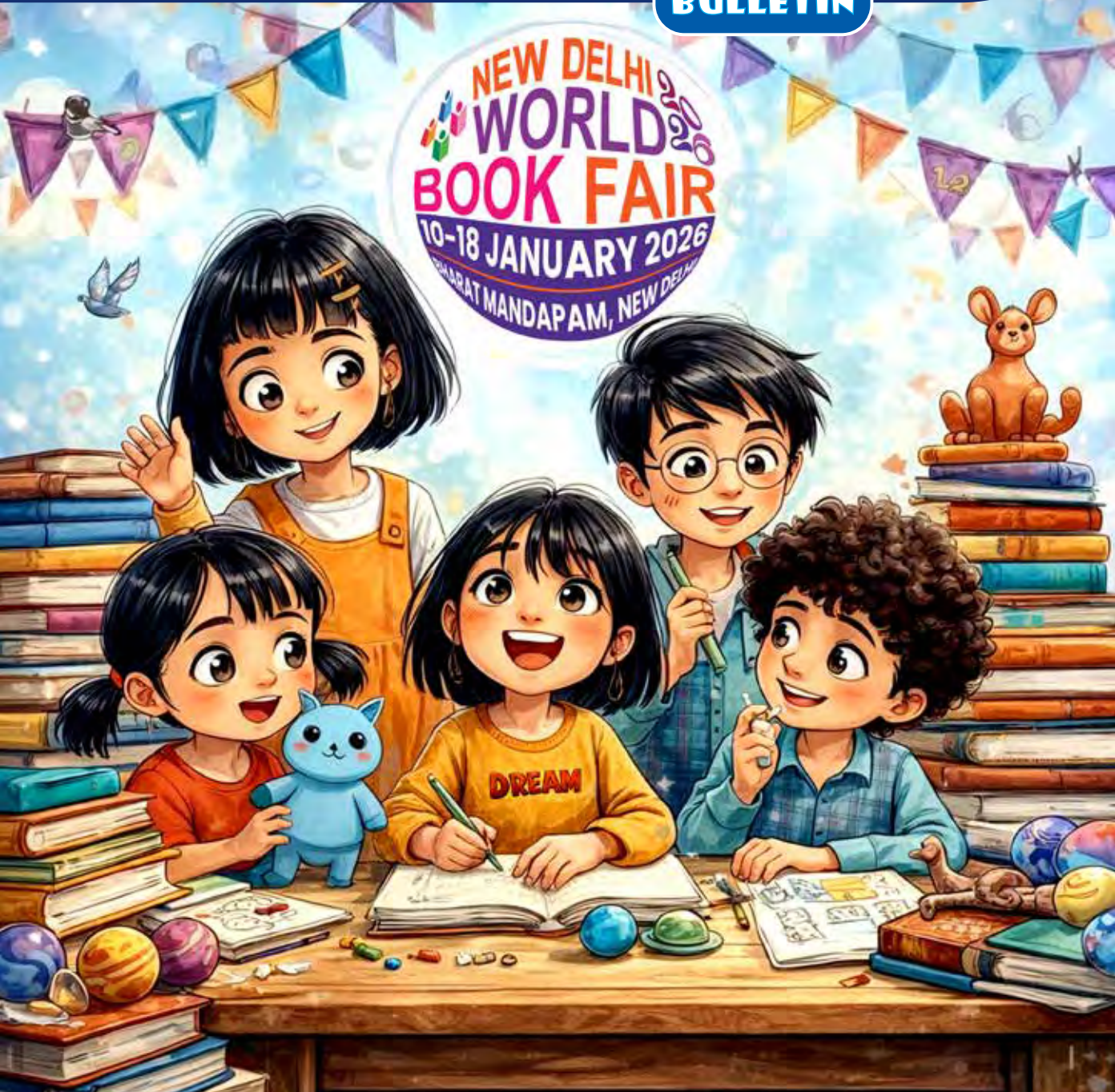


READERS' CLUB

VOL. 31 | No. 01 | JAN TO FEB 2026

BULLETIN



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Dear Readers,

Welcome to 2026! As we step into a brand-new year, the air is filled with the promise of fresh chapters and the rustle of turning pages. This edition of the **Readers' Club Bulletin** captures the vibrant energy of our recent travels from the literary and cultural confluence of the Kashi Tamil Sangamam to the grand success of the Pune Book Festival. The highlight of our journey remains the New Delhi World Book Fair 2026, where the Children's Pavilion truly became a sanctuary for young minds to dream. We also bring you a special report from Chaibasa, Jharkhand marking a season of bravery and wisdom.

In this issue we bridge the gap between ancient stone and future silicon. Venture into the Talking Temple, where a young boy uncovers the secrets of the mythical Yali, or explore the gripping tale of a new age tech war. We also celebrate the human heart with a story on unconditional kindness, and creations that remind us of the power of gratitude and the lifelong gift of reading.

As we embark on this new year, let these stories be your compass in exploring ancient legends and futuristic battles. Let us remember that every word we read and every line we write adds to the magic of our shared world.

Happy Reading!

VOLUME 31 | ISSUE 1 | JAN - FEB 2026

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A Talking Temple

It was a Sunday afternoon. Ami was lazing around with his parents at home. Suddenly, his mother came up with the idea of visiting Kerala – God's own country. She had just seen an advertisement about the beauty and marvel of the place. So his parents decided that they will go to Kerala for that summer vacation. Ami was very excited to visit Kerala, as he had never been there. Ami asked, "When are we going?" His parents said, "This Friday". Ami started packing all excitedly with his parents... On Friday morning, they all packed and left for Kerala.

After reaching Kerala, they were amazed by the natural beauty of the place. It was far more beautiful than the pictures they had seen in the brochure. They were all basking in the glory of nature. While entering their hotel, Ami noticed that there was a large temple just opposite. Excitedly, Ami asked his parents if he could go to the temple. His parents said that they would definitely visit the temple in the evening.

As dusk approached, Ami and his parents went to the temple. As they were entering the temple, Ami noticed a strange looking creature carved on every

pillar of the temple. The creature was so strange looking that Ami got hooked and started looking at it very intently. Suddenly the creature started speaking to Ami and asked Ami his name. Ami got startled and looked at it in disbelief. "Are you talking to me?" asked Ami. The creature replied in affirmative. Ami was astonished but started asking him all sorts of questions in one breath, What? Why? How? To which the creature replied calmly that his name was Yali and he symbolized uncontrollable power. Yali said that he could always talk but nobody noticed, as no one ever stopped to look at him as if he didn't exist.



Ami asked him, "Why do you look so strange?" To which Yali explained that it was because he was part Elephant, part Horse, part Lion and part Serpent. Ami was still wondering about the reason for the existence of such a strange creature when Yali gauged his thoughts and started narrating his story. "Long time after Vishnu in the avatar of Narsimha killed the demon Hiranyakashapu, his fury did not stop. Even after the demon was killed Narsimha's rage kept burning. That's when Vishnu transformed into something the world had never seen: the form of Yali who was part Elephant, part Lion, part Horse and part Serpent and that's ME! I was created to 'Stop The Unstoppable'. Narsimha calmed down as he understood that even divine rage has a limit. So, Yali symbolizes the power that controls all powers".

Ami was amazed by this story. He couldn't believe all was this for real or was he hallucinating. He questioned Yali innocently that if you are so important then why is the world unaware about you? Why had Ami never heard about him from anyone earlier? Yali smiled, "It's a hard fact that not many people have keen eyes to see the unknown and know about our scriptures. It's very important

to preserve our culture and heritage as once lost can never be found again."

Ami felt privileged to know about a very vital part of Indian scriptures and realized the importance of the same. He walked away with a promise to create awareness around him about the Indian scriptures and heritage. He was a little wiser than before and went to narrate



his encounter to his parents who had gone ahead in the temple. He told them about Yali and how it reminded him that no matter how powerful you are, there is always - A Force Greater.

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Ravi and the Silent Bell



In a small village of Arunika, situated on top of the mountains, hung an old bronze bell in the town square. People believed it rang only for those who acted with pure intentions.

Ravi, a clever boy, wanted to prove he was the best and most kind child in the village. So, he began doing good deeds, only as a show off. He helped the elderly only when others watched, shared food only when praised, and smiled at people only when someone was looking.

One evening, he pulled the rope of the bronze bell, expecting it to ring in honour of his "kindness." But the bell stayed



silent. Confused, Ravi asked the village sage why it didn't ring.

The sage said softly, "The bell hears what people cannot. It listens not to your actions... but to the intention behind them."

Ravi walked home in silence. That week, he quietly helped a blind man cross the road, returned a lost coin he could have kept, and apologized to a friend he had hurt.

No audience. No praise.



One morning, while passing the bell, he gently touched the rope.

DING!

The bell rang – a clear, pure sound filling the entire valley.

Ravi smiled. For the first time, it wasn't pride he felt... but peace.

Dharm Aghera

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A Thankful Heart

A thankful heart is full of light,
It makes the darkest day seem bright.
For every smile, for every friend,
For helping hands that always lend.

I'm grateful for the food I eat,
The gentle rain, the sunny heat.
For books that teach, for songs that cheer,
For every moment, far or near.

Gratitude is a special key,
It opens doors for you and me.
When we give thanks, we start to see,
How beautiful this world can be.

Rohkash Mishra

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The Magical Flute



"That is a beautiful melody, Kavish," the squirrel remarked.

Astonished, Kavish initially tried to shoo them away. However, his fear soon turned to wonder as he realised they were conversing with him perfectly. "How can you speak my language?" he stammered. The robin whistled softly and replied, "It is the magic of the flute. Its music dissolves all barriers. Whoever hears its song gains the power to understand and speak every language in the world."

Kavish was only five years old when he lost his mother. Years later, while exploring the dusty corners of his attic, he discovered a wooden box. Inside lay a polished flute and a handwritten note. The letter, penned in his mother's elegant script, read: "A gift for you, my child, because you are now a BIG BOY!" Reading those words, a warm smile spread across Kavish's face.



He brought the flute to his lips and played a gentle, wandering tune. Suddenly, the attic came alive. A squirrel scampered onto a beam, a robin perched nearby, and a cat wandered towards him. To Kavish's absolute shock, they began to speak – not in chirps and meows, but in clear, human language.

Kavish's heart swelled with joy. He realised his mother had given him a gift so that he would never be lonely again. He spent the afternoon laughing and sharing stories with his new animal friends, the attic echoed with music and friendship ever after.

Shreshtha
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किताबें

ये किताबें, ये किताबें – इनसे मुझे प्यार है,
इनके संग बसता, मेरा छोटा सा संसार है।

करती हूँ मैं इनसे बातें, ये सखी-सहेली मेरी हैं,
राजा-रानी, गुड्डे-गुडिया, कहानियों की इनमें ढेरी हैं।

परियों की ये कथा सुनातीं, खुशियों का ये द्वार है,
ये किताबें, ये किताबें – इनसे मुझे प्यार है।

मजेदार सी लगती हैं ये, रंग-बिरंगी होती हैं,
ज्ञान और मुस्कानों के ये, अनमोल से मोती हैं।

जब भी कोई कहानी पढ़ूँ, सपनों में खो जाती हूँ,
नयी-नयी दुनिया की सैर, घर बैठे कर आती हूँ।

मोबाइल में वो बात कहाँ, कुछ समझ नहीं आता है,
अक्षरों की उस दुनिया में, मन उलझ सा जाता है।

पर जब अपने हाथ में लेकर, पुस्तक को मैं पढ़ती हूँ,
खुश हो जाता मन मेरा, मैं ज्ञान की सीढ़ी चढ़ती हूँ।

ये किताबें, ये किताबें – इनसे मुझे प्यार है,
आओ खूब पढ़ें हम सब, यही तो असली उपहार है!

पूजा

कक्षा - 5

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स्वस्थ भारत!



स्वस्थ रहना है हम सबका काम,
सेहत ही है सबसे बड़ी शान।

शुद्ध जल का जब होगा साथ,
बीमारियों को देंगे हम मात।

फल, सब्जी और मोटा अनाज,
योग से बनेगा उन्नत समाज।

नन्हे शिशुओं का रखेंगे ख्याल,
तभी बनेगा भारत खुशहाल।

सही पोषण और टीकाकरण का साथ,
स्वस्थ रहेगा हर बच्चा हमारे साथ।

स्वच्छता से आएगी खुशहाली,
दूर होगी हर परेशानी हमारी।

मिलकर हम सब करेंगे प्रयास,
जगाएंगे स्वस्थ भारत का विश्वास।

अक्षया सिंह

कक्षा - 6

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Thoughts

There were thoughts running through my mind,
in the tender phase of life when I was a child.

Looking at faces that made the world proud,
I smiled and clapped for them from the crowd.

I said, "I'll be a nurse, with a healing touch,"
Though some whispered that it wouldn't be much.

But I saw kindness, care, and the light
A noble path that shines ever so bright.

I said, "I'll be an athlete, strong and fast."
They doubted my strength, said it wouldn't last.

But I felt the power in my spirit and feet,
Ready to fly till my goals are complete

I thought, "A teacher! How wonderful to be,"
Sharing the knowledge that sets a mind free.

They said success was a different climb,
but I knew that teaching was a gift for all time.

I told them, "A chef! To fill every tummy,"
Crafting delicious meals that are healthy and yummy.

For a chef is an artist, a creator of joy
A beautiful dream that is meant to enjoy.

I said, "I'm a writer," and though they couldn't see,
the sparkle of stories inside of me,

I knew that my words had a power so rare,
to change the world and the people out there.

Now I look back at those thoughts with a smile,
I've carried them with me through every mile.

Happy that my thoughts had a chance
I've claimed my future and taken my stance!

Aashvi Verma
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The Time Machine and the Robot War



Tick! Tick! Every second of the clock brought us closer to achieving a dream. After much patience and hard work, we had done it! We had made the first-ever Time Machine. Yes, my dear readers, the same kind of Time Machine as in the story of H.G. Wells. Beside me stood my friend Ishi, who had helped me throughout.

The Time Machine stood tall, inviting us to be the first-ever time travellers. "Come! Let's make it happen!" – it seemed to call us. "Are you ready?" I asked Ishi. We debated where to go first, past or future. We were anxious to see the future Earth, and I reminded Ishi that according to theorem number 245, the future can be changed.

So, we pressed the red button and typed "past." We pulled the lever and set the date to 2026 exactly 20 years before. The machine zoomed through time

and landed in a park in Sarita Vihar in Delhi. We took an autorickshaw to our old school in Kailash Colony. It was 11 o'clock... break time in school. I saw myself much younger, thinner, and more active. It felt like a scene from Doraemon! A tall, energetic girl entered and sat beside the younger me. "Look, Avani, that's me!" Ishi whispered.

I saw our favourite teacher, Poonam Ma'am, scolding the naughty students. She noticed me staring and said, "Good morning. I think I have seen you



somewhere. Doesn't your face resemble Avani? She is one of the most intelligent and sweet children of this school." Tears welled up in my eyes, but I couldn't tell her the truth. "It's time to return," Ishi said, and we headed back to the machine.

Returning to our laboratory, curiosity pushed us to set the dial 20 years into the future. But as we arrived, the air was

filled with smoke. We were horrified to see the world at war. Huge bunkers and tanks filled the streets, and massive robots were attacking. Most shocking of all, I saw an older version of myself commanding soldiers! After narrowly saving Ishi from a robot using my laser gun, we retreated to our own time.

"That wasn't the distant future, Ishi! That war is near!" I cried. We realised the robots had glowing red eyes, as if controlled by a single mind. Ishi knew exactly who to visit: Shivangi, the robot specialist. We found her in her lab, proudly presenting her new "Master Robot." When we told her of the mechanical nightmare we had witnessed, her face turned pale. Realising her invention could turn evil, she explained "I know that a virus called MRV (Master Robot Virus) could infect robots. If we create a destructive chip, we can stop the Master Robot before it destroys everything." She quickly developed a destructive chip to stop the master Robot.

The next morning, the three of us set out 15 years ahead. We saw our older selves preparing citizens for battle against the "Master Robot." Together, we devised a plan and entered the robot's fortress. Soldier robots guarded the way, but our older versions fought bravely to clear a path.

On the top floor, we met the Master Robot. He was a colossal figure of steel

with burning red eyes. "I am the Master Robot," he thundered. "You thought robots were your servants? Now you will serve us. Humanity will be crushed! Ha Ha Ha!"

He roared and grabbed Ishi and Shivangi in his iron grip. Seeing them struggle, I activated my special flying boots. I soared around his massive head and, just as he opened his mouth to roar, I thrust the destructive chip inside. The robot froze, his eyes dimmed, and he



fell with a deafening crash. Instantly, the robot army stopped moving. The war was over.

Our older selves thanked us for saving the timeline. Returning home, I reflected: every scientific invention has its good and bad sides. It is our responsibility to use our wisdom to shape the future for the better.

Avani Raj

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Energies that Build Us

There are some people in everyone's life whose names may not be written, yet their presence can be felt. In our thoughts and in the silent corners of heart where emotions rest gently. They are not just people; they are unseen blessings, guiding lights, and silent pillars who shape our journey without ever asking for recognition. Their identities remain hidden, but their impact is deeply felt in every part of our lives.

The first important person in one's life is like a wide and endless sky – steady, protective, and patient. This person does not express love through gestures or words, yet every sacrifice they make, every effort they put in, and every burden they silently carry speaks louder than anything they could ever say.

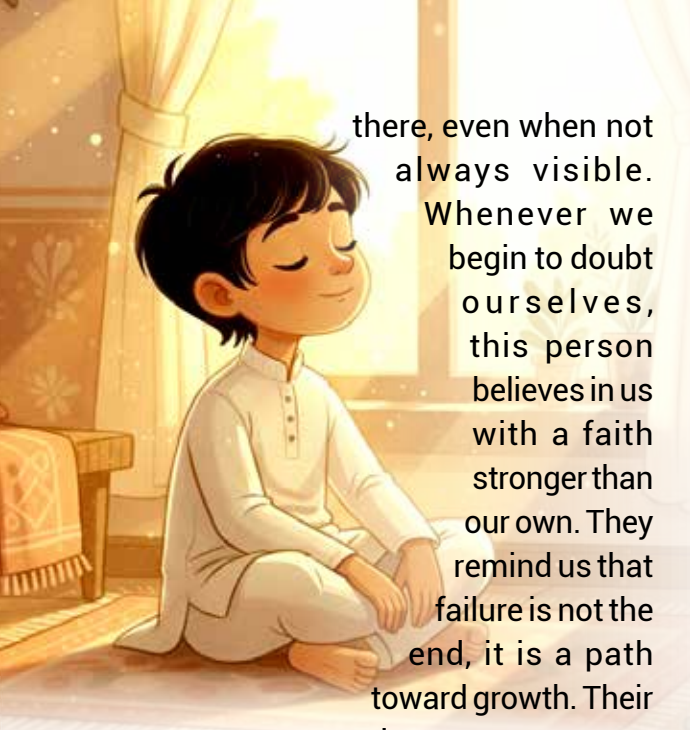
Their strength is calm, their care is quiet, and their presence is reassuring like a shelter we can always return to. Their existence reminds us that true strength does not always roar; sometimes it simply stands,



steady and unshakeable. From this person, we learn resilience, the courage to keep moving forward even when life feels heavy, and the ability to remain grounded even when the world grows uncertain.

Another precious soul in one's life feels like a warm ray of morning light: gentle, comforting, and full of kindness. This person does not just listen to our words; they understand our silence. They notice the sadness behind our smile, the hesitation in our voice, and the worries we try to hide. With them, we don't need to pretend to be strong because we are accepted even in our moments of weakness. Their presence teaches us that real care does not shine loudly; it stays soft, constant, and unconditional. They are the safe spaces where we can be real, where tears are not seen as weakness, and where our emotions are understood without explanation. Through them, we have learned empathy, compassion, and the beauty of being emotionally honest.

There is also someone in our life who stands like a guiding star, always



there, even when not always visible.

Whenever we begin to doubt ourselves, this person believes in us with a faith stronger than our own. They remind us that failure is not the end, it is a path toward growth. Their

words encourage us to rise again, to learn, and to trust our own abilities. Their guidance whispers that every setback carries a lesson, and every

struggle leads to a new beginning. From them, we've learnt confidence, discipline, and the courage to keep dreaming, even when things feel uncertain.

Some people may not stay close forever, yet leave gentle footprints on one's heart. Some teach us kindness through small gestures. Some inspire us with simple words. Some appear only in a phase of life, yet their presence becomes a quiet memory that continues to guide us.

They are the courage behind our determination, the calm behind our resilience, and the warmth behind our smile. They are our silent protectors, our emotional anchors and our invisible sources of faith and inspiration.



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A Joy Ride into Stories and Imagination: Inside Kidz Express @NDWBF 2026

Event Report

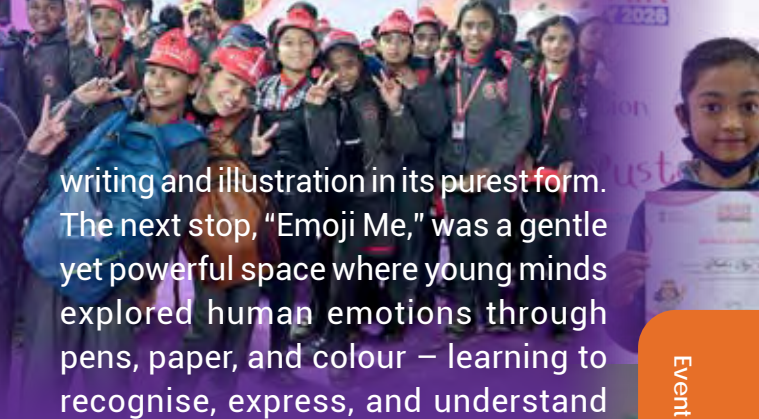
The **Children's Pavilion** (housed inside Hall 6 at the **New Delhi World Book Fair** (10–18 Jan 2026) at Bharat Mandapam) felt like a dreamscape – an immersive world where thousands of children hopped aboard a joyful journey of imagination, creativity, ingenuity, and discovery. Conceptualised and designed as a dream train, the **Kidz Express** instantly captured young hearts with its striking exterior in the shades of lavender, animated windows, and many delightful caricature-styled illustrated characters, including a ticket checker at the door, a *chaiwala* serving tea & *samosas*, a musician hurrying with his instrument, a boy lost in a book, a cold-drink seller, and many more. The thematic entrance, shaped like a train engine blowing steam in the form of bubbles, warmly welcomed children. NBT-India's child mascots – Vidya and Gyan – waved the 'All-clear' flags – beckoning the young visitors to board this unforgettable ride.

Once inside, the magic truly unfolded. The Pavilion opened into a series of

thoughtfully curated “coaches” – vibrant, artistic corners inviting children to read and learn, and also to think independently, craft uniquely, and feel deeply.

To the left was the “Storytime Shatabdi,” a Reading Corner glowing with the line *Read Beyond the Stars* against an outer-space themed wall. Rocket-shaped bookshelves brimmed with magical, wonder-filled books, ready to launch young readers into distant galaxies of imagination and creativity.

The journey continued to the “Rail Museum,” where two physical models of trains – one an old steam engine and the other a modern Vande Bharat – stood above the evocative phrase *Chalti Ka Naam Rail Gadi*. Small window-style cut-out panels, in the form of a mini-photo exhibition, traced the remarkable journey of Indian Railways – from its humble beginnings and post-independence expansion to its present-day transformation, and future projects. Interactive screens in this zone drew eager children to solve puzzles,



and answer quiz questions spanning history, culture, and science. Winners were rewarded with book coupons – redeemable at NBT-India book stalls, adding an extra thrill to learning.

Another buzzing coach was the “Readers’ Club Movement,” introducing children to bi-monthly bilingual children’s magazine – the *Readers’ Club Bulletin* – which features articles, poems, and posters all written by young readers from across the country. Designed to nurture reading habits, the corner bloomed with children, parents, and teachers browsing issues and signing up for subscriptions.

Moving ahead, visitors were charmed by “Kitab Ghar,” a deeply evocative space inspired by book kiosks at railway stations. Sheets carrying short stories, poems, and prose fluttered gently on threads, forming a living gallery of imagination. Children and adults were seen absorbed in completing unfinished stories, composing poems, and exploring themes ranging from dreams and memory to music and magic. A large canvas at the back, invited little artists to design their own book covers – making Kitab Ghar a celebration of creative

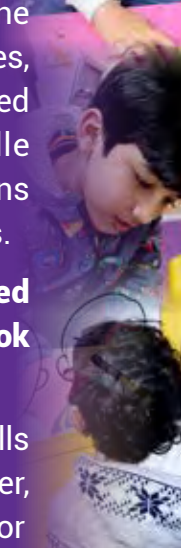
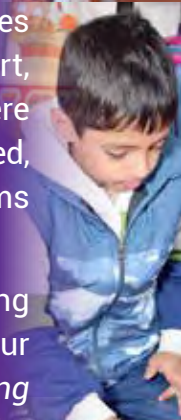
writing and illustration in its purest form. The next stop, “Emoji Me,” was a gentle yet powerful space where young minds explored human emotions through pens, paper, and colour – learning to recognise, express, and understand feelings through creative expression.

One of the major attractions of Kidz Express was the “Click-Me Junction,” an underwater-themed photo corner inspired by marine life. Parents and children eagerly posed here, capturing memories to be cherished forever. Other coaches featured hands-on experiences in Madhubani Art, Warli Art, Clay Art, Puppet-making, and Art & Craft, where little hands busily created, experimented, and learnt traditional and folk-art forms through play.

The most popular stop of all – among children and adults – was the “Colour Me” corner. With the spirited line “*Rang Do Duniya Saari*” splashed across the wall, this space came alive with doodles, colours, and laughter as children poured their hearts onto a life-size doodle canvas. It truly embodied what it means to colour and imagine – beyond lines.

Daily Events: Where Stories Walked In, Mascots Spoke and Creativity Took Centre Stage

Some spaces are not just built with walls and tables – they are built with wonder, where every session opens a new door








Event Report





and every child walks out carrying something invisible yet precious: curiosity, confidence, and joy. From storytelling to theatre, from puppetry to posters, from Origami folds to Mandala calm, the Children's Pavilion became a living carnival of learning.

Every day began with stories – as nothing warms a child's imagination than a tale told with heart. Storytelling was brought to life in the form of *Musicals, Role-Play, Drama, Puppet* and *SDGs*. Adding an international sparkle to the Pavilion, renowned voices from across the world stepped in to share the magic of children's literature. Celebrated storytellers, authors and creative educators from Spain, Russia, Finland and Israel brought with them the flavour of their cultures, making young listeners travel without a passport.

If stories form the heart of the corner, creativity becomes its pulse. At the *Origami Studio*, children folded imagination into neat little miracles; at the *Warli Art Workshop*, traditional Indian expression finds a vibrant voice. Young minds explored the art of storytelling through the *Cartoon Design Workshop* and *Character Creation Workshop*, while the *Theatre Workshop* and lively *Puppet Show* captivated audiences with drama, movement, and wonder. Adding a moment of calm to the creative journey, children also

immersed themselves in mindfulness through *Mandala Art*.

The Pavilion also celebrated the thrill of thinking. Maths and Science arrived not as homework but as entertainment with *Maths Magic, Fun with Vedic Maths* and *Magic of Science*. And just when one thought that the Pavilion had offered everything, it surprised further through numerous *Child Authors' Meets, Dancing with the Popular Mascots* and *Screening of Children's Films*.

In the evening, a specially curated *Training the Trainers Programme* brought together teachers, educators, and parents for a series of engaging workshops. From *Learning Through Dolls* and *Toy-Based Pedagogy* to *Maths Made Fun and Easy, Drama-Based Learning, Dot Mandala Art*, and *Mental Health Wellness in Classrooms*, the sessions introduced alternative, creative approaches to nurture holistic learning in children. In addition, a panel discussion on *Teachers as Changemakers* and a *Librarians' Meet on Best Practices* was also a part of the Pavilion's Programme list.

At the Kidz Express, books were not merely read but lived; stories not just told but imagined, written, coloured, felt, and celebrated. Every corner invited children to think freely, create boldly, and express without fear – beautifully blurring the lines between learning and play.

NBT के चाईबासा पाठक मंच में पराक्रम दिवस का आयोजन



Event Report

राष्ट्रीय पुस्तक न्यास, भारत के चाईबासा पाठक मंच के इन्द्रधनुष कार्यक्रम की 919वीं कड़ी के अंतर्गत वसंत पंचमी महोत्सव सह पराक्रम दिवस का आयोजन 23 जनवरी 2026 को किया गया जिसे दर्शन मेला म्यूजियम डेवलपमेंट सोसायटी के संस्थापक चिन्मय दत्ता ने आयोजित किया। श्री पुरुषोत्तम शर्मा, प्रधानाध्यापक (सेवानिवृत्त) एस.पी.जी. मिशन बालक उच्च विद्यालय मुख्य अतिथि के रूप में उपस्थित रहे। विशिष्ट अतिथियों में डॉक्टर कुमारी अर्चना (चिकित्सा पदाधिकारी, सदर अस्पताल चाईबासा) और श्री राज किशोर साहू, प्रधानाध्यापक (सेवानिवृत्त) एस.पी.जी. मिशन बालक मध्य विद्यालय रहे। सम्मानित अतिथियों में राजा राम गुप्ता, संजीव कुमार गुप्ता, सुमित्रा देवगम, सुनीता देवगम, अमरेन्द्र सिंह ज्ञानी, तरुण मुहम्मद, विजय प्रताप एवं जयंती कुंडू रही। मंच संचालन साक्षी सिंह और ऋशभ कुमार दास ने किया।

वर्ष भर में सर्वाधिक उपस्थिति के लिए आराध्या

पाठक मंच में घूमघाम से मना वसंत पंचमी

चाईबासा : पाठक मंच की ओर से शुक्रवार को वसंत पंचमी महोत्सव सह पराक्रम दिवस का आयोजन पुराना कृषि भवन परिसर में घूमघाम से किया गया। इस अवसर पर बलौर मुख्य अतिथि एसपीजी मिशन बालक उच्च विद्यालय के सेवानिवृत्त प्रधानाध्यापक पुरुषोत्तम शर्मा एवं विशिष्ट अतिथियों में सदर अस्पताल की चिकित्सा पदाधिकारी डा. कुमारी अर्चना एवं एसपीजी मिशन बालक मध्य विद्यालय सेवानिवृत्त प्रधानाध्यापक राजकिशोर साहू के अलावा सम्मानित अतिथियों में राजाराम गुप्ता, संजीव कुमार गुप्ता, सुमित्रा देवगम, सुनीता देवगम, तरुण मुहम्मद, विजय प्रताप व जयंती कुंडू उपस्थित थे। कार्यक्रम में दीप प्रज्वलन के उपरांत सरस्वती माता और मेताजी सुभाषचंद्र बोस को माल्यार्पण कर पुष्पांजलि अर्पित करते हुए मा शरदा की स्तुति के साथ कार्यक्रम का शुभारंभ किया गया।


विश्वकर्मा को स्मृति चिन्ह, मेडल और प्रमाण पत्र से विभूषित किया गया। कार्यक्रम में सचिव शिवानी दत्ता, उपाध्यक्ष मनीष कुमार, सक्रिय सदस्य नेहा निशाद, अंजली ठाकुर और संध्या शर्मा को सक्रिय सहभागिता के लिए स्मृति चिन्ह और मेडल देकर सम्मानित किया गया। इस अवसर पर जनश्रुत दत्ता, धनंजय कुमार सिन्हा, विक्रम नाग, रितिका दत्ता, यशवी विश्वकर्मा के साथ 200 बच्चों को विशेष उपहार दिए गए। इसके अतिरिक्त कार्यक्रम में शामिल अभिभावकों के बीच पाठक मंच की उपलब्धि पर छपी पुस्तक सपनों का सफर वितरण की गई।

पाठक मंच का प्रमुख उद्देश्य विद्यार्थियों में पठन के प्रति उत्साह जगाना और उन्हें शिक्षा के वास्तविक महत्व से परिचित कराना है।



चिन्मय दत्ता
संस्थापक

दर्शन मेला म्यूजियम डेवलपमेंट सोसायटी
चाईबासा, झारखंड
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Waves of Creativity at Namoo Ghat: Children's Corner at KTS 4.0



The Children's Corner at Kashi Tamil Sangamam 4.0 (KTS), organised by the National Book Trust, India, at Namoo Ghat, served as a vibrant hub of creative exploration and cultural exchange. Thousands of students participated in a diverse array of sessions that bridged tradition and modern learning. From storytelling of Tamil folk tales and dramatic puppet shows depicting the life of Sardar Vallabhbhai

Patel to hands-on workshops in Origami, Mandala art, and Book Cover design, the event offered a comprehensive creative experience. Physical well-being was emphasised through morning Yoga sessions, while the spirit of enquiry was kept alive through heritage-themed quizzes and story-writing workshops that encouraged children to discover their own literary voices.

Parallel to the artistic festivities, the event served as a gateway to the future of literacy through the Rashtriya



e-Pustakalaya. With the playful sessions of the mascot "Cheetah", students were introduced to the world of digital reading, learning to navigate thousands of free e-books and even designing creative logos for the platform. The celebration culminated on Bharatiya Bhasha Diwas, where Tamil scholars and local students

came together to celebrate and honour India's linguistic diversity. The activities at Children's Corner fostered a sense of national unity, leaving young participants with a deeper appreciation for the diverse yet interconnected cultural tapestry that binds the rich spectrum of Indian heritage.





A Symphony of Stories: Children's Corner at Pune Book Festival

Event Report

The historic grounds of Fergusson College, Pune, were transformed into a wonderland of creativity during the Pune Book Festival 2025, drawing thousands of students to the Children's Pavilion. Across nine creativity-packed days, the festival was a masterclass in multidisciplinary learning, blending traditional arts with modern science.

Students participated in high-energy musical and theatrical storytelling, mesmerising puppet shows about dragons and sunrises, and cross-cultural sessions featuring stories in French, Marathi, and English. Artistic



expression took centre stage through workshops on Marathi calligraphy, Warli art, and collaborative canvas painting with international artists, while hands-on sessions in clay modelling, comic creation, and origami allowed young attendees to turn their imagination into tangible masterpieces.



Beyond the world of fiction, the festival ignited curiosity through “Fun with Science” experiments, Vedic Maths tricks, and a “Waste to Wonder” recycling workshop that taught the value of sustainability. Practical life skills were also prioritised, with a self-defence workshop and inspiring “Meet the Young Author” sessions, where child authors shared their publishing journeys with eager peers. Each day concluded on a high note with the Rashtriya e-Pustakalaya orientation, where children danced with the beloved mascot “Cheetah” and explored the vast world of digital libraries. From doodle corners to competitive quizzes, the Pune Book Festival successfully created a joyful ecosystem where literature, folk art, and modern technology converged to inspire the next generation of thinkers and creators.



जादुई लाल डिब्बा

केरल के एक गाँव के प्राइमरी स्कूल में 'पोस्टल वीक' (डाक सप्ताह) को लेकर भारी उत्साह था। आज के डिजिटल युग में जहाँ ईमेल और मैसेज ने चिट्ठियों की जगह ले ली थी, बच्चों ने कभी न लेटरबॉक्स पर ध्यान दिया था और न ही पोस्टमैन पर। वहीं शिक्षक उन दिनों की यादों में खोए थे जब पोस्टमैन की साइकिल की घंटी ही खुशियों का संदेश लाती थी।

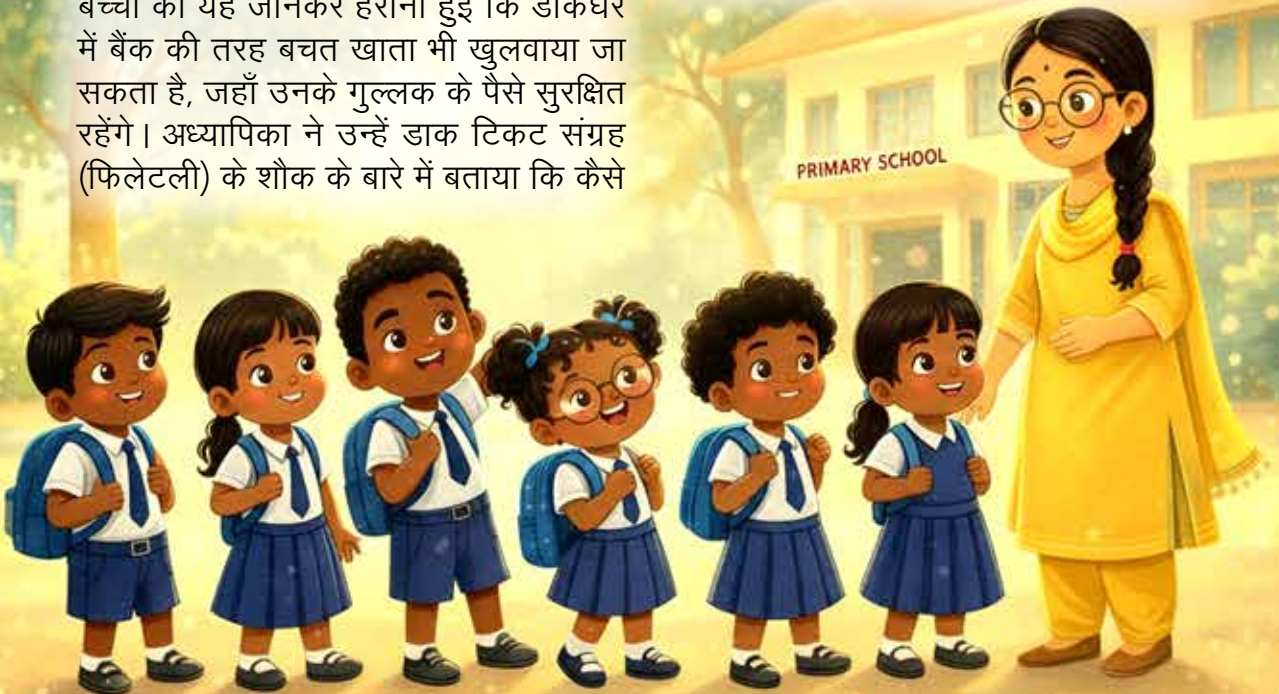
अध्यापिका बच्चों के एक समूह को 'थानामणी पोस्ट ऑफिस' ले गईं। वहाँ एक छोटा सा हॉल और दो कमरे थे, जिनकी दीवारों पर पूछताछ, स्पीड पोस्ट और मनीऑर्डर जैसी तख्तियां टंगी थीं। बच्चे जिज्ञासा से भरे थे। पूछताछ काउंटर पर बैठी कर्मचारी ने जब बताया कि यहाँ से सामान भेजा और मंगाया जा सकता है, तो मुरली झट से बोला, "फिर तो मैं कोच्चि वाली मासी से क्रिकेट बैट मंगाऊँगा!"

बच्चों को यह जानकर हैरानी हुई कि डाकघर में बैंक की तरह बचत खाता भी खुलवाया जा सकता है, जहाँ उनके गुल्लक के पैसे सुरक्षित रहेंगे। अध्यापिका ने उन्हें डाक टिकट संग्रह (फिलेटली) के शौक के बारे में बताया कि कैसे

अलग-अलग लिफाफों से टिकट जुटाकर एक सुंदर डायरी बनाई जा सकती है।

तभी पुट्टूस्वामी डाकिया एक बड़े बैग में चिट्ठियाँ भर रहे थे। रंग-बिरंगे टिकटों को देखकर शंकर ने पूछा, 'ये टिकट छोटे-बड़े क्यों हैं?' डाकिया ने समझाया कि स्थान की दूरी और पत्र के प्रकार (पोस्टकार्ड या अंतर्देशीय) के आधार पर टिकट की कीमत और आकार तय होता है। अध्यापिका ने बच्चों को 'स्पीड पोस्ट' के बारे में बताते हुए कहा कि इससे डाक जल्दी पहुँचती है और इसे ट्रेक भी किया जा सकता है।

श्रीधर यह सोचकर हैरान था कि हजारों चिट्ठियों के बीच सही जगह का पता कैसे चलता है। पोस्टमास्टर अंकल ने उसे 'पिनकोड' का महत्व समझाया, जो हर क्षेत्र की पहचान होता है। सबसे छोटा छात्र वेंकट ताली बजाकर बोला, "इसका मतलब लेटरबॉक्स तो एक जादुई





From Authors

डिब्बा है, जिसमें पत्र डालते ही वह कहीं भी पहुँच जाता है!”

अध्यापिका ने सभी बच्चों को एक-एक पोस्टकार्ड दिया और कहा, “चलो, इस जादुई डिब्बे का कमाल देखते हैं। सब अपने माता-पिता के नाम एक पत्र लिखो।” वेंकट ने उत्साह से कहा, “मैं लिखूँगा कि हम पोस्ट ऑफिस घूमने आए हैं। मेरी चिट्ठी मेरे ही घर

पहुँचेगी तो अम्मा-अप्पा कितने खुश होंगे!”

नन्हे वेंकट की मासूमियत सुनकर पूरा डाकघर ठहाकों से गूँज उठा। जाते-जाते बच्चों ने उस लाल लेटरबॉक्स को अपने नए दोस्त की तरह गले लगाया और प्यार से कहा – ‘थैंक्यू! जादुई लाल डिब्बे।’

सुमन बाजपेयी
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“Joy of Reading” – Photo Contest at Pune Book Festival 2025

National Book Trust, India, had organised the “Joy of Reading” Photo Contest – a one-of-a-kind event that brought the magic of reading alive – from 13-17 December 2025 during the

readers and books, showcasing how reading lights up joy, ignites learning, and sparks fresh creativity. Participants were encouraged to share their own interpretation of “Joy of Reading” through creative and heartfelt photos. We received around 30 inspiring entries, and after thorough screening by our esteemed jury members, the top two entries were selected as winners and awarded a cash prize of ₹10,000 each. The top two entries included Mr. Sandesh Dinkar Bhujavdkar's submission titled “A World Within Pages” and Mr. Sharad Iragonda Patil's submission titled “A Hand Reaching for Knowledge.”



‘A World Within Pages’ by Sandesh Dinkar Bhujavdkar

Pune Book Festival 2025 (13-21 December 2025). Individuals from all walks of life were invited to click photos capturing the pure delight of reading and its profound impact on people amidst the Pune Book Festival 2025. The contest highlighted the unique bond between



‘A Hand Reaching for Knowledge’ by Sharad Iragonda Patil

Winners of the Drawing Competition

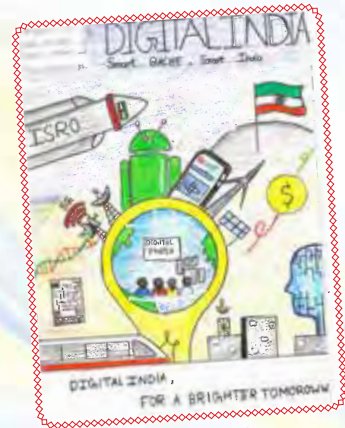
NCCL organized drawing competitions at the Gorakhpur Book Festival 2025 and the Nagpur Book Festival 2025. Some of the winning entries are displayed here.



Ashish Kumar
Class 7



Aaradhya Sharma
Class 8



Amayara
Class 5



Raj Nandini
Class 8



Riddhima Rao
Class 7



Rishant Singh
Class 8



Swastika Gupta
Class 8

Laughing Together

'Laughing Together', published by the National Book Trust India, under its dedicated series ACCU, is a special collection of stories, riddles, and proverbs from the Asian-Pacific countries.

This book reassures that even though we live in different places, storytelling is a bridge that connects us all.

The following excerpt is from a humorous tale from Malaysia where the clever Ma Blockhead finds a very smart way to make her husband, Old Blockhead, complete a task.



In a village, there lived a man and his wife. The man was called Old Blockhead, and his wife was called Ma Blockhead.

They lived happily in a little wooden house far away from other people. The roof of their house was full of holes and the walls were rotten...

Old Blockhead asked Ma Blockhead if she knew where he could get a job. She replied, "I've heard that the owner of the house at the end of this road is looking for someone to work there. Why don't

you try there? If you are lucky, you might get the job."

Old Blockhead then set out to look for the house at the end of the road. He followed the winding path through the bushes and undergrowth. After walking for some time, he finally reached the end of the road. Old Blockhead saw a little wooden house.

"Is anybody home?" he asked.

A woman came out.

"Yes. What is it you want?"

Old Blockhead could not believe his eyes. He thought to himself, "This woman looks a lot like my wife. Even the house looks like my house. Ah, no," he told himself, "I must be mistaken."

The woman asked him what he wanted. Old Blockhead told her that he was looking for a job. The woman asked Old Blockhead to repair her house. "The roof must be replaced," she said. "The walls too. All the materials will be provided by the owner of the house. You will be the carpenter."

Old Blockhead agreed to work at the house that looked exactly like his. The next day, he started repairing the house. He pulled down the rotten walls. He also brought down the leaky roof. Both the roof and the walls were to be replaced. While he worked, Old Blockhead was well looked after. His food and drink were taken care of by the woman who looked like his wife. In the evening, Old Blockhead went home. This happened everyday. At the end of the week, Old Blockhead had finished his work. He had repaired the woman's house who lived at the end of the road. He had replaced the old roof, and had replaced the rotten walls. The woman paid him well for the job.

Old Blockhead then went home with the money. He was very happy. He sang softly as he walked along the winding road through the bushes and

undergrowth. He stopped short when he reached his house.

"Ma! Ma!" he shouted as loudly as he could.

Ma Blockhead came out, beaming. She took the money her husband gave her.

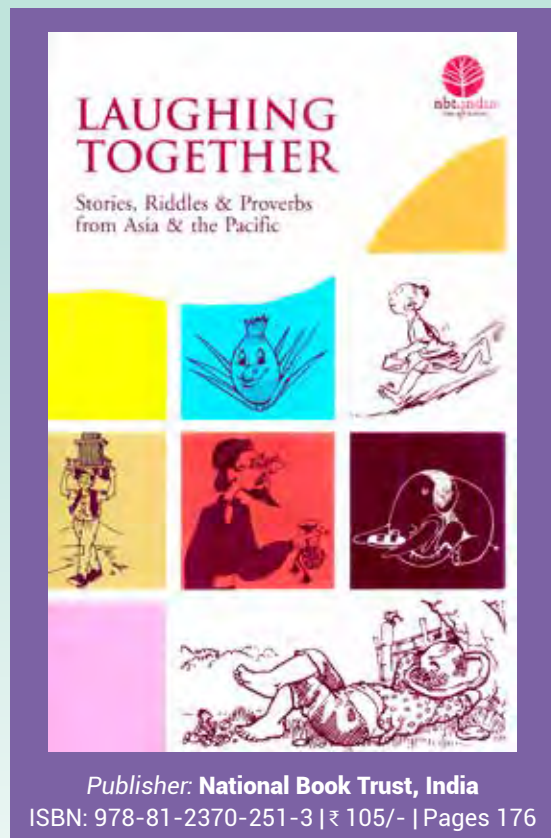
"Thank you, my dear husband. Now we can buy lots of delicious food" she said happily.

But Old Blockhead was still bewildered. He stared at his house without blinking.

"Our house has been repaired, Ma?" asked Old Blocked, surprised.

"Oh yes," replied Ma Blockhead, smiling.

Old Blockhead asked again, "Who did it?"



Science Fun

The Magic Water Microscope!



Let's build our own **Water Microscope** and watch small things grow big!

Material Required: A round glass bottle (about 10 inches tall), Clear water, A piece of newspaper and a flower petal.

Let's Start the Experiment

- Fill the round glass bottle with water right up to the brim.
- Be careful! Make sure there are no air bubbles at the top.
- Close the cork or cap tightly so no water leaks out.
- Now, lay the bottle horizontally (on its side) over a newspaper.



Isn't it fun?

Look through the bottle – the tiny letters now look huge!

Next, place your microscope over a **flower petal**. What do you see?

The Science Behind

The round bottle and water act as a convex lens, which is thicker in the middle than at the edges. This shape has a special power: it bends light rays inward as they pass through. While light traveling through



the exact center stays straight, the rays at the edges are bent until they meet. This bending "stretches" the light, making the object behind the bottle appear much larger than it really is.

More Science Fun

Don't stop at newspapers and petals! Use your water microscope to:

- Carefully examine the **fine lines and loops on your fingertips** (your fingerprints!).
- Look at a piece of **fabric** to see the individual threads woven together.
- Observe a **leaf** to find the tiny pores (that help it breathe).

Vidya aur Gyan ki Batein



Dear readers, you can submit your Drawing/Poster on any one of the below themes:

THEMES

- National Youth Day (Jan 12)
- Indian Army Day (Jan 15)
- National Science Day (Feb 28)
- Last date to submit: 25 April 2026

DECLARATION

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

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

Student's Name: _____ Class: _____

School: _____

Address: _____

Email: _____

Countersigned by: _____

Parent/Teacher: _____

Name: _____

School (only for teachers): _____

Address: _____

Email: _____ Phone: _____

DECLARATION

For Students

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

(Participant's Signature)

For Teachers/Parents

Name: _____

Address: _____

Pin code: _____

Email: _____ Phone: _____

Name of School: _____

School Address: _____

_____ Pin code: _____

_____/_____/_____

Date (Teacher's/Parent's Signature)

बुलेटिन के लिए सदस्यता प्रपत्र /Subscription form for Bulletin

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(केवल कार्यालय उपयोग हेतु /for official use only)



राष्ट्रीय बाल साहित्य केंद्र राष्ट्रीय पुस्तक न्यास (शिक्षा मंत्रालय, भारत सरकार) की बाल शाखा National Centre for Children's Literature

the children's wing of National Book Trust, India (Ministry of Education, Government of India)

रीडर्स क्लब बुलेटिन /Readers' Club Bulletin

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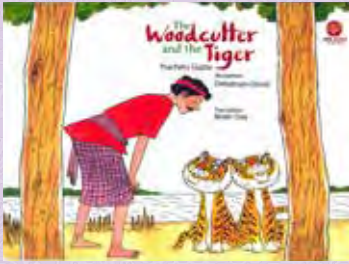
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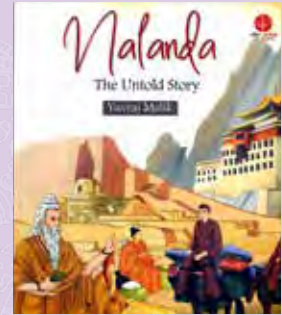
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सेनुदी को उसके पिताजी से एक बेहद प्यारा उपहार मिला है, जिसे कहीं ऊपर रख दिया गया है। उसे पाने की चाह में सेनुदी मदद मांगती है, पर माँ, पिताजी और बहन – सब अपने-अपने कामों में व्यस्त हैं। सेनुदी का उस उपहार तक पहुँचने का संघर्ष और उसके बाद एक “बड़े काम” की जिम्मेदारी संभालना इस कहानी को एक दिलचस्प मोड़ देता है। सजीव चित्रों वाली यह पुस्तक जहाँ बच्चों का मनोरंजन करती है, वहीं बड़ों को भी बच्चों की छोटी-बड़ी ज़रूरतों के प्रति जागरूक बनाती है।

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