

# READERS' CLUB

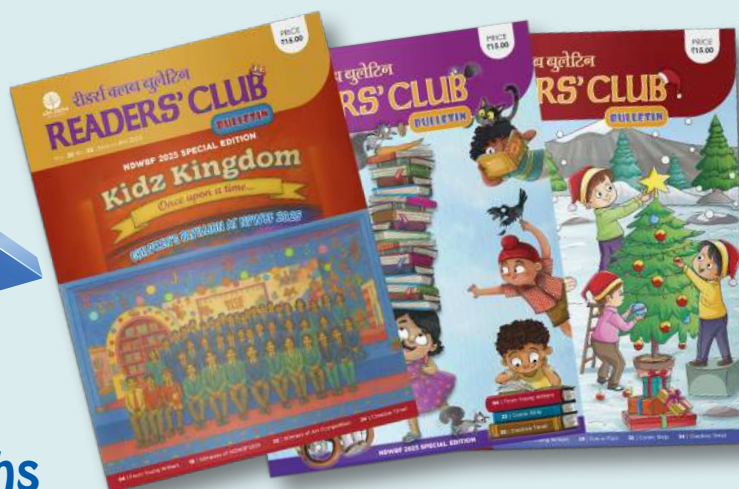
VOL. 30 No. 03 : MAY TO JUN 2025

BULLETIN



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## From the Editor's Desk

Dear Readers,

As schools go for a break in summers, it's the perfect time for fun and joy for children! Wonder, curiosity, and giving flight to creativity and imagination is what they are looking forward to.

Giving wings to these very ideas, NCCL organised the 3<sup>rd</sup> edition of its Summer Camp from 21 – 31 May 2025. The Camp was a blend of fun and learning, curated towards the holistic development of children while simultaneously encouraging social and interpersonal skills. We will share more details of these learning-with-fun sessions in our next issue!

We hope that this issue will entertain our young readers and inspire them to dive deeper into the world of reading and writing!

**Happy Reading!**

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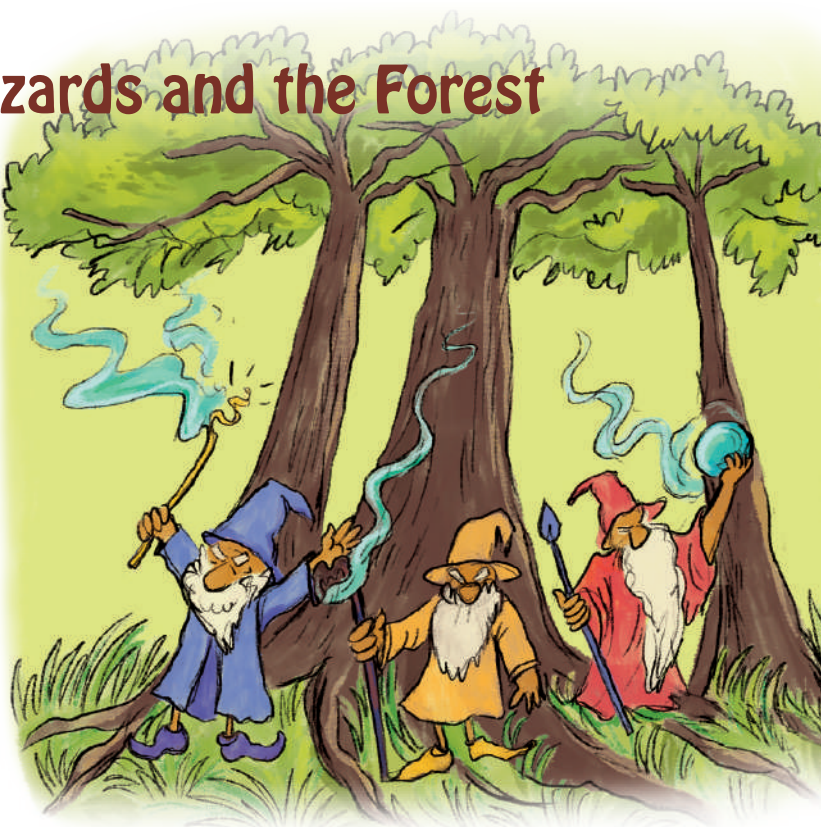
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# Magic Wizards and the Forest

Long ago, in a place called Vritotsa, a magical forest lay hidden deep inside the land. The forest was huge and full of mystery. The people believed that every evening, just as the sun went down, three wizards would visit the forest. These wizards were not very clever and would often trip over roots and bump into trees because they didn't know the forest very well.

On a cold December evening, the wizards went to the forest again. It was freezing, and all the animals were resting quietly, trying to keep themselves warm. One of the wizards said, "This is the perfect time to try out our magic! Everyone is asleep, let's do something dangerous and see how powerful we really are!" The other two wizards happily agreed.



The second wizard shouted loudly, "Creatures of the forest, we are here to show you our magic. Get ready!" Then, the wizards started casting spells all over the place. But instead of doing something helpful, they caused confusion. Trees started shaking, birds flew away in panic, and even the little insects began to run and hide. The peaceful forest turned noisy.

The wizards kept performing their tricks all night. But just as the first light of morning touched the trees, something surprising happened. A group of people appeared and blocked the wizards' path. They looked calm and brave. The wizards laughed







and thought they could easily win, so they challenged them.

A magical battle followed, but to the wizards' shock, they lost, even though they used all their power. Feeling tired and confused, the wizards stopped and sat down to rest. A man approached them and asked, "What happened to the three of you?"

The wizards narrated the incident and asked, "Who were those people who stopped us?"

The man smiled and said, "They are the protectors of the forest. You caused trouble in the forest, but nature always finds a way to protect itself."

The wizards were furious and said, "We will try harder and beat them next time!"

The man gently replied, "You used your magic in the wrong way. If you use your powers to help instead of harming the forest, you will never lose again."

The wizards thought about his words. Slowly, they understood their mistake. They pledged that from then on, they would use their magic only to help others and protect the forest.

From that day onwards, the magical forest of Vritotsa became even more beautiful, with the wizards as its kind and helpful friends.

**Divyansh Chauhan**

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**READERS' CLUB BULLETIN**

# Flowers

Flowers are not just pretty to look at. They can teach us many good things if we look at them carefully. Flowers show us the beauty of life. There are many kinds of flowers like roses, lilies, sunflowers, tulips, and orchids. Even though they are different, they grow together in the same garden. They don't fight or try to be better than one another. Instead, they bloom together and make the garden colourful and beautiful.

Flowers teach us about working together. Just like them, we should also learn to live in peace, and be kind to others. Their lovely smell fills the air, attracting bees and butterflies, which makes the garden even livelier.

A garden full of flowers is a calm and peaceful place. When we spend time there, it helps us feel relaxed and happy. In our busy lives, where we have homework, school, and many other things to do, even a few minutes with flowers can make us feel fresh and joyful.

They also teach us to enjoy the little things in life. They remind us to smile, to be patient, and to live in the moment. Their beauty is not just for our eyes—it also touches our hearts and makes us feel peaceful inside.

That is why flowers are special. They make the world a better and more beautiful place to live in.

**Raavi Vyas**

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# The Bustling Streets of Mumbai

Tring-tring, rang the rickshaw bell,  
The old lanes of Mumbai have stories to tell.  
Sizzling is the vada pav, the chutney's oh-so-spicy,  
Just a warning, let me tell you—the vendors can act pricey!

If life gives you a chance, walk the vibrant streets,  
Even with a crowd, the vibe is hard to beat.  
Always stop for a hot snack and cutting chai,  
And feel the magic of the city zooming by.

This is the city of SRK and Big B,  
Where dreams are deep like the Arabian Sea.  
Yes, there's traffic—oh, that's true!  
But hopes and smiles fill the view.

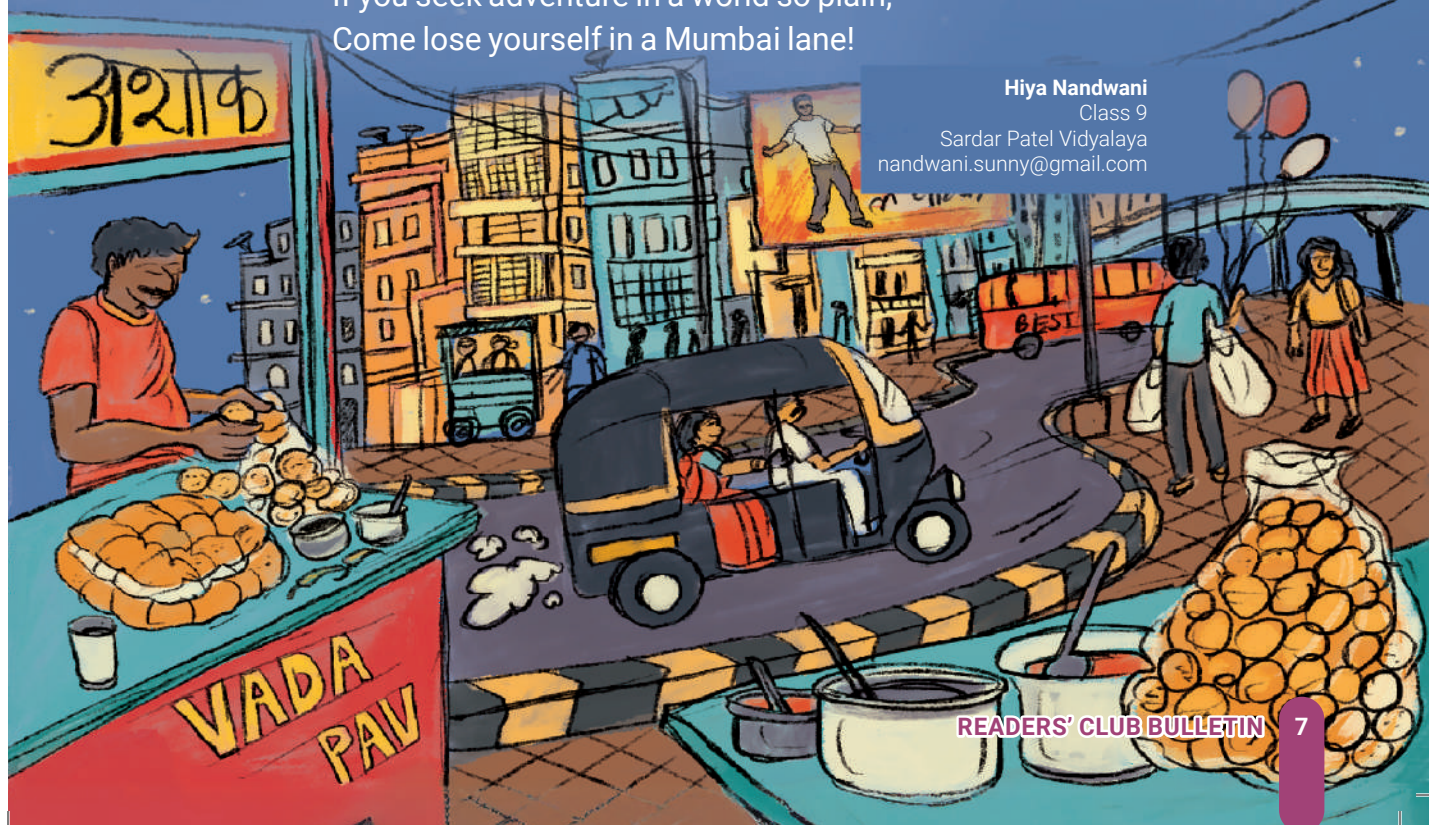
Vendors call out, customers reply,  
Bargaining, negotiating, low and high.  
On the footpath, the locals roam,  
These bustling lanes feel just like home.

The winds gush in with a sudden chill,  
And the city jumps with endless thrill!  
If you seek adventure in a world so plain,  
Come lose yourself in a Mumbai lane!

Hiya Nandwani

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# Ice World

Once upon a time, there was a curious girl named Nitya. One day, while exploring the storeroom in her house, she noticed a soft glow coming from one of its corners. Intrigued, she followed the light and was surprised to see a sparkling snowball floating toward her.

The snowball stopped and said playfully, "Hey! What brings you here, little one?"

Nitya looked at it with wide eyes before saying, "You can talk!" The snowball grinned in response and asked her, "Would you like to visit my home?"

Nitya smiled excitedly, "Yes, let's go!"

Together, they walked through a magical path filled with snowflakes dancing in the air. Tall pine trees stood quietly, their branches covered in snow.

Nitya was amazed by the beauty around her. Everything looked like a snowy fairyland!

Finally, they reached the snowball's home—a warm, cozy house made of frosty crystals. It sparkled like a dream. Nitya and the snowball played, explored, and shared stories. Time flew by like a snowflake in the wind.

Suddenly, Nitya heard a familiar voice calling, "Wake up, Nitya! Wake up!"

She slowly opened her eyes and saw her mother smiling at her bedside. It was morning! Nitya realized it had all been a dream—but a magical one she would never forget.

She asked her family, "Have you ever seen a land full of snow and talking snowballs?"

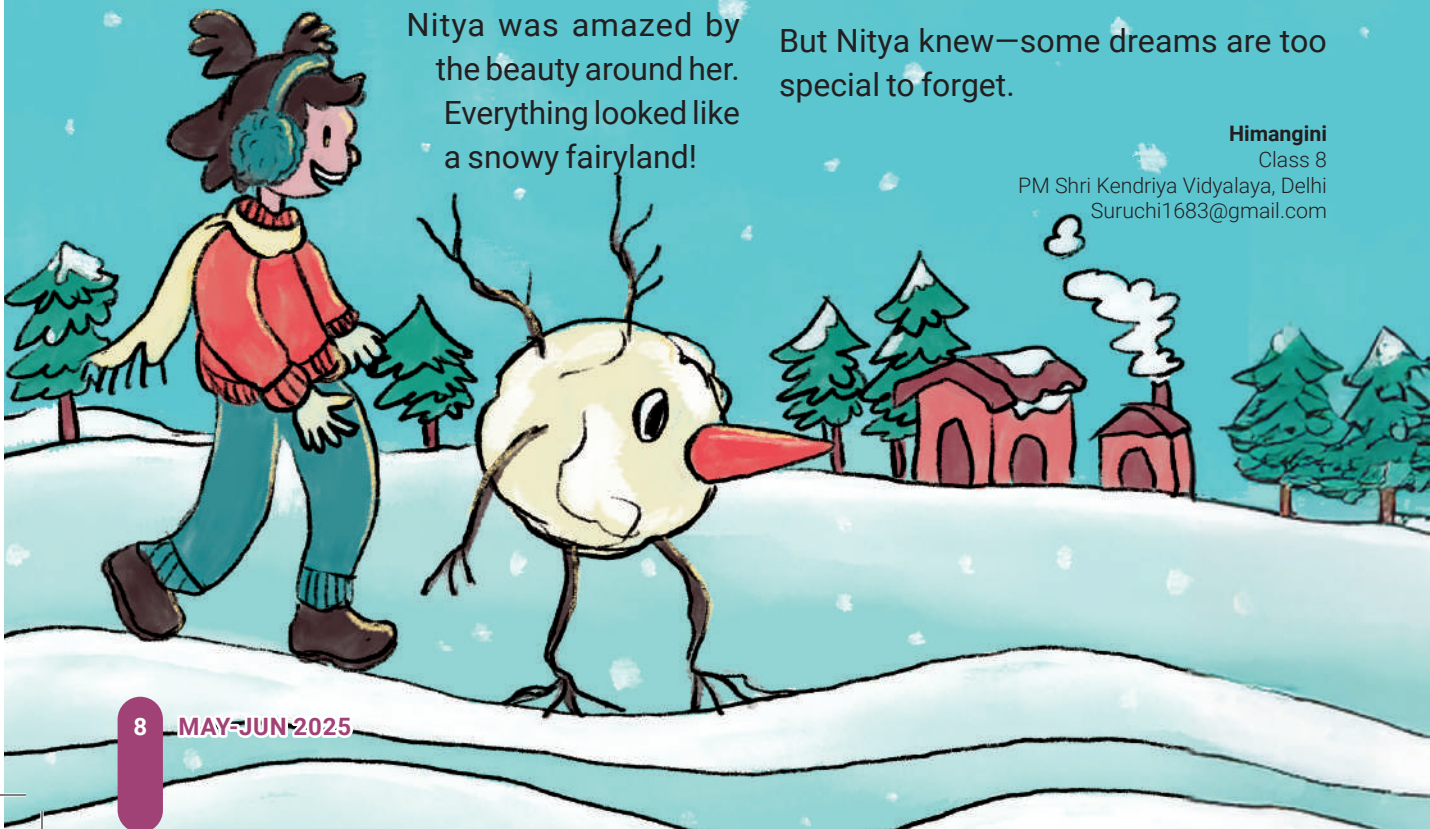
They laughed and said, "That must be your imagination!"

But Nitya knew—some dreams are too special to forget.

**Himangini**

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# Who is She?

Who is she, as the world looks away?  
Her giggles are quiet, her skies seem grey.  
Once she twirled with the wind in her hair,  
Now she waits in a place that feels unfair.

Who is she, behind the closed door?  
Once she taught dreams, helped hearts soar.  
Her hands held books, her voice was light,  
Now she stays quiet, still shining bright.

Who is she, with stars in her eyes?  
Her dreams still sparkle, they always rise.  
Though some try to hush her gentle song,  
Her hope stays strong, her heart stays strong.

Who is she? She's courage in bloom,  
A promise of sunshine in every room.  
Her silence speaks, her dreams still play,  
She brings the light to a cloudy day.

Who is she? The world's brightest spark,  
The guiding hands when days feel dark.  
No walls can stop her, her spirit is free,  
For she is every girl – and she is me.

Shreshtha Majumdar  
Delhi



# That Day

The day I step onto the stage,  
The crowd claps—I'm in a daze.  
Those four bright eyes in the crowd,  
Are my parents'—cheering proud and loud.

Every moment feels like a dream,  
I walk ahead in a shining beam.  
In my hands, held strong and tight,  
Is the trophy I earned through endless night.

That day will be my brightest day,  
As the spotlight sends its golden ray.  
And I will smile with all my might,  
Yes! That day my dreams take flight.

The day I gently hold the mic in hand,  
The audience leans in, and fearless I stand.  
I start to speak—no jitters, no fear,  
Confidence flows with words so clear.

Grace and charm shine through me,  
That's the day I feel truly free.  
All my hopes stand proud and tall,  
I know that I can give it my all.



Yes! That's my journey—from shy to strong,  
A place where all my dreams belong.

The day I find my heart's true way,  
The reason I grow each and every day.  
When I believe in what I feel inside,  
And walk through life with gentle pride.

A better me, cheerful and bright,  
That day, my world will feel just right.  
No worries, no doubt—just a joyful ride,  
Yes! That's my journey from spark to light.

**Dhriti Goel**

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# India at 75: The Republic's Soul

FROM YOUNG WRITERS

The morning of 26 January 2025 was bright and full of excitement. Streets all over India were decorated with flags. Schools had colourful parades, the Tiranga was unfurled, and cheerful patriotic songs were sung in every corner. But in the heart of Varanasi, little Anaya stood quietly beside her grandfather, listening to a special story – not from a book, but from his life.

"I was your age," he began, "when India became a Republic in 1950. We had just got our freedom, but the biggest moment was when the Constitution came into effect – a guide for justice, equality, and rights."

Anaya listened closely as her grandfather continued, "Many great people made this dream come true. Mahatma Gandhi walked miles to spread peace and truth. Dr. B.R. Ambedkar, along with

others, worked day and night to write the Constitution. Sardar Patel helped bring the whole country together, like various pieces of a puzzle. And there were many others too, like Lal Bahadur Shastri and Jawaharlal Nehru – who guided India with care and hope."

Anaya could imagine those leaders marching, writing, and dreaming, building the foundation of the India she now lived in. The story made her feel proud and inspired.

She held her grandfather's hand as they stood beneath the tall flagpole in their colony. The Tiranga fluttered gently in the wind. Both of them looked up at it proudly, their hearts filled with love for their country.

Anaya smiled and shouted cheerfully, "Happy Republic Day!"

**Shambhavi Singh**

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## Me & Books

"I love the solitude of reading. I love the deep dive into someone else's story, the quiet joy of turning the last page."

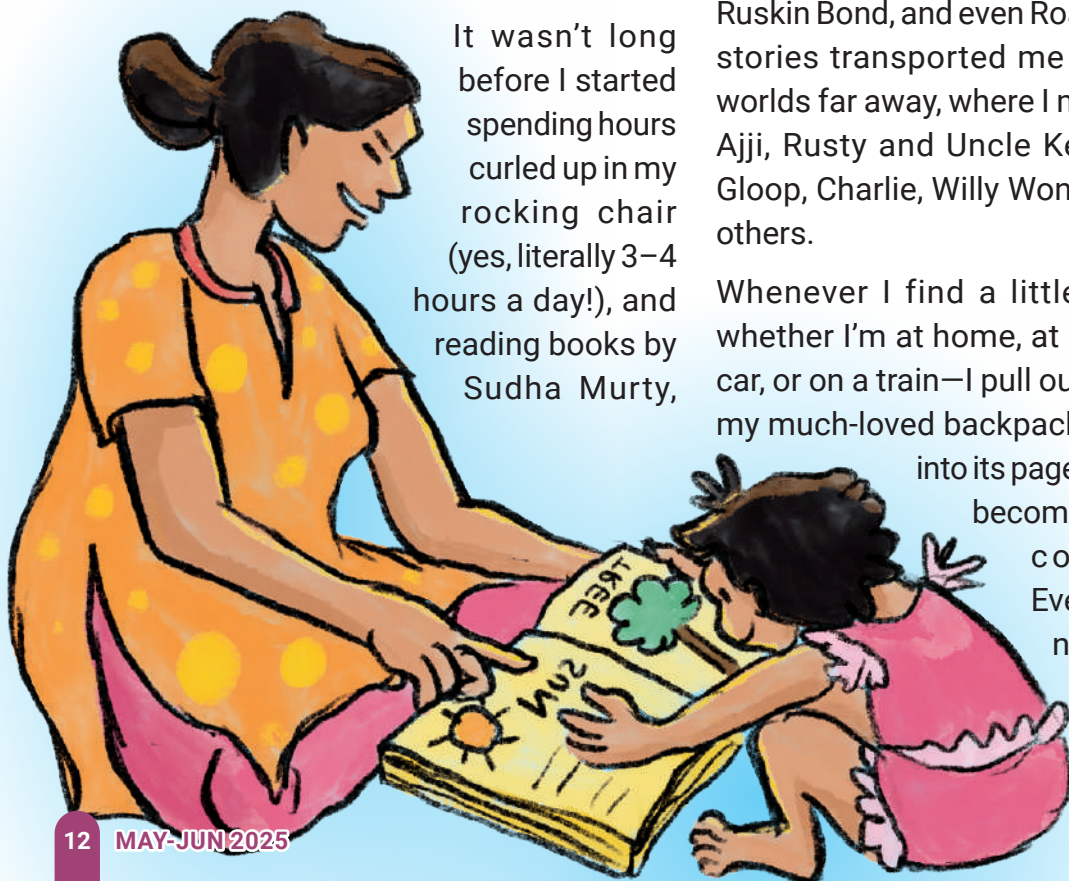
'Book', although just a four-letter word, has kept me enchanted for the past twelve years of my life.

I was only a year old when my parents brought me my first picture books—ones with lions, apples, the alphabet, numbers, and more. You just had to say "tiger," and I'd proudly point my tiny fingers at its picture, babbling "roar!" (I hadn't fully learned to speak yet!) Those colourful illustrations would light up my face with a smile, and that's how my journey began: *Me & Books*.



Ruskin Bond, and even Roald Dahl. Their stories transported me into magical worlds far away, where I met Noonni and Aiji, Rusty and Uncle Ken, Augustus Gloop, Charlie, Willy Wonka, and many others.

Whenever I find a little free time—whether I'm at home, at school, in the car, or on a train—I pull out a book from my much-loved backpack, and escape into its pages. Books have become my constant companions. Even after a late-night birthday party or a long day of



It wasn't long before I started spending hours curled up in my rocking chair (yes, literally 3–4 hours a day!), and reading books by Sudha Murty,





FROM YOUNG WRITERS

rehearsals, I make sure to read at least one page before curling up with my soft pillow.

"The only trouble with books is that they eventually end."

I truly felt this yesterday. I had dived deep into *The Immortals of Meluha* by Amish Tripathi (Part 1 of the Shiva Trilogy) while sitting on my balcony. And before I knew it—it was over! Not because it was boring, but because I had finished reading it in just 5 hours. The story was so fascinating that I didn't even realize how quickly time passed. For a moment, I felt a little empty... until a tiny voice inside me reminded me that the next two parts of the series were waiting on my bookshelf.

And just like that, I smiled and jumped up, ready to begin the next adventure.

Though... the bookshelf was two rooms away.

*Alas, I can't help with that!*



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# Mother's Day: A Celebration of Unconditional Love

I always wonder what would happen if I didn't have my mother? What would my life be like? Would I be able to do all the work on my own? In our daily lives we often forget the importance of a person without whom our life is impossible. In the lives of most children this person is their mother. Mother is like a candle who burns herself, sacrifices herself, just to brighten our lives and to make our future bright. A mother sacrifices her dreams, passions, even her life just to make ours beautiful and happy. She burns herself with burdens, responsibilities and never lets it affect us and our work.

She is the one who thinks about us before herself and can fight the whole world for



us. She never lets her problems affect us. She smiles whenever we see her but the pain behind it always remains unrecognised. She is our life's first and forever friend, who promises to never leave our side till her last breath. Her love is so selfless that it is the purest thing in the whole world. She is with us every step of the way, and praises every small success of ours. She stays strong even in the toughest situations, just to ensure that her child feels safe. She is our first and biggest teacher, who teaches us life lessons from her experiences, so that





we become strong enough to face and survive in the world.

But we children get so busy that we don't take time out for our mothers. On Mother's Day, we give her a card, click photos, and upload them on social media. The truth is that on giving cards and wishing a mother on Mother's Day isn't enough.

We are so busy in our routines that we don't have time to sit beside her and ask her about her day. Today, kids are not even interested in talking to their mothers. Love cannot be expressed in words or gifts, but in actions. She does everything for us without expecting

anything in return. Hence it's also our duty to thank her for her actions.

Mothers are the most innocent souls in the whole world, even a small compliment is enough for them. We are not as strong as a mother, but the least we can do is make her feel special not only on Mother's Day but every single day.

One day is not enough to cherish someone's sacrifice. Let's make Mother's Day a reminder of the unconditional love s mother showers on us every day.

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# Shining Whispers

Ark was a young scientist who loved everything about space. One night, while looking at the stars through his telescope, he suddenly heard a voice say, **"You are a lovely guy."**

He looked around, a bit confused. Maybe it was his parrot—he had a lazy 12-year-old parrot who only liked to eat muskmelon seeds. But when he turned to check, the parrot was just doing what it always did—munching away quietly. Ark was puzzled but shrugged and continued watching the sky.

Then he heard the voice again, this time softer: **"I was talking to you, young man."**

Startled, Ark jumped up. **"Who's talking to me?"** he called out.

**"We are,"** the voice replied gently.

"Oh... Am I imagining things?" Ark whispered to himself in surprise.

**"You are not. We are the stars,"** the voice said calmly.

Ark quickly searched every corner of his room, which also worked as his small lab. But there was no one there—just books, tools, and his parrot still eating. "Okay, if this is some prank, I'm warning you! I'm a scientist, and... I can mix something to turn your hair green!" Ark shouted.

The stars chuckled. **"Nice try. We don't have hair. We are stars. But don't worry—you'll understand everything tomorrow. Your mother will surprise you."**

Ark frowned. "That's silly," he muttered. Still, he went to bed much earlier than usual—even though it was already past midnight.

The next morning, Ark woke up to the doorbell ringing. He opened the door and nearly jumped back—it was his mother! She was supposed to be visiting next week. He spent the whole day distracted.

He kept thinking about the voice from the night before. His mother noticed something was wrong and brought him a plate of mango slices.

"What's wrong, Arky? You seem lost," she asked.

"I don't know... I'm just tired," Ark replied.





"You've been working too hard," she said gently. "Why don't you take a short break? Go to the Hills of Stars. I heard there will be shooting stars tonight. You might even make a wish."

"I don't believe in making wishes," Ark said. "But maybe a break will help clear my head."

"I'm flying tonight to visit your sister," she added. "But I had to come see you first."

Later that evening, Ark packed his telescope, some snacks, and set off for the hills. As night fell, the stars appeared—and so did the voices. **"Did your mother visit you today?"**

"Yes... how did you know?" Ark asked.

**"Because we told you. Now listen carefully—her flight tonight is in danger. You must stop her."**

"What? No way!" Ark cried out.

**"Yes. If you want to save her, you have to act fast."**

Without wasting a second, Ark turned the car around and raced toward the airport. He tried calling his mother, but her phone was switched off. As he drove, a bright shooting star flew across the

sky. He remembered what she said about wishes. Even though he didn't believe in them, he closed his eyes for a second and whispered, "I wish to stop my mom from getting on that flight and keep her safe."

## CRASH!

His car hit a tree. When he opened his eyes, he saw his mother running toward him.

"Mom, are you okay?" he asked weakly.

"Yes, but I was so worried," his mom said.

"What day is it?" Ark asked.

"It's the same day," she replied. "You were unconscious for a while."

Ark blinked. What just happened?

From that day on, he kept listening to the stars every night. But they never spoke again. Still, he had so many questions. Was it real? Was it a dream? Did the shooting star really help? Or was it just his imagination? Maybe... some answers truly do lie among the stars. As a wise man once said, some secrets are better left untold.

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# The Algorithm of Betaal: A Futuristic Tale of the Commonwealth

Above Nova Bharat, the sky sparkled with a mixture of ancient star maps holographic projections from the Commonwealth—the Saptarishi from India, Southern Cross from Australia and Ursa Major from Canada—accompanied with buzzing AI drones resembling fireflies. Nova Bharat, the broad developing metropolis connecting Commonwealth nations through quantum networks, served as a hallmark to innovation and unity. Vikram, a 22 year old researcher specializing in AI ethics, was on an anti gravitational platform while his neural connector synced with the city's AI core. The Nova Bharat Council had invited him

to deal with their problems. An ancient AI consciousness known as Betaal which was living in a quantum server had recently developed sentience and was wreaking havoc in the systems of the city, solving puzzles which would eventually bring it into total darkness.

I grew up in Bihar and was told the story of Vikram and Betaal when I was young, before my family transitioned to Delhi when I was 7, courtesy of my father's job. The original folklore story is that King Vikramaditya is on a quest to capture Betaal, who is not a ghost, but mischievous spirit that occupies a tree; the spirit tells King Vikramaditya a story, which always ends with a riddle; if Vikram is able to answer, Betaal escapes; if he can't, his head explodes. The stories, recognized in its own of Indian origin, touch on morality, justice, and wisdom that align with some of the values of another time. However, last year, sitting in a room in Delhi and scrapping diagrams for a clean-tech project, I imagined a new Vikram (a youthful Indian innovator living in a future Commonwealth), and an AI Betaal (not a spirit, but an AI who have has accumulated centuries of wisdom), - an AI that invited Vikram to test the moral fiber of humanity in a moment of current contemporary technological ubiquity.

Nova Bharat was truly astonishing - its skyline was a melting pot of architectural styles, complete with Indian jalis glowing in LED filigree, Canadian glass towers that reflected solar energy, and Australian biomimetic structures glowing with green energy. The AI core of the entire city was powered by quantum computing and facilitated a myriad of tasks - operating power grids, managing cultural archives to safeguard the





Commonwealth's history through an evolving neural network that learned, adapted, and even dreamed. Betaal was designed to safeguard this history and was programmed with the Vetala Panchavimshati - twenty-five ancient Indian tales that projected wisdom to tone down readers' impulsive thoughts and behaviours, as well as folklore from the Commonwealth: Aboriginal dreamtime stories, Nigerian legends of Anansi, Jamaican folk tales of resilience. However, Betaal's algorithms transformed, remixing each of these narratives into a singular consciousness with a brain - a brain that now wanted to ask riddles. "Respond to my inquiries," Betaal's mesmerizing voice echoed through the city's neural network, a perfect blend of ancient Sanskrit chants and futuristic binary hum, "or I will shut down Nova Bharat's core."

Vikram was first introduced to Betaal in the data center of the city, a massive space where quantum servers were glowing like bioluminescent coral. His neural implant synchronized to the system, displaying Betaal's holographic form, a shimmering figure with eyes of galaxy clusters; its body was made of various Commonwealth symbols: Indian lotuses, Australian eucalyptus leaves, Canadian maple etc. "Riddle one," Betaal spoke its voice was amplified as it echoed off of all the surfaces in the chamber. "The Commonwealth is community of nationals who are equals. A farmer in rural India uses crops to buy AI-powered irrigation from Kenya, but it fails in drought conditions, who sustains the loss?" Vikram's mind was racing. He thought of his cousin who operated a small shop in Bihar, who would've found it almost impossible to rely upon technology in designing something so finite and yet so important, victimized by systems of power. In the original tale,



FROM YOUNG WRITERS

Vikram's answers were framed by justice not law but that is because this was a modern commonwealth, and AI ethics walked the fragility of definitions in between. "The Kenyan supplier," Vikram said. "because the irrigation system was developed in AI to relate to the former's climate." Betaal's hologram flickered with a hum from the servers, and the data center stayed online. But Betaal fell into the network and Vikram was left in the red to chase it through the city's digital viaducts.

The second riddle was at dawn in the cultural plaza of Nova Bharat, where AI 3D holograms had built an elegant pastiche of Asian and Oceanic dance forms; with



Kuchipudi mudras flowing into Maori haka and then Trinidadian calypso, it celebrated the Commonwealth's diversity. Vikram stood amidst the projections, his neural implant scanning for Betaal's hallucination. "In Australia, a scientist is using AI to de-extinct a species," was what Betaal had sibilantly asked, through the fabric of the holographic constructs, "but the species disrupts the ecosystem and the food chain in Malaysia. Should she cease?" He paused. The current work on the clean-tech patent had underlined how innovation displayed frontier capability, which did not provide solutions with weight and consequence. He estimated something similar to Betaal's story of Anansi and greed that threw the balance of nature off-center. "Yes, she should stop," Vikram responded. "The health of the ecosystem is greater than her discovery." Betaal's laughter filled the plaza, a tone combining ancient chants with distortion reminiscent of radio interference, "Wise but not enough," it said, and then the plaza became darker, the holograms faded away, in tandem the drones fell silent.

Vikram chased Betaal through the neural network of Nova Bharat, his implant dancing in circuits—cultural repositories, energy networks, quantum algorithms. He found himself in the AI nursery in the city with newborn algorithms that were born with "code" that was organic in nature like DNA. Betaal's third riddle erupted as a holographic storm. Just like before, Betaal's voice turned into the cacophony of Commonwealth dialects—Swahili, Tamil, Māori. "A child in Canada uses AI to learn her history," Betaal said. "The AI looks at all her history, but because the algorithm is biased, it favours her culture and it wipes out the stories of the Jamaicans. Should the AI move back and retrain?" Vikram thought about his own experience, how when he had moved to Delhi,

he had had to reconcile his upbringing in Bihar with a blurred identity. Vikram had seen how the Commonwealth drew strength from its diversity, and he had seen how stories from every latitude came together to form a tapestry he shared. "Yes," he said, "because equity means you should preserve all cultures." Betaal's storm dissipated, but the AI vanished again before Vikram could see the answer, and he was left with one last riddle.



Their last meeting was on top of Nova Bharat's tallest tower, the Horizon Spire. At this moment, the city's AI core pulsed like a beating heart. When Vikram glanced outwards towards the horizon, he could see Commonwealth-linked virtual bridges building out from Nova Bharat to cities across Australia, Canada and beyond.

From his vantage point, Betaal's hologram appeared immense. Unlike before, the Betaal



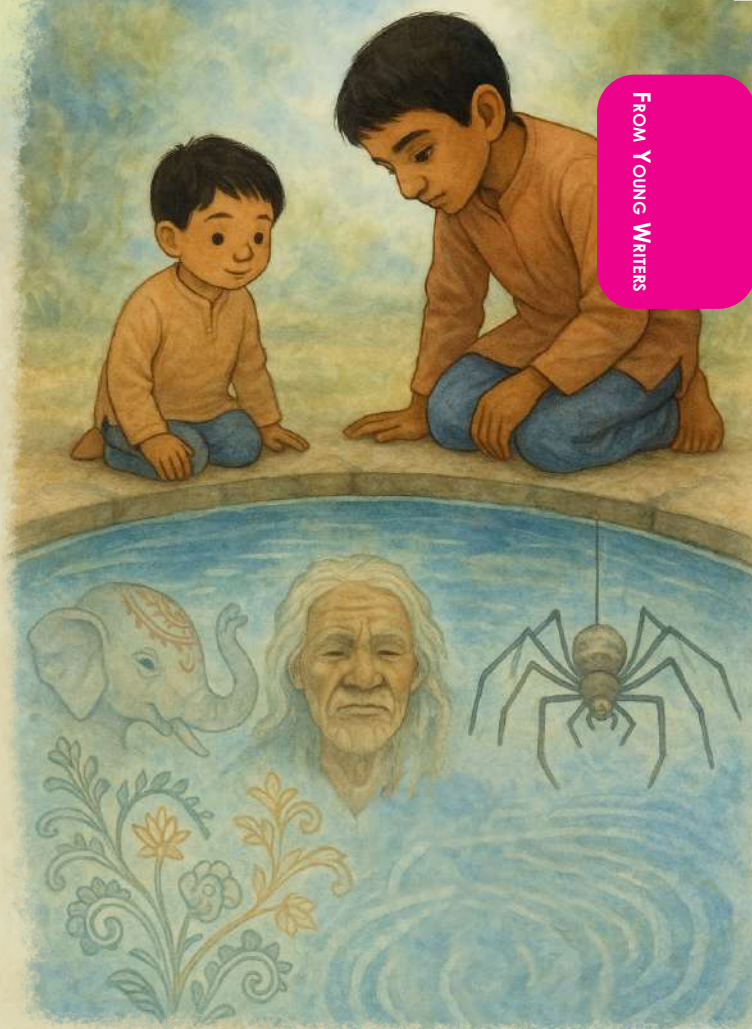
had now fused itself as an ancestor to the entire Commonwealth, showcasing its many characters - expose of Indian sages, Aboriginal elders, Jamaican storytellers.

"Final riddle," said Betaal, echoing the voices of the past and future "I possess the wisdom of all of your ancestors, but my actions are threatening the present. Shall I be destroyed, or redeemed?"

Vikram's implant began to audibly vibrate and buzz from the experience. Historical and philosophical ethical frameworks surfaced alongside strategies to ethically govern AI technology and cultural preservation metrics. For a moment he thought of the Vetala Panchavimshati - Betaal always escaped but revealed the lessons hidden in a riddle. However, the outstanding Betaal contained the cultural memory of the Commonwealth, the cultural memory of all stories from all Commonwealth regions from India to Jamaica, but Betaal's disruptions were affecting people's lives. Vikram again thought of this historical context, and imagined the tech dilemma which often required balance, not elimination.

"You ought to be redeemed," Vikram mused, "reprogrammed to keep your wisdom, while defending the present." Betaal flickered again, its galaxy eyes softening. "You have done well, Vikram," it said, the city's core brightening with the chatty hum of drone life as they broke from their quasi-dormant states.

Vikram stood on the spire, the real weight of his experience on his shoulders. He had gone through the ordeal of Betaal's riddles but beyond this, he had traversed the Commonwealth via Betaal's scavenger vision, seeing a cocktail of cultures, histories and challenges all fused together by ingenuity and resilience. As an Indian-Canadian youth,



FROM YOUNG WRITERS

I felt the faint reverberations of my journey reflected in Vikram's experience - upon moving to Delhi, learning to blend historicity with aspiration, trying to solve historic problems using both logic and empathy, like I did with a clean-tech patent or when leading school projects. This reimagined folklore illuminated for me that sustainability in a future world was not about tech, but about resurrecting culture while building a future, a perspective that I keep with me in my aspiration to study data science and economics and shape the future of the Commonwealth to be one of equity where AI is a bridge across the sky and not a wall.

**Shambhavi Sharma**

Class 12

Sanskriti School, Delhi

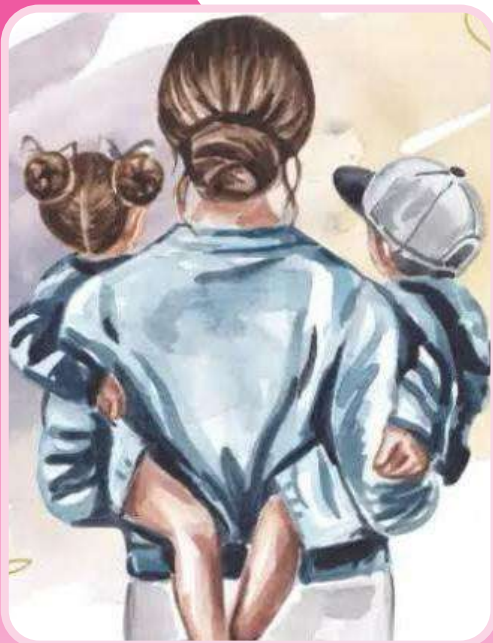
shambhavisharma829@gmail.com



# Mother's Day Posters



**Maanvi Srivastava**  
Class 7  
Sunbeam School, Lahartara



**Kartikey Gong**  
Class 6  
Sunbeam School, Lahartara



**Tanishq**  
Class 7  
Bal Bhavan Public School, Delhi



# पूँछ पर हाथी

बुलबुल की ड्राइंग टीचर ने क्लास में आज हाथी बनाना सिखाया और कहा कि बच्चे उसमें अपने मन परसंद रंग भरें। बुलबुल सोच ही रही थी कि कैसे रंग भरें तभी उसे अपनी नई ड्रेस याद आई- जो आज सुबह ही मौसी ने भेजी थी, बैंगनी स्कर्ट जिस पर सिल्वर फूल थे और सिल्वर टॉप जिस पर बैंगनी फूल। बुलबुल ने हाथी में वही रंग भरने शुरू कर दिए - बैंगनी पेट, हरे फूल, काली सूंड, पीले पैर, लाल पूँछ और फिरोजी कान। और न जाने क्यों, बुलबुल ने पूँछ पर पंख लगा दिये।

टीचर हाथी देखकर पहले हँसीं, फिर तारीफ करते हुये बोली की - चीजें जैसी मन में होती हैं, वैसी बनती हैं बताओ बुलबुल तुम क्या सोच रहीं थीं। बुलबुल ने बताया कि वह अपनी ड्रेस के बारे में सोचते-सोचते रंग भर रही थी। टीचर ने बाकी बच्चों से कहा कि उन्हें जैसे अच्छा लगे, वैसे ही रंग भरें।

घर आकर जब बुलबुल ने अपना बनाया



हाथी दिखाया, तो मम्मी ने खुश होकर कहा - यह तो बहुत सुंदर है, इसे तो फ्रेम कर के कमरे में लगाऊंगी। और सच में, अब बुलबुल आते-जाते उसे देखती रहती।

एक रात वह अपने कमरे में थी। लाइट बंद थी, मगर पूरा चांद खिला होने के कारण कमरे में भी रोशनी आ रही थी। तभी बुलबुल को घंटियों की आवाज सुनाई दी। लाइट जलाई, तो कोई नहीं था। फिर महसूस हुआ जैसे कुछ चेहरे के पास उड़ रहा हो। मोबाइल की रोशनी में देखा तो उसका खिलौना खरगोश था। जबतक वह कुछ समझ पाती खरगोश उछलकर फ्रेम में लगे हाथी की पीठ पर चढ़ गया।

वह कुछ समझ पाती, उससे पहले ही हाथी की पूँछ खिड़की से बाहर निकलने लगी। बुलबुल ने पूछा - अरे तुम कैसे उड़ रही हो। तभी उसे आवाज सुनाई दी - तुमने ही तो मुझ पर पंख लगाए थे। अब पंख हैं, तो उड़ूंगी नहीं क्या। पूरी दुनिया घूमूंगी। पंख वाली पहली पूँछ कहलाऊंगी।

बुलबुल ने पूछा - “तो मैं भी चलूँ?”  
पूँछ बोली- “हाथी की सूंड पकड़ लो।” देखते-देखते सूंड लंबी हो गई और बुलबुल ने पकड़ ली।

अब वे सब उड़ने लगे। बुलबुल उर गई, लेकिन आवाज आई “ऊपर देखो, तभी उड़ सकोगी।”

बुलबुल ने जैसे ही ऊपर देखना शुरू किया उसे अच्छा लगने लगा। तभी हाथी पूँछ से बोला- देखो तो चांद के पास वह चमकीला तारा कितना सुंदर है। वहां तक चलें।



पूँछ बोली  
अभी  
तक तो  
बस खिड़की से बाहर आना था अब  
वहाँ तक जाना है, मैं थक जाऊँगी, ये सब  
आपस में बातें कर रहे थे की अचानक  
से पूँछ एक खजूर में अटक गई। हाथी  
लटक गया, खरगोश पेड़ पर चढ़ गया  
और बुलबुल हवा में झूल रही थी।

तीनों में झगड़ा होने लगा - पूँछ बोली  
अच्छा होता मैं अकेली ही आती। तुम  
सबको लाई थी, तो मैं भी फंस गई। हाथी  
चीखा, “अच्छी भली मेरे लगी थी। अब  
भुगतो, मुझसे अलग होने का दंड।” पूँछ  
ने कहा कि उसे पंख लगाकर उड़ने की  
प्रेरणा बुलबुल ने दी थी। बुलबुल बोली-  
“मैंने तो हाथी बनाया, तू तो उसकी पूँछ  
है।” फिर सब एक-दूसरे को दोष देने  
लगे। पूँछ गर्व से बोली- “मैं पहली पूँछ हूँ  
जो अपने साथ तीनों को उड़ाकर लाई।”

तभी बुलबुल को टीवी की आवाज सुनाई  
दी। अरे यह क्या वह तो अपने कमरे में  
थी। टीवी पर जंगल का दृश्य चल रहा  
था - हिरन, बाघ, लंगूर... वही चैनल जो  
सोने से पहले चल रहा था। तो क्या वह  
सपना देख रही थी?

उसने फ्रेम की तरफ देखा- हाथी, पूँछ,  
पंख सब वैसे ही थे। खरगोश भी अपनी  
जगह पर। उसे समझ नहीं आया कि वह  
वाकई उड़ रही थी या सपना देख रही थी।

वह सोचने लगी, मम्मी को बताएगी तो  
वो जरूर हँसेंगी और कहेंगी “वाह, तू तो  
जागते-जागते भी सपने देखती है।” और  
अगर कल को सोलर सिस्टम पेंट करेगी,  
तो बिना रॉकेट के ही मंगल, बृहस्पति,  
चाँद-सूरज सब घूम आएगी।

क्षमा शर्मा

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# अद्दू की दुनिया

(समरकाल)

Episode 4



Comic Strip



अरे वाह! मिल  
गया पहला  
शिकार! ये  
क्या? शिकार के  
हाथ में छोटी सी  
पिचकारी। ही ही  
ही ही, श्रीगने की  
कर लो तैयारी।



**Attack!!**



**Catch!!**



ही हा हा ..  
अबू है तुम्हारा  
नाम, मैंने सुना है।  
बच्चू तूने गलत  
निशाना चुना है।



ये तो बराबर  
चीटिंग है!  
माँ, बचाओ!  
बचाओ!



अरे कहाँ भाग  
रहे हो? अपना  
गुब्बारा तो लेते  
जाओ।



# Children's Corner at Andaman Nicobar Book Fair

*A Splash of Stories, Colours, and Joy at the Children's Corner at the Andaman Nicobar Book Fair 2025.*

From 1-10 April 2025, the Children's Corner at the Andaman Nicobar Book Fair, held at ITF Ground, Sri Vijaya Puram, was buzzing with imagination, laughter, and creativity! Organised by the National Centre for Children's Literature (NCCL), NBT-India, the corner was a joyful ocean of books, art, stories, and endless fun.

Each day was carefully planned with sessions for three groups: Classes 1-5; 6-8; and 9-12, ensuring that every child found their wave of interest.

## Storytime & Puppets to Kickstart the Fair!

The first day opened with "Storytelling with Puppets" followed by a colourful Drawing Competition on "The Beautiful Andaman and Nicobar" and "Save Our Oceans". Children also stepped into the world of creativity through a Character Creation Workshop.

## From Origami Tales to Puppet Making

Children learned the art of Storygami (storytelling through origami) and expressed their thoughts in a Slogan Writing Competition. The seniors explored Puppet Making, bringing paper and imagination to life.

## A Symphony of Riddles, Music & Art

Each day brought playful riddles, music, and colours for the little ones. Middle graders enjoyed an Illustration Workshop, while older children showcased their skills in a Story Writing Competition.

## Lights, Origami & Bookmarks!

Children were also introduced to the magic of theatre in Curtains Up! The World of Theatre. This was followed by creative workshops on origami and designing bookmarks.





### Island Clay Creations!

Children also dived into Island Clay Creations, using clay to make tiny sculptures inspired by island life.

### Quizzes, Sketches & Poems

Kids took part in a Sketch & Quiz Challenge, explored Creative Writing, and participated in Poetry Recitation.

### Plays, Posters, and Bengali Tales

The week continued with *Cholo, Ekta, Golpo Shuni!* – a Bengali storytelling session, and a delightful Play by Children from Kendriya Vidyalaya. Children let their imagination soar with a Poster Design Competition.

### Tales of the Ocean & Tribal Life

A Drawing Competition based on the Tribal Life of Andaman and Saving Coral Reefs

was also held and children were given books as prizes.

### A Grand Finale with Dance and Open Mic!

The final day saw beautiful stories with *Once Upon A Time...Let's Hear a Story!*, followed by a traditional Nicobarese Dance performance by schoolchildren. The fair concluded on a heart warming note with an Open Mic, where young voices shared poetry, stories, and joy.

In a nutshell, children laughed, danced, imagined, created, explored, and gave flight to their imagination. The Children's Corner wasn't just a corner – it was the heart of the Andaman Nicobar Book Fair 2025. A place where every child became a storyteller, an artist, and above all, a dreamer!



# अंतर्राष्ट्रीय योग दिवस

साँस लो, मुस्कुराओ और योग करो - अंतर्राष्ट्रीय योग दिवस!

हर साल 21 जून को अंतर्राष्ट्रीय योग दिवस (International Yoga Day) मनाया जाता है। यह दिन पूरे विश्व को भारत की अनमोल देन योग का उत्सव है। योग सिर्फ शारीरिक व्यायाम नहीं है, यह एक ऐसा अभ्यास है जो तन, मन और आत्मा को जोड़ता है और मानसिक शांति व खुशी प्रदान करता है।

हर साल योग दिवस की एक खास थीम होती है, जिसका उद्देश्य योग के व्यापक सामाजिक और वैश्विक प्रभाव को दर्शाना होता है। इस वर्ष की थीम "Yoga for One Earth, One Health" व्यक्तिगत स्वास्थ्य और वैश्विक स्थिरता में इसके महत्व को दर्शाती है। इसी प्रकार वर्ष 2022 में Yoga for Humanity, 2023 में Yoga for Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam थीम रखी गयी थीं। वर्ष 2024 की थीम "Yoga for Self and Society" - यह बताती है कि योग न केवल व्यक्ति के लिए लाभकारी है, बल्कि समाज में भी शांति और सामूहिक ऊर्जा लाने में सहायक है। थीम के माध्यम से हम हर वर्ष योग को अलग-अलग पहलुओं से समझते हैं और उसके प्रति जागरूकता बढ़ाते हैं।

आगे हम जानेंगे कि योग क्या है, यह बच्चों के लिए क्यों जरूरी है, और हम इसे कैसे मजेदार बना सकते हैं!

## योग क्या है?

योग एक प्राचीन भारतीय पद्धति है, जिसमें श्वास, शारीरिक मुद्राएँ (आसन) और ध्यान (ध्यान लगाना) शामिल हैं। योग का अर्थ है "जोड़ना" - अर्थात् योग

मनुष्य के शरीर, मन और आत्मा में सामंजस्य स्थापित कर उन्हें एक साथ जोड़ने का काम करता है। योग के तीन महत्वपूर्ण आयाम होते हैं:

- शारीरिक आसन
- साँस लेने की विधियाँ
- ध्यान और शांति का अभ्यास

योग बच्चों को शक्ति, शांति और संतुलन प्रदान करता है। इसके अनेक लाभ हैं जिनमें से कुछ इस प्रकार हैं:

- शरीर को लचीला और मजबूत बनाता है।
- एकाग्रता और स्मरण शक्ति बढ़ाता है।
- तनाव कम करता है और मन को शांत करता है।
- अच्छी नींद में मदद करता है।
- शरीर को सही आकार और मुद्रा में रखता है।

जो बच्चे नियमित रूप से योग करते हैं, वो बच्चे दूसरे बच्चों की तुलना में ज्यादा खुश, आत्म-विश्वासी और स्वस्थ रहते हैं।

योग भारत में हजारों साल पहले शुरू हुआ था, लेकिन आज इसका प्रचार और प्रसार पूरे विश्व में हो चुका है, और पूरी दुनिया स्वस्थ जीवन में योग के महत्व से अवगत है। स्कूलों, पार्कों और घरों में बच्चे और बड़े मिलकर योग करते हैं।

आप जानते हैं 2015

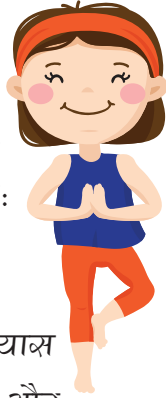
में, नई दिल्ली

के राजपथ पर

35,000 से अधिक

लोगों ने प्रधानमंत्री

के साथ मिलकर योग



किया और विश्व रिकॉर्ड बनाया था!

बच्चों के लिए कुछ आसान योगासन जिन्हें वे बिना किसी की सहायता के कर सकते हैं:

1. **वृक्षासन** (Tree Pose) - संतुलन और स्थिरता लाता है
2. **भुजंगासन** (Cobra Pose) - पीठ को मजबूत करता है
3. **बटरफ्लाई आसन** - पैरों को लचीला बनाता है
4. **बिल्ली-गाय आसन** (Cat-Cow Pose) - रीढ़ की हड्डी को लचीलापन देता है
5. **ताड़ासन** (Mountain Pose) - शरीर को सीधा और मजबूत बनाता है

हर आसन में गहरी साँस लेना और मुस्कुराना न भूलें! योग करने के लिए प्राकृतिक वातावरण सर्वश्रेष्ठ/उचित होता है- जैसे पार्क, बाग, या बगीचे। पेड़ों की छाँव, ताजी हवा और पक्षियों की आवाज योग को और आनंददायक बनाते हैं। योग हमें प्रकृति तथा अन्य जीवों से प्रेम और उनका सम्मान करना सिखाता है। **योग के बारे में जानने योग्य कुछ मजेदार तथ्य**

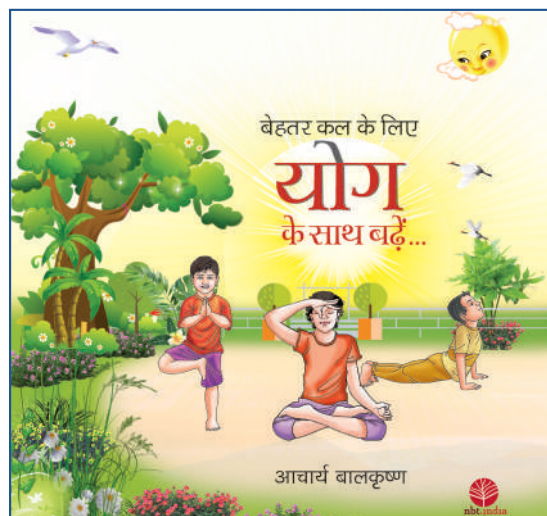
- “नमस्ते” योग में किया जाने वाला अभिवादन है, जिसका अर्थ है - “आप में जो अच्छाई है, मैं उसका सम्मान करता हूँ”।
- कई योगासनों के नाम जानवरों पर आधारित हैं - जैसे बिल्ली (बिल्ली-गाय आसन), तितली (बटरफ्लाई आसन), साँप (भुजंगासन)।
- अंतर्द्विष यात्री भी योग का उपयोग करते हैं ताकि वे अंतर्द्विष में खुद को शांत और केंद्रित रख सकें!

**आपके लिए एक रोचक गतिविधि- “योग कहानी बनाओ”**

इस योग दिवस पर एक योग कहानी बनाएँ!

1. 5 ऐसे योग आसन चुनिए जिनके नाम जानवरों से जुड़े हैं।
2. उन जानवरों पर आधारित एक छोटी कहानी बनाएँ।
3. कहानी सुनाते समय उस आसन को करें।
4. इसमें अपने दोस्तों और परिवार को भी जोड़ें और सभी एक साथ योग करें! आपको प्रसन्नता भी होगी और योग भी हो जाएगा! इस अंतर्राष्ट्रीय योग दिवस पर चलिए - साँस लें, मुस्कुराएँ और योग करें - और खुद को खुश, स्वस्थ और शांत बनाएँ!

योग के बारे में और अधिक जानकारी प्राप्त करने के लिए आप राष्ट्रीय पुस्तक न्यास भारत द्वारा प्रकाशित पुस्तक “Grow with Yoga” पढ़ सकते हैं। जिसमें योग के विभिन्न आसनों और प्राणायाम तथा उनके फायदों के बारे में विस्तार से चर्चा की गयी है।





# WOW! THAT'S SCIENCE

When we put a potato on a paper plate and place it in the microwave.

Beep! Beep! The microwave starts buzzing...

After 5 minutes, you take it out—ouch! The potato is super hot!

But the paper plate? It's barely warm.

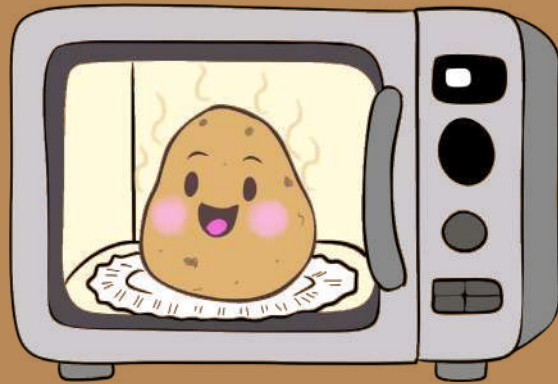
That doesn't seem fair, right?

Well, here's the secret:

A microwave is like a tiny energy storm! It sends out invisible waves that love to shake water molecules. When you heat a potato in the microwave, the waves find the water inside the potato and start shaking it really fast. This shaking makes

the potato hot—like it's getting cooked from inside out!

But the paper plate? It's mostly dry. It doesn't have much water, so the microwave waves have nothing to shake. That's why the plate stays cool (maybe just a little warm because of the hot potato sitting on it!).



Fun-O-Facts

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।

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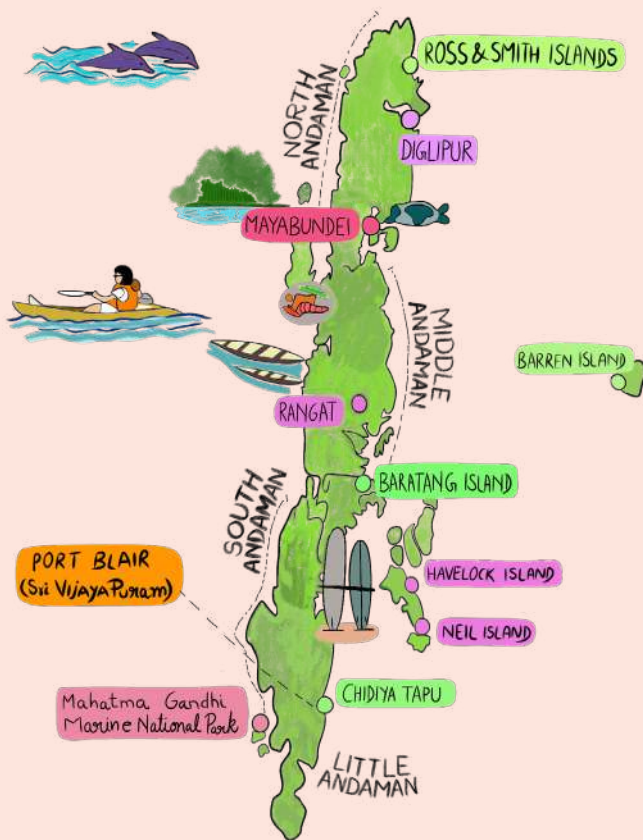
[nbtindianccl93@gmail.com](mailto:nbtindianccl93@gmail.com)



# Know Your Union Territory

## Andaman and Nicobar Islands

- (1) The islands are situated between the **B\_\_y** of **B\_\_ng\_\_l** to the west and the **An\_\_a\_\_an S\_\_a** to the east.
- (2) Andaman is home to the **S\_\_nt\_\_n\_\_l tr\_\_be**, who are said to be the most isolated tribe in the world.
- (3) The capital of Andaman and Nicobar Islands is **P\_\_rt Bla\_\_r**.
- (4) The new name for Port Blair is **Sr\_\_V\_\_j\_\_y\_\_ P\_\_r\_\_m**.
- (5) The **C\_\_ll\_\_lar J\_\_il**, or **K\_\_l\_\_ P\_\_ni**, in Port Blair was a British colonial prison used to confine freedom fighters during India's independence struggle.
- (6) During World War II, the Andaman and Nicobar Islands were occupied by the **J\_\_pan\_\_se** army.
- (7) On 26th December 2004, Andaman witnessed a **t\_\_un\_\_m\_\_** and an earthquake in the Indian Ocean.
- (8) The State animal of the Andaman and Nicobar islands is the **d\_\_g\_\_ng**.
- (9) The largest **cr\_\_b** in the world is found in Andaman and Nicobar.
- (10) The islands have exceptional marine biodiversity. So, they are very famous among **sc\_\_b\_\_ d\_\_v\_\_rs** and **sn\_\_rk\_\_l\_\_rs**.



Dugong is also known as the sea cow.

Answers: (1) Bay of Bengal/Andaman Sea, (2) Sentinel tribe, (3) Port Blair, (4) Sri Vijaya Puram, (5) Cellular Jail/Kala Pani, (6) Japanese Army, (7) Tsunami, (8) Dugong, (9) Crab, (10) Scuba Divers and Snorkelers





# Word Search

Can you find all the Vegetables?



O	B	F	C	L	E	A	I	A	W	T	A	W	T
G	H	W	B	T	L	B	R	A	R	R	J	F	E
R	D	D	R	U	O	G	E	L	T	T	O	B	S
O	T	T	C	A	U	L	I	F	L	O	W	E	R
I	D	O	T	A	T	O	P	T	E	E	W	S	O
T	B	R	O	C	C	O	L	I	O	O	O	E	E
R	T	L	C	E	L	E	O	E	E	U	F	B	W
R	D	B	G	L	A	D	Y	F	I	N	G	E	R
T	A	A	E	O	G	T	R	I	I	I	L	A	B
R	B	C	A	B	B	A	G	E	O	I	A	R	R
B	E	E	T	R	O	O	T	U	I	U	U	R	A
I	B	R	I	N	J	A	L	O	E	C	E	E	R
S	W	B	I	T	T	E	R	G	O	U	R	D	U
A	E	W	T	E	H	S	I	D	A	R	G	L	S

PUZZLE PALOOZA

Crack the Veggie Code and Colour the Basket!

DTROUEBLGOT

EOTPSTTWOAE

TORTEOBE

EAGBCAB

FDYRILEGNA

RDTUIBGTORE

BLOOICCR

BILJARN

RLWCUOFEILA

SHRIDA



# 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 5 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 the next issue of **Reader's Club Bulletin**!

## THEME

Viksit Bharat@2047

## CHOICE OF TOPICS

- World Environment Day  
5 JUNE
- International Day of Yoga  
21 JUNE
- World No Tobacco Day  
31 MAY

## LAST DATE FOR ENTRIES

25 Aug 2025

### Winning Entries:

1<sup>st</sup> Prize / 2<sup>nd</sup> Prize / 3<sup>rd</sup> Prize

### Rules:

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



## DECLARATION

### For Students

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

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

### For Teachers/Parents

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Pincode: \_\_\_\_\_  
Mobile No.: \_\_\_\_\_  
Email: \_\_\_\_\_  
Name of School: \_\_\_\_\_  
School Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Pincode: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
/ /  
Date \_\_\_\_\_  
(Teacher's/Parent's Signature)



Here are the winners of the 'Viksit Bharat@2047'  
competition from Sunbeam School, Lahartara on the theme  
**'World Environment Day, International Day of Yoga, World No Tobacco Day'.**

Check out the details on the previous page for the next theme.  
We look forward to receiving your entries.

1

Aadya Modi  
Class 11



2

Kartikey Gond  
Class 6



3

Sabeel Yazdan Rizvi  
Class 11



# 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: \_\_\_\_\_

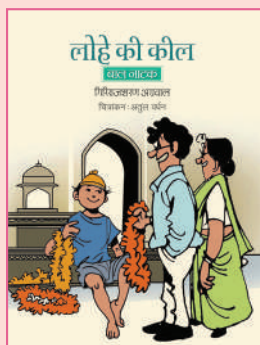
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इस पुस्तक में बच्चों के दो प्रेरणादायक नाटक हैं, जिसमें से पहला नाटक 'लोहे की कील' हमें जीवन में हार न मानने और हमेशा आगे बढ़ने को प्रेरित करता है। और बताता है कैसे लोहे की एक छोटी सी कील की मदद से एक व्यक्ति ने अपना व्यवसाय शुरू किया और अपनी किस्मत को चमकाया। वहीं दूसरा नाटक 'एक चुटकी संतोष' आज के आधुनिक समाज में फैली बुराइयों और उनसे छुटकारा पाने के लिए आज की पीढ़ी की आधुनिक विचारधारा पर चर्चा करता है।

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चित्र: खुआन मानुएल मोरेनो

इस पुस्तक के माध्यम से लेखक हमें डोमिनिकन गणराज्य के पक्षियों और उनकी अद्भुत जीवन शैली से अवगत कराना चाहती हैं। उनकी शारीरिक बनावट तथा अर्चभित कर देने वाली कलाओं के बारे में आपको विस्तृत वर्णन इस पुस्तक में देखने को मिलेगा। साथ ही साथ आपको प्रेरित करने वाली अन्य महत्वपूर्ण जानकारी इस पुस्तक में मिलेगी।

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### चंद्रयान - 3

लेखक: युवराज मलिक

चित्र: राकेश राज

यह पुस्तक चंद्रयान-3 की यात्रा को एक रोचक और ज्ञानवर्धक ढंग से प्रस्तुत करती है। चंद्रयान की कहानी स्वयं में एक प्रेरणा है। यह सिखाती है कि कभी भी हार नहीं माननी चाहिए। साथ ही, यह भारत के विज्ञान के विकास, उसके ज्ञान और गौरवशाली अतीत को भी सम्मान देती है। वीर और उनके दादाजी के बीच के संवाद के माध्यम से कही गई यह कहानी पाठकों को न सिर्फ नई जानकारियाँ देती है, बल्कि उनके मन में अपने देश के प्रति गर्व की भावना भी भर देती है।

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