

# Readers' Club Bulletin

रीडर्स क्लब बुलेटिन







## Readers' Club Bulletin रीडर्स क्लब बुलेटिन

Vol. 25, No. 03, August 2020

वर्ष 25, अंक 03, अगस्त 2020

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Printed and published by Mr. Anuj Kumar Bharti, on behalf of National Book Trust, India and Printed at Aravali Printers & Publishers (P) Ltd., Okhla Phase-II, Industrial Area, New Delhi-110020 and Published at National Book Trust, India. Nehru Bhawan 5, Institutional Area, Phase-II, Vasant Kunj, New Delhi-110070. Editor-Dwijendra Kumar

Typeset and Designed at Aravali Printers & Publishers (P) Ltd., Okhla Ind. Area, Ph-II New Delhi-110020

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The views expressed in write-ups do not necessarily reflect the official views of the Trust.

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E-Mail (ई-मेल) : office.nbt@nic.in

Per Copy / एक प्रति ₹15.00 Annual subscription / वार्षिक ग्राहकी : ₹ 50.00

Please send your subscription in favour of **National Book Trust, India.**

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 Bulletin**

**August 2020/ 2**

# Dadi's Cellphone

Deepa Agarwal

Tum-de-dum! The message light was flashing on Dadi's cellphone, which lay on the coffee table in the lobby.

Ajeya peeped into her bedroom. She was busy with her morning puja.

Hurriedly he checked the message. Apoorva! Was the guy trying to catch him out? What luck he was around.

"R U ing d maths wrkshp?"

"Sr I thnkng abt it." He quickly tapped out.

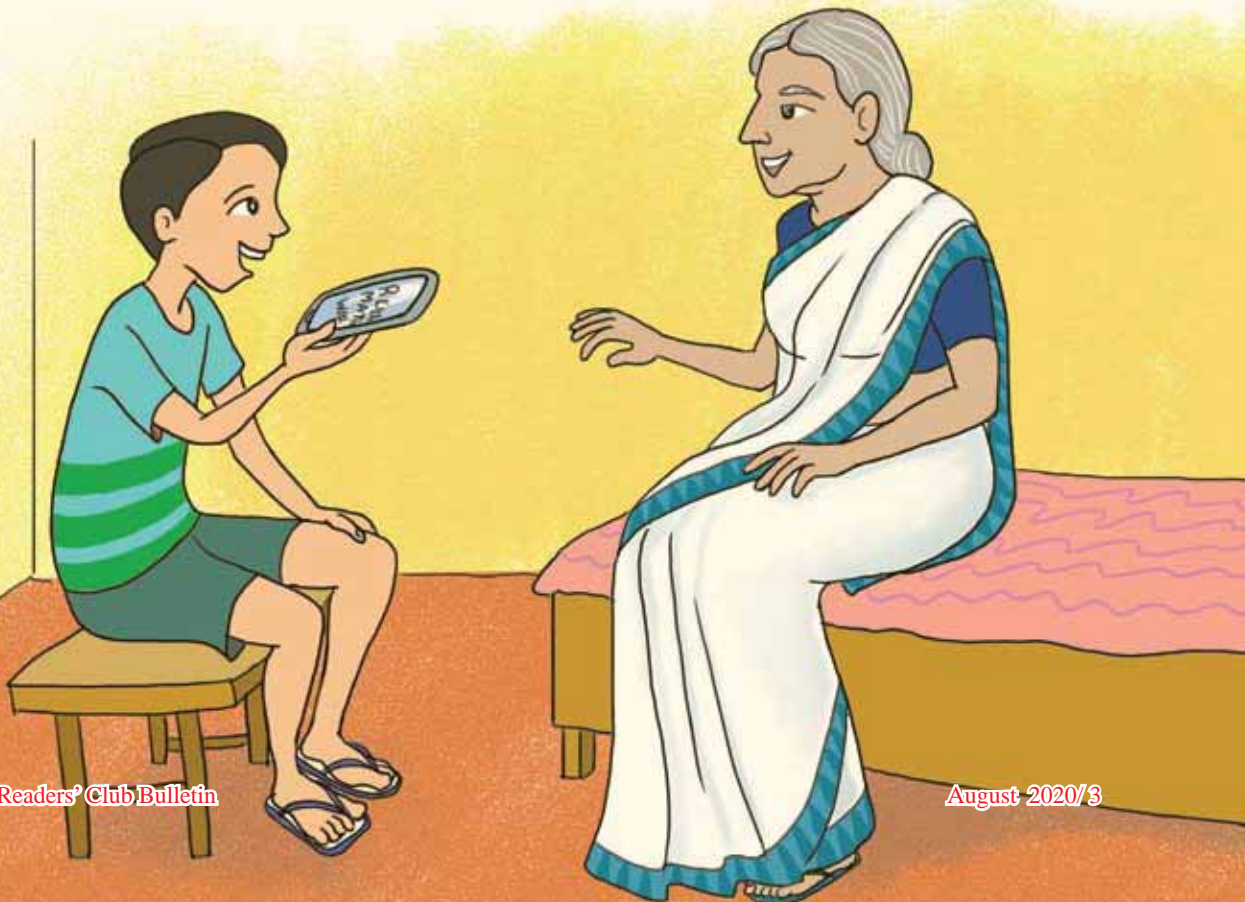
"What're you up to?" Eleven-year-old Ajeya jumped.

"Nothing, nothing!"

His older brother Virat who was sixteen, frowned suspiciously. "Go give it to Dadi at once. She's supposed to keep it with her all the time."

Ajeya shrugged his bony shoulders. "You know Dadi. She forgets."

Virat's own mobile frilled and he strutted off grandly.



Ajeya stuck out his tongue at his muscular back, then darted into Dadi's room. "What do I need this thing for?" she grumbled.

"You know. So you can call Dad if you're not feeling well."

"Arre--the maid is here with me all the time—isn't she?" Dadi looked irritated. "It makes me jump and I keep losing it."

Dadi was a heart patient and Ajeya's parents had insisted she keep the phone so she could call in case there was an emergency. They were away in office all day, while the boys went to school. Today, however, being a Saturday, they were at home.

Ajeya smiled. "Dadi...can I use it for a minute?"

"Of course. Nice toy, hunh?" Dadi beamed back.

Ajeya quickly dialed Apoorva's number. "Hi," he said. "Have to talk to my Mom about the workshop. I'm at the market right now. Call you later."

Hopefully that should convince Apoorva that he did own a cell phone, and the gang would stop teasing him.

He was the only one among his friends who didn't have one. When he'd asked Dad, he'd growled, "Are you crazy? What do you need one for?"

Ajeya could hardly say because all his friends had mobiles and he was the odd one out. Dad wouldn't understand.

Then he got a terrific idea. He gave them Dadi's number, saying he couldn't bring his mobile to school because his Dad didn't allow him to, since it was against the rules.

"What's the point of having one?" Sumit had scoffed.

"And no one really checks."

"Well he can't help it if his Dad is so strict," kindhearted Neha defended him.

But Apoorva had said, "He's just putting us on."

"Believe what you want." Ajeya had tried to sound cool.

"I'll believe you if you bring it to school on Monday."

Ajeya's heart thumped as he recalled the challenge. What should he do? Try to sneak Dadi's phone to school on Monday? What if someone saw him? What if he got caught in school? And worst, what if Dadi needed it? That would be too terrible for words. But Apoorva would never stop needling him.

Sunday night came and Ajeya still hadn't decided what to do. Then, as



he was passing through the lobby to his room, he saw Dadi's phone lying abandoned on the table. No one was around... It almost felt as if it had been left there for him. His breath came fast as he hurriedly slipped it into his pocket.

He didn't get a chance to show it to anyone till they reached class. The teacher hadn't come so he took it out and held it up for Apoorva, who sat further down the line, to see.

"Satisfied?" he asked.

"Is it a real one?" Apoorva scoffed. "Show it."

The phone was passed down. Apoorva had a good look, then Sumit began to try out the ring tones. But that very moment the teacher, Ms. Lal entered!

"Who's brought a mobile?" she rapped out. "Give it to me. Don't you know it's against the rules?"

Ajeya almost passed out. What was he to do now? He'd thought he'd just convince the others and then quietly take the phone back home. Even the sight of Apoorva's stricken face didn't help, or Sumit's shamefaced one.



“I’m so sorry, Yaar,” Sumit said in the break.

“It’s all your fault,” Neha told Apoorva. “You forced him to bring it.”

For once Apoorva didn’t have anything to say.

“It was my fault too,” Sumit said. “What are you going to tell your Dad?”

“I-I’ll tell him I lost it,” Ajeya said miserably. If only the others knew what a mess they’d got him into! But he couldn’t help cursing himself too for being so dumb and thoughtless.

“You’d better try to get it back,” Neha said. “It’s only fair.”

Sumit nodded slowly. “But how?”

“I know Ms. Lal,” Apoorva cried. “She tries to act strict but she’s quite soft hearted. If you go and beg her she might give it back. But we must do it before she hands it over to the Princie.”

“Yes,” Neha said. “Then there’s no chance. But you need a really good story.”

“I’ll-I’ll say I got it as a birthday gift from my grandmother who’s very sick in hospital and...I brought it because I wanted to keep calling to find out how she was,” Sumit said.

“That could do the trick. Hurry,” Neha cried. “There’s just five minutes for the break to end!”

Ajeya almost collapsed with relief when Sumit came running back with the phone in his hand.

“Whew! She insisted I call my grandmother to prove I was telling the truth,” he cried. “I was wondering what to do when the phone rang. I pretended it was my grandmother and said, ‘Dadi, how are you? I was just about to call.’ Some old lady said, ‘I’m okay, beta. Don’t worry!’ Wasn’t that funny? What a lucky escape!”

“Dadi,” Ajeya said hesitantly when he got home. “I did something really stupid, really terrible. I-I took your phone to school. I’m very sorry.”

“I know,” Dadi said.

“You knew?”

“Oh-ho! Didn’t you pick it and ask how I was when I called to check where it was? Don’t worry. I was fine.”

Ajeya’s face went a deep beetroot red. It was Dadi who’d called! He’d been luckier than he deserved to be. But one thing he knew. He’d never do anything that uncaring again, even to impress his friends.

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## शेर की हार

सुरेन्द्र श्रीवास्तव

एक बहुत बड़ा जंगल था। उस जंगल में एक शेर रहता था। वह बहुत बलशाली था। जंगल के सारे जानवर उससे धरते थे। एक छत्र राज्य होने के नाते वह शेर जंगल के छोटे जानवरों को अक्सर परेशान किया करता था। कई जानवरों

ने उस शेर को समझाने की कोशिश की, लेकिन शेर था कि अपनी आदत से मजबूर था। वह किसी की बात मानने को तैयार ही न था।

आखिर एक दिन उस जंगल के सारे जानवरों ने मिलकर एक सभा आयोजित



की। इस सभा में इस बात पर विचार किया गया कि शेर की छोटे जानवरों को परेशान करने की आदत को कैसे छुड़ाया जाए?

सभा में कई तरह के विचार प्रस्तुत किए गए, लेकिन सभा को कोई विचार पसंद नहीं आया। बहुत देर तक सोचते-सोचते मैकू गधे को एक उपाय सूझा। उसने अपनी ढेचूँ-ढेचूँ की आवाज में खड़े होकर कहा, “मेरा विचार है कि मैं शेर से युद्ध करूँ।”

मैकू गधे की बात सुनकर सभा में उपस्थित सब लोग हँस पड़े। लोमड़ी व्यंग्य से बोली, “तुम शेर से युद्ध करोगे? अरे, वह तुम्हें खा जाएगा।” चीते ने मैकू को समझाने के लहजे में कहा, “मैकू भाई, हम तुम्हारी योजना का स्वागत करते हैं। लेकिन, तुम अपनी जान क्यों गँवाना चाहते हो? तुम तो जानते ही हो कि शेर कितना जालिम और ताकतवर है।” अन्य कई जानवरों ने भी मैकू को समझाया, लेकिन वह था कि अपनी ज़िद पर अड़ा ही रहा और कहता रहा, “चाहे मेरी जान ही क्यों न चली जाए, लेकिन शेर से युद्ध करके ही रहूँगा।”

मैकू की इस प्रकार की ज़िद देखकर

सब जानवर गंभीरता से उसके प्रस्ताव पर विचार करने लगे, लेकिन वे लोग मैकू को मौत के मुँह में जाने देने के लिए सहमत नहीं हो पा रहे थे। कुछ ने तो यहाँ तक कहा कि शायद मैकू पागल हो गया है, तभी ऐसी बातें कर रहा है। जब मैकू किसी प्रकार भी मानने से नहीं माना, तो सबने उसे शेर से लड़ने की स्वीकृति दे दी। मैकू इससे प्रसन्न हो उठा। मैकू गधे के प्रस्ताव को जानकर शेर को बड़ा गुस्सा आया। उसका मन तो किया कि वह उसी समय जाकर गधे को तुरंत कच्चा चबा जाए, लेकिन वह मजबूर था। दरसल, जंगल के जानवरों की सभा के निर्णय के विरुद्ध कुछ करने की बात उसे उचित नहीं लगी। इसलिए, वह गुस्से में गधे से युद्ध करने को तैयार हो गया। उसने सोचा : चलो ऐसे नहीं, वैसे ही सही पर मैं गधे को मार डालूँगा।

यह तय हुआ कि एक हफ्ते बाद शेर और गधा, दोनों जंगल के उत्तर वाले मैदान में युद्ध के लिए मिलेंगे। यह भी निर्णय लिया गया कि दोनों एक-दूसरे के ऊपर तीन-तीन बार वार करेंगे। एक के वारों को दूसरा सिर्फ सहेगा। उस समय वह प्रति हमला नहीं कर सकता। हाँ, इन वारों के दौरान दोनों में जो



भाग जाए या मर जाए, वह हारा हुआ माना जाएगा।

असल में मैकू बहुत ही चतुर गधा था। वस्तुतः शेर से लड़ने की एक युक्ति उसके दिमाग में आ गई थी। इस फैसले

के बाद वह अपनी युक्ति पर काम करने लगा। जंगल के एक तालाब में पानी कम और कीचड़ ज्यादा था। मैकू रोज उस तालाब में जाकर खूब लेटता था। इससे उसके शरीर पर कीचड़ लग जाता। कुछ



देर कीचड़ में लेटने के बाद वह उस तालाब के किनारे धूप में बैठकर अपने बदन पर लगे कीचड़ को सुखाता। कीचड़ की एक पर्त के सूख जाने पर वह दोबारा यही करता। इस प्रकार उसके शरीर पर कीचड़ की पर्तें जमती गईं। शेर इस सबसे बेखबर था।

निश्चित दिन जंगल में मेले जैसा नज़ारा था। जंगल के उत्तर वाले मैदान में सभी जानवर इकट्ठे होने लगे। बंदर, गिलहरी और चिड़िया आदि यह युद्ध देखने के लिए आसपास के पेड़ों पर आ जमीं।

निर्धारित समय से पूर्व ही जानवरों का जमघट लग चुका था। वहाँ उपस्थित सब जानवर शेर और गधे के आने की व्यग्रता से प्रतीक्षा कर रहे थे। वे दोनों अभी आए नहीं थे। जानवरों में खुसर-फुसर हो रही थी। कुछ देर बाद शेर और गधा विपरीत दिशाओं से लगभग एक साथ आते दिखाई दिए। दर्शकों में खलबली मच गई। चारों ओर फुसफुसाहट होने लगी।

हाथी को इस युद्ध का निर्णायक बनाया गया था। शेर और गधे के आने के बाद उसने सावधान होने की घंटी

बजाई। इससे सर्वत्र शांति छा गई। फिर टॉस किया गया। टॉस शेर ने जीता, अतः पहले उसे ही गधे पर वार करने थे। दोनों प्रतिद्वंदी एक-दूसरे के सामने लगभग सौ मीटर की दूरी पर खड़े हो गए। वातावरण एकदम तनावपूर्ण, लेकिन शांत था। इस जंगल के लगभग सारे जानवर इस मुकाबले को देखने के लिए वहाँ उपस्थित थे। वे सब सजग हो गए।

हाथी ने घंटी बजाई। शेर खूब तेज दौड़ कर गधे के पास आया और अपने दोनों अगले पंजों से उस पर पूरा वार किया। गधा इस वार से तनिक भी विचलित न हुआ। वह आराम से खड़ा रहा। शेर के पंजों में गधे के शरीर पर जमी सिर्फ मिट्टी आई। दूसरी घंटी बजने पर शेर ने फिर दौड़ कर गधे पर वार किया। लेकिन, इस बार भी उसका वार खाली गया। गधे का बाल भी बाँका न हुआ। शेर के पंजों में मिट्टी ही आई। वह गधे को घायल तक न कर सका। उसे बहुत गुस्सा आया और वह झुंझला गया। वार करने के लिए तीसरा नंबर आने पर वह दोगुने जोश से दौड़कर आया और झपट कर गधे पर कूदा। शेर के इस खतरनाक वार का भी गधे पर

कोई असर न हुआ। वह वार खाकर भी मुस्कुराता खड़ा रहा, जैसे शेर को चिढ़ा रहा हो। शेर के लिए यह सब बड़े शर्म की बात थी। ऐसा कभी उसके साथ नहीं हुआ था।

इस प्रकार शेर के तीनों वार खाली गए। गधा सही सलामत रहा। उसके समर्थकों ने हल्ला मचा-मचा कर उसका स्वागत किया।

अब वार करने की बारी गधे की थी। वह पहले पास में पानी के तालाब पर गया और उसमें घुसकर अपने बदन की सारी मिट्टी धो डाली। शेर वार सहने के लिए तैयार था। गधा वापस आ चुका था। निर्णायक हाथी ने पहली घंटी बजाई। गधा दौड़ा-दौड़ा शेर के पास गया और तेजी से घूमकर उसने शेर पर दुलत्तियाँ बरसानी शुरू कर दीं। गधे के इस भीषण प्रहार से शेर की हालत खराब हो गई। उसे दिन में ही तारे नज़र आने लगे, लेकिन लज्जावश वह वहीं खड़ा रहा।

हाथी द्वारा दूसरी घंटी बजाने पर गधा दूसरी बार दौड़ कर गया और घूम कर फिर शेर पर बेतहाशा दुलत्तियों की बौछार कर दी। उसकी दुलत्तियों की वार बहुत तेज़ थी। इस मार की मार से शेर

लगभग अधमरा-सा हो गया। उसकी यह स्थिति हो गई कि वह खड़ा भी बहुत मुश्किल से हो पा रहा था।

अभी गधे का एक वार और बाकी था। “निर्णायक हाथी ने तीसरी घंटी बजाई। गधा तीसरी बार दौड़ कर आया और पहले की ही भाँति पीछे घूमकर उसने दुलत्तियाँ झाड़नी शुरू कर दी। लेकिन, यह क्या? शेर तो वहाँ था ही नहीं। वह तो नदारत हो चुका था। गधे की दुलत्तियों की मार से उसकी हालत ऐसी पस्त हुई कि वह मैदान छोड़कर भाग खड़ा हुआ। युद्ध के नियम के अनुसार निर्णायक हाथी ने गधे को इस युद्ध का विजेता घोषित कर दिया।

गधे को विजय देखाकर उसके समर्थकों की खुशी का ठिकाना न रहा। उन लोगों ने गधे को कंधों पर उठा लिया और उसकी जय-जयकार करते हुए सारे जंगल में उसका जुलूस निकाला। जंगल के सारे जानवरों ने गधे की इस विजय पर उसे बधाई दी और शेर का घमंड चूर करने के लिए उसे धन्यवाद दिया। दरअसल बेवकूफ माने जाने वाले मैकू गधे ने अपनी बात सिद्ध कर दिखाई थी।

सी-9/62, विशेषखंड  
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# When Kush Emerged Victorious

Alka Jain

It was early evening and Abha just got up to make milkshake for her younger son Kush. Barely ten years old, Kush was quite skinny for his age but possessed a sharp intellect and inquisitiveness that taxed his mother and left her pondering for days!

The last evening only Kush was relating to his mother how the boys in his class were making fun of Jeet who wore some weird looking shoes at the annual sports event. “I hope you were not one of those boys Kush? Did you join in the fun?” asked mother.

“Of course not, Ma! I did not do that though the shoes did look odd,” Kush replied. Abha’s expression changed, her brows went up and the mixer stopped whirring. With wandering eyes and a lowered voice, Abha said, “Kush we don’t know what his circumstances are. Maybe he cannot afford something fancy and branded. Can you imagine his embarrassment? We should never taunt a person for his appearance and dress. God knows what his parents must have gone through to send him to school. Money doesn’t come so easily to everyone! Imagine how pained Jeet



and his parents must have felt. That too over some petty shoes they cannot afford. Kush, make it a point in life to always stand by your friends. Why bring up difference in status amongst friends? Can't we dress up a little soberly so that our friends do not feel a lack of material wealth? Will he come to school eagerly tomorrow?" Abha tried to explain all this to a ten year old boy who could sense from the way her mother looked at him and pursed her lips that she was disturbed. He tried to make as much sense of his mother's words as his age would allow.

A few days passed by. It was evening again and Kush was ready to go out and play with his friends. Offering him a glass of milk and a banana to snack upon, Abha noticed Kush wearing worn out, faded white pyjamas! The elastic around the hips was a bit loose and so the lowers seemed to be inching towards the ground. "Couldn't you find anything better Kush? How can you go out to play in such a funny pair of Pyjamas? Hardly wearable! **YOU SIMPLY LOOK SHABBY!** Go and change!" ordered Abha in a loud, irritated voice.

"But mom, I want to wear this only! You only asked me to be one

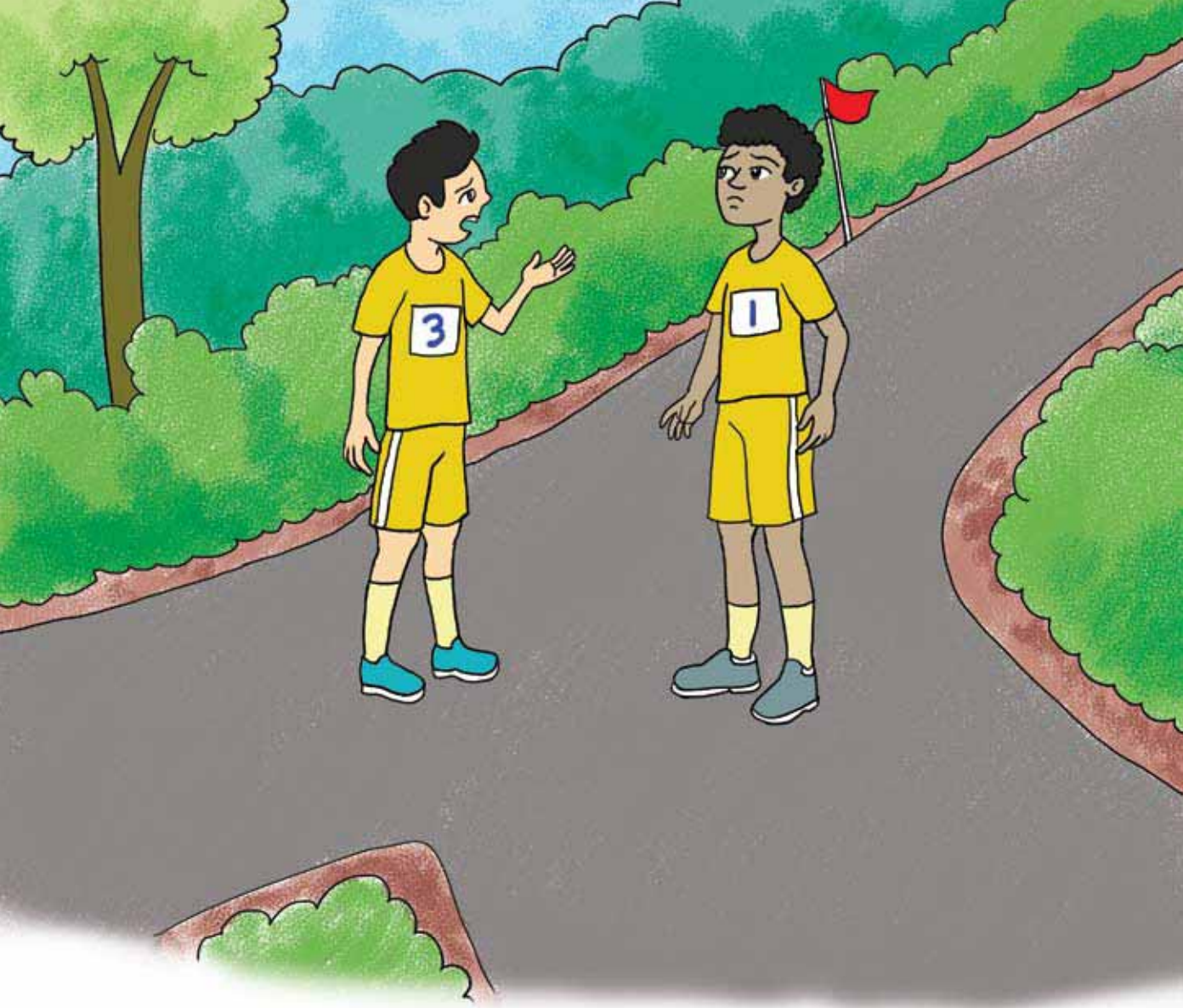
with my friends! Look outside! Ajit is wearing similar pants. He has nothing better to wear.

Years passed by. Kush went to the boarding school and because of his cooperative nature and soft-heartedness soon became a favourite of his teachers and friends. Many a time Abha used to feel that people are taking advantage of Kush's goodness. Once there was an Athletics event and the school was to send one participant to it. Kush was selected to represent the school after winning an inter-school event. The next day another athlete, who finished second in the inter-school meet and was a year senior to Kush requested him to back out and allow him a chance to represent the school in the Athletics meet.

"It is my last year at school, Kush. You will get several opportunities, I won't. Do step back for my sake!" said the boy. Kush thought about it the whole night and in the morning went to the Warden.

"You can't back out Kush! You were selected after winning the inter-school! And that senior boy already got the opportunities he deserved, in the past. Don't do this!" the Warden tried to make Kush see reason.

"No Sir. Kindly let him participate.



Maybe he will win and cherish the memory forever. I have another year ahead of me. I will try next year. I have decided Sir, ” Kush replied with a certainty which shocked the Warden. A delicate yet.

What Kush did last week was exemplary. Way beyond Abha’s

comprehension. It so happened that Kush’s school organised a racing event and some 50 students participated. The event was held in the city and roads were demarcated to define the running track. At each intersection or turn, instructors were placed to guide the students.



Kush and one of his friends Shubh, who was the best athlete were third and fourth in the race when they reached an intersection. The instructor by mistake gave the wrong direction and after running for a few minutes Kush and Shubh realised that they have been misguided. They came back to the spot and this time the instructor said sorry and guided them on the right track.

“Kush! What do we do now? We have lost the chance! What is the use of racing now!” Shubh was utterly disappointed and almost moved to tears. He was the school’s best athlete and the victory was important to him. Kush too was feeling hopelessly dejected.

“Shubh, I never imagined this! Either you or I would have been the winner! But now nothing is left,” Kush replied. “Shubh. Let’s not quit. We have to go back to school in any case. Let’s see how worse it can get. We have nothing to lose, isn’t it? You are the Sports captain and me the vice-captain. Let’s not quit.” Kush implored with Shubh who could make out the faint tremble in his best friend’s voice.

Suddenly an idea struck Kush. He was ahead of Shubh at the racing competition. “I cannot do anything for

my friend, but yes he has always been number one. I can do one thing! Yes!” And Kush’s spirits became high. “At least I can stay behind Shubh in the race. He can’t be number one, but he will be at least one position ahead of where he is now!” Kush was thinking fast. He knew what to do. He slowed down a bit and allowed Shubh to drift past him and gain speed. “My friend is now number twenty instead of twenty-one. Between us, he is the winner! At least he will not be the last one to finish the race.” Kush became happier and lighter as these thoughts and the wonderful memories of his friendship with Shubh were revived before his eyes.

The next day in the assembly, the Principal especially honoured Kush and Shubh for not putting up an official complaint against the instructor and also for their sportsmanship in continuing the race.

Abha came to know the whole story only when Kush came home during the weekends. She listened silently as he continued his chatter and narrated the story without a hint of regret or sorrow. She felt that Kush was already a winner!

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## जूते

गोविन्द शर्मा

बबलू को नए जूते मिल गए। उसने पुराने जूते अलमारी के एक कोने में रख दिए। बबलू के नए जूतों को सबने बहुत बढ़िया बताया। इससे नए जूतों को अपने ऊपर कुछ घमंड भी हो गया। बबलू उन्हें संभाल कर रखता था। रोजाना अपने हाथों से पॉलिश करता और उसी अलमारी में रखता जिसमें पुराने रखे हुए थे। नए जूते उसी अलमारी में पड़े पुराने

जूतों का मजाक उड़ाने लगे : तुम्हें न तो कोई पहनता है, न नहलाता-धुलाता है। अपन के मजे हैं। बबलू रोजाना अपने हाथों से साफ करता है, पॉलिश करता है। जब वह हमारे फीते बाँधता है, तब ऐसा लगता है जैसे बबलू अपने गले की टाई बाँध रहा है।

यह सब सुनकर पुराने जूते मायूस हो जाते। क्योंकि अब उन्हें न तो बबलू





पहनता हूँ न पॉलिश करके चमकाता हूँ। कभी वे भी बबलू के साथ पता नहीं कहाँ-कहाँ की सैर करते थे। अब अलमारी के एक कोने में पड़े रहते हैं।

एक दिन बबलू ने उन पुराने जूतों को अलमारी से बाहर निकाल कर पहले कपड़े से साफ किया, फिर उन पर पालिश करने लगा। नए और पुराने जूतों को बहुत हैरानी हुई। फिर उन्होंने सुना।

“बबलू, तुम इन पुराने जूतों पर क्यों पालिश कर रहे हो?”

“आपने ही कहा था कि किसी गरीब बच्चे को, जिसके पास जूते नहीं होंगे, उसे देंगे।”

“हाँ-हाँ, लेकिन पालिश करके इन्हें क्यों चमका रहे हो?”

“दादी ऐसा ही करती थी। जब किसी को दादा के पुराने कुर्ता-पाजामा देना होता तो पहले उन्हें धोती, फिर प्रेस

करती, तब देती। ताकि लेने वाले को लगे कि उसे कोई चीज प्यार से, सम्मान से दी जा रही है। मैं भी इन पुराने जूतों को धूल भरे, दबे-कुचले दूँगा तो लेने वाला यह नहीं सोचेगा कि बबलू कितने गंदे जूते पहनता रहा है। इसलिए इन्हें चमका रहा हूँ।”

यह सुनकर मम्मी चुप हो गई। पुराने जूते खुश हो गए। नए जूतों को भी लगा कि अब तक इन पुराने जूतों को चिढ़ा कर गलती करते रहे हैं। पुराने जूते बाहर जाने लगे तो नया ने हाथ हिलाकर विदाई दी और बोले “अपना स्थान रखना। हो सकता है किसी दिन मुझे भी तुम्हारे पास भेज दिया जाए। पुराने जूते इस साज सभल से खुश थे, पर घर छूटने से कुछ दुखी भी थे।”

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# My Favourite City!

Dashmit Aggarwal



**“LUCKNOW”** is a favourite city of mine more so because I was born here and you tend to have fascination for the place you are born in. I haven’t lived in Lucknow but keep visiting the place and since all my folks live there I have spent some of the best and most enjoyable moments. Leaving aside the emotional attachment, Lucknow is a wonderful city to visit and live in. This city is more popularly known as rich in culture, music, art and language.

**PEOPLE:** Lucknow is wonderful because of its warm, loving and friendly people. Life in Lucknow is not

very fast or modern but the place and people have a charm of their own which makes them very likeable. People here are also famous for the way they speak. The “Lucknow ki boli” is supposed to be very sweet and the people here speak with a lot of TEHZEEB and ADAB which reflect their rich cultural background.

**FOOD:** The food here is pretty good and if you are fond of non-veg items and Chaat, then Lucknow is heaven. You get some amazing variety of Kebabas and Mughlai cuisine here. Some of the specialities that I can think of now

are Seekh kebab, Boti kebab, Kakori kebab, Shaimi kebab, Biryani, Murgh mussallam, Roomali and Sheermaal rotis (my mouth is already watering!). There are also lots of small restaurants in the old city of Lucknow who serve some exceptionally tasty non-veg items. If you are fond of Chaat then you can make your way to Hazratganj or Aminabad. Lucknow is very famous for cake, biscuits and pasteries. If you are fond of sweet and “dessert” then check out Kulfi-faluda. If you plan to come to Lucknow in summers do carry a box of Dassheri mangoes from here also with you, they are DELICIOUS!

**SHOPPING\MARKETS:** The chicken work known as the “CHICKENKAARI” and ITTAR-Perfumes (available in various fragrances) are also very famous here and Aminabad and Chowk are the best places to shop for these items. Hazratganj in comparison is a more modern and fashionable market but it has an old charm. There are lots of big shops, showrooms, cinema halls, hotels and eating joints here. But Ganj is a bit expensive so it is good for window shopping and hang around with friends. I never tire of walking around the streets of Ganj, specially during evenings. It is AMAZING!

**TOURIST ATTRACTIONS:** There are several old historical monuments in Lucknow to visit.

One of the most popular places is the “BARA IMAMBARA” built by Asaf-Ud-Daulla in 1784. Bara Imambara is worth a visit because of its exquisite architecture and huge and elegant building. There is also “BHULBHULAIYA” inside the Imambara where there are innumerable number of passages which can confuse the people, hence the name. You can also visit the Rumi Darwaza and Chota Imambara which are just nearby. RESIDENCY is also a tourist attraction and it holds special importance because it was the base of the British army during the 1857 mutiny. The Lucknow Zoo here is also very popular and a good place to visit if you are fond of animals. There is also CUCKRAIL on the outskirts of Lucknow which is a crocodile park. There are also a few good parks here like Buddha park, Haathi park and Shaheed smarak which serve as good picnic spots.

Apart from this, I would also like to mention here the festivals which are celebrated with lots of enthusiasm and fanfare. I love going to Lucknow during Holi and Diwali. It is so much fun making and eating sweets, making Rangolis, and have excitement of getting new clothes. It is just amazing to be at lucknow.

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## ये चलते फिरते पॉवर हाउस

कैलाश जैन

मनुष्य या प्रकृति की हर वस्तु के अंदर विद्युत आवेश होता है। यह बड़ी सामान्य बात है, लेकिन अक्सर यह गुण बढ़े ही गैरमामूली तरीके से समाने आता है। इससे जुड़ी घटनाएँ आए दिनों सुनने को मिलती हैं। कनाडा के ओटोरियो में रहने वाली एक महिला केरोसीन क्लेयर एक दिन गंभीर रूप से बीमार पड़ गई। इलाज के बावजूद उसकी हालत बिगड़ती गई।

वह करीब डेढ़ साल तक सख्त बीमार रही और बिस्तर पर ही पड़ी रही। एक दिन अपने पलंग से उठने की कोशिश करते वक्त क्लेयर का हाथ पलंग के पास पड़ी लोहे की कुर्सी से छू गया। कुर्सी छूते ही वह कुर्सी से चिपक गई। उसके परिवार वालों ने बड़ी मुश्किल से उसे छुड़ाया। फिर तो बस सिलसिला ही शुरू हो गया। जैसे ही केरोसिन किसी





धातु की वस्तु को छूती, वैसे ही उससे चिपक जाती।

जाँच के बाद पता चला कि केरोसिन के शरीर में विद्युत प्रवाह होता रहता था। मजे की बात ये थी कि जिस दिन से उसके शरीर की बिजली गायब हुई, वह दोबारा बीमार पड़ गई।

इसी प्रकार की अन्य घटना लंदन की है। लंदन के स्नायुरोग विशेषज्ञ डॉक्टर जॉन एस, क्राफ्ट को बताया गया कि लंदन में जैनी गर्गन नाम की एक महिला के शरीर में बिजली का करंट आता है। डॉक्टर को यकीन नहीं हुआ और उन्होंने उस युवती के परीक्षण का निश्चय किया। जैनी के घर पहुँचकर उन्होंने उससे हाथ मिलाने के लिए अपना हाथ आगे बढ़ाया। जैनी इससे बचना चाहती थी। फिर भी रोकते-रोकते डॉक्टर जॉन का हाथ जैनी के हाथ से छू गया। डॉक्टर साहब को यकीन नहीं हुआ और उन्होंने उस युवती के परीक्षण का निश्चय किया। जैनी के घर पहुँचकर वहाँ उन्होंने उससे हाथ मिलाने के लिए अपना हाथ आगे बढ़ाया। जैनी इससे बचना चाहती थी। फिर भी रोकते-रोकते डॉक्टर जॉन का हाथ जैनी के हाथ से छू गया। डॉक्टर साहब एक जोरदार झटका खाकर धड़ाम से दूर जा गिरे। होश में आने के बाद डॉक्टर जॉन ने माना की जैनी के शरीर

में हज़ारों वोल्ट की विद्युत शक्ति है।

एक दिन जैनी अपने मकान के बाहर खड़ी थी कि एक ताला बेचने वाला वहाँ से गुजरा। जैनी के मना करने के बावजूद उसने एक ताला दिखाने के लिए जैनी की हथेली पर रख दिया। उसके बाद क्या हुआ, यह जानने के लिए वह बेचारा ताले वाला होश में नहीं था। बड़ी मुश्किल से उसे बचाया जा सका। जैनी के परिवार वालों ने उसके शरीर में हो रहे विद्युत प्रवाह को रोकने के लिए उसे कई डॉक्टरों को दिखाया। वैज्ञानिकों ने भी उसके शरीर में प्रवाहित हो रही बिजली को रोकने की कोशिश की, लेकिन कोई सफलता नहीं मिली। एक दिन अचानक जैनी की समस्या खुद-ब-खुद हल हो गई और उसके शरीर की विद्युत शक्ति अपने आप गायब हो गई।

इसी तरह अमेरिका की एक 14 वर्षीय किशोरी लुलू हर्स्ट के शरीर में विद्युत प्रवाह से विचित्र प्रतिक्रियाएँ होने लगी। लुलू किसी धातु की वस्तु को छूती, तो उसमें से चिंगारियाँ निकलने लगती। एक बार लुलू के घर मेहमान आए। वह मेहमानों के लिए कुर्सी लेने गई। जैसे ही उसने कुर्सी को हाथ लगाया, कुर्सी एकदम उछल गई। इस प्रकार की घटनाओं से ऐसा लगता था कि लुलू के शरीर में अपार शक्ति समा गई हो। लुलू

के माता-पिता ने उसकी इस विलक्षणता का व्यावसायिक इस्तेमाल किया। उन्होंने लुलू की इन विचित्र खासियतों का तमाशा लगाकर पैसा कमाना शुरू कर दिया। मंचीय प्रदर्शनों ने लुलू को इतना लोकप्रिय बना दिया कि वह 'जार्जीय वंडर' के नाम से मशहूर हो गई। उसकी लोकप्रियता और हैरतअंगेज प्रदर्शनों ने वैज्ञानिकों का ध्यान खींचा। लुलू के वैज्ञानिक परीक्षणों से पता चला कि उसके शरीर में हाई वोल्टेज बिजली पैदा होती है। यही विद्युत शक्ति लुलू की अपरिमित शक्ति का कारण थी।

जान शॉ नामक एक ड्राइवर की पत्नी पोलिन शॉ भी अपने विद्युतीय करिश्मों के कारण सारे लंदन में मशहूर हो गई थी। 40 साल की उम्र में पोलिन को एक दिन महसूस हुआ कि उसके शरीर में विद्युत का प्रवाह हो रहा है। इस समय उसके शरीर का रोम-रोम बिल्कुल खड़ा हो गया। यहाँ तक कि सिर के बाल भी एकदम खड़े हो गए। उसे खुद अपने शरीर में हल्की-सी झनझनाहट-सी महसूस होती थी। पोलिन को छूने से तेज झटका भी लगता था। एक बार काँच के सुंदर मछली-घर को पोलिन ने छू मर लिया कि उसका पानी गर्म होकर उबलने लगा और सभी मछलियाँ झुलस कर मर गई। पोलिन के शरीर में विद्युत

प्रवाह लगातार 24 घंटे नहीं रहता था। झटके अचानक लगते थे, लेकिन ये कब शुरू हो जाते इसका पता खुद पोलिन को भी नहीं लग पाता था।

इस समस्या से पोलिन का वैवाहिक और सामाजिक जीवन तबाह हो गया। लोग उसके पास आने से कतराने लगे। एक बार पोलिन बिजली की प्रेस से कपड़ों पर इस्तरी कर रही थी कि अचानक प्रेस में विस्फोट हो गया।

पोलिन के पति ने उसकी शरीरिक जाँच मेनचेस्टर की सेल्फाई यूनिवर्सिटी के भौतिक विज्ञान विभाग से करवाई, तो पता चला कि पोलिन के शरीर में दो हजार वोल्ट की शक्ति की बिजली प्रवाहित होती रहती है। वैज्ञानिकों ने पोलिन को हर समय रबर के दस्ताने पहनने की सलाह दी। उसके टखनों से एक लंबा नंगा तार बाँधकर रखा जाता था, ताकि वह जमीन को छूता रहे और पोलिन के शरीर की बिजली जमीन में उतरती रहे। फिलहाल वैज्ञानिक शरीर में इस रहस्यमय जैविक बिजली के प्रकट होने की चाहे जो वजह बताएँ लेकिन उनके पास भी अभी तक इसकी कोई स्पष्ट व्याख्या नहीं है।

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# Rahul's Friends

Rachna Chhabria



Ever since Rahul heard that he had won the scholarship for his school, he was constantly cooped up in his room. Even when he came to the living room for his meals, he had a grumpy look on his face. His parents exchanged worried looks. They were sure that their only child would be elated with his admission in the most coveted

academy in the city. But, sadly it was the opposite. Their initial excitement had disappeared when they saw their son's sad face. Rahul sat in the living room watching the television. His parents had gone out shopping. Though Rahul stared at the Television, his mind was elsewhere. The shrill ring of the doorbell broke his reverie.



He reluctantly walked towards the door, he was in no mood to meet anyone or listen to the congratulatory messages pouring in from family and friends. The moment he pulled the door open, his best friends Jeev and Randeep barged in. "Hey Rahul. Congratulations buddy," Jeev said. "Mom came to know that you got admission in Greenwood Academy from your mother. Dude, you are so lucky. I've been trying to get admission in that school for last three years and you got it in the first attempt."

"Thanks Jeev," Rahul replied. "You sure are lucky," Randeep said. "My parents have been trying from two years to get me admitted into that school and you get in without try."

"It's no big deal," Rahul replied. "You both know that I don't want to move from Gyan Vidya School."

"Everyone knows that you will get an all-round training in that academy," Jeev said, awe evident in his face and voice.

"But I don't want to leave you guys," Rahul moaned. "Do you both realize that I'll be a misfit there?"

"Misfit? Why?" Randeep frowned. "You are the grade topper in Gyan Vidya School buddy," Jeev said. "You have achieved so much," Randeep added, "and at such a young age of

twelve years." "You two are biased, but that's kind of justified as you are my best buddies," Rahul said and added don't want to leave you two and go to this new school." Is that the only reason?" Jeev asked. He was a sharp boy, always quick to sense when his friends were troubled. "I know that you will miss us, but there is something else you aren't telling us."

Randeep stared at his friends, looking puzzled.

"Admit it," Jeev prodded. "What's bugging you?"

"Promise me, you won't tell my parents," Rahul said.

"Scouts the honour," his friends touched his palm.

"Look around." Rahul gestured to his simple house, with its old furniture. "Both my parents work as school teachers. Do you two think I'll fit in with the snobbish crowd of Greenwood Academy, where practically every child comes from a well-known family?"

"Your house isn't going to this academy, you are," Randeep shook his head.

"You are the topper in Gyan Vidya School, you are in the cricket team, the junior journalist of our school magazine, the vice president of our book club, you won the state essay



prize, and you call yourself a misfit?" Jeev looked shocked.

"Jeev and I would have been the class clowns in Greenwood Academy, yet we constantly urge our parents to keep trying for our admission there and you get a seat on merit and worry about fitting in." Randeep made a face.

"Your parents are rich," Rahul said softly.

"Money has nothing to do with education or school, it's all about merit, about each student's capabilities. I'll happily exchange my parents' money for your grades and extra-curricular achievements," Jeev said.

"My family money has never helped me beat you in any activity in school," Randeep added.

"You two are crazy," Rahul replied.

"This attitude of yours will get you no where," Jeev said firmly. "Get rid of your inferiority complex. You are as good as any Greenwood student, in fact I'll go as far as saying, you are better than their best."

"I agree." Randeep nodded. "You will give all the students there an inferiority complex."

"Be confident when you step through the gates of your new school," Jeev said.

"There is a whole new world of opportunities waiting for you there," Randeep added.

"You are right friends," Rahul smiled. "Thankyou for making me feel better."

"Keep your fingers crossed until we join you there soon," his friends winked.

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## राष्ट्रपिता का जन्मदिन

शोभा माधुर 'ब्रिजेन्द्र'

आईना का बर्धडे था। पूरा हॉल गुब्बारों से सजा था। रंगबिरंगे गुब्बारे, टिमटिमाती मोमबत्तियाँ यूँ लग रहा था मानों यह सुंदर दुनिया परी लोक की है। तभी एक

पत्रकार न जाने वहाँ कैसे आ गया। उसने आईना को विश किया और बोला : बच्चों आज जो हम सब इतने खुश हैं हिंदुस्तान इतनी तरक्की कर रहा है उसके पीछे





कई महान हस्तियों थीं। उन्होंने जीवन में कैसे खुशियाँ मनाई क्या तुम सब बच्चे देखना चाहोगे? “हाँ—हाँ देखेंगे” कहकर बच्चे शोर मचाने लगे।

फिल्म चल पड़ी। ‘गाँधी जी प्रार्थना सभा में आए फिर घर की तरफ चल दिए। उन्होंने बहुत प्यार से प्रार्थना की मगर कस्तूरबा गाँधी के शब्द उन्हें याद आ रहे थे, “आज थोड़ा जल्दी आ आइएगा।” उनके कदम तेज़ी से घर की तरफ बढ़ रहे थे। कुछ आश्रमवासी भी उनके साथ चल रहे थे। घर पहुँचते ही उन्होंने देखा, चौखट पर घी का दीया जल रहा है। दीया जलाना हिंदुओं की परंपरा है। खुशी का प्रतीक है।

गाँधी जी नाराज़ हो गए और बोले, “यह घी का दिया किसने जलाया?” कस्तूरबा जी हैरान थी। उन्हें रोक कर गाँधी जी बोले, “दीया जलाना आज मेरी नज़र में ठीक नहीं। यह बात मुझे बिल्कुल अच्छी नहीं लगी।” वह सोचने लगी मगर इसमें गलत भी क्या है? आश्रम के लोग भी सोचने लगे इसमें बुरा लगने जैसी आखिर बात ही क्या हो गई। कस्तूरबा गाँधी बोलीं, “आज आपका जन्मदिन है। क्या मैं अपनी खुशी इस दीये के माध्यम से बाँट नहीं सकती।” गाँधी जी बोले, “बाँटो क्यों नहीं, बाँटो खुशियाँ, मगर इस तरह नहीं यह तरीका उचित नहीं है। तुम्हें तो अच्छी तरह पता है गाँव के लोग कितने निर्धन हैं। उन्हें तो चुपड़ने

के लिए तेल भी नसीब नहीं है। सूखी रोटी बिचारे न जाने कैसे निगलते हैं और एक तुम हो मेरे जन्मदिन पर देशी घी का दीया जला रही हो। क्या यह फिजूलखर्ची नहीं है। क्या तुमने उनके दर्द को महसूस किया है।”

कस्तूरबा बोलीं, “मैं समझी नहीं आप ही ने तो कुछ दिन पहले एक प्रवचन में कहा था गलत और बुरी जगह खर्चना फिजूलखर्ची है। पर न तो यह गलत जगह है और न बुरी। मैंने तो पवित्र भावना से यह दीपक जलाया था क्योंकि आपका जन्मदिन है।”

गाँधी जी ने हृदय से अपनी पत्नी की भावनाओं को समझा पर फिर वह उन्हें समझाते हुए बोले, “जो चीज़ निर्धन लोगों को नसीब नहीं होती उसको उपयोग करने का हमें कोई अधिकार नहीं है।

गाँधी जी ने उन्हें इतने प्यार से नर्म अंदाज़ में समझाया कि वह अपनी गलती समझ गई उन्होंने उस गलती को कभी भी न दोहराने का प्रण लिया।” कहकर वह पत्रकार फिल्म बंद करके जाने लगा।

सभी बच्चे फिल्म देखकर ख़ामोश हो गए। तभी आईना बोली, “अंकल आपने हमारी आँखें खोल दीं अब हम सभी बच्चे प्रण लेते हैं कि जन्मदिन पर भी सादगी से रहेंगे और गाँधी जी जो हमारे राष्ट्रपिता हैं, उनकी बात अमल में लाएँगे।”

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## A Sunrise every 90 minutes

Akanksha Datta

She felt like a baby who craved for chips and salsa. She couldn't wait to be reunited with her rescue puppy, LBD, which stands for the Little Brown Dog. She missed the wind on

her face, the feeling of the raindrops, the sand on her feet and the waves crashing on the Galveston beach. She couldn't wait to feel and hear the earth again!



NASA astronaut Cristina Koch after spending record breaking 328 days in space in her Russian Soyuz spacecraft parachuted down to the grasslands of Kazakhstan at around 9.12 GMT on 6th Feb 2020.

Hence completing the longest-ever space single flight by a woman.

She always wanted to become an astronaut; her only interest was exploring the unknown in the galaxies. She had pictures of space in her room right next to the boy band posters. Since childhood she was inspired by true heroic stories of leadership and survival.

Koch sets an example for women to spread their wings and fly high to fulfil all their dreams. She is actually an inspiration to all space explorers. During her mission, she completed 5,248 orbits of the Earth and travelled 223 million km which is equivalent of 291 round trips to the moon. Wow that's thrilling indeed.

This mission was specially designed to better understand the effects of long term spaceflight in order to improve the future expeditions to other planets.

Cristina enjoyed her training programme thoroughly. Her Astronaut Candidate Training included scientific and technical briefings, robotics, physiological training, water and wilderness survival training, T-38 flight training (a two seat twinjet supersonic jet trainer) which she found quite a challenge to learn to fly. But her favourite part was spacewalk training where she wore a full spacesuit just like the ones in the orbit. The most interesting fact she learned during the training was that while in space you grow in height because of the force of gravity on your spine, it doesn't last long though but still she was happy that she will be taller than her little sister for a while.

Cristina took some amazing personal stuff to space like a hand written card from her mother, her husband's favourite T-shirt, a gift from her sister, and her favorite dark chocolate. She also packed some Japanese space food to try something new. She wanted to eat astronaut ice-cream but unfortunately it wasn't on the menu. She was all the more thrilled to enjoy her passion of photography in space; she wanted to capture as many pictures as she could of an astronaut's



life and of the beautiful mother Earth from space. She also took out time to stay connected with her friends through email.

Cristina's days in space were filled with awe and wonder. Being amidst the galaxy in the infinite universe, trying to discover your own existence in seclusion must have been an experience. Due to the high speed of The International Space Station, she witnessed 16 sunrises and 16 sunsets every day. What a magical spectacle to enjoy. She indeed relished photography up there. She witnessed the power and beauty of Earth from a vantage point. She had a bit of fun too during her downtime with Karaoke nights with the other crew members; she didn't let anything dull her sparkle.

One of the things Cristina enjoyed the most was the freedom afforded by microgravity; she had fun bouncing between the ceiling and the floor like a balloon. The resume of 41 year old Cristina is nothing short of epic, she holds a bachelor's degree in electrical engineering and physics and a master's in electrical engineering, in addition her fieldwork has led her to Alaska, Greenland and Antarctica. She has done extensive work with NASA on

astrophysics and cosmology and won several awards, honours and medals. If she wasn't an astronaut she would have gravitated towards engineering or science instrumentation work including community service and tutoring.

Cristina was a happy soul to land back on earth but she knew it would take time to adjust to the normal routine especially with the Covid pandemic going on. She was under medical supervision for necessary tests and observations. She felt like a two month old baby when she landed back as she wasn't able to keep her head still with loss of body mass, sleep disturbance, dizziness etc- typical aftereffects of returning from space. Her joy of accomplishing her dream and achieving a remarkable feat in life knew no bounds. She would soon enjoy her backpacking, rock climbing, paddling, sailing, running, yoga, surfing and travel. She has experienced both perspectives of life- the value of being in solitude and in company and she would cherish both.

New explorations, new journeys, new voyages beckon.

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# शेर की शादी

शैलेन्द्र सरस्वती

जंगल में है शेर की शादी,  
नाच रही है शेरनी दादी।  
लोमड़ बोलक बजा रहा है,  
गधा कहरवा गा रहा है।  
भोलू भालू बड़ी लगन से,  
दाल का हलवा बना रहा है।  
बंदर बदनवार द्वार पर,  
छछल-छछल कर सजा रहा है।  
शेर की मौसी नेता बिल्ली,  
पहन के आईं चजली खादी।  
चीता सील कर शेरवानी,  
शेर की कद की ले आया।  
फूलों का सेहरा चिड़िया ने,  
शेर के सिर पर सजाया।  
कोयल ने तब खूब खुशी से,  
मधुर सुरों में सेहरा गाया।  
शेर के बाराती वनचर,  
आए हरी-भरी वादी।  
हाथी पंडित ने पढ़ मंत्र,  
शेर को सात फेरे दिलवाए।



इस मौके पर मोर ने सबको,  
दुमके जमकर के दिखलाए।  
शादी के प्रतिभोज में सबने,  
छक कर के पकवान उड़ाए।  
बारातियों को मिली लौटते,  
एक-एक रसगुल्ला-हांडी।

धरनीधर कॉलोनी  
बीकानेर-334001 (राजस्थान)



## मेरा यह तिरंगा

बही प्रकाश वर्मा 'जनमान'

दुनिया भर में सबसे प्यारा  
मेरा यह तिरंगा।  
गंगा जमुना सरस्वती का  
संगम यह तिरंगा।

गांधी, नेहरू और सुभाष के  
आँखों का यह तारा।  
हरा, सफेद और केसरिया  
रंग इसका कितना प्यारा।

सारनाथ के अशोक चक्र का  
इसमें चिन्ह है प्यारा।  
मेरा यह तिरंगा  
भारत माँ को भी प्यारा।

छब्बीस जनवरी, पंद्रह अगस्त  
जब-जब आता है।  
मेरे इस तिरंगे की  
शान दूनी हो जाती है।

आओ आज तिरंगे को  
मिल कर हम नमन करें।  
आजादी दिलवाने वालों की  
हम जय-जयकार करें।

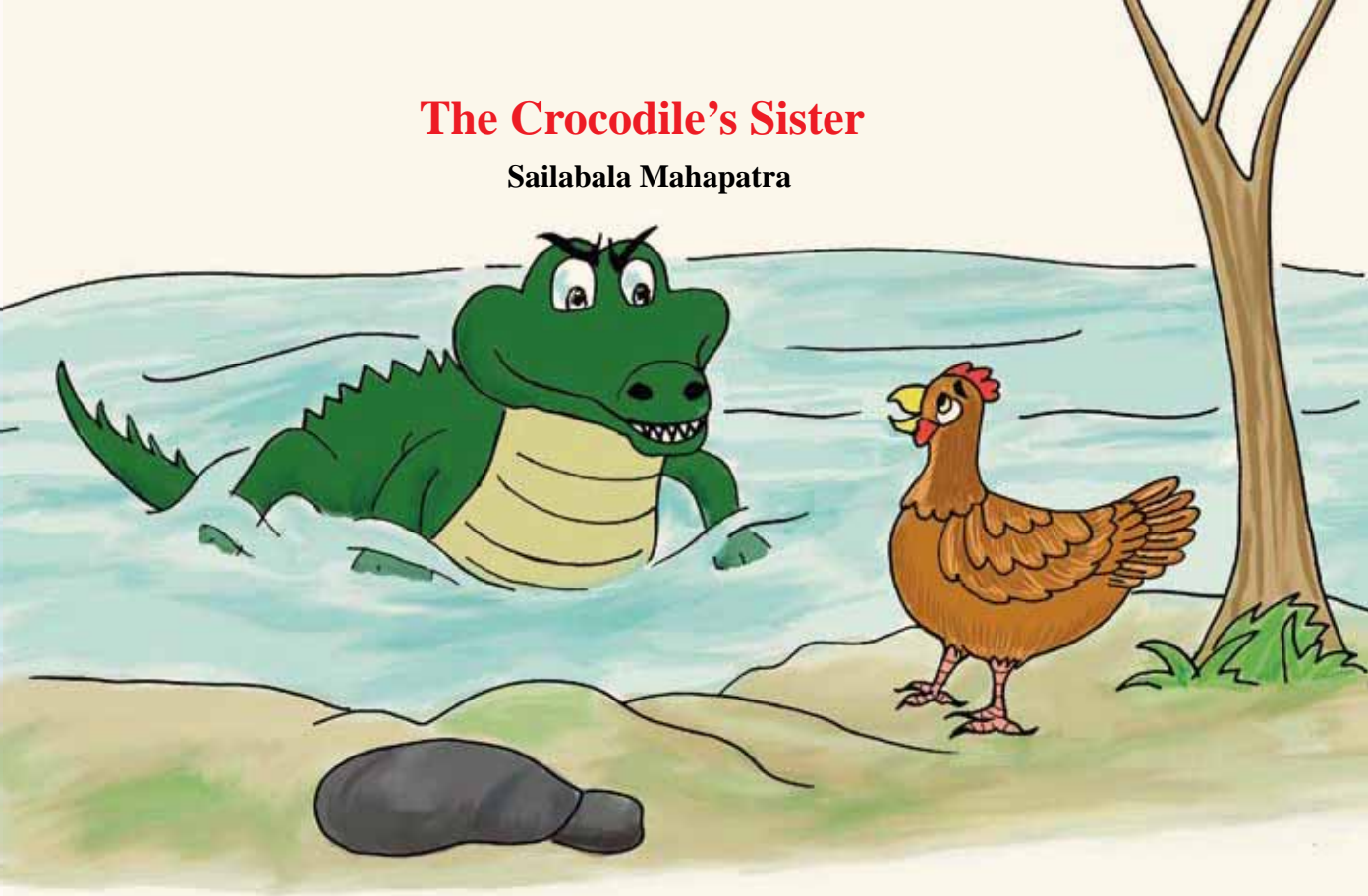
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# The Crocodile's Sister

Sailabala Mahapatra



Pawanpur was a big village. The villagers used to keep domestic creatures. One of the villagers had hens. For those hens he had made a shelter. There were two Clay-Pots kept outside the shelter, one for their food and another, for water.

Every day the master used to make them free for some hours. Then these hens wandered outside for some time and came back to their shed. It was a routine affair. One day as the hens were wandering, one of them by mistake entered the jungle and got confused about the way back home. She tried again and again to get the right way to the village. But, it was in vain. After sometime she felt thirsty. She was very tired too. The thirsty hen went on

wandering and looking for water. After sometime she found a pond. It was a big pond in the middle of the jungle. The little hen was very thirsty. So she went to the pond to drink water. But, when she entered the pond, a big crocodile came out. He shouted loudly, "Who are you ? It is my pond. I am the king of this pond. You can't drink water here."

"Brother, I am very thirsty, I forgot the right way to my house. I don't know how to get out from this jungle. I am very thirsty, please, please brother, allow me to drink", the little hen prayed.

"Ok, I permit this time. But, don't come again", the crocodile warned.

“Thank you brother!” the little hen drank water and came out. After wandering for some time she got the way to the village and was at home before the sunset.

The next day when the master made the hens free, the little hen went again to that jungle and reached the pond. She found the water in that pond very tasty. The water which was given to them in that clay pot was not sufficient. The little hen loved the pond as it was big and she was the only one to drink. She could drink water at her will amazingly and sufficiently.

When the little hen stretched her beak towards the water, the crocodile came out and cried out more loudly, “You are here again! I asked you yesterday not to come here!”

“Please brother, please! I am your little sister. I am thirsty. I like water of this pond.” But, before the hen could finish her words the crocodile interrupted her, “Why are you addressing me again and again as brother? Brother, brother how am I your brother?”

“Yes, you are my brother, trust me, I am your sister!” the hen said boldly.

Hearing these words from the little creature the crocodile stopped a bit and permitted her to drink water, but not before warning her not to come any more. The little hen drank water and returned home.

But the crocodile was left puzzled. He failed to understand why the little hen said again and again that she is his sister. ‘Little creature, not worth even soup of my dinner, and claims to be my sister!

How is it possible!’ He thought, but could not get any answer. He became sad and thoughtful.

Often he came under a tree near the pond. A lizard was there who came often to the crocodile whenever the latter took rest under the tree. They talked for some time and returned to their own places.

This time also the lizard came. But seeing the crocodile in such pensive mood she asked, “What happened my friend? Why are you in such a thoughtful mood? You look worried, but why?”

The crocodile explained everything to the lizard and said, “I do not understand why that little hen has told me so boldly that she is my sister!”

“Yes my friend, she is your sister”, the lizard said.

“You also say the same thing! But how? She is a tiny creature of the plains. I am the king of this pond. I live in water. How can she be my sister? Impossible!”, the crocodile resented.

“It is possible, you both are brother and sister,” the lizard said.

The crocodile looked at the lizard perplexed. To answer the matter the lizard replied, “Yes my friend. Don’t be so serious. Relax! She is your sister as you are born out of an egg and she too! So you are brother and sister!”

**(Based on a tribal story of Odisha)**

**“Sheela Chinmaya”**

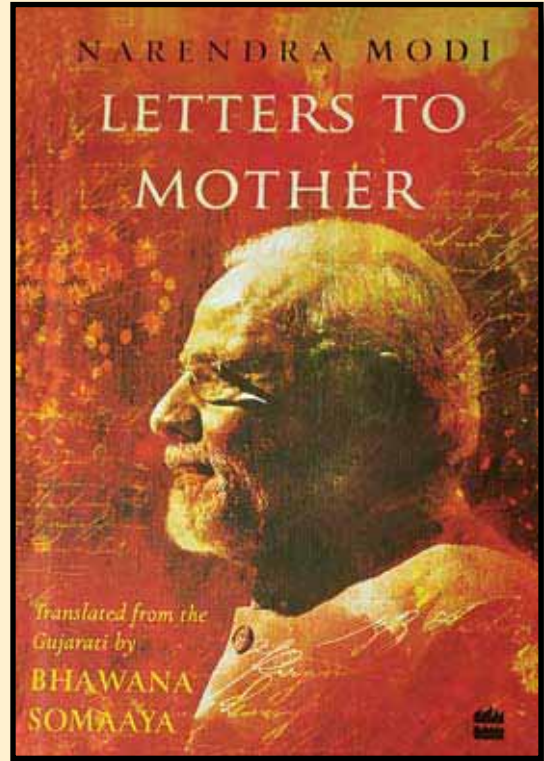
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## **Letters to Mother : Narendra Modi**

This book has Letters written by Narendra Modi to his mother Goddess, whom he addressed as Jagat Janani, every night before going to bed. He wrote on myriad themes and events about his life. The topics were varied: there were seething sorrows, fleeting joys, lingering memories. However, he would also tear them up every few months and consign them to a bonfire. The pages of one diary, dating back to 1986, survived. These letters have been published by HarperCollins, India as a book and translated from Gujarati into English by Bhawana Somaaya.

Narendra Modi's strength as a writer is his emotional quotient : "This is not an attempt at literary writing; the passages featured in this book are reflections of my observations and sometimes unprocessed thoughts, expressed without filter. I am not a writer, most of us are not; but everybody seeks expression, and when the urge to unload becomes overpowering there is no option but to take pen and paper, not necessarily to write



but to introspect and unravel what is happening within the heart and the head and why".

An Interesting read for all!

**Narendra Modi : Letters  
to Mother**

**Bhawana Somaaya (Translator)**  
**HarperCollins**

**Pp 95**

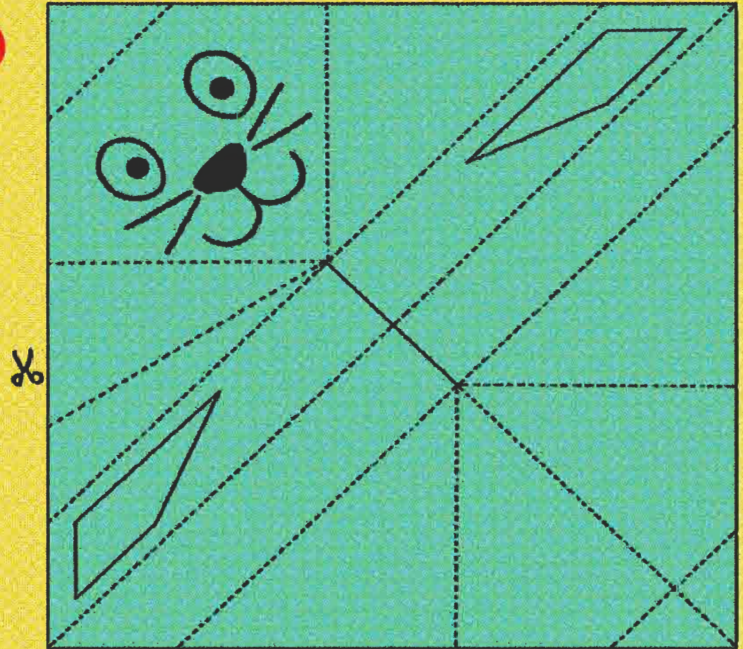
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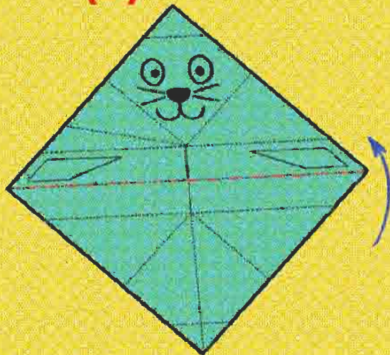
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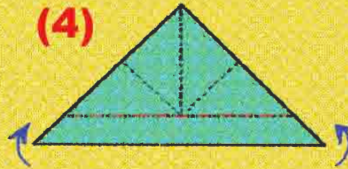
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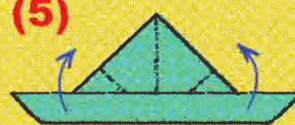
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