

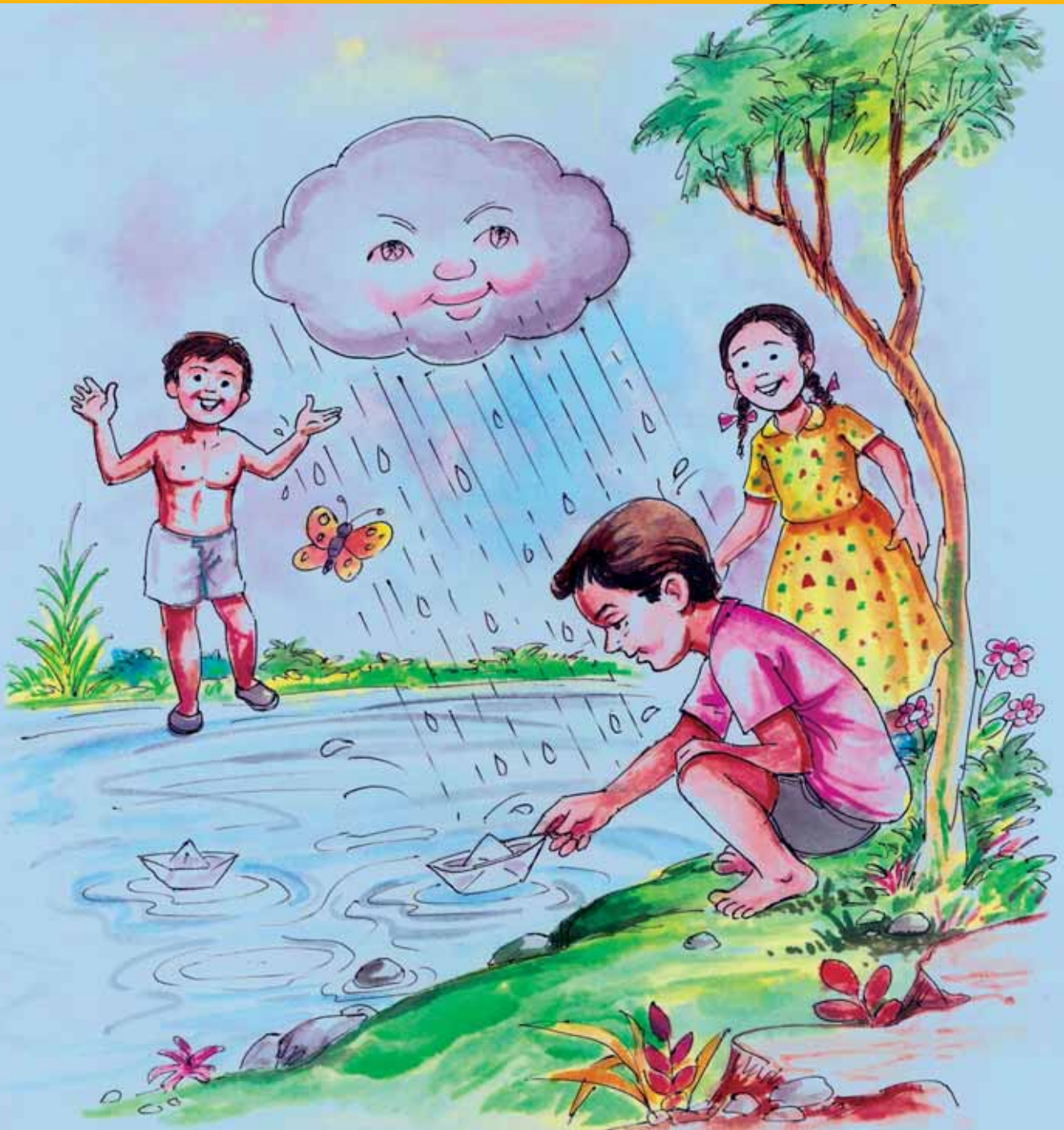


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Readers' Club Bulletin

पाठक मंच बुलेटिन

Vol. 18 No. 2 February 2013





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कृपया भुगतान नेशनल बुक ट्रस्ट, इंडिया के नाम भेजें।

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

Promotion of Children's Creativity in Andhra Pradesh

Marking beginning of the Silver Jubilee Year of Vijayawada Book Festival, started in 1989 by NBT and later continued by the Vijayawada Book Festival Society, a 2-day workshop on Creative Writing and illustration was organized by National Centre for Children's Literature (NCCL), a wing of National Book Trust, India at Vijayawada (Andhra Pradesh) on 8-9 January 2013. The workshop was inaugurated by Dr. N. Mangadevi, prominent author and activist for children.

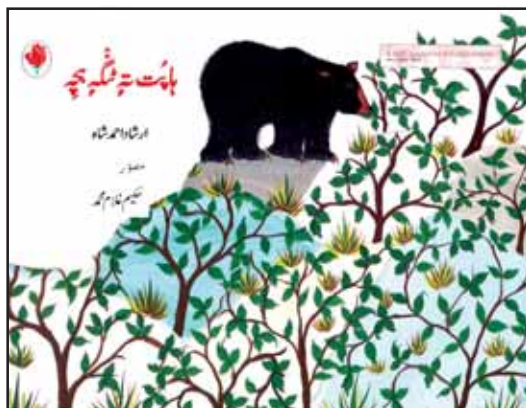
Lauding the efforts of National Book Trust towards developing children's reading habit, Dr. Mangadevi recalled how she grew as an avid reader with colourful *Nehru Bal Pustakalaya* series of books of NBT. She emphasized on making interactive pleasure reading books available and accessible to children of the under privileged sector. Smt. Swati Shripada, eminent children's author in Telegu, Shri Siddharth Ramanuj, eminent illustrator from Gujarat and Smt. M Krishna Kumari, eminent author and Station Director Incharge, AIR, Vijayawada also spoke on the occasion. Shri D Ashok Kumar, Member of Telugu Advisory Panel of NBT and an eminent publisher presided over the inaugural function.

40 select children from various schools of the region took part in this workshop and were briefed by the resource persons on the skills of writing and illustrating. The material developed in this workshop will be published in the form of a special issue of Readers' Club Bulletin, the bilingual children's monthly magazine brought out by NBT.

Shri Manas Ranjan Mahapatra, Editor (NCCL) and Dr. P. Mohan, Assistant Editor (Telugu) of the Trust coordinated various sessions in the workshop.



Reading Promotion Activities in Jammu & Kashmir



NBT has been making serious efforts at making quality children's books available to children in Jammu and Kashmir in the Kashmiri language. As part of the same endeavour, it has brought out another book titled *Haput Ta Tanga Hetch* (Bear and Dried Slices of a Pear). Written by Irshad Ahmad Shah, a young Kashmiri, it has been illustrated by Hakim Gulam Mohammad who also hails from Srinagar, Jammu and Kashmir.

The story goes like this – A bear lived on a village hill top. Though ferocious, he was a coward. It was a biting cold night. He was very hungry and so decided to go down to the village. Peeping through a window, he saw a lamp burning. Meanwhile, a child started weeping. His mother tried to console him but in vain. Then she took names of wild animals such as wolf and tiger, still the child kept weeping. The mother patted him again to sooth him and told him that there were some dried slices of a pear.

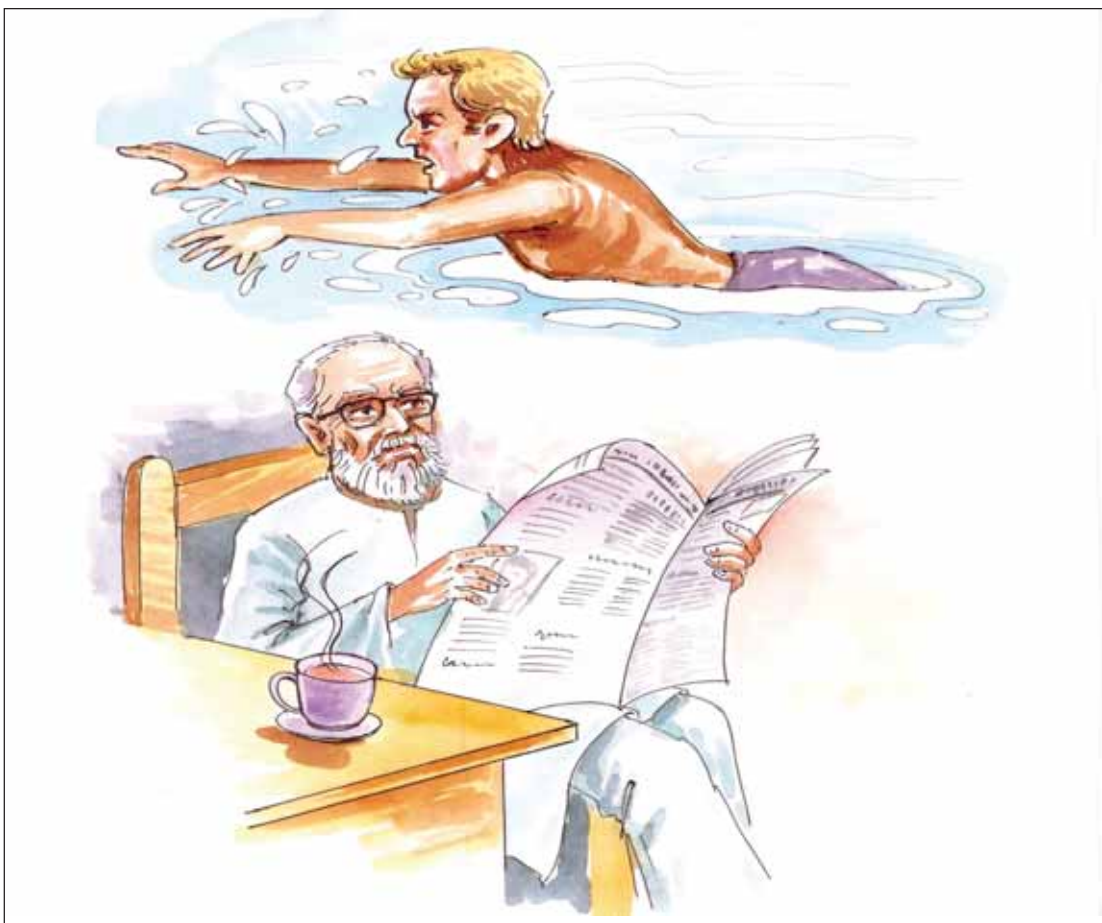
The child became silent immediately. The bear thought that the slices of a pear must be mightier than him....

NBT has in the recent past organized Book Fairs, Book Exhibition, Panel Discussion on the Status of Children's Literature in Jammu and Kashmir and Workshops for Children and Young Adults in the state of Jammu and Kashmir.

विजयी अपाहिज

अमिताभ शंकर रायचौधरी

इस अंक से हम नई धारावाहिक 'सात समुंदर' प्रस्तुत कर रहे हैं।
उम्मीद है आपको पसंद आएगा।



आकाश से लटक रही है चांदनी की चादर। नीचे समुंदर की लहरें चांदनी में जलपरियों की तरह अटखेलियां कर रही

हैं। तारों के मेले में हंसता हुआ चांद चकित होकर देख रहा है एक तैराक को।

एक स्टीमर की आवाज सुनाई दे रही है। उसी के पास एक आदमी सागर में तैर रहा है। आस्ट्रेलियावासी जॉन मैकलिन ने तैर कर 34 कि.मी. चौड़ा इंग्लिश चैनल को पार करने का बीड़ा उठाया है। एक बार असफल भी हो चुका है, यह उसका दूसरा प्रयास है।

दस साल पहले की बात है। ट्रायाथैलन के अभ्यास के लिए वह दौड़ रहा था। ट्रायाथैलन की प्रतियोगिता में हरेक प्रतियोगी को तीन खेलों में हिस्सा लेना पड़ता है— 1.5 कि.मी. की तैराकी, 10 कि.मी. की दौड़ और 40 कि.मी. की साइकिल की रेस मैकलिन सड़क पर दौड़ रहा था, तभी अचानक एक ट्रक ने आकर उसे पीछे से धक्का मारा, वह गिर पड़ा। फिर अस्पताल से अपाहिज होकर घर वापस आया, फिर भी उसने हिम्मत न हारी। आगे उसने इंग्लिश चैनल को पार करने की ठानी। पहली बार समुद्री ज्वार के कारण उसका सपना साकार न हो सका, आज यह उसकी दूसरी कोशिश है।

अंततः विजयश्री ने उसका मस्तक चूम लिया।

भारतवर्ष के दक्षिण पश्चिमी तट पर सहयाद्रि पर्वतमाला से उतरकर अरब सागर तक किलकारी मारता हुआ सबसे छोटे

प्रान्तों में से एक केरल है अर्थात् नारियल की भूमि, जिसे देवता भी पंसद करते हैं।

इसी केरल के एक गांव हरिपदम् के एक मकान में कुर्सी पर बैठा एक वृद्ध काँफी की चुस्की लेते अखबार पढ़ रहे हैं, हवा में आंगन के केले के पत्ते हिल रहे हैं। एक लेख में उनकी दृष्टि अटक गयी। विजयी अपाहिज नाम से उस लेख में आस्ट्रेलिया के जॉन मैकलिन की कीर्ति के बारे में लिखा गया है।

उस बूढ़े बाबा का मन मानो उदास हो गया। चेहरे की मुरियां गाढ़ी हो गयी, चश्मे को उन्होंने सिर के ऊपर उठा लिया। दूर दिगंत की ओर देखते-देखते कुछ सोचने लगे। दूर क्षितिज के पास आकाश के नीचे नारियल और ताड़ के पेड़ सिर हिलाते हुए खड़े थे। उस हरे किनारेवाली नीली साड़ी के पीछे दृष्टि खो गई।

हेडमास्टर शशिशेखर नारायणन् सोचने लगे कि इतने बड़े देश में कहीं ऐसा कोई प्रयास अब तक क्यों नहीं होता? खेलकूद का मतलब केवल क्रिकेट? यह खेलों की पटरानी ठहरी? और बाकी खेल भिखारिन? इक्के-दुक्के अपवाद को छोड़ दें तो दौड़, तैराकी किसी भी खेल में हम हैं कहां?

उसी समय बाहर आंगन में पुन्टु पहनी हुयी एक सांवली सी लड़की अपनी सखियों

के साथ उछल-उछल कर खेल रही थी। यह उनकी कुचुमोल यानी पोती गायत्री थी।

एक – दो – तीन

सहसा नारायणन् के मन में एक प्रश्न कौंध गया – क्या गायत्री को इस मायने में आगे बढ़ाया नहीं जा सकता? क्या और दूसरी लड़कियों की तरह इसका जीवन भी चौके-चूल्हे में कैद होकर रह जायेगा? खेल-कूद में कुछ करने लायक प्रतिभा है इसमें?

नारायणन् सोचते रहे, सोचते रहे।

बस – वही तो है – और जरा सा दो-चार हाथ और मार ले तो वह पहुंच जायेगी ओह।

गायत्री व्याकुल हो चुकी थी, उसकी सांस फूल रही थी, ओह! भगवान, जरा सी हवा। स्विमिंग पूल में चारों ओर लबालब पानी, उसी में वह तैर रही है। परंतु उसके ललाट पर पसीने की बूंदें चमक रही हैं, वह हांफ रही है बुरी तरह, हाथ-पैर भी मानो शिथिल होने लगे हैं। उसकी अन्तरात्मा से सिर्फ एक ही आवाज आ रही है – हे भगवान और जरा सी हवा।

उसे लग रहा है जैसे उसकी छाती फट जायेगी। हे पद्मनाभस्वामी, तुम्हारी दुनिया में क्या सांस लेने को हवा भी इतनी कम हो गयी है?

तेज और तेज बस् मंजिल पहुंचने ही वाली है। उसने कमान से छूटे तीर की तरह शरीर में बची-खुची ऊर्जा से स्वयं को आगे धकेला। पानी में सूरज की रोशनी पिघली चांदी की तरह चमक रही थी, उसमें से मानो एक बिजली कौंध गई।

आह। औ – मां।

गायत्री ने किनारे को छू लिया।

अरब सागर में गर्जन के समान तालियों की गड़गड़ाहटों के बीच गायत्री को अहसास हुआ कि उसने स्विमिंगपूल के किनारे को छू लिया है। चारों ओर उल्लास की तरंग दौड़ रही थी, स्टेडियम में आये हुए दूसरे कॉलेज के छात्र-छात्रायें दौड़ रहे थे- गायत्री का अभिनंदन करने।

धौंकनी की तरह गायत्री का सीना फूल रहा था। टप् टप् – पूरे बदन से पानी चू रहा था, बाल के ऊपर लाल कप भींगी थी, आंखें गीली थीं। मेहनत से, उत्तेजना से डबाडबा आयी थी, मारे खुशी के होठों से एक शब्द भी नहीं फूट रहा था।

उस क्षण हिरणीं जैसी आंखों के सामने एक धुंधली तस्वरी तैर रही थी, जैसे पानी लगे शीशे में चेहरा उतरता है...., झुर्रियों से भरे सफेद बाल और सफेद भों वाला चेहरा दद्दा.... उसका अप्पुपन.... आंखें भीच कर हंस रहे हैं...



नारायणन ने अपने हाथ बढ़ाये, गायत्री उनसे लिपट गयी, उनके सीने में मुंह छुपाकर उसे उस दिन की याद आ गयी जब इस कहानी का आरंभ हुआ था।

‘ओह दददा – मेरा हाथ थाम लो, ओह।’ छह साल की बच्ची गायत्री नदी में डुबकी लगा रही थी, हाथ-पैर मारते-मारते किसी तरह उसने दददा को आवाज दी, परंतु नारायणन टस से मस नहीं हुए। चंपा नदी के किनारे मिट्टी में पैरों को जमाकर खड़े थे निश्चल, केवल उनकी

आंखें अपनी पोती पर टीकी हुई थी। होले होले लहरों को चीर कर नन्हीं सी गायत्री आगे बढ़ रही थी, चीखने के लिए भी उसमें दम नहीं था, वह सहमी हुई थी।

‘ओह दददा – जरा हाथ थाम लो।’

नारायणन निष्पलक देखते रहे। आज पोती को तैराना सीखाना ही है।

यही था उसका पहला दिन।

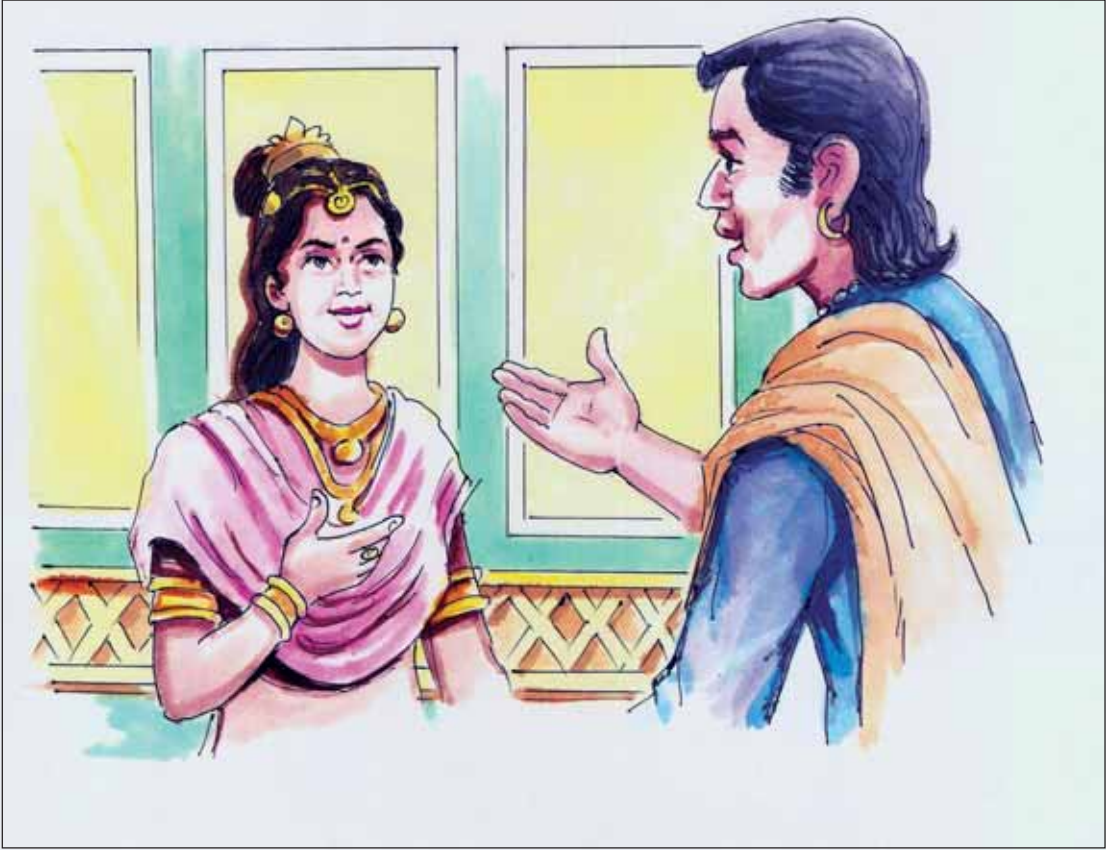
तैराकी का पहला पाठ।

(क्रमशः)

रामकटोरा, वाराणसी (उ.प्र.)

Vegetables

Gayatri Mishra



Jadumani was a famous poet and narrator of the Oriya Riti Yuga literature. He was born in the year 1781 at Alhagara village in Ganjam District. However, he left his birth place during his adolescence and resided permanently at Itamati village in Nayagarh District. His descendants are still residing in Itamati village. He was popularly known as an extraordinarily talented poet, intellectual and orator

instead of merely as an ordinary carpenter. He was able to acquire in-depth knowledge in Oriya and Sanskrit languages.

Through jokes, humorous pieces, satire and ridicule, he used to face the truth and unmask dishonesty, illegitimacy and untruthfulness. King, the common mass and the courtiers- everybody was carried away by his jokes

and humours. Nobody ever dared to argue with him. Very cleverly he could avoid others and avow/declare the actual truth. Many of his humourous poetic exclamations are used as idioms in day-to-day activities even today.

One day there was no vegetable in the house of Jadumani. In spite of being repeatedly reminded by his wife, the absent-minded Jadumani had not brought any vegetable. The fact was that he had no money to buy vegetables. Hence, his wife cooked some bamboo sprout. Jadumani, without uttering a single word, ate that and set off for the royal court. He headed towards the queen's palace after uttering some jokes and humourous pieces in the court. The queen warmly greeted him and inquired about his wellbeing. Jadumani narrated some stories from the Mahabharata and sang some *bhakti*, songs to her. While serving him the lunch, the queen suddenly asked, "What curry has been cooked in your house?"

Jadumani was in an awkward position. 'How could he say that bamboo sprout has been cooked in his house?' He felt shy. It was Shree Ram Chandra's birthday

that day and the queen loved to hear stories on Shree Ram's life. So he sang-

"Cap on his head since childhood,
mesmerised the Gopis in the Krishna
Incarnation,

killed Ravana in the Rama
Incarnation,

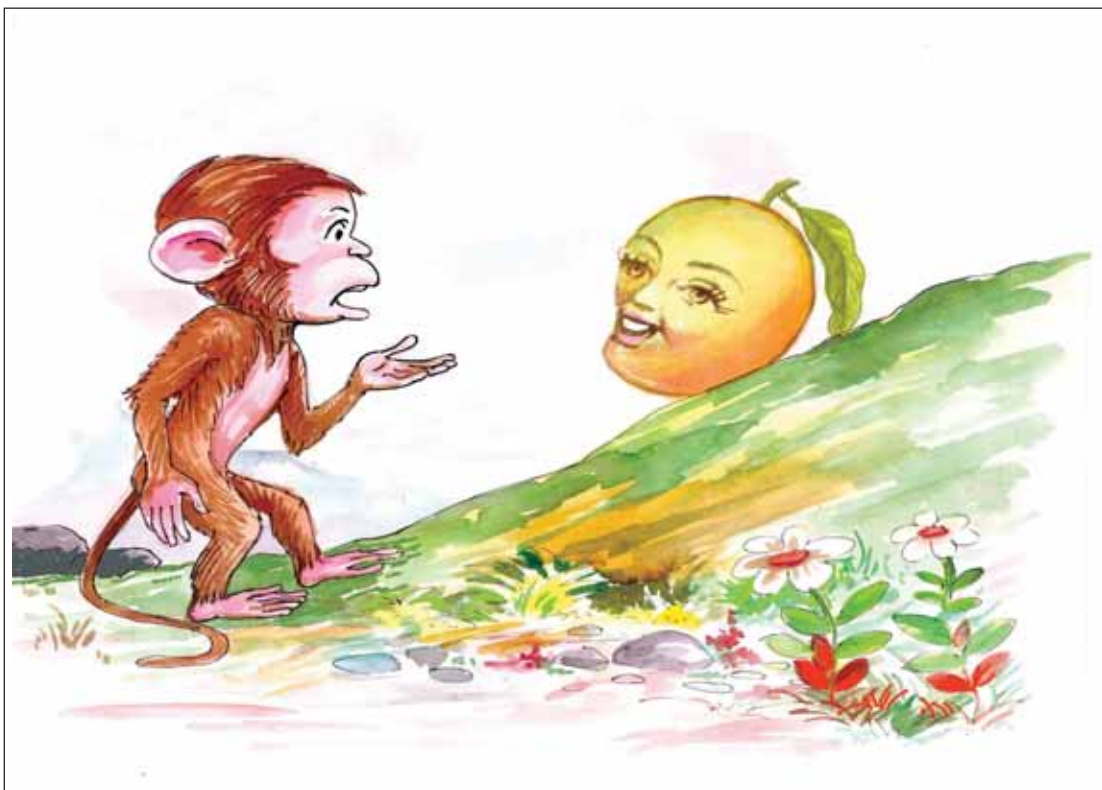
This is the curry today my wife had
cooked."

Jadumani had thought that the queen would not think anything and only listen about Shree Rama. But the intelligent queen was able to guess what Jadumani had said. Due to poverty, bamboo sprout had been cooked in his house. Bamboo sprout has a cap upon it. With the flute made of bamboo, Shri Krishna seduced the Gopis. With the arrow made out of bamboo, Shree Rama killed Ravana. The queen praised the poet's honesty as also the way in which he had put his financial condition into words. The queen immediately sent bags of fresh vegetables to Jadumani's place.

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जादुई आम

रुचि सिंह



बहुत पहले की बात है। नेपाल के सगरमाथा अंचल के गांव सिरहा के बगीचे में एक बड़े से आम के पेड़ की सबसे उपर की डाली में एक आम फला। वह आम और आम जैसा साधारण नहीं था। वह जादू का अनोखा आम था। पेड़ के सबसे ऊंची टहनी से वह आम बहुत कुछ देखता। दूर-दूर तक फैले पहाड़, गांव, नदी, सब देखता।

एक दिन जादू के आम ने सोचा, "अब मैं इस पेड़ से उतरूंगा। बेफिक्र होकर कहीं

भी घूमूंगा। जादू का आम इतना भारी था कि अपने आप पेड़ से नहीं उतर सका। एक दिन बहुत तेज की आंधी आयी। आम का पेड़ तेज आंधी से कभी दाएं तो कभी बाएं डोलने लगा। अचानक जादू का आम पेड़ से जमीन पर गिर पड़ा। जादू के आम को कहीं से भी चोट-पटक नहीं लगी। कुछ देर तक जादुई आम घास पर लोट-पोट करता रहा। घास पर लोट-पोट करते हुए जादुई आम को बहुत मजा आया।

आम ने सोचा, "मैं पेड़ से नीचे आ गया ! अब मैं पूरा नेपाल घूमने जाऊंगा ।"

जादू के आम का पैर नहीं था ! वह लुढ़क कर जाने लगा । जादुई आम पहाड़ से लुढ़कते हुए गांव की ओर जाने लगा । गांव के नजदीक जादुई आम की मुलाकात एक बंदर से हुई । बंदर ने कहा— "ऐ आम रुक—रुक । मैं तुझे खाऊंगा । बंदर की बात सुन कर जादुई आम हंसने लगा । हंसते—हंसते आम गाना गाने लगा ।

"मैं हूं जादू का आम, मैं हूं जादू का आम, तुम मुझे पकड़ नहीं सकते,

मैं पूरा नेपाल लुढ़कते—लुढ़कते घुमूंगा, मैं हूं जादू का आम, मैं हूं जादू का आम ।"

इतना कहकर जादू का आम जल्दी—जल्दी लुढ़कते हुए आगे बढ़ने लगा ! बंदर भी आम के पीछे—पीछे दौड़ने लगा । रास्ते में एक छोटे से लड़के ने आम को लुढ़कते हुए देखा तो उसने भी कहा— "ऐ आम रुक—रुक, मैं तुझे खाऊंगा । "जादुई आम ने उसे भी वही गीत सुना दिया । "मैं हूं जादू का आम, मैं हूं जादू का आम, तुम मुझे पकड़ नहीं सकते, मैं पूरा नेपाल लुढ़कते—लुढ़कते घुमूंगा, मैं हूं जादू का आम, मैं हूं जादू का आम ।"

बंदर के साथ—साथ छोटा लड़का भी आम के पीछे दौड़ने लगा ।

आम लुढ़कते—लुढ़कते एक खेत में पहुंचा । खेत पर काम कर रही औरतों ने

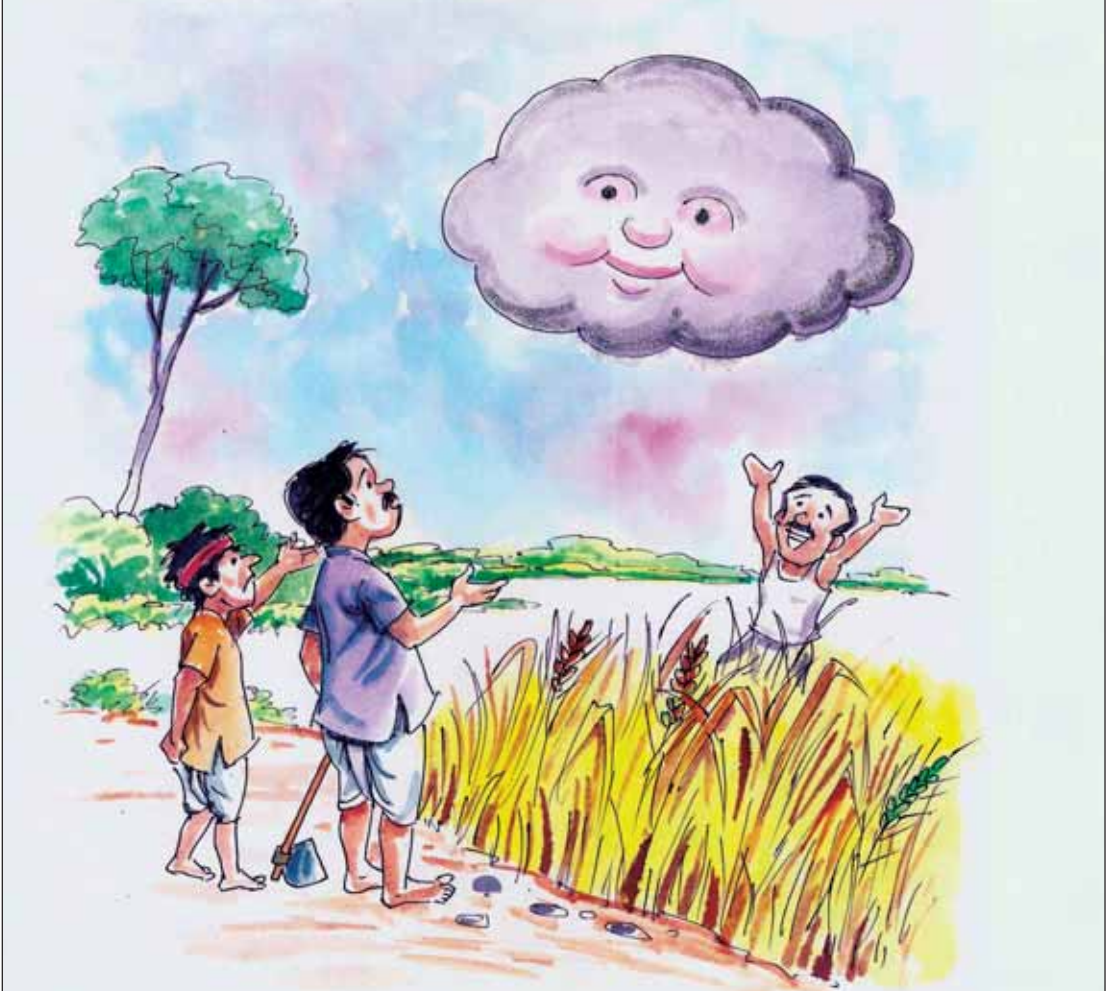
भी आम को रुकने के लिए कहा । अब तो आम के पीछे सभी दौड़ने लगे । अब जादू का आम छुपने के लिए जगह देखने लगा । आम ने लंबी—लंबी घास देखी । उसी घास में जादू का आम छुप गया । बंदर, लड़का, औरत आम को खोज नहीं सके और वापस लौट गए । जादू का आम लुढ़कते हुए बहुत थक गया था । घास के अंदर ही सो गया । जब जादू का आम सोकर उठा तो धूप खिल रही थी । धूप की गर्मी जादू के आम को बहुत अच्छी लगी । जादू के आम ने सोचा—अब मैं कुछ दिन यहीं रहूंगा ।

काफी दिनों के बाद जादू के आम से हरे—हरे पत्ते और डाली निकलने लगे । अब जादू का आम एक पेड़ बनने की तैयारी में था । उसने लुढ़कना छोड़ दिया । नेपाल घूमने की इच्छा भी छोड़ दी । कुछ साल के बाद जादू का आम एक बड़े आम के पेड़ में बदल गया । फिर जादू के आम जैसा ही सुंदर और मीठा आम उस पेड़ पर फलने लगा । लोग चाव से उस पेड़ का आम खाने लगे । जादुई आम पेड़ के नीचे दबा हुआ सब देखता और मुस्कराता ।

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बादल बदलू प्रसाद

प्रतुल वशिष्ठ



एक था 'बदलू प्रसाद' । एक दिन वो समुद्र के ऊपर घूम रहा था । घूमते-घूमते समुद्र में उछलकूद कर रही लहरों को गिन रहा था — "एक लहर, दो लहर, तीन लहर, चार लहर, पांच ।" तभी उसके कानों में दूर

कहीं से एक आवाज आई—“बदलू प्रसाद, जल्दी आओ ।”

बदलू प्रसाद गिनती गिनना भूल गया । उसने इधर देखा, उधर देखा । उसे न इधर कोई दिखा, और न ही उसे उधर

कोई दिखा । बदलू फिर से लहरों को गिनने में लग गया — “एक लहर, दो लहर, तीन लहर, दस लहर, उन्नीस लहर, बीस लहर।” तभी उसके कानों में दूर कहीं से फिर एक आवाज आई — “बदलू प्रसाद, जल्दी आओ” ।

बदलू प्रसाद गिनती गिनना फिर भूल गया । उसने इधर देखा । उधर देखा । उसे न इधर कोई दिखा, और न ही उसे उधर कोई दिखा । बदलू फिर से लहरों को गिनने में लग गया । लेकिन लहर गिनने में उसका मन नहीं लगा । बदलू ने सोचा—चलकर देखा जाए, आखिर उसे बुला कौन रहा है ।

बदलू प्रसाद इधर—उधर देखते हुए आगे बढ़ा । उसने देखा— चींटियों का एक झुंड बड़ी मेहनत कर रहा है । बदलू ने चींटियों के झुंड के पास जाकर पूछा—“चींटी—चींटी, क्या तुमने मुझे आवाज दी?” चींटियों ने डरते हुए कहा—“नहीं, नहीं, हमने तुम्हें नहीं बुलाया । हम नया घर बना रही हैं । तुम आकर बरसे तो हमारे घर में पानी भर जाएगा । हम सब बह जाएंगे ।” बदलू ने कहा — मुझे माफ करना ।” कहकर वह आगे बढ़ गया ।

आगे उसने कुछ मोर नाचते देखे । बदलू ने सोचा — इन्हें शायद मेरी जरूरत नहीं होगी । यह सोचते हुए वह और आगे

बढ़ गया । आगे उसने कुछ मेंढक देखे । मेंढक बदलू को देखकर उछलने लगे । बदलू ने सोचा — इन्हें शायद मेरी जरूरत है । उसने तुरंत मेंढकों से पूछा— मेंढक, मेंढक, क्या तुमने मुझे आवाज दी?” मेंढकों ने टर्-टर् करना शुरू कर दिया । बदलू प्रसाद ने सोचा— इन्हें शायद मेरा आना बुरा लगा है तभी ये सभी मुझे टर्-टर् करके भगा रहे हैं । बदलू प्रसाद चुपचाप वहां से भी चल दिया ।

आगे बदलू को कुछ किसान खेतों में काम करते दिखायी दिये । सभी बदलू को देखकर बहुत खुश हुए । वो उनके पास गया और बोला—“क्या तुमने मुझे आवाज दी?” सभी किसानों ने हल्ला मचा दिया —“हां, हां, हां । हमने ही तुम्हें बुलाया है । हमारी फसलें प्यासी हैं । तुम ही उनकी प्यास बुझा सकते हो।”

बदलू प्रसाद ने जमकर बारिश की और किसानों को खुश कर दिया । किसानों के बच्चे बारिश में खूब नहाये । कुछ बच्चे बारिश होने के बाद कागज की नाव तैराने लगे ।

बदलू प्रसाद बारिश करके वापस जाने लगा । जाते—जाते वो उन बच्चों की नाव देखता जा रहा था ।

बदलू ने पहली नाव देखी जो पानी में तैरती जा रही थी ।

बदलू ने दूसरी नाव देखी जो थोड़ी दूर तैर कर डूब गई ।

बदलू ने तीसरी नाव देखी जो तैरते-तैरते एक जगह अटक गई थी। बदलू ने जैसे ही चौथी नाव देखी तभी उसके कानों में दूर से फिर एक आवाज आई— “बदलू प्रसाद, जल्दी आओ।”

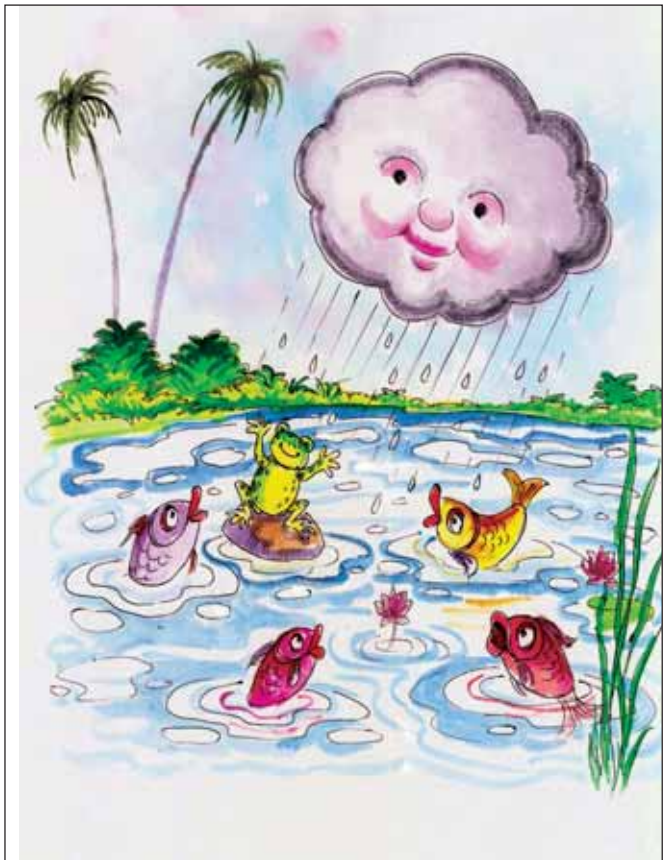
बदलू प्रसाद वहीं ठिठक गया। कागज की नावों को देखना छोड़कर वह आवाज की दिशा में बढ़ चला। आगे उसे एक राहगीर जाता दिखाई दिया। बदलू ने राहगीर से पूछा—“क्या तुमने मुझे आवाज दी?” राहगीर ने कहा — “नहीं — नहीं, मैंने तुम्हें नहीं बुलाया। मेरा घर दूर है, मुझे घर जल्दी पहुंचना है, तुम साथ रहे तो मुझे रुकना पड़ जाएगा।”

बदलू प्रसाद ने कहा—“माफ करना भाई। मुझे कोई बुला रहा है लेकिन मुझे पता नहीं वह कौन है। इसलिए आपसे पूछ रहा हूं।” कहकर बदलू और आगे चल दिया।

आगे बदलू को एक तालाब दिखाई दिया। जिसका पानी सूख कर बहुत थोड़ा रह गया था। बदलू ने ध्यान से देखा। उस तालाब में कुछ मछलियां तड़प रही थीं और कुछ कीचड़ में छिपने की कोशिश कर रहीं थी। बदलू ने वहां जाकर पूछा—“क्या तुमने मुझे आवाज दी?” एक मछली ने जान लगाकर बोला —“हां, हमने ही तुम्हें बुलाया

है। हमारा परिवार बिना पानी के मर रहा है। तुम ही हो जो हमें बचा सकते हो।”

यह सुनकर बदलू ने सूखे तालाब पर खूब देर तक बारिश की। सभी तड़पती मछलियां तालाब के भर जाने से बेहद खुश होकर इधर-उधर तैरने लगीं। बदलू प्रसाद बारिश करके बहुत पतले हो गए। तभी जोर से हवा चली और वे उस हवा के साथ-साथ न जाने कहां उड़ गए।



244/10, स्कूल ब्लॉक, गली-3 मण्डावली
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होली यों बोली

अब्दुल मलिक खान

होली आकर हम से बोली
उठकर बैठो लल्ला
क्यों करते हो तुम होली पर
इतना हल्ला-गुल्ला

लकड़ी लाते चोरी- चोरी
राहगीर को आंख दिखाते
काट-काट कर हरे पेड़ का
पल भर में तुम ढूंढ बनाते

लेकर मेरा नाम पकड़ते
शैतानी का पल्ला

कभी किसी का सुंदर मुखड़ा
कोलतार से करते काला
कई बार नाली का कीचड़
तुम ने औरों पर दे डाला

मनमानी करते रहते तुम
हर दम खुल्लम-खुल्ला

होली का तुम रुप बिगाड़ो
यह कुछ अच्छी बात नहीं है
रंग, अबीर, गुलाल उड़ाओ
कहनी तुम से बात यही है

खाओ और खिलाओ सबको
रबड़ी और रसगुल्ला।



रामनगर-भवानीमण्डी
झालावाड़ (राज.) पिन-326502

Two Poems

K. Lasya Chandrika

Friendship



Friendship, Friendship
it is a cute and beautiful ship
which takes us to an enjoyable trip
it never loses its tight grip

It mixes in our heart in one little dip
it makes us to fly to the mountain tip
it is the sweetest word to my pink lip
gift your friend with a flower of tulip.

Rain

That is the rain
from the black clouds' train
why should we strain
when it gets drain

Its diamond drops
help to grow crops
make joyful farmers hop
by coming from the tops.



lasyachandrika123@gmail.com

The Astrologer's Prediction

Hari Prasad Vyas



One day Bakor Patel was on his way to his firm. When he boarded the train at the Dadar Station, he was followed by another person. Patel took a seat. The fellow also sat close to him. He had an old turban on his head, a bead necklace around his neck and on the forehead, he had large kumkum tilak. The upper part of his body was covered with a dirty

piece of cloth, which had the word 'Rama' printed all over.

He stared at Patel and then suddenly gave him a smile as if he knew Patel for a long time, "Hello Shethji. How are you?" he said. And he continued to smile at him.

Patel was surprised, for he did not know the person. Since he had

addressed him, he replied, “I am Jiraf Shankar Joshi. You must have heard my name.”

Before Patel could say ‘yes’ or ‘no’, Jiraf Joshi said, “Shethji, let me read your palm.”

Patel extended his hand towards him. Jiraf Joshi started studying the lines on his palm minutely.

Then he laughed and said, “Sethji, you seem to be very fortunate. You are a well to-do person. Should I tell you the truth? Hope you don’t mind.”

Patel got interested in his talk. He moved a little close towards Jiraf Joshi and said, “Why should I feel offended? Tell me what you want to. I have great faith in astrologers like you”.

The astrologer replied with a chuckle, ‘Shethji, these days one rarely comes across persons like you. There are two calamities that are likely to befall you.”

Patel was taken aback. He replied promptly: “What? Is it so?”

The astrologer said, “You would be faced with two calamities. One concerns you, and the other your friend.”

Patel straightened up and said, “is that so? Oh astrologer, why don’t you tell me in a straight forward manner.”

“A friend of yours has borrowed a large amount of money and hasn’t paid you the amount back.”

Interrupting the astrologer, Patel said, “Yes it is true.”

The astrologer further said, “A couple of days ago some one in your family had been taken ill. Is it true?”

Patel was surprised to hear all these. He felt the man was a great astrologer. It was a fact that a few days back Amatho servant had been ill for some time.

Jiraf Joshi added, “Shethji, don’t take ill of what I say. We astrologers are often the targets of people’s anger but there is no go. This profession is such that when we tell the truth....”

Patel replied, “Dear astrologer, tell me whatever you feel is true. I swear by my throat. “

“Shethji, you should not swear in the name of your life. May you have a long life of hundred years.” Said the astrologer as if he was shocked.

Bakor Patel said, “Don’t worry, please let me know what you have to say.”

Jiraf said, “I can see a threat to your life through water. Since certain stars are favourable so there is a way out.”

Pleased by what Jiraf told him, Patel said, “Is it so? Indeed I am relieved.”

Jiraf Joshi replied, “If I prove wrong I am ready to face the consequences. To avoid the threat you will have to perform a ritual. The threat is quite serious.”

Patel said, “It is true sir, but what is the remedy?”

Jiraf said, “Oh! every disease has its cure. I have a solution to all such problems. You will have to get one thousand one Japas performed.”

Patel said, “Is that all? I don’t mind it.”

The astrologer took out the almanac from his pocket, opened it and then started counting something on his fingers. Dhan, maker, kumbh,...Look at the birth chart. Please put a rupee and a quarter in one of the squares.” Saying so he placed the book in Patel’s hand and showed him the chart.

Initially Patel thought for a while and then took out the amount from his pocket and placed it on one of the square, with his eyes closed.

“It is all right. The astrologer lifted the money and put it into his pocket. Then addressing Patel he said, “One item is over. Now one more remains to be done.” Saying so the astrologer brought out a large idol from a bundle that was lying close to him and placed it in Patel’s hand.

Patel turned the idol from one side on to other and asked “What is it?”

Jiraf Joshi replied, “This is the remedy to your threat.”

Patel inquired, “How is this to be used?”

Jiraf said, “Listen to what I say. Place this idol in water and worship it for fifteen days. On the sixteenth day I will visit your house. Then I will perform the puja with the necessary rituals and Japas.” He further added, “Then all your problems will be solved.”

Patel heaved a sigh of relief and said, “All right Maharaj.”

Jiraf Joshi then took out a piece of paper from his pocket and said, “Patel, write your address on this. I will definitely visit your place after fifteen days.”

Patel wrote down his address and gave it to him.

Patel got down from the train as he reached his station. He bowed to Jiraf Joshi with folded hands and said, “Ok, then sir, please keep your promise.”

Jiraf said, “Ok Shethji, Don’t be worried. Leave all your problems to me.” Bakor Patel reached his firm but his



mind was time and again drawn to that astrologer's talk. He placed the idol on the table and for some time continued to stare at it. The idol was fine and well moulded. It had a large forehead. Patel continued to watch the forehead for some time.

He failed to concentrate in his work. That day he eagerly awaited evening. In the evening Patel got ready and reached home by train .

The moment he reached home, he rushed to Smt Patel even without

changing his clothes. He exclaimed, "Look here dear, I have brought something new."

Smt Patel emerged from the kitchen drying up her hands and said, "What a surprise! You have rushed to the kitchen with your shoes on!.....

Bakor Patel said, "I simply forgot... but look here."

Smt Patel took the idol in her hand and said, "Oh, This is an old idol. Where did you bring it from?"



Illustration from the original text.

Patel then narrated to her the story of the astrologer.

Having listened to the whole matter Smt Patel said, “Didn’t I tell you that these days some misfortune will befall you? Threat through water is something extremely serious. Do you remember Khoda Patel’s son? He was also forewarned by some astrologers to keep himself away from water, but he paid no heed to it and was drowned.”

Bakor Patel said, “Oh, what is it so? I will have to be cautious about it.”

Smt Patel asked him, “Why is the idol so dirty? Let me get it cleaned.”

Then Bakor Patel said, “That is true. You should clean it properly. We shall then worship it every day.”

Smt Patel got the idol cleaned. Then she started rubbing it with a piece of cloth. Suddenly she said, “Oh dear, look here! Something is engraved on the forehead of the image.”

Bakor Patel took the idol. He put on his specs and minutely examined it. It was true that something was engraved on the forehead. “Break the forehead, earn a fortune.”

Smt Patel said, “What’s written on it?”

Bakor Patel read the words aloud, “Break the forehead, earn a fortune.”

Smt. Patel was lost in thoughts. She couldn’t make out anything.

Just then, Vaghjibhai Vakil from the neighbourhood arrived there. Looking at the idol in Patel’s hands he said, “Oh Patel Saheb! What have you brought?”

Placing the idol in Vaghjibhai’s hand, Patel narrated the whole story. Bakor Patel said, “Vaghjibhai, there is something engraved on the forehead which I don’t understand.”

Vaghjibhai also tried to read the writing, “Break the forehead, earn a fortune.”

Patel asked him eagerly, “Vaghjibhai can you make out anything?”

Vaghjibhai was puzzled for a while, then suddenly said, “Yes, yes, I got it!”

Bakor Patel said, “What?”

Vaghjibhai replied, “The term ‘Bhal’ means forehead; and it has to be split open.”

On hearing this, Smt Patel broke into laughter. She said, “What is this? The idol is an antidote for the threat and you are talking of breaking its forehead. What an absurd thing to say?”

Bakor Patel laughed and then again became serious and said, “Vaghjibhai, “Don’t you think it means something else?”

Vaghjibhai pondered over the matter and then made a reply, “Breaking the forehead” means that we have to split it.



Illustration from the original text.

It means one has to apply one's brain, one should use one's intelligence."

Bakor Patel said, "Yes, yes it must be so."

Smt Patel spoke, " This has some valid point in it. If some one uses one's brain, one can be prosperous. It is true. After all forehead is the most important thing."

Vaghjibhai said, "It means nothing but this, 'Apply your brain.' It includes everything. This idol also warns that one who is cautious never lands himself in trouble. Such a person is bound to be fortunate."

That was all. The sentence on the idol was interpreted. Both Bakor Patel and Smt Patel were free from all worries

now. Smt Patel started worshipping the idol with more care than Patel.

Fifteen days passed.

On the sixteenth day, early in the morning a stranger arrived at Patel's bungalow. He stood in the front yard and called out " Sheth, O Sheth."

Bakor Patel came out and asked, "What you do want?"

The stranger said, " Are you Bakorbahai?"

Bakor Patel said, "Yes I am."

He then saluted Bakor Patel and said, " Sheth, do you remember you met our guru?"

Bakor Patel said, " Which Guru?"

He said, “ Have you forgotten him?
Jiraf Joshi...”

Patel said, “Yes, yes, please come in.
He had promised to come today. Please
come in.”

The fellow entered the bungalow and
sat on a chair. Then with serious look on
his face, he said “ Sheth, our guru passed
away...” Saying so he started weeping.

Patel was shocked. He almost stood
up in surprise.

The stranger wiping the tears from
his eyes said, “ Yes Sheth.”

Bakor Patel remained silent for a
while and then said., "It is indeed sad!"
“What’s your name?” The fellow replied,
“ I am Jibha Joshi.”

Bakor Patel asked, “ Did your guru
convey anything to you?”

Jibha Joshi said, “ He has explained
to me every detail about the Japas and
rituals to be performed. If you permit
me I may begin it.”

Bakor Patel said, “ Why should I have
any objection to it? Tell me what you
need for it?”

Jibha Joshi said, “ I don’t need
anything. I have brought everything with
me. Do you have any spare room with
complete silence.”

Patel replied, “Yes, why not?”

Jibha Joshi said, “ That is fine, I will
close the door and perform the Japas
there. Have you performed the puja
well?”

Bakor Patel said, “ Yes, we did that.”

Jibha Joshi said, “ Please hand over
the idol to me. I’ll start my work and
Sheth, you will have to do one more
thing.”

Patel asked, “ Say it without any
hesitation.” Jibha Joshi said, “ I would
start Japas in the room with closed door
and there should not be any disturbance.
See to it that nobody either enters the
room or stands near the door. Can you
manage all this? I request you with
folded hands.”

Bakor Patel said, “ It will be done. I
will ask every one not to come close to
your room.”

Then Bakor Patel got the room
cleaned and also handed over the idol to
Jibha Joshi.

Jibha behind the closed door began
the Japas. Patel then went to his drawing
room and started reading newspaper in
a relaxed mood.

Right from the beginning, servant
Amatho was listening to all these. As
soon as Jibha had entered the room,
Amatho had become restless. He could
not contain himself. Finding an
opportunity, he stealthily stood close
to the door. He peeped into the room
through a crack. He could clearly see
Jibha Joshi’s activities. After a while he
became more and more restless. He was
gripped by a strange feeling. He rushed
to Bakor Patel and brought him there.

Bakor Patel also tiptoed to the door and observed the activities of Jibha Joshi.

He was really surprised.

Jibha Joshi took the idol in the hand. He observed it minutely and then after applying some force he started rotating a part of the forehead. Wow, the forehead had threads on it. As he rotated the top, it came apart and the rest of the idol appeared hollow from within. Jibha put his hand into the hollow part and took out a number of diamonds, rubies and pearl necklaces.

Patel was stunned to see all these. He thought to himself, “Oh how is it that this didn’t strike me. For it was written in clear words on the image, ‘Break forehead and earn a fortune’.” It is a fact that he broke open the forehead and took out the jewelry and he has proved himself lucky.

Jibha minutely observed all the jewelry and then put all things in the hollow again. He then tightened toe top of the forehead. Then with closed eyes, he started mumbling some thing.

Patel rushed to Patalani and described to her the whole matter with a lot of excitement.

Then they eagerly awaited for Jibha to come out.

After an hour and a half Jibha came out of the room. He was holding the idol in his hand. Bakor Patel as if he knew nothing asked him, “Is it over.”

Jibha said, “Yes sir.”

Bakor Patel said, “Why are you taking away this idol? Your Guru had asked me to retain it.”

As if taken aback Jibha said, “Did he ask you to keep it? Impossible! This idol is full of magic powers. This I have to carry with me.”

Bakor Patel said, “I won’t part with it. Your Guru asked me to keep it.”

Jibha said, “How can that be? I will have to take it with me.”

Bakor Patel replied, “Whatever it may be. Take twenty five rupees.” Saying so he offered him the amount.

Placing his hands on his ears, Jibha Joshi said, “Twenty five rupees! You can befool somebody else, not me. I offer you Rs. 200. Do you agree to it?”

Patel said, “I don’t want to listen to anything. Alright take rupees three hundred.”

Jibha Joshi was equally clever. He said, “Why don’t you take rupees one thousand and give the idol to me?”

Bakor Patel was drawn into a sense of competition. He saw before his eyes those diamonds, pearls and rubies. He said, “I offer you one thousand and five hundred.” Jibha Joshi said, “I offer you one thousand seven hundred fifty.



Bakor Patel said, “I say, take rupees two thousand.”

Jibha Joshi laughed and said, “I am no match for you. You are a rich person. However, I am bound by my Guruji’s words. So there is no go. Ok, give me two thousand rupees and this idol is yours.”

Patel gave him the amount without any delay. Jibha Joshi tied the money in a bundle and went away bidding him

goodbye. Now Smt Patel, Amatho and Patel were left alone. Smt. Patel closed the door and then said, “Ok now open the idol. Make no delay or somebody else will arrive.”

Patel unscrewed the forehead of the idol. Soon it opened. They could see the hollow part of the image. Patel upturned the idol and there came out from it different kinds of jewelry: pearl

necklaces, diamonds, rubies, etc. Patel's joy knew no bound. He started to jump around.

Smt Patel said, "How much would all the jewelry come to?"

Patel's mouth watered and he said "Please don't ask..."

Smt Patel was also extremely pleased. She said, "Just say the approximate price."

Patel replied "We would know if we consult a jeweler."

Smt Patel said, "That's all right. You should do that. Ask him the exact price of this pearl necklace. Don't take everything with you today."

Patel said, "Why."

Smt Patel said, "Why don't you realize people would suspect us?"

Patel laughed and said, "Come come, who do you think I am! Patel has a lot of credit".

Smt Patel said, "Don't show off. Do one thing, show one part of the jewelry to one jeweler and the rest of it to another one." Patel said, "Ok I will do so meanwhile you prepare meals. I will take a round to the jewelry market and come back. Then I will go the firm. I will give the office a ring and inform them that I will reach a little late."

After taking meals, Patel went to the jewelry bazaar.

It took him almost four hours. When he returned home his face had lost its luster.

Smt Patel was shocked to see that. She rushed towards him and said, "Why have you come back so early? What happened?"

Patel collapsed on the divan. He struck his forehead and said, "My lord, what should I say?"

Patalani's heart beats increased and she asked, "Why don't you tell me what happened?"

Patel said, "What should I say? All the jewelry was imitation. It wasn't genuine. They say, it won't fetch even rupees fifty....."

Smt Patel was shocked and she exclaimed, "What!"

Patel said, "Yes, and your pearl necklace wouldn't touch even a rupee.

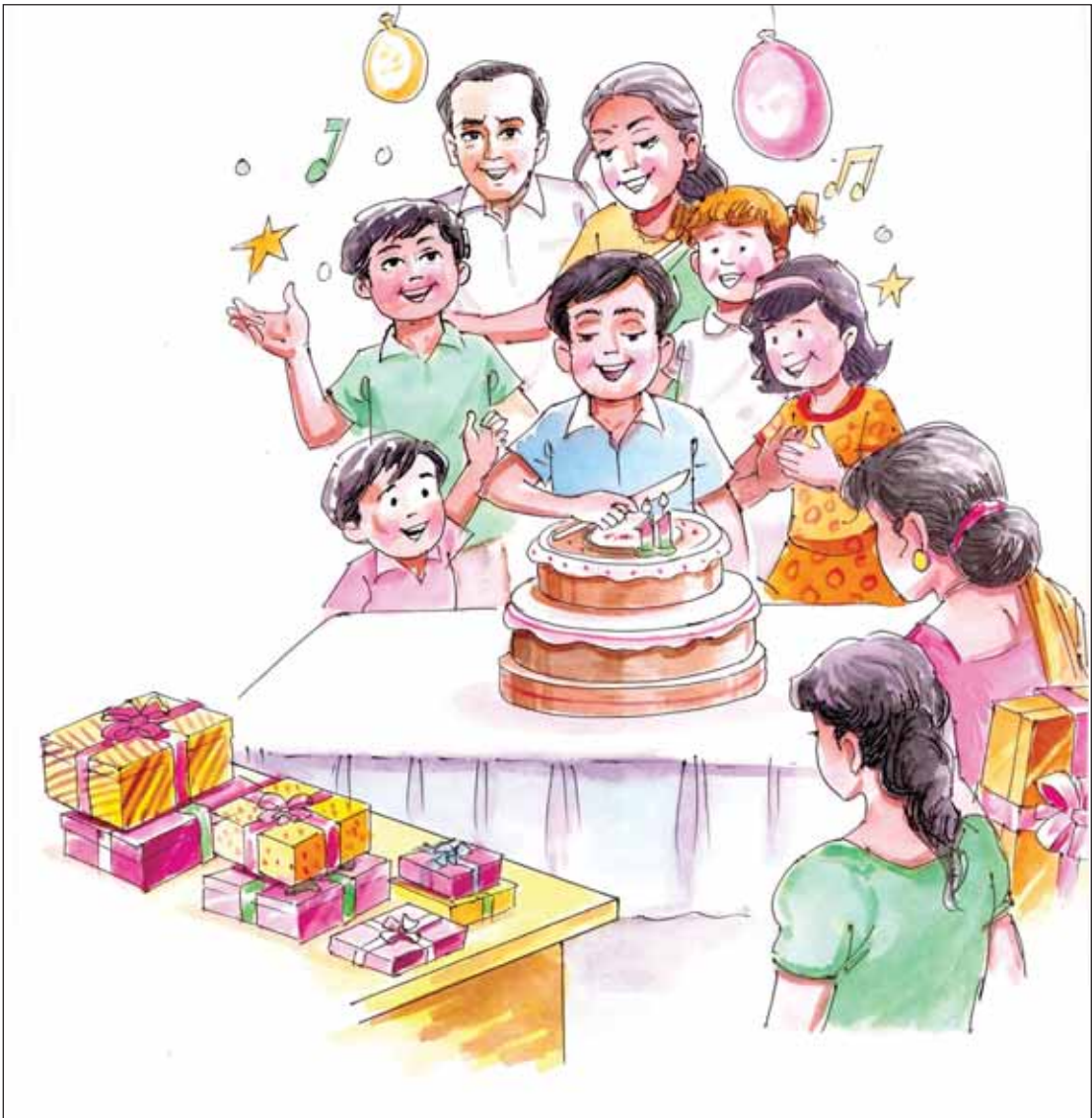
Patel could only say, "Yes, everything is false. Oh lord, I am done with!"

Patel wept bitterly. Patalani tried to find ways of consoling him.

(From Stories of Bakor Patel)

Gifts-in-Transit

A C Tuli



Siddharth's parents had decided to arrange a grand tea party on his 11th birthday. So they drew up a

list of their son's friends whom he wanted to invite on this occasion. Besides, they also decided to

invite their close relatives to share their happiness.

All arrangements for the tea party were made to the entire satisfaction of Siddharth's parents.

His mother, assisted by their domestic help Sheela, was bustling about to ensure that everything was okay before the party began. His father was ringing up the confectioner with whom the family had placed their order for Siddharth's birthday cake.

The first guest to turn up at their house was Vikrant, their son's best friend. Vikrant came accompanied by his mother. Both of them wished Siddharth many happy returns of the day and then handed him his birthday gift, packed in a cardboard box that was wrapped in a yellow translucent paper. Shortly afterwards, more school friends of Siddharth walked in. The attractively packed gifts and bouquets that they had brought for Siddharth were deposited on a side-table. Siddharth's uncles and aunts also dropped in to shower their blessings on him and wish him a long life. They too had brought gifts for him.

When the party was over and all the guests had departed, Sheela set about

washing and cleaning up in the kitchen. It was now quite late in the evening, and Siddharth's parents were feeling somewhat tired and wanted to rest for a while. Suddenly, Siddharth heard his mother asking him if he would like to see his birthday gifts now or in the morning.

"Mama," replied Siddharth, "I think I better see these gifts now, otherwise I'll go to bed thinking of all these packs and wondering what each one of them contained."

While his mother set about removing the wraps from the cardboard boxes, his father sat down on the sofa to give his tired limbs some rest. The first pack that was opened contained a wristwatch. The second, surprisingly, also carried a wristwatch. The third pack that was slightly bigger than the other two promised to break the monotony of wristwatches. And it did indeed - it was an alarm clock! When the fourth pack, larger than the previous three, was torn open, all of them were a little startled, for this time it was a wall-clock. Siddharth had not yet taken his eyes off it when his mother, tearing open another oblong pack, said with a note of

disappointment in her voice, “Oh, it’s a timepiece fixed in a pen-stand.”

When all the packs had been opened, they took stock of the final tally—wristwatches three, alarm clocks three and wall clocks four, apart from the timepiece embedded in the pen stand. Siddharth’s father wondered what zany impulse it was that had inspired their guests to plump for watches, clocks and timepieces as gift for their son. Was it some kind of joke on their part to jointly convey to Siddharth the age-old truth that time is a precious commodity and, therefore, it should not be wasted? But on second thoughts, it seemed to him rather foolish and farfetched to think that there was any kind of considered plan behind these gifts. Their guests had come from different parts of the city, and most of them were unknown to each other.

“What shall we do with all these wristwatches, alarm clocks and wall clocks?” Siddharth’s father wondered aloud. “We have already enough of them in the house. Obviously, we’ll have to keep all these gifts dumped in some cupboard.”

Siddharth’s mother, however, had already decided how these gifts were to be used. So she said, “I think these gifts can be gifted away again.”

“Gifts can be gifted away again? What do you mean by that?” asked her husband sharply, for he had not followed this riddle.

“The sensible thing to do is to give these gifts, of course under fresh wrappings, to friends and relatives as and when an occasion arises for doing so,” she replied.

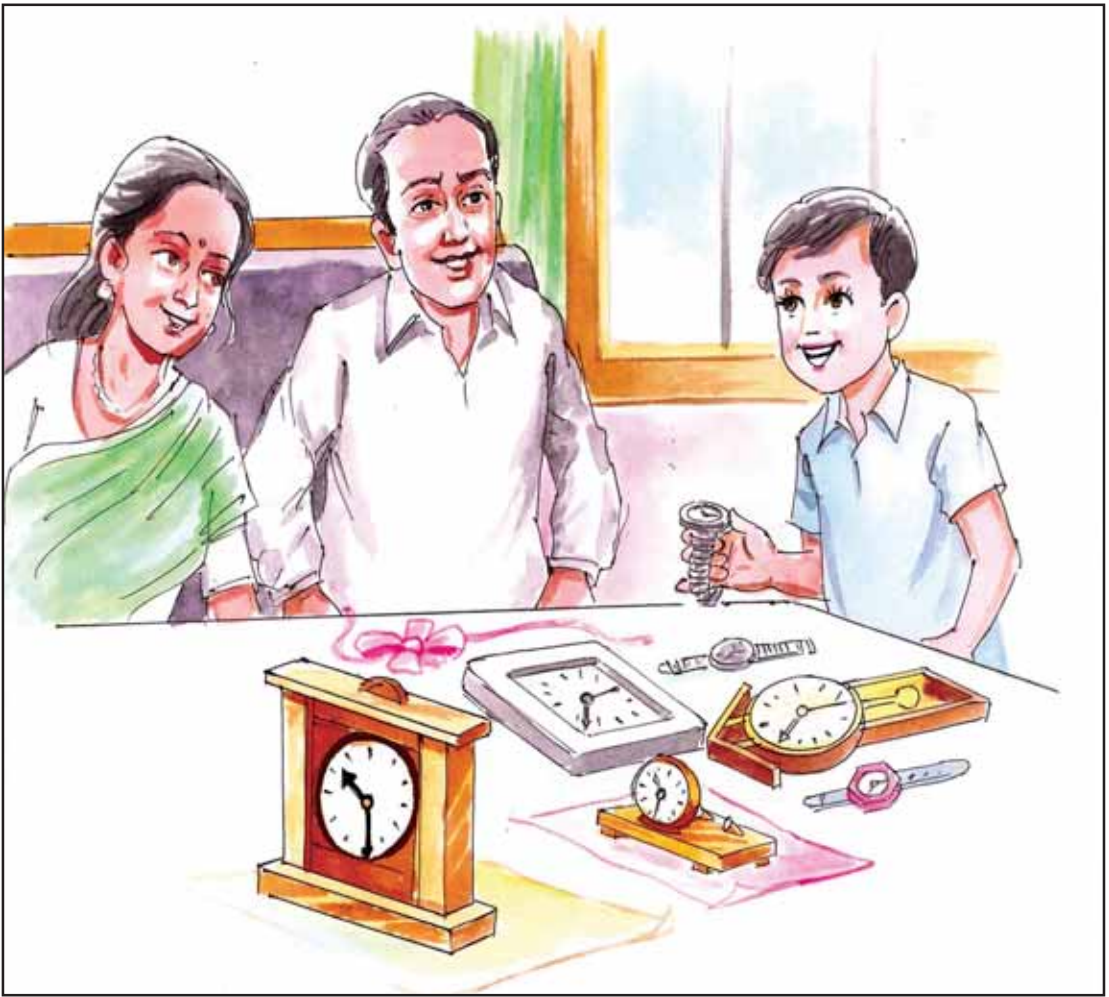
“But shouldn’t a gift that you receive on a particular occasion from someone as a token of his or her affection for you be cherished as a gift? It’s after all a sort of memento,” protested her husband.

“No need to be sentimental about it,” she said, with an impatient wave of her hand. “If you receive, say, a dozen fountain pens or a dozen table-lamps as gifts from your friends on your birthday, will you be able to use all of them? Of course you won’t. So, what should one do with a superfluity of gifts of one particular kind?”

“The other day when we met at a kitty party, Mrs Kappor said, giving and taking of gifts has nowadays become a

dull, mechanical routine in our life. In fact, I call the gifts I receive from friends and relatives on my children's birthdays and some other occasions as gifts-in-transit. They come, stay with me for a while, and then find their way to other homes.' So, like Mrs Kappor, we too should regard these gifts as gifts-in-transit."

However, in this matter Siddharth's father thought in a different way. "A gift," he said emphatically, "was a gift and, therefore, ought to be cherished for its sentimental associations." But then, suddenly, a thought struck his mind. 'Why had they all this while not asked Siddharth what he wanted to do with all these wristwatches, alarm clocks and



wall-clocks? After all, these gifts were meant for him.’ When they put this question to Siddharth, the boy thought over it for a while, and then said, “Well, dad, you have rightly said we don’t need all those alarm clocks and wall-clocks, since we have already enough of them in our home. My study table has one beautiful wall clock in it. There is also an alarm clock on my study-table. Besides, I have two wristwatches- one given by you and the other by grandpa on my last birthday. So I don’t need even wristwatches now.”

“Yes, that’s why we’re asking you what you propose to do with these gifts,” said his mother. “Mama, I think we should give one wall-clock to Sheela, our jharoo - pochawali.” He replied. “She is so poor that she can’t afford a wall clock for her house. Then, she has a school-going son almost my age. Why shouldn’t we give her one wristwatch for her son? He’ll be so happy to receive this gift from us. So mama, please give Sheela these two things when she comes out of the kitchen after finishing her chores. Besides, Ram Lal, the mali who looks after our plants, is also very poor. The other day I heard him say that his

daughter was nowadays working hard for her matriculation examinations. We can give him one alarm clock and one wristwatch for his daughter. She really needs them. Similarly, the chowkidar of our locality has a school-going son, he also deserves to be given one of these wall-clocks for his house.”

Siddharth’s father was surprised, for he had no inkling that his son nursed such generous feelings for the poor. But he also felt a little ashamed of himself, as he wondered why this thought had not struck his mind in the first instance-the thought that gifts acquire added value when these are given to the needy.

To Siddharth’s mother, it was also something in the nature of a revelation - and also a lesson- that her son was so generous towards the poor. In fact, she was now no longer inclined to follow her kitty friend Mrs Kapoor’s clever advice about recycling gifts under fresh wrappings if one did not need them for oneself.

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उल्लू क्यों बनाते हो जी!

दिविक रमेश



गुस्सा आ जाता है तो हम
कट्टी सबसे कर लेते हैं
नहीं रहा जाता है तो हम
अब्बा भी झट कर लेते हैं

कट्टी करते हैं तो कैसे
सभी मनाने हमको आते
अब्बा करते हैं तो कैसे
गोदी में सब हमें उठाते

शोर करें तो क्यों मां कहती
आसमान सिर पे न उठाओ
आसमान तो इतना भारी
कौन उठाता यह बतलाओ

हम को छोटू छोटू कह कर
उल्लू क्यों बनाते हो जी
आ जाएगा बाबा कह कर
हम को क्यों डराते हो जी।

नोएडा (उ. प्र.)

Secret of Success

Varun Kumar



Rini and Ankita were two sisters . Rini was only one year older than Ankita.They were students of the same class in the school and lived in the same locality. Their parents loved both of them very much and treated them equally.

The two sisters had similar taste for all things. They never complained about each other to their parents . They loved each other very much.

However, while the younger sister Ankita had many friends in the school,

Rini found it difficult to make friendship. The teachers too showered praise on Ankita and hardly ever paid attention to the elder sister, Rini.

On the Foundation Day of the Society in which they lived, Ankita was declared the best and most popular child.

It made Rini unhappy. She could not understand in what way she was inferior to Ankita. She also wondered why her younger sister was more popular than her.

One day she asked about this to their mother: “ Mom! I try to be as friendly to everyone as Ankita is but our neighbours as well as children of the society have chosen her as the most popular girl . Why everyone likes Ankita more than me?”

Her mother replied softly, “My dear daughter you are so much talented but Ankita has learnt certain ways of doing things which have made her more popular than you. She has imbibed the qualities of good manner, obedience and duty consciousness. Ankita is very respectful and polite in her behaviour. She always speaks with a smile on her face. She never quarrels with any fellow student and takes part in co-curricular

as well as sports activities. Because of these good habits, everyone considers her as a friend. People like extroverts more than introverts.”

“Do you know why she is also so popular with the teachers?” her mother asked and continued, “There are so many children in the school. The teachers are attracted towards only those students who have some special qualities. Students having good qualities become teacher’s pet.”

“What are the qualities which our neighbours and teachers like in a student?” Rini asked.

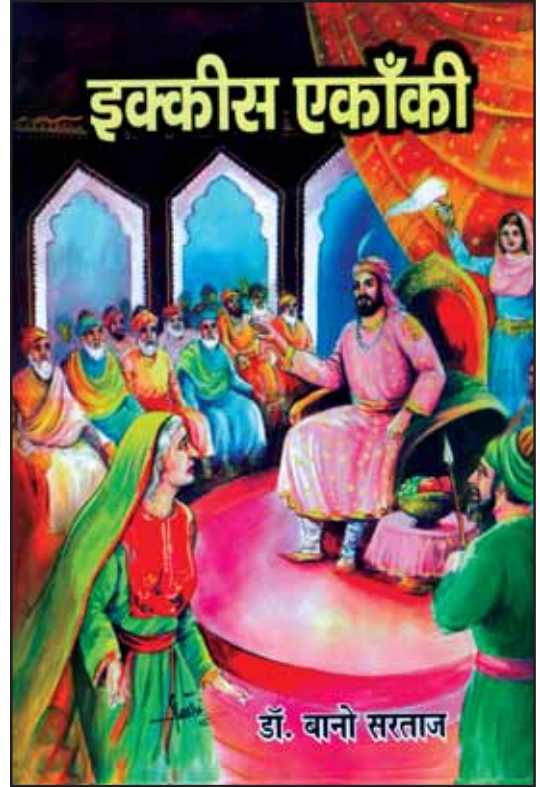
“I shall tell you some important things which each child should remember: Always be neat and tidy. You should clean your face and your hands and feet should be properly washed. Again, you should never reach late in the school. One must take part in sports and other activities in addition to the curricular and co-curricular activities. One should always be ready to help the needy and do whatever with sincerity.”

*Bal Bharati Public School
Pitampura, Delhi*

इक्कीस एकांकी

नाटक एक मिश्रित कला है जो विभिन्न कलाओं और विभिन्न कलाकारों के सहयोग से अस्तित्व में आता है। प्रस्तुतीकरण इसकी आत्मा है। नाटक दूसरी विधाओं की तुलना में अधिक महत्वपूर्ण है क्योंकि जहां कविता, कहानी, उपन्यास पढ़ते हुए बालक का ध्यान इधर-उधर जा सकता है, वहीं नाटक उसे अपने साथ बांधे रखता है। नाटक में कहानी का प्रवाह भी है, कविता का रस भी। नाटक बालक को क्रियाशील बनाता है, उसमें उत्साह और उमंग का संचार करता है।

इस पुस्तक में संकलित एकांकियों ने शिक्षा की सृजनात्मक पद्धति को ध्यान में रखते हुए प्रेम, ममता, स्नेह की स्याही का उपयोग कर भविष्य की दिशा तलाशते बचपन को कलम का सहारा दिया है। 'शिवाजी महाराज', 'मल्हार राव होलकर', 'अनोखी बीबी', 'जेठी बाई', 'खेमा देदाणी' जैसे पात्रों द्वारा देश-प्रेम का संदेश दिया है तो 'कहीं देर न हो जाए', 'मुंहबोली बेटी', 'इंसाफ की डगर पे' एकांकियों द्वारा भारत की उज्ज्वल न्याय प्रणाली के दर्शन कराए हैं। 'भाग्यवान कौन?' में गुरु महिमा का बखान है तो 'अनमोल तोहफा' और 'कौन जीता कौन हारा?' में धार्मिक सहिष्णुता, राष्ट्रीय एकता और नैतिकता के हीरे-मोती भेंट दिए हैं। फिर सब से बढ़कर बाल साहित्य के प्रमुख उद्देश्य 'मनोरंजन' की दृष्टि से 'एक के तीन', 'पेट का दर्द', 'बेचारा भेलानाथ' 'गुलशन वन का विचित्र जीव' के द्वारा बचपन को आवाज़ दी है। मौलाना आजाद ने एक बार



कहा था: “आकाश पर सूर्य चमक रहा है। उस से थोड़ी सी किरणें मांग लो और यहां-वहां रौशनी बिखेर दो जहां-जहां अंधेरा पसरा हुआ है।”

इक्कीस एकांकी

डॉ. बानो सरताज

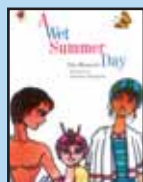
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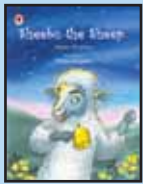
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