

How You Nursed a young sparrow that had fallen from its nest in the ventilator

Not many days past a sparrow was seen by me making its nest in the ventilator of my room. I did not stop her from doing so, I am by nature a lover of birds. It was a she sparrow. Her mate helped her in building the nest. The two were often seen sitting into eh ventilator in the happy company of each other. The male sparrow sometimes teased the female lovingly. They took its pranks sportively. Quite often the two went out together, but a change came after some days. I saw that one those of the always sitting in the nest. Only a few days after, I felt the presence of some young sparrows slipped down from its nest by some mischance.

The moment I saw it falling, I ran to pick it up lovingly. I put it back into its nest but it was surprising to see the mother sparrow pushing it again out of the nest. This made me conclude that the young sparrow was an unwanted thing for the mother sparrow so I decided to look after it myself I kept it in my lap for some time and showed it to everybody. My mother advised me not to make fun of the young one, but took after it properly. There was the question of feeding it. A device of feeding it was to be thought out. Its mouth was opened and drops of milk were oared into its moth. The method was partly successful. A nest of straws and cotton was made for it in a nook of the table shelf and it was kept in it'll It was given milk several times in the day with the help of a dropper. The young one grew up day by day. This gave us great satisfaction. 'Gradually it began to drink water from the small pot that was kept near it in the shelf. When it chirped, the mother sparrow looked as it attentively for some time and then turned away its head.

It was a source of amusement and entertainment for all the members of the family. The children especially played with it and enjoyed themselves. My father and mother had deep feelings of love for it. The children of neighborhood also came to have a look at it. This went in for several days. Everybody in the house was concerned with its safety. No cat was allowed to come near the house. The self in which it was housed was kept partly open so that it could sufficient air. Its chirp gave a great joy to me and members of the family. Gradually, we began to feel that it could not be contained in the shelf, for it wanted to move about. It gave us a pleasant surprise when it flapped its wings and flew about. Only in a few days, it had wings strong enough to make it fly. We enjoyed its short flights in the courtyard and six years old was playing with it. It flew high and made a long was in the courtyard. We gave all sports of calls to make it come down, but it did not oblige. It flew away from there also and was seen later on sitting on the roof of a distant house. My younger brother and sister went to the house to catch it. No sooner did they reach near it, it flew away again to the next house. Having failed in their efforts

to catch it, they returned disappointed. There was a sense of sadness in the whole house over having lost it, but It flew away again to the next house. Having failed in their efforts to catch it, they returned disappointed. There was a sense of sadness in the whole house over having lost it, but I feel relieved disappointed. There was a sense of sadness in the whole house over hearing lost it, but I feel relieved over the fact of having nursed the young one successfully.