पहले एक कदम,
फिर दूसरा
टोमी डी पोला
हिंदी : विदूषक
Bobby loved to be with his grandfather, Bob. They did so many things together.

Then Bob suffered a stroke, and Bobby was frightened and confused until he realized that even though Bob couldn’t move or talk, he knew what was happening around him.

And it was Bobby who began to help Bob with some of the things his grandfather had helped him to learn—how to eat by himself, to talk, and even to walk again.

In this companion volume to Nana Upstairs and Nana Downstairs, Tomie de Paola lovingly and perceptively explores the relationship between a child and his grandfather in a situation experienced by many families.

बॉबी को अपने दादाजी – बॉब के साथ समय बिताना बहुत अच्छा लगता था. दोनों साथ मिलकर बहुत सारी चीजें करते थे.

जब बॉब को एक स्ट्रोक (पक्षाघात) आया, तो पहले तो बॉबी को डर गया और वो उलझन में पड़ा. फिर बॉबी को समझ में आया कि बॉब चाहें चल और बात न कर सकें, फिर भी आसपास क्या हो रहा है उसका उन्हें आभास था.

फिर बॉबी ने अपने दादाजी - बॉब की मदद करना शुरू की – उन्हें वो चीजें सिखाई जो कभी दादाजी ने उसे सिखाईं थीं – अपने हाथ से खाना खाना, बातें करना और चलना.

बच्चों की इस किताब में टोमी डी पोलो एक बच्चे और उसके दादाजी के बीच के बहुत मानवीय रिश्ते को उजागर किया है. ऐसी स्थिति को, बहुत से परिवारों ने ज़रूर अनुभव किया होगा.
Bobby was named after his best friend, his grandfather, Bob. When Bobby was just a baby, his grandfather told everyone, “Bobby will be three years old before he can say Grandpa, so I’m going to have him call me Bob.”

And “Bob” was the first word Bobby said.
Bob was the one who helped Bobby learn to walk.

"Hold on to my hands, Bobby," his grandfather said. "Now one foot, now the other."
One of the best things Bob and Bobby did was to play with the old wooden blocks that were kept on a shelf, in the small sewing room under the front stairs.
The blocks had letters on two sides, numbers on two sides and pictures of animals and other things on the last two sides. Bob and Bobby would slowly, very slowly put the blocks one on top of the other, building a tall tower. There were thirty blocks.

इन ब्लॉक्स में दो तरफ अक्षर, दो तरफ अंक और बाकी बची दो तरफ जानवरों और अन्य चीज़ों के चित्र थे. बॉब और बॉबी, बड़ी सावधानी से, धीरे-धीरे करके एक ब्लाक के ऊपर, दूसरा ब्लाक रखते. इस तरह वो एक बहुत ऊंची मीनार बनाते थे. कुल मिलकर तीस ब्लाक थे.
Sometimes the tower would fall down when only half the blocks were piled up.
Sometimes the tower would be almost finished.
“Just one more block,” Bob would say.
“And that’s the elephant block,” Bobby would say.

And they would carefully put the elephant block on the very top.

But Bob would sneeze and the tower would fall down. Bobby would laugh and laugh.

“Elephants always make you sneeze, Bob,” Bobby would say.

“We’ll just have to try the next time,” his grandfather would say.
तब बॉब को छींक आती और उससे पूरी मीनार टूट जाती. बॉबी को इसमें बहुत मज़ा आता और वो हँसते-हँसते लोटपोट हो जाता.

“हाथी देखकर आपको हमेशा छींक आती है बॉब,” बॉबी उनसे कहता.

“हम दुबारा फिर कोशिश करेंगे,” दादाजी कहते.
Then Bob would sit Bobby on his knee and tell him stories.

“Bob, tell me the story about how you taught me to walk,” Bobby would say.

फिर बॉबी, अपने दादाजी बॉब की गोद में बैठ जाता और उनसे कहानियां सुनता।

“बॉब, आपने मुझे चलना कैसे सिखाया, मुझे वो कहानी सुनाइए,” बॉबी कहता.
And his grandfather would tell Bobby how he held Bobby’s hands and said, “Now one foot, now the other. And before you knew it...”
On Bobby’s fifth birthday, Bob and he had a special day. They went to the amusement park. They rode a roller coaster, ate hot dogs and ice cream. They had their pictures taken in a machine, and they sang a song and made a phonograph record.
And when it got dark, they watched the fireworks.
On the way home, Bob told Bobby stories.

"Now, tell me the story about how you taught me to walk," Bobby said. And Bob did.
Not long after Bobby’s birthday, his grandfather got very sick. Bobby came home and his grandfather wasn’t there.

“Bob is in the hospital,” Dad told Bobby. “He’s had what is called a stroke.”

“I want to go see him,” Bobby said.

“You can’t, honey,” Mom told him. “Right now Bob’s too sick to see anyone. He can’t move his arms and legs, and he can’t talk. The doctor’s not sure if he knows who anyone is. We’ll just have to wait and hope Bob gets better.”

“में दादाजी से मिलना चाहता हूँ,” बॉबी ने कहा.

“बेटा, तुम उनसे अभी नहीं मिल सकते हो,” माँ ने कहा. “अभी बॉब बहुत बीमार हैं और वो किसी से भी नहीं मिल सकते हैं। वो अपने हाथ-पैर भी नहीं हिला सकते हैं और न ही किसी से बात कर सकते हैं। डॉक्टर के अनुसार दादाजी शायद अब किसी को पहचानने भी नहीं। अब हमें बॉब की सेहत के बेहतर होने का, बस इंतजार करना पड़ेगा.”
Bobby didn’t know what to do. He didn’t want to eat; he had a hard time going to sleep at night. Bob just had to get better.
Months and months and months went by. Bob was still in the hospital. Bobby missed his grandfather.
One day when Bobby came home from school, his father told him that Bob was coming home.

"Now, Bobby," Dad said, "Bob is still very sick. He can’t move or talk. When he sees your mother and me, he still doesn’t know who we are, and the doctor doesn’t think he’ll get any better. So, don’t be scared if he doesn’t remember you."

फिर एक दिन जब बॉबी स्कूल से वापिस आया तो पापा ने उसे बताया कि दादाजी जल्दी घर वापिस आयेंगे.

"देखो बॉबी," पापा ने कहा, "बॉब अभी भी बहुत बीमार हैं. वो अभी भी न चल सकते हैं और न ही बातचीत कर सकते हैं. वो तुम्हारी माँ और मुझे भी नहीं पहचानते हैं. डॉक्टर के अनुसार दादाजी की तबियत और ज्यादा नहीं सुधरेगी. इसलिए अगर दादाजी तुम्हें नहीं पहचाने, तो डरना मत और न ही परेशान होना."
But Bobby was scared. His grandfather didn't remember him. He just lay in bed.
And when Dad carried him, Bob sat in a chair. But he didn’t talk or even move.
One day, Bob tried to say something to Bobby, but the sound that came out was awful. Bobby ran out of the room.

फिर एक दिन दादाजी ने बॉब से कुछ कहने की कोशिश की. पर उनके मुंह से जो आवाज़ निकली वो बिल्कुल अजीब थी. डर के मारे बॉबी कमरे से भागा.
“Bob sounded like a monster!” Bobby cried.
“He can’t help it, Bobby,” Mom said.
So, Bobby went back to the room where Bob was sitting. It looked like a tear was coming down Bob’s face.

“I didn’t mean to run away, Bob. I was scared. I’m sorry,” Bobby said. “Do you know who I am?”

Bobby thought he saw Bob blink his eye.

“Mom, Mom,” Bobby called. “Bob knows who I am.”

“Oh, Bobby,” Mom said. “You’re just going to upset yourself. Your grandfather doesn’t recognize any of us.”

“मेरा आपको छोड़कर भागने का मन नहीं था, बॉब. पर में बहुत डर गया था. मुझे माफ करें,” बॉबी ने कहा. “क्या आपको पता है कि में कौन हूँ?”

बॉबी को लगा जैसे उसने दादाजी ने अपनी आँख झपकी हो.

“माँ! माँ!” बॉबी चिल्लाया. “बॉब को पता है, कि में कौन हूँ.”

“देखो बॉबी,” माँ ने कहा, “तुम अपने आपको इस तरह परेशान मत करो. तुम्हारे दादाजी ने हम में से किसी को नहीं पहचाना.”
But Bobby knew better. He ran to the small sewing room, under the front stairs. He took the blocks off the shelf and ran back to where Bob was sitting.

Bob’s mouth made a small smile.

Bobby began to build the tower.

पर बॉब ने माँ की बात पर कोई ध्यान नहीं दिया.

वो दौड़कर सीढ़ियों के नीचे वाले शेल्फ पर गया. वहां उसने शेल्फ से लकड़ी के ब्लॉक्स उठाए और फिर उन्हें दादाजी के पास लेकर गया.

बॉब के चेहरे पर हल्की मुस्कान आई.

फिर बॉबी ने ब्लॉक्स से मीनार बनाना शुरू की.
Halfway . . .
Almost to the top . . .
Only one block left.

आधी-ऊँचाई ....
लगभग ऊपर तक ...
अब सिर्फ एक ही ब्लाक बचा है.
“OK, Bob,” said Bobby. “Now the elephant block.” And Bob made a strange noise that sounded like a sneeze.
The blocks fell down and Bob smiled and moved his fingers up and down.

Bobby laughed and laughed. Now he knew that Bob would get better.
And Bob did. Slowly, he began to talk a little. It sounded strange but he could say “Bobby” just as clear as day. Bob began to move his fingers and then his hands. Bobby still helped to feed his grandfather, but one day Bob could almost hold a spoon by himself. But, he still couldn’t walk.
When the weather got nice and warm, Dad carried Bob out to a chair set up on the lawn. Bobby sat with him.

Then, Bob stood up very slowly.  
Bobby knew exactly what Bob wanted to do.  

Bobby stood in front of Bob and let Bob lean on his shoulders.  
“OK, Bob. Now one foot.”  
Bob moved one foot.  
“Now the other foot.”  
Bob moved the other.

फिर एक दिन दादाजी बहुत कोशिश करने के बाद खड़े हुए।  
“तुम. मैं चलेंगे,” बॉब ने कहा।  
बॉबी को अच्छी तरह पता था कि दादाजी उससे क्या चाहते थे।  
बॉबी दादाजी के सामने खड़ा हो गया। दादाजी ने अपने हाथों को, बॉबी के कंधे पर रखा।  
“ठीक है बॉब. पहले एक कदम।”  
बॉब ने अपना एक कदम आगे बढ़ाया।  
“फिर दूसरा कदम।” अब बॉब ने दूसरा कदम आगे बढ़ाया。“
By the end of the summer, Bob and Bobby could walk to the end of the lawn and Bob could talk better and better each day.
On Bobby’s sixth birthday, Bobby got the blocks. Slowly he built up the tower. Only one block to go.

“Here, elephant block,” Bob said. Bobby put it on top.

बॉबी के छठवें जन्मदिन पर बॉबी ने फिर से लकड़ी के ब्लॉक्स निकाले. धीरे-धीरे करके उसने ऊंची मीनार बनाई. रिफ, ऊपर का एक ब्लाक बचा था.

“देखो, वो हाथी वाला ब्लाक है,” बॉब ने कहा.

बॉबी ने उसे मीनार पर सबसे ऊपर रखा.
Bob sneezed!

“Elephants always make you sneeze, Bob,” Bobby said. “We’ll just have to try the next time. Now, tell me some stories.” Bob did.
Then Bob said, “Bobby, tell story how you teach Bob to walk.”

“Well, Bob, you leaned on my shoulders and then I said, ‘Now one foot, now the other.’ And before you knew it...”