past exist alongside the present? Mila keeps her work in the Lal Bazaar a secret from everyone in her life. What does her work tell you about her character? How is this complicated by her secrecy? The "silence" of the title is a theme that is repeated in several ways, including the physical silence before the windstorm. How does this natural silence operate as a symbol? In which sense is silence seen as a positive force, and in which negative? What, ultimately, is the splendor of silence? The social and political climate of early 20th-century India is depicted as heated and complex, with issues of race, class, and gender inequality creating daily tension and upheaval. Why did Mila neither leave with Sam nor provide him with an explanation? Does her death indicate that she made the wrong decision, or was it the only choice she could have made? The novel ends with Jai inviting Olivia to visit India. Continue the story for yourself. What do you think the visit will mean to her? Why is it important for Jai to break the silence and to see Olivia again? Enhance Your Book Club: Interested in finding out more about the author? Visit her website at www.nxgvision.com. Included in *The Splendor of Silence* are some enticingly detailed descriptions of Indian meals. Why not hold a meeting at an Indian restaurant, or even try some of the recipes for yourselves? More Books From This Author.

Chapter 2 : The Splendor of Silence: A Novel - Indu Sundaresan - Google Books

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This is for and because of KoolJack1! I loved her story Humane and fell in love with the idea of Will and One-Eye. She was kind enough to share the two and even proofread it for me. See the end of the work for more notes. The Start Chapter Text Will Graham chuckled as he took a stick from his pitbull mix and threw it down the path they had been walking on. He wiped the dog drool on his jacket and put his hands into his jackets. Winter was ending and the weather had started to warm, but keeping his hands out for too long still made them feel stiff and numb. The stick was returned to him by one of his smaller terriers and Will took it, scratching her head with his free hand. His dogs ran past him, and Will paused, when he counted only six. He turned and noticed his newest dog, Winston, pawing at something on the side of the road. Time to go home and watch Daddy have a drink, hmm? He mentally prepared himself for a dead body. In the mixture of old leaves and dirt was a man, a few years older than himself. He had no shirt, but wore a long trench coat and an old pair of jeans to keep the cold away. It was scarred, left eye nothing but a mess of tissue. It was just random nonsense but constant, as he tried to keep the man awake while they made their way back to his house. He got nothing in response but imagined the man was using the last of his strength not to pull Will to the ground with him. Will got the passenger door opened, and practically shoved the man inside, groaning as the weight was finally taken off of his shoulder. He ran around to the back to grab one of the water bottles he kept there, a habit he picked up while growing up in the heat of the south. He got the man to take a few sips before he slumped in his seat and would not stir. He gave Jack the name of the hospital and slumped in his seat. No matter how this turned out now, he would feel indebted to Jack and would end up working for him for the foreseeable future. It was terrifying, lonely and strangely empowering. None of those feelings were his own. His bones have been broken and healed a few times over, especially the ones in his hand. Someone took some sort of care of him before. He seemed to tense as Jack stepped closer, but it was just the smallest twitch of the muscles. Connected to an IV, and wearing nothing but a nightgown, the man on the bed still made the hair on the back of his neck stand up. He was tightly coiled energy, and anything could set him off. Will cut in front of Jack purely on instinct, wanting to calm the older man, but his sudden movement only made him tense more. Can you tell us your name? At least he knew the man could understand him. He dropped his eyes, unable to keep the intimate contact for long. Will straightened, and moved towards the door with Jack right behind him. Do you think you can use him? Do you need a ride? After a moment, he saw the hand tighten into a fist, the eyes flickered down and back up at him. The shoulders relaxed and Will took that as confirmation. I can think like others think. I see something and rebuild the train of thought the person had when committing the act. Every muscle twitch, and facial tic spoke volumes to Will. They were very slight, almost nonexistent and he was almost sure the only reason he was picking up on them was because the scarred man wanted him to. Now, for instance, he watched the hands tighten and relax at his side. No one would be looking for him. This time he gave nothing away, but slowly closed his eyes. The lines were hard, the cheekbones even sharper, and long hair that Will guessed must be past shoulder length in the very least, made the man seem older than he probably was. He left the room a short while later, returned to his car, and slumped in his seat. He rubbed his face and groaned. Until he saw this through, Will would walk around with the weight of the collar around his throat, a constant tension on his shoulder, and fight to get every word out. The scarred man was a part of him now. Maybe there will be something for the dogs to pick up on. He wanted to get to the hospital. He made it in time to watch the scarred man try to pull himself up to his feet. He felt the other stiffen but hooked his hand around the waist and stood up slowly. He took an educated guess and helped the man to the bathroom. A few moments later when he reemerged, he seemed steadier on his feet. Instead of flinching away he did his best to look reassuring. Will reached over and grabbed the TV remote. The man was on the lean side, though not malnourished Will would guess. It was bad business to have a weak fighter. The food they served must have been a little more than what was needed to keep him strong. Will was wondering the same thing. He

would probably be discharged later today, and Will felt a need to keep him close. The call from Jack saved him from actually answering. He stepped outside to take it. He said he was being held by some guys. The pissing wars between the local cops and the FBI sometimes got in the way of what really mattered. Maybe you should bring him here. They spent most of their time in comfortable silence, that Will broke every once in a while. The scarred man had been a little unstable on his feet in the morning but by the afternoon, he started to walk around the room in what Will assumed was either an attempt to rebuild his strength, or simply because he could since he was no longer restrained. The door opened and Jack walked in, followed by a young boy with blonde hair that hung in his eyes. The boy, not much older than ten, quickly sought out the scarred man, his eyes grew large and he lunged himself at him. You were too fast! He steeled himself, staring the man down. The scarred man gave the kid an unimpressed look and Will focused on the boy instead of trying to figure out what it meant. You needed a name. After that, the boy clammed up, refusing to say anything else until he was taken to see the older man. Think you can help us, Aaron? The fights were about human survival and not about steroid induced rage. Valuable fighters did not fight to the death, but if it happened, well, it was all a part of the game. Just snap their necks as if they were nothing! M, the boss, would go ballistic. The boy spoke of murder as if it was just entertainment, and Will wondered if he would ever be able to be a normal. Or, even close enough to fake it. He took his time, waiting and watching for the perfect moment. Years of people avoiding him, not coming near him, no other company but a small boy that tends to ramble about things he cares nothing about, and it all ends in one moment. He frees himself with a piece of discarded metal he finds, breaking the weak link in his cuffs that he had been watching and hoping no one would notice, and breaks the neck of the first one of them that comes running at him. The other two follow, ready to overpower him. It would have been much wiser for them to run away, but their mistake is his gain. He kills them without pausing, movements fluid and easy, like he had imagined it for years. He takes their clothes, unlocks the door behind which the boy was kept and makes a run for it. The sounds outside assault him, and he keeps going, looking for silence and freedom. It had been calculated, but there really was no design there. No fear, no anger, no passion. Will only saw survival when he looked down at the dead men on the floor. It made One-Eye so much more dangerous than he had originally thought. If the room had been a bloody mess, Will would have understood. No one would have blamed him for turning on these men and ripping them apart. Instead he killed them with detached proficiency.

Chapter 3 : The splendour of silence - The Hindu

The Splendor of Silence Indu Sundaresan Synopsis: In s Seattle, a young woman named Olivia, reeling from the death of her father, receives a trunk from India containing, among other treasures, a letter from an unknown narrator.

Chapter 4 : The Splendor of Silence (Audiobook) by Indu Sundaresan | www.nxgvision.com

Reading Group Guide. The Splendor of Silence Indu Sundaresan. Synopsis: In s Seattle, a young woman named Olivia, reeling from the death of her father, receives a trunk from India containing, among other treasures, a letter from an unknown narrator.

Chapter 5 : The Splendor of Silence | Book by Indu Sundaresan | Official Publisher Page | Simon & Schuster

The Splendor of Silence. Written by Indu Sundaresan Review by B. J. Sedlock. India, American Sam Hawthorne, recovering from a wound received in Burma, turns up in the remote Indian state of Rudrakot.

Chapter 6 : The Splendor of Silence by Indu Sundaresan

Would you consider the audio edition of The Splendor of Silence to be better than the print version? I absolutely loved this book. I must admit it was a bit slow at first, but when I finished the book I re-listened to the first 2 chapters and they

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were bitter sweet after hearing the whole book and knowing the ending.

Chapter 7 : The Splendor Of Silence - Chapter 1 - Anica - Hannibal (TV) [Archive of Our Own]

The Splendor of Silence. likes. The Splendor of Silence is internationally bestselling author Indu Sundareshan. This is a love story of Indira and.

Chapter 8 : Indu Sundareshan - Wikipedia

The Splendor of Silence opens twenty-one years later with Olivia, Sam's daughter, receiving a trunk of treasures from India, along with a letter from an unknown narrator that finally fills all the silences of her childhood -- telling her the story of her parents' passionate and enduring love for each other that throws them in the path of racial.

Chapter 9 : The Splendor of Silence - Indu Sundareshan - Google Books

Anusha Parthasarathy goes in search of the Pattabhirama temple and finds that in its surreal architecture lies the forgotten history of an empire Narasingarayanpettai is a 'stone's throw.