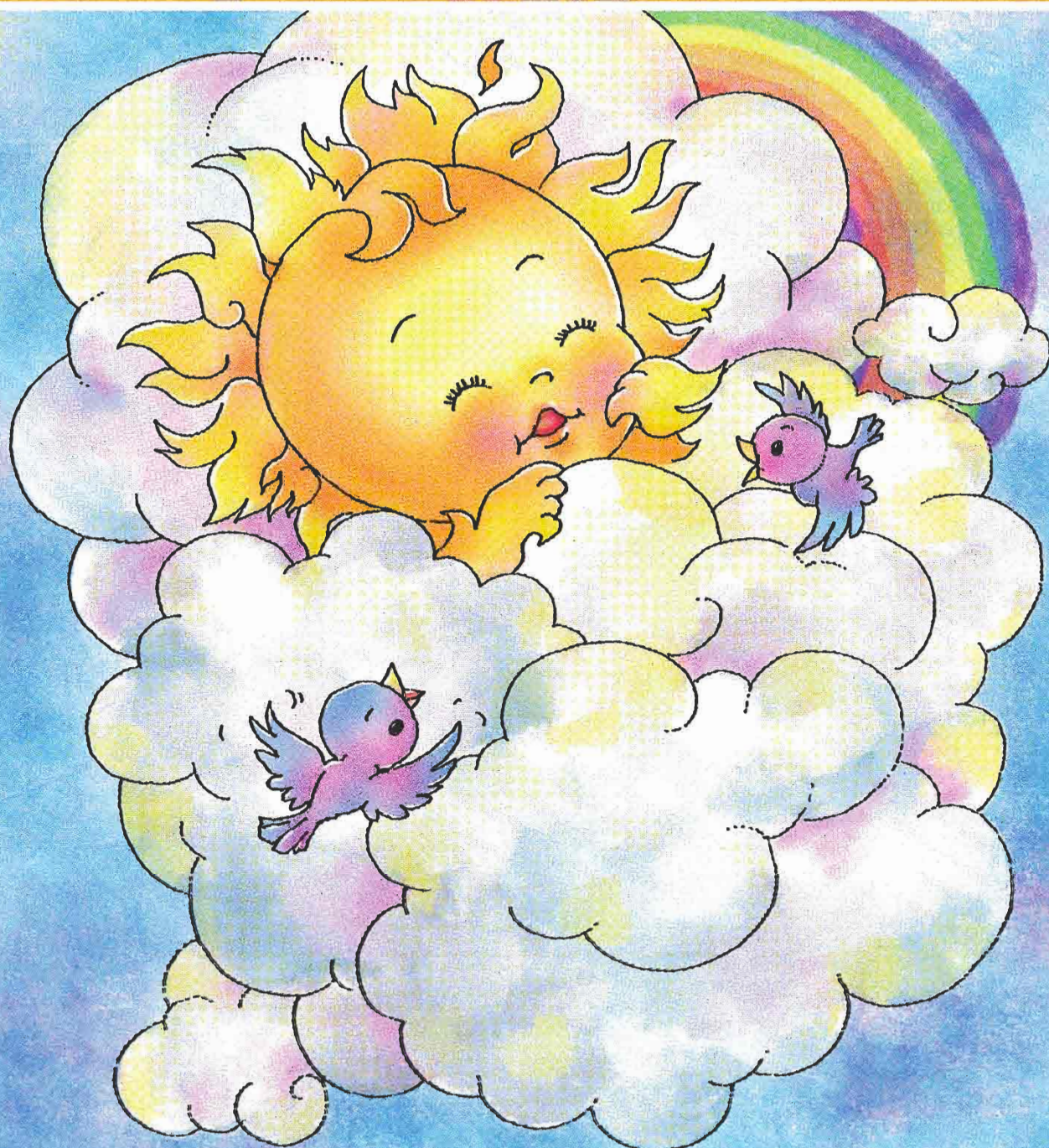


# Readers' Club Bulletin

रीडर्स क्लब बुलेटिन

Vol. 24, No. 04, November 2019







## Readers' Club Bulletin

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वर्ष 24, अंक 04, नवंबर 2019

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कृपया भुगतान नेशनल बुक ट्रस्ट, इंडिया के नाम भेजें।

This Bulletin is meant for free distribution to Readers' Clubs associated with National Centre for Children's Literature.

यह बुलेटिन राष्ट्रीय बाल साहित्य केंद्र से जुड़े पाठक मंचों को निःशुल्क वितरित किया जाता है।



## Readers' Club Orientations at Guwahati and Agartala and Children's Literature Events at Udaipur

Orientations on Readers' Club Movement launched under Samagra Shiksha Initiatives were held for District Level Officers associated with Samagra Shiksha Abhiyan Units of Assam and Tripura in Guwahati on 15 November and at Agartala on 20 November 2019, respectively. Senior Officers of the SSA units of both states were also there.

In their welcome address, Senior officers of SSA, Assam and Tripura including SPD, Assam, thanked NBT for deputing officials to the state to conduct training programmes on Readers' Clubs and hoped that such an initiative would go a long way in creating interest for books amongst children of the state.

The Orientation was aimed at enlightening the participants on role of Education Officers and Teachers' Trainers in promoting creativity and reading habit among school children. NCCL conducted the training programme which comprised a Power Point Presentation on Readers' Club Movement and some practical activities which included How to Review a Book? How to prepare a handwritten magazine? How to conduct a quiz on books and authors? and How to take



interviews of an elderly person residing near the school?

So far 33,390 Reader's Clubs have been established as part of SSA Readers' Club Movement in Tamil Nadu, Meghalaya, Punjab and Tripura.

NCCL organised a number of children's literature events also at Udaipur during Udaipur Book Fair. It included story telling sessions, Panel Discussion on Communicating Science to Children Today: All about 'Chandrayan', Book Quiz and a few others.

Poets and Writers Mustaq Chanchal, Iqbal Sagar, Aabid Adiv, Sarvat Khan, Kavita Kiran, Kusum Agrawal, Asha Pandey, Bhagwatilal Vyas, Kishan Dadhich, Pramod Ramawat, Arjun Dev 'Charan', Jaiprakash Pandya 'Jyotirpunj', Omkar Singh Lakhawat, Tikam Bohra 'Anjana', Bimla Bhandari, Upendra Anu, Chandraparkash Deval, Devendra Mewari, Dinesh Panchal, Dr Kunjan Acharya, K K Sharma, Kishan Dadhich, Ajay Verma, Khaleel Tanveer, Swati Sakun, Kisan Dadhich, Nand Bhardwaj and Anant Bhatnagar took part in these programmes.





# Dalhousie: Nature Lovers' Retreat

Monalisa Kar

Dalhousie is a picturesque hill station located in the state of Himachal Pradesh, India. It was founded by Lord Dalhousie in 1850 as a summer retreat. The striking beauty of this place can be seen in the rich and diverse flora of this place. Here one can see forest trails and rivers and witness the

magnanimous snow-covered peaks of the Himalayan mountains at the backdrop of this scenic beauty. At the same time, it inspires awe in the minds of visitors who come to Dalhousie.

There are several ways of reaching Dalhousie from Delhi. One can take a flight from Delhi to Pathankot Airport,



from where Dalhousie is situated at a distance of 2-3 hours by road. Also, one can travel by train to Pathankot Railway Station. It takes about 10-11 hours, and then travel to Dalhousie by taking a cab or a bus. The most economical way would be to travel directly from Delhi to Dalhousie via bus which would take around 10 hours.

Dalhousie is a lively place, wherein one can see the hustle-bustle in the Mall Road, which is the major attraction spot for tourists. They wish to buy authentic woolen Himachali shawls and Tibetan handicrafts. This is also a good spot for food lovers to explore the several eateries in the market area, providing respite to tired shoppers and locals, alike. In addition, there are activities one can indulge in, such as horse-riding, or clicking pictures with little rabbits and playing with them.

For adventure-seekers, Dalhousie is a haven, as it provides opportunities for trekking, the Dainkund- Chowari Jot trek being the major highlight for the tourists. The trek from Dainkund to Jot takes about 6-7 hours, and it's an absolutely breathtaking journey. Standing at the height of 8000 feet, listening to the sound of the wind, and to behold nature in all its glory,

is an absolutely riveting experience. Everywhere one looks, one can find little things which has the ability to move one's heart, be it tiny little flowers blooming in the unlikeliest of places, or goats feeding on the grass to their heart's desire.

Khajjiar is another place located at some distance from Dalhousie. Known popularly as the mini Switzerland of India, this place is surrounded by deodar and pine trees on all sides, with the Khajjiar lake in the middle. It is a popular picnic spot for tourists. If one is interested in encountering wildlife, one can go for trekking in the Kalatop Wildlife Sanctuary, as it is replete with both flora and fauna, and can also possibly include sightings of wildlife.

For people who feel at home amongst nature, Dalhousie is the best place to visit for them. It never fails to amaze the people who come to behold its glory, as it is replete with authentic visual beauty. Dalhousie provides various experiences as one explores it, each surpassing the previous experience. It also helps people appreciate the peace and solace which a natural environment can bring to one's mind.

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## चींटी और तितली

मुकेश नौटियाल

एक थी चींटी और एक तितली। दोनों दोस्त थे। चींटी तितली को गहरे बिलों का राज बताती... तितली चींटी को हवाई सफर के किस्से सुनाती। बूढ़े बरगद के नीचे दोनों रोज मिलते और ढेर सारी बातें करते।

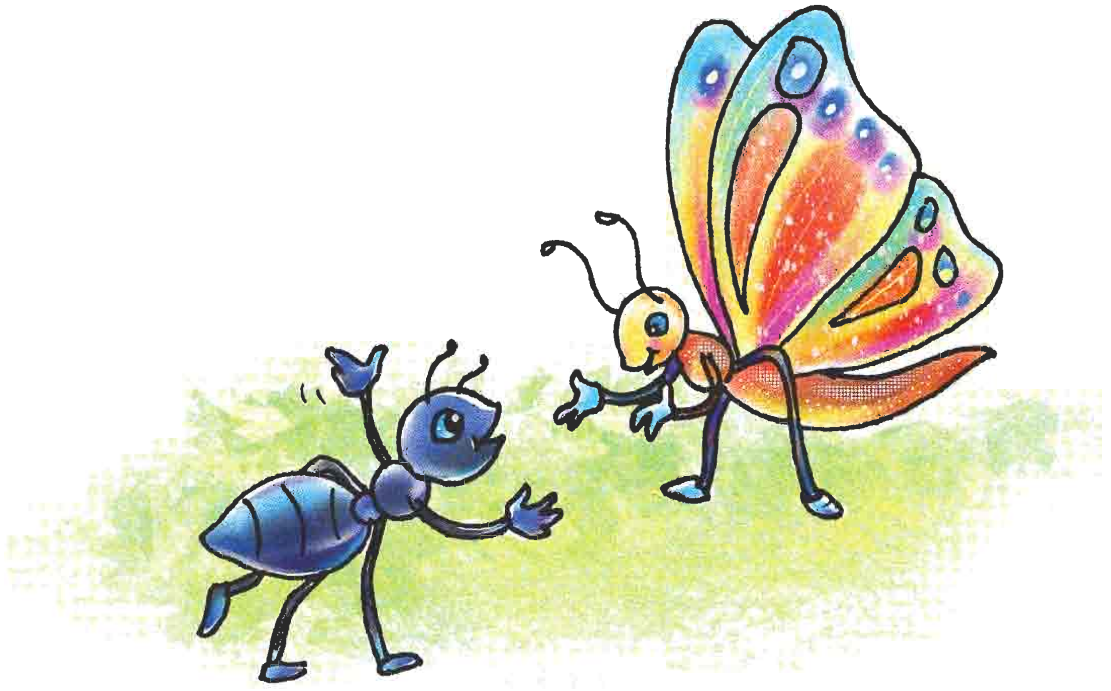
एक दिन चींटी ने तितली से कहा, "कितना अच्छा होता अगर तुम धरती के नीचे की दुनिया देख पाती और मैं उड़ान भर पाती...।"

"लेकिन बिल में घुसते ही मेरे पंख

उतर जाएँगे..." तितली बोली।

"तो... पंख मुझे दे देना। मैं भी उड़ान भर आऊँगी। तब तक तुम धरती के नीचे मेरी कॉलोनी में घूम आना..." चींटी ने सुझाव दिया।

तितली को बात जम गई। उसने अपने पंख उतारकर चींटी को दे दिए। चींटी ने एक बार उड़ान भरी तो उड़ती चली गई। जैसे-जैसे वह ऊपर जाती, धरती की चीजें छोटी होती चली जातीं। बड़े



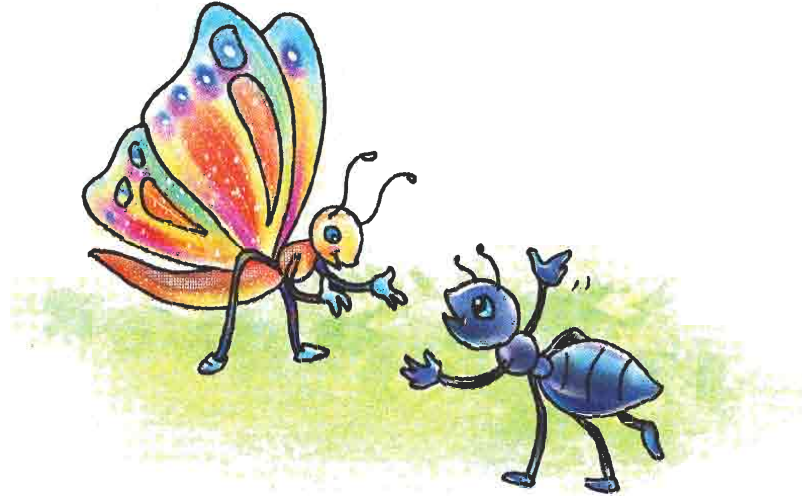
भारी पेड़ चिंदी-बिंदी  
से नज़र आते और  
दरिया नहर जैसी।  
अचानक उसने नज़र  
उठाकर देखा तो दंग  
रह गई। हवा में रुक  
गई फुड़ियाँ तैर रही  
थीं।

“यह क्या है?”  
उसने हवा में तैरते  
बाज से पूछा।

“ये! बादल हैं,  
और क्या! लगता है, बारिश होने को  
है।”

बाज की चेतावनी से चींटी सावधान  
हो गई। वह धरती पर उतरने लगी।

उधर तितली अंधेरी सुरंग से उतरकर  
चींटियों की बस्ती में पहुँच गई। पहली  
कोई तितली वहाँ गई थी। रानी चींटी  
ने तितली का ज़ोरदार स्वागत किया।  
तितली के लिए वह नई दुनिया थी। उसने  
वहाँ लाखों मज़दूर चींटियों को खाना  
ढोते हुए देखा। पहरेदार चींटियों को  
उसने मुश्तैदी से मोर्चे पर खड़ा देखा।  
रानी चींटी के इशारों पर सभी चींटियाँ  
अपना काम कर रही थी और... उस  
दिन दोनों के बीच एक समझौता हुआ।  
दोनों ने तय किया कि जब कभी चींटी  
को पंखों की जरूरत होगी, वह तितली



से माँग लेगी, बदले में तितली चींटियों  
की बस्ती में मेहमान बनेगी। उसकी ख़ूब  
खातिरदारी की जाएगी।

तब से चींटियाँ तितलियों से पंख  
उधार लेती हैं। तितलियाँ चींटियों की  
बस्ती में मौज़ उड़ाती हैं।

“क्या आपने कभी उड़ती हुई चींटी  
देखी...?”

चींटियों के संग कदमताल करती  
तितली तो देखी होगी...।

ध्यान से देखिए...कुछ चींटियाँ  
तितलियों की तरह उड़ रही हैं और कुछ  
तितलियाँ चींटियों की तरह चल रही हैं।  
हैं..., कि नहीं!!!

82-ए, जागृति विहार, रिंग रोड  
पोस्ट, नेहरू ग्राम  
देहरादून-248 005 (उत्तराखंड)



# A Mountain of Coloured Water

Rajiv Tambe

Today evening, one of Grandpa's old friends was coming home to meet him. Grandpa told Mihir, "Show something amusing to my friend. He will enjoy it. What will you show him?"

Will you change the colours of the homemade litmus papers?

Or will you give him the lemon shock treatment?

Or will you make lovely colourful paper flowers?"

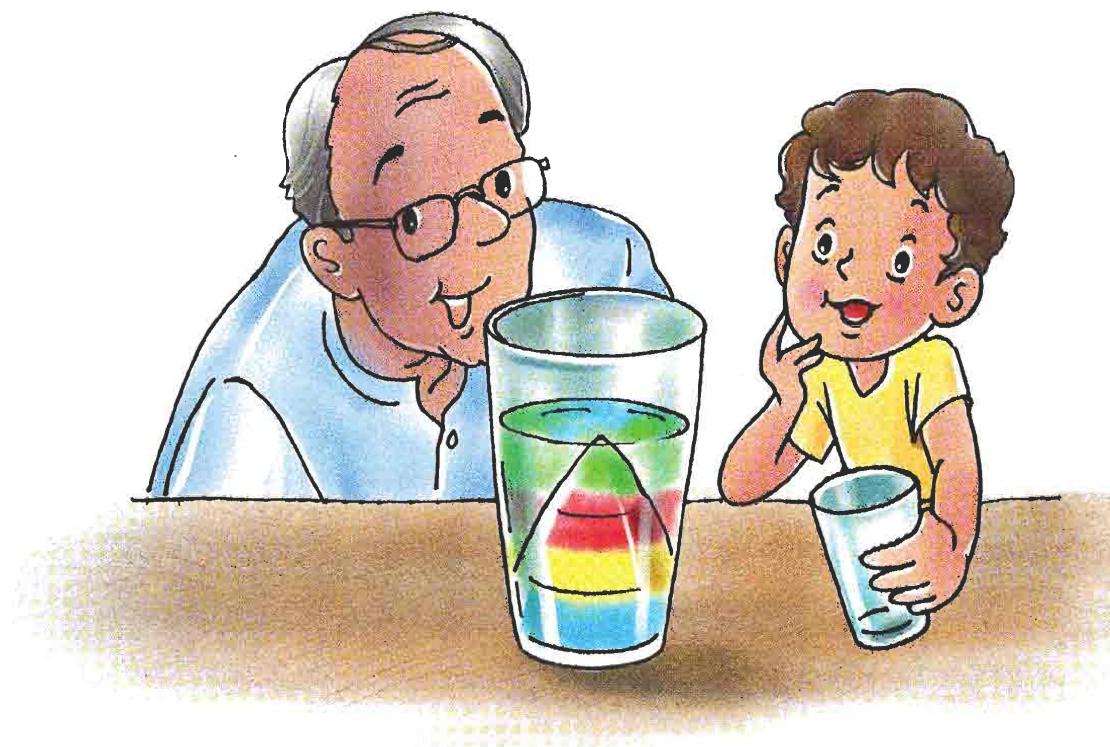
Mihir made a face and said, "To tell the truth Grandpa, today I am in no mood to cut, chop, stick and pierce.

I will ask Grandma and do something completely different."

"We will make something decorative with water," said Grandma.

This made Grandpa laugh.

He said, "Won't such an object flow away? You will make a fool of yourselves!"





Grandma didn't answer but only smilingly raised her eyebrows.

Grandma said to Mihir, "Get four glasses. Bring four different watercolours from your box of colours. Take some salt in a bowl. Fetch a small spoon, a big spoon and the tall glass in the cupboard. Till then, I will heat some water."

Mihir ran off to get the things.

Now Grandpa was unsure as to what Grandma was up to. Alarmed, he said to Grandma, "I hope you are not going to try anything on us. We want to chat a lot but one look at your preparations and I wonder if we will be left gargling with salt water instead!. At least tell me what you are going to do."

Grandma laughed and said, "We are going to make a mountain of colourful water! Understood?"

Actually, Grandpa understood nothing but he nodded.

Grandma filled two glasses with hot water and the other two with cold water.

Mihir had brought four watercolours, red, green, yellow and blue. Then Grandma put two to three tablespoons of salt in one glass of hot water and one glass of cold water.

Mihir stirred the water.

Grandma arranged the glasses in sequence—

First the glass of cold salty water.

Second the glass of plain cold water.

Third came the glass with hot salty water.

Fourth the glass with plain hot water.

Then Grandma told Mihir, "Put whichever colour you want in each glass."

Mihir put blue colour in the first glass, yellow in the second, red in the third and green in the fourth.

Now Grandpa came forward to help them.

He wiped the tall glass very carefully.

Grandma said, "Now let's make a mountain of colourful water."

Grandma poured the blue water in the tall glass up to a height of about one inch.

Next it was the turn of the yellow water.

Grandma took some yellow water in a big spoon and poured it gently from the side of the glass.

As she released the yellow water, Grandma was careful not to disturb the blue water at the bottom. She stopped after pouring the yellow water up to a height of about one inch.

She said, “Now both of you pour an inch of water in the same manner.”

Grandpa carefully poured red water in the glass in the same manner without disturbing the layers already in the glass.

Now it was Mihir’s turn.

Mihir took some green water in a big spoon. He let the green water trickle from the spoon into the glass very slowly.

He took care not to disturb the three layers of water below.

Grandpa and Mihir were watching, their mouths open with amazement.

The coloured water had not at all mixed in the tall glass!

Layers of coloured water had formed one above the other in the glass.

A colourful water mountain had been created!

Grandpa and Mihir clapped happily. Mihir shouted, “Wow! What an idea!!”

“The density of water increases

when mixed with salt.

When the temperature of water rises, its density decreases. When two liquids with different densities are poured slowly into a glass, the liquid with a higher density settles at the bottom and the liquid which is less dense settles above it...”

Mihir interrupted, “Grandma if we have no salt, but sugar, can we still do this experiment with coloured water?”

Grandpa stopped Mihir and said, “Can we make a mountain with coloured water which is of the same temperature but has different amounts of salt?”

Grandma smiled with satisfaction.

You already know the answer, “Do it and see for yourself!”

Mihir and Grandpa got down to making two more colourful mountains.

Do you think  
they would have finished those  
mountains?

Are you going to only read this

or

are you going to make  
some colourful mountains too?

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## सोच रही हूँ

नूरेनिशाँ



आज मुझे ऐसा लगता है,  
नाचूँ—गाऊँ मैं जी भरकर।  
हाथी अपनी सूँड उठा ले,  
बहुत चाव से केले खा ले।  
सोच रही मैं भी ले लूँ,  
इससे—केले झोला भरकर।

कोयल कुहुक—कुहुककर बोले,  
हरी डाल पर आम टटोले।  
सोच रही हूँ मैं भी ले लूँ,  
इससे अमियाँ डलिया भरकर।

नन्ही चुहिया झूला झूले,  
खा—खाकर मक्की के फूले।  
सोच रही हूँ मैं भी ले लूँ,  
इससे फूले दोना भरकर।

जब तितली फूलों पर डोले,  
तोता उससे टैं—टूँ बोले।  
सोच रही हूँ मैं भी ले लूँ,  
मेरे घर तक चल तू उड़कर।

ग्राम—मुंडेली, पोस्ट—चारुबेटा, खटीमा  
ऊधमसिंहनगर (उत्तराखंड)—262308

# Google Express

Ramendra Kumar

This is the story of a donkey called Seedha who lived in Pitara jungle. He was shy and simple but had a special quality – he could run very fast.

One day a meeting was called in Pitara.

Simha, the king declared, “Next full moon day will be really special for our jungle.”

“Why? Is it your ‘Happy Birthday’?” asked Kolo, the Cuckoo, perched on a branch right above the King.

“No, silly. For the first time ever a train will run in our jungle.”

“A train!” everyone exclaimed.

“I always wanted to sit in a train,” Rogo the Rhino shouted.

“You won’t be able to stand, let alone sit,” Lofty the Giraffe said.

“Same goes for you too,” jeered Rogo. “We’ll have to fold you into two to make you fit.”

“Hey you, quit arguing,” Simha shouted. “This train will be spacious enough for everyone.”

All the animals cheered.

“Now let us think of a name for the train,” the King said.





There were a number of suggestions but none of them was found suitable.

"I have an idea," a quiet voice said. It was Seedha. "Why don't we call it Google Express?"

"Google Express!" The animals looked at each other.

"What does Google mean?" asked Golu the elephant.

"I don't know but it sounds nice," Seedha said.

"I like it," Simha said.

"We all do," the others shouted.

Seedha had never felt so proud in his life before.

\*\*\*

The Google Express started the next day. The driver was a horse called Ajab from the neighboring town. Ajab and Seedha became good friends. Ajab would daily take the animals for a ride. Sometimes he would allow Seedha to sit beside him.

Soon Google express became very popular and animals from the other jungles also started flocking to Pitara for a ride.

One day Babbar, the king of the neighboring jungle, came with his family to enjoy a ride on Google Express.

Simha was very happy and the two royal families got on to Google Express for an exciting tour of the jungle.

Seedha, meanwhile, was grazing when he suddenly saw Heera, the deer, running madly.

"What happened Heera?" asked Seedha keeping pace with him.

"Ajab has slipped and fallen from the train."

"Is he hurt?"

"No luckily he fell into a bush. Dr. Bhaloo is taking care of him."

Doctor Bhaloo was a bear and the resident doctor of Pitara.

"And what about Google Express?"

"There is no one driving it?"

"Who will control it? Who will bring it to a halt?" shouted Seedha and raced away.

He knew the route Google express would be taking and opting for a shortcut, ran with all his might.

After a few minutes he could see the train chugging along. He increased his pace and drew level with the train.

All the passengers were leaning out. The children were screaming in fear and the adults were trying to calm

them down.

Seedha ran faster and faster and finally jumped straight into the driver's cabin. Within seconds the train came to a halt.

"Bravo, bravo!" he could hear the shouts of the two kings and their family members.

Seedha bowed his head.

"Seedha when did you learn to drive?" asked Simha.

"I often sat with Ajab and observed him. That is how I learnt."

"Good for us," Babbar smiled.

"Your majesty, if you permit can we continue the ride?"

"Are you crazy? You managed to stop a train but that doesn't mean you'll be able to drive it."

"Simha, I think we should give him a chance," Babbar said.

And so Google Express started with Seedha as the driver and guide.

As the train chugged along Seedha pointed out all the sights. He even stopped at a few places on the way. The children played around while the adults enjoyed the scenery.

That night there was a party in honour of King Babbar.



"Google will now have two drivers – Ajab and Seedha. I also announce a special award for Seedha," announced Simha.

"And I give him a new title, from now he will be called Mister Google," declared Babbar.

As Seedha, sorry, Mister Google went to receive his award the jungle echoed with the thumping of tails, the beating of hooves and flapping of wings.

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## खूब पढ़ो और खूब बढ़ो

पवन कुमार वर्मा

रश्मि स्कूल से लौट आई थी। आज भी उसका चेहरा उतरा हुआ था। उसने अपना स्कूल बैग एक ओर रखा और मम्मी के पास किचन में आ गई।

“अरे! तुम आ गई बेटा!” मम्मी ने उससे पूछा। रश्मि ने कोई जवाब नहीं दिया।

“क्या बात है बेटा? सब ठीक तो है।” मम्मी ने उससे पूछा।

“मम्मी! मैं अपना सब काम ठीक से करती हूँ। फिर भी संगीता मैडम मेरे पीछे पड़ी रहती है। मेरी छोटी-छोटी गलतियों पर भी खूब गुस्सा करती हैं।” रश्मि ने मम्मी को बताया।

उसकी बात सुनकर मम्मी ने कोई जवाब नहीं दिया वह अपने काम में



लगी रहीं। उन्होंने खाना टेबल पर लगा दिया और रश्मि को वहाँ बुलाया।

“मम्मी! आप तो कुछ बोल ही नहीं रहीं हैं। संगीता मैडम से एक बार बात तो कर लीजिए। वो सबके सामने मुझ पर नाराज़ होने लगती है।” रश्मि मम्मी से बोलीं।

रश्मि का चेहरा उतर गया। वह उदास हो गई। क्यों न हो? उसने सबसे ज्यादा नंबर पाए थे, फिर भी मैडम खुश नहीं थीं।

परीक्षा शुरू होने वाली थी। सब बच्चे जोर-शोर से परीक्षा की तैयारी में लगे थे। रश्मि भी खूब मेहनत कर रही थी। वैसे तो उसने पूरा साल मन से पढ़ाई की थी लेकिन किसी कारण उसके पूरे नंबर नहीं आ रहे थे।

परीक्षा के बाद नंबर बताए गए। इस बार रश्मि को पूरे नंबर मिले। उसकी खुशी का ठिकाना नहीं था। वह दौड़ती हुई संगीता मैडम के पास पहुँची। आखिर उन्होंने पूरे साल उसे खूब फटकार लगाई थी।

लेकिन आज मैडम ने उसे अपनी बाँहों में भर लिया। एक पल के लिए तो रश्मि भी सोच में पड़ गई! फिर मैडम ने अपनी टेबल की दराज खोली और उसमें रखी मिठाई रश्मि को खिलाई।

“मुझे माफ करना रश्मि! मैंने पूरे साल तुम्हें खूब डाँट लगाई। जानती हो क्यों? क्योंकि मैं भी यह दिन देखना चाहती थी। मैं जानती हूँ कि तुम पढ़ने में बहुत अच्छी हो। इसलिए जब भी तुम्हारे नंबर थोड़े कम होते तो मैं घबरा जाती थी और तुम पर गुस्सा करने लगती थी।” संगीता मैडम उससे बोलीं।

उनकी बात सुनकर रश्मि शर्मिंदा हो गई। उसने मैडम के बारे में क्या-क्या सोच रखा था?

“मैडम! मैं आपके बारे में क्या-क्या सोचती थी? मैंने यह कभी नहीं सोचा कि आप क्यों नाराज़ होती हैं? आखिर आप भी तो यही चाहती हैं कि हम पढ़-लिख कर अच्छे काम करें। मुझे माफ कर दीजिए मैडम।” रश्मि बोली।

उसकी बात सुनकर संगीता मैडम हँसने लगीं और बोलीं, “अब तुम्हें बात समझ में आई। कभी अपने अध्यापक के गुस्से का बुरा मत मानना। क्योंकि हम तो बस यही चाहते हैं कि तुम लोग खूब पढ़ो और खूब बढ़ो।” मैडम ने उसे फिर सीने से लगा लिया।

आमघाट, सुभाष नगर  
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# Friendship Year

Suman Bajpai

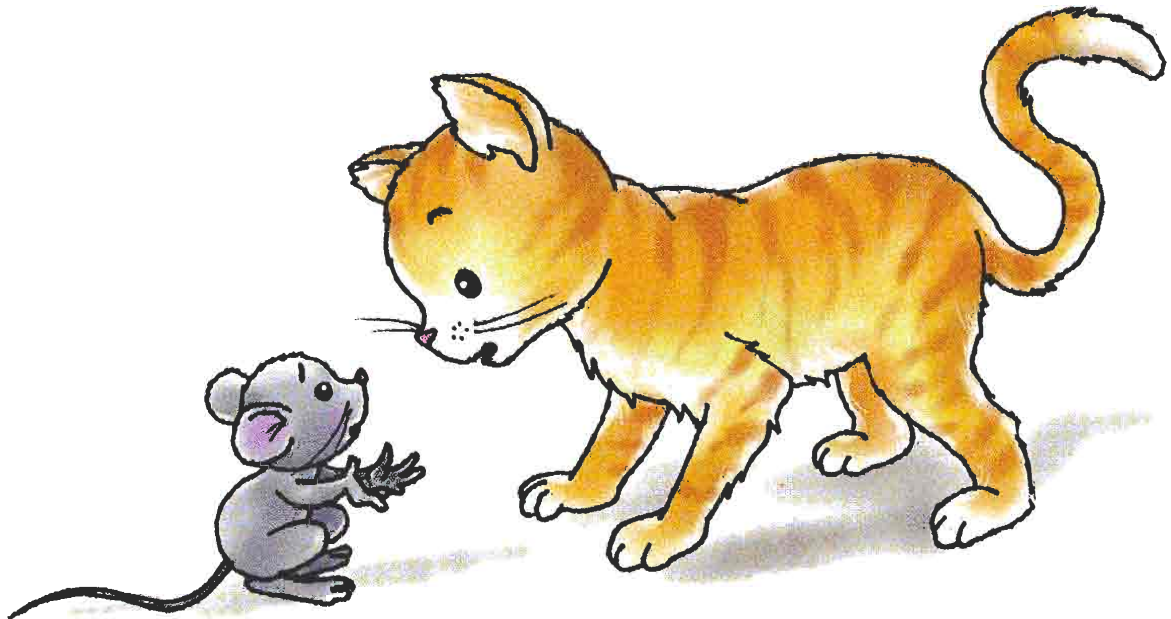
Minmin was running in the park, as she was bit upset and thought that running might lessen her stress and she might get some brilliant ideas this time to celebrate new year. Today she refused to drink milk, which the nearby colony 'halwai' used to keep for her in the bowl.

Every year, she celebrated new year playing with her friends, cutting cakes and listening to some music while dancing. She felt bored as her friends Chinchin and Tintin never tried to bring newness and adventure to any festival or celebrations. She wanted to

do something different this time.

She knew Micky and his friends enjoy every festival as they always try to add some uniqueness to it. She had tried talking to him many times, but Micky happened to be scared of her. He cannot trust her... how can he? After all a cat and a mouse can't be friends. They are enemies and will remain so.

Minmin wanted to change this stereotype perception, so she shared this thought with Chinchin and Tintin, but they simply refused this idea of friendship. For past so many months,





Chinchin had been trying to eat Micky but every time he escaped and hid in his hole. His hole is also very beautifully designed and two guards are kept standing outside it who have watchful eyes and do not let anyone in. Some kind of glue also has been spread outside the hole. Chinchin has seen many insects sticking over it. He must catch Micky one day and eat... this is the biggest dream of his life.

Tintin loves the smell of a mouse and keeps chasing them. But if he gets eggs to eat, he stops chasing them. For him eggs are a better option as they are full of nutrition, protein and what all, and he feels energetic after eating it.

Days were passing and Minmin had been still thinking how to celebrate new year in such a way that would really give the feeling that new year came with new hopes.

One day on a sunny afternoon, when Minmin was about to take her nap in the garden, after having her sumptuous lunch, she saw Micky. He was terribly injured. He was unable to walk and breathing slowly. His tail was cut and blood was oozing out from it. Just then she saw a big bird hovering around there.

‘This bird must have injured him,’ she thought. She should help him...

“Meo...meo...” her voice was faint. She could feel the pain of Micky...she could not see anyone in pain.

Micky looked at her, but she could clearly see the lurking fear in his eyes. Now certainly his time had come.

“Please don’t kill me, I am badly injured,” he pleaded.

“I have come to help you. Don’t worry. I am not a vulture or a bad cat.”

She carried him in her mouth to her house which was in the backyard of a house. She took good care of him and provided the best food. Chinchin wanted to eat him but Minmin said, “He is my guest and I will not let you harm him. Let us not break his trust, and with this gesture we can become friends also. I don’t want enemies around me. We should always try to maintain peace and that can be possible if we make friends and build trust. Try this approach, you will feel good.”

“Why did you help me?” Micky asked before leaving. Now he was feeling better and could walk also. He was still apprehensive and thinking that she might kill him. He was worried about his wife and children, who must be waiting for him in their hole.

“You were badly injured, so I



helped you. I believe in doing good deeds. I like to make friends.”

Micky was impressed and happily he asked, “Would you mind if I become your friend?”

Minmin said, “That’s great. And to celebrate our friendship I would like to invite you with all your friends and family to new year party at my place.”

“That would be great, as I have some nice ideas. I will also help in arranging party. Whatever is needed, I will bring.”

Minmin was no more upset. “Is

it not an unusual idea?” She asked Chinchin.

“Yes-yes,” Tintin shouted. He was too happy about this idea.

“Certainly,” Chinchin said, but in a low voice.

On the new year eve party when Micky came with his whole gang, everyone was beaming with happiness. No fear, no mistrust was there.

“Happy friendship year,” Micky took one piece of a cake and offered it to Minmin.

**12, Eklavya Vihar, Sector-13, Rohini  
Delhi-110085**

# Warriors of the World

Dr Alka Jain

We are the warriors of the world we belong to

We are the saviours of the serene earth

We are the joy and the hope of nations  
guardians of nature by birth

Our innocence is a gift of flowers

The smiling faces- bountiful showers

The breath that we carry in our heart with love

Is a blessing of the deep blue sky above !

Be warriors of change and voices of peace

Awaken the wisdom, put battles to sleep

There's so much to do, Stash the weapons away

Let pastures be happy, send children to play

Let Earth bask in glory and fragrance of grain

Let there be no hunger and nowhere be pain !

We are the future with hearts of gold

Soft like clay- yet daring and bold

Our armour is strengthened with values and mores

Goodwill and humanity-our driving force.

Email : [alka28jain@gmail.com](mailto:alka28jain@gmail.com)





# Oh, To be the Best! Leila Seth

Thangamani

"Gulu, stand up! What is this that you have written? I can't understand a word of it!" said the maths teacher, holding up a copy filled with an untidy scribble.

The whole class snickered. Gulu was sitting with her head bowed. She hardly ever passed an exam and was always being scolded by the teachers for her shoddy class work, for not doing her homework or doing it all

wrong. 'Poor Gulu!' thought Leila. But she didn't spend much time worrying about her unfortunate classmate, because she was very excited that day. It was Friday and her brothers were coming home for the weekend.

"Leila! What are you dreaming of?" The teacher, clearly was in a bad mood that day.

Hearing her name being called



out, Leila shook herself from her daydream. But soon, she began planning about what she would play with her brothers.

Their father, Mr. Seth, worked for the railways and was always being posted to different places and their mother accompanied him. They had to leave their children behind so as to not disrupt their studies. While Leila stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Dutt, who were family friends, both her brothers Rajkumar and Shashi studied in boarding school. The Dutt's were kind and affectionate, but Leila often got lonely, being the only child in the house. This was why she looked forward to weekends and holidays, when her brothers came home.

Her brothers however, didn't reciprocate Leila's enthusiasm for being together. Both were elder to her- Rajkumar, by three years and Shashi, by a year-and-half. They considered her a nuisance if she insisted on tagging along while they played boisterous games like climbing trees and chasing each other all over the garden. For her part, Leila was annoyed that they wouldn't let her join them.

"Look Thrilly, we are going to play boy-games. What's more, our friends would be joining us," said Rajkumar, who liked to boss his younger siblings

around. "Whoever heard of a girl climbing trees?" he sneered. He called her 'Thrilly', because of her love for excitement.

"Why ever not? I can climb any old tree like you and your friends. In fact, I bet I could climb faster because I'm smaller. Whether you want me or not, I'm going to come along. So there!" Leila could be quite determined and they knew it. So they simply shrugged.

"She's a regular tomboy isn't she?" asked Shashi. If he thought she would get angry at his remark and leave them alone, he was mistaken. Leila was quite used to their bullying and wouldn't let it put her off. The boys tried to slip out without her knowledge. But before they could step out of the house, she shot past them and began climbing the nearest tree in the garden!

Sitting atop a high branch she called out, "I beat you to it, didn't I? I told you I would, I did!"

The boys sighed. She really was too much to handle even for both of them together! It was not just climbing trees, Leila insisted on being part of all their activities, much to their annoyance.

"Will you stop being a pest?" asked Rajkumar one day. Leila cheerfully shook her head 'no'. They

had to laugh at that, because they also loved their younger sister, despite her impishness.

Their mother sometimes came down to Darjeeling to be with them. Even father joined them at times. During holidays the children went to live with their parents wherever they were.

The mother wanted Leila to be trained in the arts—music and dance. She thought that as Leila was lively, beautiful and graceful, she would make a good dancer. So she appointed, first a dance teacher and then a music teacher to teach her. But Leila's heart was not in it. She would much rather read books, play games, compete with her brothers and prove herself able in their eyes— in no way inferior because she was a girl.

"I wish you would spend half as much time in studies as you do in such rough games," her mother often told her in exasperation. But Leila was a happy-go-lucky girl, thinking that doing the homework was all that mattered. She considered herself a good student. After all, her teachers never scolded her as they did some of the girls like Gulu.

Leila's parents had come down to Darjeeling for a few weeks and they were all together. Leila continued

with her games merrily, even though the quarterly exams were to begin the next week. She also got into fights with her brothers much to her mother's annoyance. Smiling to herself now, she began climbing the big tree in the far corner of the garden.

"Leila, you have been playing ever since you came back from school. When are you going to study?" her mother asked her.

"I have finished studying, mummy," she called out, swinging from a branch.

"No, no! I still have a few lessons left to study. I will finish them today. You can ask the questions tomorrow," she said. But she couldn't sit down to finish her lessons. She was so restless that she kept getting up for a glass of water or to find out what her brothers were doing or to simply glance out of the window. Every time she returned to her lessons, she felt she knew them and could easily pass in her exams.

Soon, she got tired of her distracted studying and picked up a story book instead. She read it till she was too sleepy to read.

So busy was Leila with her other activities that she was surprised to find that the days had flown by and the exams were to begin the next day.



When she left home on the day of the exam, she was pretty confident, but as she approached school and heard her classmates discussing the lessons, she realized that she didn't know half of them! The questions could have been in Greek for all she understood of them.

Soon she forgot about her fears and quickly wrote the answers. So quickly had she written, that she was the first to finish her paper. She sat back and looked at her classmates who were still writing. Even Gulu was bent over her paper. 'What are they writing?' she thought uneasily. Perhaps she had left out half the answers? The same thing happened during the other exams.

And then, it was time for the report cards to be given. The teacher began calling out names in the order of merit. Leila sat back and waited for hers. She was sure to have scored well and got a good rank too.

"This term, Belinda has stood first," announced the teacher. Everyone clapped as she went to collect her report card. Suman Das had come second and Jasmine was third. More clapping followed. Leila wasn't unduly worried. But when the teacher had called out more than 20 names, Leila began to get worried. Surely, the teacher had missed out her name?

"That was the list of students who have passed. Now for those who didn't make it.." Leila's heart stopped beating for a second. Had she failed? It couldn't be! She swallowed the bitter taste in her mouth; it stuck in her throat. The teacher went on calling the names of the remaining students. Leila's still hadn't come. Finally only she and Gulu were left. Leila sat motionless. Did it mean that she was no better than the girl who was considered the least intelligent in the class?

She couldn't believe it. She began wishing she had listened to her mother and studied harder. She wished she had not wasted so much time fooling around, or fighting with her brothers.

Her steps dragged as she went home that evening. What would she tell her parents? Especially her father, who would be going away on tour again? Would he be angry? Would her mother scold her? She could have died of the disgrace of the whole thing. Were Gulu and she in the same category? Oh no! How could she have got herself into such a mess?

But she had to give them the bad news. On reaching home, she went straight to her father and extended the report card. 'I have failed the exam,' she said, her eyes downcast, her voice barely above a whisper. Her father

took the card from her and glanced at it before giving it to her mother. She too put it down after giving it a look.

"Go and have a wash before drinking your milk", she said as if that was more important than the report card. Leila knew that she was not going to get any scolding from either of them. It only made thing worse. Silently, she drank her milk, went to her room and lay down on the bed.

All kinds of horrible thoughts flitted through her mind. Would the other girls be laughing at her just as she used to laugh at Gulu? "What a dumb girl Leila is!" she imagined her classmates saying. She shuddered. Nothing could have been more shattering for the little girl. For the first time she began to understand how Gulu must be feeling. How her face used to redden when the others laughed at her! 'Serves me right for making fun of her!' she told herself. The poor girl couldn't help her lack of intelligence, perhaps. 'But what about me? Surely, I could have done better, maybe even stood first?'

Just then, the door opened and her father came in. Leila couldn't pretend to be sleeping and so had to sit up when he called out to her.

"I will be leaving in a week, Leila. But that's not what I want to talk to

you about. I won't even ask you why you got such bad marks. Because I know-it is because of your attitude. You are not concentrating enough, nor are you taking your studies seriously. Everyone has a duty to perform. A student's duty is to study well.

"There is another thing I want to tell you. Everyone of us has to try and do our best, no matter what it is that we do. Remember, it is not a disgrace to be a shoemaker, but it is a disgrace for the shoemaker, to make bad shoes." Leila just nodded. She couldn't speak through the lump in her throat. She loved her father so much at that moment! She had thought he would scold her, and here he was, sounding so sad and disappointed because she had not done her best.

She now felt the weight of guilt-of having failed him in some way. Her mother said the same things later, in different words. That day, Leila underwent a change for the better.

The next day at school, Leila gave Gulu a smile-perhaps for the first time that year. And later during the class, when she gave a silly reply, everyone laughed. Leila didn't. After all, she had come pretty near to be laughed at, herself. Moreover, she had better things to do-like listening to the teacher who was explaining a lesson. 'No one

will ever laugh at me, if I can help it,' she decided. 'Nor will I ever fail,' she added silently to herself, setting her chin firmly. Once had been enough!

And she never did. The next term, Leila came out at the top of the class and stayed there. She couldn't dream of letting her place in the class slip to even the second place. In fact, she kept trying to do better every time, trying to score more in every subject. In short, she pushed herself to excel in her studies.

Years later, when coming first had become a habit, she came to know Swatantra Vir Singh Juneja,

a friend of her brothers. Though she and he were in different schools, they studied in the same standard. He was an equally good student as she. Whenever he came home, they got to discussing about studies and marks each had got. If Leila's were less than his, he would give her a smug smile. This bothered Leila to no end. She took it as a challenge and tried to do one better than him. The next time, she managed to get more marks than him, but this time, he tried to outdo her. This competition went on, and between them, they kept raising their standard of performance to keep one step ahead of the other.

Leila thrived on the competition and strove to be better all through her student life. It was this spirit of competition that helped her stand first among all the candidates at the Bar Final Examination of the United Kingdom when she appeared for it. For this achievement, she was awarded the Langdon Medal, the first woman ever to get it!

Leila certainly never settled for anything but the best and her career in Indian judiciary is ample proof of her merit and determination.

**(From NBT's book "Children who made it Big")**





## मिल गया कंगन

पूनम पांडे

दादी माँ बहुत खुश थीं। वो सुबह-सुबह सैर करके वापस लौट रही थीं कि उनके साथ ही कालोनी के प्रेसीडेंट ने उनके घर पर हाजरी लगाई और दादी को सुबह-सुबह ही यह शुभ समाचार मिल गया कि कॉलोनी में रंगारंग कार्यक्रम होने जा रहा है।

वहाँ पर दादी को भी विशेष रूप से बुलाया गया था। बस इसी खुशी में दादी अपना रक्तचाप, अपनी कमजोर नज़र, उमर, हड्डियाँ, पसलियाँ सब भूल-सी गई थीं।

मोनू ने दादी का मिजाज पूछा तो कहने लगीं, “कुछ भी हो जाए मैं तो पूरा का पूरा प्रोग्राम देखने जाऊँगी।” ऐसा कहते हुए

दादी ने अपनी अलमारी खोली और खूबसूरत रेशमी साड़ी निकाल ली।

मोनू ने फिर दादी को छोड़ दिया तो वो कहने लगीं, “ऐसा है मोनू, सच तो यह है कि इंसान की उम्र उतनी ही होती है जितनी वो महसूस करता है।”

मोनू ने यह सुना तो दादी को गोद में उठा लिया, एक गोल चक्कर लगाकर वापस कुर्सी पर बिठाया और फिर स्कूल चला गया।

दादी उत्सुकता से एक-एक दिन गिन



कर रंगारंग कार्यक्रम की प्रतीक्षा करने लगीं। समय पर कॉलोनी के पार्क में सुबह से ही सजावट शुरू हो गई। दादी के लिए भी फोन आ गया था।

दादी उमंग में पूरे घर में सबसे पहले तैयार हो गई। उन्होंने बहुत चाव से नए गहने भी पहन लिए।

दादी को सबसे आगे की सीट पर बिठाया गया। सब आ गए थे पर कुछ गड़बड़ थी। कार्यक्रम शुरू ही नहीं हो रहा था।

तभी पता लगा कि जिस कलाकार को सबसे पहले स्वागत गीत गाना था उसकी बस ही छूट गई थी। उसी का रोना मच रहा था। मगर लोग विलंब सहन ही नहीं कर पा रहे थे।

फिर तो दादी ने आव देखा ना ताव और माइक पकड़कर अपने स्कूल के दिनों का गीत सुना दिया। माहौल बन गया और सबने दादी का तालियों से शुक्रिया अदा किया।

दादी जरा-सा थक गई थी मगर वहाँ पर सबकी सेवा के लिए वेटर बुला रखे थे। एक वेटर बार-बार दादी के पास आ-जा रहा था। वह दादी को पानी, चाय आदि दे रहा था।

अचानक दादी ने अपने मोबाइल से मोनू को मैसेज किया कि, 'मोनू मेरा सोने का कंगन हाथ से अचानक गायब हो गया है।'

मोनू हौले-हौले दादी के पास आगे आकर बैठ गया। उसने आँखों ही आँखों में इशारा किया कि, 'बस ऐसे ही खामोश बैठो। वरना सारी पब्लिक परेशान हो जाएगी

बेकार में हल्ला-गुल्ला होगा। कलाकारों की और भी प्रस्तुति बची हैं।'

दादी ने उसका संदेश मोबाइल पर पढ़ा। लिखा था कि, 'चाय-पानी वाले वेटर पर नज़र रखना।'

अब दादी का माथा ठनका और दादी ने याद किया कि उसने पानी देते हुए दादी को दोनों हाथों से थाम लिया था। अब तो सारा का सारा माजरा बुद्धिमान दादी भी समझ गई और उन्होंने धीमी-सी मुस्कान में हामी भर दी।

कुछ पल बीते कि वो वेटर फिर आया। उसने दादी को पानी दिया मगर दादी ने उसका हाथ पकड़ लिया और तीखी नज़र से उसको घूरती रहीं। वेटर सब समझ गया कि उसका भांडा फूट गया है और सबके सामने फजीहत होने ही वाली है इसलिए उसने अपनी जेब में हाथ डाला और वो कंगन वहीं दादी की गोद में गिराकर भाग लिया।

किसी को कानों कान खबर नहीं हुई। दादी ने मोनू को संकेत किया और कंगन दिखाया।

मोनू हँसा उसने दादी को चौपियन वाला लुक दिया फिर वो वापस लौटा और बाहर जाकर उस वेटर को पकड़ लिया। उसने माफी माँग ली और कहा कि खराब आदतों के कारण चोरी की लत पड़ गई थी।

सारा रंगारंग कार्यक्रम आराम से पूरा हो गया। वो वेटर फिर कभी वहाँ आस पास भी नज़र नहीं आया।

पुष्कर रोड़, कोटरा अजमेर-305004  
(राजस्थान)

# अटकूँ-मटकूँ

मेराज रजा

अटकूँ-मटकूँ,  
छत से लटकूँ।

हौले-हौले  
घर में आऊँ।

लारों से मैं  
जाल बनाऊँ।

इन जालों पर  
दौड़ूँ, झटकूँ।

मक्खी-मच्छर,  
कीट फँसाऊँ।

बहुत मजे से  
उनको खाऊँ।

बच ना पाए  
जिसको पटकूँ।

सुलझे धागे  
को उलझाऊँ।

बच्चों मकड़ी  
मैं कहलाऊँ।

देख छिपकली  
पास न फटकूँ।



ग्राम/पोस्ट-बाजिदपुर  
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## लापता पैर

सुमित कुमार

उसके दोनों पैर कटे हुए थे, लगभग सात-आठ साल का बच्चा था, रंग साफ था पर उसके चेहरे पर धूल लिपटी हुई थी। रेडलाइट नब्बे सेकंड में ग्रीन होनी

थी। टिक-टिक करके अंक नीचे लुढ़क रहे थे...नब्बे...नवासी—अठासी। बच्चे को पानी चाहिए था, उसने एक इशारे से आटो वाले से पानी माँगा। ऑटो



वाले ने उसे अपनी बोतल दे दी। ऑटो वाले ने अब अपनी शर्ट की जेब से दस का नोट निकाला और उसे दे दिया। मैंने भी अपनी जेब से दस रुपये निकाल लिए थे इसलिए की मुझे लगा कि वो मेरे पास भी आएगा, पर उसने मेरी तरफ देखा तक नहीं और वो फुटपाथ पर वापस चढ़ गया।

पर बात यहाँ खत्म नहीं हुई थी। मुझे लगा था कि वो किसी रेस में दौड़ रहा है और दौड़ते हुए इंतजार कर रहा है कि कब वो आखिरी लाइन आएगी, जिसे वो घिसटते हुए पार कर लेगा।

रेडलाइट ग्रीन हुई। घिसटते हुए उसने सड़क पार कर ली और उचक के फुटपाथ पर चढ़ गया पर कमाल की बात ये थी कि उसके पास फुट नहीं थे, फिर भी वो फुटपाथ पर चढ़ गया था।

उसके जैसे कई और बच्चे थे जिनको कई बार मैंने आसपास की रेडलाइटों पर भूखे-प्यासे दौड़ते हुए देखा था। मैं सोचता था कि इतने सारे बच्चों के पैर कहाँ गए होंगे जबकि इनमें से कोई भी जन्म से अपाहिज नहीं लगता था।

आखिर इनके पैरों को किसने चुराया होगा? ऐसा तो नहीं कभी किसी रात, कुछ चूहे आए होंगे जो उनके पैर कुतर कर ले गए होंगे।

चूहे उन पैरों का क्या करते होंगे? क्या उन्हें लगाकर वो भी रेस दौड़ते होंगे?

या उन्होंने उन पैरों को सँभालकर कहीं रखा होगा, वो भी ताला लगा कर। अगर कभी ये चोरी का माल पकड़ा गया, तो क्या पुलिस बच्चों के बरामद पैरों को वापस लगा देगी?

इन बच्चों के पैरों को देख कर लगता था कि किसी ने इन्हें शरीर से अलग किया होगा। इन पैरों को जब इनके शरीर से अलग किया होगा, क्या वो पल इन बच्चों को याद होगा? या उसका दर्द शायद इतना होगा कि पिछली जिंदगी का जो भी उनके साथ था, वो सब उसी दर्द और खून के साथ बह गया होगा और टूटी हुई स्लेट के टुकड़े जो उनके देखे हुए सपने होंगे वो वहीं कहीं चूहों ने कूड़ेदान में फेंक दिए होंगे।

पूरी शाम का व्याकुल मैं जब सोने लगा तो ख्याल आया कि क्या ये बच्चे अब भी सपने देखते होंगे और अगर देखते होंगे तो क्या उन सपनों में दौड़ते होंगे या रेंगते हुए ही सपना खत्म हो जाता होगा।

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## मफलर की अमेरिका यात्रा

संगीता सेठी

आँगन में गुनगुनी धूप थी। ताई जी ने अपनी यादों को फैला रखा था। आँगन में चारों तरफ ताई जी के गरम कपड़े बिखरे थे। लाल स्वेटर, हरी शॉल, पीला स्कार्फ, काली जुराबें और वो नीला मफलर भी जो ताऊ जी बैंगलोर से लाए थे। नीली जमीन पर पीली बूँदें पूरे मफलर को घेरे हुई थी। मफलर के दोनों किनारे पर पीली बेल बसंती आभा लिए थी। और पीले कँगूरे लटकते हुए खूबसूरत लग रहे थे।

स्पंदन आँगन में अपनी गेंद को फुदका रहा था। गेंद कम और स्पंदन ज्यादा फुदक रहा था। कभी ताई जी के गले में गलबहियाँ डालता तो कभी ताई जी का स्कार्फ लेकर आगे भागता। अचानक उसकी नज़र नीले मफलर पर पड़ी। उसने झपटा जैसे वो उसे ही कई दिनों से ढूँढ़ रहा था। उसने वह मफलर अपने गले में डाला और आईना देखने अंदर भागा। ताई जी भी उसके पीछे





भागी, “अरे स्पंदन! उतार ये मफलर! उतार! उतार ! इसे तेरे ताऊ जी लाए थे बैंगलोर से मेरे लिए। यही तो एक निशानी बची है ...मेरे जन्मदिन पर लाए थे ...उतार दे बेटा...!” ताई जी गुस्से की भाषा से विनम्रता पर आ गई थी। पर स्पंदन तो आईने में देखने के बाद इतरा उठा। अब वो आँगन में रंग-बिरंगे कपड़ों के चारों तरफ चक्कर लगा रहा था।

ताई जी हताश होकर गरम कपड़ों के संदूक पर ही बैठ गई। अब कैसे इस स्पंदन से मफलर खोंसे। स्पंदन ने गले से उतार कर कमर में लपेट लिया था। अब वो कभी सिर पर सरदार की तरह लपेटता तो कभी गले में, कभी कंधों पर... लो जी उसने अपने टेडी बियर के गले में लपेट दिया था। ताई जी को स्पंदन की अदाएँ भा रही थीं। ताई जी हँस दी। सोचने लगी— भले ही ताऊ जी इसे बैंगलोर से लाए थे पर भला उसने कितनी बार उसे लपेटा। स्पंदन ने तो इस आधे घंटे में ही ना जाने कितनी बार मफलर लपेट लिया था।

ताई जी ने घोषणा कर दी, “स्पंदन आज से ये मफलर तेरा,” यह कह कर ताई जी ने सारे कपड़े एक-एक करके संदूक में रखने शुरू कर दिए। पर मफलर स्पंदन के प्रिय टेडी बियर के

गले में लिपटा रहा।

अब मफलर से खेलना स्पंदन का प्रिय शगल हो गया। मफलर कभी स्पंदन के सिर का ताज होता तो कभी उसके गले का हार, कभी उसके कंधों का धनुष होता तो कभी उसके कमर की कमर पट्टी। कभी उसके टेडी बियर से लिपटा होता तो कभी डोरेमोन के सिर पर। कभी उसके गुड्डे का बिछोना बना होता तो कभी मिक्की माउस का कंबल। ताई जी को भी अपने मफलर का ऐसा इस्तेमाल देखकर आनंद आने लगा था।

कुछ दिन बाद स्पंदन की दीदी अमेरिका से आई। उसने इतना सुंदर मफलर स्पंदन के खिलौनों से लिपटे देखा तो बोली, “माँ ! ये मफलर स्पंदन के खिलौनों में क्या कर रहा है ?” माँ हँस दी। बोली, “ये इसने ताई जी से हथिया लिया है।” बात सुनकर सृष्टि भी हँस दी। सृष्टि ने कहा, “ये तो मुझ पर जँचेगा माँ! “...और उसने टेडी बियर से निर्ममता से उतार कर अपने गले में लपेट लिया। सृष्टि ने आईना देखा और इतरा उठी। “इसे तो मैं ले जाऊँगी ...” और माँ ने मूक सहमति दे दी।

गनीमत यह थी की स्पंदन ने नहीं देखा था। अब मफलर सृष्टि के सूटकेस में पैक हो चुका था। मफलर की यात्रा

दिल्ली के रास्ते अमेरिका के लिए तय हो चुके थी। मफलर सिक्योरिटी चेक से गुजरता हुआ हवाई जहाज में बैठ चुका था। मफलर को पंख लग चुके थे। उड़ता-उड़ता मफलर अमेरिका पहुँच चुका था। सृष्टि ने गोल्डन गेट ब्रिज पर मफलर पहन कर फोटो भेजा था। “देखो ना माँ ! कितना सुंदर ब्रिज है और मफलर भी।” माँ ने स्माइली भेज दी थी।

इधर स्पंदन अपना मफलर ढूँढ़ रहा था। फिर कुछ दिनों बाद वो दूसरे खिलौनों में मफलर को भूल गया।

इस बार छुट्टियों में स्पंदन को सृष्टि दीदी ने अमेरिका बुलाया था। अपने मम्मी-पापा के साथ स्पंदन अमेरिका पहुँच गया था। सृष्टि दीदी के साथ खूब घूमा था। उसने घूम-घूमकर घर का चप्पा-चप्पा छान मारा था। एक दिन उसने सृष्टि दीदी की वार्डरॉब खोली। वो उछल पड़ा .....मिल गया....मिल गया....माँ किचन से दौड़ी-दौड़ी आई। “...क्या मिल गया स्पंदन”....“देखो मेरा मफलर मिल गया।” माँ ने देखा सृष्टि की वार्डरॉब में एक हैंगर में मफलर झूल रहा था। माँ मंद-मंद मुस्कुराने लगी। स्पंदन ने मफलर के कंगूरों को पकड़ कर निर्ममता से खींच लिया। आस-पास हैंगर पर झूलते टी-शर्ट और जींस भी

ज़ोर-ज़ोर से हिलने लगे, “ये तो मेरा है...ये तो मेरा है ...ये तो मैं ले जाऊँगा..मुझे ताई जी ने दिया था। ”

स्पंदन ने भाग कर अपने बैग में रख लिया था। ये तो गनीमत थी कि सृष्टि अपने ऑफिस गई हुई थी। मफलर अपनी भारत यात्रा पर था। मफलर अपने स्पंदन से मिलकर बहुत खुश था। उसको फिर से पंख लग चुके थे। एयरपोर्ट की कड़ी सुरक्षा जाँच से गुजर कर वो हवाई जहाज की खिड़की में बैठ चुका था। स्पंदन ने उसे अपने बैग से निकाल कर गले में लपेट लिया था। मफलर हवाई जहाज की खिड़की से झाँक रहा था। सूरज की किरणों से कंगूरे चमक रहे थे। वो बाहर बादलों और सूरज की आँख-मिचोनी को देख रहा था।

स्पंदन खुश था कि मफलर अपनी भारत यात्रा पर था। उसके घर के कमरे में उसके खिलौने टेडी बियर, मिक्की माउस, डोरेमोन और गुड्डा मफलर का इंतजार कर रहे थे। और ताई जी उसके स्वागत को आतुर थी मफलर के साथ घर की दहलीज पर। आखिर ताई जी का लाया हुआ मफलर उनकी आँखों के सामने जो रहेगा।

भारतीय जीवन बीमा निगम  
जोधपुर (राजस्थान)



## Book Review

This book introduces children to the many species of birds and trees in and around our neighbourhood. Told by a pair of Kites, Mr and Mrs Cheel, the book takes us through their life, their features, their habits and habitats as well as the joys and travails of raising their chick in a world where their habitats are dwindling and human hostility is on the rise.

Enriched by photographs, the book also encourages children to explore the boundaries of their local environment, the parks and playgrounds. The joy of spotting a bird's nest hidden in foliage; the excitement of seeing a species for the first time, or the thrill of watching the first flight taken by a fledgling... the rewards of close observation are many. And the Cheel couple's commentary enlivens narration at every step through the book, inspiring the young generation to recognize and care for biodiversity.



### **A KITE'S STORY**

**Sukanya Datta**

**National Book Trust, India**

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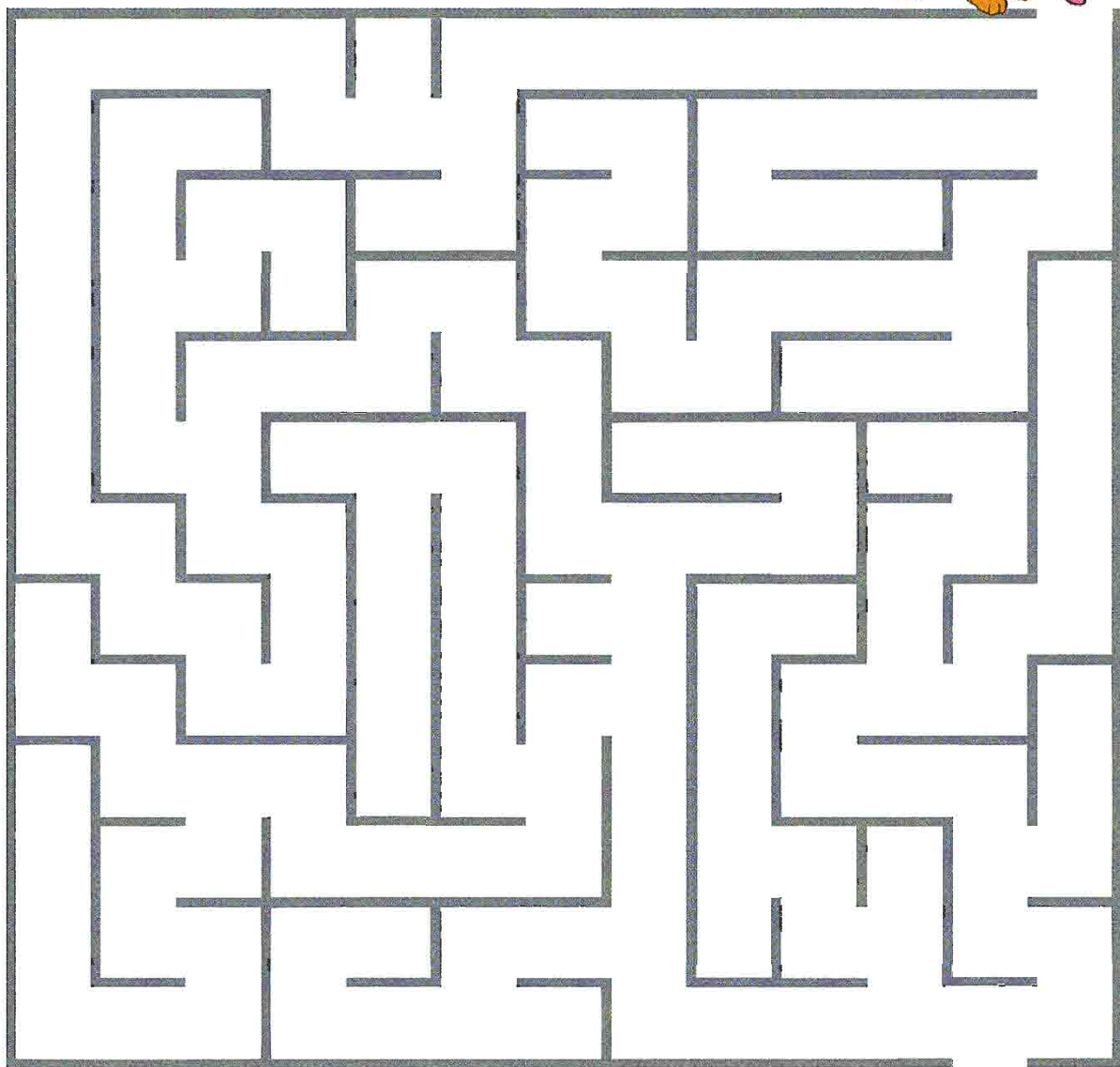
**Rs.155/-**

In over twenty years as a science communicator, Sukanya Datta has authored and co-authored many popular science books including an encyclopedia of S&T.



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Help this Cat reach near bowl of milk !



यह बिल्ली दूध के कटोरे के पास कैसे पहुँचेगी ?

