

STORY OF A BIRD

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By
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THE HAPPY BEGINNING

March 2000, the summer, the days used to stormy in this season, it was about 4 PM of the evening, today it seems that a hard blow of wind would come at any time and it would blow trees and houses. The clouds were gray enough that one can think like me prima facie.

All family members were outside in the baramda, doing their business. I was looking to my flower plants; I planted few months ago. I was thinking that it should now flourish. Something happened suddenly what I was guessed earlier, a heavy storm came and every one rush to the roof to collect the clothes. We were about to turn to go inside the house suddenly my elder brother got an eye on the gate and saw a bird was stroked by wind. That was a very small bird and probably hit heavily by the stroke. I took her and see if she was alive, after assuring her alive, I took her in inside the house and put her on my study table. She was so charming that I fall in love with her at first sight. She was pretty enough to fall in love by anyone like me. She was injured, her wings were damaged seriously and that's why she would not able to fly. At that time I was not known the type of that bird she was, but when I served water in a very small bowl she used her snake like tongue, I guess she was honey bird. Her color was blue with red and green on neck a small needle like peak. I remember those day when I used to catch birds in brutal way, I hate those days to remember.

The incident that shook my inner was happened to be three year back. I was studying in my room when a sparrow suddenly came in the room. I closed the room and try to

catch her but she was quite smart, she sat on the height of the room so to bring her down I switch on the fan but she got an accident with the fan and her neck bone was fractured. She died after sometime. I was not thought of that result and felt extremely guilty for killing that bird. I felt I have no right to take anyone's life like this.

Now I got a chance to improve that mistake I had committed once. I decided to cure that birds and look after her until she'll be able to fly. I made a room for her in my room aside a small space leaved by books. I used to give her sugar and water solution until she is able to fly. When I go outside I closed my room so that she could not come out side and would not got any accident by coming under anyone's foot or eaten by my pet dog Tiger. Other people in my house also look after her in my absence. She had got a soft corner in their hearts. They like watching her playing. After two days she got recovered upto some extent, was able to jump, and can fly upto some extent. When I sat outside I used to keep her with me outside on flower plants. She enjoys the pollen of flowers. Sometimes I put her on bean plant and she spends her whole day jumping in the plant. She enjoys the pollen of the bean flowers. She was so cute that my neighbors were mesmerized with her innocent beauty and took her with them especially children to play. Some people said that I was doing the work of "punya" a Hindi word meaning the work of kindness or divine work. I was just doing and enjoying because I love to look after her until she'll be able to fly. I was so much in love with her that when I went outside I leave my mind with her, I always thought about her and pray for her in good health. I always hasten to reach home and saw her playing. This was first time I love so much with anyone to look after and thinking so warily and that a small bird. It was my thought to cure my mistakes that made me so humble and tenderhearted. To Love living being is like being a human in real term. God give human so much power and brain that he can look after his beautiful creation of this world of wonders.

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