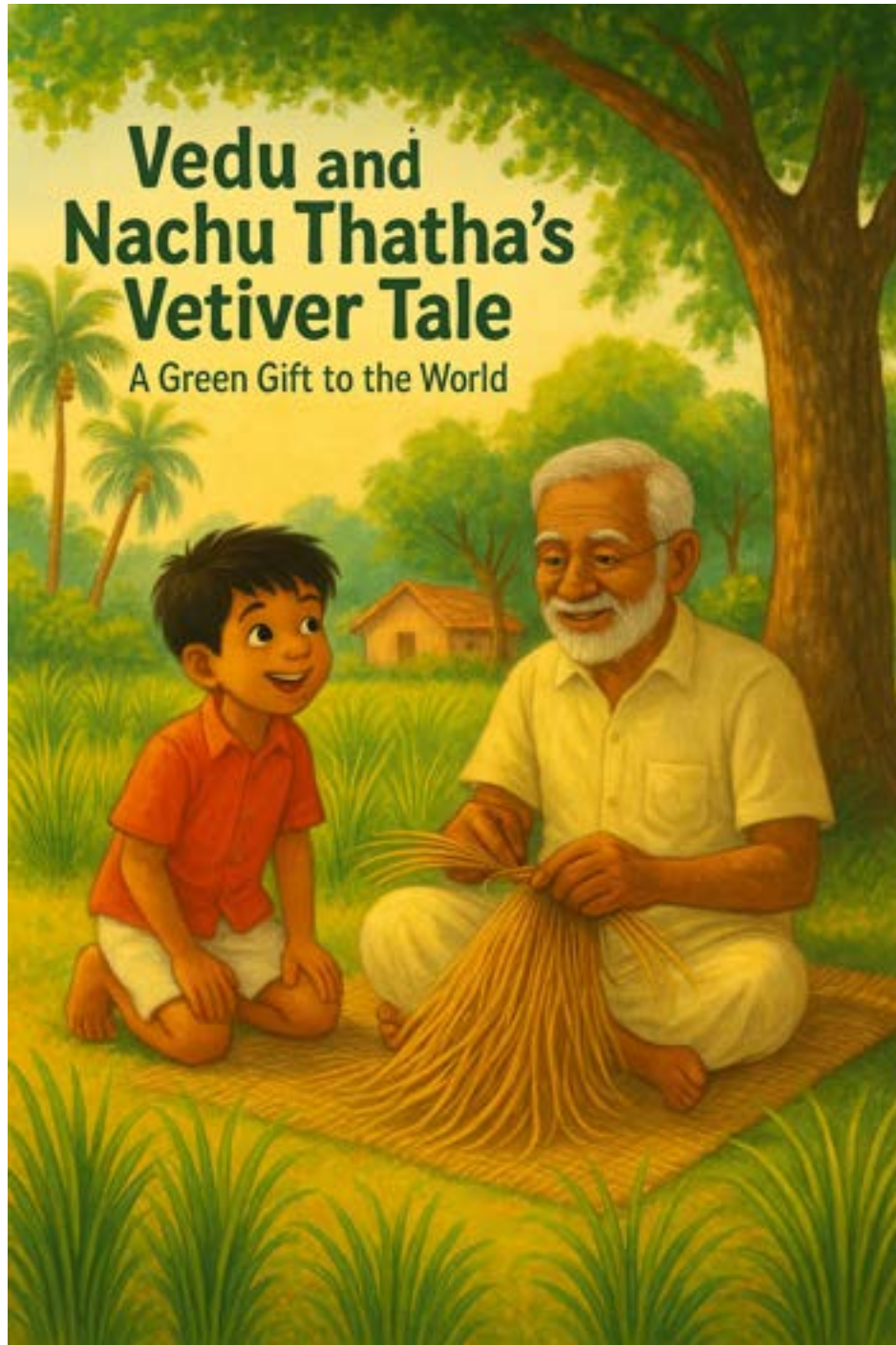


# Vedu and Nachu Thatha's Vetiver Tale

A Green Gift to the World



Vedu and  
Nachu Thatha's Vetiver Tale  
A Green Gift to the World

Foreword By  
Sri P N Subramanian,  
Vice President - India Vetiver Foundation

By

**LAKSHMINARASIMHAN SRIDHAR**

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NOT FOR SALE .

Please inculcate awareness I want Every child to  
become a Vetiver Crusader.

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## Foreword

I am delighted to write a foreword to the book on Vetiver written by Shri Lakshminarasimhan Sridhar.

I have known him for the last few months when he expressed a desire to get involved in Vetiver.

When he met me in a Vetiver Training event in Sholinghur, Tamil Nadu, he impressed me with a plan to write a Book on Vetiver for Children. I admire him for this initiative, and which is a real need of the Hour.

Whenever I meet School and College children and ask them to raise their hands, if they knew Vetiver, the response was Abysmal. I fault the parents and grandparents for not educating them on this Miracle Grass. Even started training school and college Children as they are the Future of the Planet who can utilise this Wonder Grass for Various applications

The book is beautifully written and conveys the grandfather-grandson relationship in this learning Journey very crisply

I believe this book will reach Thousands of students in India and the Rest of the Globe

Congratulations and best wishes to the Author for bringing this outstanding piece of work

P. N. Subramanian , Vice President - India Vetiver Foundation

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## Preface

Dear Children,

This is your Sridhar Uncle, here to narrate a special tale about a village lad named Vedu and his Nachu Thatha.

(Oh! You may be wondering—what is Thatha? In most South Indian languages, Thatha means grandfather.)

For many years, I have been writing e-books for children on stories from the Puranas and other religious themes. Then, one day, after attending a seminar on Vetiver at Sholinghur, conducted by Sri P. N. Subramanian, Vice President of the India Vetiver Foundation, I got a new idea!

The seminar was so interesting. I also have a farm named Sri Rangapriya Vanam in Velkur Village, and I thought, why not try growing Vetiver there? At the same time, I felt it was important to share this knowledge with youngsters like you all.

So, I decided to write a story on Vetiver. When I mentioned this to Sri P. N. S. Sir, he encouraged me warmly, saying, "Go ahead!" I chose Velkur itself as the setting of the story and wrote the first draft. Then I shared it with him and requested a Foreword, which he kindly agreed to give. And that is how this little book came before you, dear children.

The drawings in this book are AI-generated and used only for illustration. I have also included a few black-and-white posters for you to color. Please ask your parents to take a printout—then enjoy coloring them!

And here's something very important: try planting a few slips of Vetiver in your home, garden, or farm. Tell your friends and neighbors about it too. You will be surprised to see how helpful this humble plant can be for nature. Will soon bring the same book in other Indian language also

Words and stories keep flowing, so I promise to meet you again with a sequel to this e-story soon! The illustrations are for understanding only.

I would love to hear your valuable feedback.

With love always,

**Sridhar Uncle**

 WhatsApp: 9738859553 ,  Email: [shrihi.sridhar@gmail.com](mailto:shrihi.sridhar@gmail.com)

## Characters in Book :

Nachu Thatha: His full name is Narasimhan Thatha (Thatha means Grandfather in most of Sout Indian language ).

Vedu: His full name is Varadha Vedhanth our Hero and pet name is VEDU .

Chandra Patti: Grandmother of Vedu (Patti Means Grandmother).

Srikara and Krishne are Vedu 's parents.

Subbamma Patti a old woman who specializes in Vetiver Products

Lakshmi Athai: (Athai means Aunty, in village they call that mark of respect.

Miss Varadhakshi Science Teacher at Government School - Velkur

Smt. Shanti: District Education Officer.

Sri. Praveen: Panchayath President.

Dy Chief Minister of Andhra Pradesh Sri Pawan Kalyan Ji

Information and Technology Minister Sri Nara Lokesh Ji

## Chapter 1: A Village Afternoon with Nachu Thatha

It was a golden afternoon in the little village of Velkur in Chittoor District of Andhra Pradesh, where the air smelled of earth, cow dung, and blooming hibiscus. The sun played hide and sought through the swaying coconut fronds, scattering light across the courtyard. A soft breeze rustled through the mango trees, and somewhere nearby, a koel cooed a melodious tune.

Vedu, a curious ten-year-old with bright eyes and a mop of messy hair, came bounding across the yard, barefoot as always. His shirt flapped in the wind, and the little bell on his bracelet jingled with every step.

"Thathaaa!" (Thatha means Grandfather) he called out, skidding to a stop near the wooden swing under the neem tree. "I beat my own record! Fifteen steps on the garden wall without falling!"

On the swing, sipping a steaming brass tumbler of herbal tea, sat Nachu Thatha—Vedu's grandfather, known in the village for his storytelling, wisdom, and his deep love for the earth. His face was lined with years of sun and smiles, and his eyes twinkled behind his thick glasses.

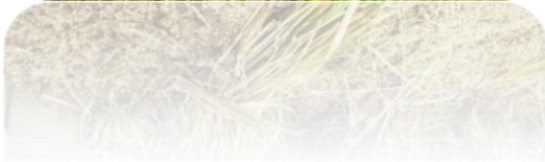
"Fifteen steps? Ram Ram, you'll start flying next, like Hanuman!" Thatha chuckled, patting the seat beside him. "Come, sit. Let's rest before your next adventure begins."

Vedu flopped beside him, his breath still heavy from running. "Thatha, do you think the earth gets tired too?"

Nachu Thatha raised an eyebrow, amused. "Why do you ask?"

"Well," Vedu said, pointing toward the far end of the garden, "the ground near the pump is cracking. Chandra Patti (Patti means Grandmother) said the water table is falling. And when my Appa Ji (Means father) Sri Kara came from Bengaluru was spraying something called OWDC & Gau Kripa Amrutha. Appaji said the soil is 'tired.'" (Vedu's father Sri Kara and Mother Krishne stay in Bustling Bengaluru)

Nachu Thatha nodded slowly. "Smart boy. The earth does get tired, Kanna ( It is way of calling a child affectionally) . Just like you and me. When we take more than we give, she weakens. But there are ways to care for her, just like we care for each other." All these villagers were using chemicals rampantly to get more yield. The greed to grow more and more and earn more money, was troubling Bhooma Devi (Mother Earth). Now slowly, everyone is switching to Natural Farming and government of Andhra Pradesh is encouraging Natural Farming. Vedu now completely still, sensing the start of one of Thatha's famous 'green tales



"Long ago," Thatha began, "before tractors and plastic and factory-made fertilizers, our people worked with the earth. They used plants that healed the soil, cooled the land, and kept water in the ground. One such humble hero," he said, gesturing toward the backyard, "still grows

quietly behind our cowshed."

Vedu turned to look.

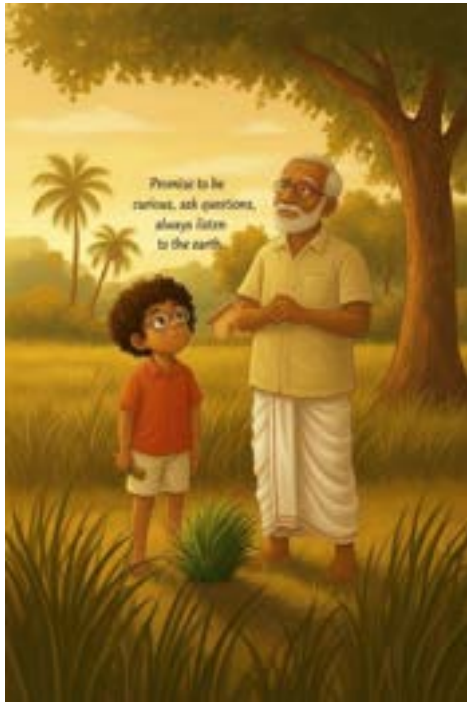
There, in a clump near the fence, stood a bunch of tall, grass-like plants. Their roots reached deep, and their blades danced in the breeze. "That messy plant?" Vedu asked. "It's always there, but my Amma ( means Mother) says not to pluck it—it has long roots."

"Exactly," Thatha smiled. "That is **Vetiver**—or **Chrysopogon zizanioides** if you want to impress your teacher. But to us, it's known as '**Vetiver**' or '**Khus**' in Hindi. It's no ordinary grass. It's nature's nurse, healer of soil, keeper of water, and guardian of the land."

Vedu's eyes widened. "You mean, like a **superhero**?"

"Yes, Kanna But without the cape."

They both laughed, the wind tossing Thatha's white beard and Vedu's hair in playful swirls.



Nachu Thatha gazed at the sky, then at his grandson. "I'll tell you more tomorrow. But promise to be curious. Ask questions. And always, always listen to what the earth is trying to say."

Vedu nodded solemnly. "Promise."

In that moment, as the golden hour deepened and shadows stretched long across the yard, something quiet and beautiful passed between the old man and the young boy: **a seed of understanding, buried in curiosity, ready to sprout.**

Little did Vedu know that humble clump of Vetiver would soon lead him and Thatha on a journey that would change not only their farm—but perhaps

even the world.



## Chapter 2

### The Secrets Beneath the Soil

The next morning in Velkur village, the sun peeked over the horizon, painting the sky in soft orange and gold. Birds chirped and fluttered about as Vedu stretched awake on the cool red-oxide floor. The scent of agarbatti drifted in from the puja room, mingling with the aroma of filter coffee.



He remembered his promise from the previous day, "Be curious. Ask questions." And just like that, his feet hit the floor, and he was out of the door before Amma could call him for tiffin.

In the backyard, Nachu Thatha was already there, bent over the very same patch of Vetiver. His cotton veshti was hitched up at the knees, and his weathered hands were dusted with soil. Beside him was a small sickle and a curious wooden

stick with notches carved into it.

"You're early, Kanna!" Thatha smiled. "The best time to learn about the earth is when she's still cool from the night."

Vedu knelt beside him. "I want to know what makes this plant so special, Thatha. You said it helps the soil. How?"

Thatha handed him the notched stick. "This is for measuring root depth. Want to guess how deep Vetiver roots go?"

Vedu looked at the plant—maybe two feet high. "Hmm... half a foot?"

Thatha chuckled. "Try ten feet or more, Vedu!"

Vedu's jaw dropped. "Ten feet? That's taller than our cow shed!"



"That's the magic. While most grasses grow sideways, Vetiver grows straight down. Its roots hold the soil together like tightly woven threads. So when rain pours or wind blows hard, the earth doesn't wash away."



Vedu scratched his head. "So, it's like... an underground net?"

"Exactly!" Thatha nodded. "It prevents soil erosion, Kanna. Farmers in ancient Tamil Nadu and Sri Lanka planted Vetiver on the edges of their fields. It kept their precious topsoil from flowing away during the monsoon."

As they spoke, a beetle crawled up one of the blades. Vedu watched it intently. "But does it do anything else?"

"Oh, many things," Thatha said, scooping up a bit of soil and letting it trickle through his fingers. "Vetiver cleans water that passes through it. The roots absorb toxins and trap mud. That's why it's used near ponds, lakes, and even factories."

"Like a sponge?"



"Like a very smart sponge," Thatha smiled. "It also keeps underground water cool, reducing evaporation. And its strong roots even help heal lands that have been damaged by chemicals or mining."

Vedu was quiet for a while, staring at the clump with newfound respect. Then he asked, "Why don't more people plant it, Thatha?"

Nachu Thatha sighed, his eyes soft. "Sometimes, people forget the wisdom hidden in simple things. They look for

quick solutions. Big machines. Fancy packaging. Vetiver is silent. It doesn't shout. It just does its job—patiently, quietly."

Vedu's brows furrowed in thought. "But it deserves to be known, Thatha. If it's this helpful, why don't we tell others? Make a sign? Or... or maybe even a video!"

Thatha's eyes lit up with amusement. "Ah! Now the modern mind meets ancient roots! What a combination!"

He patted Vedu's back. "Let's start small. Tomorrow, I'll show you how Vetiver is used in villages—not just in farms, but in houses, huts, and even temples."

Vedu grinned "Can I bring my drawing book too?"

"Of course! Maybe we'll sketch a Vetiver superhero while we're at it."

And so, under the spreading neem tree, with dragonflies buzzing and cows mooing in the distance, the seed of action was planted. Vedu had found a mission. And Nachu Thatha—his wise guide—was ready to lead the way.

**Together, they would unearth the forgotten magic of Vetiver, one root at a time.**



## Chapter 3

### More Than a Grass

The next day, as the sun climbed gently over the palm-lined edges of Velkur, Vedu packed his sketchbook, some colored pencils, and a banana leaf-wrapped idli parcel from Amma. He ran straight to the old cattle shed, where Nachu Thatha was sorting through a small basket of Vetiver roots he had dug up earlier.

"Ready for Vetiver School?" Thatha asked with a grin.

"More than ready, Thatha!" Vedu beamed. "Let's find out what this quiet plant can really do!"

#### Stop 1: The Cooling Mat

Their first stop was Thatha's friend Subbamma Paati's hut, where Vedu saw something surprising.

On her windows hung beautiful, woven mats made from dried Vetiver roots. A breeze passed through, and the hut filled with a fresh, earthy scent.



"Vetiver mats," Thatha explained.

"These are called 'Vettiver Thazhai'. In summer, we sprinkle water on them. The wind passing through the mat becomes cool and fragrant. Like nature's air conditioner!"

"Whoa!" Vedu exclaimed. "No electricity needed?"

"None. Just Vetiver and a good breeze," Paati added proudly.

Vedu sketched the mat, noting the thin strands and how they were carefully tied into a grid.

#### Stop 2: The Temple Gopuram

Next, they visited the small village Perumal ( Lord ) temple, where Vetiver was used in another special way.

Thatha pointed to a bunch of Vetiver roots hung near the sanctum. "Here, Vetiver is used in rituals and for making 'Vetiver Thailam'—an oil that calms the mind. Priests use it for its purifying and cooling qualities."

Then Thatha Asked took him to see the Perumal ( Lord ) and Thayar ( Mother Goddess ) Vighraha's at Sacred sanctum both Moola Vighraha ( the Idol made of Stone ) and the Utsava Vighraha ( the processional deity ) both were wearing the Malai ( Garland ) , crown of Vetiver which was gifted by Sreeram Nath of Rameshwaram Vetiver who make different products out of vetiver . Our fellow immediately drew a pencil Sketch

Vedu inhaled deeply. The scent was sweet, grounding, almost magical.

"Even our ancestors knew this plant had spiritual energy," Thatha said. "It cools the body, calms the mind, and is used in Ayurvedic treatments."

Then both come out, Vedu was quiet, drawing a picture of the gopuram with Garland of Vetiver hanging from its side. "This is more than farming," he whispered. "This is culture."

### **Stop 3: The Artisan's Workshop**

Their last visit was to a local Artisans belonging to Velkur Women's Self Help group headed by Lakshmi Athai (means Aunty), who made Vetiver fans, sachets, and handwoven slippers.

"This is Vetiver rope," she said, showing Vedu how she twisted the long roots into threads. "It's tough, smells nice, and doesn't spoil easily. We even put small bundles in cupboards to keep clothes fresh." Our fellow asked Athaiamma ( a respectful way of addressing Aunty in a village each one will be moving like relative even though they belong to different caste and not related by blood they will move as relatives ) , can we not make a small pillow pack and put Vetiver Fragrance Powder and make Vetiver Fragrance Sachet similar to Sandal Wood sachet manufactured by Cauvery Handicrafts Emporium , ( He recollected his visit to the emporium show room in Namma Bengaluru in M G Road along with Sri Kara and Krishne and his mother purchased the sachets and kept in cupboards and Cloth shelf. Nachu Thatha was

very happy that fellow has given a nice suggestion and Lakshmi athai thanked the fellow for wonderful idea. Then Athai why not make a Pillow for sleeping so that vetiver will cool the mind while sleeping .Vedu tried rolling the root between his fingers. It felt fibrous, flexible, and smelled like rain on the dry earth.

"Vetiver gives livelihood too," Thatha said. "Not just health and soil. Artisans, farmers, and herbalists all depend on it. It's an economy rooted in tradition."

As the sun began its descent, Vedu and Thatha sat once more beneath the neem tree. Vedu's sketchbook was full of drawings of mats, oils, slippers, temples, and even a doodle of a "Vetiver Man" with root-hair and a cape.

"Thatha," Vedu said, eyes sparkling, "this isn't just a plant. It's... It's a whole world!"

Nachu Thatha smiled. "That's what I wanted you to see, Kanna. It's not about what we grow. It's about how we live with what we grow. Vetiver teaches us to be deep-rooted, useful, and humble."

Vedu looked up at the sky. "Tomorrow... can we show this to my school? To Amma, Appa... maybe even make a poster?"

Thatha laughed heartily. "Why not? This little green warrior is ready for the spotlight."

And with that, Vedu felt his mission take shape—not just to learn, but to share. To let the world know that even the quietest roots can change everything.



Shubamma Patti





Lakshmi Athai's Women's Self Help Group of VELKUR



Vedu's Idea of Vetiver Fragrance Sachet



Vetiver Pillow

Vetiver to do Alankaram ( Decorate the GODS Idol in Temple and also Gopuram )



## Chapter 4

### The School Project - Vetiver Goes to Class

On Monday morning, Vedu walked into his village school with something different in his bag—not just books and lunch, but a bundle of dried Vetiver roots tied neatly with twine, a rolled-up poster, and his beloved sketchbook, now bursting with hand-drawn pictures.

His heart thumped with excitement. Today wasn't just another day of lessons and games, it was the day Vetiver entered the classroom.

#### The Surprise Show-and-Tell

During morning assembly, Vedu approached Miss Varadhakshi, his science teacher. "Ma'am," he said, holding out the roots carefully, "Can I do a short show-and-talk about something important? My Thatha helped me learn about it."

Miss Varadhakshi, always curious about her students' interests, nodded. "What is it, Vedu?"

He unrolled his poster, revealing a hand-painted Vetiver superhero, complete with root-cape, deep feet, and a watering can in hand. Above it was written in bold letters:

☞ "Vetiver - The Hero Beneath Our Feet!"

Miss Varadhakshi's eyes lit up. "Absolutely! You'll go first after prayer."

#### Vedu Takes the Stage

As the children sat cross-legged on the floor, Vedu walked up, a little nervous but steady. He began, "Friends, we all know about trees, flowers, and crops. But how many of us know about the grass that saves our soil, cleans our water, and smells amazing?"



Some students giggled. Others sat up straighter.

"This is **Vetiver, or Chrysopogon zizanioides**," he continued. "It grows deep roots—even 10 feet down. It holds the earth tight so it doesn't wash away when it rains."

He pointed to his poster. "It stops soil erosion; filters water and helps the land stay strong. My Thatha says it's like a silent guardian of nature."

He passed the dried roots around. Students sniffed the fragrant strands, whispering "Wow!" and "It smells like the first rain!"

Then came the highlight—Vedu showed sketches of mats, Pillows, oils, temple use, and fans. "Vetiver isn't just for farms. It helps in homes, temples, even Ayurveda. And it gives work to people in our village. It's simple, but powerful."

### The Classroom Buzzes

When Vedu finished, the applause was louder than he expected. Even the headmaster smiled and said, "This is true learning—knowledge from the land, passed through generations."

Miss Varadhakshi said, "Vedu, would you like to lead a school project on Vetiver for the science fair? We could plant some on campus, too."

Vedu's face lit up. "Yes, ma'am! And my Thatha can guide us!"

Soon, a group of students gathered around him, full of questions.

"Where can we plant it?"

"Can we make Vetiver bookmarks?" Vedu told to himself one more brilliant idea will pass on to Lakshmi Athai in evening

"Will it grow near the pond?"

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That evening, Vedu ran home, bursting with stories. Nachu Thatha, resting on the swing, looked up and said, "Ah! So our Vetiver went to school today?"

"Thatha," Vedu grinned, "it was a hit! Everyone loved it. We're starting a Vetiver patch in school—and maybe even a science model!"

Nachu Thatha's eyes twinkled. "See what one root can do, Kanna?"

Vedu nodded, eyes glowing. "It's only the beginning, Thatha. Vetiver has just started its journey." Week ran and next day was Saturday



## Chapter 5: The Vetiver Patch - Planting Hope

It was a bright Saturday morning, and the school in Velkur was buzzing with energy. Buckets of water, garden trowels, hand-painted signs, and small bundles of Vetiver slips were neatly arranged on the school grounds.

Standing in the middle of it all was Vedu, proudly wearing a handmade badge that read:

🌿 "Vetiver Champion"

Beside him was Nachu Thatha, holding his trusted walking stick and a proud smile.



### The Day of Planting

Miss Varadhakshi clapped her hands. "Alright, everyone! Today, we're starting our very own Vetiver Patch. We'll plant these along the slope behind the classroom and near the edge of the playground, where rainwater usually carries away the topsoil."

Vedu raised his hand excitedly. "Can I show them how, Thatha?"

Nachu Thatha nodded. "Go ahead, kanna."

With steady hands, Vedu demonstrated how to:

Dig a small trench

Place the Vetiver slips firmly

Cover the roots gently

Water it just enough

"Vetiver doesn't need much maintenance," he explained. "It survives droughts and thrives in poor soil. But it gives back so much more—stronger soil, cleaner water, and cool air!"

One by one, children planted their slips, carefully patting the earth around them.



They made little signs like:

- ✿ "Rooted for Good"
- ✿ "Soil Saver"
- ✿ "Our Green Fence"

The headmaster helped too, surprising everyone by picking up a spade. "Today we plant hope," he said, "and with patience, it will grow."

A Living Classroom

Weeks passed. Rain came. Sun followed. The Vetiver slips began to shoot up, their blades waving in the wind like proud green flags.

The students measured their growth every Friday. Vedu led a small team that documented the changes—root length roughly, leaf strength, soil firmness. The area that once turned muddy during the monsoon now stayed firm and dry.

One day, Miss Varadhakshi announced, "This patch will be part of our Science Fair exhibit. We'll call it: 'Nature's Engineer - Vetiver in Action'."

The class cheered.

The Village Takes Notice

Soon, word spread beyond the school walls. Parents, farmers, and even the Panchayat head Sri Praveen came to see what the children had done.

"Look how the soil has stopped sliding!"

"The ground is cooler here."

"My daughter says the plant can clean water—can we use it near our tank?"

Vedu and Thatha began helping villagers understand how Vetiver could be planted around fields, homes, and even roadsides. A small corner of the school had grown into a community learning space.

Nachu Thatha said one evening, "Vedu, you've started something the village hasn't seen in years. Change from below—not from orders, but from roots."

### A Special Visitor

One day, a District Education Officer, Shanthi Madam, visited the school. After hearing about the Vetiver Patch, she walked along the edge, touched the green blades, and smiled.



"This should go to the State Science Meet," she said. "Your village has done something inspiring. Let's help more schools do this."

Vedu's eyes widened. "Can we share Vetiver slips with other villages, Thatha?"

Nachu Thatha grinned. "Yes, kanna. It's time Vetiver travels far and wide."

From that tiny patch of grass behind the classroom, a movement had begun. The humble Vetiver, long overlooked, had found a voice—through the hands of children, the wisdom of elders, and the love of the earth.

And at the heart of it all was Vedu, with his boundless curiosity, and Nachu Thatha, the quiet guardian of green truths.

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## Chapter 6

### Vetiver Goes to the City - A Journey Beyond Velkur

A month after the Vetiver Patch was planted at the school, a letter arrived in a cream-colored envelope with the government seal. Miss Varadhakshi opened it with the whole class gathered around.



Her face lit up as she read aloud, "Our Vetiver Project has been selected for the State Science Exhibition in Amaravathi!"

The children gasped. Vedu's eyes widened like full moons. "We're going to the city?!"

"Yes, Vedu. And you'll present our project to scientists, teachers, and students from across Andhra Pradesh!"

The classroom burst into applause.

Preparing for the Big Journey

That night, Vedu ran home to tell Nachu Thatha.

"We're going to Amaravathi, our State's Capital, Thatha! I'm taking Vetiver with me!"

Nachu Thatha laughed. "You'll be the first boy to carry roots to the city instead of a suitcase!"

Together, they prepared a neat presentation:

A portable Vetiver plant in a recycled earthen pot.

Vedu's drawings and diagrams, now mounted on colourful cardboard.

A handwoven mat made of dried Vetiver roots.

Small cloth pouches filled with dried root strands for scent demonstration.

Vedu practiced his speech over and over again. Thatha helped him polish his Telugu and Tamil and even taught him a few Sanskrit words, like "Pṛthivī rakṣakaḥ"—**Protector of the Earth.**

Arrival in the City

Amaravathi was like another world—loud horns, tall buildings, traffic signals blinking like robot eyes, and food stalls buzzing with life.



Vedu stood wide-eyed in the massive exhibition hall. Students from all over Andhra Pradesh had come with projects: robots, solar panels, water filters, and weather stations.

Some looked at Vedu's bundle of roots and blinked. "What's this? Just some dried grass?"

Vedu smiled and said, "This is not just grass. It's Vetiver—the hero beneath our feet. Come, I'll show you."

The Presentation That Turned Heads

On the day of the exhibition, Vedu stood in front of his poster that read:

🌿 "Vetiver - Small Roots. Big Impact."

He spoke clearly and passionately:

"Vetiver roots go deep, protecting the soil from erosion."

"It cleans water and keeps groundwater cool."

"It supports rural livelihoods and crafts."

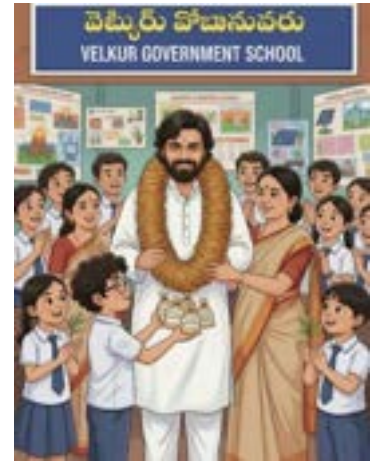




"It doesn't need much water or fertiliser—perfect for climate change."

As he talked, people stopped to listen. Then the Chief Guest the Hon'ble Deputy Chief Minister of Andhra Pradesh Sri Pawan Kalyan ji who is also Minister for Environment, Forest, Science and Technology, Visited the Stall where Vedu, his Varadhakshi teacher was there. Immediately Vedu garlanded him with Vetiver garland and gifted the Scented Vetiver Sachets he briefly explained the Dy CM and made a passing

remark Vetiver can be used to rejuvenate the lakes and also planted on slopes of state highways etc and it will prevent the soil slips etc. Dy CM asked his P A to take Vedu's school address and contact him next month when he visits Chittoor district tour. A scientist from Acharya N.G. Ranga Agricultural University asked thoughtful questions. A group of teachers took photos. One school principal from Elluru said, "We're starting a Vetiver patch next term!"



The scent pouches were a hit—children sniffed them, smiled, and asked for more. The mat and rope samples were touched with wonder. For many city dwellers, it was their first encounter with a solution rooted in nature.



### A Moment Remember

That evening, Vedu received a certificate of "Outstanding Eco Innovation from Rural India." From the Chief Guest the Hon'ble Deputy Chief Minister of Andhra Pradesh Sri Pawan Kalyan ji.

Miss Varadhakshi placed a hand on his shoulder. "You've not only made Velkur proud, Vedu. You've shown the world that big solutions can come from

small villages."

Later, as the train rolled back toward Chittor Velkur, Vedu looked out at the fields rushing past and said softly, "Thatha was right. Vetiver is quiet, but it speaks to those who listen."

Back in Velkur, Nachu Thatha sat waiting on the old swing, sipping tea. When Vedu returned with stories, laughter, and a head full of ideas, he only said with a smile:

"So... the city met the root?"

And Vedu replied, "And the root touched the city's heart."



## Chapter 7: A Green Message to the World - The Vetiver Revolution Begins

Back in Velkur, after the city exhibition, something had shifted.

It started with one or two visitors. Then came journalists. Then a group of agricultural officers. All wanted to see the boy who brought Vetiver to the city, and the school patch that sparked curiosity across Andhra Pradesh.

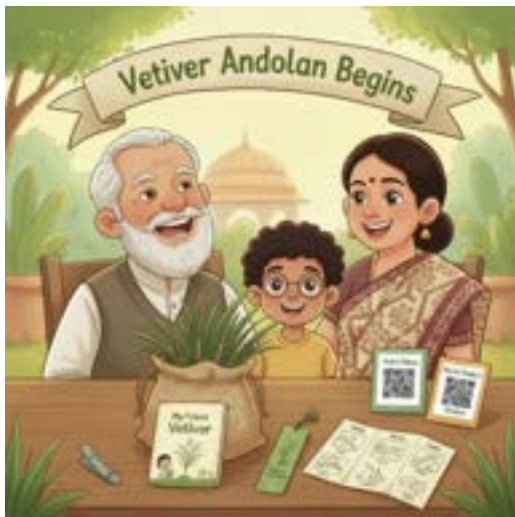
The once-quiet village was now humming with activity.

### A Meeting Under the Neem Tree

One evening, Vedu and Nachu Thatha sat beneath their favorite neem tree, watching dragonflies skim across the pond.

"Thatha," Vedu said, "What if we make this bigger? Not just for our school... but for every village?"

Nachu Thatha's eyes twinkled. "A Vetiver movement?"



"Yes! What if we give slips to other schools, teach them how to plant, make videos, write stories, even... even have a Vetiver mascot!"

Thatha laughed heartily. "Ayyo paapa! You want to turn this into a proper Vetiver Andolan!"

Vedu nodded with fire in his eyes. "It's time people saw what this quiet plant can do."

### The Vetiver Kit

With help from Miss Varadhakshi, the Panchayat, and some local artisans, the first 'Vetiver Eco Kit' was created. Each kit contained:

A handful of Vetiver slips in a jute pouch

A small illustrated booklet titled **"My Friend Vetiver"**  
A Vetiver-scented bookmark

A guide to making Vetiver ropes, mats, and sachets



QR codes to short videos recorded by Vedu and Nachu Thatha explaining planting, care, and benefits

The first batch went to five neighboring schools.

Soon, word spread even further.

Vetiver Goes Digital

A young volunteer from the nearby town helped Vedu and his friends create a simple YouTube channel called "Roots of Change." Their videos showed:

How to grow Vetiver on farms, rooftops, and roadsides

How to make crafts from dried roots

Interviews with farmers, temple priests, and women's self-help groups

Even a short animated clip where "Captain Vetiver" saves the planet from floods and droughts!

The videos gained attention, especially from urban students, many of whom had never touched real soil.

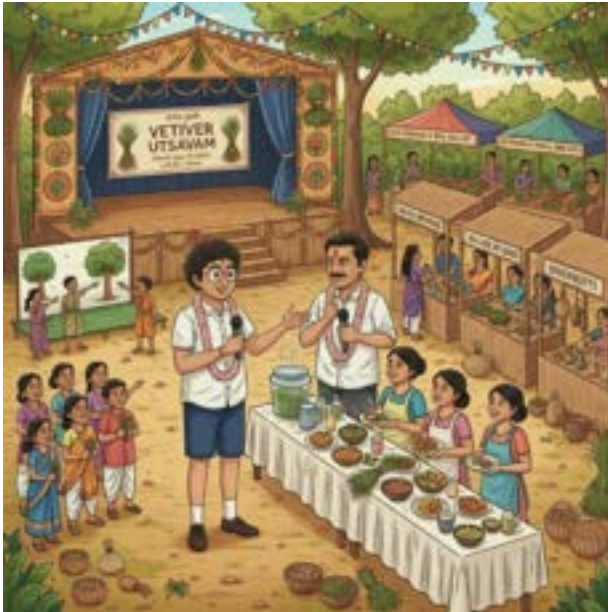
The Vetiver Festival

To celebrate, the school organised the first-ever "Vetiver Utsavam"—a festival of roots



inviting this time Sri Nara Lokesh the Minister for Information Technology of Andhra Pradesh. He appreciated Vedu's efforts

There were:



Vetiver-themed songs and skits

A "Vetiver Chef" contest featuring coolers and herbal dishes made with Vetiver-infused water

Handicraft stalls run by village artisans

Workshops on eco-farming, soil health, and Ayurveda

The highlight was Vedu's closing speech. He stood on the stage, voice clear and strong:

"We all want big solutions to big problems. But sometimes, answers lie beneath our feet.


Vetiver teaches us to go deep, stay rooted, and give back more than we take.

Let's be like Vetiver—silent workers, strong protectors."

The crowd rose in applause.

Letters from Far Away

In the weeks that followed, Vedu began receiving letters and emails.

 A school from Gujarat wrote: "We've started our own Vetiver patch!"



🗨️ A teacher from Sri Lanka said, "Your story reminded us of our ancient farming wisdom."

🗨️ An environmental group in Kenya wrote: "Can we translate your booklet into Swahili?"

Vedu read every word out loud to Nachu Thatha, who smiled silently, heart full.

That night, beneath a starlit sky, Nachu Thatha said, "Vedu, this plant has travelled far with your feet, your words, and your drawings."

Vedu hugged him. "No, Thatha. Our journey is just beginning."

And with that, a simple village boy and his grandfather had done something rare—they gave roots to a revolution, one child, one patch, and one Vetiver slip at a time.



## Chapter 8:

### A Gift to the Future - Vedu's Dream for Tomorrow

It was just before dawn in Velkur. The village was still wrapped in soft silence, broken only by the distant call of a rooster and the slow creak of Nachu Thatha's swing under the neem tree.



Inside the house, Vedu sat cross-legged on the floor, carefully tying a small bundle of Vetiver slips with a cotton thread. Beside it lay a rolled-up scroll. On the scroll, in Vedu's neat handwriting, were the words:

"For Tomorrow's Earth-Keepers"  
A message from a village boy and his Thatha...

A Time Capsule for the Future

It was Miss Varadhakshi's idea to create a time capsule. Every student was asked to place one

item representing what they wanted future generations to remember, learn, or protect.

Vedu placed:

A bundle of dried Vetiver slips

A sketch of "Captain Vetiver"

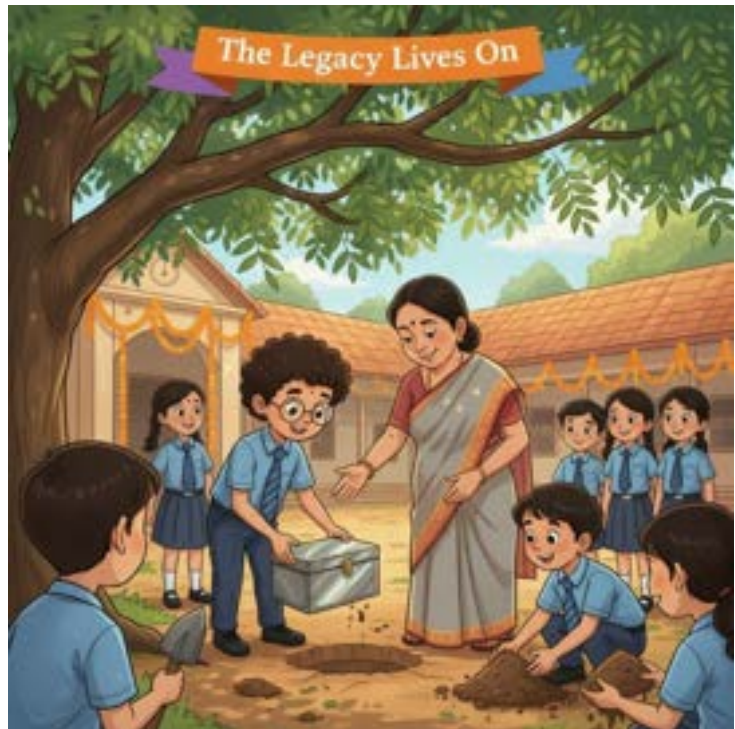
His school project poster

A photo of him and Nachu Thatha with the first Vetiver Patch

And the scroll that read:

"Dear Future Friend,  
I hope the earth under your feet is still soft and alive.  
I hope rivers still sing and trees still dance in the wind.  
If you ever feel the world is breaking, bend down and look at the soil.  
Touch it. Smell it. Heal it.  
Plant something. Start with Vetiver.  
From one root, a forest can grow.

With hope,  
Vedu - Son of Velkur



And the wisdom of my Thatha, Nachu"

The scroll was placed inside a metal box, sealed carefully, and buried under the school's neem tree with the whole school watching.

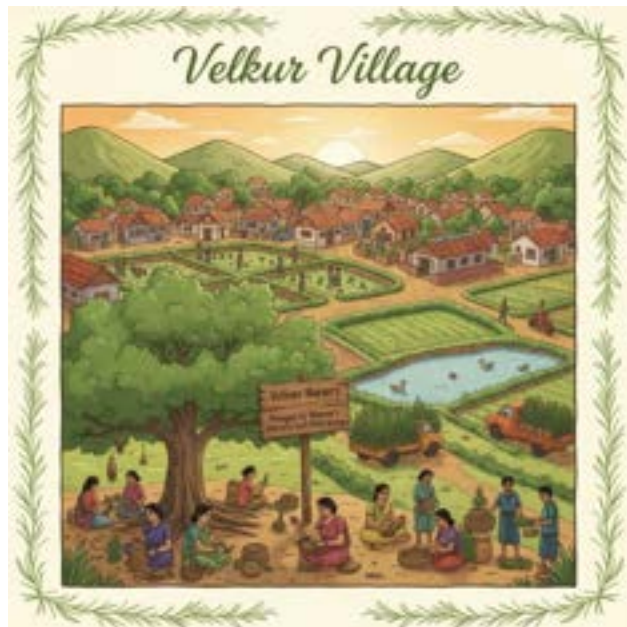


Legacy Lives On  
Years passed.

The Vetiver patches in Velkur multiplied—not only in the school but along fields, village paths, ponds, and even rooftops. Other villages followed suit. Artisans began exporting Vetiver crafts. A local Vetiver nursery was set up, managed by women's self-help groups.

Vedu's videos became part of an environmental curriculum adopted in several states. The cartoon "Captain Vetiver" was aired on local children's TV channels in Tamil, Telugu, Kannada and other Indian languages.

The Boy Who Took Root

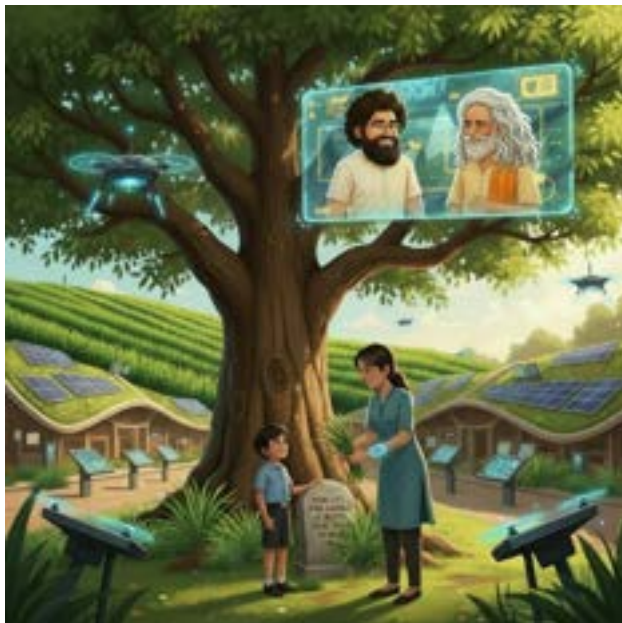


Vedu, now a little older, had become a voice for young eco-leaders. He travelled across the country giving talks, always carrying a small pouch of Vetiver wherever he went.

But every time he returned to Velkur, he would sit again with Nachu Thatha—older now, but just as wise—and share the stories of children planting hope across India.

"You see, Thatha," he once said, "we didn't just teach about Vetiver. We planted pride, purpose, and possibility."

Nachu Thatha chuckled softly. "And you did it just like Vetiver itself—gently, quietly, and deeply."



### One Final Scene Year 2050

One day, long after many seasons had passed, a little boy stood under the old neem tree at Velkur School. He looked down at a small stone marker that read:

☞ "Here lies the Time Capsule of Roots. To be opened in 2050."

His teacher smiled and said, "This is where it all began—with a boy named Vedu and his grandfather, Nachu Thatha."

The boy bent down, touched the soil, and asked, "Can I plant something here, ma'am?"

The teacher nodded. "Yes. Start with this," she said, handing him a small bundle of Vetiver slips.



🌀 The story never really ends. It just grows deeper. 🌀

Just like Vetiver.

For more details about **VETIVER** the Miracle Grass

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# CAPTAIN VETIVER



# Vedu and Nachu Thatha's Vetiver Tale

**A Green Gift to the World**



# CAPTAIN VETIVER SCHOOL CLUB



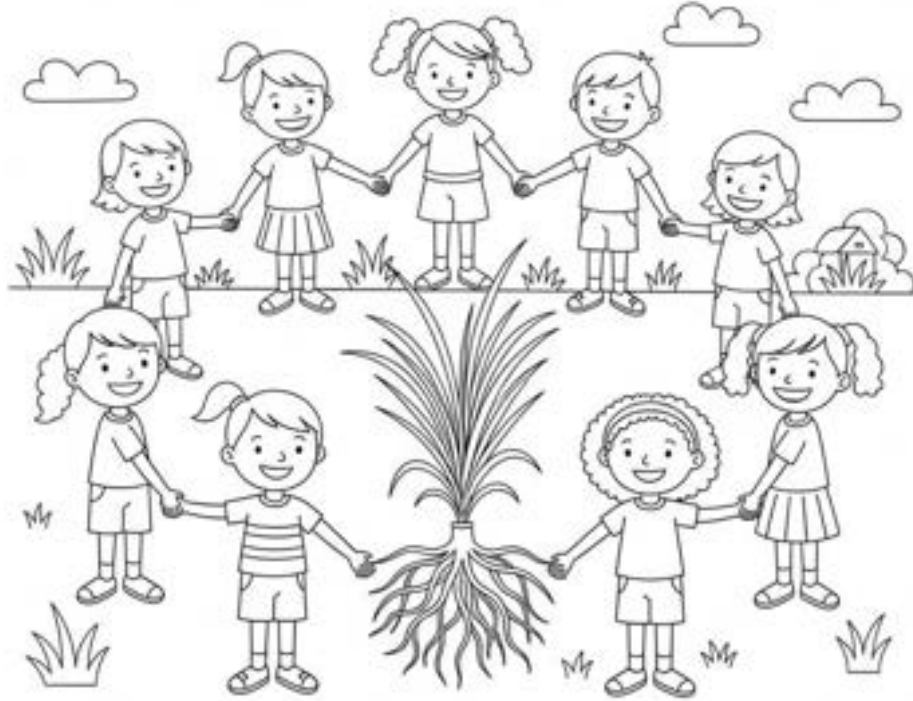
SAVE SOIL, SAVE FUTURE

# CAPTAIN VETIVER SCHOOL CLUS



SAVE SOIL, SAVE FUTURE

# CAPTAIN VETIVER SCHOOL CLUB



**SAVE SOIL, SAVE FUTURE**



**CAPTAIN VETIVER**





# VEDU

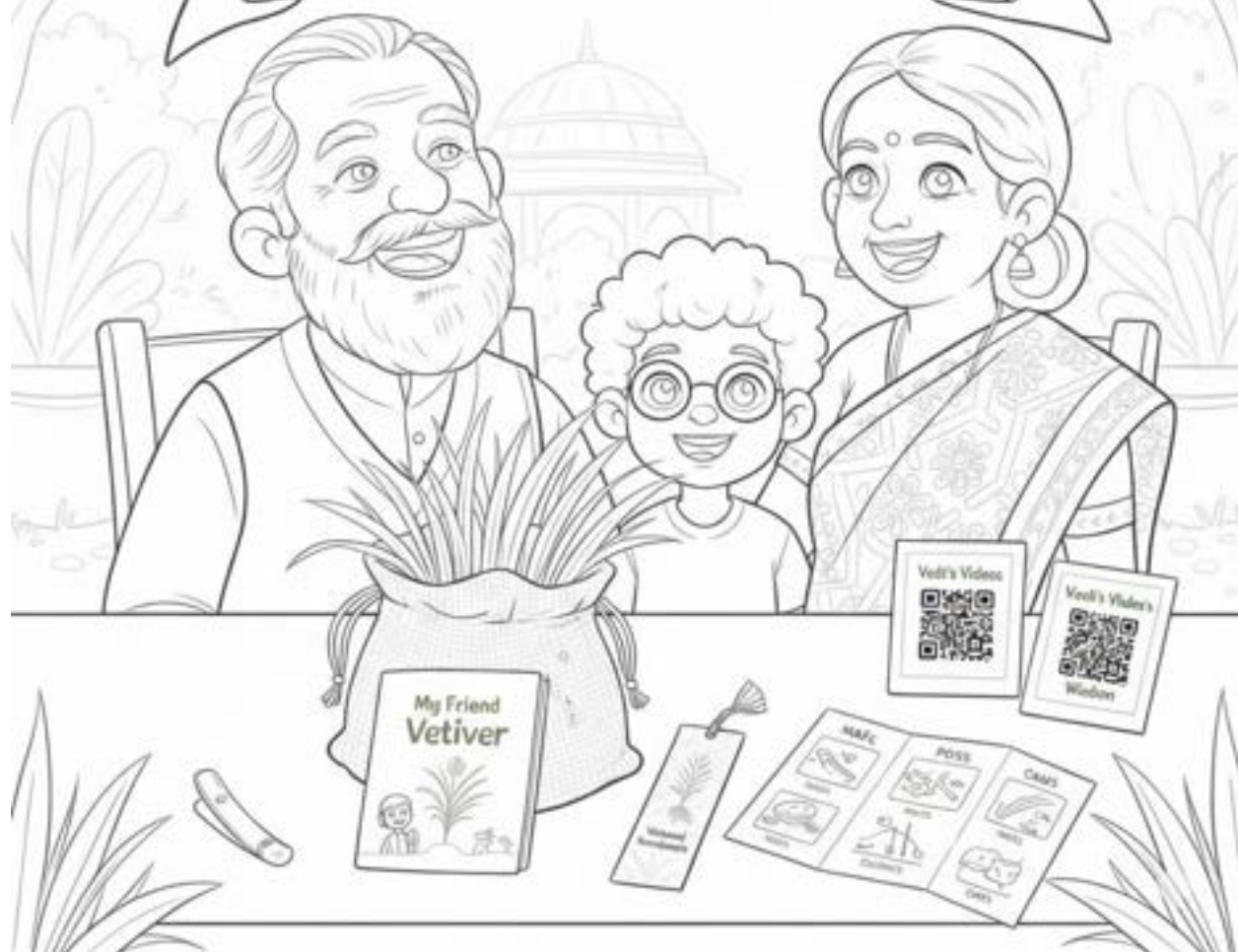


# VETIVER GOES DIGITAL





# Vetiver Andolan Begins



The Legacy Lives On





