

READERS' CLUB

BULLETIN

Volume 26
Issue 03

August-October
2021

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS!

India @ 75! **Page 05**

Insights into Great Lives **Page 14**

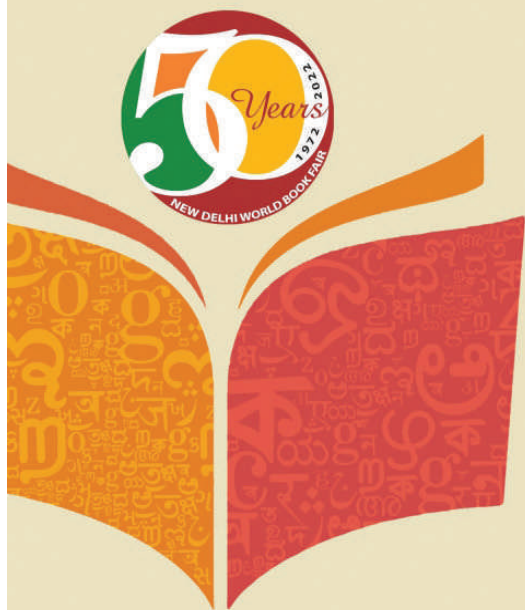
Sports in India **Page 15**

Uljan Suljhan **Page 22**

From our Young Readers **Page 23**

Crossword **Page 34**

SPECIAL ISSUE WITH EXCITING STORIES AND POEMS FROM CHILD AUTHORS



NEW DELHI

WORLD BOOK FAIR

08-16
JANUARY
2022

PRAGATI MAIDAN, NEW DELHI

10.00 AM TO 8.00 PM

Ensure Your Participation in the Largest
International Book Fair of the Afro-Asian Region

THEME

75
Azadi Ka
Amrit Mahotsav



ATTRACTIONS:

CEO Speak
a forum for publishing

New Delhi
Rights Table

Authors'
Corners

Yuva
Corner

Children's
Pavilion

Cultural
Programmes

International
Events Corner

Theme
Pavilion



Ministry of
EDUCATION
Government of India



Knowledge
PARTNER of
THE
NATION



Organizer
NATIONAL BOOK TRUST, INDIA
Ministry of Education, Government of India



Co-organizer
**INDIA TRADE PROMOTION
ORGANISATION**

Editor : Dwijendra Kumar

संपादक : द्विजेन्द्र कुमार

Production Officer : Narender Kumar

उत्पादन अधिकारी : नरेन्द्र कुमार

Editorial Assistant : Venkata Soujanya

संपादकीय सहायक : वेंकटा सौजन्या

Illustrator : Atul Vardhan and Mitrarun Halder

चित्रकार : अतुल वर्धन और मित्रारून हलदर

Printed and published by

Anuj Kumar Bharti on behalf of National Book Trust, India and printed at Aravali Printers and Publishers Pvt. Ltd., W-30 Phase-II, Okhla Industrial Area, New Delhi-110020, and published at National Book Trust, India, Nehru Bhawan, 5 Institutional Area, Phase-II, Vasant Kunj, New Delhi-110070.

Typeset and Design by: Vijay Kumar

E-Mail (ई-मेल) : office.nbt@nic.in

Per Copy / एक प्रति: ₹15.00

Annual subscription/वर्षिक ग्राहकी : ₹50.00

राष्ट्रीय बाल साहित्य केंद्र

नेशनल बुक ट्रस्ट, इंडिया

नेहरू भवन, 5 इंस्टीट्यूशनल एरिया, फेस-II,

वसंत कुंज, नई दिल्ली-110070

कृपया भुगतान नेशनल बुक ट्रस्ट, इंडिया के नाम भेजें।

यह बुलेटिन राष्ट्रीय बाल साहित्य केंद्र से जुड़े पाठक

मंचों को निःशुल्क वितरित किया जाता है।

National Centre for Children's Literature,

National Book Trust, India

Nehru Bhawan 5, Institutional Area, Phase - II,

Vasant Kunj, New Delhi-110070

Please send your subscription in favour of National Book Trust, India. This Bulletin is meant for free distribution to Readers' Clubs associated with National Centre for Children's Literature.

Reader's Club Bulletin

From NBT's Desk:

In recent years, the world has been making quick and significant transitions, this era can appropriately be called as the Era of Change. We, at NBT understand that the children of this era are different, unique, expressive and curious. We at NCCL make continuous and uncompromising efforts to deliver the best content in every issue of our Readers' Club Bulletin.

In every issue we add heart-fills of creativity, inspiration and limitless imagination to create this magical concoction, the Readers' Club Bulletin. So come and explore our interesting and out of the box sections like Naani's Magic Map, Curiosity Corner, Our Universe, Uljhan-Suljhan, Know Your Country, India @75, sports, Make Your Own Toy and many more made for young and incredible minds like you!

Kanchan Wanchoo Sharma

Editor (NCCL)

VOLUME 26 | ISSUES 3 | AUGUST 2021

CONTENTS सूची

Reader's Club Movement	4
India @ 75!	5
Nature Around Us: Smiles in Nature	6
dr0 fuV cgjh.....	8
The Jungle School	9
Curiosity Corner	11
f' k kxkjh.....	12
Insights into Great Lives.....	14
Sports in India.....	15
Little Croco	16
Naani's Magic Map!.....	18
Letter from Home!	20
Uljhan-Suljhan	22
From our Young Readers	23
[m cuk sNk l k f[kylk.....	34
Crossword.....	35

August 2021 to October 2021 | 3

Readers' Club Movement

Readers' Club Orientation Program

National Centre for Children's Literature (NCCL) is a wing of National Book Trust, India(NBT) that runs the Readers' Clubs Movement for schools that are covered under Samagra Shiksha. As a part of this movement, NCCL conducts Orientation programmes for schools, etc. on setting up libraries, reading corners and conducting related activities. NCCL has established about 1.30 lakh Readers' Clubs so far.

On 9th February, 2021, an orientation program was held for the schools of Chandigarh (UT) online. The editor of NCCL, Ms. Kanchan Wanchoo Sharma conducted the program. Dr Manjit Kaur, Mission

Lucknow, NCCL conducted an Orientation Programme for setting up Readers' Clubs on 18th March 2021 in physical mode. The program was conducted for State Resource Groups (SRG's) and schools covered under Samagra Shiksha along with related officials from SCERT UP. More than 14000 teachers and other participants attended the event online. More than 80 teachers and librarians were present on the venue in person.

Ms. Kanchan Wanchoo Sharma, conducted the orientation alongside guest speaker Dr. Anita Bhatnagar Jain, IAS; Retd. Additional Chief Secretary (HE), UP and currently a member of the UP



Coordinator and Pedagogy Coordinator Ms. Komal Sharma of SS Chandigarh spoke on behalf of SS UT Chandigarh schools. The event was also streamed live and was attended by around 1700 viewers.

As per discussions with SCERT UP,



Public Services Tribunal. On behalf of SCERT UP, Dr. Manisha Shukla, Research Lecturer moderated the event with Dr. Deepa Tiwari, Assistant Director SCERT along with other teachers and SRG officials who attended the event.

India @ 75!



India will complete 75 years of its independence on 15th August 2022. Beginning on 12th March 2021, India began its 75 week-long celebration to the 75th Independence Day. We at National Book Trust, India dedicate this column to honor the heroes behind our Independence, and to celebrate our social and scientific achievements as a free India.

In this issue, we dedicate this column to Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi.

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi

“Non-violence is the greatest force at the disposal of mankind. It is mightier than the mightiest weapon of destruction devised by the ingenuity of man”.

M o h a n d a s Karamchand Gandhi, lovingly called *Mohan* by his family and *Mahatma Gandhi* by the people of India, was born on October 2, 1869 in Porbandar, a fishing town in Gujarat. He was one of the four children born to Putlibai and Karamchand Gandhi, and had two brothers



and a sister. His father was nearly fifty years old when he was born and expired just seventeen years later. His mother also died while he was still in his teens. He married Kasturba Makanji at the age of thirteen. Gandhi realized that theirs was a child marriage and later went on to oppose the practice.

Village people in India had affectionate names for Gandhi. Bapu and Bapuji were two of them, more often, he was called Mahatma or Gandhiji. He is one of the most significant figures in the Indian Freedom Movement, where he used non-violent resistance as the force to drive India to Independence. Gandhi

always called himself as a citizen of the world and felt the same love and concern for people of all nations and considered each of them as his own, just like India. He inspired people across the globe to accept and adopt the practice of *Ahimsa* and understand its principles.

Nature Around Us: Smiles in Nature During Lockdown Days

Madhumalti Story

Nature seems to be smiling as humans sit back at home. The atmosphere is clean, and the sky is as blue as ever. The rain has further cleared the air and washed the permanent vegetational cover. Dead leaves have been blown down by the wind and delicate new leaves are emerging. Observe all these to add much needed positivity to our lives these days.

Little Miku is unhappy as she cannot go out to the park to see the flowers and run after the butterflies. Daadi called her to the terrace to cheer her up. Miku saw the big tree near their house and asked why there were two types of leaves on some of the branches. Daadi smiled and told her to see carefully. A climber called Madhumalti was on the branches, and it had different leaves than those of the tree. Miku felt happy as she loves nature. On the climber were red and white flowers, so her next question was about these flowers of two different colours on the same branch.

This beautiful flowering climber has pink buds which open as white flowers late in the evening and have a pleasant



Observe the climbing plant with flowers on the stem and branches of the big tree.

fragrance that can also be recognized from a distance. Interestingly all flowers found in nature which are white, have special aroma, like Jasmine or Chameli and Tuberose, also called Rajnigandha. The name Madhumalti itself means - 'a sweet smelling climbing plant'.

A closer look at these flower clusters reveals a remarkably interesting story. Different stages of flower development



White freshly opened flowers are erect and pink ones are drooping older flowers.

are well organized in these clusters. Young buds are pink and freshly opened flowers are white at night and are erect in position. In the morning, the white flowers start turning pink and

facts about nature. Climber plants can grow up on trees and produce flowers. Most white flowers open in the evening and are aromatic. Colour of the flowers can be related to its age; white flowers open late in the evening and have fragrance to attract pollinator insects in the dark. Red and dark coloured flowers are not visible to pollinators at night, and hence, their energy is saved for more flowers.



See the stages of drooping in older flowers.

bend downwards. By the evening they become deep pink to red and drooping. At night these darker coloured flowers are not visible to the nocturnal (seen at night) pollinators.

Madhumalti, a common climber, is an interesting case of pollinator partitioning by flower colour change. Observe this and enjoy nature as an informed naturalist.

Miku was pleased with this discussion. She had learnt many

Now we can look for more flowers around us which are white and sweet smelling, and for those which show change in colour as they become older.

Let us learn new things as we enjoy the beauty of nature around us.

Dr. Gita Mathur
Associate professor (Retd.), Botany
Gargi College, University of Delhi
Email: gitamathur@gmail.com
Blog: <https://gmbotanist.wordpress.com>

इटली के पॉम्पेई नगर में एक सिपाही रहता था। उसके रहते सभी अफसर आश्वस्त रहते थे कि बाहर का मोर्चा वह संभाल लेगा। पूरी छावनी इस सिपाही पर भरोसा करती थी। एक रात गजब का तूफान आया। तेज़ आंधी और हवा के कारण किवाड़ भदभदा रहे थे। उसी समय हो रहे युद्ध के वजह से ग्लेशियर पर गोली बारी हो रही थी। वह जानता था की घर से बाहर पाँव रखना मृत्यु को न्योता देने जैसा है पर कर्त्तव्य और अपने देश के आगे वह कुछ भी नहीं सोच पाया।

वह तेज़ी से उठा, अपनी वर्दी पहनी, बन्दूक हाथ में ली और युद्ध के लिए तैयार हो गया। पत्नी अवरुद्ध कंठ से बोली, "यदि देश के प्रति आपका कर्त्तव्य है, तो क्या हमारे प्रति नहीं है?" इस पर सिपाही निःसंकोच बोला "देश से बढ़कर कोई नहीं।"

उसने अपने बच्चों को गले लगाया, अपनी पत्नी और माँ को कंधे पर थपकाया और बाहर निकल गया। उसकी कर्त्तव्यनिष्ठा, बहादुरी और संकल्पशक्ति ने उसे ऊर्जावान बना दिया था।

यह खामोश वादियाँ जो युद्ध की चीखों को आज भी बयाँ करती नज़र आ रही हैं, धीमे से कह रही हैं, यहाँ जो युद्ध हुआ था उसमें कोई भी जीवित नहीं बचा, यह मृत्यु का सन्नाटा है।

अब वह मंज़िल के काफी करीब पहुँच चुका था, तभी उसे लगा की दैत्याकार पेड़ सा कोई राक्षस उसके सामने खड़ा है, गौर से देखने पर पता चला की वह तो सिर्फ पेड़ की एक

डाल है, जो तूफान की वजह से टूट चुकी थी।

बन्दूक संभाल कर

वह खड़ा हो ही पाया था कि उसे लगा जैसे कोई ज्वाला मुखी फट गई हो और धरती डोल रही हो। आधे से ज्यादा नगर विनाश के चपेट में आ गया था। मगर उस प्रहरी को कोई भी तूफान हिला न सका। वह पूरी हिम्मत से अपने स्थान पर अडिग रहा। भूकंप का तांडव जब खत्म हुआ, तब तक पूरा नगर विनाश की कगार पर पहुँच गया था। एक खुशहाल आबाद शहर अब वीराने में बदल गया था।

वर्षों बाद जब पुरातत्व विभाग ने वहाँ पर खुदाई करवायी तो उस प्रहरी का कंकाल ऐसी मुद्रा में पाया गया जैसे वह अपनी बन्दूक से प्रहार कर रहा हो। उस दिलेर प्रहरी का कंकाल, उसकी बन्दूक समेत अब उन खंडरों के मुख्य द्वार पर शीशे के बक्से में बांध करके रखा गया है। नीचे लिखा है: "वह कर्त्तव्यनिष्ठ सिपाही जिसने मौत को स्वीकार किया और अपने कर्त्तव्य पथ पर डटा रहा।"



शोभा माथुर

लोकप्रिय बाल साहित्यकार

ईमेल: khushimathur24@gmail.com

The Jungle School

"The Itsy Bitsy spider
went up the water spout
down came the rain and
washed the spider out...
The Itsy Bitsy spider
went up the spout
again..."

Mr ORG is teaching the class and his students are clapping, repeating his words. Every student is enjoying the rhyme. A smile on their face makes Mr ORG happy. Mr ORG's way of teaching, whether it is some subject or a poem, story or a difficult maths sum is so fascinating that even students from nearby places, wanted to get enrolled in his school. But Alas! seats were limited!

Although this school, named 'Jungle School', was different from the other regular schools, it has no proper building, nor staff for teaching each subject. Even desks for students have been arranged in an open space, amidst the greenery. Mr ORG does not believe in closed-room studies. He feels that students should enjoy the beauty of nature and breathe in fresh air.

Another unique thing about this school is that classes are not classified by age-group. Mr ORG, the always smiling Orangutan, is its owner, teacher and the



principal. He has not enough resources to run this school, so he has students of every age-group in a single class.

His interesting way of teaching has encouraged everyone to attend the school and

parents readily send their children. His style of teaching was famous in the whole jungle. Kittu Cat, Miku Monkey, Elphy Elephant, Chinku Chinkara, Snowy Leopard, Greeny Parrot, Neeli Nilgiri, Pinti Langoor and many more were his students. Even Oly the Owl has requested several times to attend classes at night, but it is not possible for Mr ORG.

Simba also wants to attend the school and learn things about the world, the jungle and habits of the other animals. But his mother is so protective of him that she refuses to enrol him in the school. She thinks that rather than education, it is important for Simba to learn how to protect himself while attacking his prey.

"But mummy, I also want to study. Mr ORG teaches so many beautiful poems and tells interesting stories during class. He teaches English and Hindi languages also. I had heard deer and monkey

conversing fluently in English. I really liked their pronunciation. Other students are so intelligent that I feel dumb in front of them. One day Mr ORG was teaching them about different plants and the need to conserve environment,” Simba told his mother. He roared meekly.

Mummy looked at him affectionately. She knows Simba is weak as compared to her other cubs.

“No, no, I want you to learn how to roar loudly. That is more important for you.”

Simba knows what his mother is trying to tell him. She keeps pointing about his flaws often. He is aware that big daddy Lion has certainly got quite a roar, and when he lets one out, it’s only natural that baby lions should also sound just like him. But when he roars only what comes out is ... well, more like a squeak than a roar.

“You don’t have to go to school. You are the son of a king. You are a leader and you are born to rule, to learn how to attack your prey, not to learn those silly maths equations,” mummy is always worried about him.

Young cubs are vulnerable to various predators, including hyenas, leopards, jackals, pythons and martial eagles.

“You are now two years old, better start hunting and concentrate on that, than thinking about going to school,” mummy tried to convince him.

Do you think Simba was convinced? No. Next day when his mother had gone for hunting, he rushed to the school. Mr ORG welcomed him, although other animals were scared. What if his mother or Lion king comes here and makes them their food? But Mr ORG assured them that nothing would happen.

Simba was enjoying the story, when he realized that his mother is standing on his back. Suddenly she roared loudly and said, “Mr ORG, either you close this school or I would eat you all. Because of you my son doesn’t listen to me. Just throw away all your silly books. Otherwise...” she was furious.

“Please, madam, don’t say this. I have not asked or forced your son to come here,” Mr ORG said politely.

“I am happy that Simba wants to learn new things. You should encourage him and be proud of him. Education is a life long journey from childhood to young age, education never leaves your hand. It will give him an idea about how to live life respectfully and as best as he can. Simba you are always welcome here. And one more thing, I have no intentions of closing this school.” Mr ORG grumped.

Mummy did not say anything.

She is going back to her cave.

Simba was clapping and repeating words with other students.

Suman Bajpai
Popular Children’s Author
Email: sumanbajpai@gmail.com

Curiosity Corner

Did you ever have a question and couldn't find the answer around? In this section let's join Prof. Yashpal as he answers some questions of random curiosity. Questions and answers excerpted from the book Random Curiosity, published by National Book Trust, India.

How do small ants reach far-away eatables?

Prof. Yash Pal says:

Ants have amazing capabilities. They have a keen sense of smell. A wandering ant might find a good source of food. Unlike us humans and many other species, it does not sit down to devour it. It immediately makes its way to the colony to tell the other ants. On the way back, it lays down a trail of odorous matter to enable it and the others ants to retrace the path using their sense of smell. I do not know if it convinces fellow ants that its find is rich and tasty enough to exploit in concert. Perhaps it carries back a sample.



And then they come in numbers and pounce upon the find. The numbers that congregate depends upon the quantity of the find. If something is large and yet portable, like a dead insect, the ants

collaborate in carting it away. They would not be able to do it if they lacked the capability of laying down the trail, which their sense of smell allows them to follow.

बंजारों के मुखिया की बेटी थी— शिणगारी, उनका कोई बेटा नहीं था। अद्भुत सुन्दरी शिणगारी नृत्यकला में प्रवीण थी। तब बंजारे गाँव—गाँव घूमते, डेरा डालते और अपने करतब दिखाते थे। शिणगारी के पिता भी गाँव—गाँव घूम कर अपने करतब दिखाते और इनाम—इकराम हासिल कर अपना तथा अपनी मंडली का पेट पालते थे। एक दिन बंजारों की यह टोली उदयपुर पहुँची। तब उदयपुर नगर मेवाड़ राज्य की राजधानी था। महाराज स्वरूप सिंह, मेवाड़ की गद्दी पर आसीन थे। उनके दरबार में वीर, विद्वान, कलाकार, कवि सभी मौजूद थे। एक दिन महाराज के दरबार में शिणगारी ने जाकर महाराज को प्रणाम किया। तो मेवाड़ नरेश ने पूछा “कौन हो तुम?”

“शिणगारी, महाराज! बंजारों की मुखिया की बेटी हूँ।” शिणगारी अदब से बोली— “नृत्य करने आई हूँ। मेरा नृत्य सबसे अलग होता है, देखने पर ही जान पायेंगे महाराज!”

शिणगारी बोली। “अच्छा, यदि ऐसी बात है तो मैं तुम्हारा नृत्य जरूर देखूंगा, और यदि तुम्हारा नृत्य मुझे पसंद आ गया तो मैं तुम्हें राज्य का सबसे बढ़िया गाँव इनाम में दूँगा। बताओ कब करोगी नृत्य?” महाराज ने पूछा।



“मैं सिर्फ पूर्णमासी की रात को नृत्य करती हूँ। मेरा नृत्य खुले आसमान के नीचे चाँद की रोशनी में होता है।” शिणगारी बोली— “आप अपने महल से पिछोला सरोवर के उस पार वाले टीले तक एक मजबूत डोर बँधवा दीजिए। मैं उसी डोर पर तालाब के जल के ऊपर नृत्य करूंगी।” मेवाड़ नरेश ने ऐसा ही बन्दोबस्त किया। नृत्य की रात को महाराजा व रानियाँ भी आकर वहाँ विराज गये।

चाँद आसमान में चमक रहा था।

पिछोला सरोवर में एक—एक परछाई साफ दिखाई देने लगी। तभी शिणगारी खूब सज—धज कर पायलें छमकाती हुई आई। उसने महाराज व रानियों को झुककर प्रणाम किया और दर्शकों से हाथ जोड़कर आशीर्वाद माँगा। फिर छमछमाती हुई डोर पर चढ़ गयी।

नीचे ढोल आदि वाद्य बजने लगे। शिणगारी लय-ताल को एकरूप कर डोर पर नृत्य करने लगी। एक पतली डोर पर ऐसा अद्भुत नृत्य आज तक उदयपुर के लोगों ने नहीं देखा था।

कुछ क्षण ठहरकर शिणगारी, डोर पर फिर वापस मुड़ी। बलखाती, लहराती डोर पर वह ऐसे नृत्य कर रही थी जैसे भूमि पर हो। वह पिछोला सरोवर के मध्य में कुछ ठहर कर अपनी उत्कृष्ट कला प्रदर्शित कर ही रही थी कि तभी रावला दुर्ग के बुर्ज में बँधी डोर कट गयी। शिणगारी नृत्य करते हुए, छपाक की आवाज के साथ पिछोला सरोवर की अनन्त जल राशि में समा गई। सरोवर के जल में उठी तरंगें तटों से टकराने लगीं। भीड़ में हाहाकार मच गया। लोग पिछोला सरोवर के तट पर जा खड़े हुए। नावें मँगवाई गईं। तैराक बुलाए गए। तालाब में जाल डलवाया गया किन्तु शिणगारी को जिन्दा बचा पाना तो दूर उसकी लाश तक नहीं खोजी जा सकी।

अगले दिन दरबार लगा। महाराज स्वरूप सिंह के प्रस्ताव पर सभी ने शिणगारी की असामयिक मृत्यु पर गहरा शोक व्यक्त किया। शिणगारी का बाप दरबार में एक तरफ बैठा आँसू बहा रहा था।

मेवाड़ नरेश बोले – “बंजारे! हम तुम्हारे दुख से दुखी हैं पर होनी को कौन टाल सकता है। मैं तुम्हें अनुमति देता हूँ कि तुम्हें मेरे राज्य का जो भी गाँव अच्छा लगे, ले लो।”

महाराज! हम ठहरे बनजारे, नृत्य करतब दिखाकर अपना पेट पालते हैं। हमें गाँव लेकर क्या करना है। . . . “शिणगारी मेरी इकलौती

सन्तान थी। वही मेरे बुढ़ापे का सहारा थी किन्तु मेरी बेटी को छल, कपट से तो नहीं मरवाना चाहिए था अन्नदाता।”

मेवाड़ नरेश कुछ देर सिर झुकाए सुनते रहे, फिर बोले – “यदि तुझे विश्वास है कि डोर किसी ने काट दी है तो तू उस नीच का नाम बता, मैं उसको फांसी चढ़वा कर उसकी सारी जागीर तुझे दे दूंगा।”

“ऐसी जागीर हमें नहीं चाहिए स्वामी हम तो स्वांग रचकर पेट पालने वाले कलाकार हैं।” शिणगारी के पिता ने कहा। “जिस राज्य में कपटी व हत्यारे लोग रहते हैं, वहाँ का इनाम-इकराम, जागीर, गाँव लेना तो दूर की बात, वहाँ का तो मैं पानी भी नहीं पिऊँगा। मैं क्या, आज से उदयपुर की धरती पर बनजारों का कोई बच्चा भी कदम नहीं रखेगा, महाराज।”

इस घटना को बीते सदियों गुजर गई किन्तु अभी भी बंजारे उदयपुर की भूमि पर कदम नहीं रखते हैं।

शिवचरण चौहान
लोकप्रिय बाल साहित्यकार
ईमेल: shivcharany2k@gmail.com

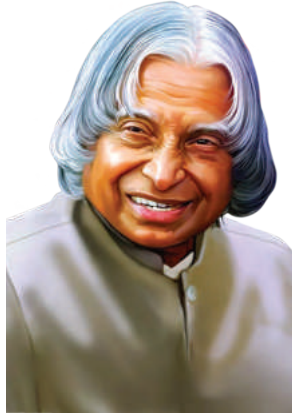
Did you know?

The Karni Mata Temple in Rajasthan is known for considering rats as holy beings, and is home to more than 25 thousand rats. This temple is also famously known as the temple of rats. Eating the food nibbled by the rats is considered auspicious here.

Insights into Great Lives

A.P.J. Abdul Kalam

Avul Pakir Jainulabdeen Abdul Kalam also known as the *Missile Man of India* was born on 15th October 1931, in Rameshwaram, Tamil Nadu. He was the youngest among 6 siblings, with four brothers and a sister. He was described as bright and hardworking since his childhood. He graduated from Madras Institute of Technology in 1960, and joined the Defence Research and Development Organization as a scientist in Aeronautical Development Establishment. He was transferred to the Indian Space Research Organization in 1969, where he headed as the project director of India's first Satellite Launch Vehicle (SLV-III) which successfully deployed the Rohini satellite in near-earth orbit in July 1980.

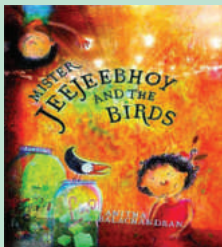


many across the nation to dream big. During his term, he was affectionately called as the *People's President*. His birthday, 15th October is celebrated as World Students Day every year, he believed that students are the future, and the minds and people who will take the nation forward. He

lovingly encourages them to dream by saying “*Dream, Dream, Dream, Dreams transform into thoughts. And thoughts result in action*”.

On 27th July 2015, he was delivering a lecture at Indian Institute of Management, Shillong, where he had a sudden heart attack, due to which he lost his life at the age of 83. However his legacy of passion, determination and love for his country will be remembered forever and will continue to inspire the generations to come.

Book Review:



Mister Jeejeebhoy and the Birds

Authored and Illustrations by: Anitha Balachandran

Published by: Young Zubaan Books

This is a tale of two sisters Diya and Tara, whose world turns topsy turvy when they go to live with their aunt, Nina masi. Read this book, filled with big, bright and enchanting illustrations, to join them on their adventure and challenges while they make friends and solve a mystery in their new neighborhood.

Sports in India

This is a recapitulation of Patang Bazi, one of the common games played on the streets of India by young children, taken from the book 'Some Street Games of India', written by Mulk Raj Anand, Published by National Book Trust, India.

Patang Bazi/ Kite flying

The game which I longed to play as a child was Patang Bazi. I loved to see hundreds of colorful *patangs* or kites flying in the air—some seemed to nearly touch the heavens. Kite flying needs great skill and lots of pocket-money. So as a boy, I remained an enthusiastic onlooker and tried to loot other people's kites which were cut during fights.

Kites are of various shapes: they are mostly square; some are rectangular; a few are more special—two ovals joined together.

Fine paper is used in making kites. This is strung on a frame of thin bamboo, one standing lengthwise, the other like a bow across it. The kite paper is pasted on to

the frame with glue. About three inches from the bottom of the lengthwise stick, fine thread treated with powdered glass, is fixed, forming a triangle. This is attached to hundreds of yarns of thread, also treated with powdered glass and wound around a reel. The thread on the reel revolves in the hands of the learner as the expert flies the kite.

The breeze may lift the kite higher and higher into the sky. I was sometimes allowed by the big boys to hold the kite, when it had flown high enough.



Little Croco

Little Croco was enjoying rolling about in the soft muddy soil and his Mama was sleeping peacefully right next to him. He kept pulling his Mama's tail till she finally opened one eye, gave a big yawn, moved a little further and went back to sleep. Frustrated, little Croco wriggled and pulled her tail with all his might. Shocked, Mama opened her eyes.

"Mama! Mama! These leaves and stems are stuck in my teeth! I tried to get rid of them with my tongue! But I couldn't. Mama, what do I do?"

"Hey Sonny boy! It's all right. Just open your mouth wide enough and lie down on the riverbank. It will go away and disappear in the air." Hearing his Mama's words he felt scared and confused. He shut his mouth tightly and kept crawling back and forth in the slush. He tried raking mud with his right paw. He did everything except what Mama had told him. Now Mama rolled her big eyes around and yelled, "Croco, do exactly what I have said. Keep your mouth wide open. Come on!" He hesitated a little and said, "But Mama, what if I kept my mouth wide open and all my teeth flew away? Then how will I eat or drink?"

Ha ha ha ha ha...Mama couldn't stop laughing for a while.



She said, "You silly little thing! You won't lose your teeth, only the stuff that's stuck in your teeth would go away, just try it sweetheart!" Mama saw that little Croco was still not convinced. Then she told him "Croco, when you open your mouth, a little Kingfisher would dive down from the sky; take out the stuff that is stuck between your teeth and soar high up in the sky again. Croco was still scared. He kept his mouth shut and kept staring at his mom.

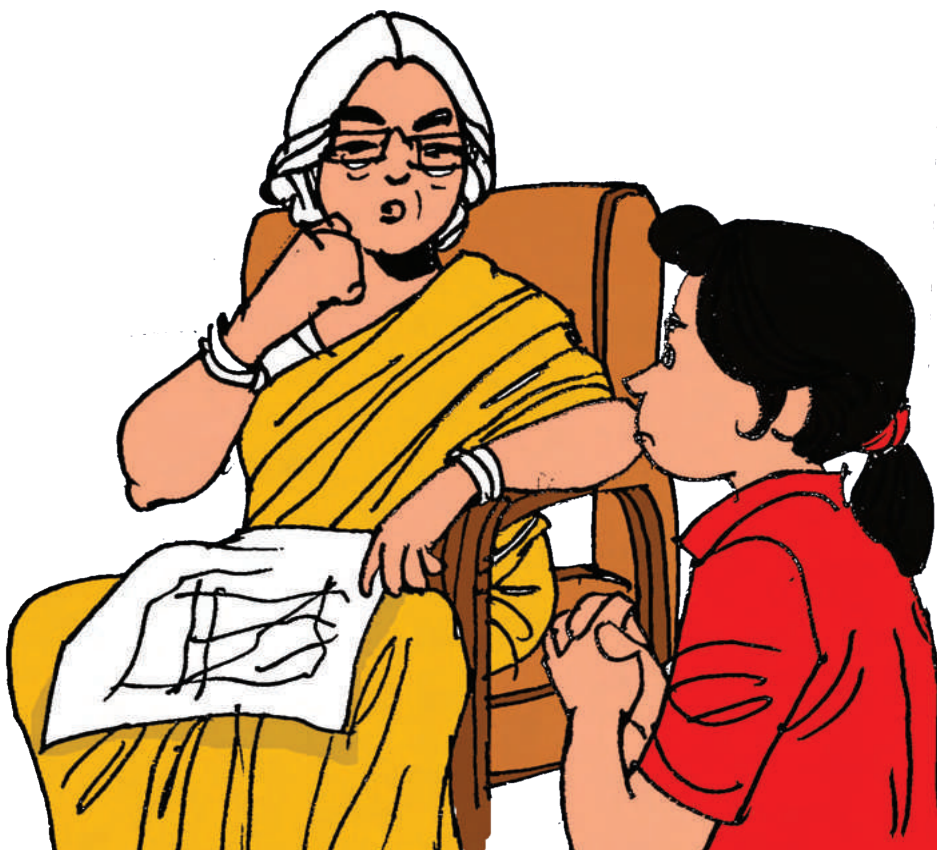
This time Mama didn't get mad, she simply crawled close to Croco. She just caressed him with her paw. Now little Croco felt great! He was very happy and said, "Mama but what if that little bird happens to be just a wee bit crazy and picks out my teeth instead of the stuff that is stuck?"

Mama realized what was bothering Croco. She smiled and crawled on the bank, opened her mouth wide and laid quietly.

Naani's Magic Map!

Disha is an 8 year old girl who is very close to her Naani. She is a warm and lively 60 year old woman. Naani and Disha have long chats during sunset, but over a Magic Map!!! Yes, a Magic Map. The Magic Map was given to Naani by her Naani when she was just as old as Disha. Every evening, they would sit together in their cozy little wooden cottage and use the Map to see places they have never seen before. Let's see where they are off to today!

Like every exciting evening, Disha sat down with Naani and said "Naani, I want to visit islands, but not just any island. Islands with mysterious prisons, islands that glitter like emeralds in the sea with rocky caves and hills, with birds and animals I have never seen." Naani was as excited as Disha after hearing her and said, "Yes, why not." She said a spell, "Dear Magic Map, the world is large and beautiful, and we know very little, being the kindest one that you are,



take us where we wish to go.” Suddenly the room lit up with a soft yellow light and the two were taken to the Andaman and Nicobar Islands! For that was what matched her wish the best.

There, they see an interesting building, spread in seven wings like the petals of a lotus flower, a unique three-storied jail, that was the first of its kind in India. It has rooms that were once used to keep prisoners in solitary confinement, called Cells. This gives it the name Cellular Jail.

Nicobarese, the people of these islands, live in beautiful huts which have unique architecture. The house is raised on piles about 5-7 feet above the ground. The rooms have a pleasant breeze giving a touch of air conditioning. Cooking however, is done in a separate hut. The paradise islands of the Andaman and Nicobar do, indeed, look like emeralds in the Bay of Bengal.

In 1290 A.D, Marco Polo, the explorer in his voyage round the world touched these islands and made a mention of them in his writings. Mysteries surround these islands because of their inaccessibility and hostile tribes. In the writings of famous traveler, Claudius Platoni, a Roman geographer in the second century A.D,

these islands are described as “Islands of Good Fortune”. These islands have giant trees that compete with one another for sunlight and grow high towards the sky. There are dense undergrowths of bushes, creepers and shrubs. Creepers climb up these trees and clutch them with a tenacious grip that if a tree would be cut, it would seldom fall on the ground, but remained suspended in the air due to the grip of the creepers.

These islands have a wide variety of birds and animals, including 200 species of birds, snakes, lizards and insects. These islands have enormous marine wealth including Sardines, Ankobi, Catfish, Pomfret, Hilsa, Karnecks, etc. An interesting species of crabs, called the Robber Crab, climbs up the coconut trees and eats away the coconuts, this also gives it the name Coconut Crab.

Disha was amazed with everything that she saw, her eyes were filled with wonder. Seeing this Naani was pleased, pointing at the setting sun behind the hills, Naani said “Looks like sunset my dear, we should get back home before it is too dark, come, hold my hand and close your eyes”. They came back to their cottage again and thanked the Magic Map for the wonderful trip.

*-Information taken from the book ‘Andaman and Nicobar Islands’, written by B.R. Tamta,
Published by National Book Trust, India.*

Letter from Home!

The day was fading as they came in from the basketball field. “Br-rr, it’s chilly!” Manasi exclaimed to her best friend Rashi.

Rashi, turned to glance at the solitary figure behind them. “It was a big mistake,” she said, “taking Mouse on our side. She lost us game.”

Manasi nodded gloomily.

Seema, a new girl, was slender with a narrow, expressionless face. She hardly spoke and had no close friends.

It seemed natural to call her Mouse. “She’s no good at anything,” Rashi said.



“We-ell,” Manasi said, “she’s not that bad in her studies. I think she just prefers to stay in the background.”

Manasi had never paid attention to Mouse. Even though she sat right next to her in the study hall.

The post was being distributed one day.

How they looked forward to the letters from home! One wanted to chuckle over little brother’s escapades, know if dad’s cold was better and find out about cousin so-and-so’s wedding.

Manasi sat at her desk, waiting while the prefect distributed the letters. She reached Mouse and plonked down an envelope, a rather official looking one, with an address printed in a corner.

Mouse stared disbelievingly. Her hand shook so hard opening it that she ended up tearing it.

It was the first time Manasi had seen Mouse get a letter! She used to get letters regularly.

She sneaked a sideways glance and burst out, “Wow, a typewritten letter!”

“Whose letter?” Manasi asked.

“My dad’s.” Seema said.

It was nothing more than a paragraph with a signature. Mouse no longer looked

excited. Weeks passed and Mouse didn't get any more letters.

Then something strange happened. A letter disappeared from Manasi's desk.

Maybe I lost it, she thought. But, a week later, her mother's latest letter vanished mysteriously too!

"Don't be crazy," Rashi said, when she told her. "Who'd steal letters?"

A couple days later, a photograph went missing too.

"This is weird," Rashi said. "Who'd steal letters? We must catch the thief," Rashi continued. "I have an idea..."

"I'm sure she does it during the tea break. The next time you get a letter, show it around. We'll hide and catch her."

Manasi got a long letter from home that very day. There was a picture of her brother Ankur too, riding his new bike. "Doesn't he look cute?" she leaned to show it to Seema. But what could she do? Let her take away all her letters and photos?

The next day at tea-time, Manasi and Rashi crouched behind the teacher's desk, shivering.

They heard footsteps—soft and hesitant. After a while there was a scraping sound, then a hinge squeaked. Someone had opened a desk!

"NOW!" Rashi whispered.

"Caught you!" Rashi cried, grasping the skinny arm.

The girl turned white, swayed. Her mouth quivered and her sorrowful glance pierced Manasi through and through.

Manasi stared at the letters and photographs scattered on the ground.

"So it was you!" Rashi said. "How sick!"

"Please—be quiet," Manasi said.

Seema collapsed into a chair. "I s-stole your letters," she wept. "But I was putting them back."

"It's okay," Manasi said. "I'm sorry... just wanted that photo back. Keep the letters if you wish..."

Manasi almost wept. "But why don't your parents write?"

It all spilt out then. Seema's mother had died when she was a baby and her grandmother brought her up. Her Dad was too busy to write. "He must have dictated that one to his secretary," she ended bitterly.

Then Rashi surprised Manasi. "Forget it, yaar," she said. "*We're* here—letters or no letters. You hang around with us."

The Mouse's eyes shone. "Thanks!" she whispered.

Manasi couldn't help writing to her Mom about it who called up Seema's Dad, and an occasional letter began to arrive. When Mom wrote to Manasi, she wrote a letter to Seema too. In a separate envelope—of course!

Deepa Agarwal
Popular Children's Author
Email: deepa.agarwal@gmail.com



ULJhaN - SuLJHaN

*Solve these fun puzzles. For each correct answer you get a star,
answer all the questions correctly to get 5 stars!*

1. What would weigh more, a kilogram of candies or a kilogram of rice?
2. In a single-storey house, there is a blue window, white table, yellow chairs and purple curtains, what is the colour of the staircase?
3. What starts and ends with 'E' but has only one letter?
4. What needs to be broken in order to be used?
5. Which month of the year has 28 days?



February 2021						
Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
31	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	1	2	3	4	5	6

Answers:
 1) Neither, both weigh the same 2) It's a single-storey house so it doesn't have a staircase
 3) Envelope 4) An egg 5) All months of the year have 28 days.

From Our Young Readers

An Unexpected Trip

Clouds covered the sun, it was raining very lightly. Droplets were falling on the window from where a boy was continuously gazing at the street lamp. It looks like the monsoon arrived early. The boy had mixed feelings of joy because today was the last day of his school, and sad because he was not going anywhere during his vacation. Summer days are sizzling hot, but today the weather was nice.

As he was lost in his thoughts he heard his mother calling him for breakfast.

“Why didn’t you comb your hair,” she said as she picked up a bottle of hair oil and grabbed him before he could run.

“You know mom, I don’t like oil in my hair,” He said while trying to remove his mom’s hand from his head.

“I don’t like boys who have bush-like hair.” His mom complained.

“Mom! Those are hairstyles,” Richie exclaimed.

“Oh! You look drowsy, do you have to go to school today?” his mom said caringly. She said so because yesterday was Richie’s birthday! He spent the whole day enjoying with his friends.

He wanted to go to school as he wished to spend the last day with his friends, before they left for their vacations.

“Where is dad?” he asked. “He promised me that we will go to the waterpark on Sunday.” Richie now lost his hopes that he will ever visit the waterpark.

“This promise is between you and your dad, I am not coming in between.”

His mom said, “You should eat your toast fast, your bus will be coming soon.”

Soon the bus horn blew and he left for school.



His day at school wasn't that bad, only if he could have played football it would have been better. The best thing was that they saw an animated movie in the last period which was probably the math period!

Richie was coming back home but the rain hadn't stopped yet. He was sitting in the back of the bus and looking outside the window. "You know, I'm going to Mauritius this time!" said Akash to Naman. Everyone started to talk about their vacations. Akash soon asks Alia and Richie knows that he is next!

Richie was hoping that nobody would ask him, as he was not going anywhere. Everybody would laugh at him. He was deep in thought, but before his turn, his stop had come.

"Happy holidays!" he wished everyone and left.

Richie knocked on the door but no one was opening it. Just then someone opened the door.

"Granny!" Richie hugged her. He was delighted to see her.

"Your mom will come in the evening and then" she paused for a second and said, "Your lunch is on the table!" He finished his lunch and went up to take a nap.

Richie was sleeping in his room when he woke up to some loud voices coming from downstairs. They were talking very loud and giggling.

Richie walked down and hid behind the wall, to hear the conversation. "Yes! We are leaving tomorrow!" he heard his father say.

"Mom is also going with us," he said.

"Obviously, a family trip is always incomplete without an elder," said granny.

Now Richie couldn't stop himself and walked up to them-

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"Oh! Good evening Richie, I have news which can make your evening better!" His father smiled.

"Are we going to the waterpark?"

"No" said his dad, only one word which was enough to hurt him.

"But you promised me...."

"Richie! We are going on a vacation!" Hearing this, he jumped from his chair. "We are going to Ranikhet! It is perfect for adventures and has many water sports. I think Rafting is quite popular there". Today was indeed the luckiest evening for Richie.

Amrit Singh
Vanasthali Public School
Class: 9
Email: amriiiitttt@gmail.com

Birdy's Plea...

Human...Human, hear my plea!
Human...Human, don't cut down the tree.
Hear this little birdy's plea,
Oh! Don't cut down the tree.

Oh Little birdy! Why do you say so?
If I don't, I have nowhere to go!
My family starves; we have to eat in halves!
Are you sad because we humans are bad?



All the trees in the garden have been cut!
Where shall I make my family's nest?
We have no place to rest!
Why don't you make it on the roof?
Or the shed of our human house?



That's the best, until you get caught by a mouse!
I don't like to intrude on others' homes.
I would like humans to respect nature.
Plant more trees. They are essential for both you and me.

Sift Sandhu
Class: 4
Sri Ram School, Gurugram
Email: siftsandhu10@gmail.com

Angie's Three Unique Friends

Angie, a long-haired, kind girl had just shifted back home from the hospital after a short illness. She lived all alone so she had to do all work on her own. She looked very thin and frail and no one in the neighbourhood helped her. She was weak, without friends and prayed to God for her full recovery every day.

One day while preparing her breakfast, Angie saw a Parrot, a Rat and a Rabbit near the window. She smiled and shared some food with them. She instantly thought of the three as her friends and made delicacies for them daily. She served her friends happily and with joy.

However, next week she fell ill again and was asked to rest for longer this time. Still, without worrying for her health, she made her friends some lunch.

That night, when Angie was sleeping, the three friends discussed about Angie. The Rat said, "We should help our friend as she helps us every day."

The Rabbit added, "We all have heard the famous saying - '*A friend in need is a friend indeed*'."

"Yes", said all the friends.

The next day, Parrot prepared some food, Rabbit cleaned the house, and Rat



washed the clothes. Angie was surprised and grateful. She thanked her friends and cried with joy.

She soon got healthy and felt better. But her three lovely friends had already disappeared. She was surprised!

She then realized that it was God who had sent her the three friends for her recovery and better health.

Ayush Pandit

Class: 8

The Shishukunj International School, Indore

Email: sandeepa1611@gmail.com

24 Hours on the Moon

The famous trend that started on YouTube- '24 hours in my kitchen', '24 hours in my bathroom', '24 hours in a mall', '24 hours in a shop', etc. These kinds of videos were widely circulated. So, I decided to attempt the challenge too. But it should not be something the others did; it had to be something different. So, I chose the moon! 'Living on the moon for 24 hours'.

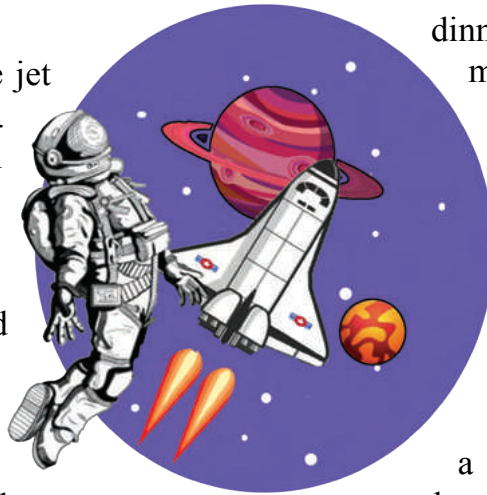
I took my private jet and landed on the moon. I wore my colourful tie-dyed spacesuit and stepped out. I set up my tripod in such a way that could record the entire moon and myself.

I reached the moon at 6 am and started my basic morning routine. I started to jog on the moon listening to my favourite beats. I finished my jog and laid out my yoga mat to do some meditation. To meditate, I always lit up a candle for aroma. Since I wore a high-tech spacesuit, I had the sense of smell included in it. The aroma felt spiritual. The candle went off every now and then because of the constant wind in space. After finishing my disturbed meditation, I

went and started to edit what I had filmed and had some brunch.

After finishing my brunch, I lay on the moon with my laptop and started to binge watch 'Lost in Space'. After it finished, I took a long nap for three hours. God knows why the moon was so soft and comfy. After I woke up, I had a coffee and read my book. Later, I had dinner and finished editing my complete video with voiceovers. I went to bed and woke up early the next day because I had to leave. I packed my things and flew off in my jet.

The heavenly 24 hours I spent there was a once in a blue moon adventure. Though I got bored a lot, I did all of this to film my video. Well, my video did not hit so many views but I got many questions on how I got permission from the government to spend a day on the moon. I had a watch that could stop time. So, you may have guessed how I got the permission...



Shreshta Manikandan

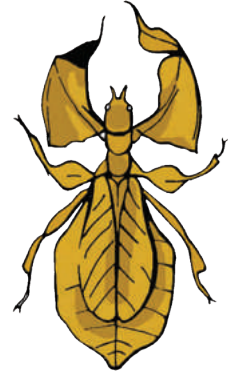
Class: 9

Vellanal Vidyalaya Annex, Chennai
Email: srinivasanarchana26@gmail.com

Tricks and Mimics...

In the depths of a forest, a rock hides,
Silent and still, just lying on the side!
But wait! Be careful and kneel...
You'll see it's actually a toad waiting for its next meal!

“How is it possible?” you might wonder,
These powers are called camouflage, you see...
An ability occupied by some animals on the land, sky and sea!



Camouflages are all about illusions,
It gives an animal to every problem a solution,
So are you ready to discover....
This amazing world of wonder!

Have you noticed how leaf insects look exactly like leaves?
Swaying with the wind like a leaf is being blown,
Well this is the first trick my friend,
A mimics magic can never come to an end!



Oh no, lets go! That snake looks dangerous,
Oh, it's just a harmless snake pretending to be venomous!
Look at its color, and stripes which say- “Don't eat me...wait!”
This disguise you just can't resist,
This trick is also on the top of the list!
That isn't a tree that has big yellow eyes...
Carefully look and you'll see another master of disguise!
A nocturnal animal named owl, you'll be able to spot,
It has ruffled brown feathers which look like bark,
And its position helps it vanish into the dark!

Some animals can be magicians too,
They turn from one thing to another, that's true!

Look at the leafy, floating seaweed...
It looks so normal that no one will pay heed!
But that's a leafy sea dragon, you see!
Its fins look just like leaves, they've fooled you and me!
Just floating along like nothing is there,
Wow! I think spotting it would be pretty rare!



But have you ever thought why animals do this?
Well it's all about survival,
To hunt prey, or hide from rivals!
Like these there are many animals more,
And you'll be amazed to see what they've in store!

Indrani Anant Deo

Class: 6

New Horizon Scholars School (NHSS), Thane (W).

Email: supriyahirurkar@gmail.com

QUIZ TIME

Take this fun and exciting quiz to learn more about our country:

(Answers in the next issue!).

- Which Indian railway train has been nicknamed as "Toy Train"? It was also declared as a World heritage site in 1990.
- Name the Indian festival which features boat races.
- Pungi is the traditional dance form of which Indian state?
- Chikankari is the traditional art of embroidery of which Indian state?
- Can you name the Indian state where the famous shore temple is located?

Answers for questions in the previous issue:

1. Indian Space Research Organization (ISRO), 2. Aryabhata, 3. INSAT- Indian National Satellite System, 4. Chandrayaan-1, 5. Crescograph

The Song of my Soul

It was midnight. It seemed as if the shadows and the stars were playing hide and seek. The poor stars kept getting caught because they were shining so brightly. I was watching this with fascination from my window.

I knew that I should be completing my music homework right now, but I didn't think it would matter to the teacher. She keeps saying "You have potential and raw skills Avantika and I know that music is your life but you aren't trying."

Well, I'm sorry but if you think that waking up at 10 o'clock and practicing till 4 o'clock isn't trying then I wonder what is. All I wanted was to see a satisfied smile on Mrs. Kaushik's face like I've finally lived up to her expectations. Maybe I'm not talented enough, maybe I'll never reach there. I sighed.

It was really quiet and I was trying to calm myself. I was listening carefully to the rustling of the leaves, the movement of the breeze, my heartbeat and the sounds of the animals. It filled me with the emotions of hope, love and peace. It was so beautiful, just like music.

Now just wait a second, *it was just like music!* I hurriedly took out my notebook from my bag and listened intently recognizing the different notes and copying them down in my notebook.



For the first time in my life I was actually thinking from my heart. I didn't need to search for ideas for my music, the music was within me. I kept writing, letting out my feelings in the form of musical notes. Finally I had finished.

Now, I understand what my teacher meant, I had the capability of creating my own work but I kept on copying ideas from other songs. I smiled, she was always right. I wasn't trying enough. I looked out of the window and then at my notebook. Well, Mrs. Kaushik, your student is going to make you proud. After all, I have just written the song of my soul.

Saumya
Class: 7

Amity International School, Noida
Email: saumya@ais.amity.edu

एक बार एक शिल्पकार जंगल में पत्थर ढूँढ़ने गया जिस से वो मूर्ति बना सके। उसे एक पत्थर मिला जिसको उसने अपने बक्से में डाल दिया, फिर कुछ दूर जाते ही उसे एक और पत्थर मिल जाता है, उसने उसको भी अपने बक्से में डाल दिया। घर पहुंचते ही उसने दोनों



पत्थरों को औजारों के पास रख दिया। कुछ समय बाद जब वो औजारों से उस पत्थर को आकार देने के लिए ठोकने लगा। उसके एक मार से ही वह पत्थर दर्द से चिल्ला पड़ा और कहने लगा “मुझे मत मारो, तुम्हारे मारने से मुझे दर्द होता है। शिल्पकार ने उस पत्थर को छोड़ दिया।

वह अपना काम दूसरे पत्थर पर करने लगा। कुछ समय बाद जब उसने एक मूर्ति का रूप ले लिया तो गांव वाले उसे लेने आये। उसी वक़्त उन्होंने वहाँ पे पड़े दूसरे पत्थर को भी देखा और उसे भी मंदिर ले आये।

एक पत्थर भगवान कि मूर्ति बना और दूसरा पत्थर भगवान को चढ़ाने वाले नारियल फोड़ने के लिए रखा गया।

लोग उस पत्थर पर नारियल फोड़ने लगे। एक दिन वह पत्थर परेशान होकर दूसरे पत्थर से बोला “तुम्हारा सही है सब आकर तुम पर

फूल और दूध चढ़ाते हैं और मुझ पर नारियल मारते हैं।”

तो मूर्ति ने कहा “जब वह शिल्पकार तुम पर मूर्ति बनाने वाला था तब तुमने खुद ही मना कर दिया था वर्ना आज तुम मेरी जगह होते और मैं तुम्हारी।” उसके बाद वह पत्थर चुप चाप रहेता जब भी उस पर कोई नारियल फोड़ता।

इस कहानी की सीख यह है कि: “हमे परिस्थितियों से घबराना नहीं चाहिए”।

कभी कभी नारियल फोड़ने पर उस पर भी नारियल पानी गिर जाता था, तब वह बहुत कुश हो जाता।

तान्या पवार
नालंदा मॉडर्न पब्लिक स्कूल
कक्षा: 11वीं

ईमेल: rajpanwar828555@gmail.com

My Lockdown Surprise

The sun was shining brightly and the birds were chirping, on a beautiful spring morning. I was playing ball in the garden with my dog, Oreo. I love my dog because he is very calm and playful. Suddenly, a few days later, disaster struck! There was a harmful virus that was spreading all over the world.

People were dying, so everyone in the world went into a complete lockdown. When I would look out of my balcony, not a single person would be in sight. I couldn't even go to school. My dog also had to go away because my parents thought he could carry germs. I had no one to play with when I didn't have Oreo and I was all alone.

In my dreams, I saw a world where this virus was no longer there but unfortunately those were only dreams! One day, when I was looking outside my balcony, a cute little bird came and perched on the window sill of my room. Its presence made me smile and I didn't know why! The

bird kept coming every day, so I started talking to it.

I introduced myself and said, 'Hello my name is Tina, what's yours?' It replied back, "Nice to meet you, my name is Charlie" and that's how the journey of our beautiful friendship started. We talked about the animal world, the human world, the virus and how the world changed because of it. I was amazed by all the wisdom that poured out from the little birdy. I thought that the lockdown was a blessing in disguise because if there was no lockdown, I would have never met the charming chatterbox Charlie!

I thanked Charlie for keeping me company during the lockdown.

She said it was no problem at all and thanked me for not being rude or mean to her. She told me that everybody she met would just shoo her away but I was the first person to show her kindness. I realized then that if you are kind and sweet to others, they will also be the same towards you.



I went inside with Charlie and asked my mom if I could keep her but she did not agree as she thought birds too carry germs. I begged my mom and said, “Mom, I’ll bathe her every day, take care of her and feed her too, I promise!” she finally agreed.

I was ecstatic that I could bring Charlie home. We became inseparable from then on. Due to the lockdown, I couldn’t meet any of my friends and found Charlie, who became my best friend! We did everything together. We read together, ate together, played games too! I didn’t realise how



much love and happiness a bird could bring to me until I met her!

Radhika Rohan Gosain,

Class: 4

The Shri Ram School, Gurugram

Email: nainagosain12@gmail.com

Readers' Club Bulletin

Dear Children,

If you find writing interesting and want to get published, we have the best opportunity for you!

Send us your work (apprx. 300-400 words) and get a chance to be published in our next issue.

प्रिय पाठक,

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

हम आपको प्रोत्साहित करते हैं की आगे बढ़ें और लिखें। सबसे दिलचस्प लेखों को हम अपने अगले संस्करण में प्रकाशित करेंगे। तो देर किस बात की, लिखना शुरू कर दीजिये।

Send us your stories, poems or articles at

nccl.nbtindia@gmail.com or nccl@nbtindia.gov.in

Note: Please mention your class and school while sending the entries.

[kʌp cʊk s Nɪk l k f[kyʌk

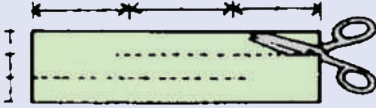
खिलौनों से खेलना हमेशा मजेदार होता है, तो चलिए आज हम सीखते हैं खुद से खिलौना बनाना। आज हम बनाएंगे 'हेलीकॉप्टर'। यह गतिविधि अरविंद गुप्ता द्वारा लिखित और

नेशनल बुक ट्रस्ट, इंडिया द्वारा प्रकाशित पुस्तक 'टेन लिटिल फिंगर्स' से ली गई है।

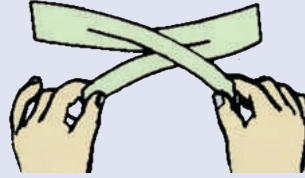
इस खिलौने को आप अपने दोस्तों के साथ मिलकर बनाएँ और इसका आनंद लें।

gyhdkVj

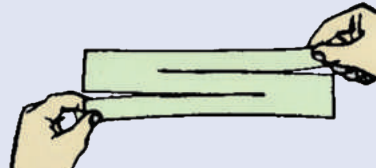
pj.k 1% कागज़ की एक पट्टी लें जो 3 सें.मी. चौड़ी और 12 सें.मी. लंबी हो। अब दो-तिहाई लम्बाई को निचे दिखाया हुआ चित्र के अनुसार काटें।



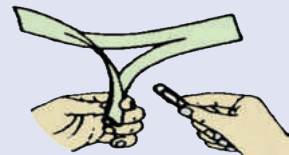
pj.k 3% अब एक 'Y' का आकार बन जाएगा।



pj.k 2% अब ऊपरी-दाएं कोने और निचले-बाएं कोनों को दोनों हाथों से पकड़ कर आपस में मिलाएं।



pj.k 4% पट्टी के दोनों सिरों पर एक पेपर-क्लिप लगा दें। क्लिप के भार की वजह से हेलीकॉप्टर उड़ान में सीधी स्थिति में रहेगा।



pj.k 5% अब हेलीकॉप्टर को ऊंचाई से छोड़ें और उसे गोल-गोल घूमते हुए निचे आता हुआ देखें। अपने दाएं हाथ के अंगूठे और तर्जनी उंगली से एक छल्ला बनाएं। गिरते हेलीकॉप्टर को इस छल्ले में पकड़ने की कोशिश करें।



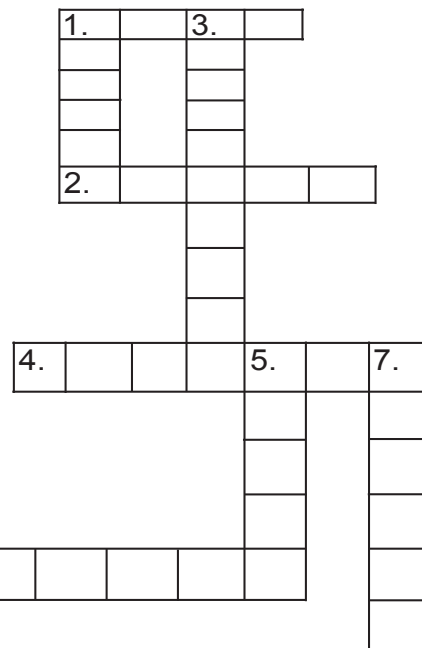
Crossword Gandhi Jayanthi Special!



We all love Mahatma very dearly. He taught us to do the right thing even if it is hard. Take this quiz to learn more about this great soul.

Across:

1. Mahatma Gandhi is affectionately called as _____ in Hindi, which translates to father in English. (4 Letters word, noun)
2. _____ March is also known as the Salt March. (5 letters, noun)
4. _____, is a spinning wheel used for spinning thread. Mahatma Gandhi used this to initiate the Swadeshi movement. (7 letters, noun, thing)
6. The _____ Ashram has served as home Mahatma Gandhi. (9 letters, noun)



Down:

1. "Let our lives be like open _____" is a famous quote by Mahatma Gandhi. (5 letters, noun, plural)
3. _____ is the birth city of Mahatma Gandhi. (9 letters, noun)
5. _____ fabric originated when Mahatma Gandhi led the Swadeshi movement. It is also known as Khaddar. (5 letters, noun)
7. Mahatma Gandhi used the _____ principles, which meant *doing in no harm* as a part of the non-violence movement. (6 letters, noun)

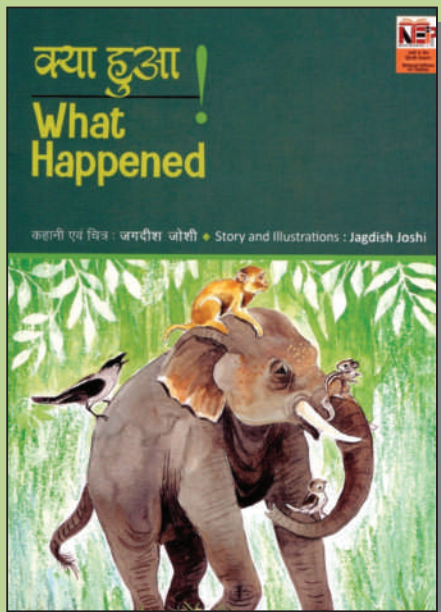
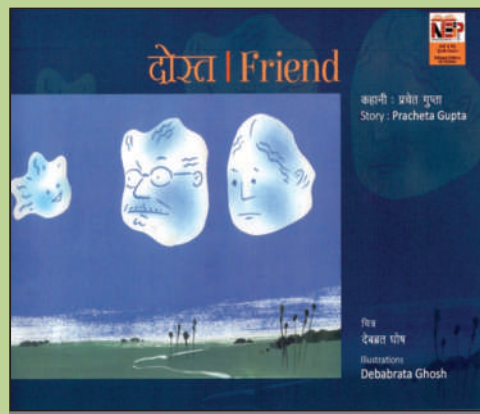
Recent titles from Bilingual series by National Book Trust, India

nkLr

ysld %cpr xprk
fp=dkj %nscr ?kSk

यह कहानी तुलतुले नाम के नटखट बादल की है, जिसे अपने शरीर पर एक काला धब्बा मिलता है तथा वह सुंदर दिखने के लिए उस धब्बे को धोना चाहती है। लेकिन नदी सूखी पड़ी है। फिर वह अपने धब्बे को कैसे धोती है?

पृ: 96; रु: 40



What Happened!

Story and Illustrations by: Jagdish Joshi

There is a commotion among the inhabitants of a tree as a monkey suddenly falls down. As they look around carefully, to their horror, they discover that the tree they were living on is suddenly lying upside down. How did this happen? This is an interesting story on conservation of trees.

Pages: 24; Rs. 45



NATIONAL CENTRE FOR CHILDREN'S LITERATURE, NATIONAL BOOK TRUST, INDIA
Nehru Bhawan 5, Institutional Area, Phase - II, Vasant Kunj, New Delhi-110070
E-Mail : office.nbt@nic.in | Per Copy : ₹ 15.00 Annual subscription : ₹ 50.00

