



kindle

Seven Must Read Nature Stories (Rupa Quick Reads)

by Bond, Ruskin

Free Kindle instant preview: <https://read.amazon.com/kp/kshare?asin=B01N3LP3FY>

5 Highlights | Yellow (5)  
9 Notes

---

Page 6

---

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 6

Little things stay with us, remain with us over the years. The sound of a broom, the small hand-broom, sweeping the steps or verandah takes me back to that distant but vivid childhood, and the thin dark woman who swept the bungalow's rooms and verandah. I loved watching her at work. It seemed like a game to me and sometimes I would take the jharoo from her and sweep so vigorously that the dust rose and settled on the furniture. 'Mem-sahib will be angry,' she'd say, and take the broom away from me. But she'd let me borrow it from time to time, when my parents weren't around!

Jhadoo

---

Page 7

---

Highlight (Yellow) and Note | Page 7

And you, dear reader, will have similar impressions to carry with you all your days. That first day at school, maybe an agonising parting from your parents. The face of a loved one lost. A pullover knitted by your granny. A favourite toy. A doll, perhaps. A book of rhymes, tattered and torn. Someone who gave you a flower, a kiss on the forehead. To the end of your days you will carry that kiss with you. And may it protect you from all harm.

Such nostalgic

---

Page 12

---

Note | Page 12

really

Note | Page 13

Maybe true

Note | Page 13

Good logic

Page 21

---

Note | Page 21

Red Fort gardens

Page 22

---

Note | Page 22

True

Page 23

---

Highlight (Yellow) | Page 23

Things I love most

Page 24

---

Highlight (Yellow) | Page 24

Sea-shells. They are among my earliest memories. I was five years old, walking barefoot along the golden sands of a Kathiawar beach, collecting shells and cowries and taking them home to fill up an old trunk. Some of these shells have remained with me through the years. I still have one which I place against my ear to listen to the distant music of the Arabian Sea. A jackfruit tree. It stood outside my grandfather’s house in Dehra Dun: it was easy to climb and generous with its shade and in its trunk was a large hole where I kept my

marbles, sweets, prohibited books and other treasures. I have always liked the smell of certain leaves, perhaps even more than the scent of flowers. Crushed geranium and chrysanthemum leaves, mint and myrtle, lime and neem trees after the rain, and the leaves of ginger, marigolds and nasturtiums. Of course, there were other smells which as a boy I especially liked—the smells of pillau and kofta, curry, hot jalebis, roast chicken and fried prawns. But these are smells loved most by gourmets (and most boys) and are not as personal as the smell of leaves and grass. I have always liked trains and railway stations I like eating at railway stations—hot gram, peanut, puris, oranges.

Page 25

---

Note | Page 25

Hills, Sea/beach, watching trains go by never bores ypu

Page 26

---

Note | Page 26

Lovely narrration

---