**Preface**

These stories are delightful and engaging for both children and adults alike. Rich in imagination and creativity, they feature a variety of characters, themes, and settings that capture the attention of readers of all ages. Each story presents a unique journey, filled with adventure, emotion, and valuable life lessons.

Designed to be both entertaining and educational, these stories serve as perfect bedtime reads, helping to relax young minds while also stimulating their imagination. The gentle narratives and thoughtful messages make them ideal companions for quiet evenings or family storytelling moments.

These story collections are also highly beneficial for children who are learning to read and explore language. They are excellent resources for school storybooks, classroom reading, libraries, and story clubs. Teachers and parents will find them useful tools to encourage reading habits, spark creativity, and promote discussions about morals, friendship, courage, and empathy.

The stories are written in a range of tones—from humorous and lighthearted to heartfelt and uplifting—ensuring that there's something for every mood and every reader. Whether it’s laughter, joy, curiosity, or wonder, these tales are sure to leave a lasting impression and become cherished favorites.

We hope these stories inspire a lifelong love of reading and storytelling in every child and enrich the reading experience for all who open these pages.

**Contents**

|  |
| --- |
| 1. |
| 2. |
| 3. |
| 4. |
| 5. |
| 6. |
| 7. |
| 8. |
| 9. |

Vex, the brave boy 4

Tour to Bengaluru

Just 5 min

Annual Exam

Space Hoppers

Marigold

Technology Project

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| 10. | Birthday Day Party |  |
| 11. | Light of wisdom |  |
| 12. | In a another world |  |

13. The war

14. Little Brother

15. Ajji’s Story

16. My farm

17. The horror dream

18. Microtip pencil

19. TV remote

20. Where is?

**CHAPTER 1**

**Vex, the brave boy**

Once upon a time, there was a peaceful little village next to a deep, green forest. The people in the village lived simple and happy lives. Among them was a boy named Vex. He was known for being brave, kind, and determined.

Every morning, Vex woke up early and got ready for school. His mother always packed him a tasty lunch and waved goodbye as he left at 7:00 a.m. He returned home around 5:00 p.m., full of stories from his day. Vex loved learning, playing with his friends, and especially, running.

One morning, the school announced that a big running race would be held the next day. It was part of the school’s annual sports celebration. Vex was thrilled when his teacher selected him to represent his class. He ran all the way home to tell his mother the exciting news.

But that evening, something unexpected happened. While playing outside, Vex slipped and fell. He hurt his leg and limped home, trying to hide the pain. His mother quickly noticed and sat him down to clean his wound.

“You can’t practice today,” she said gently. “You need to rest. Your leg is hurt.”

“But the race is tomorrow,” Vex whispered, looking down.

“We’ll see how you feel in the morning,” his mother said, stroking his hair. “You don’t have to prove anything to anyone.”

That night, Vex couldn’t sleep. He stared at the ceiling, wondering, “Should I still try to run? What if I fall again? What if they all laugh?”

The next morning, although his leg still ached, he made up his mind. He put on his uniform and walked to school with quiet determination. When he arrived, some classmates saw him limping.

“You can’t win like that,” one boy snorted.  
“You should quit now,” another said, laughing.

Vex didn’t reply. He simply smiled and said, “We’ll see.”

At 8:30 a.m., the students lined up on the field. The crowd was buzzing with excitement. Parents, teachers, and students cheered from the sidelines. The coach raised his whistle — *tweet!* — and the race began.

Vex started strong, despite the pain in his leg. But just a few seconds in, he slipped again and nearly fell. For a moment, everything felt silent. His heart sank. He could hear people gasping.

But then, something inside him pushed forward. He stood up, clenched his fists, and began to run faster and faster. He didn’t look back. He didn’t listen to the noise. He focused on the finish line — and crossed it first.

The entire field erupted in cheers. His teammates lifted him into the air. Even the boys who had teased him clapped and smiled.

That evening, at home, Vex’s mother hugged him tightly.

“You ran even though you were hurt?” she asked.

“I didn’t want to give up,” Vex said with a tired grin. “Not this time.”

From that day on, Vex became more than just a student — he became a symbol of perseverance.

Inspired by his courage, the school began a new weekly event called “Courage Hour.” During this time, students could share stories about being brave or overcoming fear. Vex was invited to speak at the very first one. He stood in front of the crowd and said, “I didn’t win because I was the fastest. I won because I didn’t stop.”

A quiet girl named Lina, who had always been too shy to speak or take part in games, listened carefully. After the event, she approached Vex and said softly, “I want to try too.”

Vex smiled. “Then you're already halfway there.”

Every afternoon, the two of them trained together. Slowly, Lina grew stronger and more confident. When the village sports festival arrived a few months later, Lina signed up for the 200-meter race. The night before, she told Vex, “What if I fall?”

Vex replied, “Then get up. That’s what matters most.”

On the day of the race, Lina ran with all her strength. Halfway through, she stumbled and fell. The crowd held its breath. But just like Vex had done before, she stood up and ran even faster. She didn’t come in first — but she crossed the finish line with a smile on her face.

The whole field clapped. Vex ran up and said, “You were amazing.”

That wasn’t the end of Vex’s story.

One day, a letter arrived from a nearby town. It invited Vex to attend a Youth Leadership Camp for students who showed bravery and leadership. At first, Vex hesitated. He had never been far from his village before.

His mother placed a hand on his shoulder. “Go, Vex,” she said. “You have more to learn — and more to share.”

At the camp, Vex met children from many places. Some were loud, others quiet. Many had faced difficulties — just like him. One had lost a parent. Another had escaped a dangerous storm in their village. Vex listened to their stories with care and shared his own.

“I ran with a hurt leg,” he told them. “But that wasn’t the hard part. The hard part was deciding to stand up again after I fell. And I’m glad I did.”

By the end of the camp, Vex had made many new friends — and new dreams. When he returned to his village, he brought back something more valuable than medals: a vision.

He wanted to create a space where children could learn, help each other, and grow stronger — in heart and mind. With help from his teachers and neighbors, Vex started a Youth Club in the old classroom behind the school. They cleaned it, painted the walls, brought books and games, and even planted a garden outside.

Every afternoon, children gathered there — not just to play, but to speak, listen, learn new skills, and encourage one another. Lina helped with reading sessions. Vex led storytelling and running practice. Slowly, the small club became the heart of the village.

One evening, a teacher asked Vex, “Why did you start all this?”

Vex smiled and said, “Because I know what it feels like to fall… and how good it feels when someone helps you get back up.”

And so, the boy who once ran with a hurt leg became a leader, a friend, and an inspiration — not just in his village, but beyond.

**Moral:** We should never give up. Even when things are hard, even when others doubt us, we must keep going. With courage, kindness, and belief in ourselves, we can turn small steps into big changes.

**CHAPTER 2**

**Tour to Bengaluru**

Once upon a time, in a school called Fit Jee School, there was a boy named Ramachandran. He was clever, curious, and always eager to learn. His teachers often said, “Rama is a bright boy. If he works hard, he can achieve anything!”

Every year, the school held final exams, and each subject was marked out of 80. That year, Ramachandran was in Class 8, and the exams were just two weeks away.

One evening, while the family was having dinner, his father looked at him and said, “Rama, if you get centum in all your subjects, I’ll take you to Bengaluru for a special trip.”

Ramachandran’s eyes lit up. He had always dreamed of visiting Bengaluru — the city of tall buildings, science museums, beautiful gardens, and big bookshops. From that moment, he made up his mind: he would give it everything he had.

He prepared a strict timetable, dividing his subjects — Maths, Science, English, and Social Science — into daily goals. He studied with complete focus, asked questions whenever he had doubts, and revised even during lunch breaks. While his friends played outside, Rama sat quietly under a tree, solving problems or reading notes.

His mother grew concerned and said gently, “Rama, don’t overdo it. Take rest also.” But Rama smiled and replied, “Just a few more days, Amma. Then I’ll relax in Bengaluru!”

The night before the exams, he went over everything one last time. He closed his books, took a deep breath, and went to sleep, hoping everything he studied would stay in his mind.

The next morning, he woke up early, got ready, and went to school with quiet confidence. As the exam bell rang, the hall grew silent. Ramachandran read each question carefully, wrote neatly, and checked his answers twice. He felt satisfied after every paper.

After each exam, his mother would ask, “How was it, Rama?” And every time, he would smile and say, “Ha Amma, I wrote very well.”

A week later, the results were announced. The school had put up the marks on the notice board. Ramachandran ran toward it, nervous yet hopeful. He scanned the list — and there it was: 80 in every subject. Centum!

He could not contain his excitement. He rushed home, burst into the house, and shouted, “Appa! Amma! I got centum in all subjects!”

His father hugged him proudly. “As promised, pack your bags. We’re going to Bengaluru!”

Ramachandran packed his bag with joy — clothes, his diary, a sketchbook, and a few books for the journey. The family boarded an early morning train to Bengaluru. Rama sat by the window, watching rivers, trees, and stations pass by, his heart racing with excitement.

When they reached Bengaluru, the air felt fresh and cool. The tall buildings, speeding metro trains, and busy streets amazed him. His father had planned a full three-day trip.

Their first stop was the Visvesvaraya Industrial and Technological Museum. Rama’s eyes widened as he explored exhibits on space, robotics, electricity, and engines. He touched models, tried puzzles, and even saw a rocket model.

At the robotics corner, a volunteer noticed his curiosity and asked, “Do you like science, young man?” Rama beamed. “Yes! I want to become a scientist one day.” The volunteer smiled and handed him a small magnet experiment kit. “Keep learning. The world needs minds like yours.”

The next day, the family visited Lalbagh Botanical Garden. Rama enjoyed the peaceful surroundings and drew sketches of flowers and butterflies in his notebook.

Later, they visited a giant bookstore on Church Street. Rows and rows of books stretched before him. “Pick anything you like,” his father said.

Rama chose a science encyclopedia, a mystery novel, and a math puzzle book. As they sat in a nearby café, sipping hot chocolate, he flipped through the encyclopedia, already dreaming of new ideas.

On the last day, they visited Jawaharlal Nehru Planetarium, where Rama saw a show about stars and planets. That night, back in the hotel, he looked up at the sky from the balcony.

“Appa,” he said, “one day, I want to build something that helps people — maybe something in space or science.”  
His father smiled. “And you will, Rama. Because you put your heart into whatever you do.”

When they returned home, Ramachandran felt refreshed, inspired, and more motivated than ever. At school, he shared stories from his trip, inspiring even his friends to focus on their studies.

From that day on, Ramachandran was not just known as a bright student — he became a role model, showing everyone that discipline, focus, and dreaming big could take you anywhere.

**Moral:** Put first things first to enjoy your life.

**CHAPTER 3**

**Just 5 min**

**Once upon a time, in a big city filled with busy roads, tall buildings, and people always in a rush, there was a peaceful little street where birds still chirped in the morning. On that street stood a yellow house with blue windows, a small garden, and a cricket bat leaning by the door.**

**In that house lived a cheerful and naughty boy named Chintu.**

**Chintu wasn’t afraid of the dark. He wasn’t afraid of dogs or thunderstorms either. But he was *very* afraid of just one person—his father, who spoke little but meant business.**

**His mother? Chintu wasn’t scared of her at all. He loved her more than anyone in the world. But he had one bad habit—never listening to her when he was playing cricket.**

**Every evening after finishing a *little* bit of homework (or pretending to), Chintu would grab his bat, dash out of the house, and meet his gang of friends at the empty ground next door. The moment he stepped on the field, he forgot the world.**

**One such evening, Chintu was in excellent form. He had already hit two fours and a six. His friends were cheering for him.   
“Shot, Chintu! You're our Virat Kohli!”**

**Suddenly, from the gate, came a familiar voice:  
“Chintu! Come home! It’s getting late.”**

**It was his mother.**

**Chintu barely turned his head.  
“Five minutes, Mom!” he shouted and went back to batting.**

**His mom shook her head. She knew what “five minutes” meant.  
Still, she went back inside.**

**Ten minutes passed. The sun dipped lower in the sky.**

**She came back again.  
“Chintu, time’s up. Come inside now.”  
“Just five more minutes!” he begged, waving her off.**

**Fifteen minutes later, she returned a third time—hands on hips.  
“Chintu!” she said, loud and sharp.**

**Chintu flashed a grin.  
“Mom, we’re almost done! Just ten more minutes!”**

**She stared at him with *the look*. He knew she was not happy. But she turned and walked away without saying a word.**

**A few minutes later, when he thought he was safe, she came out one final time and shouted:  
“CHINTU! 😡”**

**Now it was serious.**

**Chintu dropped the bat, hurried over limping dramatically, and moaned,  
“My leg hurts, Mom! I can’t walk. Let’s just sit here for five minutes?”**

**She raised an eyebrow but before she could reply, her phone rang.**

**It was his dad.**

**“I’ll be home in 5 minutes,” said his father.**

**She answered calmly,  
“Don’t come in 5 minutes. Come in 10.”  
Then she hung up.**

**She turned to Chintu, smirking just a little, and said,  
“Your father will be home in 10 minutes. Stay out till then.”**

**“What?!” Chintu shouted.  
Before he could beg, she walked away and closed the door behind her with a soft but scary click.**

**Now Chintu was alone.**

**He stared at the closed door.**

**He knocked once.  
Then again.  
And again.**

**“Mom! Please! I’ll study! I promise! Let me in!”**

**There was no reply.**

**Then, in the distance, he saw a figure walking down the lane.**

**It was his father. 😰**

**Chintu panicked. His heart raced.  
“No no no no… DADDY’S COMING!”**

**He banged on the door.  
“Please Mom! He’ll scold me! I’ll never play late again!”**

**Just as his father was three houses away, the door creaked open a tiny bit. Chintu squeezed inside and darted straight to the study table.**

**He grabbed his math book, opened it (upside down), picked up a pencil, and sat perfectly still.**

**A second later, the front door opened.**

**His father entered.**

**He glanced at Chintu, saw him sitting with a book, and nodded.**

**“Good. Studying. Very good.”**

**Chintu smiled like an angel. His dad went inside.**

**Then his mom came to him and whispered,  
“Next time, I won’t let you in. Understood?”**

**“Understood,” said Chintu, still catching his breath.**

**That night, after dinner, Chintu went to bed with his teddy bear. He hugged it tight and whispered,  
“Tomorrow... I’ll go out 10 minutes earlier. That way I can play longer before Mom comes.”**

**The teddy bear didn’t reply, of course. But if it could talk, it would’ve said,  
“Chintu, you’ll never learn.”**