

## Pyra Benjamin

Day before yesterday, Benjamin walked in to our drawing room, in the morning, soon as my wife, Nandini, had opened the balcony door. He was quite at ease, walked boldly, and straightway walked behind Nandini. Quite at ease with himself, and with the world. Nandini has this effect on Birds and Flowers and Plants. They feel pretty close to Nandini, possibly her innate goodness creates a vive, an aura of love, and they feel attracted. We have observed the same effect with a Turtle, TOBBLER, who used to be quite dumb otherwise, but when hungry, used to straightway come and start scratching the feet of Nandini.

Many such incidents run in our family, Nandini and the other species. But we now come back to Benjamin. Why was he called Benjamin? I do not know. My father-in-law, Moni-Babu, had some fancy habit of naming objects, people with nick-names. So I defer to that.

Nandini is quite kind-hearted. She gave Benjamin some grains, water, and all those things which one gives to a baby pigeon. For a kid, Benjamin was quite patient. He did see quite a few TV-serials with Nandini during the day, very patiently. He had some problem about flying. Either he was just learning or had some problem. Yesterday was a re-run of the same. He did come inside our flat, many times. He followed Nandini everywhere. And in between, he came with his mother, quite a plump lady, the mother. Benjamin paraded up and down the room and showed Nandini his entire prowess. His mother was looking with huge love. May be a little sorrow was lurking in her heart, about this issue of non-flying. We were enjoying company of Benjamin, and his

unfailing love and dependence on Nandini. This must be love of purest kind.

Today morning we had got up a little late. By then, our cook, Alekh, had come and he opened the balcony door. We were expecting a fast dash of a small bird, our little Benjamin. I was asking Nandini about him. Suddenly, Nandini, to her horror, found that the crows have silently killed our Little Benjamin. And were busy eating his little heart and flesh. What a sorrow. Mostly love-stories should end up with a good ending. But real-life is different. Poor Benjamin was no match for cruel crows and we had got up late. He just came to us for two days. And we had fallen in love with him and vice-versa. Nandini found a HUGE GAP beside her chair, when she was looking at the morning newspaper, through her moist eyes. And Benjamin was such a little bird.