

The narrator, an unnamed boy, describes the North Dublin street on which his house is located. One morning, Mangan's sister asks the narrator if he plans to go to Araby, a Dublin bazaar. This brief meeting launches the narrator into a period of eager, restless waiting and fidgety tension in anticipation of the bazaar. The narrator impatiently endures the time passing, until at 9p.m. the uncle finally returns, unbothered that he has forgotten about the narrator's plans. Having recovered from the shock of the conversation, the narrator offers to bring her something from the bazaar. He recalls how they would run through the back lanes of the houses and hide in the shadows when they reached the street again, hoping to avoid people in the neighborhood, particularly the boy's uncle or the sister of his friend Mangan. Every day begins for this narrator with such glimpses of Mangan's sister. On the morning of the bazaar the narrator reminds his uncle that he plans to attend the event so that the uncle will return home early and provide train fare. The sister often comes to the front of their house to call the brother, a moment that the narrator savors. He places himself in the front room of his house so he can see her leave her house, and then he rushes out to walk behind her quietly until finally passing her. The narrator and Mangan's sister talk little, but she is always in his thoughts.