

**Nature centered literary works and global issue environment
and conservation**

1. FLYING WITH THE MOON ON THEIR WINGS

Bird Migration is the regular seasonal journey undertaken by many species of birds. At a particular season thousands of birds travel from one place to another.

One of the greatest mysteries of bird life is migration or travelling. Every year, during autumn and early winter, birds travel from their breeding haunts in the northern regions of Asia, Europe and America to the southern, warmer lands. They make the return Journey again during spring and early summer. They are very punctual too, unless they are delayed by the weather. We may calculate almost to a day when we may expect our bird friends to return, carrying winter on their backs.

Some species also move out of one area into another, not very far away. All birds have a certain amount of local movements, caused by the stresses of living and the variations in food supply. This kind of movement is particularly noticeable in North India where the seasons are well defined.

Birds which spend the summer in the higher reaches of mountains come down during the winter to the lower foothills or even the plains. This type is very common within India where the mighty Himalayas lie close to the Indo-Gangetic plain

The brave little voyagers face many dangers and hardships, while travelling long, long distances through the air over hill, forest and plain and over large stretches of water. Sometimes sudden storms arise and drive them far out of

their course. Often they are blown right out to sea and they drown in the wild waves. Some times at night bright lights attract and confuse the birds.

Migrating birds do not fly at their fastest. The migration speed is usually from 48 to 64 km an hour and rarely exceeds 80 km per hour. Small birds seldom exceed 48 km per hour, most shore birds fly between 64 and 80 km per hour, while many ducks travel at 80 to 96 km per hour. Migrants generally fly at a distance under 900 meters, but some travelers have been found sometimes at greater heights.

Some birds make the long journey in easy stages, stopping to rest on the way. Others fly great distances without pausing to rest and feed. Some fly by day, some both by day and by night, but most of them speed on their way through darkness after the sun has set.

Birds usually travel in flocks. The V shaped formation of cranes and geese attracts much attention as the birds speed across the sky Swallows, flycatchers, warblers, shorebirds and water birds begin to gather in flocks, each with its own kind and after a great deal of excited fluttering, twittering and calling, they rise up into the air and away they go Birds were seen moving from one place to another with the change in seasons from the earliest times, but people had strange ideas as to why the birds travelled or where they went.

To explain their absence from a place in a particular season, they said that the birds buried themselves in the mud and slept there throughout the winter.

Later, detailed studies of migration started. Information was gained by directly observing the habits of birds, and also by ringing. Bird movements are also studied by creating artificial conditions and studying their effects on birds.

Today, most of the information on migration has come from ringing young and adult birds. Ringing is done by capturing a bird and placing on its leg a light

band of metal or plastic. The band bears a number, date, identification mark and the address to which the finder is requested to return the ring. The bird is then set free. The place where such a bird is shot, captured or found dead, gives a clue to the direction and locality to which the bird has migrated.

Ringling has proved that birds cover large distances.

There is some evidence to believe that the woodcock on its winter movements flies from the Himalayas to the Nilgiris without a pause, a distance of 2,400km. The wild duck comes to our lakes from Central Asia and Siberia flying 3,200 to 4,800 km over the Himalayas. The rosy pastor comes from Eastern Europe or Central Asia. The wagtail, about the size of a sparrow, comes from the Himalayan regions and Central Asia to the Plains. Smallest of all, the willow warbler, half the size of a sparrow, covers as many as 3,200 km to reach us every winter!

Why do birds migrate in spite of heavy loss of life on the way? Primarily to escape the bitter cold and a restricted food supply. In the case of water birds, the food supply disappears altogether, when the water freezes and the fish and other seafood are difficult to obtain, the main reason for the spring movement is the availability of nesting sites and the need to escape summer heat.

The migration of birds is a fascinating study indeed, and there are many unsolved problems which lie ahead. For example, how do the birds know when to start? How do they know their way over the sea without any landmarks? How do they manage to return year after year to the same locality? How do the young cuckoos join the adult birds without previous experience, and without any Guidance from adult cuckoos which fly to India and Africa several weeks before the young cuckoos, are ready to leave their foster parents? These and many more such interesting questions lie ahead of you to solve!

Important lines :

Migration:

- seasonal movement from one region to another.
- Some species also move out of one area into another , not very far away.

Caused by stresses of living and variation in food supply.

Reason for migration→

- a) escape the bitter cold and a restricted food supply.
 - b) when the water freezes and the fish and other seafood are difficult to find.
 - c) nesting sites and the need to escape summer heat.
- Types
→seasonal,latitude,longitude,altitudinal,nomadic,irruptive,dispersal,leap frog, reverse, molt, drift.

Breeding haunts:

One of the greatest mysteries of bird life

Every year, during autumn and early winter, birds travel from their breeding haunts in the northern regions of Asia, Europe and America to the southern, warmer lands.

They are very punctual too, unless they are delayed by the weather.

Travelling speed:

Migrating birds do not fly at their fastest. The migration speed is usually from 48 to 64 km an hour and rarely exceeds 80 km per hour. Small birds seldom exceed 48 km per hour, most shore birds fly between 64 and 80 km per hour, while many ducks travel at 80 to 96 km per hour. Migrants generally fly at a distance under 900 meters, but some travelers have been found sometimes at greater heights.

Dangers faced by Brave little voyagers:

Sudden storms, bright light attract and confuse the birds, Predator, dangerous weather conditions.

Flying pattern:

Some birds fly by day, some by day and by night.

Birds usually travel in flocks.

V formation

Ringling:

Ringling is done by capturing a bird and placing on its leg a light band of metal or plastic. The band bears a number, date, identification mark and the address to which the finder is requested to return the ring. The bird is then set free.

Birds:

- ✓ **The woodcock** on its winter movements flies from the Himalayas to the Nilgiris without a pause, a distance of 2,400km.
- ✓ **The wild duck** comes to our lakes from Central Asia and Siberia flying 3,200 to 4,800 km over the Himalayas.
- ✓ **The rosy pastor** comes from Eastern Europe or Central Asia.
- ✓ **The wagtail**, about the size of a sparrow, comes from the Himalayan regions and Central Asia to the Plains.
- ✓ Smallest of all, **the willow warbler**, half the size of a sparrow, covers as many as 3,200 km to reach us every winter!

2. MIGRANT BIRD :

The globe's my world .

The cloud's my kin

I care not where the skies begin;

I spread my wings through all the din:
Through fears and fright I fly my flight
No walls for me, no vigil gates,
No flags, no machine guns that blast
Citizens of those border states-
Brothers of her brother's sons.
No maps, no boundaries to block
My sojourn into unknown lands.
I spawn and splash in distant spills,
I breed my brood where 'r I will.
I won't look down. No I will not.
With speed of wings I hasten past
And close my eyes against the sun
To dream my dreams and make them last

-Famida Y.Basheer

The globe's my world .

The cloud's my kin

I care not where the skies begin;

I spread my wings through all the din

The speaker in the poem is the bird. It says the whole earth as a single unit to which it belongs. it feels that the clouds are its relatives. It does not care where the sky begins ..

it flies high above all unpleasant things on the earth. all noises are made by man.

Through fears and fright I fly my flight

No walls for me, no vigil gates,

No flags, no machine guns that blast

It knows for sure the dangers from man. yet the humble, afraid bird flies high freely.

The sky does not have any walls which are there on earth like hate, greed to hinder its path of flight.

It does not need any visa or permit to enter anywhere in the whole world.

Citizens of those border states-

Brothers of her brother's sons.

No maps, no boundaries to block

My sojourn into unknown lands.

No political barriers or boundaries for the bird.

there are fights and quarrels among men. but there is no such thing among birds and fly in flock .

wherever it flies, it flies after a short stay.

I spawn and splash in distant spills,

I breed my brood where 'r I will.

It chooses to lay its egg anywhere it likes

It play and splashes the water everywhere it goes.

I won't look down. No I will not.

With speed of wings I hasten past

And close my eyes against the sun

To dream my dreams and make them last

It has taken the decision not to look down .it is sure of the man's atrocities.it closes its eye against the sun and enjoy peacefully in its flight. it has a safe flight undisturbed without any stoppage and in the bare sky.

3.Will Thirst become unquenchable?:

1. It is not yet noon in Delhi, just 180 miles south of the Himalayan glaciers. But in the narrow corridors of Nehru Camp, a slum in this city of 16 million, the blast furnace of the north Indian summer has already sent temperatures soaring past 105 degrees Fahrenheit. Chaya, the 25-yearold wife of a fortune-teller, has spent seven hours joining the mad scramble for water that even today defines life in this heaving metropolis and offers a taste of what the depletion of Tibet's water and ice portends.

2. Chaya's day began long before sunrise. When she and her five children fanned out in the darkness, armed with plastic jugs of every size. After day break, the rumour of a tap with running water sent her stumbling in a panic through the slum's narrow corridors. Now. With her containers still empty and the sun blazing overhead, she has returned home for a moment's rest. Asked if she's eaten anything today, she laughs: "We haven't even had any tea yet:

3. Suddenly cries erupt — a water truck has been spotted. Chaya leaps up and joins the human torrent in the street. A dozen boys swarm onto a blue tanker, jamming hoses in and siphoning the water out. Below, shouting women jostle for position with their containers. In six minutes the tanker is empty. Chaya arrived too late and must move on to chase the next rumour of water.

4. More than two-thirds of the city, water is drawn from the Yamuna and the Ganges, rivers fed by Himalayan ice. If that ice disappears, the future will almost certainly be worse. "We are facing an unsustainable situation," says

Diwan Singh, a Delhi environmental activist. "Soon - not in thirty years but in five to ten there will be an exodus because of the lack of water,"

5. The tension already seethes. In the clogged alleyway around one of Nehru Camp's last functioning taps, which run for one hour a day, a man punches a woman who cut in line, leaving a purple blow on her face

6. "We wake up every morning fighting over water," says Kamal Bhate, a local astrologer watching the melee. This one dissolves into shouting and fingerpointing, but the brawls can be deadly. In a nearby slum a teenage boy was recently beaten to death for cutting in line.

7. Climate change and diminishing water supplies could reduce cereal yields in South Asia by 5 percent within three decades. "We're going to see rising tension over shared water resources, including political disputes between farmers, between farmers and cities, and between human and ecological demands for water," says Peter Gleick, water expert and President of the Pacific Institute in Oakland, California. "And I believe more of these tensions will lead to violence

8. For the people in Nehru Camp, geopolitical concerns are lost in the frenzied pursuit of water. In the afternoon, a tap outside the slum is suddenly turned on, and Chaya, smiling triumphantly, hauls back a full, ten-gallon jug on top of her head. The water is dirty and bitter, and there are no means to boil it.

9. But now, at last, she can give her children their first meal of the day: a piece of bread and a few spoonfuls of lentil stew. "They should be studying, but we keep shooting them away to find water," Chaya says. "We have no choice, because who knows if we'll find enough water tomorrow."

Important details taken from the prose:

- a) This article is taken from “**The big melt**” by **brook larmer**. It speaks about **water scarcity in metros**.
- b) Climate change(global warming)- means the increase in the average temperature of air and oceans.
- c) The arctic ocean could be ice free in less than a decade, scientists has warned.
- d) Area: Nehru camp,a slum in delhi, just 180 miles south of the Himalayan glaciers.
- e) " Climatic changes and diminishing water supplies could reduce the cereal yield in South Asia by 5 percent within 3 decades.
- f) In a near slum a teenage boy was recently beaten to death for cutting the line.
- g) Climate change and diminishing water supplies could reduce cereal yields in south asia by 5 percent within 3 decades.
- h) Characters:

Chaya:

25-year old-wife of a fortune teller, a resident at Nehru Camp, a slum area in Delhi. "Water is the basis of World" Even before sunrise, Chaya and her five children armed with plastic containers and started to search for water. There was a panic through the narrow street of Nehru Camp whenever there was rumor of water in the air. They grab a moment rest at home. But Chaya hadn't yet any tea. Cries of a water truck were heard. Chaya joined the human torrent. In six minutes the tank was empty. She met with disappointment. She must move on to chase, another is a rumor of water.

In the afternoon, a tap outside the slum was suddenly turned on, and Chaya, smiling triumphantly, hauls back a full, ten gallons of jug on the top of her head. The water was dirty and bitter and Chaya had no means

to boil it. She could cook lentil stew with a piece of bread, a first meal of the day. She knew that she was depriving her children's education. Chaya said "we have no choice, because who knows if we will find enough water tomorrow".

Diwan singh:

He says, the Yamuna and the Ganges are the rivers fed by the Himalayan ice. Two-Third of Delhi's population quenches their thirst from these two rivers.if that ice disappears, the future will almost certainly be worse." We are facing an unsustainable situation.(within 5 to 10 years).

Kamal bhate:

A local astrologer says they wake up every morning fighting over water.

Peter gleick:

water expert and president of the pacific institute in Oakland, California he says "we are going to see rising tension over shared water resources,including political disputes between farmers,between farmers and cities and between human and ecological demands for water."

Moral: "Save water. Save future life"

4. Going for water

The well was dry beside the door,
And so we went with pail and can
Across the fields behind the house
To seek the brook if still it ran;

Not loth to have excuse to go,
Because the autumn eve was fair
(Though chill), because the fields were ours,
And by the brook our woods were there
We ran as if to meet the moon
That slowly dawned behind the trees,
The barren boughs without the leaves,
Without the birds, without the breeze.
But once within the wood, we paused
Like gnomes that hid us from the moon,
Ready to run to hiding new
With laughter when she found us soon.
Each laid on other a staying hand
To listen ere we dared to look,
And in the hush we joined to make
We heard, we knew we heard the brook.
A note as from a single place,
A slender tinkling fall that made
Now drops that floated on the pool
Like pearls, and now a silver blade.

-ROBERT FROST

POEM SUMMARY:

The well was dry beside the door,
And so we went with pail and can
Across the fields behind the house
To seek the brook if still it ran;

This poem is about two children who must go get water from the brook because the well by their home is dry. They aren't sure if the brook is running

Not loth to have excuse to go,
Because the autumn eve was fair
(Though chill), because the fields were ours,
And by the brook our woods were there

Children aren't upset that they have to do their chores, instead they take it as an opportunity to get away from routine. They are quite familiar with the fields and woods and so consider them as their own.

We ran as if to meet the moon
That slowly dawned behind the trees,
The barren boughs without the leaves,
Without the birds, without the breeze.

"We ran as if to meet the moon"-it represents the feeling of happiness a person has that makes them believe that the impossible can be possible.on autumn the leaves fall due to the wind,but this night there was no breeze and the leaves were already fallen leaving the trees looking barren.

But once within the wood, we paused
Like gnomes that hid us from the moon,
Ready to run to hiding new
With laughter when she found us soon.

When they are running to meet the moon,they reach the woods and try to hide from it like gnomes do. It represents togetherness and joy.they play hide and seek with moon

Each laid on other a staying hand
To listen ere we dared to look,

And in the hush we joined to make
We heard, we knew we heard the brook.

When they think they heard the brook they stopped and became very quite all
while holding hands

A note as from a single place,
A slender tinkling fall that made
Now drops that floated on the pool
Like pearls, and now a silver blade.

When they finally reach it, the brook has transformed to a sliver blade which
could also suggest that it was frozen.[however we might not know whether it is
true as this situation could also be entirely imagination,as in the childrens
imagination;just like gnomes that are imaginery creatures].

5. Swept away

'Come on. We've got to get out of here now", Serge urged his partner Celine.
Flood water that had Poured into their little terraced home was already 30
centimeters deep and rising. The couple had lifted the sofa onto the dining
table and stacked as many other possessions as they could out of the reach of
the filthy water. It was 2:15 pm on Monday. September 22, 2003 and the small
town of lunel in southern France had been battered by violent storms since
mid-morning.

Council worker Serge, 43 and 32-year old Celine, a home help, had lived most
of their lives in Lunel which stands only a few meters above sea level. The flat
marshy area, floods frequently. This was the second time in Just over a year
that the couple had found the home invaded by water.

Serge and Celine stepped out into the street now a fast-flowing thigh-high river. They waded across the road and Celine stepped over a low hedge which separated the street from the pavement. Serge was following close behind when he saw Celine fall. In an instant she had disappeared below the water.

She's dead, he thought it's all over. All they'll find is her body later. Celine felt herself being pulled under the water. Instinctively, she reached up for Serge's hand. She felt his grasp but her relief was short-lived as his hand slipped away.

She couldn't understand what was happening. She was being swept along underwater, helpless and swallowing mouthfuls of the filthy liquid. She couldn't breathe. "I'm going to die", she thought. "I'm drowning. There's no way I can survive this". Then she found that she could breathe again. In the dim light, she could see that she was about ten metres from the manhole through which she had plunged, but the current made it impossible to swim back.

She was in a two-metre wide concrete storm drain which was almost completely filled with water and it was still rising. Across the drain stretched a small plastic pipe. Further on, the tunnel was completely black.

"I've got to try to grab that pipe", Celine thought. "I've got to keep myself as high out of the water as I can".

Slippery though it was, she managed to grasp the pipe. With a supreme effort she pulled the upper part of her body out of the water and maneuvered herself against the wall to stop herself being swept further along the drain.

Above ground. Serge panicked. "Help, help!" he cried. Wading as fast as he could to his nearest neighbor's house. "Quick! Celine's been sucked down a drain! I've got to go back. I've got to get her out.

"No," said Louise Martinez, who lived opposite the couple. "We'll ring the fire brigade."

Drenched and freezing cold, Celine hung on. Thoughts came to her almost like photographs. She could see her daughter Amandine turning to blow her a kiss as she hurried into school. 'I'll never see her again', she thought. She wouldn't be there to celebrate Amandine's twelfth birthday in two weeks' time. "Nor she said to herself. "I've got to be there for her. I've got to survive".

And then there was Serge. She thought of the squabble they'd had that morning. Now all she could think of was that Serge would have to tell Amandine that her mother was dead. How will he tell her? She wondered.

It didn't bear thinking about. She couldn't let it happen. "I've got to fight to the very end".

The firemen finally managed to battle through the floods about an hour after they had received the call alerting them to Celine's disappearance. They shone torches down the manhole and probed with metal rods but there was no sign of the missing woman.

As she hung from the pipe, Celine saw a bright light it was the firemen, she realized, shining powerful torches down the manhole. She started tapping on the pipe and battering the walls with her hands and arms, "I'm here she shouted. Come and get me out

She watched as the firemen lowered metal rods, and she tried hard to shout above the noise of the racing water. Then, to her astonishment and anger, the

lights and rods disappeared, it was black now in the drain, and she felt objects smashing against her— bags, branches, the contents of bins, all swept away in the flood.

Unable to feel her legs, she knew she couldn't hold on to the pipe any longer. I've got to do something, she thought. The water level had dropped to her chest.

There's got to be an exit further on, she reckoned. "Ali this water has got to go somewhere. Perhaps there's a grill". If it was shut she could be smashed to pieces against it, but if it was open she was free. She had to find out.

After a while, she was able to touch the bottom of the drain with her feet the pipe had narrowed. Her hopes rose until suddenly her face smashed against something hard protruding from the wall an iron bar.

Celine lost consciousness for a moment and came round to find herself once more going under the water. At the same time she could feel something above her. It seemed to be pieces of plastic hanging down from the roof. She grabbed one.

Soon the water picked up speed, the current became more and more difficult to resist and Celine could no longer walk. Forced on to her back, she once again felt herself being sucked along, out of control.

She couldn't hold on to the plastic any longer. She felt her body being thrown around by the water, turning over and over in the icy deluge. Her shoulder, then her legs and knees, slammed against the concrete wall. Still being buffeted by the terrifying force of the storm water, Celine did not immediately realize that she was in the open air. Night was falling. Then reality hit her. "I'm outside! I'm outside!" she thought jubilantly.

She was in a ditch whose water had over-flowed into a large flooded area, with houses on one side and fields on the other. She grabbed some tufts of grass and reeds but, still unable to lift herself out of the torrent, she screamed for help.

Above the roaring of the water, she heard a man's voice. Jack Poderoso, a 45-year old teacher, was standing on concrete platform just above the storm drain exit, checking that his daughter's horse was ail right. is there someone down there?' he shouted.

"Yes, I'm here, I'm here," Celine yelled back, *what's the time?"

"It's after 7 pm". He replied.

Celine was amazed. "Have! Been down here for five hours?"

'Ring Serge,* She shouted, "Tell him I'm alive. He thinks I'm dead.'

Jack could see that the woman was weak and still in danger. "No, calm down,' he said, "You've got to get out of that river?"

Celine managed to heave herself onto the muddy bank, but there was still no way Jack could reach her. Jack forced Celine to give him Serge's number, repeating it figure by figure above the water's roar. When nobody answered, Celine managed to recall Serge's brother's number. Celina's head ached but, urged on by Jack, she dragged herself to her feet.

Then she heard another voice, inquiring 'Where's the body?' it was a fireman bearing a bag. It was after 8 pm when Serge arrived at Lunet's fire station.

A fire engine pulled up outside. The doors opened. Inside sat Celina, her hair wet and bedraggled, her face battered. She had no voice left. She could only collapse weeping into Serge's arms.

No one can understand how Celine survived. She has her own theory. 'When I want something, I'm very determined. I wanted to be there for my daughter and for Serge.'

Important details taken from prose:

Lunel: a town only a few metres above the sea level in Southern France.

Flood water poured into **home** already 30 cms deep and rising. Time 2.15pm on Monday, sep22,2003. This was the **second time** in a year the home invaded by water.

Serge:

- ✓ 43 yrs old
- ✓ Council worker
- ✓ Celine's husband
- ✓ Amandine's father

Celine:

- ✓ 32 yrs old
- ✓ Serge's wife
- ✓ Home maker
- ✓ Amandine's mother
- ✓ Stepped over a low hedge
- ✓ Serge thought she's dead. but she reached out for serge's hand. His hand slipped away
- ✓ She was 10 mts from the man hole through which she had plunged.
- ✓ Caught in the drain(2m wide concrete storm drain)
- ✓ Drank filthy water
- ✓ Grasp the plastic pipe

- ✓ At last she was in the ditch whose water had overflowed into a large flooded area with houses on one side and fields on the other side. She screamed for help
- ✓ Found by Jack Poderoso
- ✓ Celine asked the time
- ✓ Had been in the water for 5 hours (7pm)
- ✓ She gave Serge no first but nobody answered then she recalled Serge's brother no.

Fireman:

- ✓ Inquired "where is the body" (after 8pm)
- ✓ Fire engine pulled up the door opened, Celine survived and weeping into Serge's arm.

Amandine:

- ✓ Serge and Celine's daughter
- ✓ Going to celebrate 12th birthday in two weeks

Louis Martinez :

- ✓ Serge's neighbour (lived opposite the couple)
- ✓ Urged to call fire brigade

Jack Poderoso:

- ✓ 45 yrs old teacher (checking his daughter's horse)
- ✓ Found Celine from ditch

Celine's theory: "when I want something, I'm very determined. I wanted to be there for my daughter and for Serge."

6. Gaia tells her tale

Prose:

I'm Gaia, the personification of the primordial mother Earth. I am known by many names in different languages and in different places. The Greeks call me

Gala, the Indians call me Bhoomi Matha and the English call me Earth. I am a huge ball in space spinning at a rapid pace while revolving around the Sun. Do you know how old I am? I was a part of the sun. Millions of years ago. Following the big bang that occurred in the cosmos, I fell apart.

In the early years of my life, I was a land mass called Pangea and a big water mass called Panthalasia. Which covers two-thirds of my surface. Due to gravity, I am able to hold everything in its place! I am the only life supporting planet in the universe. Scientists are peering through their telescopes even as I am speaking; checking to see whether there is any other planet with life in it. Research is still on! In the beginning when there were just plants growing and animals wandering all over me, we were very peaceful there existed a natural rhythm that bound the entire species of life. There was peace and there was abundance, assuring the survival of every creature.

Of course, I was very happy when man arrived. I was proud that a superior creature had come to protect and care for me. He not only admired me but also worshipped me with utmost reverence. Even when your tribe increased, I had no problem because the ecosystem was still well balanced and intact. I have a large heart — large enough to accommodate all of you. However when you became greedy and under the pretext of development exploited all the natural resources indiscriminately, my trouble began. I am deeply concerned about the way my resources are being ravaged. You do not replenish what you consume.

You all know it is getting hotter by the day and as a result my glaciers are melting, my forests burning, my rivers drying up and my animals dying. You are indifferent to your own actions. You have also turned a deaf ear to the cry of my creatures. Where has your warmth and your love for Nature disappeared?

You read the newspapers and Journals and watch documentaries about environmental pollution. Many of the west of spades have become extinct and some are on the verge of extinction! Who le to be held responsible for this pathetic state of affairs? The ozone gas that acts like a canopy, protecting you from the harmful ultra violet rays of the Sun is depleting. The use of aerosol sprays has led to the increase of Chloro Fluro Carbon (CFC) content in the atmosphere and has eroded the ozone layer at the poles. As a result. An expanding hole has been developing in the ozone layer. Many deadly diseases such as cancer are caused due to this damage

My forests are very important for your survive! The trees bind the soil and preserve it. They bring about rain, filing up lakes, ponds and rivers. You cut down trees mindlessly to meet your immediate needs. The act of deforestation has reduced the forest area to a considerable extent. The animals which inhabited these forests have been rendered homeless Don't you have the wherewithal to bring back the glorious past? Nothing is impossible for you, but the choice is yours. As a mother it is my duty to warn you of the impending dangers of neglecting me. Even your own scientists concur with my views. How can I put up with the sight of my own children being poisoned and their safety being threatened? You may be careless, but how can a mother be indifferent?

My dear little children, I love you so much as I loved your parents in the past That Is the reason I'm here narrating my tale. Also I remind you of your responsibility at protecting your own sweet home -your only abode in the immense universal Seek to restore the harmony of the bygone days.

I'm not a mere ball of mud, water and minerals. I too possess a body and mind, a heart and soul -Just like you. It is you who keep me alive. I live in you; I live with you; I live for you!

IMPORTANT DETAILS TAKEN FROM THE PROSE:

- Gaia = Mother Earth
- Other names given to her = Bhoomi matha(Indians) and Earth(English).
- Pangea (early stage of earth) = land mass
- Panthalasa = big water mass(covered 2/3 of earth's surface).
- Life supporting planet in the universe = Earth
- Gaia felt happy when man arrived but man became greedy and exploited all the natural resources indiscriminately.
- Many of the rarest species have become extinct and some are on the verge of extinction.
- The ozone gas that acts like a canopy, protecting you from the harmful ultra violet rays of the sun is depleting.
- The use of aerosol sprays has led to the increase of Chloro Fluro Carbon (CFC) content in the atmosphere and has eroded the ozone layer at the poles. As a result. An expanding hole has been developing in the ozone layer. Many deadly diseases such as cancer are caused due to this damage.
- The act of deforestation has reduced the forest area to a considerable extend.
- Gaia suggest certain measures:
 - ✓ Use eco friendly vehicle. Prefer public transport to private conveyance.
 - ✓ Plant saplings to commemorate any celebration.
 - ✓ Choose biodegradable products over synthetic ones
 - ✓ Maximize the use of natural light. Conserve power by switching off appliances when not in use.
 - ✓ Harvest rain water. Do not waste water. Recycle bathroom water for your kitchen garden.
 - ✓ Gaia says I live in you, I live for you, I live with you.