



## Parth's Summer at Nani's House

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Parth tossed his final school textbook into his backpack with a giant grin, his heart dancing with excitement. The school bells were finally silent, and it was time to pack his favorite bright t-shirts for the best part of the year: summer vacation at Nani's house.



The green countryside blurred past the train window as Parth and his parents journeyed away from the noisy city. He pressed his nose against the cool glass, watching cows graze in open fields and tall palm trees wave hello under the golden afternoon sun.



As soon as the car pulled up to the traditional brick house, Nani rushed out with open arms and a smile that lit up the whole courtyard. She pulled Parth into a warm, tight hug that smelled of cardamom and love, before handing him a plate of his favorite sweet, yellow mango pedas.



The next morning, the quiet village filled with laughter as Parth and his cousins raced their bicycles down the dusty lanes. Overhead, their colorful paper kites danced and dipped in the warm summer breeze, painting the bright blue sky with streaks of red and gold.



Perched high securely on a sturdy branch of the giant, leafy mango tree, Parth reached out to pluck a perfectly ripe, juicy fruit. His cousins cheered from below, holding out a woven basket to catch the sweet summer treasures.



As the afternoon heat mellowed, Parth knelt in the damp earth of Nani's vibrant garden, helping her water the rows of sweet-smelling jasmine and marigolds. Nani smiled gently, teaching him how to care for each plant so they could bloom beautifully under the sun.



Dinner was a grand feast served on the cool veranda, filled with the rich aromas of Nani's homemade curries and fluffy, hot puris. Afterward, the family gathered on an outdoor woven cot, listening to Nani weave magical tales of ancient kings and clever animals.



Suddenly, a soft chirping sound drew Parth and his cousins to the base of the old neem tree, where a tiny, helpless bird lay shivering on the grass. Working together gently, they cradled the baby bird and used a small ladder to safely return it to its cozy nest high above.



On his final night, Parth lay beneath a grand canopy of twinkling stars, holding Nani's soft hand as fireflies blinked around them. He felt a little sad that the holiday was ending, but Nani whispered that love keeps family close, no matter how far away they are.



With a heart full of joy and a suitcase packed with sweet pickles and fond memories, Parth waved goodbye to his waving village family. As the car rolled away, he smiled warmly, already counting down the days until his next beautiful summer adventure.