



रीडर्स क्लब बुलेटिन

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# READERS' CLUB

Vol. 29, No. 02, May to July 2024

BULLETIN



### SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS!

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# Testimonials

from children who participated in NBT's Summer Camp 2024

I like NBT, it helps me grow like a tree ~~from~~ from a sprouting seed ~~towards~~ towards a big tree indeed.

it has many branches like a story telling, craft, talent show and open mic. NBT is the Best Summer camp as it lights me up like a sparkling lamp.

Together we all learn share & learn. Only because the team of NBT gives us the best of care.

The guiding stars of the summer camp are all the sirs and all Maams, they help us all with everything and make it sure we get what we want, if something is missing.

Now lets talk about the lady boss its simran maam with a special vibe who reminds us to be quiet as we are a part of a session that's live.

As the summer camp's days go by I feel better off.

Now this is Prabhav signing off

**Prabhav Ram Kanavija**  
**Birla Vidya Niketan**  
**5E**

छुट्टी आई

छुट्टी आई माई छुट्टी आई, summer camp का मजा ले आई, मनी sir से book issue कराई, करन sir से caricature सीखा ली शमा maam और नीता maam कहानीयों का थैला भर लाई।

सिमरन maam का ती क्या ही पूछो इन्होंने ती पूरे summer camp में मजा double कर डाला,

कभी Tom and Jerry को कुगुगु ली कभी craft queen Seena maam से सिखाया

Preksha Yadav  
class 4 age 8  
Springdale school  
Dhaula Kuan

Dear Maam,  
NBT Summer Camp, 29.06.2024

I am writing to express my deepest gratitude and appreciation for the exceptional two weeks Summer Camp which my daughter Anuradha Jai is attending at NBT. She is really happy and enjoying each and every class.

The range of activities and programs offered at the camp is truly outstanding and very interactive sessions.

I want to acknowledge the tireless efforts and leadership of the NBT management team. Big kudos to the Simran and team for having so much dedication towards children.

I enthusiastically recommend NBT Summer Camp to any parent seeking a healthy, engaging and fun and learning at NBT camp.

Thank you! Diksha Vij

गर्मी की छुट्टी

तमस खल मुँह निरोपे पर के बाहर हम जा ना पाये कुलु - मंगली पूजना मन पाये पर मम्मी को नानी का पर दि आपे अब मम्मी को कौन समझाये इल गर्मी रहे ना आपे मम्मी - नानी रहे तो जगजि है मैं मंगली पर मम्मी को मेरी बात बिल्कुल ना भई गर्मी की छुट्टी है आई - ② N.B.T ने मस्ती छाई - ②

विमल भैया ने कुन्मी खाई अक्लमिडम इलीव को भाई जश्निल और जर्जिया की दुई लड़ाई गर्मी की छुट्टी है आई - ② N.B.T ने मस्ती छाई - ②

तुम बपो मैंने खाली - खाली N.B.T छोड़े - नानो, जजो बकसो वाजपो लगी हम सब के लिये खुशियां ले आई गर्मी की छुट्टी है आई - ② N.B.T ने मस्ती छाई - ② Age=10

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NBT में मजा

चलो-चलो NBT चलो  
Summer camp कितना मजेदार,  
कभी कहानीयों कि दुनिया में, कभी चित्रों की दुनिया में तो कभी कार्टूनी की दुनिया और हम गाते, नाचते और चित्र बनाते और प्रॉडिज भी मिलते मजेदार।  
NBT का Summer camp सबसे मजेदार।



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**From the Editor's Desk:**

Summer is here, and it brings with it a world of wonder, exploration, and unforgettable memories for children. As school takes a break, summer brings the joy of summer camps where imaginations and creativity soar.

To enhance learning with fun, NBT-India organised a 15-day summer camp for children (20 May to 3 June 2024). There were many activities during the camp, and this issue is Summer Camp special and dedicated to our young authors who submitted their creative works during the camp.

We hope that our young readers will have a great time reading this issue and be inspired to stay curious!

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## The Magical Notebook



Janvi, a curious twelve year old, was playing treasure hunt in her home. She found an old suitcase under her grandma's bed. She opened it and found a beautiful notebook. "Wow! This notebook is so pretty!" thought Janvi. "What if grandma finds out? Will she get mad?" thought Janvi. "But, this is already empty," she thought.

When she wrote the first word, a bright light came from the notebook, and ZAP! In one flash, Janvi was transported to another world. Janvi could see the Full Moon in the sky, pale and unreal. AAAAAOOOOOOOO! "Gulp! What was that?" she thought.

Before she could do anything, a huge wolf jumped at her. Janvi screamed and started running. She tried to run with

all her energy but WAIT! WHAT'S THIS? Despite applying full force, she was still barely moving. "What is happening? Why aren't my legs moving?" she thought. She was horrified to see that not just a wolf but all sorts of scary creatures were running after her. Janvi had by now realised that this was a magic notebook.

She tried to remember what she had written in the diary before all this happened. Oh no! She suddenly remembered. "The word which I had written was *Nightmare*," mumbled Janvi.

She tried to ignore the snarling creatures and thought of how to escape. She closed her eyes and imagined the notebook. As soon as she did this, the magical notebook appeared in her



hands. She quickly scribbled the word *Home* on it.

ZAP! She was now sitting on the couch inside her house, "...but this does not feel like home," she thought. Puzzled, Janvi looked down at the notebook in her hand. She read what she had written. She had written the word *Home* right in front of the word *Nightmare*.

It was indeed her home but the whole place was covered in dust and spider webs. The door creaked in the wind and the broken windows rattled. Suddenly she heard some creaking noise on the stairs. Horrified, she quickly opened the notebook and erased the word

*Nightmare* from it.

ZAP! Janvi woke up with a start. "Thank God!" She thought, "It was nothing but a dream."

She looked down and saw that the notebook and pen were still in her hands. She opened it and saw the word *Home* written on it. But wait! Right before the word *Home*, there were some marks as if someone had erased something. Janvi quickly went to put the notebook back in the suitcase.

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## The Town of Faces

Anika, a curious twelve year old girl was helping her mother clean the storeroom of the house, attached to her late Grandma's bedroom. She missed her Grandma a lot.

Her mother took out an old cardboard box. It was filled with many things. Something wrapped in a pale yellow paper caught her attention.

Anika tore the paper and found an old leather-bound diary safely wrapped. The cover of the diary had beautiful hand-painted design of flowers and leaves.

"Wow! This diary is so beautiful! Can I keep it Mumma?" asked Anika innocently. Her mother flipped through the diary's pages to see if there is anything important in it, but the diary was plain and empty.

"Okay, you can have it," said mother. "Yay!" Anika jumped with joy, and ran into her room. She took her favourite pen and ran into the garden.

"I am going to write all the stories that Grandma used to tell me every night," she thought. "Mmmm...let me remember which was my favourite story," Anika thought. And then she remembered the one she loved the most. Carefully, she wrote the title of the story, "The Magical World of Friends."

As soon as she wrote these words on the first page of the diary, she was transported to a magical world. It was a world where trees had faces some beautiful, and some





monstrous. She looked up and saw that even the Sun had a face! Turned out that everything, the leaves, flowers, clouds, houses, and cars had faces.

A little scared, she went closer to one of the nicer-looking trees and asked, "Where am I? How will I go back?"

The tree smiled and answered, "wow, You ask so many questions. Let's start with the easiest. How about telling our names first? My name is Samirah. My friends call me Sam. What's yours?"

"Oh okay! Hi Sam, my name is Anika," replied Anika. She was impressed by how well-mannered and polite the tree was.

"Anika, you are in the town of faces. By the looks of you, you are a human. Most humans don't know about this place. I am immortal and I am a thousand years old. The only human I remember coming here was Asha Bhagat. She was very sweet and kind. A long time ago, there was a cruel monster. He cut one of my branches and I was in a lot of pain. It was at that time that Asha came into our world. She was a botanist and loved nature. She healed me. She also loved telling stories. All the trees and all the animals used to gather around her every night to listen to tales from far-off lands. I am still grateful for her help. We all miss her dearly!"

Anika was in shock. Her grandmother's name was Asha Bhagat! She was a botanist.

She told Sam about her Grandmother and also showed her the picture of grandma which she always wore in the necklace around her neck. The necklace



was a gift from her grandma on her fifth birthday. It was made of gold and pearls.

"My Goodness! I knew it! You are the exact likeness of her. You must be her granddaughter!" said Sam. Anika nodded happily. They chatted for some time and then Anika thought that she should return as her mother was alone at home.

Sam said, "Yes, I will help you. You can have one of my fruits. When you finish it you will reach home."

Anika happily ate the fruit and reached home. Anika held her Grandmother's picture and told her everything.

It looked as if Grandma was smiling in her picture in the locket of the necklace around Anika's neck. Anika was happy to find her special magical world and she made sure to visit Sam at least once a year by using the magical diary.

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## Magical Door in the Library

Kartik was a ten year old boy who loved reading books. He was very good in all the subjects. The school library was his favourite place to hang out. One day, when he went to return a book that he had borrowed from the library, he found a strange-looking door handle in between the bookshelves. It was so old and rusty that it was almost invisible to the naked eye.



But that day, it caught the attention of Kartik. He tried pulling it but it seemed stuck. Kartik got curious so he pulled with a little more force, but the handle didn't budge. "Why is it here? This is very odd!" thought Kartik.

At first, he thought it was just an old handle which was maybe a leftover piece of some old furniture but then he tried pulling it one last time and this time, he pulled it with all his might.

With a strange noise like that of a strong gust of wind blowing, the whole bookshelf opened like a door. It was dark. Kartik could see nothing. He put a foot forward and leaned in to see what was there; but as soon as he stepped in,

he fell. He kept on falling. Down and Down like 'Alice in the Wonderland.'

THUD! Kartik looked around and saw that he had fallen into a world where books came to life. They were all walking around, some hand in hand; others all alone. There were all kinds of books. Some were Biology books, some English,

some Mathematics while others were Art books. Some were thin books and some were fat. There were dictionaries and encyclopedias as well. Not only this,





there were books in Sanskrit, French, German, Punjabi, etc. You name it and all could be seen just walking around as if chatting in a garden.

“Excuse me,” Kartik politely called a book. “Yes?” replied the book. “Can you please tell me where I am?” asked Kartik. “My dear boy, you are in the most interesting world. This is the ‘Land of Books’, said the Grammar book raising its hands and smiling broadly. “And my name is Mr Grammarly Grammarson. I have two sons and two daughters. They are over there in the park. Their names are Nouns, Pronouns, Articles, and Adjectives.”

Kartik had a great time with many books. All his favourite books were there. He was amazed at all the beautiful pop-up books that were there. After spending some time with them, Kartik came out of the same magical door from which he had fallen into the Land of Books.

Next day, Kartik told his friend Rahul about this magical world. But his friend Rahul did not like books. He was a very naughty boy. Rahul used to get lowest grades in the class. “Oh! It must be a boring world!” said Rahul. “No, it is not! You must come and see for yourself,” said Kartik. “Fine! But I will come for just this one time and if I don’t like it I will never go there again and you will have to promise that you will not force me,” said Rahul extending his hand. “I promise,” said Kartik shaking Rahul’s hand.

Both of them went to the library and Kartik and Rahul together pulled the handle this time. DOWN and DOWN



they went into the Land of Books. Rahul met many books. He found them fun to be with. They had all kinds of different things to tell. “I was wrong! You are all very fun to read!” said Rahul.

“I am glad you said that, Rahul. See, you may not like all of us but some of us can become your best friends, only if you give us a chance and spend time with us,” said Mr Grammarly Grammarson.

From that day onwards Rahul’s grades improved. He realised that books can be great friends if we spend enough time with them. Now both Kartik and Rahul loved spending time in the library and now and then visiting their friends in the Land of Books.

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## The Nest Builders

Every morning, Myra and her grandma would sit on their balcony. Grandma would enjoy her cup of tea and Myra would drink her favourite strawberry smoothie.

There was a huge Mango tree in their garden. It reached right up to the terrace of the house. Myra and her grandma would watch the squirrels running up and down the tree and all kinds of different birds chirping and hopping on its giant branches. Myra remembered the

time when a group of monkeys came and took over the tree. The tree was full of sweet and ripe mangoes at that time and the monkeys had a field day.

Myra noticed a pair of *Koyals* busy at work on the tree. With wide eyes, she watched as they carefully picked up twigs, dry leaves, and even threads from the garden, passing them to each other.

"Grandma! Look!" said Myra, pointing at the *Koyals*. "They are building a nest!"





Grandma smiled and nodded, "Yes, Myra, they're getting ready for their babies to arrive."

Myra was fascinated. Every day after returning from school, she would run to the balcony to watch the *Koyals* at work. Sometimes they would fly off together, and other times they would take turns. They also kept the nest clean.

"It's like they are a team," Myra remarked.

"Yes, we can learn many lessons from animals around us," said Grandma.

One day, Myra spotted pigeons building a nest on top of the cooler kept on their balcony. "Uffo! Not again!" said Myra rolling her eyes. "What happened?" asked Grandma. "Papa is so fed up with these pigeons nesting on the cooler. They create a lot of mess! Grandma, why can't they just perch and nest on trees like other birds? Why do they create their nests on air conditioners, coolers, building ledges, and empty boxes kept on the roof?"

Grandma smiled and replied, "Pigeons, or more specifically rock pigeons (also called rock doves), originally nested and roosted on rocky cliffs, often along the coast. (That is where the name rock pigeon comes from). Many pigeons still live in that habitat.

Rock ledges on cliffs are not much different from window ledges, so pigeons adapted well to life in cities. They have adapted so well to the urban habitat that they are found in cities worldwide."

"Birds are intelligent," said Myra. "Yes Myra, birds are very intelligent. They know just what to do to survive and take care of their children," replied Grandma.

As Myra watched the birds, she couldn't help but wonder about the mysteries of nature. How do they know so much? She was filled with awe and admiration for creatures that shared her neighbourhood. In their simple actions, she found a world beyond her imagination.

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## Aliens on the Moon

When I went to the Moon in the spaceship known as Chandrayaan, I encountered a sight that left me breathless, aliens were roaming around freely! Fear gripped me, and I tried to run back to the spacecraft, but my movements were painfully slow, like a turtle's. It was then that I realised the Moon's low gravity was affecting my speed. I attempted to jump, but just then, I noticed aliens chasing after me.

In a panic, I dashed to the spacecraft and was about to start it when I saw an alien inside. To my astonishment, it spoke to me in Hindi. I asked how it knew the language. It introduced itself as AG, claiming to know 83,000 languages. I was utterly shocked! AG reassured me, explaining that its crewmates were coming to communicate, not harm me.

Feeling a mix of relief and curiosity, I agreed to meet AG's crewmates. They turned out to be gentle and kind. They bestowed upon me incredible powers, like the ability to control others with my eyes. When I removed my helmet and struggled to breathe, they said, "Don't

worry. Give me your hand, and I'll help you breathe." Trusting them, I did as they asked and found myself breathing easily as if the Moon's gravity was no longer a problem.

One alien patted my back and granted me the power to see the future. I felt dizzy, but another alien touched my forehead, saying I now could fly. With newfound courage, I soared to the Moon's North Pole, where I discovered the historic footprints of the first astronauts. It was a surreal moment, blending my awe of the past with the extraordinary experiences of the present.

My journey to the Moon had become an adventure beyond my wildest dreams. It was an experience that would forever change my view of the universe.

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12 | May 2024 to July 2024

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## The Story of a Tree

One day Aarav, an eight year old boy was playing football in the ground with his friends. They heard someone weeping. When they followed the sound, they found that a tree was crying.

They went to the tree and asked, "Why are you crying?" The tree opened its eyes and answered, "You will not be able to help me."

"If you will share your sorrow your heart might feel light, and besides, we may be able to help you," said Aarav.

Wiping a tear, the tree started speaking. "Thousands of years ago, this land was a forest named after a village which was situated nearby. The name of the village was Hariyal village. In that village, people worshipped us and took care of us like their children. There were hundreds of trees. Thousands of animals had their home. We were part of all the grand celebrations and festivals."

Then, one day, a cruel king inherited the throne. The king decided to make a grand wooden palace and ordered the forest to be cut. The villagers didn't agree. They protested and hugged us as tightly as possible. But sadly, the cruel king ordered his soldiers to kill the innocent villagers and cut down the trees. I was just a plant at that time so I survived. Since then, this land has become silent. Today is the date on which this tragedy took place. I miss my friends a lot."

Tears welled up in everyone's eyes.



"We are so sorry", said Aarav. "Yes, we as humans have failed Mother Earth and its Environment many times," said Aarav's friends.

"We cannot change the past, but we surely can create a better future," said Aarav. The tree smiled.

The next day, they planted two hundred saplings and vowed to take care of them daily.

"Thank you so much, dear children. You all have done such a noble deed which will turn into great benefit for many future generations to come," said the tree with a smile. They hugged each other as the Sun smiled.

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## The Magical Apple Tree

Once upon a time, in the enchanted forest of Elveria, there lived two elf brothers, Eron and Alaric. Eron was known for his mischievous nature, always getting into trouble, while Alaric was known for his kind heart and gentle spirit. Despite being polar opposites, they were inseparable.

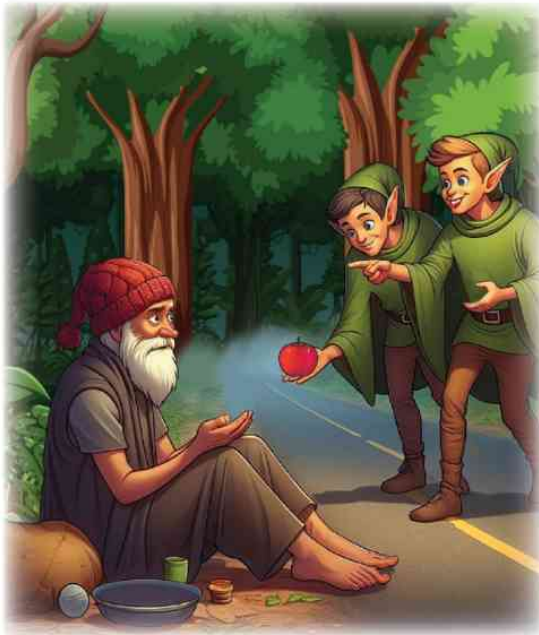
One sunny morning, as they were walking through the forest, they stumbled upon a beggar sitting by the side of the road. The beggar was old and frail, his clothes tattered, and his face worn with hunger. He held out his hand, asking for food. Eron, being in a mischievous mood, started teasing the beggar, making fun of his appearance. Alaric, on the other hand, felt pity for the old man and reached into his bag

to give him an apple. But before he could, Eron snatched the apple from his hand and threw it on the ground, laughing. The beggar looked at them with disappointment and muttered a curse under his breath. Suddenly, a magical light enveloped the brothers, and they felt themselves transforming. In a matter of seconds, they turned into an apple tree, forever frozen in time.

Years passed, and the apple tree stood in the same spot, forgotten by all except for the occasional passerby who marvelled at its strange appearance.

One day, a young adventure seeker named Lila entered the forest of Elveria. She had heard tales of the enchanted forest and its magical inhabitants and had come seeking adventure. As she wandered through the forest, she stumbled upon the apple tree and noticed the two apples hanging from its branches. Curious, she plucked one of the apples and took a bite. Suddenly, she heard a voice in her head. It was the voice of Alaric, pleading for help. Lila was startled but quickly realized what had happened. She knew she had to find a way to break the curse.

Determined, Lila set out on a quest to find the solution. She travelled through the forest, facing many challenges along the way. She battled fierce creatures, solved riddles, and braved treacherous terrain, never once losing hope. Finally, after many trials and tribulations, Lila





reached the heart of the forest, where the ancient Tree of Wisdom stood. She approached the tree and asked for its help in breaking the curse. The Tree of Wisdom listened to her tale and nodded solemnly. It told her that the only way to break the curse was for someone to prove that the brothers had good hearts. Lila knew what she had to do. She returned to the apple tree and plucked the second apple. This time, instead of eating it, she took it to the nearest village and gave it to a hungry child.

As soon as the child took a bite, a bright light enveloped the apple

tree, and the curse was broken. Eron and Alaric emerged from the tree, their bodies restored to their original forms. Grateful and humbled by Lila's kindness, they thanked her profusely. From that day onwards, they vowed to always help those in need and never let their differences come between them again. And as for Lila, she continued her adventures, knowing that even the smallest act of kindness could change the world.

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## from Young Writers

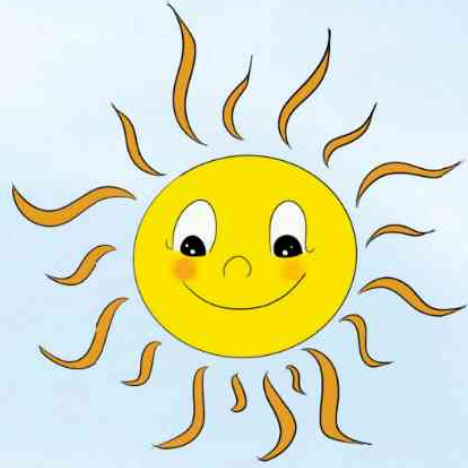


### Yellow

In golden fields, where sunlight falls,  
Yellow paints the waterfalls.  
A vibrant day, bright and warm,  
The colour of vibrance, as I've been informed.

Like buttercups in a child's hand,  
Or sunflowers in wonderland.  
Yellow sings of warmth and love,  
A lively shade, for all to believe.

Yellow sunshine fills the sky,  
Fields of gold, where sunflowers lie.  
Jewels's shine, a burst of joy,  
Canaries sing, their tunes employ.



Banana smiles, a cheerful hue,  
Daffodils sway, turning life alive.  
Golden warmth, like a summer's day,  
Yellow, vibrant, in every way.

Yellow, the sun's bright glow,  
Brightening the haven below.  
Glistening rays light the way,  
Nature's smile, comes through day.

Golden fields covered in the light,  
Cheerful blooms ecstatic with delight.  
Radiant hue, pure and happy,  
Yellow, a feeling that brings delight and life.



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## The Hidden World

One day, Dhruv, a ten year old boy, went to his school library and found a hidden magical door behind a wall. When he opened it, he stepped into a world where books came to life.

“What is this place called?” asked Dhruv. “I have never seen such a strange and beautiful place.”

“Welcome to our magical land. You are in The Green Lantern Ama Forest,” sang an elf. The elf’s name was Novella.

Novella, told Dhruv everything that he knew about the forest. Dhruv explored the magical forest with Novella. “Wow! These trees are so beautiful. What are they and how come they shine so brightly?” asked Dhruv.

Novella, the elf replied, “These trees are very special. They are the greatest and the most sacred trees in our Ama Forest. They grow books instead of fruits.”

Dhruv then asked, “Can I pluck some books from them?”

“Sure! But there is one condition! You have to share a story from your world with the sacred tree. That way, this forest grows. Otherwise, the trees will wither and die,” replied the elf.

“Sure! I can do that!” said Dhruv. He sat in front of a tree and started speaking, “The world from where I come has many historical monuments. One of them is...” Dhruv told not one, not two but more than ten stories. The sacred tree became so happy that it gave Dhruv not one, not



two but ten books.

Dhruv became very happy and hugged the tree. “Thank you so much,” said Dhruv. The sacred tree had tears of joy in its eyes. Dhruv noticed that as soon as the tree gave him ten books, ten more books grew back in the same place.

Dhruv was very happy to meet different creatures. Dhruv told the elf that he had to go. So, they all said goodbye to him.

The next morning, he had to present a book report to his class. He had gained a lot of knowledge in the magical forest and thus, did very well.

Avni Sharma  
Class-4 A

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## A Purrfect Tale

Madhuri was not like any other person. She was actually a magical breed were-cat. She could transform into a cat or a girl on her wish. She was kind to all living things.

That's why vicious hands were on her chase.

One day a group of strong, tall, well equipped men chased her with the intent of kidnapping her and selling her somewhere for good profit. As a result she was badly injured and weary as she hid in a lavender forest.

She felt a warm breath on her nape and immediately looked behind to see a beautiful were-tigress. They made eye contact. As if she could read her eyes, she scared and chased away the men.

They spent the next few days together to treat Madhuri's injuries. They got to know about each other. The name of the

were-tigress was Bhaswati.

As Madhuri recovered fully, as it was time for her to leave. Both Bhaswati and Madhuri were sad to part from each other. Madhuri said "Bhaswati, I owe you my life, but I have nothing to offer in return. How can I possibly repay you?" Bhaswati's gaze was tender, her voice a soothing purr as she held her. "Madhuri, in the wild, we value the bonds of the heart above all. Your companionship, your laughter, the warmth of your spirit—that is the greatest gift. You've shared your light with me in this shadowed forest, and for that, I am forever grateful."

Madhuri's heart swelled with emotions. From then on, they ate, laughed, hunted and grew stronger together.



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## पतंग का घमंड

चुनमुन चिड़िया सुबह-सुबह दाने की खोज में निकली थी। आज उसे आसमान में बहुत सारी पतंगें दिखाई दे रहीं थी। अरे हां! उसे याद आया आज तो मकर संक्रांति है, संभल कर उड़ना पड़ेगा कहीं किसी मांझे में उसके पंख न अटक जाएं। रंग-बिरंगी पतंगों से आसमान भरा हुआ था।

तभी चुनमुन को एक आवाज़ सुनाई दी "अरी ओ चिड़िया, इतनी सुबह कहां जा रही हो।" मुड़कर देखा तो एक पतंग थी। चुनमुन बोली, "हां बहन, दाने की तालाश में निकली हूँ, और तुम?" पतंग इतराते हुए बोली, "मैं तो बादलों की सैर पर निकली हूँ, सबसे ऊँचा उड़ सकती हूँ। तुम एक छोटी-सी चिड़िया मेरा मुकाबला कहां कर पाओगी। चलो एक रेस लगाते हैं।" मगर चुनमुन बहुत समझदार चिड़िया थी, बोली "नहीं बहन! मुझे अभी बहुत काम है। फिर घोंसला भी तो तैयार करना है।" "जाओ-जाओ लगता है डर गई। हा! हा!" हंसते हुए पतंग वहां से चली गई।

चुनमुन अपने दैनिक काम में लग गई। उधर वह पतंग दूसरों को अपनी कलाबाजियां दिखाते-दिखाते थक नहीं रही थी। उसने सोचा कुछ नया किया जाए। उसकी योजना ऊँचा उड़कर गोल-गोल घूमने की थी। मगर जैसे ही वह हवा में ऊँचा उड़ी एक पेड़ में अटक गई। छुड़ाने के अनेक प्रयासों के बाद भी वह असफल रही।

शाम के समय चुनमुन अपने घोंसले में वापस लौटी तो उसने पतंग को पेड़ पर फंसा देखा। चुनमुन हैरान होकर बोली "अरे! यह क्या बहन, तुम यहां कैसे फंस गई?" उदास होकर पतंग ने कहा, "मुझे माफ़ कर देना चुनमुन। मैं बहुत घमंडी हो गई थी। पता नहीं खुद को क्या समझने लगी थी।" "अरे! कोई बात नहीं बहन। मैंने बुरा थोड़ी माना है।" चुनमुन बोली और पतंग को बाहर निकाला।



इतना सब होने के बाद घमंड तो चूर होना ही था। पतंग अपने किये पर बहुत शर्मिंदा थी, उसने चुनमुन का शुक्रिया अदा किया और जीवनभर के लिए एक सीख ग्रहण की कि कोई भी व्यक्ति छोटा बड़ा नहीं होता। इंसान बड़ा अपने व्यवहार से होता है। अहंकार और दूसरों को छोटा दिखाकर नहीं।

अवनि राज

कक्षा-8C

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## The Weeping Tree

One day Aman, an eight year old boy was playing in the park with his friends. They heard someone weeping. They looked around and saw that a tree was crying.

Aman asked the tree, "Why are you crying?" The tree replied, "Due to human needs and greed, I am dying. I have no family left because of you human beings."

The tree continued, "First there is so much pollution! I am no longer a healthy tree! For years I fulfilled human needs, I bore fruits to fill their empty tummies, I gave my branches so that humans could create their shelter. The only thing that I asked for was some respect. But look around! Look at me!" Saying these words, the tree started weeping again.

Aman and his friends felt bad and ashamed. They thought of an idea.

The next day, after school, they went to the park and planted one hundred saplings.

"Thank you so much, children. I will also take care of these saplings. My shade will protect them, my roots will hold onto theirs," said the weeping tree with tears of joy in its eyes.

Suddenly, to everyone's surprise, the tree transformed into a fairy. She said that she had turned into a sick tree to see who would care enough to take action. Saying this, she took out her wand and asked Aman to make a wish. He thought for a while and spoke, "I wish for the good health of planet Earth."

"But you all have to help," said the fairy. The children smiled and said, "YES!"

They clapped as the fairy shook her wand and flew into the sky.

The saplings planted by the children had already grown a little bit taller.

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## वो मेरी माँ कहलाती है

एक वही है जिसको देखकर मेरे चेहरे पर खुशी  
छा जाती है,  
सिर्फ वही मेरी ज़रूरतों का हिसाब रख पाती है,  
वो मेरी माँ कहलाती है।

दूसरों के लिए समय ढूँढते-ढूँढते,  
खुद के लिए समय ढूँढना भूल जाती है,  
वो मेरी माँ कहलाती है।

मेरी गलतियों पर डांट सुनाती है,  
जरूरत पड़े तो पूरी दुनिया  
से लड़ जाती है,  
वो मेरी माँ कहलाती है।

इस ज़िंदगी की दौड़ में भागते-भागते,  
अपने सपनों को पीछे छोड़ जाती है,  
वो मेरी माँ कहलाती है।

सिर्फ एक धन्यवाद काफी नहीं  
इस महानता के लिए,  
मगर इसके लिए कोई इनाम भी नहीं पाती है,  
वो मेरी माँ कहलाती है।



निलाक्षी सिंह

कक्षा-7

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## मेरे पिता क्या हैं?

सिर पर बाल की छाया होते हैं पिता,  
जीवन का मज़बूत स्तंभ होते हैं पिता।  
हर दुख को सहने की ताकत देते हैं पिता,  
सब से बढ़कर साहस, विश्वास देते हैं पिता।

जीवन की अमूल्य धरोहर होते हैं पिता,  
घर के ऊपर छत की तरह छाया होते हैं पिता।  
फूलों के कवच की तरह रक्षा हमेशा करते हैं पिता,  
हर परिस्थिति से लड़ने की सीख देते हैं पिता।

पिता बिन जीवन का कोई औचित्य नहीं होता,  
पिता समान जग में कोई अपना नहीं होता।  
जीवन का असली सार यही तो है मित्रों,  
जीवन की गुणवत्ता सुधार देते हैं पिता।

पिता नहीं तो जीवन खाली खाली लगता है,  
हर वक्त अजीब-सा सूनापन बना रहता है।  
पिता से होती है हर कमी पूरी जीवन की,  
पिता नहीं तो कोई भी अपना नहीं होता है।

कैसे मैं समझाऊं अब अपने आप को,  
पिता जो हरवक्त यादों में रहते हैं।  
स्मृतियाँ हरपल तड़पाती हैं उनकी,  
कोई और उनके समान न हो सकता है।

क्योंकि पिता की कमी कोई भर नहीं सकता,  
जो खाली रह गई वो जगह कोई भर नहीं सकता।



रूपेश कुमार  
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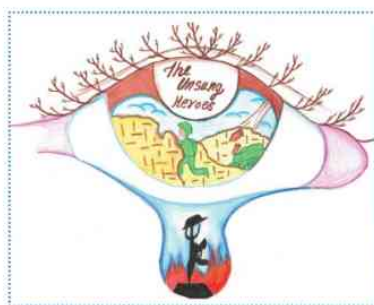


## NBT-India and DMRC Commemorate 25<sup>th</sup> Kargil Vijay Diwas

To commemorate the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Kargil Vijay Diwas, NBT-India in collaboration with DMRC, organized a storytelling session and drawing competition for children at Patel Chowk Metro Station.

Usha Chhabra conducted the storytelling session, narrating the real-life story of Grenadier Yogendra Singh Yadav, the youngest recipient of the Param Vir Chakra. To help the children better understand the harsh conditions at Kargil, she used props to illustrate the terrain. The session was both informative and immensely inspirational for everyone present.

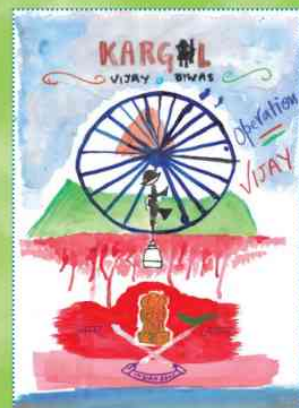
Following the storytelling, a drawing competition was held where children created artwork inspired by the theme "Kargil Vijay Diwas". The top five entries received a special set of children's books published by NBT-India. All participants were given books, and a copy of Readers Club Bulletin (a quarterly bilingual magazine for children).



**Ananya Kumari**  
DAV Public School, Sahibabad  
Class 10



**Sarit Deb**  
Gaur International School, Noida  
Class 9 C



**Harshita Singh**  
Ambedkar School of Specialised  
Excellence, Lajpat Nagar  
Class 11 B



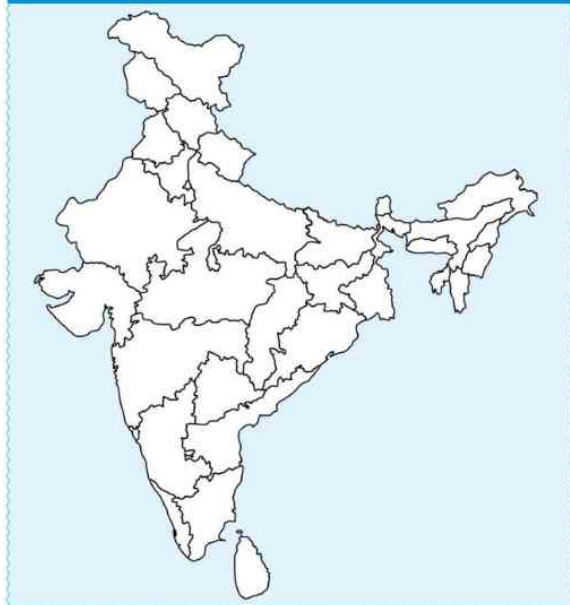
## Know Your State



### Answer the following.

1. The largest wildlife sanctuary of Madhya Pradesh is .....
2. The capital of the state is .....
3. The largest city is .....
4. The longest river of the state is .....
5. .... is the state bird of Madhya Pradesh.
6. Madhya Pradesh has three UNESCO World Heritage Sites.  
B \_ \_ \_ \_ E \_ K \_ , \_ H \_ I \_ \_ \_ \_ O  
and Sanchi .
7. True or False: The highest population of tigers in India is found in the state of Madhya Pradesh.  
.....

### Colour the part of the map that shows Madhya Pradesh.





## Highlights from NBT-India's Summer Camp 2024

**National Book Trust, India** organized a vibrant 15-day Summer Camp, from 20 May to 3 June 2024, to enhance the creative skills of young readers and as part of bagless day activity. The camp featured tailored activities for children aged 5-8 and 9-14, promoting both joy in reading and artistic expression.

**DAY 1** kicked off with captivating storytelling sessions that immediately engaged the young participants. Following this, a caricature workshop allowed students to learn the art of drawing cartoon characters, enhancing their artistic abilities. The day continued with an exploration of origami, where children delved into paper folding techniques to create beautiful paper decorations. The day concluded with a drawing and colouring session, providing an outlet for the children to showcase their imagination.

On **DAY 2**, the children experienced the mesmerizing world of Madhubani Art, experimenting with various traditional techniques. This was followed by a communication skills workshop, encouraging the children to express themselves freely. The day ended with an enthusiastic quiz competition, which saw active participation from all the children.

**DAY 3** began with a career counselling session, offering valuable insights into making career choices. The children then learned the art of storytelling through pictures, a refreshing activity promoting relaxation and mindfulness. This was followed by a letter writing session,

reconnecting the young minds with this lost art. The day also included a theatre workshop, a session on cyber games, and a quiz on the National Day of Biological Diversity, promoting environmental awareness.

The creative energy continued on **DAY 4** with a mask-making workshop, where students coloured and decorated masks. An envelope art workshop followed, allowing children to create unique designs with stamps. Later, a creative writing workshop fostered writing skills, and a read-aloud session engaged young minds with captivating stories.

**DAY 5** featured a spell bee competition, testing the children's spelling skills. The "Meet the Authors and Illustrators" session was a highlight, allowing students to ask questions about books and illustrations. The day concluded with a drawing and debate competition, encouraging creativity and critical thinking.

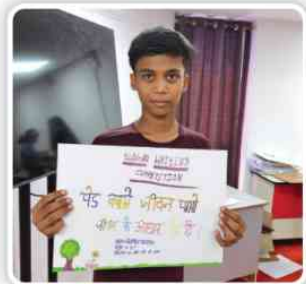
**DAY 6** was a day of break for all on account of the National voting day.

**DAY 7** started with stories from Panchatantra, followed by a superhero colouring activity. The children enjoyed creating portraits and participated









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joyfully in the portrait making session. They also explored Vedic mathematics, playing with numbers, and engaged in a pictiary game and a comic strip design workshop.

**DAY 8** was filled with interactive storytelling and another caricature workshop. The highlight of the day was meeting beloved cartoon characters, Tom and Jerry, which brought immense joy and excitement to the children.

On **DAY 9**, the children showcased their talents in an exciting talent show. A toy-making workshop followed, where students created toys from printed sheets. The day ended with a drawing and colouring session focused on story characters.

**DAY 10** began with a refreshing yoga activity, teaching the children balance and meditation. An astronomy session followed, where students learned about planets and the solar system.

**DAY 11** featured a storytelling session using puppets, followed by a puppet-making workshop. The day ended with a bookmark-making workshop, encouraging the children's creativity.

**DAY 12** was packed with fun activities, including a science workshop where

the young scientists studied human organs in detail. The day concluded with a greeting card-making workshop, fostering creativity.

On **DAY 13**, a mural wall art workshop allowed the children to colour a wall full of books, showcasing their imagination. The day ended with an interactive slogan writing workshop, where students addressed societal issues with creative solutions.

**DAY 14** was lively and musical with a puppet show that had the children singing and dancing along with the puppeteer. The atmosphere was filled with fun and excitement.

The final day, **DAY 15**, started with an interaction of the participants with PM Yuva authors, followed by engaging pictiary games. The camp concluded with a lively musical activity featuring the YUGM band performance. The children relaxed and some even got the chance to share the stage and sing with the band, ending the camp on a high note of fun and enjoyment.

**National Book Trust, India's Summer Camp 2024** successfully cultivated a love for reading and creativity among young participants, leaving them with enhanced skills and joyful memories.

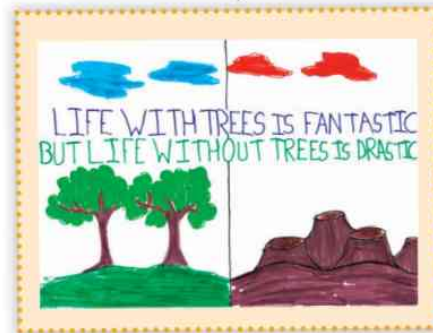


# Slogan Writing Workshop

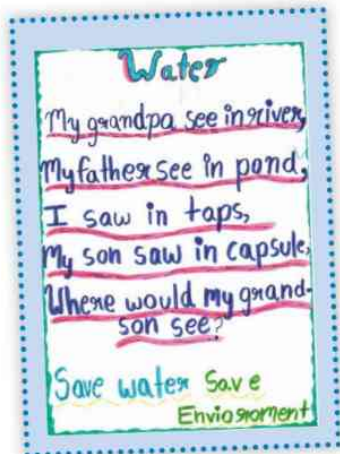
Select entries from NBT's Summer Camp 2024



Akshita Malodia  
Carmel Convent School  
Class 8



Preksha Yadav  
Springdales School  
Class 4



Aishani Giri  
The Indian School  
Class 7



Divyanshu Goyal  
Delhi Public School  
Class 7



Ananya Singh  
Bloom Public School  
Class 5



Nayab  
Sarvodaya Kanya Vidyalaya  
Class 8



## One Step Towards Cleanliness

Summer vacations had started. Mrudula was very happy. She would be going to her maternal grandmother's (*Muthashi's*) home in Kerala. She had a huge list ready of all the things she would do there.

The day finally came. Chhuk... chhuk...screeeeeeeech! The train halted at the railway station. Mrudula held her Amma's hand and carefully hopped down. She could already smell the fresh air and the sweet earthy scent.

Every year, during the summer vacations, Mrudula used to travel to stay with her *Muthashi*. She lovingly called her 'Mumu'. "I cannot wait to eat Mumu's tasty fish curry! Yummy! And I will also play with Roma, Appu and Gauri," said Mrudula. "Oh! Mrudu! I think you have said these things a thousand times!" laughed Amma.

Indeed, as she reached, she saw that *Muthashi* had prepared Mrudula's favourite dishes, *Muthashi* welcomed her with a big hug.

"There is a surprise for you Mrudula," said *Muthashi* with a big smile. "Tomorrow, I will take you to the most beautiful beach. Are you excited?" Mrudula got so excited that she almost spat out her food!

That night Mrudula couldn't sleep. She kept talking about all the fun things she would do at the beach. She enjoyed the cool breeze, the clear sky, and the sparkling stars. All these were nowhere to be found in the big metro city from

where they had come. Pollution had ruined everything for the city dwellers. She kept on talking.

"Mrudu, if you want the morning to come faster, you will have to go to sleep now and let *Muthashi* sleep as well," said Amma. Mrudula tightly shut her eyes and went into a deep slumber.

Next day at the beach was full of fun! Mrudula's little hands were full of seashells and pebbles. "Here, put them all in here," said *Muthashi*, extending the far end of her saree's drape.

*Muthashi* then bought her an ice cream. After she finished eating, Mrudula threw the wrapper on the ground.





"*Aiyyo!* Mrudu, pick it up and throw it in a dustbin," scolded *Muthashi*. "But there is no dustbin here Mumu," said Mrudula as she turned her head left and right. "Then put it in your pocket. You can throw it in the dustbin once we reach home," said *Muthashi*. "But it will spoil my dress," pleaded Mrudula. *Muthashi* took out a newspaper from her purse. "Here! Wrap in this and put in your pocket," she said.

"Ufff! So much trouble over ONE little empty wrapper," murmured Mrudula. "ONE matters my child," said *Muthashi* but Mrudula just rolled her eyes.

The next morning, it started to rain. Mrudula was overjoyed. Rama, Appu and Gauri came rushing in to play with Mrudula. "Let's swing together," said Rama and stood behind Mrudula on the swing. Appu, Rama's younger brother climbed the tree and sat on the same branch on which the swing was tied.

They start swinging, after some time came and make fun of them for swinging so slow. She started pushing the swing with so much force that the branch was hopping up and down. Mrudula screamed "Stop it, we all will fall." Gauri pushed the swing again, but this time, instead of letting go, she held on to the rope. "Hey! Stop it," shouted Mrudula. "Oh, don't be such a baby! What harm could ONE more person do?" As soon as Gauri shouted these words, a loud crack echoed through the air. The branch, unable to support their weight any longer, snapped, and they all fell.

That night, as *Muthashi* was putting a bandage on Mrudula's leg, she said,



"*Mumu*, you know what I learned today? ONE does matter! ONE action of safety matters and ONE action of damage can also turn into a disaster. Today, when all of us started putting weight on the branch, it broke. So, I was thinking it was wrong of me to think that my ONE little empty wrapper cannot do any serious damage to the environment."

*Muthashi* smiled and softly patted her head, "I am so happy to hear this, Mrudu. Everything starts from 'ONE'. ONE droplet of water gathers with others to form an ocean. So, if our single effort can make a big difference, then let that effort be a positive one!" smiled *Muthashi*.

From that day onwards, Mrudula pledged that all her efforts would be to make Bharat, *Swachh Bharat*.

Simran Kalsi  
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## Creative Time!

### Ink & Imagination

Following the vision of Viksit Bharat by 2047, NCCL is happy to announce a special competition that will last for a whole year! Yes, you heard it right, lots of fun and creativity!

All the classes will get a chance in the upcoming 10 issues of the magazine. Just keep reading your favourite magazine, *Reader's Club Bulletin*, and watch this page for more details.

NCCL is inviting ORIGINAL Stories, Poems (in English and Hindi) & Drawing (in any medium) for the 'Ink & Imagination' section of next issue of *Reader's Club Bulletin*!

**Theme** – Viksit Bharat@2047

**Topic** – बेटी बचाओ, बेटी पढ़ाओ

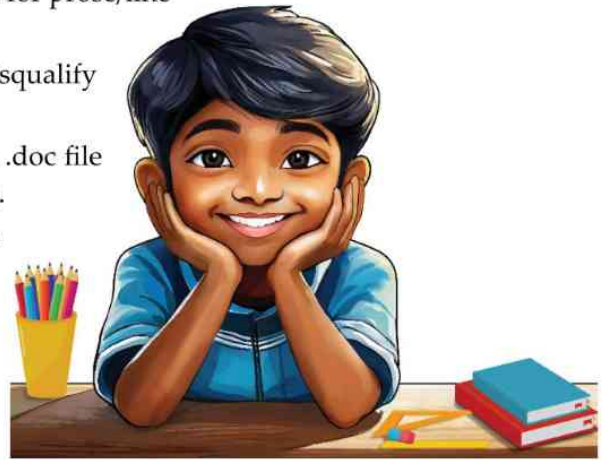
**Last Date for Entries** – 20 October 2024

**Written Entries** – 1<sup>st</sup> Prize / 2<sup>nd</sup> Prize / 3<sup>rd</sup> Prize

**Drawings** – 1<sup>st</sup> Prize / 2<sup>nd</sup> Prize / 3<sup>rd</sup> Prize

#### Rules

- The edition's competition is open to school children of **Classes 6 to 8**.
- Each participant is allowed to send ONE written entry/or ONE drawing only.
- Schools can send a maximum of TEN written entries & TEN drawings.
- The written entries must be typed; handwritten entries shall not be accepted.
- The word count of prose shouldn't exceed 200-250 words; poems shouldn't exceed 25 lines.
- Each entry must clearly indicate the word count for prose/line count for poems.
- Any departure from the given length would disqualify the entry.
- The entries should be sent via email (MS Word .doc file for written entry & Scanned jpegs for Paintings).
- Each entry must be accompanied by the Declaration form (given below) duly filled. Photocopy of the declaration form is permissible.
- Each entry & Declaration should be sent in a single email as attachments to: [nccl.nbtindia@gmail.com](mailto:nccl.nbtindia@gmail.com)





## Declaration

### For Students

I, \_\_\_\_\_ age \_\_\_\_\_, declare that my entry, \_\_\_\_\_ is my original, unpublished work. If found otherwise, the entry will not be accepted NBT-India.

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Participant's Signature)

## Declaration

### For Teachers / Parents

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Pin code \_\_\_\_\_

Mobile no. \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_

Name of School \_\_\_\_\_

School Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Pin code \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_

(Teacher's / Parent's Signature)



प्रिय पाठक,

क्या आपको लिखना अच्छा लगता है? क्या आप अपनी कल्पना का प्रयोग कर रोमांचक कहानियाँ, कविता, और निबंध लिख सकते हैं? तो यह आपके लिए एक उत्तम मौका है।

सबसे दिलचस्प लेखों को हम अपने अगले संस्करण में प्रकाशित करेंगे।

हमें लिखें / Write to us: [nccl.nbtindia@gmail.com](mailto:nccl.nbtindia@gmail.com) / [nccl@nbtindia.gov.in](mailto:nccl@nbtindia.gov.in)

Dear Children,

Do you find writing interesting? Can you use your imagination to write exciting stories, poems, and essays? Then this is a perfect opportunity for you!

We will publish the most interesting submissions in our next edition.



Here is the winner of the ongoing competition (from Modern Public School) for classes 6 to 8 on the theme 'Viksit Bharat@2047'. The topic for this issue was 'Swachh Bharat'. For our next edition, the topic is 'Beti Bachao, Beti Padhao'. Details are provided on the previous page. We look forward to receiving your entries.



Rishabh Dhingra  
7 C



Geetaksha Miglani  
12 D



Suhani Aggarwal  
7 D

### DID YOU KNOW?

Why can't we identify the colour of a car parked under a sodium street light?

A sodium lamp predominantly emits yellow light. Therefore, the yellow colour dominates the light scattered back by the car. In the day, the car is illuminated by white light. It is clear that the two views will differ.



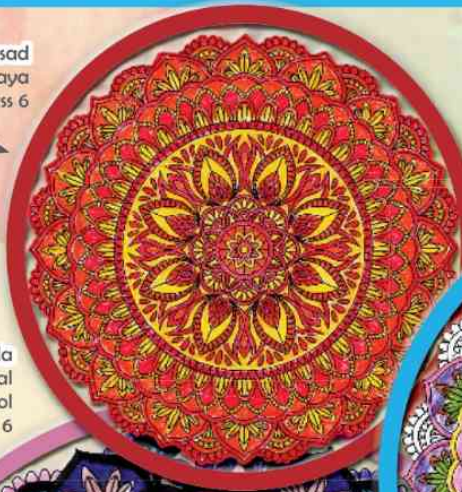


R.N.I No. 64771/96

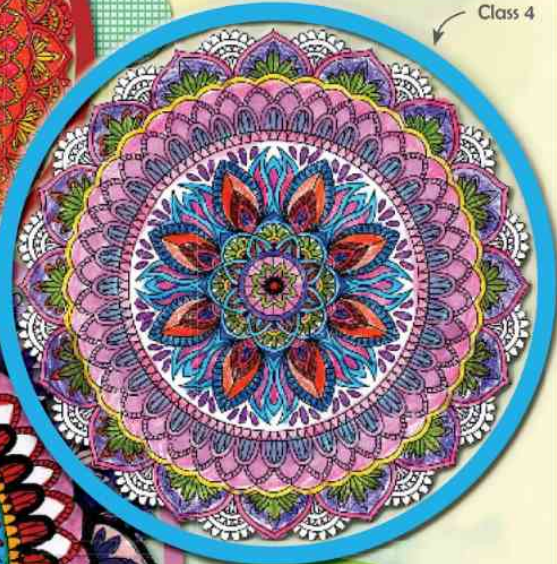
## Mandala Art

Selected entries from children who were part of NBT's Summer Camp 2024

Ishika Prasad  
Kendriya Vidyalaya  
Class 6



Rakshieka Wagh  
Ryan International School  
Class 4



Arya Shukla  
Ryan International  
School  
Class 6



Aashvi  
Bhatnagar  
International School  
Class 6



Tanishka  
Ryan International School  
Class 5



**National Centre for Children's Literature**  
**NATIONAL BOOK TRUST, INDIA** (Ministry of Education Govt. of India)  
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