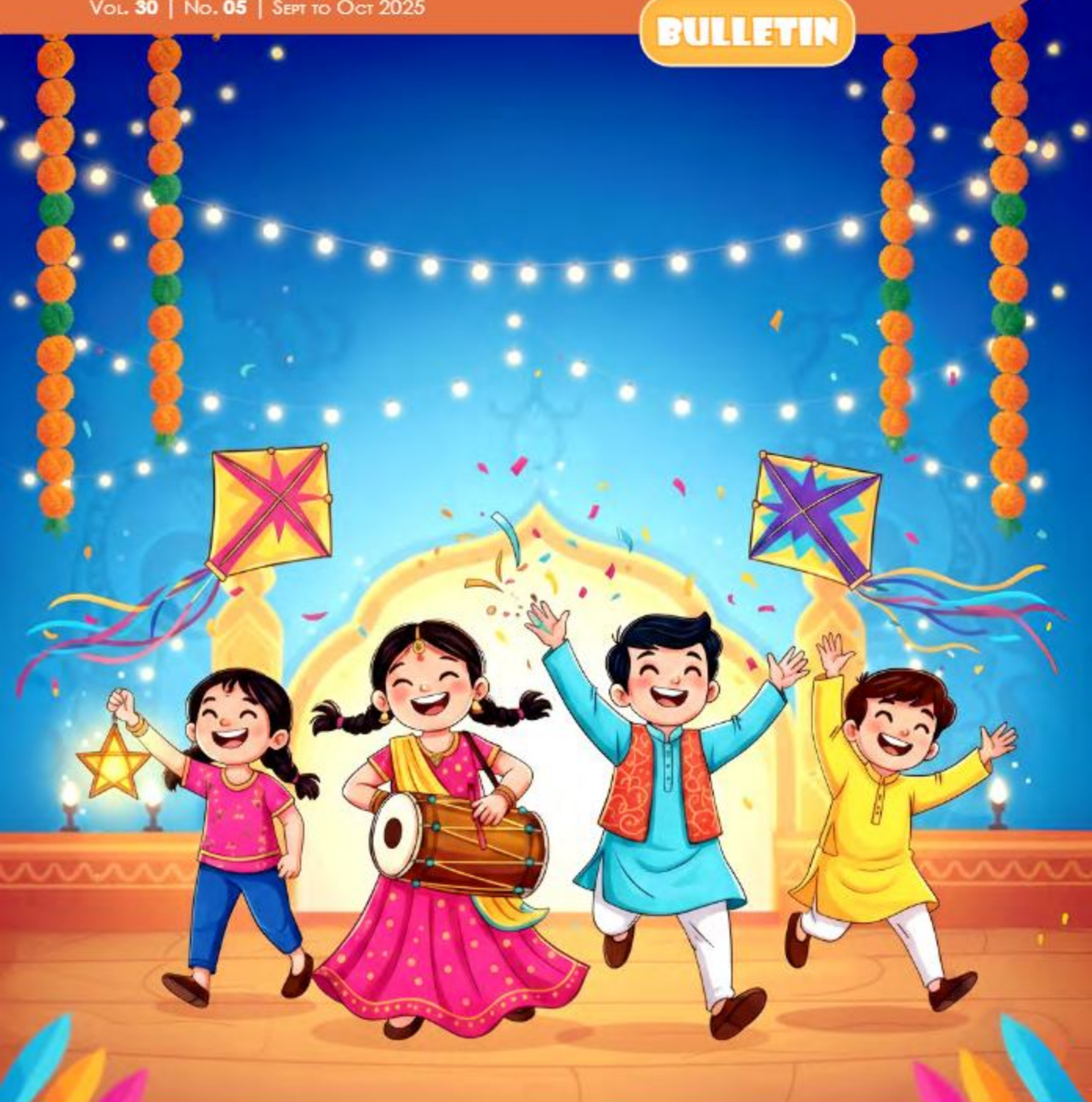


READERS' CLUB

VOL. 30 | No. 05 | SEPT TO OCT 2025

BULLETIN





A World of Stories at NBT-India

The National Centre for Children's Literature (NCCL) – the Children's wing of National Book Trust, India – works towards nurturing the habit of reading among children and enriching the teaching-learning experience in schools.

Storytelling has always captivated everyone – from young learners in primary grades to teachers across subjects. NCCL regularly conducts engaging storytelling, story reading, and story writing sessions for children, along with workshops for teachers to integrate storytelling into classroom pedagogy, making learning more joyful and meaningful.



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कृपया भुगतान नेशनल बुक ट्रस्ट, इंडिया के नाम भेजें।

यह बुलेटिन राष्ट्रीय बाल साहित्य केंद्र से जुड़े पाठक मंचों

को नि:शुल्क वितरित की जाती है।

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.

राष्ट्रीय बाल साहित्य केंद्र

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From the Editor's Desk

Dear Readers,

Books, stories, games, and giggles – this issue of the *Readers' Club Bulletin* is packed with all of it and more! As the season of festivals and celebrations begins, we are thrilled to bring you the September–October 2025 edition.

Travel with us to the Chinar Book Festival and the Ganganagar Pustak Pradarshini, where children, books, and ideas came together in a joyful celebration of reading. Peek into the articles written by our young authors, test your word power in Puzzle Palooza, and don't miss the exciting facts in Know Your State.

This issue is a colourful mix – much like a festive thali – where every page offers something new to taste, enjoy, and learn. And remember, your imagination is the brightest colour of all – so keep reading, keep dreaming, and most importantly, keep writing, because your words can light up the world!

Happy Reading!

VOLUME 30 | ISSUE 5 | SEPT - OCT 2025

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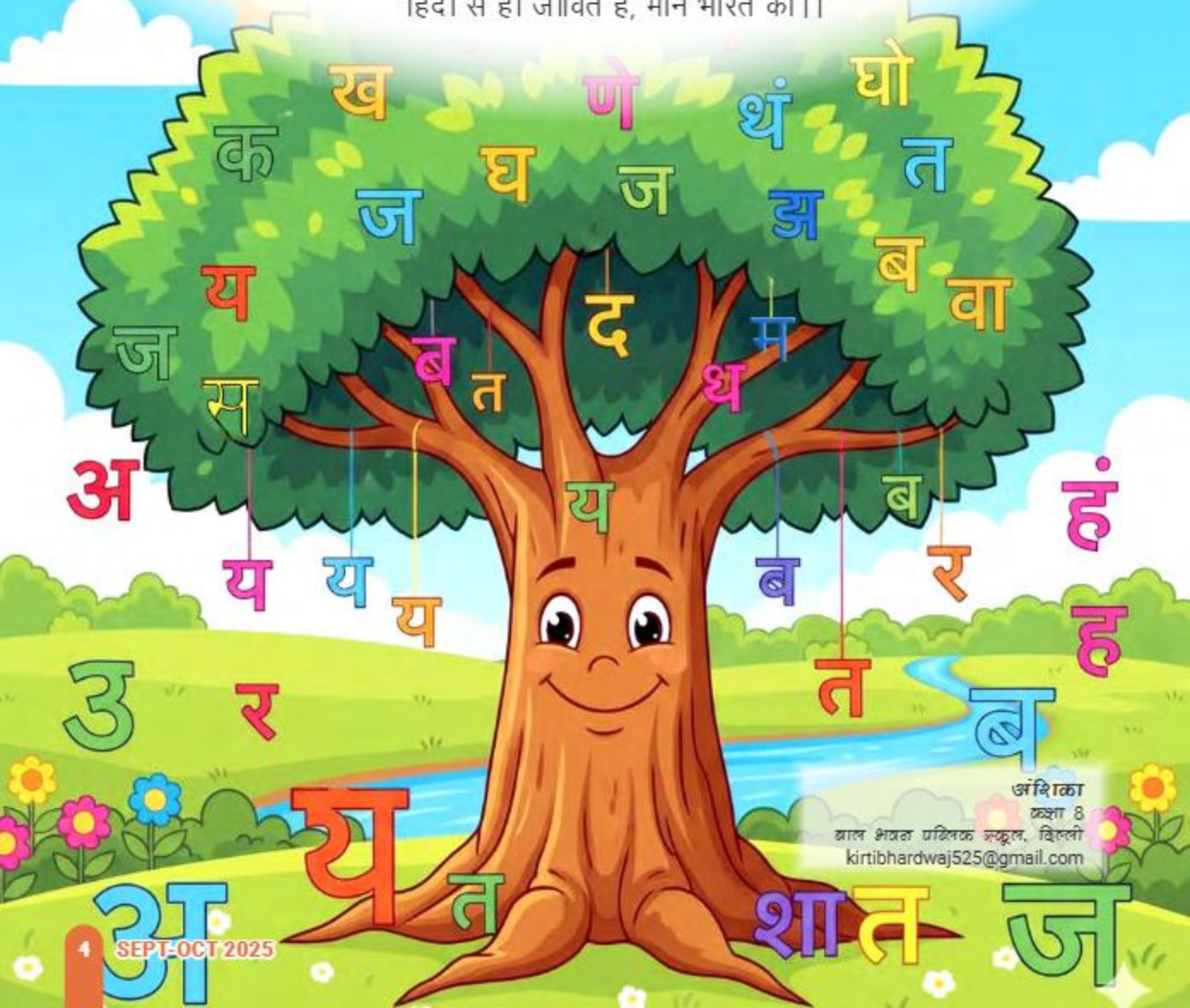
हिंदी भाषा

हिंदी है आत्मा राष्ट्र की, संस्कृति की है यह धारा।
मातृभूमि के गौरव का, सबसे पावन उद्गारा।।

शब्दों की मधुर सरगम है, वाणी की यह पहचान।
जन-मन को जोड़े रखती, बनकर स्नेह-बन्धन तान।।

विश्व पटल पर गूँज उठे, हिंदी का यह अभियान।
ज्ञान-विज्ञान की भाषा बने, सजग हो हर इंसान।

आओ हम प्रतिज्ञा ले आज, सम्मान बढ़ाएँ इसका।
हिंदी से ही जीवित है, मान भारत का।।



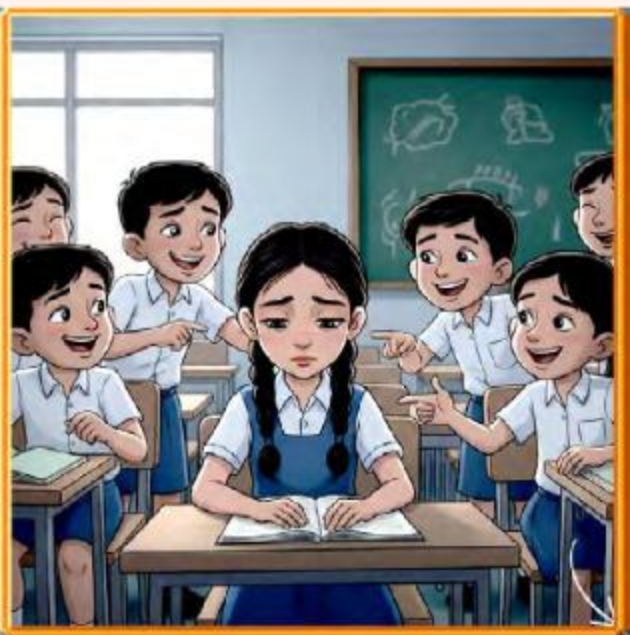
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The Quiet Girl

Riya was a quiet girl in school. She hardly spoke a word in the class, and many classmates mistook her silence for weakness. Some even bullied and teased her everyday, calling her dumb.

But Riya never reacted. Instead, she became even more determined to prove that her actions would speak one day.

On the day of the final exam, Riya finished her paper before everyone else. Everybody thought she hadn't written anything on the answer sheet.



After a few days, the students were again teasing Riya when the teacher walked in the class holding the exam results. To everyone's surprise, Riya had scored the highest in the class. Everybody's jaw dropped in shock, nobody expected that the 'quiet girl' would top the exam. After some time everybody brushed it off.

One day when some students were teasing her again, she finally spoke up. She said, "One's mindset speaks louder than their voice." Everybody was stunned. The teacher was secretly proud of Riya. After that incident, nobody dared to bother Riya again.



Ahana Mongia

Class 6

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वर्षा आई, वर्षा आई

देखो देखो, वर्षा आई,
बच्चों के मन को है भाई।
बच्चों को ये खूब लुभाए,
चलो आओ बारिश में नहाएँ।

बारिश जब भी आती है,
साथ में तूफान लाती है।
बड़े इस से होते परेशान,
बच्चों के साथ ये भरे उड़ान।

टिप-टिप-टिप-टिप।
छप-छप-छप-छप।



देखो आवाज आती चारों ओर,
बारिश के साथ देखो आए मोर।
पंछी चह-चहाए, मोर नाच दिखाए,
बच्चे बारिश में नाव दौड़ाएँ।

जब भी बारिश आती है,
बच्चों के मन को भाती है।
जब भी बारिश आती है,
बच्चों के मन को भाती है।



सुमित
कक्षा 11

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Time

Time is just time,
Sweet as honey or sour as lime,
It never waits for anyone,
Yet people wait for everyone.

Time is just time,
Breakfast or dine,
It's always there with us,
Always running – like a bus.

Through night and day,
It's ticking its way,
It's on our hand or on the wall,
Not so easy to handle like a ball.

Time always walks,
While the wind may hop,
Neither will drop,
Like clock hands that never stop.



Christy Saini
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EVERY SECOND COUNTS!

The Clock That Froze Time

I was digging through old boxes in my grandfather's attic when I found something strange—a dusty, golden pocket watch. It wasn't ticking, but it had a small inscription on the back that said, "Turn once to pause the world." Curious, I twisted the dial. Everything stopped.

The rain paused mid-air. The fan froze in place. When I ran downstairs, my mom was pouring tea – but the liquid hung mid-air like amber glass. My brother was in the middle of sneezing. Even the TV screen was seemed like still life painting.

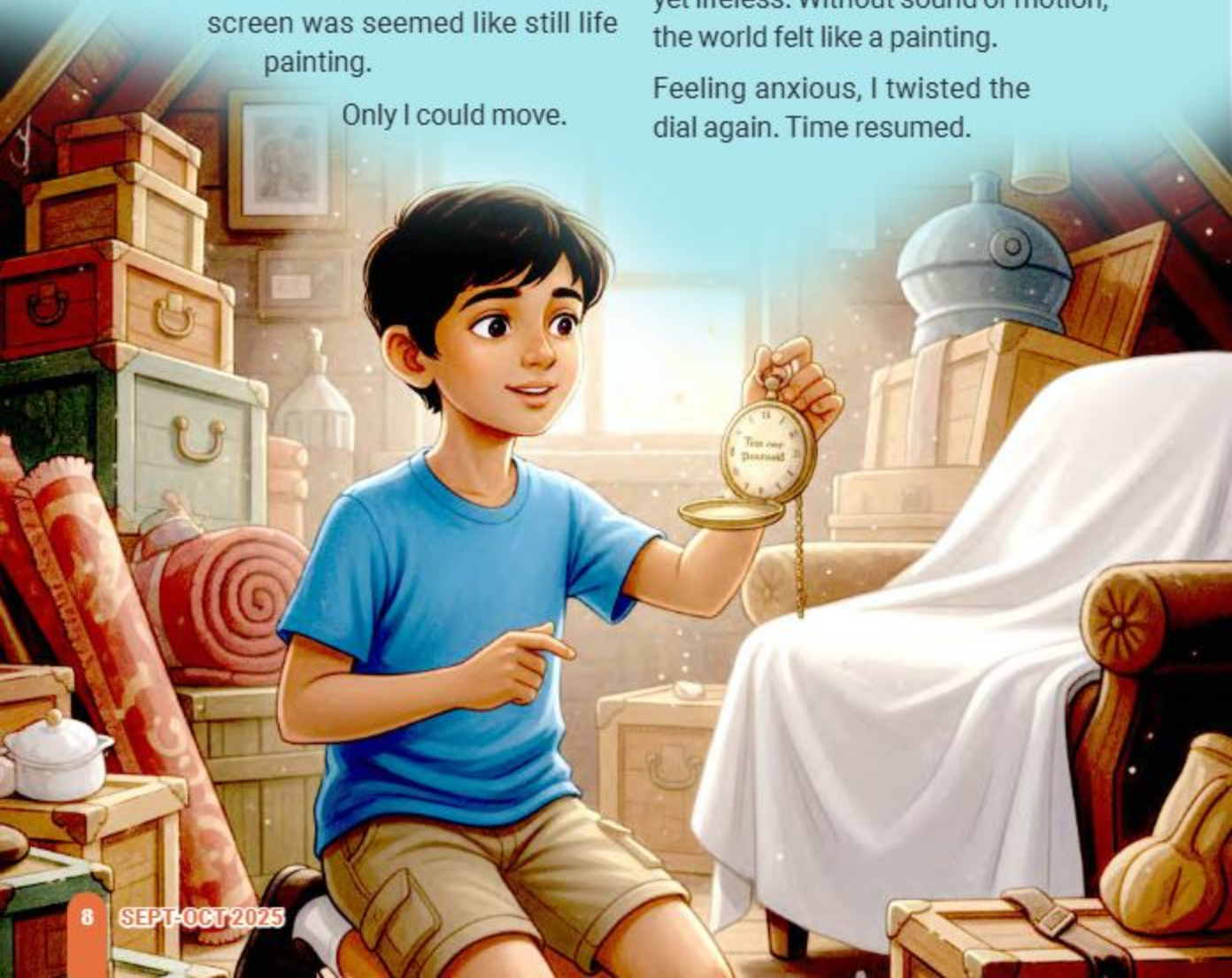
Only I could move.

At first, it was incredible. I could eat all the sweets without getting caught, skip boring classes, even walk into the principal's office and change my report card. (I didn't... okay, maybe just a little.)

But soon the excitement and thrill began to fade.

No voices. No laughter. Just silence. I walked through my neighbourhood, seeing people frozen in time—mid-laughter, mid-sentence. They were alive yet lifeless. Without sound or motion, the world felt like a painting.

Feeling anxious, I twisted the dial again. Time resumed.



Relieved, I slipped the watch into my pocket, but a question lingered through my mind, "What would I do if I had more time?"

Would I help someone? Fix a mistake? Say the words I had been too afraid to say?

The next day, I saw a boy crying near the school gate. He had dropped his project, and the wind had scattered the papers all over the ground.

Without thinking, I twisted the dial. Time froze.

I gathered all his papers, placed the project gently back in his hands, and twisted the dial again. The boy looked confused—but smiled.



That day, I understood something.

Time is not meant to be controlled. It's meant to be respected.

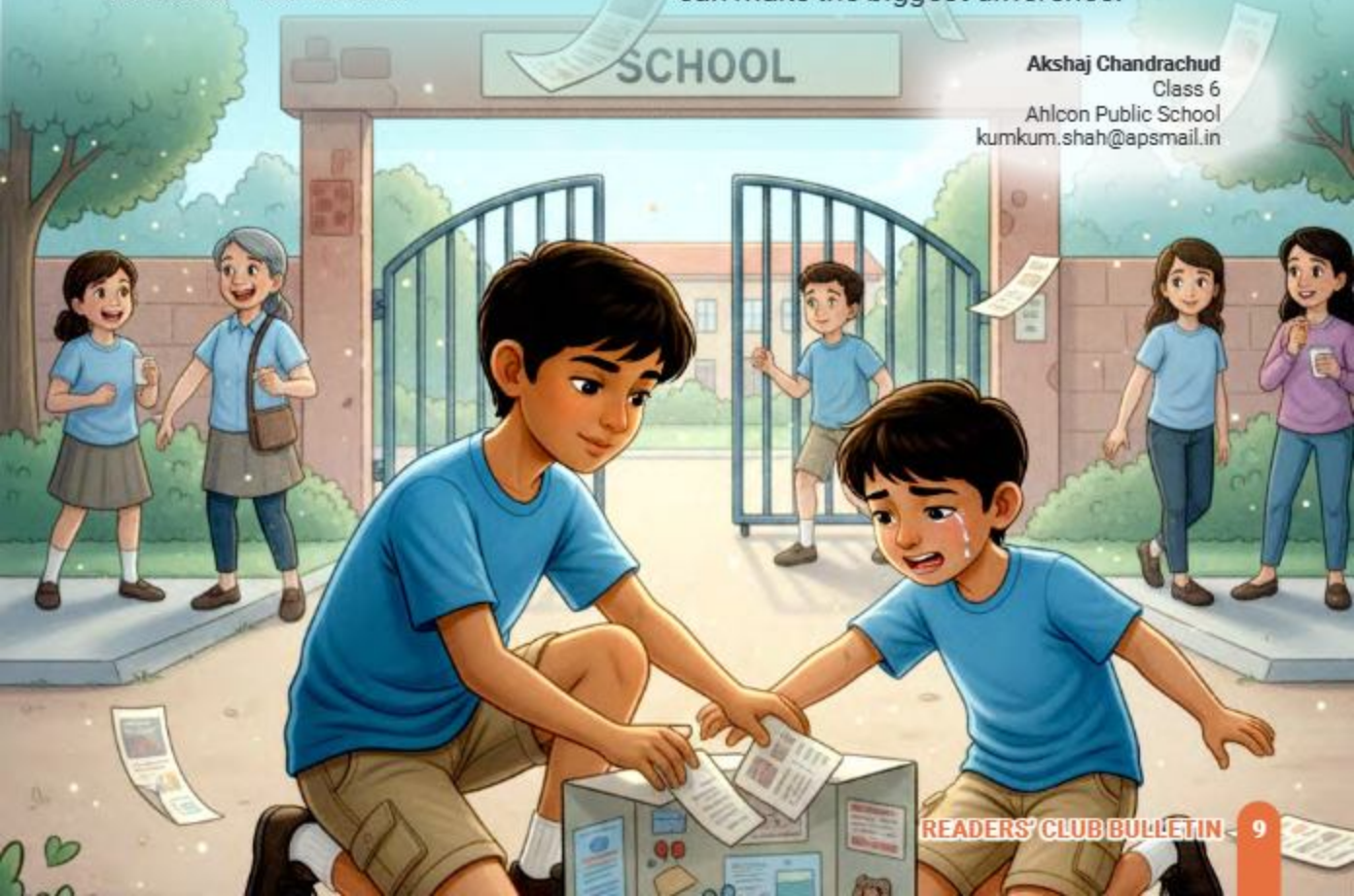
And sometimes, the smallest moment can make the biggest difference.

Akshaj Chandrachud

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Festival of Rakshabandhan

Threads of love, threads of care,
Rakhi ties, a bond so rare.
Sister's prayers, brother's might,
A promise kept, through day and night.

With every thread, a story told,
Of love and trust, forever to hold.
Rakhi's charm, a sibling tie,
A bond of love, that never dies.

Rakhi's thread, a bond so strong,
Love and care, all day long.
Threads of love, a bond so true,
Rakhi's promise, forever for you.

Sister's love, brother's care,
A bond so strong, beyond compare.
I celebrate this Rakhi with sweet so fine,
May our bond of love, forever shine.

Yukti Jha
Class 5

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Mother

Mother Mother, my dearest treasure,
Our bond is sacred beyond all measure.
Teacher, friend, nurse, and caregiver,
How do you manage all of this together?

Everything you do is perfect for me,
For the rest of my life, stay beside me.
Memories shine with your laughter's light,
Over every burden, you make days bright.

Time cannot fade the bond we share,
Hope blossoms within your tender prayer.
Eternal your love, deep and true,
Reminding me always, I owe it to you.

Vyoma Deepansha Tripathi
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The Two Kingdoms

Once upon a time, there were two kingdoms named Moonlight and Sunlight, each ruled by twin brothers. One day, both the kingdoms were blessed with two princesses, whom the kings of Moonlight and Sunlight named Mouna and Shaina, respectively. The people of Moonlight were kind and beautiful, while those in Sunlight were disciplined and rugged.

When both the princesses turned eighteen, they wanted to make the occasion memorable. They asked their fathers for permission to spend it together – first in the Moonlight Kingdom and the next day in the Sunlight Kingdom. On the third day, as they walked along the beach that lay between the two kingdoms, they shared a secret wish – to experience each other's lives.

At that very moment, a star fell from the sky and their wish came true!

The following morning Shaina awoke in Moonlight Kingdom and Mouna in Sunlight Kingdom. Mouna found the people at Sunlight too harsh, while Shaina felt the people at Moonlight were too sensitive and gentle. That night, they met again on the beach and wished to return to their own lives. Once again, a star fell from the sky and the next morning, they were themselves again.

Through this experience, Mouna and Shaina found each other's lives interesting but realized that their own lives were perfect for them.

So, as they say: It's better to be yourself than to live someone else's life.

Vaani Sharma

Class 5

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Deepawali

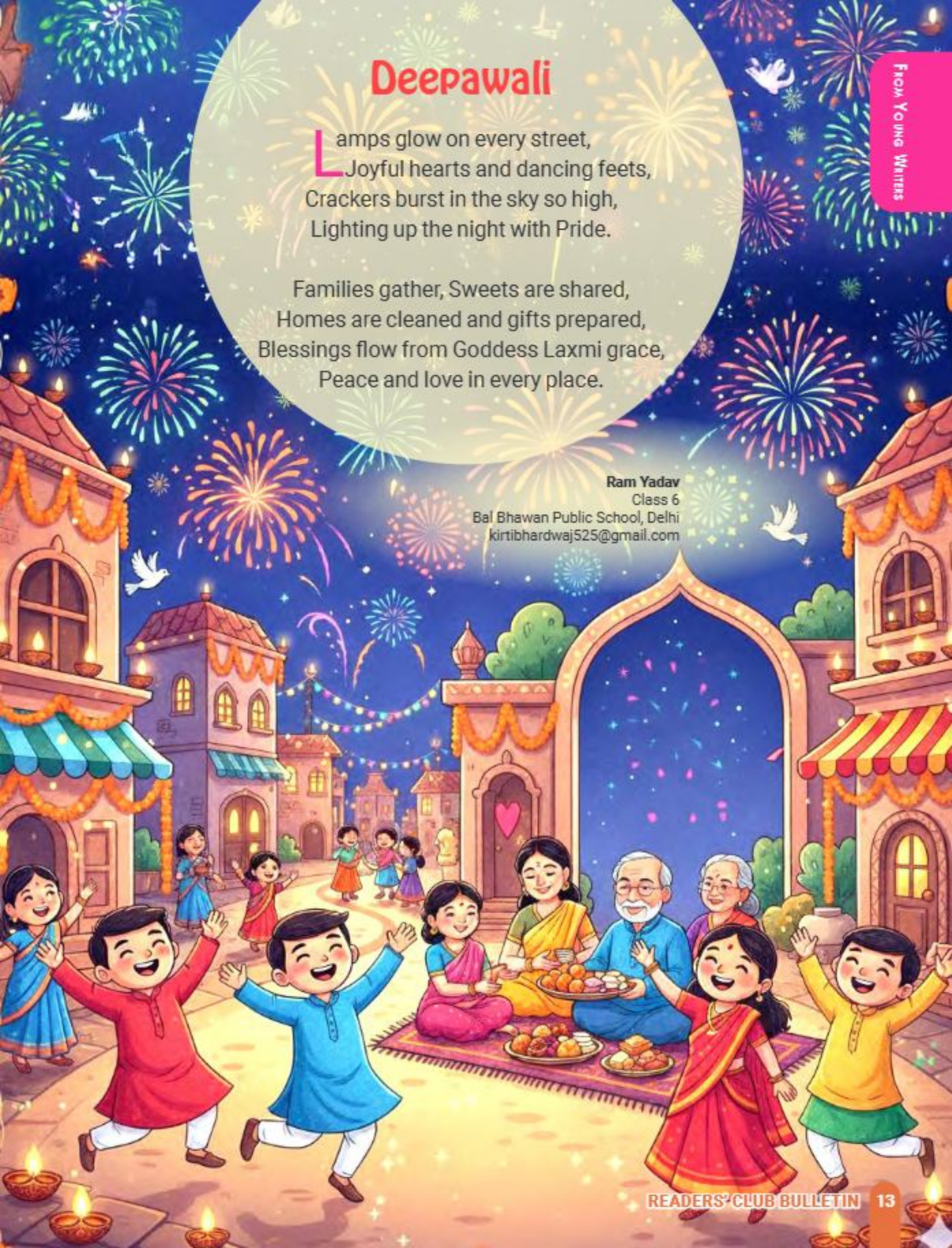
Lamps glow on every street,
Joyful hearts and dancing feet,
Crackers burst in the sky so high,
Lighting up the night with Pride.

Families gather, Sweets are shared,
Homes are cleaned and gifts prepared,
Blessings flow from Goddess Laxmi grace,
Peace and love in every place.

Ram Yadav

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The Vanishing Hour

Raman had always dreamed of space, but never as a visitor. He was a scientist, not an astronaut. Yet one morning, an invitation addressed to him came from the International Space Station.

"Why me?" he asked the officer.

"You'll know when you reach," the reply was calm and cryptic.

The journey itself was breathtaking. As the shuttle pierced through the atmosphere,

question never left his mind: Why was I called here?

On his second night, he noticed something strange. The station was busy — people worked, exercised, joked. But at a certain time, everything shifted. Lights flickered faintly. Conversations ended mid-sentence. Faces softened or tensed, almost as if a shadow had passed over their hearts.

For nearly an hour, the air felt heavy, the silence unbearable.

Raman named it — The Vanishing Hour.

It wasn't sleep, nor was it fatigue. Everyone was awake, yet not present. Some stared blankly at the Earth through the window. Some pressed their palms against the wall, grounding themselves. One whispered a name under his breath, almost like a prayer. And Raman too felt it — a hollow in his chest, memories rushing back uninvited — his mother calling him home from school, a friend he hadn't spoken to in years, a note that he hid from his children.

Then, just as it ended, people returned to normal, laughing, talking, and floating around. Raman asked, "Did you feel that?"

They looked at him blankly, "Feel what?"

The third night, he stayed awake, determined to understand. When the hour arrived, he noticed the station's orbit.

Earth turned into a glowing marble, blue and fragile. Inside the station, astronauts floated like dancers, walls covered with wires and glowing screens. Raman's heart raced with excitement, but the





They were moving from sunlight into the Earth's shadow. For that brief stretch, the Sun disappeared completely. No reflections, no glare, only soft darkness surrounding the station.

And then it became clear. The Vanishing Hour was not supernatural or accidental. It was a human phenomenon, triggered by silence and removal of distraction. The brief darkness and isolation forced minds to confront what they usually ignore — regrets, desires, fears, and memories. Our brains are normally so full of noise — screens, schedules, voices — that these truths hide in corners. But in that perfect, timed silence, they surface.

Raman finally realized why he had been invited. Space did not create this Vanishing Hour; it only exposed it.

For him, it was both frightening and enlightening. He understood that every person carries these hidden hours on

Earth too, in different forms — lying awake at night, staring out of a window, standing silently in a crowd.

The next morning, as Raman looked at Earth's glowing oceans and continents, he smiled softly. He did not need an answer from science to understand what he had seen. Some mysteries are not solved with instruments but with attention.

When he returned, a journalist asked, "What did you see in space?"

Raman smiled, thinking of the Vanishing hour and the faces he had witnessed. "Nothing new," he said gently. "Only what we forget to see in ourselves."

And with that, he walked away.

Ayush Pandit
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प्रकृति की बाहों में

हवा की सरगम, पत्तों की तान,
नदी के जल में छुपा है गान,
फूलों की खुशबू, मिट्टी की महक,
धरती की गोद में सब का है टेक।

सूरज की किरण, चाँद की चाँदनी,
इनसे ही सजती है जीवन की रागिनी,
पेड़ की छाँव, बूंदों की ठंडक,
प्रकृति ही है जीवन की धड़कन।

पंछियों की बोली मधुर पुकार,
मन को सिखाती है सच्चा प्यार,
पहाड़ों की ऊँचाई, सागर की गहराई,
सहनशीलता की यही है सच्ची सिखाई।

जब मन उदास हो थक जाए राह,
प्रकृति दिखती है उम्मीद की चाह,
धरती कहती है मत खो आस,
हर अंधेरे के बाद आता है प्रकाश।

पलक शर्मा

कक्षा 12

जी.एम.एस.एस. स्कूल, चण्डीगढ़

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Shri Ganganagar Book Exhibition

The **Children's Corner** at the Shri Ganganagar Book Exhibition (28 August to 3 September, 2025) became a vibrant hub of literary and artistic engagement for young readers. The children's corner successfully fostered creativity and learning skills through a variety of sessions. These included Storytelling Session, Bookmark Design and Drawing Competitions, and an insightful Conversation with a Child Author.

The **Quiz on Hindi Literature** provided an opportunity for children to showcase their knowledge, while the engaging **Drama Workshop** helped them build confidence and expressive skills.

All the engaging sessions were part of the learning with fun activities curated by **National Centre for Children's Literature**.



अगर गंगा कुछ कहती

सुनो अगर गंगा कुछ कहती,
कहती हमसे क्या क्या सहती।

स्वच्छ रखने की करती बात,
दिल से माँगती हमारा साथ।

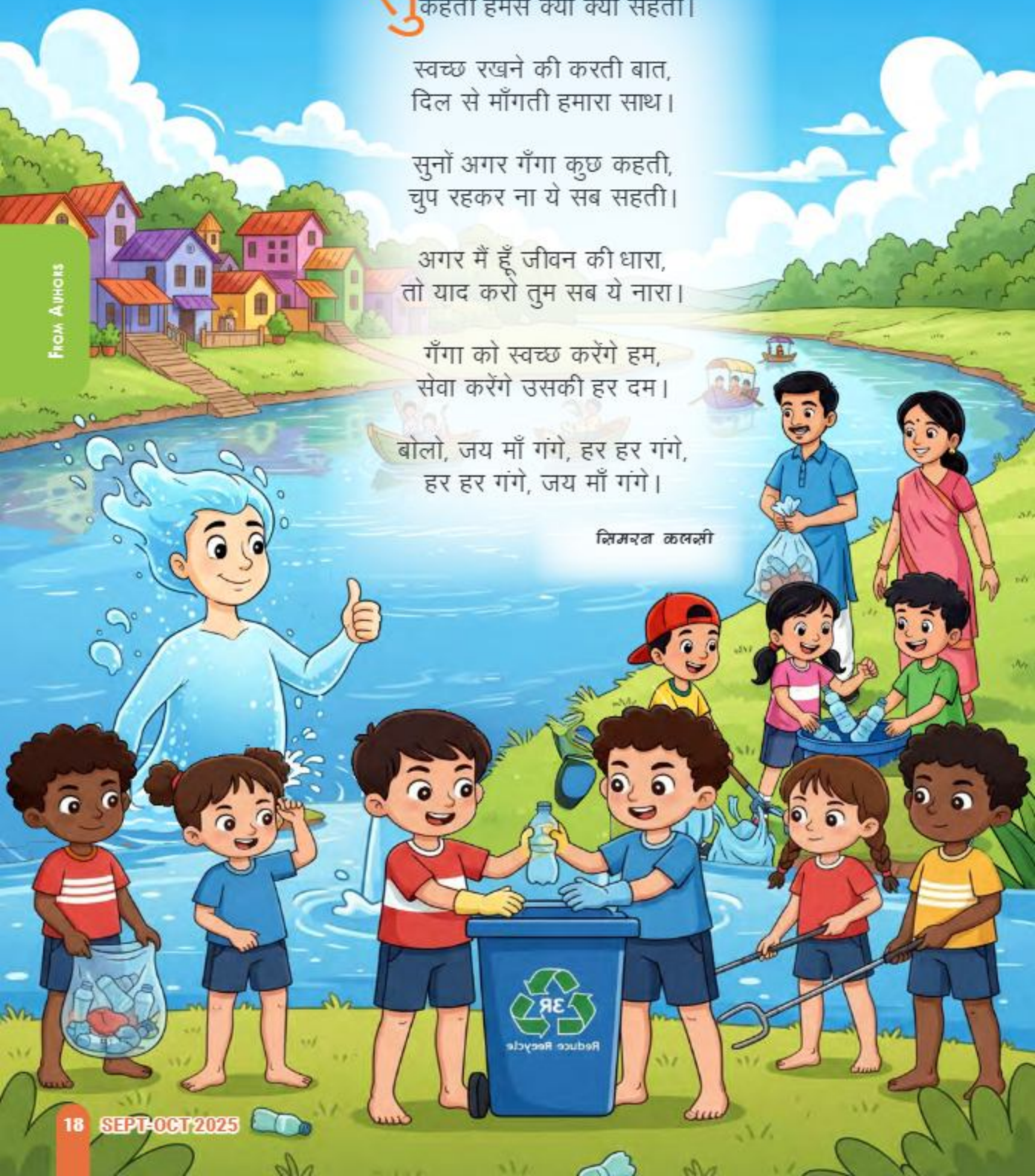
सुनो अगर गंगा कुछ कहती,
चुप रहकर ना ये सब सहती।

अगर मैं हूँ जीवन की धारा,
तो याद करो तुम सब ये नारा।

गंगा को स्वच्छ करेंगे हम,
सेवा करेंगे उसकी हर दम।

बोलो, जय माँ गंगे, हर हर गंगे,
हर हर गंगे, जय माँ गंगे।

निमरत कलानी



धुमड़-धुमड़ कर आओ बादल

ताल तलैया सूख गए थे,
पौधे भी मुरझाए थे।
तपित हुए जब सूरज दादा,
आग भी बरसाए थे।
साथ लिए शीतल पुरवाई,
जल्दी से तुम आओ बादल,
धुमड़-धुमड़ कर आओ बादल।
धुमड़-धुमड़ कर आओ बादल।

वादा करके भूल गए तुम,
अब याद करो वह वादा।
सुबह-सुबह जल बरसाओगे,
तुम दो घण्टे से ज्यादा।
अपनी कला दिखाओ बादल,
धुमड़-धुमड़कर आओ बादल।
धुमड़-धुमड़कर आओ बादल।

मेरे प्यारे भैया बादल,
झट मेरे घर मे आओ।
हलवा-पूड़ी, दही-जलेबी,
जी भरकर तुम सब खाओ।
गर्मी को सब टाटा कह दें,
ऐसा कुछ कर जाओ बादल,
धुमड़-धुमड़कर आओ बादल।
धुमड़-धुमड़कर आओ बादल।

डॉ. कमलेश कुमार
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From Authors

छुट्टी खास बिताने

गाँव चलें हम इस गर्मी में, छुट्टी खास बिताने।
पढ़ते-लिखते अपने तन-मन, आई थकान मिटाने।

बोझ हटाकर बस्ते का हम, कर लें कुछ शैतानी,
भय, बंधन से मुक्ति मिली अब, कर लें कुछ मनमानी।
भीगी बिल्ली बन बैठे थे, सुनकर सब के ताने,
गाँव चलें हम इस गर्मी में, छुट्टी खास बिताने।

कोई जाए नानी के घर, गाँव-गली में घूमे,
कोई दादा-दादी पाकर, मस्त मगन हो झूमे।
मन अधीर है इनके मुख से, ज्ञान खजाना पाने,
गाँव चलें हम इस गर्मी में, छुट्टी खास बिताने।

अमराई में आम तोड़ने, लुक-छिपकर जाना है,
प्यारे माली काका से अब, डाँट हमें खाना है।
कान पकड़कर बैठक करने, ऊधम तनिक मचाने,
गाँव चलें हम इस गर्मी में, छुट्टी खास बिताने।

तोड़ जलेबी जंगल वाली, मिलकर हम खाएंगे,
नमक डाल कर खट्टी इमली, झट चट कर जाएंगे।
आँख लाल होने तक हम तो, नदिया डुबक नहाने,
गाँव चलें हम इस गर्मी में, छुट्टी खास बिताने।

पढ़ते-लिखते अपने तन-मन, आई थकान मिटाने,
गाँव चलें हम इस गर्मी में, छुट्टी खास बिताने।

कल्लेया साहू 'अमिता'
ps.lamti.101@gmail.com

मोबाइल

पढ़ते-बढ़ते भारत में,
एक दुविधा बस मुँह बाए खड़ी है।
सभी को, हों सभी को!
इस दुनिया में बस मोबाइल की पड़ी है।

बच्चों की दुनिया में,
तो इसने दुनिया कुछ नई ही गढ़ी है।
किशोरों के मन में तो दुविधा बड़ी है।

स्क्रीन पे आँखें, उँगलियाँ की-बोर्ड पर,
मानो किसी ने घुमाई जादू की छड़ी है।

खेल-कूद और दोस्तों से गलबहियाँ हो गई,
अब तो भैया दूर की छैयाँ।
बड़ों से बातें और शरारतें,
अटपटे प्रश्न और जिज्ञासा की बातें,
ना जाने कहाँ गई।

बाहर की दुनिया, किताबों से दोस्ती
पढ़ाई न जाने कहाँ मुँह बिसूरे खड़ी है।
इस मोबाइल के कारण
पगपग उलझन नई खड़ी है।

From Authors

सूर्यकान्त शर्मा
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The Magic Lemonade

It was a hot and sunny day. The animals were trying to find some shelter to rest, and the birds were also trying to hide under the trees. Even the flowers appeared tired and drowsy.

Mimi the Mouse wiped her forehead.

"Phew! It's so hot! I am so thirsty. I need something cool and refreshing!"

She opened her fridge but it was empty. "Oh-no!" she sighed in disappointment.

Suddenly, she saw a lemon rolling on the floor. An idea popped in her mind.

"Aha!" exclaimed Mimi. "I'll prepare some lemonade!"

She squeezed the lemon, added water, sugar, and a teeny pinch of pink salt and chat masala.

She stirred it nicely and took one sip... POOF!

The lemonade began to sparkle and shimmer.

Mimi blinked in surprise.

Suddenly, her chair grew wings and her glass began to sing!



"Whoa! This lemonade is magical!" shouted Mimi.

Just then, the doorbell rang. Mimi's friends - Bobby the Bunny, Tia the Turtle, and Fuzzy the Squirrel had come to surprise her.

"Want to try my magic lemonade?" asked Mimi with a grin.

They all took a sip and—ZINGA LAAA ZOOM!

Bobby started bouncing like a little ball, Tia began dancing, and Fuzzy started singing an opera: "LAAA LEMONADE!"

They all laughed and had a great time.

From that day on, Mimi made the magic lemonade with lots of love.

And no matter how hot the summer grew, every day was filled with fun, friends and magic! For her it was the most fun summer so far.

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From Authors





Children's Corner @Chinar Book Festival 2025

EVENT REPORT

The **Children's Corner** at the *Chinar Book Festival 2025*, organised by **National Book Trust, India** in Srinagar, was a vibrant celebration of creativity, imagination, and joy. The festival opened with a captivating puppet show on the Panchatantra tale *Monkey and Crocodile* by Puppet Studio, which set a lively tone for the days ahead. This was followed by a

musical storytelling of *The Blue Umbrella* and a fun-filled theatre workshop packed with music, action, and laughter.



Children listened in rapt attention to folktales and magical stories, painted biography covers of their favourite icons, and explored the art of asking questions through interactive games and activities. A poetry workshop encouraged them to pick words, write poems, and proudly recite their creations. They also learned about mindfulness and emotional intelligence through engaging exercises that combined storytelling, movement, and breathing techniques.

The excitement continued with a painting competition, a quiz on Rashtriya e-Pustakalaya, fun sessions on Vedic

Maths and Financial Literacy, and a joyful letter-writing activity that revived the charm of postcards and handwritten notes. The adorable mascot *Cheetah* danced, posed for selfies, and cheered the children on.

The festival concluded with an open mic where songs, dances, and stories filled the air – wrapping up the Children's Corner with smiles, creativity, and lasting memories.



डोडो और अन्य कहानियाँ



Book Review & Excerpt

इसी संग्रह की एक कहानी
'चींटियों का देश'
से एक अंश यहाँ प्रस्तुत है।

रुकूल से रोहन जब घर लौटा तो उसे बहुत जोर से भूख लगी हुई थी। उसकी माँ भी घर में नहीं थीं। अब वह क्या खाए? उसने इधर-उधर ढूँढ़ना शुरू किया, पर खाने को कुछ नहीं मिला। उसे रसोईघर में रखी हुई चीनी दिखी। उसने सोचा, चलो थोड़ी-सी चीनी ही खा ले, पर ये क्या? इसमें तो ढेर सारी चींटियाँ लगी हुई हैं। सभी चींटियाँ एक कतार बनाकर बहुत दूर से चीनी तक आ-जा रही थीं।

यह देखकर रोहन को काफी गुस्सा आया। उसने उन्हें मारने के लिए चप्पल उठाई। वह चींटियों को मारने ही वाला था कि उसे एक

मॉरीशस द्वीप का 'डोडो' नामक पक्षी, जो कबूतर परिवार का था, अब विलुप्त हो चुका है। राष्ट्रीय पुस्तक न्यास, भारत द्वारा प्रकाशित

'डोडो और अन्य कहानियाँ'
एक रोचक कहानी संग्रह है।

राज शेखर द्वारा लिखित और पार्थ सेनगुप्ता के आकर्षक चित्रों से सजी यह पुस्तक, कल्पना, विज्ञान, जैव विविधता, इतिहास, और पर्यावरण जागरूकता को साहित्य के साथ जोड़ती है। संग्रह की हर कहानी संवेदनशीलता, जिज्ञासा और कल्पना को बढ़ावा देती है।

हल्की-सी आवाज सुनाई दी -

"मुझे मत मारो! मुझे मत मारो! मैंने क्या किया है?"

रोहन आवाज सुनकर चौंक गया। वह हाथ में चप्पल लिए मूर्तिवत हो गया जैसे किसी ने स्टेचू बोल दिया हो। वह चारों तरफ देखने लगा कि यह आवाज कहाँ से आई? उसने देखा, एक चींटी उसे 'नहीं' मारने के लिए कह रही है। उसे देखकर रोहन ने कहा-

"मैं तुम्हें क्यों न मारूँ? तुम लोग हमेशा हमारी मीठी चीजों को खा-खाकर बर्बाद कर देती

हो। इतना ही नहीं खाने के साथ-साथ तुम लोग उसे ढोकर भी ले जाती हो। मना करने पर काट भी लेती हो। तुम्हें पता है कि तुम्हारे काटने से कितनी जलन होती है।”

“नहीं! नहीं! ऐसा मत करो। हम लोग जान-बूझकर ऐसा नहीं करते। अपनी सुरक्षा के लिए तुम लोगों को काट लेते हैं। हम लोगों को भी मीठी चीजें बहुत पसंद हैं।” चींटी ने आग्रहपूर्वक कहा।

“तुम लोगों को पसंद हैं, तो मैं क्या करूँ? इसका मतलब यह तो नहीं कि अपनी खाने-पीने की चीजें हम तुम्हें दे दें।” रोहन ने बिगड़ते हुए कहा।

“ऐसा मत बोलो। यदि तुम लोग हमें कुछ भी खाने नहीं दोगे, तो हमारे देश के सभी लोग भूखे मर जाएँगे।” चींटी ने विनती की।

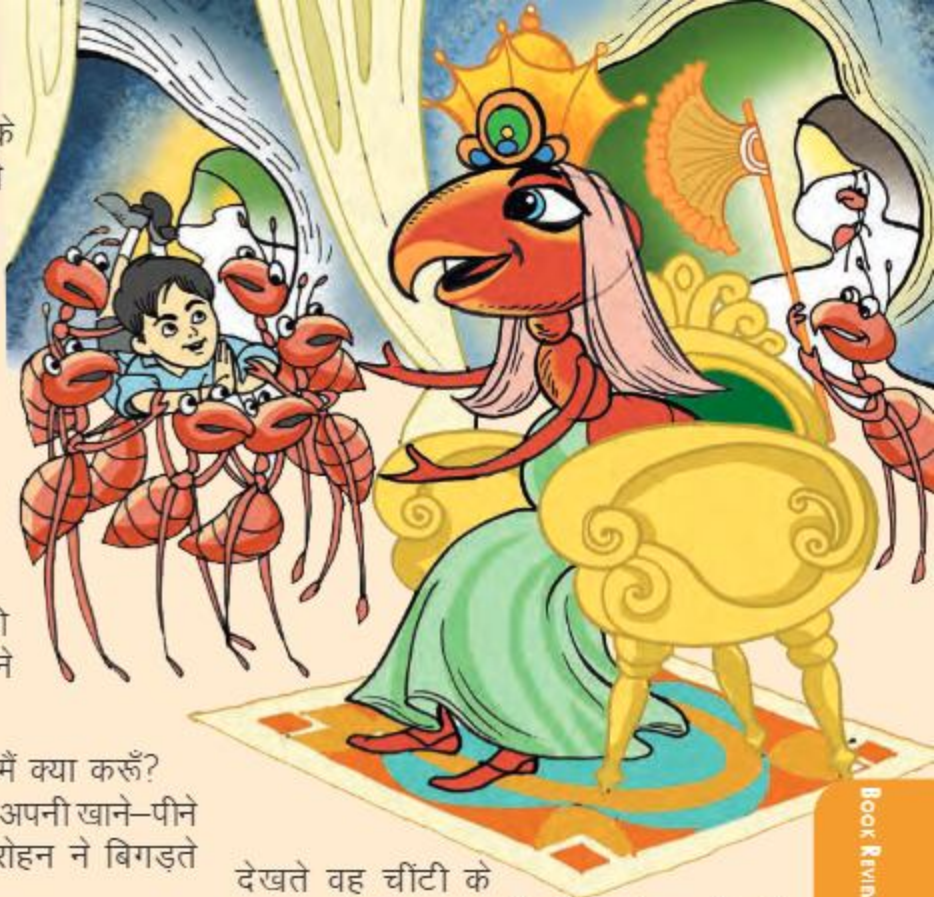
“क्या तुम्हारा भी देश है?” रोहन ने हैरानी से पूछा।

“हाँ! हमारा भी देश है। हम लोगों की संख्या मानव जाति से हजारों गुणा ज्यादा है। क्या तुम हमारा देश देखना चाहोगे?” चींटी ने उत्साहित होकर कहा।

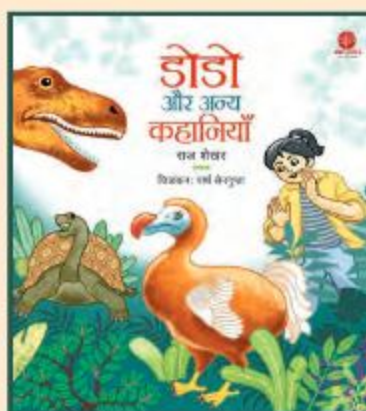
“क्या ऐसा संभव है?” रोहन ने आश्चर्यचकित होकर पूछा।

“हाँ! यह संभव है।” यह कहकर उस नन्हीं सी चींटी ने रोहन के पैर में जोर से काटा।

रोहन दर्द से छटपटा गया। पर दूसरे ही पल उसकी लंबाई छोटी होने लगी। देखते ही



देखते वह चींटी के बराबर हो गया। घर में रखी सारी वस्तुएँ उसे विशालकाय दिखने लगीं। अगले ही पल उसने देखा कि ढेर सारी चींटियाँ उसे अपने कंधों पर उठाकर गाना गाते हुए ले जा रही हैं। थोड़ी ही देर में रोहन ने देखा कि वह चींटी उससे कह रही है— “मैं चिंबु, चींटी परिवार की ओर से तुम्हारा स्वागत करती हूँ। अब तुम चींटियों के संसार में हो।”



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पुस्तक समीक्षा



1. 'बादल रोने लगा'

संजीव जायसवाल 'संजय' द्वारा लिखित 'बादल रोने लगा' बाल कहानियों का एक ऐसा संग्रह है जो पाठकों को कल्पना की नई उड़ान देता है। इसमें 'पिटू आइस पार्लर', 'हल और बैल', तथा 'सब्जियों का राजा' जैसी कहानियाँ हैं जो मनोरंजन के साथ-साथ जीवन की गहरी सीख भी देती हैं। हर कहानी में छिपा संदेश बच्चों को सोचने, समझने और संवेदनशील बनने की प्रेरणा देता है। सरल भाषा और रोचक घटनाओं से भरी यह पुस्तक छोटे-बड़ों दोनों के मन को छू जाती है। यदि आप बच्चों के मन की दुनिया में झाँकना चाहते हैं, तो 'बादल रोने लगा' आपके लिए एक अनमोल पाठ है।



Publisher: Advik Publication Pvt. Ltd.

ISBN : 978 93 48256 645 | ₹ : 260/- | Pages: 64

3. 'खुला संदूक'

लेखक : अखिलेश श्रीवास्तव चमन

चित्रांकन : शुभम लखेरा

'खुला संदूक' एक बेहद कल्पनाशील और मनमोहक कहानी है जो बच्चों को निर्जीव चीजों (वस्तुओं) की दुनिया को एक नए नजरिए से देखना सिखाती है। इस कहानी में ईशा के पुराने कपड़े सालों से एक बंद संदूक में पड़े हैं, लेकिन क्या आपने कभी सोचा है कि वे आपस में बातें करते होंगे? यही मजेदार कल्पना इस कहानी में साकार होती है। कपड़ों की आपसी बातचीत, उनका आजादी का सपना और ईशा की प्यारी प्रतिक्रिया – सब मिलकर इस कहानी को जीवंत बना देते हैं। यह पुस्तक न केवल मनोरंजक है, बल्कि बच्चों को सहानुभूति, मदद और सकारात्मक सोच की सुंदर सीख भी देती है। कल्पना और करुणा से भरी यह कहानी हर बच्चे के चेहरे पर मुस्कान और दिल में गर्माहट छोड़ जाती है।



Publisher: NBT-India | ISBN : 935 74 39943 | ₹ : 65/- | Pages: 24

2. 'मस्तानों की टोली'

लेखिका डॉ. विमला भंडारी द्वारा लिखित 'मस्तानों की टोली' नन्हे पाठकों की कल्पनाशक्ति और मासूमियत का खूबसूरत संगम है। इस पुस्तक में 'लापता हुआ पैकेट', 'कच्ची पौध' और 'चमत्कारी पीला पत्थर' जैसी कहानियाँ हैं जो बच्चों की



दुनिया के छोटे-छोटे किस्सों को बड़े अर्थों में बदल देती हैं। हर कहानी पाठकों को सोचने पर मजबूर करती है और जीवन की सादगी में छिपे गहरे संदेश को उजागर करती है। बालमन की रचनात्मकता, जिज्ञासा और भावनाओं को बड़ी सहजता से प्रस्तुत करती यह पुस्तक न सिर्फ बच्चों बल्कि बड़ों के लिए भी प्रेरणादायक पठनीय सामग्री है।

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Word Search



Can you find all 16 Festivals?

R	M	V	D	D	U	R	G	A	P	U	J	A	J
A	B	A	P	H	W	H	T	A	U	H	R	G	S
K	A	S	H	O	L	I	M	A	I	A	U	K	D
S	R	A	J	A	N	M	A	S	H	T	A	M	I
H	U	N	B	D	N	G	N	J	U	J	A	O	C
A	P	T	H	U	C	M	A	H	H	S	U	N	H
B	U	P	A	S	I	U	S	L	I	N	J	A	R
A	R	A	I	S	U	I	S	H	B	G	H	M	I
N	U	N	D	H	G	D	A	A	L	S	R	J	S
D	G	C	O	E	A	I	G	H	S	G	A	S	T
H	I	H	O	R	D	W	P	A	S	S	I	T	M
A	S	M	J	A	I	A	H	A	D	I	E	E	A
N	M	I	T	P	S	L	D	P	S	S	D	E	S
N	A	O	W	I	W	I	E	A	U	H	W	J	R

Let's make our festivals colourful!



Answers: Janmashtami, Vasant Panchmi, Dusshera, Bhaido, Pongal, Bihu, Ugadi, Onam, Durga Puja, Diwali, Eid, Raksha Bandhan, Guru Purnab, Teej, Holi, Christmas

Mr. Duck Waterson



Materials Needed:

One yellow sheet

One orange sheet

One white sheet

Pencil, scissors,
glue, sketch pen,
and a wooden stick

Steps to Follow:

1.

Place your hand on the yellow sheet and trace its outline with a pencil



2.

On the same yellow sheet, draw one circle for the duck's head



3.

On the orange sheet, draw four small circles



4.

On the white sheet, draw one small circle for the eye and cut it out. Add a black pupil with a sketch pen



5.

Carefully cut out the traced hand and all the circles



6.

Fold each of the four orange circles in half



7.

Stick the yellow circle on the thumb to form the duck's head



8.

Paste the eye on the head.



9.

Attach the folded orange circles as shown in the picture to make the beak, legs, and bow.



10.

Finally, paste a wooden stick at the back of Mr. Duck.



Hurray!

Your Mr. Duck Waterson
is ready to paddle off to work!

Sound & Light : The Echo of Festivals

The sounds of autumn festivals (like drums or firecrackers) are connected to simple physics. Do you know why you hear an echo? When you shout in a big empty space or near a mountain, your voice doesn't just disappear. It bounces off hard surfaces, like sound waves hitting a wall. That bouncing sound wave is your echo! It travels back to your ear, letting you hear yourself shout twice!

This is why a loud drum or firework in a valley sounds so much bigger!

Fun-o-Facts



प्रिय पाठक,
क्या आपको लिखना अच्छा लगता है?
क्या आप अपनी कल्पना का प्रयोग कर रोमांचक कहानियाँ, कविताएँ, और निबंध लिख सकते हैं? तो यह आपके लिए एक उत्तम अवसर है।
सबसे दिलचस्प लेखों को हम अपने **रीडर्स क्लब बुलेटिन** के अगले संस्करण में प्रकाशित करेंगे।
आप अपनी रचनाएँ हमें निम्नलिखित ईमेल पर भेज सकते हैं।

Ink it. Mail it. Share it with the World! An opportunity to get Published!

Dear Children,
Do you find writing interesting?
Can you use your imagination to write exciting stories, poems, and essays?
Then this is the perfect opportunity for you!
We will publish the most interesting submissions in our next edition of **Readers' Club Bulletin**.
You can share your articles on the email address mentioned below.

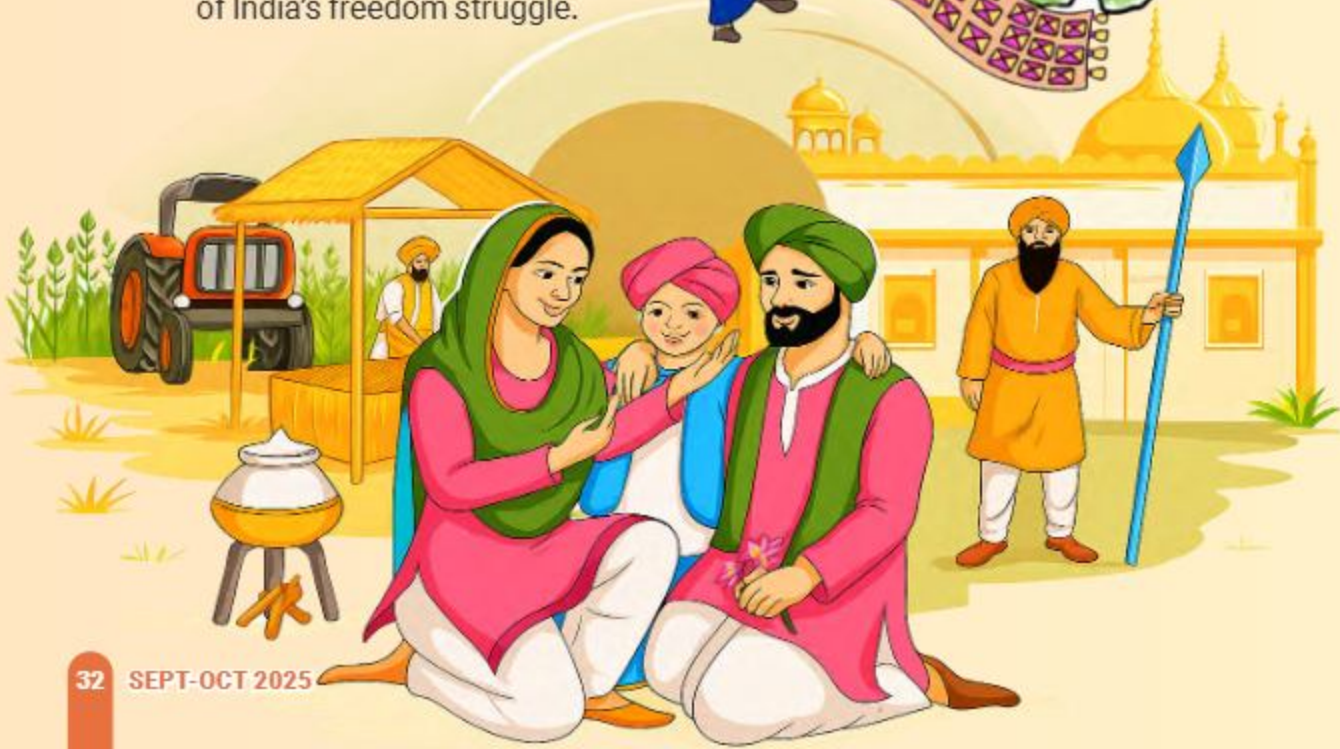


nbtindianccl93@gmail.com



Know Your State

- (1) The word Punjab comes from the Persian word '*panj*' that means **F_ _ve** and '*aab*' which means **W_ _t_ _r**.
- (2) **C_ _a_ _dig_ _rh** is the capital of Punjab and also of **H_ _ _Y_ _ _**.
- (3) The popular dances of Punjab are **_ha_ _g_ _a** and **G_ _ _d_ _**.
- (4) The joyous harvest festival of Punjab is celebrated as **B_ _is_ _k_ _i**.
- (5) Punjab shares its longest interstate boundary with **_a_ _y_ _na**.
- (6) The **G_ _ld_ _n T_ _m_ _le** is the holiest Sikh shrine located in Amritsar.
- (7) **P_ _u_ _k_ _ri** is the traditional Punjabi embroidery known for its vibrant floral patterns.
- (8) **G_ _r_ _u_ _hi** is the script used for writing the Punjabi language.
- (9) The ancient name of Punjab as mentioned in Mahabharata is claimed to be **T_ _ig_ _ _ta**.
- (10) **J_ _ll_ _a_ _wal_ _** Bagh in Amritsar stands as a poignant reminder of India's freedom struggle.



NCCL Organizes Drawing Competition at Bhartiya Vidya Bhawan

To promote reading habits among children, NCCL organized a drawing competition at Bhartiya Vidya Bhawan, Delhi under the **Readers' Club Movement**. The themes were 'My Favourite Book Cover' and 'Climate Change'. Children expressed their ideas with bright colours and creativity, filling the sheets with imagination and joy. Some of the best selected posters are published here.



Lokesh
Class 6



Chinmay
Class 6



Tanya
Class 6



Gunjika
Class 6



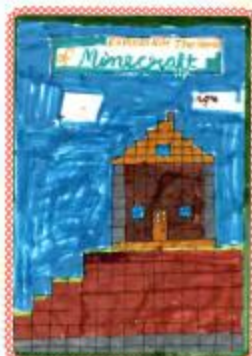
Aadvik Sharma
Class 6



Vaishnavi
Class 6



Zainul
Class 6



Agrimfal
Class 6



Paavni Mendiratta
Class 6



Advit Dhyani
Class 6



Garv
Class 6

Ink & Imagination

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

All the classes will get a chance in the upcoming 3 issues of the magazine. Just keep reading your favourite magazine, **Reader's Club Bulletin**, and watch this page for more details.

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

THEME

Viksit Bharat@2047

CHOICE OF TOPICS

- Hindi Diwas
14 SEPTEMBER
- International Literacy Day
08 SEPTEMBER
- Indian Air Force Day
08 OCTOBER

LAST DATE FOR ENTRIES

15 November 2025

Winning Entries:

1st Prize / 2nd Prize / 3rd Prize

Rules:

The edition's competition is open to school children of **Classes 6 to 8**.

Each participant is allowed to send ONE written entry/or ONE drawing only.

- Schools can send a maximum of TEN written entries & TEN drawings.
- The written entries must be typed; handwritten entries shall not be accepted.
- The word count of prose shouldn't exceed 200-250 words; poems shouldn't exceed 25 lines.
- Each entry must clearly indicate the word count for prose/line count for poems.
- Any departure from the given length would disqualify the entry.
- The entries should be sent via email (MS Word .doc file for written entry & scanned jpegs for Paintings).
- Each entry must be accompanied by the Declaration form (given below and on next page) duly filled. Photocopy of the declaration form is permissible.
- Each entry & Declaration should be sent in a single email as attachments to: **nbtindianccl93@gmail.com**



For Students

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

(Participant's Signature)

For Teachers/Parents

Name: _____
Address: _____
Pin code: _____
Mobile No.: _____
Email: _____
Name of School: _____
School Address: _____
_____ Pin code: _____

Date

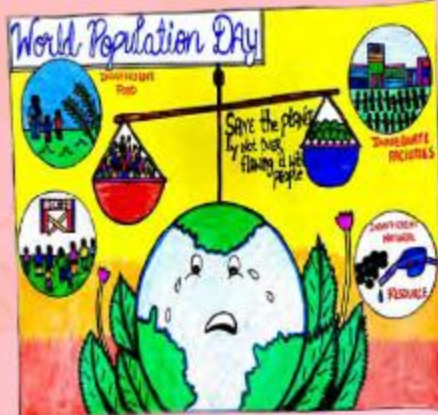
(Teacher's/Parent's Signature)

DECLARATION

Here are the winners of the ongoing competition from Sucheta Memorial School, Gurugram on the theme of 'Viksit Bharat@2047'. The topic for this issue was 'World Population Day', 'Kargil Vijay Diwas', 'National Space Day'. Details are provided on the previous page for our next edition. We look forward to receiving your entries.



Neha



Pari



Aman Yadav



DECLARATION

I hereby declare that the content submitted is entirely my original work and has not been generated, written, or assisted in any way by artificial Intelligence tools or software such as ChatGPT, Google Gemini, Microsoft Copilot, or any similar platforms.

If it is found at any stage (even after publication) that the content was created using any AI tool or software, the participant will be required to return the full prize amount, submit a written apology, and will be blacklisted from participation in any future activities or events. Additionally, the participant's school will be officially informed in writing about the same.

Student's Name: _____

Class: _____

School: _____

Address: _____

Email: _____

Countersigned by: _____

Parent/Teacher: _____

Name: _____

School (only for teachers): _____

Address: _____

Email: _____

Phone: _____



Children's corner

Come Be a Part of
Fun Learning
&
Unleash Your
Creativity

Reading Corner

Theatre Workshop

Doodle Art Corner

Storytelling Session

Art & Craft Corner

Calligraphy Workshop

Bookmark Designing

Clay Modelling Session



National Centre for Children's Literature

NATIONAL BOOK TRUST, INDIA (Ministry of Education, Govt. of India)

5, Institutional Area, Phase - II, Vasant Kunj, New Delhi-110070

E-Mail : nbtindiancccl93@gmail.com, nccl@nbtindia.gov.in

