FLOWERS AND I

Manorama Jafa

Illustrations: Jaya Rastogi Wheaton • Sudhir Kasliwal
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NATIONAL BOOK TRUST, INDIA
Mohan collects stamps
Rita collects feathers
Sohan collects shells
Zeenat collects coins
I must collect something different
Yes, I’ll collect flowers.
I go to my garden
I see roses and marigolds
poppies, sweet peas, pansies and hibiscus
I pick a flower of each
And press them in my father's dictionary.
In my neighbour’s garden
I spot colourful cosmos
Many zinnias and pinks
I tiptoe into the garden
The mali catches me red-handed
Soon our neighbour arrives
I tell him about my hobby
He gives me many phloxes, snapdragons and hollyhocks
I happily bring them home
And press them in my books.
One day, on the way to school
I see the bright yellow sunflower, the lovely white champa and delicate spider lily,
I leave my bag
And pick the beautiful flowers.
One day Ma tells me,
“Ravi, why not collect flowers from trees too!”
So I gather the flowers of the silk cotton
and the flame of the forest
I collect the pink camel’s foot
and the yellow laburnum
And press them in my heavy books.
I collect flowers
For ten long months
I save my pocket money
And buy five albums.
In one album
I stick the seasonal flowers
Like poppies, sweet peas and pansies
In the second
Flowers from trees
Like the silk cotton and camel’s foot
In the third
Flowers from shrubs and hedges
Like the tiny lantana and red hibiscus
One sunny morning
In early spring
We bring our collection
And sit under a tree.
Mohan shows his stamps
New stamps, old stamps
Stamps of many countries
Of India, Canada
America and England.
Rita shows her collection
Of big feathers, small feathers
Peacock feathers, hoopoe feathers
Many different kinds of feathers.
Sohan shows his shells
Tiny shells, large shells
Spotted shells and white shells
Of different sizes and shapes.
Zeenat shows her coins
Silver coins and brass coins
Round, square and six-corner coins
New and old, big and small coins.
Now it is my turn
I open my five albums
One by one
And show my neatly pressed flowers
And also the slips with their names
And places where they grow.
My friends see my collection
“How beautiful,” admires Rita
“It is a grand collection,” admits Mohan
“You are a real genius,” says Zeenat
“I like this new hobby,” says Sohan
“Let’s also keep our collections like Ravi,” suggests Rita.
Mohan makes his stamp-album
Rita, her feather-album
Zeenat, her coin-album
Just like me
Sohan puts his shells in a showcase
We now all keep our different collections
In a room in Sohan’s house
This is our own small museum.