

# Autobiography of a Pebble

**G**randpa Sun had a unique way of bestowing his blessings and bidding farewell to us at

the end of the day at dusk. He would cast his Midas touch (his golden sunshine) on each one of us before saying goodbye. Every resident of Willow Woods would get a chance to soak in Grandpa's blessings: from the snowdrops to the Foxglove or the iris, cherry blossom, daisies and every tender Aspen or the sturdy Oak. But me, not even once have I basked in Grandpa's warmth. Me, the unfortunate little pebble, buried somewhere underneath the fern, unseen by all. Presenting before you my weeping tale of inconsolable woe. My name is... (Not Sheila) Esmeralda, the tiny, puny little pebble of Willow Woods.

There is a quote: "How beautiful the garden whose fragrance is family and friends". The very mention of a family blurs my eyes with tears rather rudely without my consent. What a lovely family of pebbles we were, unity personified, like dew on the grass, like the bees of a hive, like the pearls in the sea. But alas, these human youngsters, with either low marks or broken hearts, unthinkingly threw all of my family into the sea. One by one, everyone was tossed in as a victim of the human's frustration and rage. How would it feel, may I ask, if we could toss humans into the sea for every fret or angry thought? Complete families would be unsparingly drowned! But we don't have hearts of stone like the humans. We may seem hard, but deep within we are as soft as the softest of ricotta or soufflé.

But I do have two close buddies to whom I can pour out my heart – the babbling Brook and the ravishing Rill. They bathe me



with their cool, clear waters, and I feel I have gained the best of refreshment and fervour. Much more fresh than your acclaimed 'Dettol fresh'. Their clear spring water makes me feel even smoother after my ablution is done.

We chatter for hours together, gossiping about the latest happenings of Willow Woods, about Tina the widowed doe running away with that 'heroic' stag, about Mrs. Rosalind Duck's fourth duckling turning out to be ugly, about Poke the porcupine's new "quill style" (like hairstyle), about Bounce the bear gifting his wife a diamond ring attempting to please her in a frenzy, about... oh well... enough of gossip.

Let me tell you what happened yesterday. A small little boy probably aged five or six, was nature-hunting. Children are angels in disguise - how right this statement proves itself to be. After collecting odds and ends, he cast a glance on me, peeping from underneath the fern. He came closer, picked me up with his stubby fingers and felt my smoothness in texture, and he

quite liked the sober shade of caramel that I was coloured in. Just as he was about to pocket me and heal a wounded heart (mine), his mother presided, chiding him that he was a "good boy" and he should definitely not pick up filthy stones from the forest floor. This misled the lad who dropped not only my poor self, but my hopes, aspirations, and self-esteem as well. Ouch.

After sharing my sorrowful tale with you, my heart feels lightened. A humble favour from you: anytime you feel like doing a good deed, please pass by Willow Woods. Come to the Azure Lake, to the left of the lake there is a meadow. And in that enormous meadow, underneath the fern next to the iris, you'll find a soul craving for a mere caring caress. Gently blow away the dandelion covering me, and let me for a minute atleast, experience what I haven't experienced all these sombre years. You'll end up doing a noble deed. And yes, you can reach out for your handkerchief.

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