

# HRP-Anecdotes

## GREEN GRENADE

**Not a solution yet, just an experiment we hope will hold**

Last year, the hills gave way.

After the monsoon, we kept returning to the same slopes- watching, noticing, trying to understand what had changed. The soil was loose, unsettled. Even a careful step would sink in too easily. It didn't feel like land that could hold on for long.

We spent days just observing- how the soil shifted, where the cracks widened, how water might move when the rain returned. We also noticed a few native saplings quietly peeping through the debris. We saw long grass roots exposed , still hanging onto the slope. Their



An experiment that you can hold.  
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Showing the long roots of a hill grass  
© Arpan Joshi.



This is where the question began  
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dense tufts seemed to grip the rocks tightly, holding them in place.

Somewhere in those quiet observations, a question stayed with us: What could help this slope hold together again?

The answer didn't come as something big or certain. It came small- and honestly, a little unsure. Seeing those, we began to wonder- what if we could cover the slope more completely with grasses? Maybe their roots could bind the soil and hold the rocks in place more firmly.

The idea was straightforward: if grasses could establish, their roots might begin to bind the soil -holding it, slowing runoff, giving the slope a chance to recover.

In my hand was a compact ball of soil holding a cluster of grass. Simple, almost ordinary. We started calling them "Green Grenades." Not because they destroy- but because we hoped they might help rebuild. So, we tried.

As we tried to place the green grenades, the slope pushed back. Beneath the loose debris lay rocks and boulders, turning what seemed like a simple task into something far more effortful.

We installed these green grenades across the most vulnerable patches-into cracks, onto loose soil, wherever the land seemed like it might give way again. It felt experimental, uncertain. This was the first time we were trying something like this. We didn't know if this would work.

We still don't, completely.

But we are watching. Waiting. Hoping. Not with certainty, but with small attempts, repeated with care.

For now, these aren't solutions.

They are experiments.

They are hope, shaped in soil and roots.

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