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Class-X

English

First Flight

Chapter-5



Lucio Rodrigues

Glimpses of India

Part - 1

Neha Rajvanshi

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Reminiscing nostalgically : पुरानी बाते खुशी से याद करना

Vanished : गायब होना

I
A Baker from Goa



loaf

OUR elders are often heard reminiscing nostalgically about those good old Portuguese days, the Portuguese and their famous loaves of bread. Those eaters of loaves might have vanished but the makers are still there.

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extinguished : बुझना
Heralding : घोषणा करना



We still have amongst us the mixers, the moulders and those who bake the loaves. Those age-old, timetested furnaces still exist. The fire in the furnaces has not yet been extinguished. The thud and jingle of the traditional baker's bamboo, heralding his arrival in the morning,

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can still be heard in some places. Maybe the father is not alive but the son still carries on the family profession. These bakers are, even today, known as pader in Goa.

During our childhood in Goa, the baker used to be our friend, companion and guide.

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He used to come at least twice a day. Once, when he set out in the morning on his selling round, and then again, when he returned after emptying his huge basket. The jingling thud of his bamboo woke us up from sleep and we ran to meet and greet him.

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Longed for : इच्छा करना



Why was it so? Was it for the love of the loaf? Not at all. The loaves were bought by some Paskine or Bastine, the maid-servant of the house! What we longed for were those bread-bangles which we chose carefully.

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Sometimes it was sweet bread of special make.

The baker made his musical entry on the scene with the 'jhang, jhang' sound of his specially made bamboo staff.

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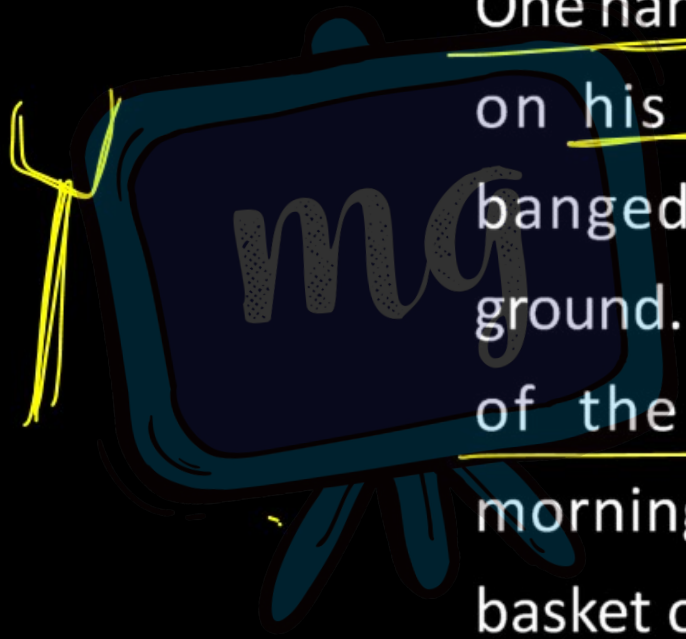

One hand supported the basket on his head and the other banged the bamboo on the ground. He would greet the lady of the house with "Good morning" and then place his basket on the vertical bamboo.

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Rebuke : डांट
Parapet : मुंडेर
Fragrance : सुगन्ध / महक

We kids would be pushed aside with a mild rebuke and the loaves would be delivered to the servant. But we would not give up. We would climb a bench or the parapet and peep into the basket, somehow. I can still recall the typical fragrance of those loaves.



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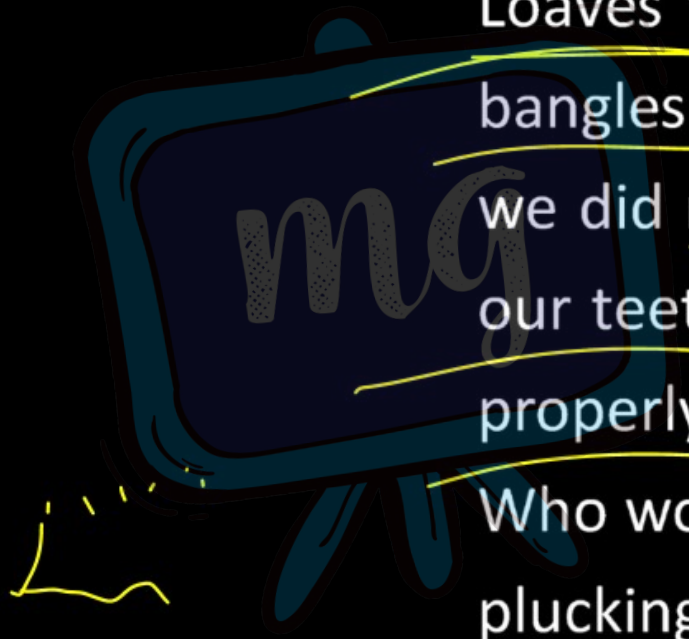

Loaves for the elders and the bangles for the children. Then we did not even care to brush our teeth or wash our mouths properly. And why should we? Who would take the trouble of plucking the mango-leaf for the toothbrush? And why was it necessary at all?

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The tiger never brushed his teeth. Hot tea could wash and clean up everything so nicely, after all!

Marriage gifts are meaningless without the sweet bread known as the bol, just as a party or a feast loses its charm without bread.