Ammu and the Sparrows

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He waited and waited. All day he waited. But Ammu’s Amma and Accha didn’t come. They would come soon, any day, Ammu told himself. Crows came, pigeons came. He even heard a screech of parakeets somewhere.
They didn’t come the next day. Nor the day after that.

Ammamma threw a fistful of leftover rice on the parapet. The pigeons flocked down to peck at it. Ammu looked into their eyes. They stared back. Unblinking.

Then the crows came. They were bold. They jabbed at blobs of rice and hopped closer. Ammu looked into their eyes. They stared back. And cocked their heads.
He remembered the times when he, Amma and Accha had played together. Then suddenly the three of them were not together any more.
Where were the little birds?
“Maybe they don’t like rice,” Ammu thought.
He spread a spoonful of porridge on the ledge. He left breadcrumbs.
It had been four days, but they had still not come.
Next morning, Ammamma was ready with bits of dosa. “Come,” she called him. Ammu sighed. Amma still hadn’t come. And the little birds still hadn’t come.
Ammamma looked sad. Ammu asked her, “What are they called? The two little brown birds.”
But his grandmother knew Ammu’s heart. “Amma sparrow and Accha sparrow must be busy,” she said.
Suddenly they were there. The two little brown birds.

“Which is Amma, which is Accha?” asked Ammu, his heart bursting with joy.

He hoped that the pale, brown one was the Amma sparrow. It looked soft and gentle. “The one with big eyes, with lines around them, is Accha sparrow,” said Ammamma.
That Sunday, Ammu and Ammamma sat down together to make a sparrow feeder. As they cut the holes and filled it with seeds, Ammamma said, “The court has not decided yet.” Ammu looked away, his eyes brimming. “They love you. You do know that? They need some time.”
That evening three sparrows came. Not two. Three. Ammu wanted to leap and he wanted to dance. But he stood as still as a statue.

He did not want to frighten the birds away. They hopped onto the feeder and hopped off, their beaks busy.
“Are these the same sparrows?” Ammu asked. All sparrows looked the same to Ammamma, but she peered at them carefully and said, “Oh yes! Amma and Accha sparrow have even brought a baby sparrow along.” Ammu smiled.
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Ammu and the Sparrows
(English)

Ammu spends his days with Ammamma. He feeds the birds and waits to see if Amma and Accha sparrow will come visit.

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