

MARCH (SECOND) 2020 | ₹35

CHAMPAK



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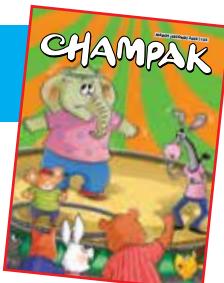


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Cover Page

Damru donkey made a foolish mistake! He threw the wrong ring on Meeku mouse and Jumbo elephant. It's foolish and funny!



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Blacky Bear

Neeraj Kumar Mishra

Blacky bear didn't take a bath everyday because he was terrified of water. He would wash his face and comb his hair to look fresh.

His mother tried her best to make him change his ways, but Blacky could not get over the fear of water.

Blacky lived in Champakvan, ruled by King Shersingh lion. The king had launched a Cleanliness Mission, and all schools were talking about why everyone needed to bathe daily, and keep their homes and surroundings clean.

King Shersingh said cleanliness was the best way to stay healthy and disease free.

Blacky's teachers also explained to their students what they can do to keep themselves clean.

One day, as the children were going to start lunch, Lily giraffe pulled out a small bottle from her school bag. She squeezed two drops from it and rubbed them into her hands. A lovely smell filled the air.

"What's that thing you rubbed into your hands?" asked Blacky, curiously. "It smells so good!"

"It's called a hand sanitiser," said Lily.

"What happens when you use it?" asked Blacky.



"Sanitisers are used to keep hands germ-free," said Lily, pleased to be showing off. "That way, you don't need to wash your hands before eating. Just two drops are enough to clean your hands!"

"This sanitiser is a wonderful thing. I can stay clean without touching water and mummy won't scold me," thought Blacky. The next morning, Blacky opened his piggy bank without telling his mother. On his way



back from school, he bought eight bottles of sanitiser and hid them in the bathroom.

Then he went to his mother and said, “Mummy, you’re always complaining that I don’t bathe. I’m going to take a bath

right now. I’ll have lunch after that!”

Blacky’s mother was happy to hear that. Blacky had been in the bathroom for over 10 minutes when mummy heard him shout, “Help! Help!”

She rushed in and found Blacky hopping around in pain. There were red rashes all over his body. On the floor were eight bottles of sanitiser. Blacky's mother didn't know what to do. She called Doctor Jumbo elephant, who rushed to the house.

"What happened?" he asked as soon as he entered. Then he saw Blacky and the bottles of sanitiser and understood.

"There is nothing to worry about," he told Blacky's mother. "He has rubbed sanitiser all over his body and that has caused the rash. I have given him an injection. He will be fine in a little while."

Blacky's mother was relieved. "But where did the sanitiser come from? I don't keep it at home!"

Blacky began crying. "Mummy, I bought it. I took money from the piggy bank in the morning. I thought I could stay clean without using water!"

The doctor shook his head. "Blacky, these sanitisers contain alcohol, which helps to kill germs. They also have chemicals. You are supposed to use just a drop or two to keep your hands clean. You used so much sanitiser all over your body and that harmed your sensitive skin. There's nothing like water to keep your body clean. Baths keep you healthy and happy!"

Blacky realised how dangerous it was to use too much of anything. He promised his mother that he would try to overcome his fear of bathing and never take money to buy anything without telling her ●



Colour Me



SMELLY ROHAN

Soumitra Kanungo

ROHAN WAS IN THE EXAMINATION HALL. HE WAS DISTRACTED AS HE KNEW HIS SHOES WERE SMELLING BUT DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

WHERE IS THIS FOUL SMELL COMING FROM?

ROHAN'S SHOES! IT'S WORSE THAN THIS HISTORY EXAM. I CAN'T REMEMBER MY ANSWERS BECAUSE OF THIS SMELL!

BILLI, DO YOU THINK ROHAN WILL PASS THIS EXAM?

ONLY IF HE USES HIS HANDS MORE THAN HIS NOSE!

CHILDREN, PLEASE KEEP QUIET! THIS IS AN EXAM HALL...WHAT SMELL IS THIS!

ROHAN PUT HIS HEAD DOWN AND TRIED TO WRITE.

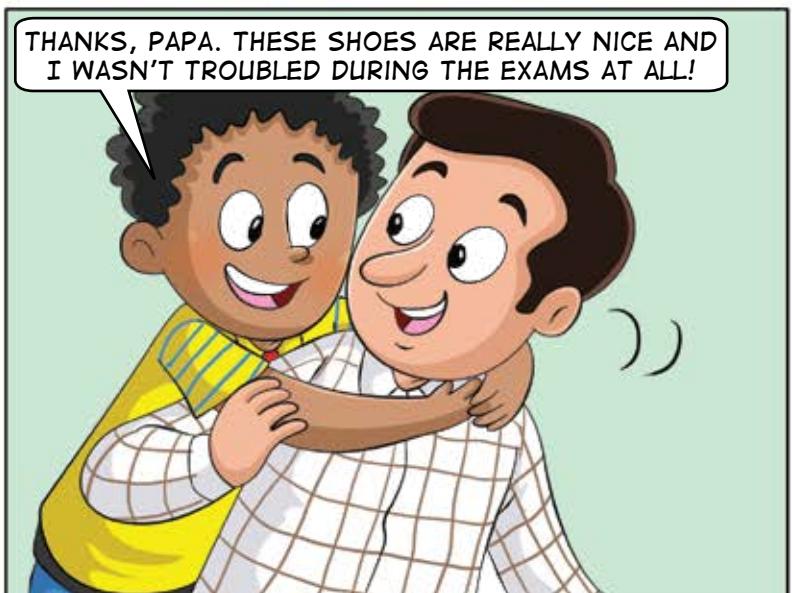
LOOK AT HIS FACE!

LOOKS LIKE THE PAPER IS REALLY TOUGH!

AFTER THE EXAMINATION, ROHAN RUSHED HOME AND TOLD HIS FATHER WHAT HAPPENED IN SCHOOL.

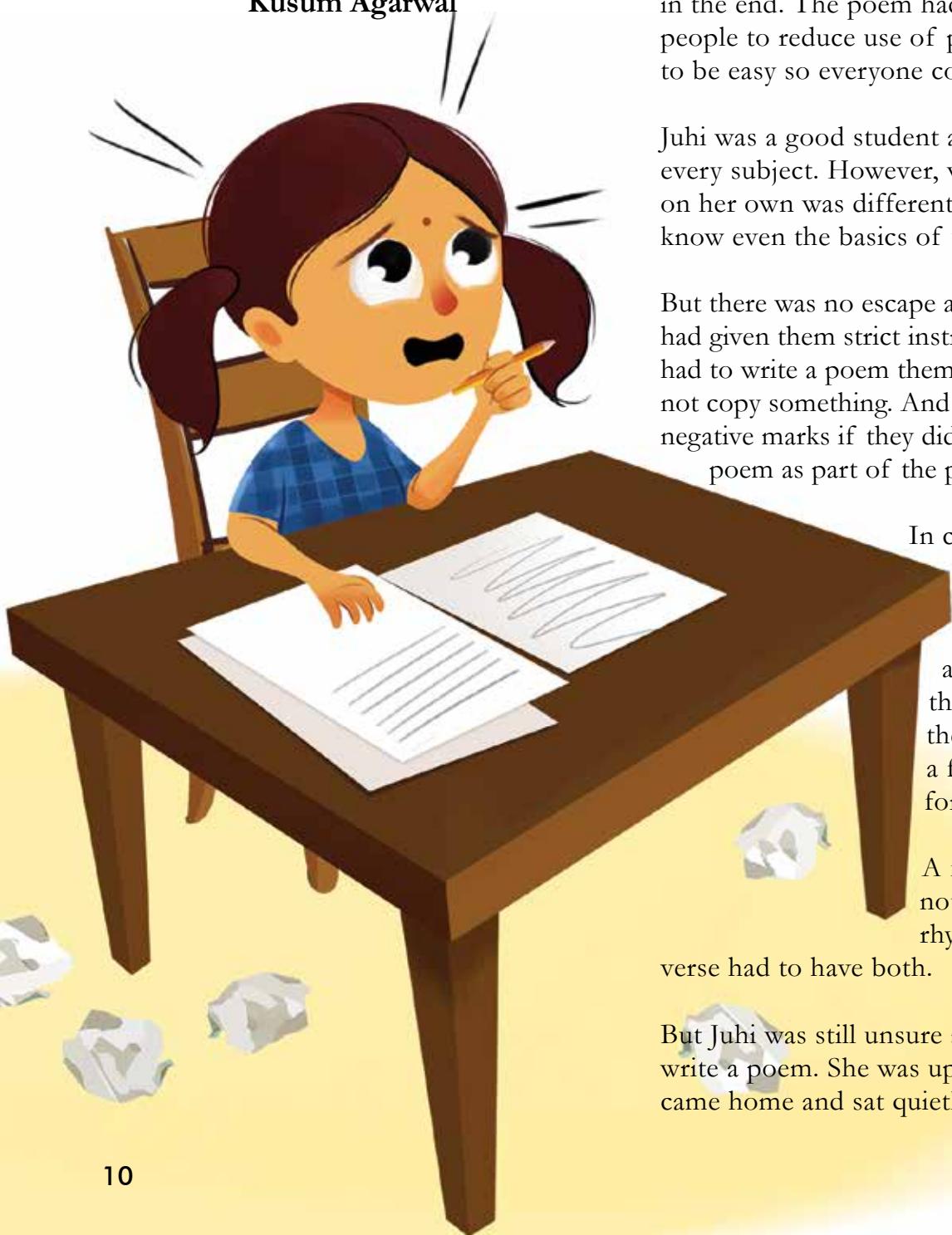
HMM... ROHAN, YOUR FEET SMELL BECAUSE THEY ARE THE SWEATIEST ORGANS IN YOUR BODY AND CAUSE BACTERIA TO FORM. BUT I HAVE A SOLUTION FOR THIS!

PAPA, I THINK I'M GOING TO FAIL. I DIDN'T COMPLETE MY PAPER TODAY. I CANNOT CONCENTRATE AS EVERYONE TEASER ME AND CALLS ME SMELLY!



My First Poem

Kusum Agarwal



Juhí was a little disturbed when she reached home. Her teacher had given them a different kind of homework.

All the students had been given a project on the subject 'Pollution caused due to widespread use of plastic'.

The project had to include a small poem in the end. The poem had to encourage people to reduce use of plastic and it had to be easy so everyone could remember it.

Juhí was a good student and did well in every subject. However, writing a poem on her own was different. She did not know even the basics of writing poetry.

But there was no escape as their teacher had given them strict instructions: they had to write a poem themselves, and could not copy something. And they would get negative marks if they did not submit the poem as part of the project.

In class, the teacher had told them about different kinds of poetry and explained the various styles they could use like a free verse or a formal verse.

A free verse did not have rhythm or rhyme, but formal verse had to have both.

But Juhí was still unsure about how to write a poem. She was upset when she came home and sat quietly in a corner.



"What is the matter, Juhi?" asked her mother. "Why are you sad?"

"The teacher has asked us to write a poem as part of a project and I don't know how to do that!"

"You can give it a try and write a poem!" said her mother.

"No, ma. I did not understand a word of what the teacher said. How can I write anything?" asked Juhi.

"Let's eat something and then you can visit Aunt Kusum. She is a famous poet and she may tell you how she became one."

Juhi's face lit up at this thought. She enjoyed visiting Aunt Kusum. She rushed to change and ran out.

Aunt Kusum was happy to see Juhi. When Juhi explained her poetry trouble, Aunt Kusum smiled. "Well, to begin with, you know what you want to write about, that is ask people to use less plastic and make the country plastic-free. Do you have any points you want to make to

encourage people to use less plastic?" asked Aunt Kusum.

Juhi thought for a while. She came up with a few points and Aunt Kusum asked her to write them down.

"Juhi, these are good points. Now we need to tie them together in a rhyming verse. A rhyming verse is easier to remember," said Aunt Kusum.

"But I don't know so many words and I don't know how to rhyme!" Juhi looked sad again.

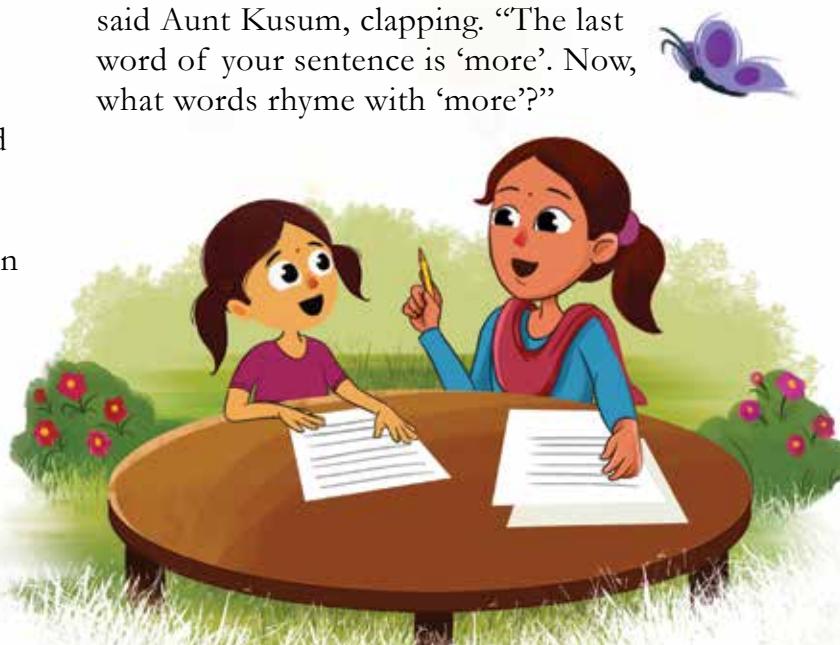
"Writing a rhyme is as easy as writing a simple paragraph. If I ask you to write an essay on how to encourage people to stop using plastic, will you be crying?"

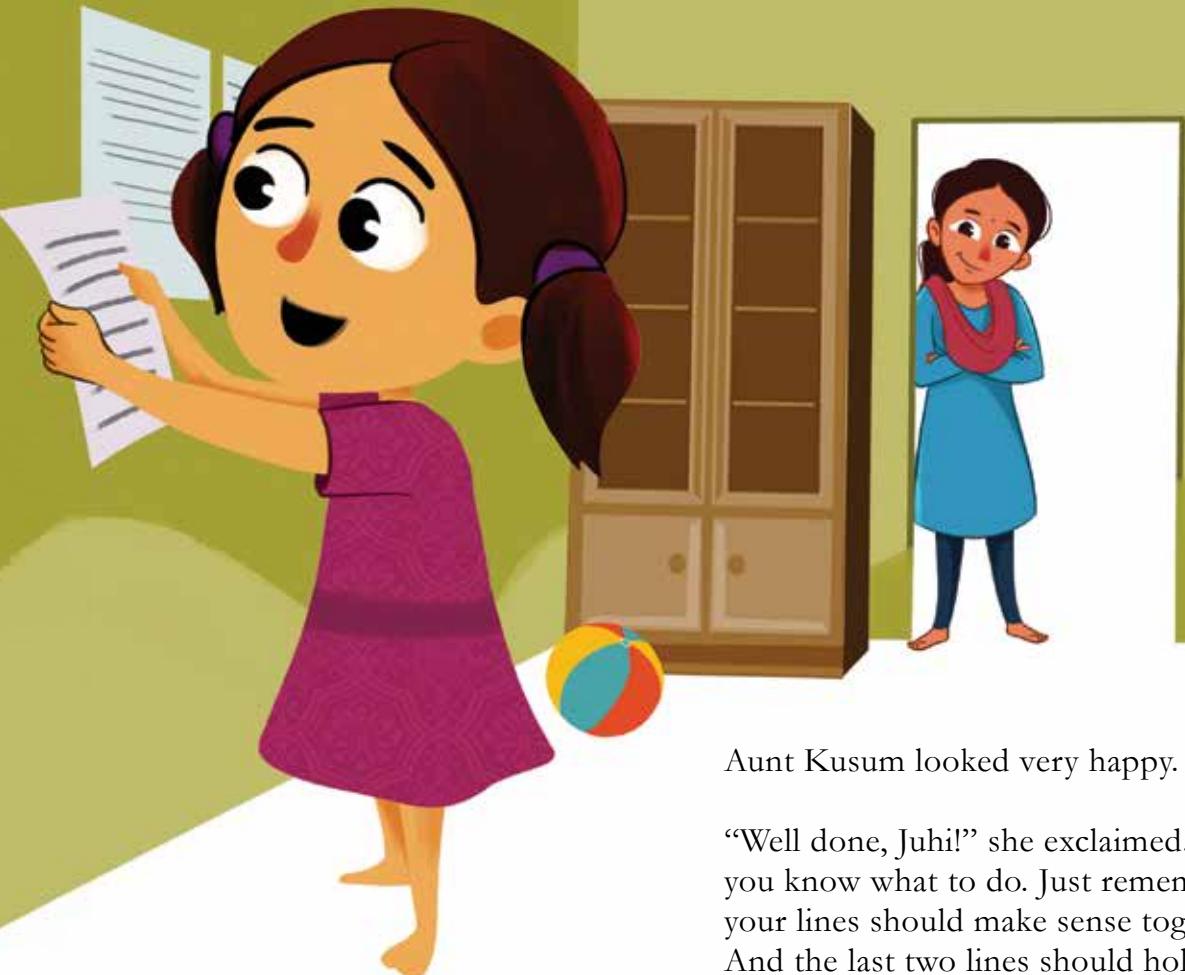
Juhi laughed. "No! I can write an essay easily!"

"So, let's start with one line," said Aunt Kusum, smiling.

"Plastic is going to stay no more..." began Juhi.

"Well done! Now let's make it a poem," said Aunt Kusum, clapping. "The last word of your sentence is 'more'. Now, what words rhyme with 'more'?"





ONKAR MAHAMUNI

Juhi didn't have to think too long. "Sore, pour, shore, four, chore, core..."

"Good job, Juhi!" said Aunt Kusum.
"Now, pick any of those words and make a sentence ending with that."

"Using plastic has become such a chore!" said Juhi and clapped when she wrote this line. Then she repeated,

*"Plastic is going to stay no more,
Using plastic has become such a chore!"*

Aunt Kusum was smiling. "See? You have the first two lines of a poem. Now add a third line!"

Juhi thought for a while. "Oh, I know!

*"Don't let it come close anymore,
Let us not make the Earth sore!"*

Aunt Kusum looked very happy.

"Well done, Juhi!" she exclaimed. "Now you know what to do. Just remember that your lines should make sense together. And the last two lines should hold all your thoughts together, just like in an essay."

Juhi now understood the concept of writing poetry. She could relate Aunt Kusum's words to what her teacher had told her in school.

"Thank you, Aunt Kusum. You have helped me get over my fear of writing poetry! Now I can finish this at home," said Juhi happily.

"That's great and you can always call me if you need any help," said Aunt Kusum. "Oh, and one last thing. Once you finish writing the poem, read it aloud. Poetry becomes beautiful when it has a rhythm."

Juhi ran home, ready to write her first poem. She decided that she would write the poem in her best handwriting and hang it up in her room! ●

DAMRU AND CINEMA HALL

Shivesh Shrivastava

DAMRU HAD FOUND WORK AT DAVID CAMEL'S CINEMA HALL.

DAMRU, MAKE SURE YOU LOOK AFTER THE CINEMA HALL.

SURE SIR, BUT WHY IS IT SO DARK IN HERE?

BECAUSE WHEN IT IS DARK, YOU GET A MUCH BETTER QUALITY FROM THE FILM.

OH! SO THAT'S HOW IT WORKS.

YES, AND THE CUSTOMERS ARE ABLE TO SEE THE MOVIE WITHOUT ANY DISTRACTION!

TODAY, WE HAVE SOLD ALL OUR TICKETS SO MAKE SURE NOTHING GOES WRONG. I WILL BE BACK.

DON'T WORRY, SIR. I WILL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING.

GOT IT, SIR.

A WHILE LATER...

DAMRU, WHY IS IT SO DARK? THE AUDIENCE IS HERE AND THE SHOW IS ABOUT TO BEGIN.

BECAUSE I DISCONNECTED THE LIGHTS.

WHAT! WHO ASKED YOU TO DO THAT?

SIR, IN THE MORNING YOU SAID THAT WE CAN GET A BETTER QUALITY OF THE FILM WHEN IT IS DARK.

YES, FOR THAT YOU HAVE TO SWITCH OFF THE LIGHTS AND NOT DISCONNECT THEM! THE AUDIENCE WILL WANT THEIR MONEY BACK! GO AWAY FROM HERE!

MY BUSINESS IS RUINED! DAMRU HAS DISCONNECTED EVERYTHING!

YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME BEFORE.



When Sonu Conned the Lions

Kumud Kumar

Sonu calf looked like a cotton cloud. He was white and chubby, and was as carefree as a cloud.

He was young and intelligent. He wanted to travel and see the world. Which is why, even though the other cows were happy in their field, Sonu would go wandering along the riverbank or in the forest.

One day, as he was wandering, he realised he had crossed the forest and was in a strange grass field far away.

He was afraid, because he had never been so far from his herd before. He decided to turn back, when he sensed danger! He looked around, and saw Shera and Vera, the two feared lions, coming towards him!

It was an open field and there was nowhere for Sonu to hide. He could not run, because the lions ran faster than he could and would catch him easily. He knew he would be their meal unless he thought of a way to escape.

He pretended to have not seen them, and began grazing again. But his mind was racing, thinking of a plan to escape!

Shera and Vera were sure Sonu had not seen them. They slowly moved towards Sonu.

When they got close, Sonu looked up and started crying loudly. "Cry as loud as you want," said Shera with a big smile. "You are going to be our meal today!"

Sonu began laughing when he heard this. He laughed so hard he began shaking. Vera and Shera because they thought Sonu was going to beg for mercy. But why was he laughing now?

"Why are you laughing like this? Aren't you afraid?" asked Vera.

"Why should I be scared of a lion who has a chopped tail and one that has a long tail like that of a monkey?" asked Sonu, speaking in between laughs. Shera and Vera looked at their tails. They looked perfectly normal.

"You little calf!" roared Shera. "Explain what you mean. And why did you first cry and then laugh when you saw us!"

Sonu gulped and stopped laughing. "Sorry, uncle. I agree that it is no laughing matter. I have actually been looking for you all day! That's why I'm so far from my family."

"Why were you looking for us?" asked Vera.

"My name is Sonu. I found out something today and was looking to tell you about it. It is sad, but also funny!" Saying that, Sonu began giggling again.

"Sonu," said Vera sweetly, "Please tell us why you were looking for us!"

"Yes, Sonu. Tell us," added Shera.

Sonu became serious again. "Please sit down and listen," he said. Shera and Vera immediately

sat down like obedient school children. Sonu sat a little distance away like a teacher.

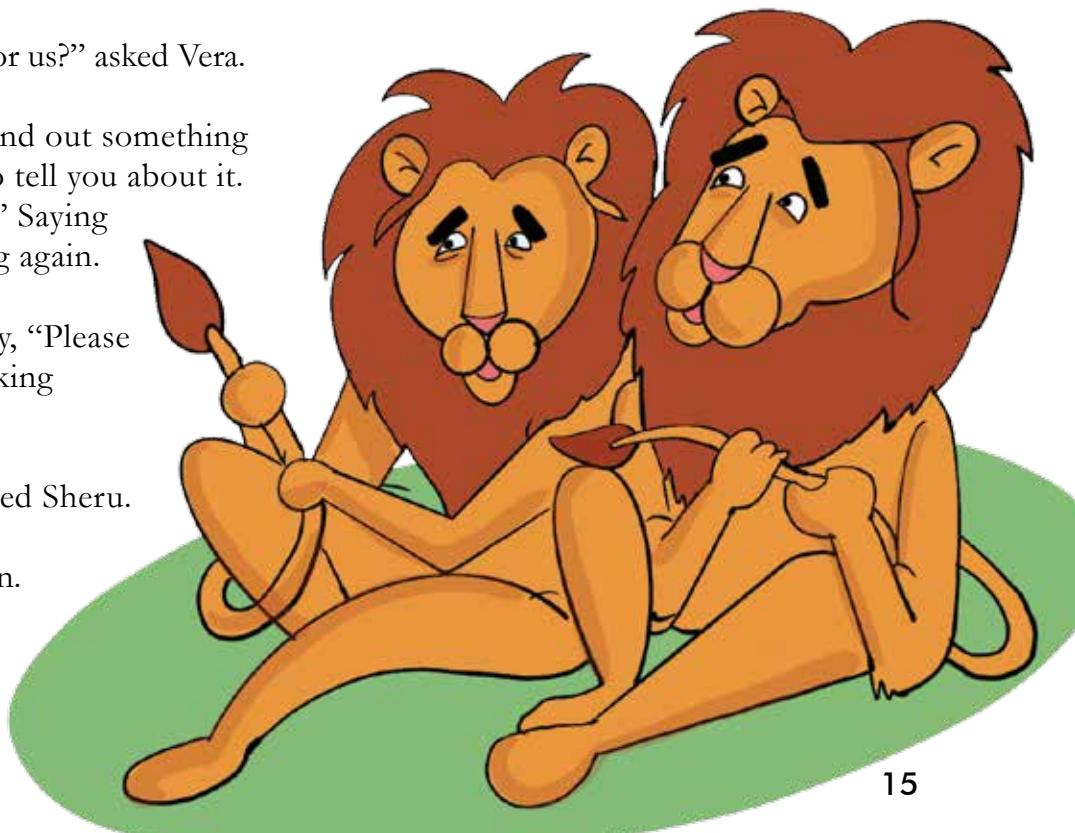
"Last night," began Sonu, "the Forest Lord appeared in my dreams. He said something bad would happen today. I asked him what would happen. 'Two fierce lions of your forest, Vera and Shera, will have an accident. One of them will have his tail chopped off and the other will see his tail grow as long as a monkey's,' said Sonu.

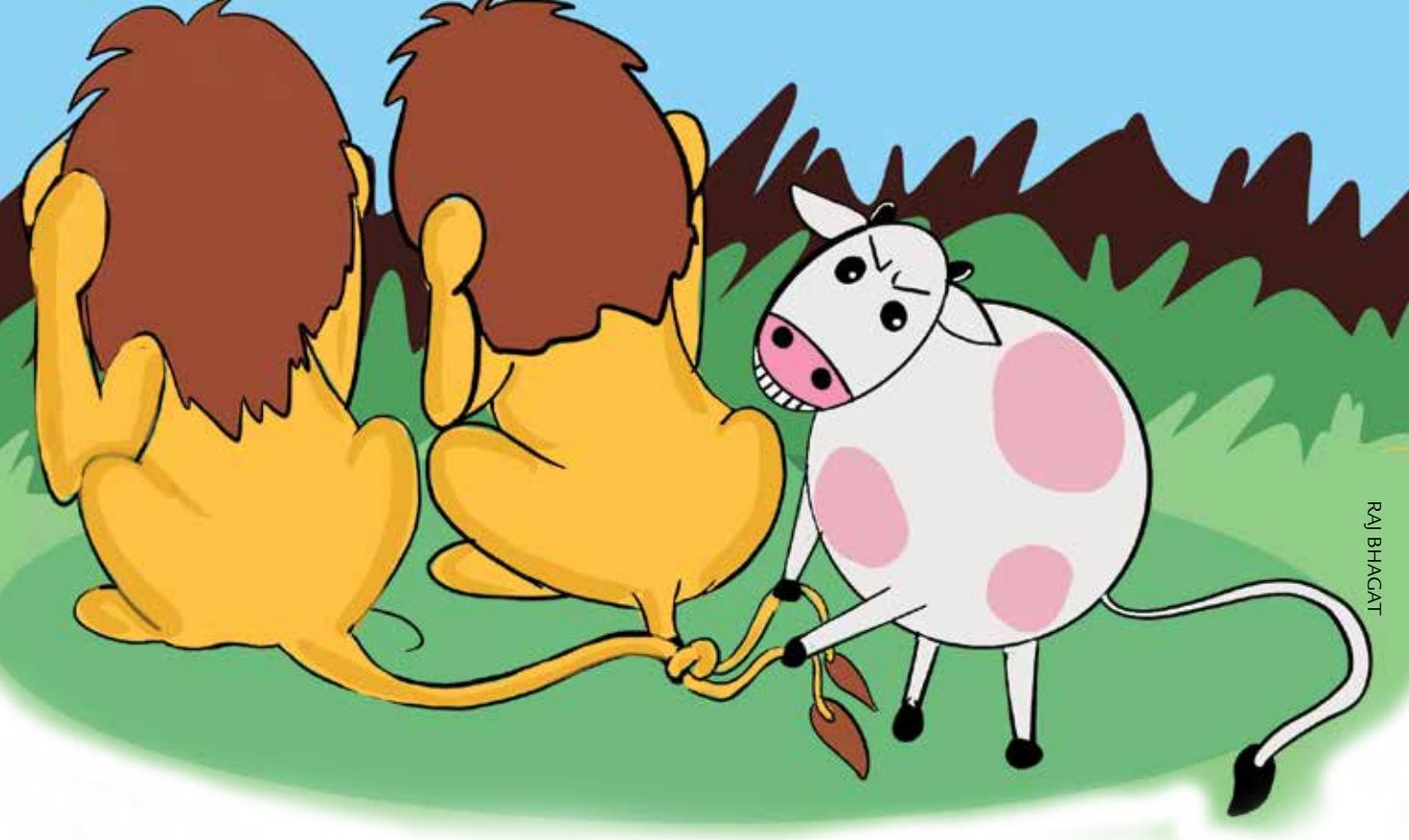
"The Forest Lord told you this?" asked Vera, surprised.

"That is exactly what he told me!" said Sonu.

"And then? What did you say?" asked Shera

"I said to him, 'O Lord of the Forest! If this happens, the entire forest will laugh at them and they will have to hide. Is there a way that this can be avoided?'"





RAJ BHAGAT

“Then? Did he tell you how it could be avoided?” they asked impatiently.

“He told me what you can do, but I don’t know if you both will agree to do it,” said Sonu, standing up.

“Tell us! We will do anything to save our tails!” they roared.

“Think about it properly,” Sonu said. “Are you sure?”

“We are ready to do anything. Tell us what needs to be done,” said Vera and Shera, decisively.

“I think that is a good decision,” said Sonu. “The Forest Lord told me that if you tie your tails together, the tails will talk and decide that nothing should happen to them.”

“How can that happen?” asked Shera.

“The Forest Lord told me that I should tie your tails together in a knot for two minutes. The tails will have a discussion and you both need to keep your ears and eyes shut so that you can’t hear their conversation nor see how they talk,” explained Sonu.

“Sonu, we want to save our tails. You tie our tails into a knot while we keep our eyes and ears shut,” they agreed.

Sonu tied their tails together. He told them to keep their eyes and ears shut and count till 120.

As soon as they shut their eyes, Sonu ran for his life! He did not stop until he reached his family.

When Shera and Vera opened their eyes after two minutes, they saw Sonu had disappeared and their tails were tied together. Sonu had fooled them! ●

COLOUR CHROMATOGRAPHY

Sci
Q

Make colours climb on a piece of paper.

Stuff

- Tissue paper • Half glass of water • Black sketch pen



Do

1. Cut a long strip of tissue paper and draw a thick black line, leaving space at the bottom.



2. Hang the paper strip over the edge of a glass, dipping only the tip in the water. The black line should stay above the water level.



See

As the tissue paper soaks the water, the colour smudges and spreads. The black line gives many different colours that flow till the tip of the tissue paper hanging out of the glass.



Think about

How did the black ink give out different colours?

The tissue paper is porous—has lots of holes in it. As the tissue paper absorbs water, these holes fill and the water begins to climb up to fill the other holes. When it does that, it mixes with the ink and pulls it up the paper. The black ink used in the sketch pen is made up of several pigments.

These pigments are made up of different sizes of molecules—the smallest unit of a substance. These molecules have different solubility levels, which is their ability to dissolve in water. So, as the water pulls the ink, the molecules of the different colours in the black line move along with the water till the end of the tissue paper. Thus, we see the different colours that were already present in the ink.

Let's Find Out

Where do we see colour chromatography in our surroundings?

Leaves contain different pigments, which give them their colour. Green chlorophyll is the most common type of pigment found in leaves but there are pigments of other colours like carotenoids that give yellow, orange and brown colours, and anthocyanins that give red colour.



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During summers, when there is plenty of sunlight, leaves make a lot of chlorophyll, which is important for plants to make food. At this time, the leaves are so full of chlorophyll that green overpowers any other colours present in the leaves. During autumn, because of shorter days and changes in temperature, the leaves stop making green chlorophyll as their food-making process stops. This causes the green chlorophyll to break into smaller molecules, causing the green colour in the leaves to disappear. Now, the other pigments begin to show that were present all along. This is why leaves turn yellow and red in autumn.



John was a funny boy. One day at his school, the teacher taught them the formula of water.

Teacher: John, what is the formula of water?

John: h,i,j,k,l,m,n,o.

Teacher: What!

John: Miss, you only taught us that the formula for water is "H to O".

All the children in the class burst out laughing.

Mithin Dev,
8 years, Chennai

Sham: Ram, I did not study for the test.

Ram: No problem. Whatever I say, just say the same thing.

Sham: Okay.

Teacher: Ram, who is our Prime Minister?

Ram: Narendra Modi.

Teacher: Is there one more Earth?

Ram: Scientists are researching on it.

Teacher: Sham, who was the first man to land on the moon?

Sham: Narendra Modi.

Teacher: Didn't you study?

Sham: Scientists are researching on it.

Nikita,
11 years, Kolkata

fun time

Q: When is the moon the heaviest?

A: When it is full!

Rachna Jain,
10 years, Mumbai

Rohan: Hey, Leena, I need your help.

Leena: Okay. Tell me what's the problem.

Rohan: When I touch my forehead, it hurts. When I touch my jaw, it's painful. When I press my stomach, I almost cry. What can it be? (Leena thinks for sometime.)

Leena: I don't know. You'd better go see the doctor right away.

Rohan: Okay. I'll go today to the doctor. See you later!

Later that day...

Leena: So, what did the doctor say? What happened to you?

Rohan: He says I have a broken finger.

Nidhi Shah,
13 years, New Delhi

Son: Father, can you sign in the dark?

Father: Yes. But why should I sign in the dark?

Son: I want your signature on my report card.

Rushabh,
12 years, Gujarat

Johnny: Ants really work hard. They work and work and never play.

Peter: Then how come every time I go for a picnic they are there?!

Simi Sinha,
8 years, Mumbai

Sam: I am going to Bengaluru for my holiday and I want you to keep an eye on my car as it is very expensive.

His Assistant: Ok sir, but what will I do with my other eye!

Shamith VT,
8 years, Indore

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Mintu's Justice

Dr K. Rani

Dodo donkey was very hardworking. He worked in the fields all day and took rest at night. He lived alone and was happy doing his work.

One day, Dodo fell ill and could not go to work for a few days. His friends came to visit him and got him food. But after a few days, they stopped coming to see him.

Because he was ill for a long time, he had to spend all his savings on medicine and food. After some time, his savings were over and he could not buy medicines or food, and was lonely because no one came to visit him.

Feeboh squirrel saw this and felt sorry for Dodo. She collected some herbs from the forest and took them to Dodo. "These herbs are good for you," she said. "Take these on time

every day and you will get better."

"Thank you, Feeboh," Dodo said. "You are taking care of me when my other friends have left me alone."

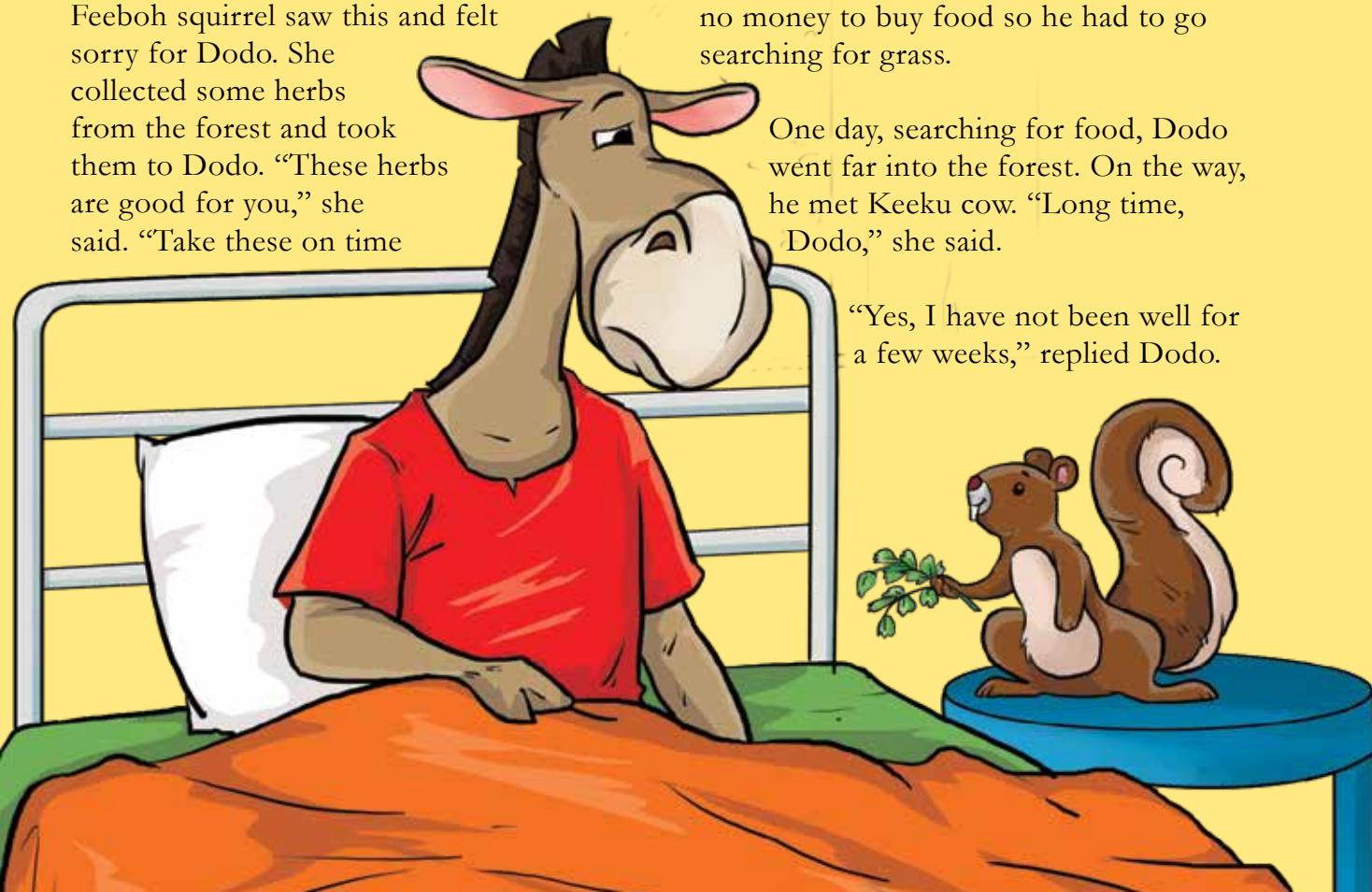
"Don't be sad, Dodo. All will be well. Stay strong," said Feeboh.

Feeboh got herbs for Dodo every day and Dodo grazed on some grass from the nearby fields.

He slowly started becoming better. But because he had been ill for so long, he was still weak. He could not work in the fields and earn like he used to. He had no money to buy food so he had to go searching for grass.

One day, searching for food, Dodo went far into the forest. On the way, he met Keeku cow. "Long time, Dodo," she said.

"Yes, I have not been well for a few weeks," replied Dodo.



"That's bad. I didn't know. How are you now?" asked Keeku.

"As you see, I have recovered. But I am still very weak," said Dodo sadly.

"You'll get better soon," said Keeku.

"I have managed to find food for myself, Keeku. But I would really like to go back to work, earn some money and start saving again. Can you help me find work?" asked Dodo.

Keeku thought for some time. "I have a friend named Gingy goat. She has a huge garden. I remember she was looking for someone to guard her garden. Maybe you should talk to her," she said.

"I can do that job easily! But I cannot work all day," said Dodo.

"You must meet her. I will give you her address. She is a kind goat and may be able to help."



"Thank you Keeku. I'll go see her soon," said Dodo.

The next day, Dodo decided to visit Gingy. Since it was a hot day, he decided to go see her in the evening.

When he reached Gingy's house, he stood at the gate and called out to her. But when there was no reply, he went up to the door and called again.

At the door, he realised it was open, so he peeped in to see if Gingy was inside. Just then, Gingy returned from the garden and saw a strange donkey peeping into her house. She moved quietly and when she was behind Dodo, pushed him into the house and locked the door! Then she began shouting, "Thief! Thief!"

Dodo was shocked. He tried to speak to Gingy. "Please listen to me. I'm not a thief. I'm Dodo and I came looking for work!"

"Nobody enters an empty house looking for work! Don't try to fool me," shouted Gingy. She called out to her neighbours to help her.



“No, Gingy! Please ask Keeku Cow. She told me to come and meet you,” said Dodo.

By then, all Gingy’s neighbours rushed to her house. “The thief should be punished!” shouted Chinku deer. “Let’s take him to the police station.”

“It’s late. There’s no point going to the police station now. Let him stay locked inside and we’ll file a report in the morning,” said Bheeru bear. “The police inspector is a kind man. We should not trouble him so late.”

“You’re right,” agreed Shanky sheep. “We’ll call him here early tomorrow and he will help us.”

Bheeru and Shanky decided to stay with Gingy that night. In the morning, all three went to the police station. “Inspector, a thief broke into my house last evening. I have locked him inside my house.”

Mintu Singh elephant, the inspector, at once got up. “Let’s go to your house now,” he said.

By the time they reached Gingy’s house, the other neighbours had gathered there. “Gingy, hope the thief didn’t trouble you at night,” said one neighbour.

“Oh no. He was quiet,” said Gingy.

“He must have realised his mistake. That’s why he stayed silent!”

“Okay, I think you should open the door,” said Inspector Mintu. “I want to see this thief!”



Gingy opened the door and everyone tried to look inside. There was poor Dodo, standing in a corner of the room, looking ill and scared.

“Punish this donkey,” exclaimed someone.

“Yes inspector! Thieves should be punished!” said someone else.

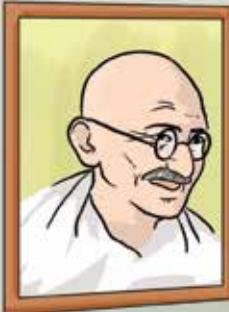
The inspector looked at the weak and shivering donkey. Seeing him, he remembered something he had heard in a speech a few days ago.

It was about a thief who had broken into Gandhiji’s house. Thinking of that, he asked Dodo, “Have you eaten since yesterday?”

Dodo shook his head.

“What are you asking, inspector?” said Gingy angrily. “He is a thief. Who cares if a thief has eaten or not. He should be beaten!”

“Don’t keep saying thief like that, Gingy,” said Inspector Mintu. “Look at this donkey. He’s a living being too. He looks as though he has been unwell for many days!”



AMALGAMATION GRAPHICS



When Dodo heard this, he began weeping. "I have never heard anyone talk about a thief like this. But believe me, inspector, I am no thief. Please ask Keeku. She sent me here because Gingy needed a guard for her garden. I came here to speak with Gingy. She did not answer when I called out, so I looked inside. Gingy saw me, thought I was a thief and locked me here!"

Inspector Mintu first got Dodo some grass to eat. Then he sent one of the policemen to find Keeku. When Keeku reached Gingy's house, he asked, "Do you know this donkey?"

"Yes, of course. He's Dodo. He lives near my house."

"He says you sent him here..."

"Yes. Gingy has been looking for a guard and Dodo was looking for work. He has just recovered from a long illness," replied Keeku.

"Did you hear that, everyone?" Inspector Mintu asked loudly. "Dodo was speaking the truth. But none of you believed him and locked him up!"

Everyone was silent.

"Thank you, inspector. You saved me," said Dodo.

Gingy realised what had happened and said sorry to Dodo. She added, "You can have the job as a guard if you still want. But I will not be able to pay a lot."

"I don't need much. I cannot do too much work. Once I recover fully, I will work very hard!" said Dodo.

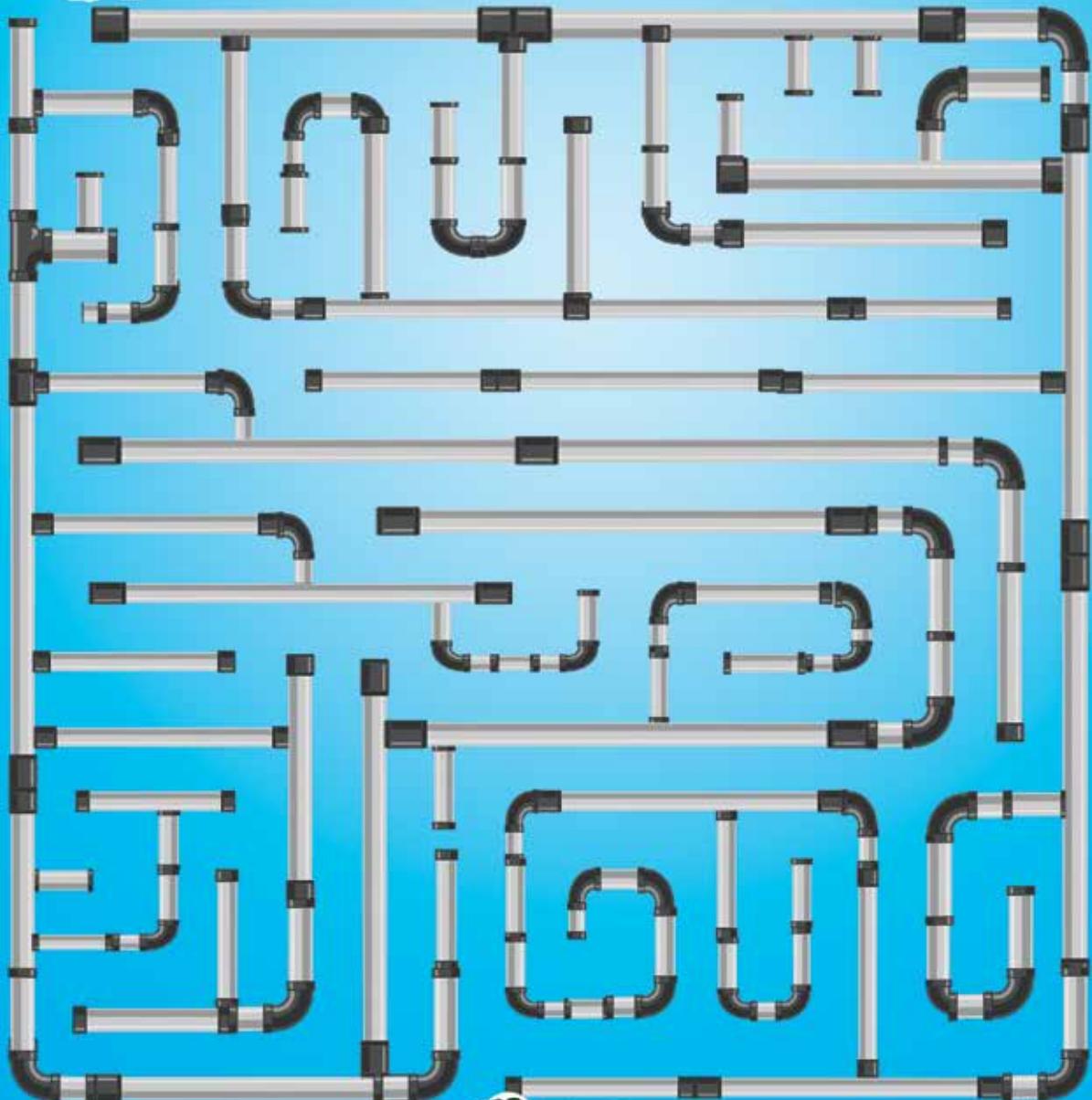
Everyone left the place. On the way back to the police station, the policeman said, "That was wonderful sir. You managed this so well!"

"I didn't do anything," said Inspector Mintu. "I went for a programme where they were speaking about Mahatma Gandhi. Gandhiji had said that you can deal with a thief harshly, but then the thief would return and steal again because he would be angry. Or you can treat the thief like a human being and try to understand his actions. That is what I did. And in this case, Dodo wasn't even a thief."

Everyone in the jungle praised Inspector Mintu Singh for his actions ●

Maze

World Water Day is observed on March 22. Help the plumber fix the water pipes and reach home.



Cheeku

DAS

WHAT ARE YOU
WRITING IN THE
DIARY, MEEKU?

IT'S WORLD POETRY
DAY ON MARCH 21. OUR
TEACHER HAS ASKED US
TO WRITE A POEM.



THAT'S NOT SO DIFFICULT!
LET'S WRITE ONE NOW!

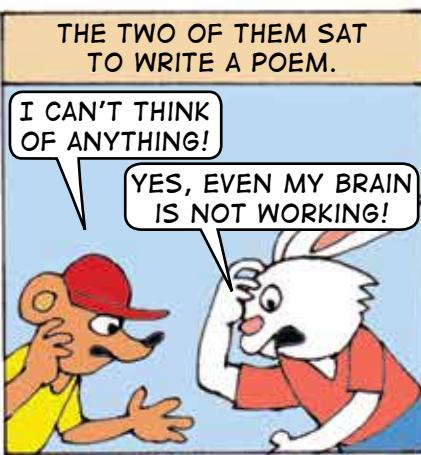
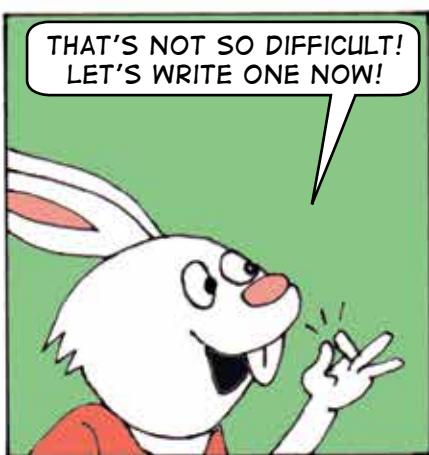
THE TWO OF THEM SAT
TO WRITE A POEM.

I CAN'T THINK
OF ANYTHING!

YES, EVEN MY BRAIN
IS NOT WORKING!

LET'S GET SOME FRESH AIR TO
GET OUR BRAINS WORKING!

YOU'RE RIGHT!
LET'S GO AND SIT
IN THE GARDEN.



THEY WENT TO THE GARDEN.

WOW! TREES, FLOWERS,
BUTTERFLIES...

YES, AND THE
COOL WINDS!
NOW, WE SHOULD
GET IDEAS!

NOT FOR ME! MY
BRAIN'S STILL
NOT WORKING!



THEY SAW DAMRU
DONKEY APPROACHING.

WHERE ARE YOU
GOING, DAMRU?



I'M GOING TO THE FAIR TO BUY
BANANAS, IF YOU CARE, COME!

OH! DAMRU USES
RHYMING WORDS!

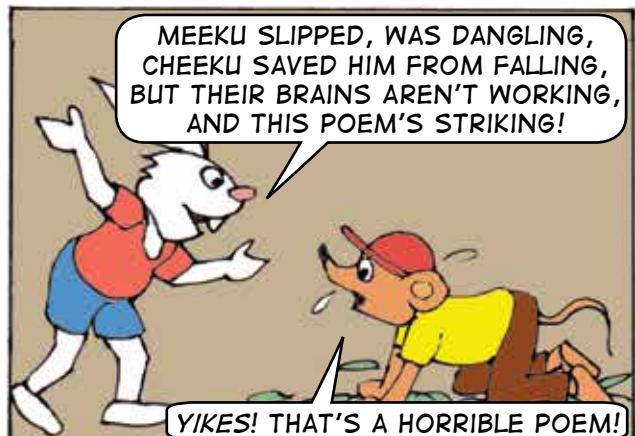
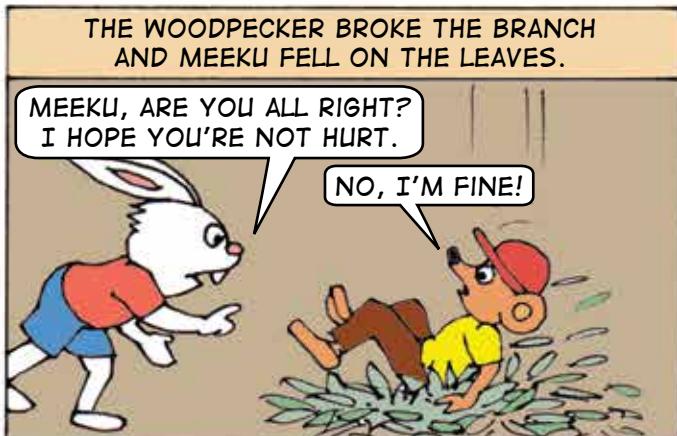
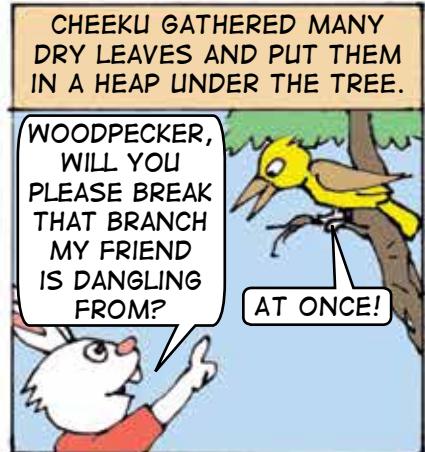
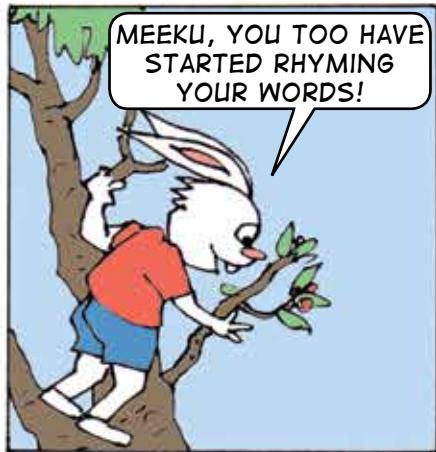
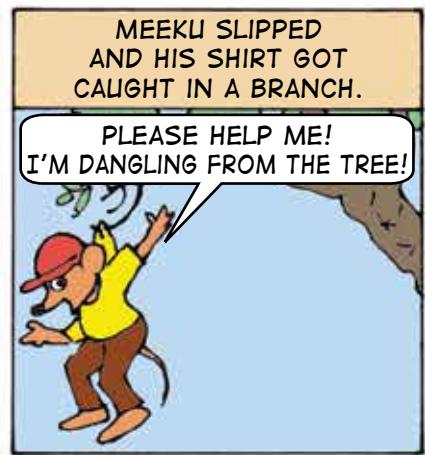
YES, AND WE'RE BREAKING OUR
HEADS TO WRITE ONE POEM!

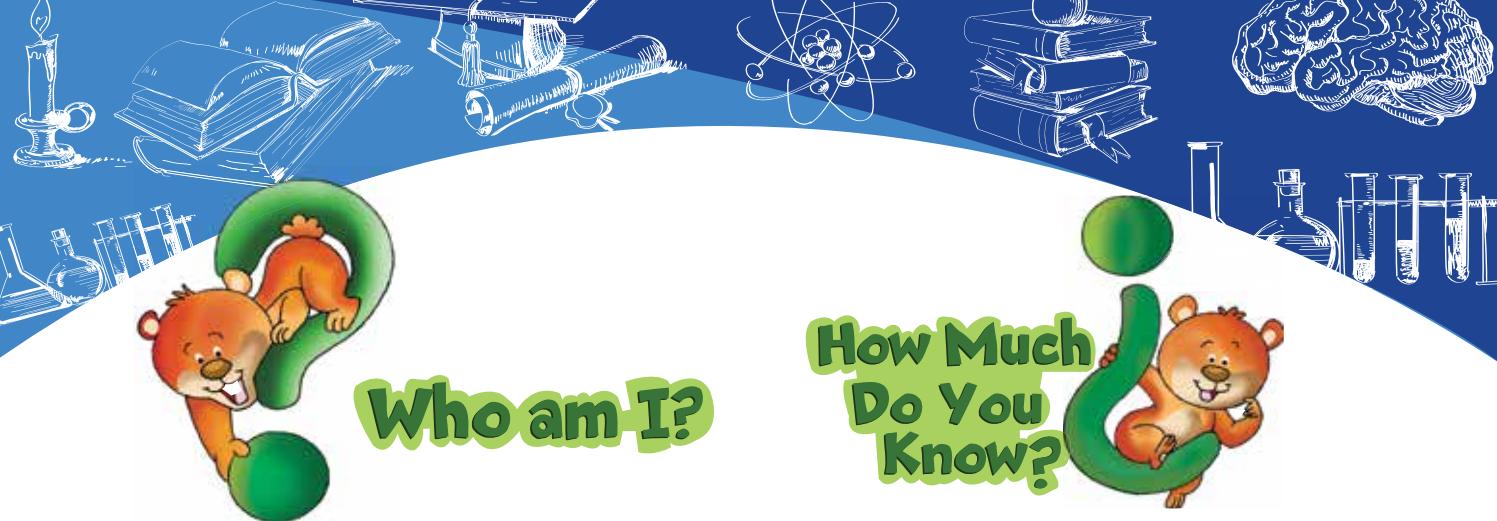


A PARROT WAS SITTING ON A NEARBY TREE.

THEN, WHY ARE YOU
BREAKING YOUR HEADS?
CLIMB THE TREE,
EAT FRUITS FOR FREE,
AND JUST BE HAPPY!

EVEN THE PARROT IS
BETTER THAN US AT
RECITING A POEM!





Who am I?

- I am as big as an elephant,
But I weigh nothing.

Who am I?

- I am yellow,
I have ears,
But I cannot hear.

Who am I?

- I have rivers,
But no water.
I have forests,
But no trees.
I have cities,
But no people.

Who am I?

- I am round as a bowl,
deep as a tub,
but all the water in the world
Will not be able to fill me up.

Who Am I?

- I am always on the dinner table
But you don't get to eat me.

Who am I

How Much Do You Know?



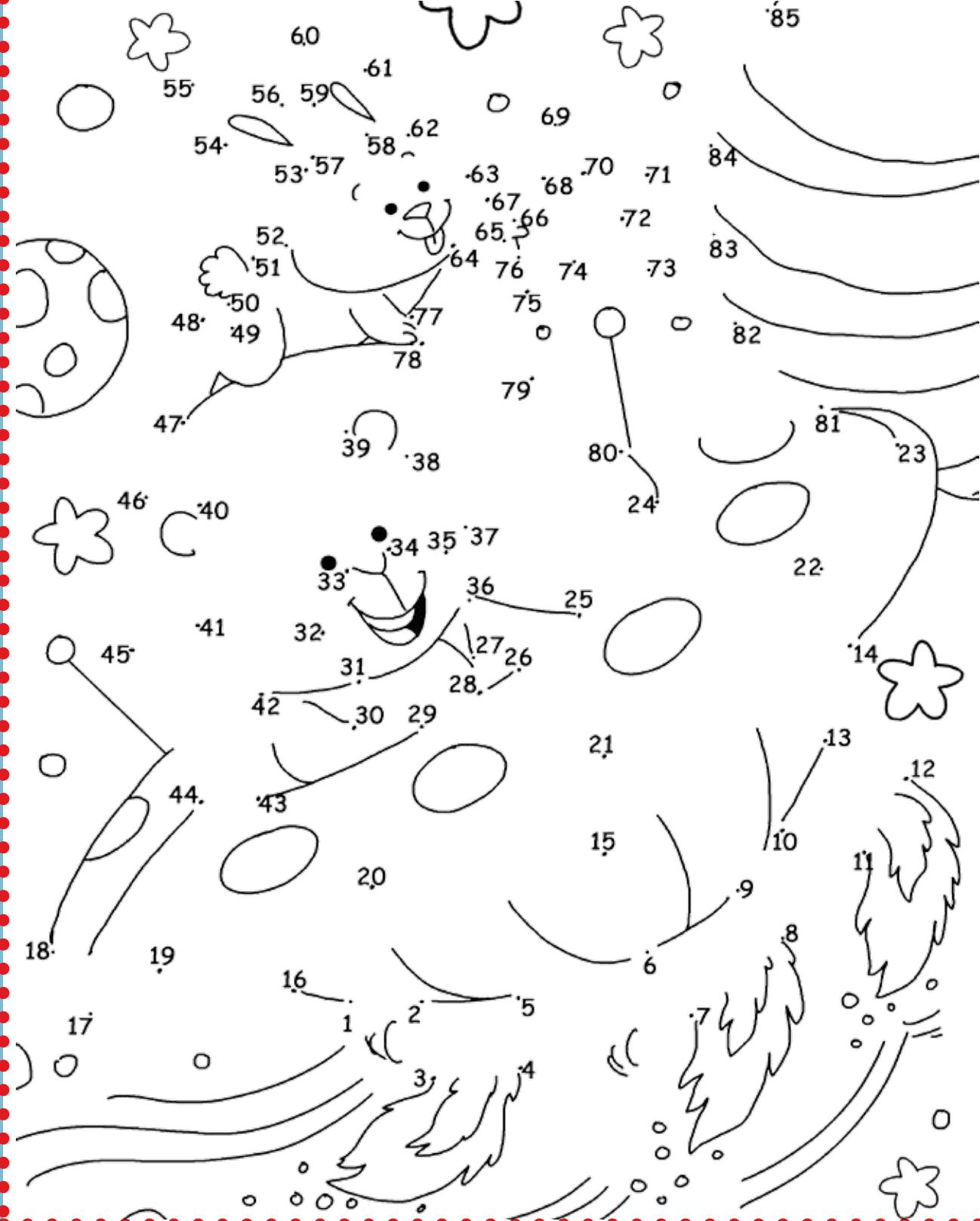
- Which is the most sensitive organ in our body?
 - Ears
 - Heart
 - Skin
 - Eyes
- Which geometrical figure has 8 sides?
 - Square
 - Octagon
 - Rectangle
 - Hexagon
- Solid carbon dioxide is also known as _____.
 - Dry Ice
 - Hydrogen
 - Helium
 - Salt
- Which country is known as land of cakes?
 - Australia
 - Thailand
 - Japan
 - Scotland

- Answers: Who am I?
1. Elephant's shadow 2. Corn 3. A map
4. Sieve 5. Plates, knives and spoons

Answers: How Much Do You Know?
1. C 2. B 3. A 4. D

Dot to Dot

Join the dots according to the numbers and complete the picture.



The Transformational Journey of Tarun

Vandana Gupta

Tarun came back from school. He threw his bag on the sofa, slid his shoes off his feet and threw them across the room, flung his socks under the couch, and his lunch box and water bottle on the table. He pulled his belt and tie and threw them on the floor and then ran out to play.

"This boy throws things around like he will never use them again!" grumbled his

mother. "I have scolded him so much but he simply doesn't understand!"

The next morning, she gave Tarun a neatly-ironed uniform and polished shoes and kept his lunch box ready and made sure his books were in his school bag. She dropped Tarun at the bus stop and waited till the school bus came to pick him up.



Tarun got into the bus and fell asleep. He didn't realise when the bus reached school and the others got out. Finally, the conductor came to wake him up. "Tarun, wake up! Everyone else has gone in. You're going to be late!"

Tarun jumped out of the bus and began running to class. As he ran, he felt his school bag fly away from him! His water bottle was rolling in another direction. His tie began flying down the road. His shoes came off his feet and ran to the sports field. All his things were flying all over the place!

"What? What's going on?
Why are you flying away
from me? How will I
go to school without
my bag and lunch?"
cried Tarun.



"If you really need me, why do you always drag me on the floor?" asked his bag.
"Why do you fling me across the room at home? It hurts me when you do that! If you cannot take care of me, I should not stay with you."

Tarun went after his water bottle.
"Why are you rolling away? I need to drink water when I get tired!" he now asked politely.

"You didn't think of that when you hit a tree with me yesterday!" replied the water bottle angrily. "And you use my strap to spin me, instead of carrying me. Two days back, you almost broke me when you threw me against a wall. Why should I stay with you?"

Tarun tried running behind the bottle, but he realised his pants were slipping off. His belt was flying away too. "Stay with me!" he shouted. "I need you to keep my pants on!"

"Why do you need me suddenly? You use me to fight with your friends. I don't want to stay with you!"

Tarun's feet were paining because he was running so much.

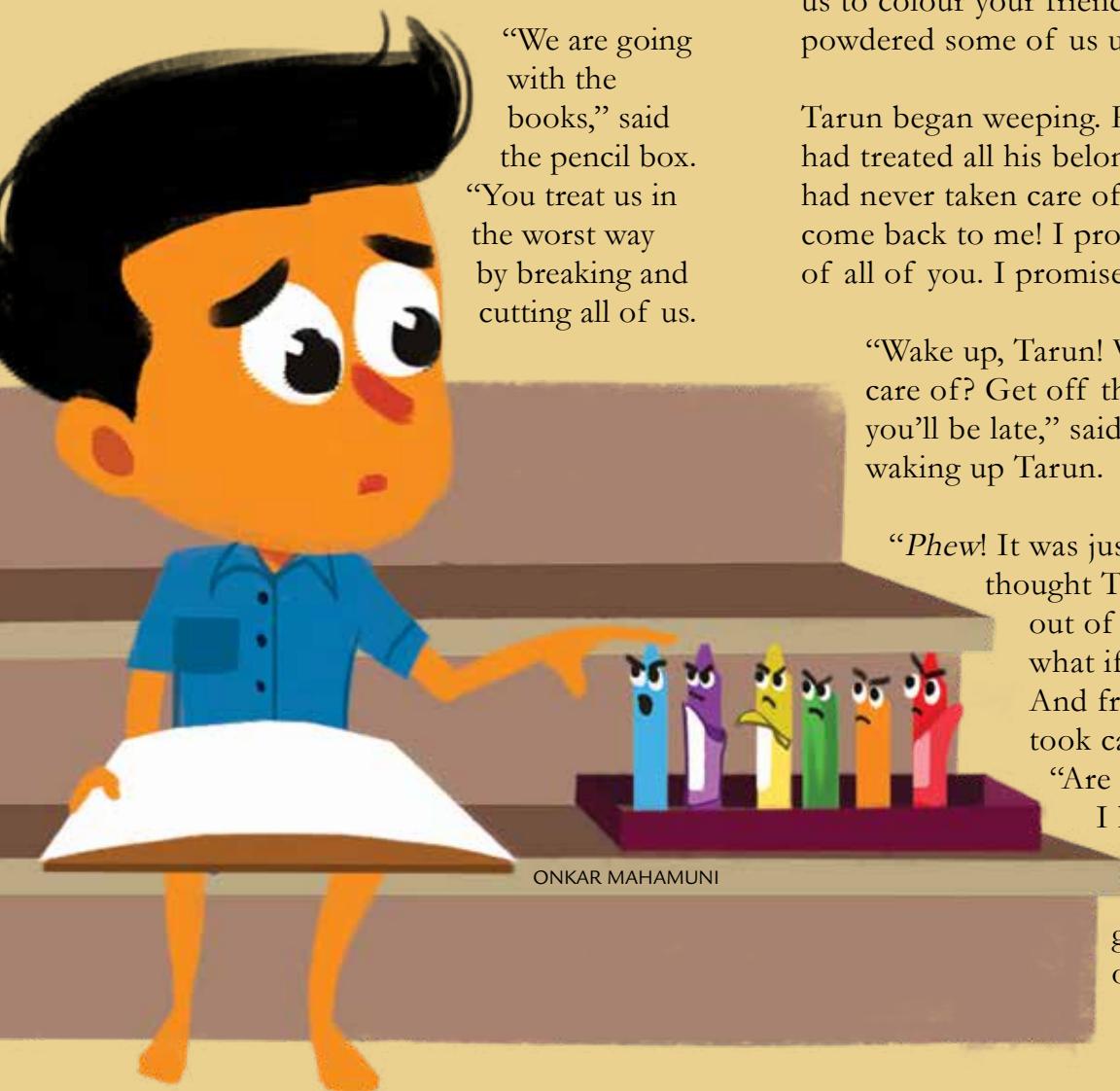
"Shoes and socks, why are you running away from me? I always wear you!" cried Tarun.

"You treat us so badly," said the shoes.
"You never polish us nor keep us properly. Last week, when it rained, you jumped in all the puddles and did not bother to clean us after reaching home. We don't want to stay with you!"

"And you never wash us and you keep throwing us all over the room," said the socks. "We like to be clean and you keep us dirty and smelly!"

Tarun felt like crying. Then he saw his books. "Books, why are you flying off?" he asked. "Please come back so that I can study in class!"

"Never!" shouted the books angrily. "While you keep us in the bag, you put us in so badly. We get torn and folded. You keep drawing and spoiling the different pictures in us. You tear us to pieces to make boats and planes. We cannot be with you!"



"We are going with the books," said the pencil box. "You treat us in the worst way by breaking and cutting all of us."

You have broken the plastic ruler, you've blunted the compass, you have chopped up the eraser and broken almost all the pencils. We are never coming back to you!"

Tarun was tired and scared. He had no books and no pencils. His uniform was incomplete without shoes and tie and belt. But where were his crayons? Maybe he could write with them! But his crayons were flying away too.

"Please stay with me," he cried.

"Oh no we won't," shouted the crayons. "You have used all of us very poorly. You have removed our paper wrappers, used us to colour your friends' shirts, and even powdered some of us up on Holi."

Tarun began weeping. He realised that he had treated all his belongings badly and had never taken care of them. "Please come back to me! I promise to take care of all of you. I promise to take care..."

"Wake up, Tarun! What will you take care of? Get off the bus. Quick, you'll be late," said the conductor, waking up Tarun.

"Phew! It was just a dream!" thought Tarun as he jumped out of the bus. "But what if it came true?" And from that day, he took care of his things.

"Are you all happy now? I hope you won't leave me," he whispered while going to school one day ●

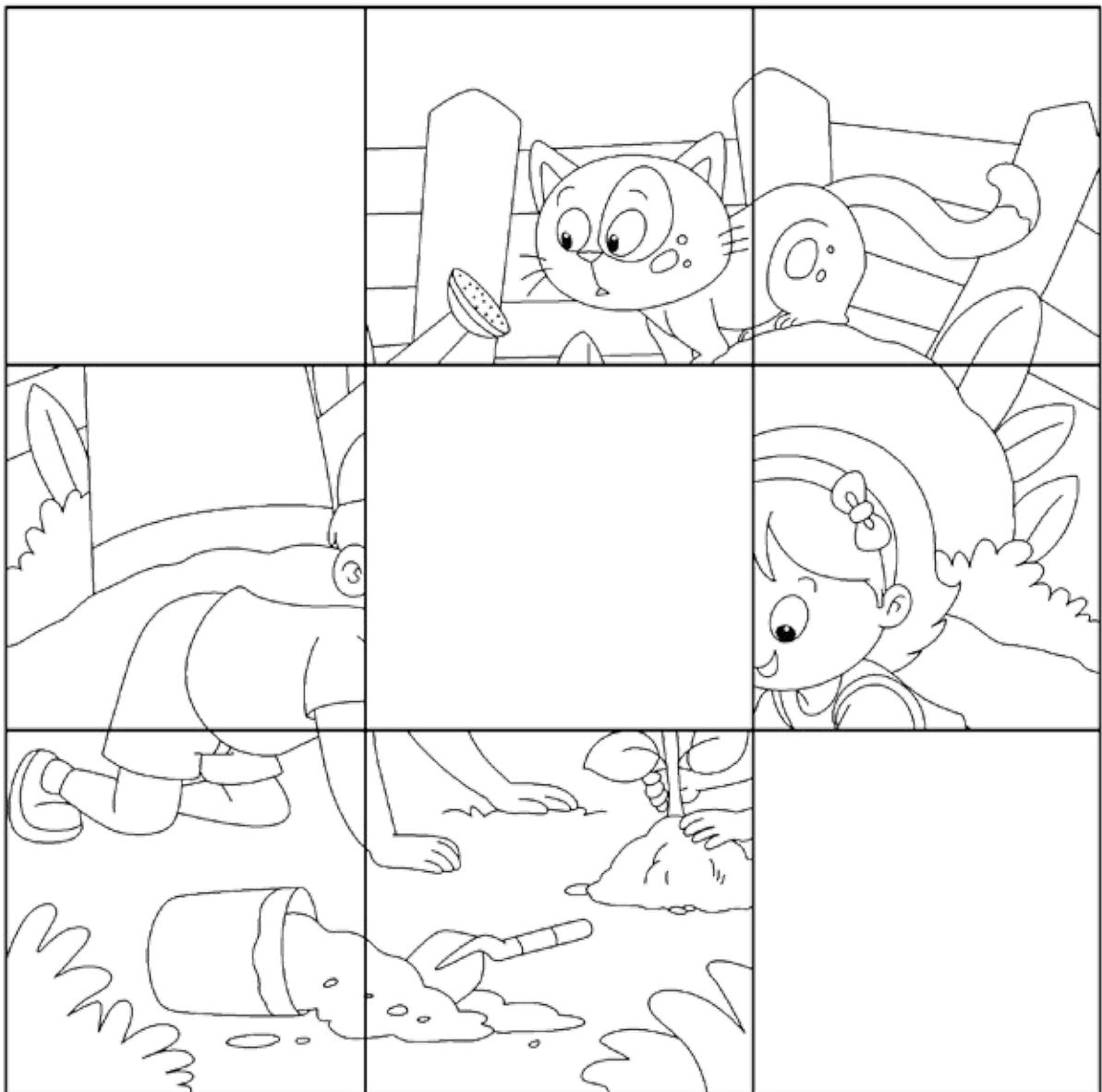
ONKAR MAHAMUNI

CHAMPAK

Complete The Picture



Parts of this image have been left blank. Look at the picture, complete it and then colour it.



GREED IS VILE

Indrajit Kaushik

Shyma took the milk from the milkman and placed the jar on the kitchen table.

Kitty cat had been waiting for this. She waited for Shyma to leave the kitchen and the minute she left, Kitty jumped on the table and quickly reached for the jar. She had just put her mouth to it when Shyma came back.

Seeing a cat drinking the milk, Shyma got angry. "I'll teach you a lesson you'll never forget," she shouted, and picked up a thick stick lying on the floor.

Kitty saw Shyma lift her hand with the stick, and shut her eyes in fear. "Oh I'm done for!" she thought, shivering with fear.

Then there was a loud scream! Kitty opened her eyes and saw that a rat had bitten Shyma's foot.

Shyma dropped the stick and was hopping on one leg, screaming. Kitty and the rat raced out of the room. Once outside, the two stopped to catch their breath.

"Thank you, Mr Rat. You saved my life! From today, you are my friend and not my food. I promise I will never harm you!"

From that day onwards, Kitty was very careful. She would sneak into the fridge whenever it was open and drink milk, eat



butter and cream.

Whenever she could, she would carry some butter or sweets for Mr Rat.

"Thank you so much, Kitty. You take such good care of me," Mr Rat would say, after eating the treat.

One day, Mr Rat was in the kitchen when he saw Kitty run towards the fridge, enjoying milk and butter.

"Look at her. She gets to enjoy all that milk and butter, and only brings a little bit for me. I think I will go into the fridge and eat everything I want!" thought Mr Rat.

When Kitty saw Mr Rat near the fridge, she guessed he wanted to get inside and eat the dishes.



"Listen to me and you won't get into trouble," advised Kitty.

"Go into the fridge when it is open, but don't spend too much time inside. Eat a little and come out fast."

"Why do you say I should eat only a little?" asked Mr Rat.

"If you start eating everything, you will forget to come out soon. And it is very cold inside the fridge. If the door is shut, you can freeze inside," explained Kitty.

Mr Rat nodded, but did not listen to her words. He wanted to have a feast!

Next day, when Shyma opened the fridge and left it open to get something from the next room, Mr Rat was waiting for this moment and jumped inside the fridge.

"Look at this! Milk, cream, curd... And the sweets! And here's a cake!" He didn't

know where to start nibbling.

"It's cool inside and not hot like outside. I'm sure Kitty was not telling the truth when she said we could freeze in here!"

Thinking this, he started eating everything. In his greed, he forgot to get out of the fridge.

Shyma came back with a vessel of curd, which she placed on the shelf and then she shut the fridge door!

Mr Rat was stuck inside the cold fridge.

"Somebody help! It's so cold here. Open the door or I'll die!" But Mr Rat's voice could not be heard outside the fridge.

Meanwhile, Kitty was looking for Mr Rat. She had not seen him for some time, and was getting worried.

She searched the whole house, but she couldn't find him. Finally, she went near the fridge and shouted, "Mr Rat? Are you in there?"



A faint voice came from inside, “Please save me, Kitty. I’m freezing here. Please do something to get me out!”

“Did I not tell you to get out of the fridge fast?” asked Kitty. “You were greedy, and now you are stuck inside. There’s no way that I can open this door!”

“Please forgive me, Kitty. I did not listen to you. But I am freezing. Please think of something!” begged Mr Rat.

“He did save me from getting hurt that day,” thought Kitty. “I must do something to help him now.”

She tried opening the fridge door, but it was impossible. As she stopped to catch her breath, Kitty heard the ring of a bell. Dadi had started her daily prayers.

Kitty suddenly had an idea. She tiptoed into the *puja* room, holding a piece of paper in her mouth.

She held the paper to the *puja* lamp, and the paper began to burn. Dadi did not notice Kitty or the paper, but the smoke from the burnt paper irritated her eyes.

She called out to Shyma, “My eyes are burning. Please bring me some rosewater from the fridge so that I can put a few drops in my eyes.”

Even before Shyma got up, Kitty rushed to the fridge, and pressing against the

door said, “Mr Rat, the fridge door will be opened soon. Please jump out as soon as it opens!”

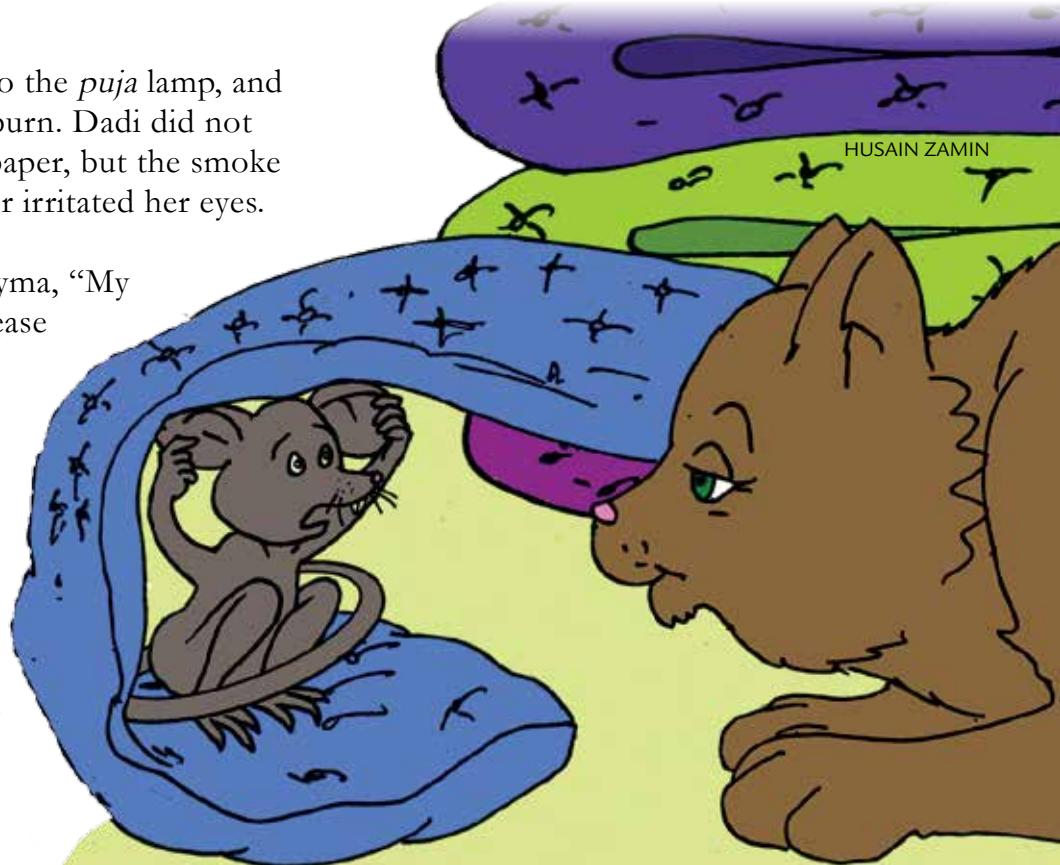
Just then, Shyma came to the fridge and opened the door for the rosewater. Half-frozen Mr Rat tumbled out of the fridge.

Kitty caught him with her mouth and rushed to the room where the quilts were kept. She placed Mr Rat inside the layers of quilts.

The warmth of the quilt gave a new life to Mr Rat. After some time, he felt better and thanked Kitty.

“Kitty, I am very ashamed. In spite of your warning, I was greedy and almost died because of that. You saved me.”

“Forget the past, my friend. I believe you will not do anything so foolish again,” said Kitty, and Mr Rat gave her a big smile ●



Hidden Picture

World Sleep Day is celebrated on March 16.
In this picture, find those who are sleeping.



Pop up Flower Card

SMART

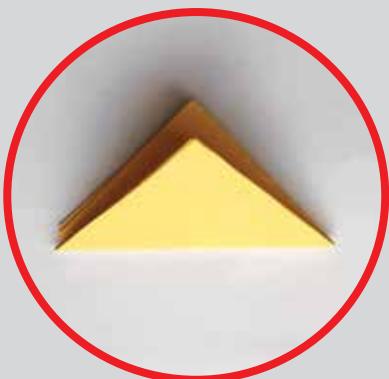
It's International Day of Happiness on March 20. Make this card to spread happiness.

You will need:

White card sheet, coloured chart papers, glue and scissors



How to make:



1. Take a piece of coloured chart paper and fold it into a square. Fold this square into a triangle.



2. Draw a petal design on the triangle and cut accordingly.



3. Unfold the paper and see it take the shape of a flower.



4. Follow steps 1 to 3 and make flowers of different colours and sizes.



5. Starting with the largest at the bottom, stick the flowers over each other.



6. Once the glue dries,
stick the flower in the
centre of the card sheet.



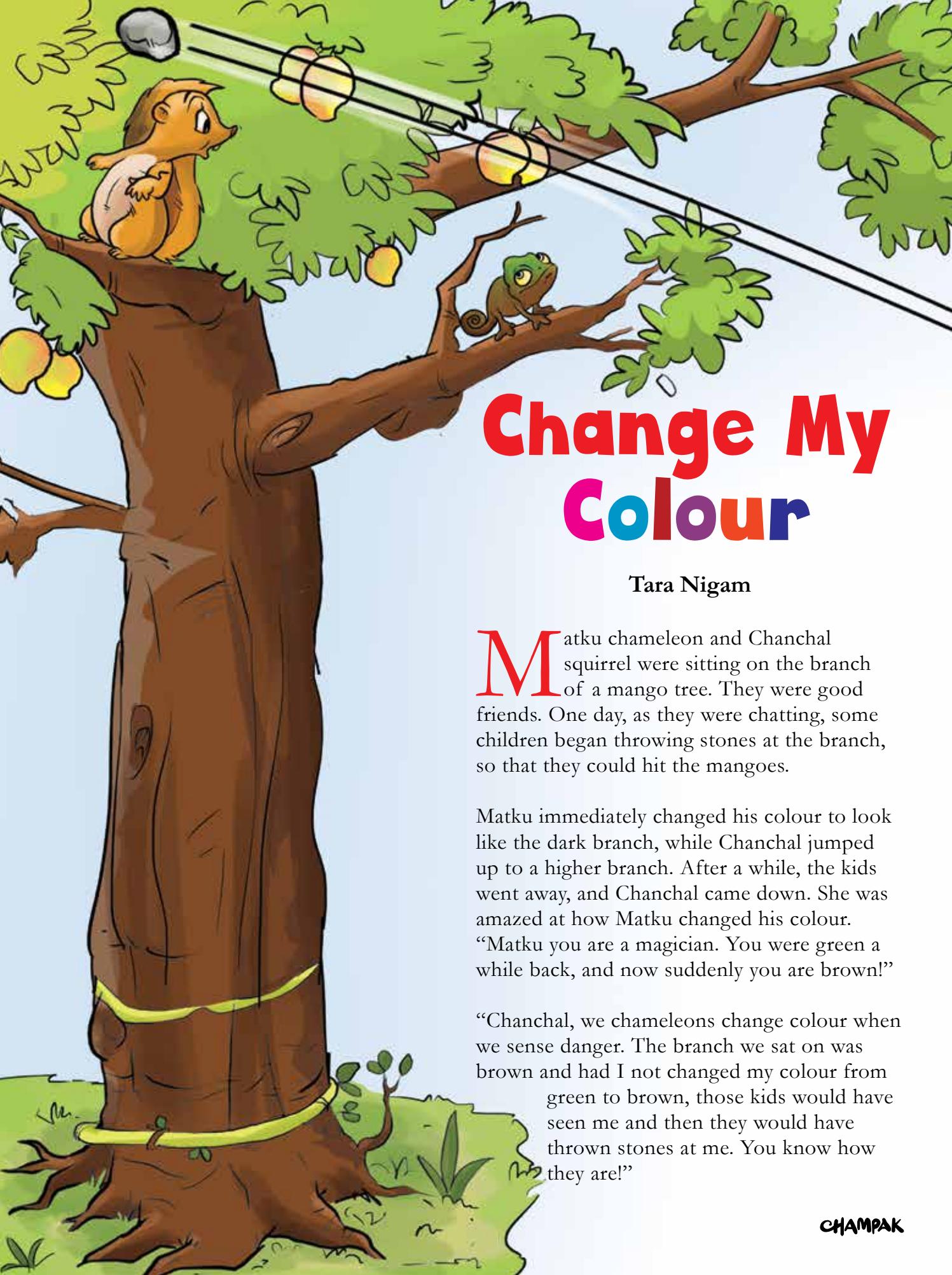
7. Decorate the card with
leaves on the side.



Your card
is ready.
Write your
message and
give it to
your loved
ones.



Try making this yourself at home! Send your creations to us at writetochampak@delhipress.in
or take a photo and send it to us at +91 9619587613



Change My Colour

Tara Nigam

Matku chameleon and Chanchal squirrel were sitting on the branch of a mango tree. They were good friends. One day, as they were chatting, some children began throwing stones at the branch, so that they could hit the mangoes.

Matku immediately changed his colour to look like the dark branch, while Chanchal jumped up to a higher branch. After a while, the kids went away, and Chanchal came down. She was amazed at how Matku changed his colour.

“Matku you are a magician. You were green a while back, and now suddenly you are brown!”

“Chanchal, we chameleons change colour when we sense danger. The branch we sat on was brown and had I not changed my colour from green to brown, those kids would have seen me and then they would have thrown stones at me. You know how they are!”

“Yes, Matku. Kids often hit me with stones and run away. But what you did was wonderful. How did you learn to do it?” asked Chanchal.

Matku smiled and said, “It’s my magic.”

“Can you teach me your magic too?” Chanchal begged.

“I can teach you but on one condition,” said Matku, slyly.

“I’ll do whatever you want,” said Chanchal, wanting to learn this magic.

“I must get something for my lessons,” said Matku. “You must bring me fresh fruits every day!”

“Okay, I will get fresh fruits for you every day. And how much time will it take to learn your magic?” Chanchal asked.

“Normally, it takes a lot of time but since you are my friend I will teach you within one year. We will start tomorrow. Just remember my condition,” said Matku.

“Yes, I will remember. I will start bringing you fresh fruits every morning, starting tomorrow,” said Chanchal.

The next day onwards, Chanchal got fresh fruits for Matku. She brought him berries, guavas, or mangoes, depending on which fruit was in season. Every day, Matku would eat the fruit and chat with Chanchal.

One day, Matku demanded an apple. “But Matku, the apple trees are far away. How can I get you an apple?” asked Chanchal.

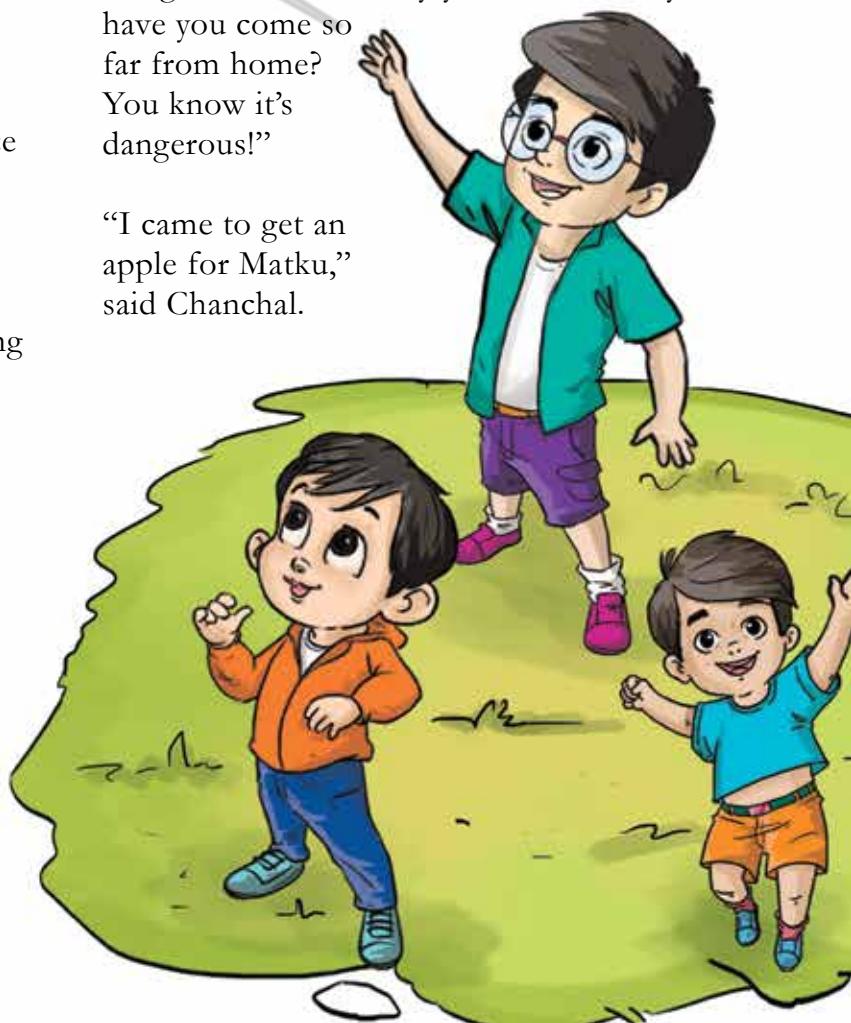
“If you want to learn my colour changing magic, you have to get me an apple. If you don’t want to learn, forget it,” said Matku, carelessly.

Chanchal gave in. “Okay, I’ll get you an apple tomorrow,” she said.

The next day, Chanchal rushed to the apple garden. It was far away and she was tired by the time she got there. She managed to run up an apple tree, but when she was bringing the apple down, she fell.

Bhola monkey was going past and saw Chanchal on the ground, crying. He ran to her and saw she had hurt herself. “Chanchal, why did you not eat the apple on the tree itself? It’s too big for you to bring down. That’s why you fell. But why have you come so far from home? You know it’s dangerous!”

“I came to get an apple for Matku,” said Chanchal.



"If he wants an apple, he can come here himself!" exclaimed Bhola.

"Well, you see Bhola, Matku has promised to teach me how to change colour like him. In return, I need to bring him fruits every day. Today, he wanted an apple."

Bhola realised that Matku was taking advantage of Chanchal's innocence and decided to teach him a lesson.

"Let me get an apple for you. I will also come and meet Matku and learn to change my colour!" Saying that, Bhola climbed the tree and brought down some apples.

"Chanchal, I see that your foot is hurt. Climb on my back and I'll take you home." Chanchal agreed and the two went back to the mango tree.

"Matku, please teach me to change colour too," said Bhola, when they reached the branch Matku was sitting on. "Here, I have brought you some apples as my fee."

"Sure, you can learn along with Chanchal," said Matku, happy to have two students to fulfil his demands.

"Are you sure you can teach me?" asked Bhola.

"Yes, of course," said Matku.

Bhola picked up Matku by his tail and hung him upside down. "You think you can teach me? Even now?"

"Let me go, Bhola!" screamed Matku. "This is not a joke!"

"No, it's not a joke," said Bhola. Then he changed his tone. "Tell me the truth or I'll throw you against that rock," he roared, swinging Matku by his tail.

"No, no! Please don't do that. I will surely die," cried Matku. "I change colour because there are cells beneath my skin that change colour. No animal without those cells can change colour!"

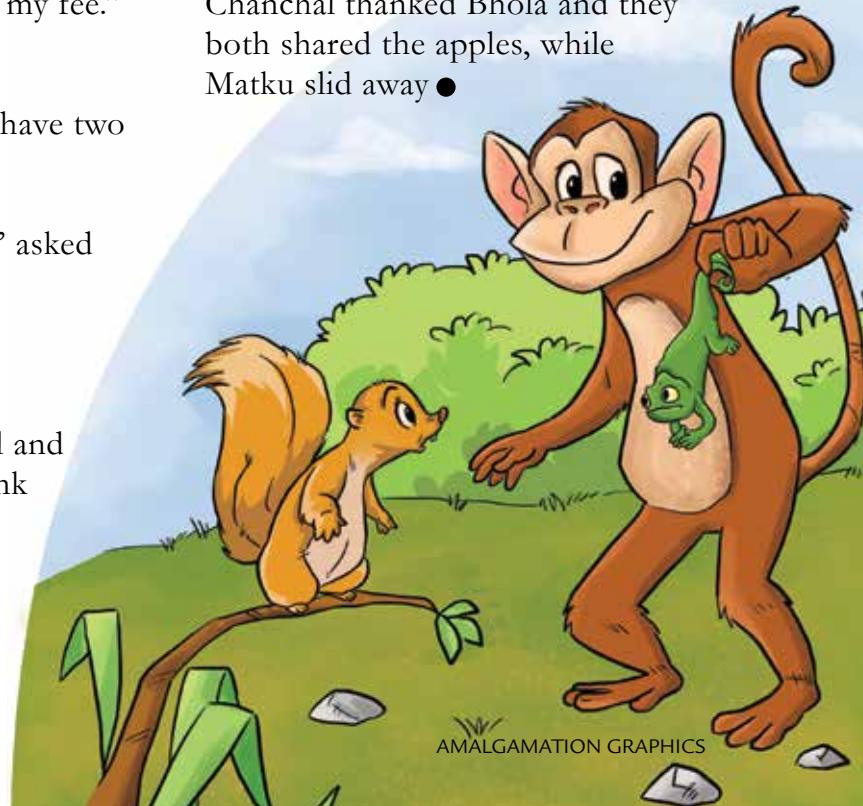
"Apologise to Chanchal at once," roared Bhola. "You have been cheating a friend who believed you!"

"Please forgive me, Chanchal. I have cheated you," said Matku.

"It is actually my fault. I was ignorant," said Chanchal sadly.

Bhola said "Just remember, being ignorant is not our fault. But believing anyone without understanding and inquiring about it, can be foolish."

Chanchal thanked Bhola and they both shared the apples, while Matku slid away ●



World Sparrow Day

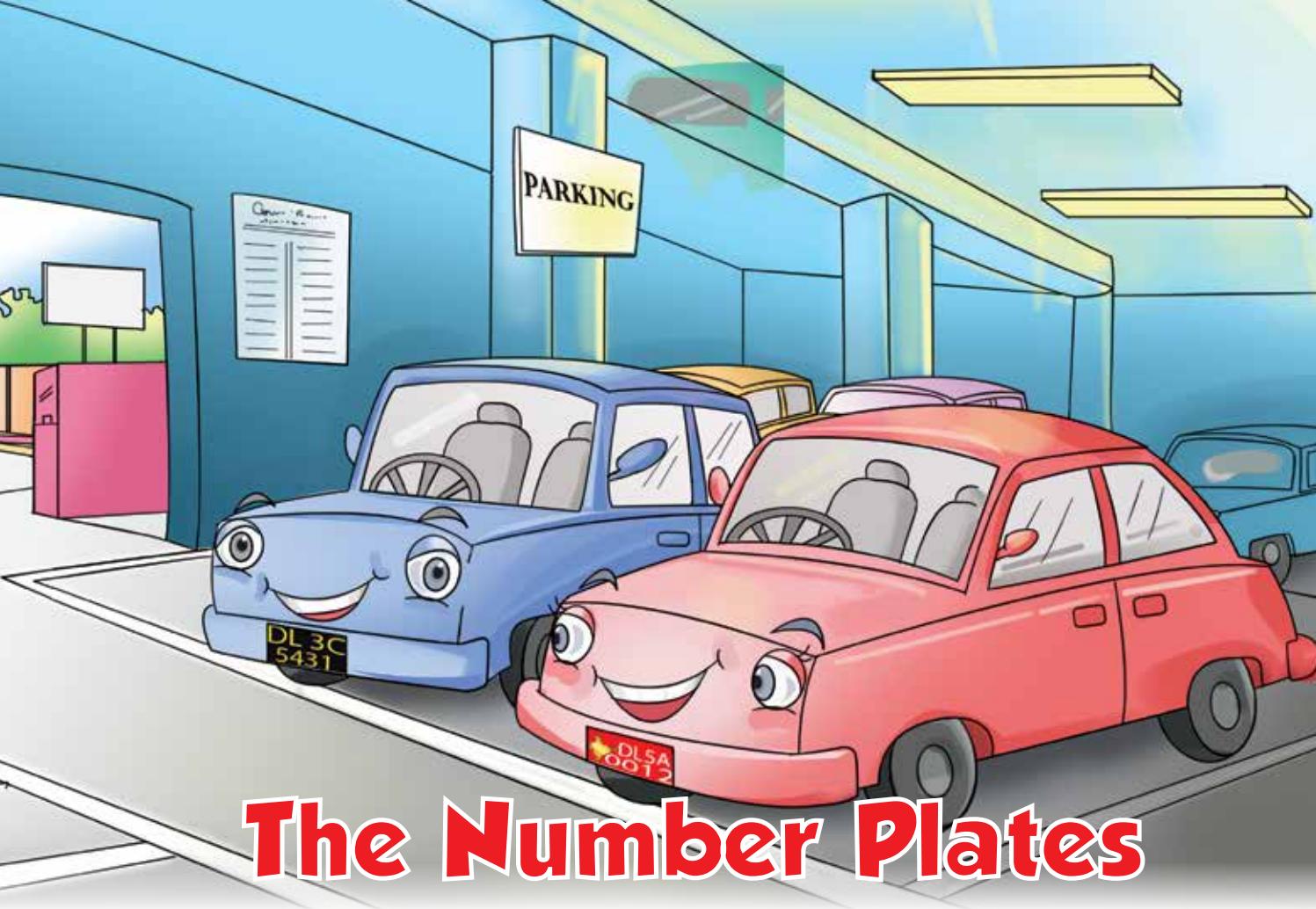
World Sparrow Day is celebrated on March 20. Meet Chichi sparrow who wants to test your knowledge. Pick the right answers from the word bank and fill in the blanks.



1. Hi, I am Chichi sparrow. You can spot me in cities and towns.
I live around humans. I am found in most countries except
....., and
2. I was declared the state bird of
3. I eat,, and
4. I build my nest under, or in
5. Me and my friends are going extinct because of
and among other reasons.
6. You can help protect us by,
and

WORD BANK

China, hanging artificial nests outside your houses, berries,
Antarctica, pollution, moths, small insects, seeds, roofs, tree
hollows, lack of trees, bridges, keeping a pot of water and grains
outside your houses, New Delhi, Japan, planting more trees.



The Number Plates

Omprakash Kshatriya

Nirali car came to the hotel for the first time. Many cars were parked there. She was happy to chat with other cars. A beautiful car came and was parked beside her. Nirali was impressed and spoke to the new car. "Hello. My name is Nirali."

"Hi! I'm Dolly," said the other car.

"You are very beautiful," said Nirali. The other cars agreed. Dolly was pleased on being praised.

Suddenly, Nirali noticed that Dolly's number plate was red. Nirali's was black, with the numbers written in yellow. That meant she was used to transport

important guests of the hotel. But what did a red plate mean?

Nirali had just come from the factory and did not know, so she asked. "Dolly, you have a red number plate with numbers written in white. What does this mean?"

"I never noticed that before!" said Dolly. She looked at Nirali's number plate and said, "Your numbers are on a black plate and painted yellow!"

"Yes," said Nirali, "and this means that I am a special car used only for the VIP guests of the hotel. But what is the meaning of your red plate?"

"I belong to people like the President, Governor, and government officials. Do you see the golden Indian map on my plate? It means that I am a government car," said Dolly. "If the golden Indian map is not there, then I am on a test drive by the manufacturer."

"That's great! I didn't know that," said a white car parked nearby.

Dolly and Nirali looked at him and saw that he had a white plate with black numbers.

"And who are you?" asked Dolly.

The white car said, "My name's Suraj. I am a personal vehicle. All personal cars have a white plate with black numbers."

"Yes, I knew that!" said a truck parked near them. There was a board on the

truck which said: 'TINY ELEPHANT'.

They looked at the truck. Boxes of food items were being unloaded from it. The truck said, "Look at my number plate! It is yellow in colour. And the number is written in black. It means that I am a business vehicle."

"I see," said Nirali. "You can be hired by anyone for transporting heavy things."

"Yes!" said the truck.

Then Nirali's driver came, so she stopped chatting.

"All right, friends! I have to go now! See you soon," said Nirali and left.

The other cars continued talking to each other about their adventures ●



From YOUNG Readers



Bharvi Nayak
12 years, New Delhi

My Garden

Thou filled with trees,
Blossoming flowers, thy buzzing bees!
How deep does the mango go?
If you cut it down, you'll never know!
I can fly around with Tartar's bow,
Oh! The number of seeds thou shall sow!
The joy of aubergines,
Grapes draping themselves with vines!
And I have always loved the way, asparagus danced
with the spices,
Green peppers show they're the wisest!
Purple brinjals and blushing tomatoes,
Make curry, add potatoes!
The flowers are blowing thee away,
In the spring winds of May!
Parrots fly and eat grains,
Honey gleams and so do sugarcanes!
Thou are the secret garden,
It'll never let you harden!
It's a treat that'll mesmerise you,
You like it, yes you do,
I grew it all myself, thank you!

Anusha Shukla
10 years, Jabalpur



Danya Qureshi
9 years, Rajasthan

Absence

Something I never told you
You didn't smile at me the way I did
That smile didn't stay, it faded
Far from my heart, far from my mind
I lost my focus and all the shine
Sometimes I fear, sometimes I bear
Never thought of losing you
You left me between the queue
Your absence is some sort of new
Smiling didn't open the door anew
Lost my love, lost my smile, lost my shine
All I had to say and make you feel is
Something I never told you because
You didn't smile at me the way I did

Aatika Maryam Shamsi
13 years, Delhi



M Masanamuthu
12 years, Valparai



Sanu Kisku
12 years, Bihar



World Radio Day

Celebrate guys Celebrate!
Joy for World Radio Day.
Listen, hear, watch and see,
The fun on radio with glee!

Always tune in,
Tune, tune, tune, tune and listen!

Get up and dance,
because this is your chance,
Yahoo!
Celebrate, Celebrate!

Alankrita Raj
10 years, Bihar

My New Pup
Once upon a time, in bear city there lived a bear family that included father, mother, brother and sister.

They lived together happily. Ma, brother and sister went to farm to bring farm fresh eggs. When they reached the farm, the brother saw a board and said, "That sign board on the farm door says it has pups to sell. Can we go and see the pups?" Ma replied, "We have come to buy eggs, not a pup. We shall buy eggs and go home." But the brother and sister asked again, "Ma, please. We want a pup. Can we at least see? Please, please, please!"

Ma said, "A pup is not a toy, it is like us. We have to clean it and take care of it constantly. It is a big responsibility." The kids replied, "Yes, we will take care of the pup!"

Finally, ma agreed. She first went and bought 12 eggs and then they went to see the pups. They all went home happily. The pup was named Gingo. When they reached home, they ran to their father and said, "We went to the farm and got eggs and a pup!" Everyone was happy!

K Suhas Pratiak
11 years, Bellampally

Mini Drawer Box
made by our
reader,
Swastika Saimi,
12 years, Jaipur



Send us jokes, riddles, drawings or stories with your full name, age and address to:

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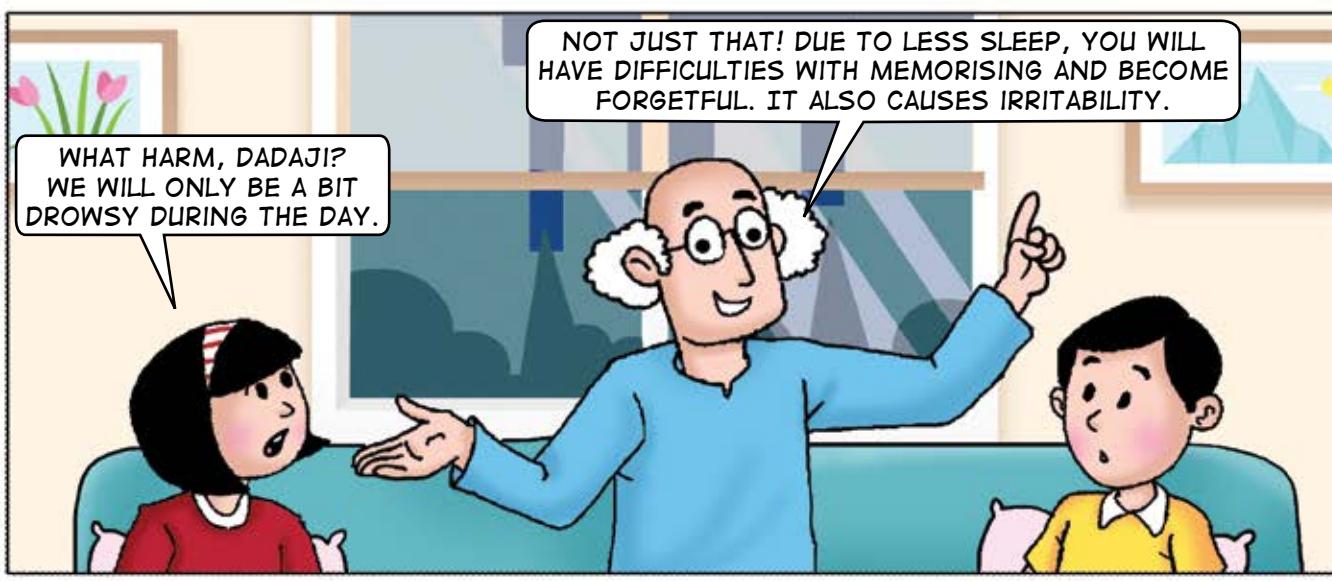
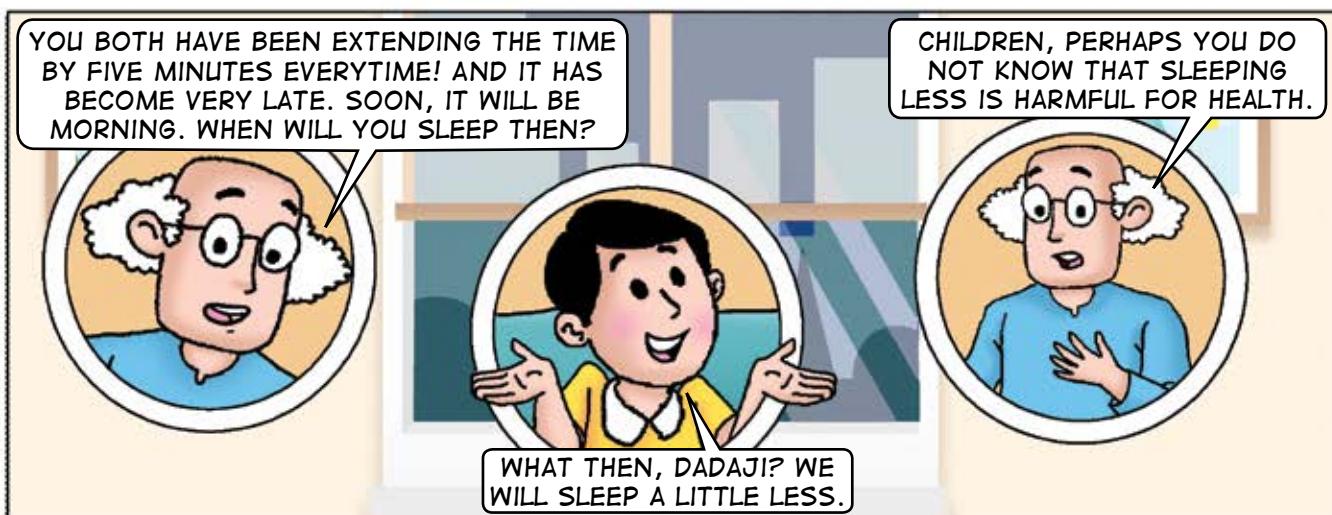
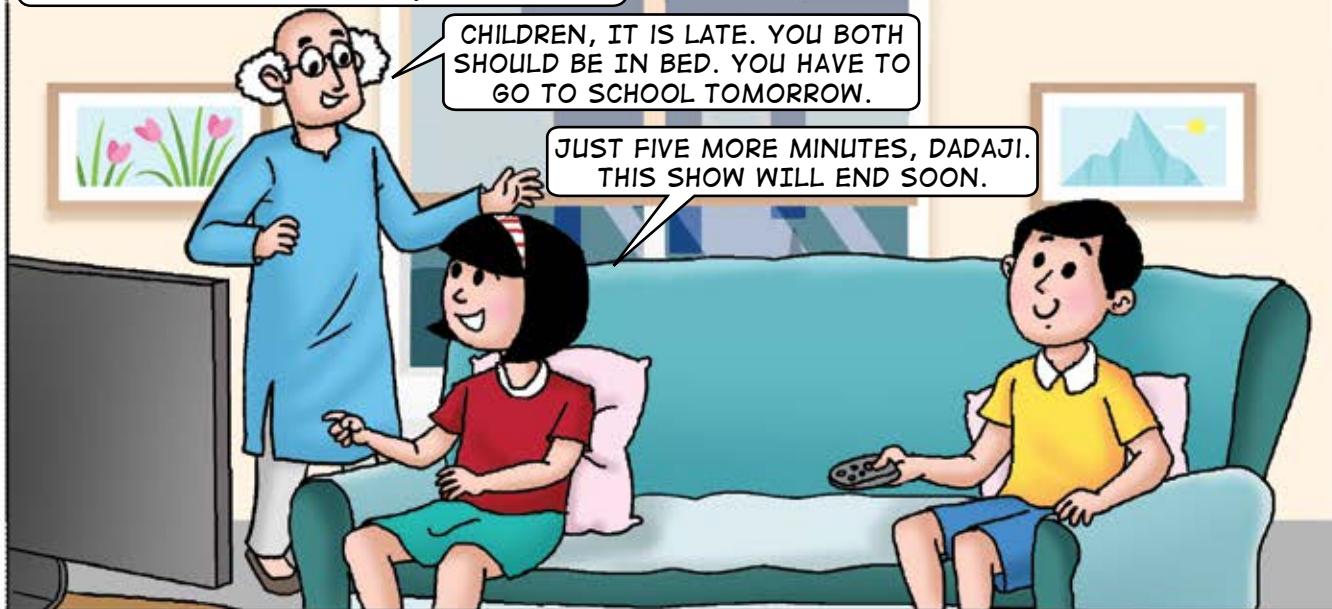
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DADAJI AND WORLD SLEEP DAY

Vivek Chakravarty

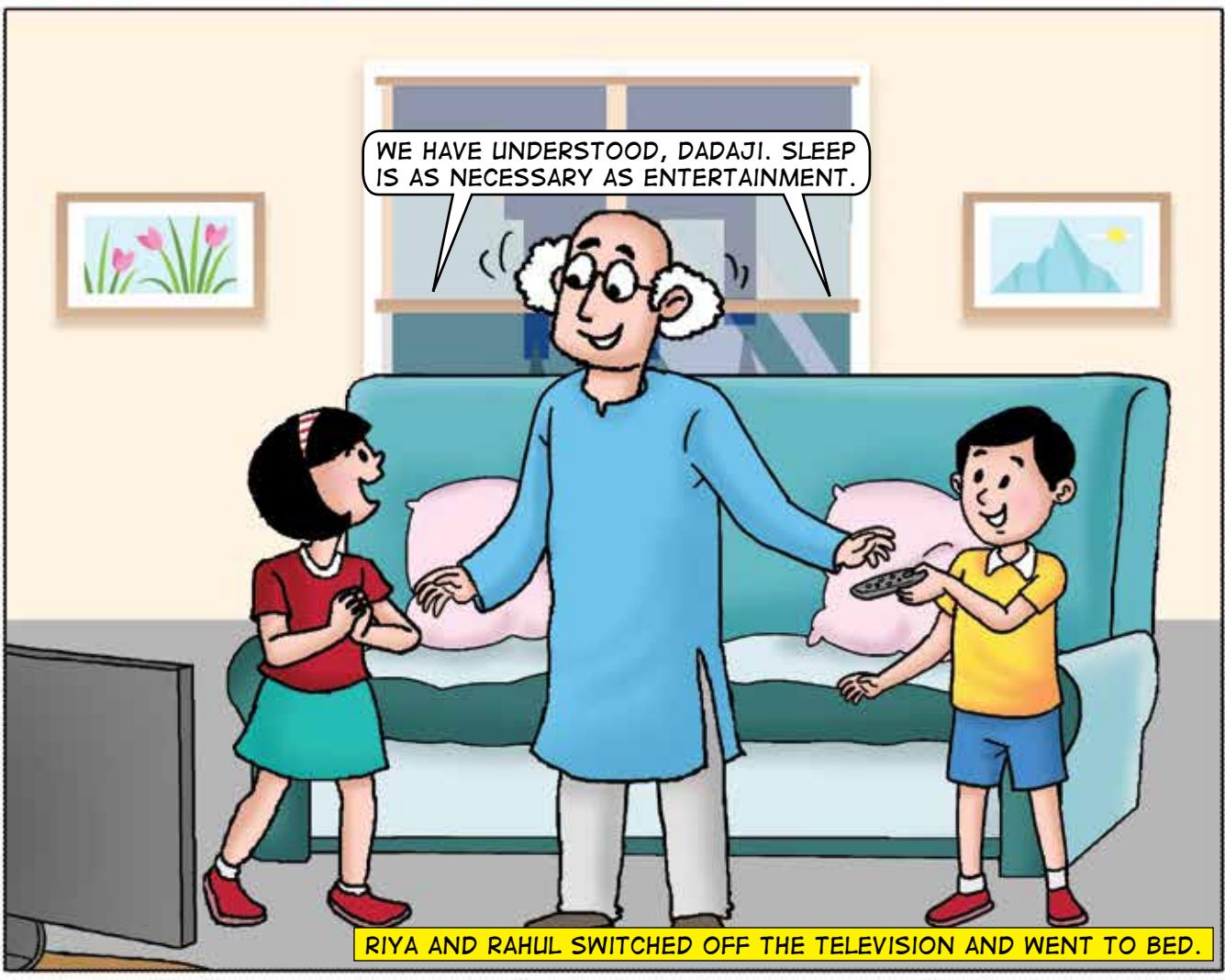
RIYA AND RAHUL WERE WATCHING TELEVISION IN THE NIGHT.



ALSO, 45% OF THE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD ARE SUFFERING FROM PROBLEMS RELATING TO SLEEP. TO CREATE AWARENESS OF THIS PROBLEM, WORLD SLEEP DAY IS OBSERVED ON MARCH 13.



WE HAVE UNDERSTOOD, DADAJI. SLEEP IS AS NECESSARY AS ENTERTAINMENT.



RIYA AND RAHUL SWITCHED OFF THE TELEVISION AND WENT TO BED.



GOT THE BRACELET

Poonam Pandey

Just as grandma came back from her morning walk, the colony president came to invite her for the cultural festival that their colony was organising.

Grandma was excited because she was the first in the colony to be invited. She forgot all her aches and pains, her blood pressure, her weak eyesight, and other problems that she often complained of.

Monu asked her how she would sit through the programme because of her complaints.

“Whatever happens, I will watch the whole programme,” grandma said firmly. She went to her cupboard and took out her favourite silk saree to wear that day.

“But grandma, you always complain about your age!” teased Monu.

"A person is only as old as she feels," she replied. Monu laughed and went to school.

Grandma started counting the days to the programme, and got excited with each passing day.

Finally, it was the day of the cultural festival.

That morning, as grandma went for her walk and saw people putting up stage, lights, huge speakers, and chairs in the park. Others were decorating the entire area.

Grandma rushed home and took out her special gold jewellery to wear with her saree.

That evening, she was the first person in the house to get ready in her silk saree and gold jewellery, and waited impatiently for the others.

As the family walked to the park, grandma was greeted warmly and taken to her special seat in the front row. The others sat in the row behind her.

All the chairs had filled up and the entire colony waited for the programme to begin. People began to get restless.

Finally, the colony president came and announced that the person who had to sing

the welcome song had missed her bus and was taking a later bus and so the programme was delayed.

Grandma could not wait any longer!

She walked to the stage, stood behind the mike and began singing a welcome song that she had learnt in school, many years ago. The audience loved it and clapped loudly for her.

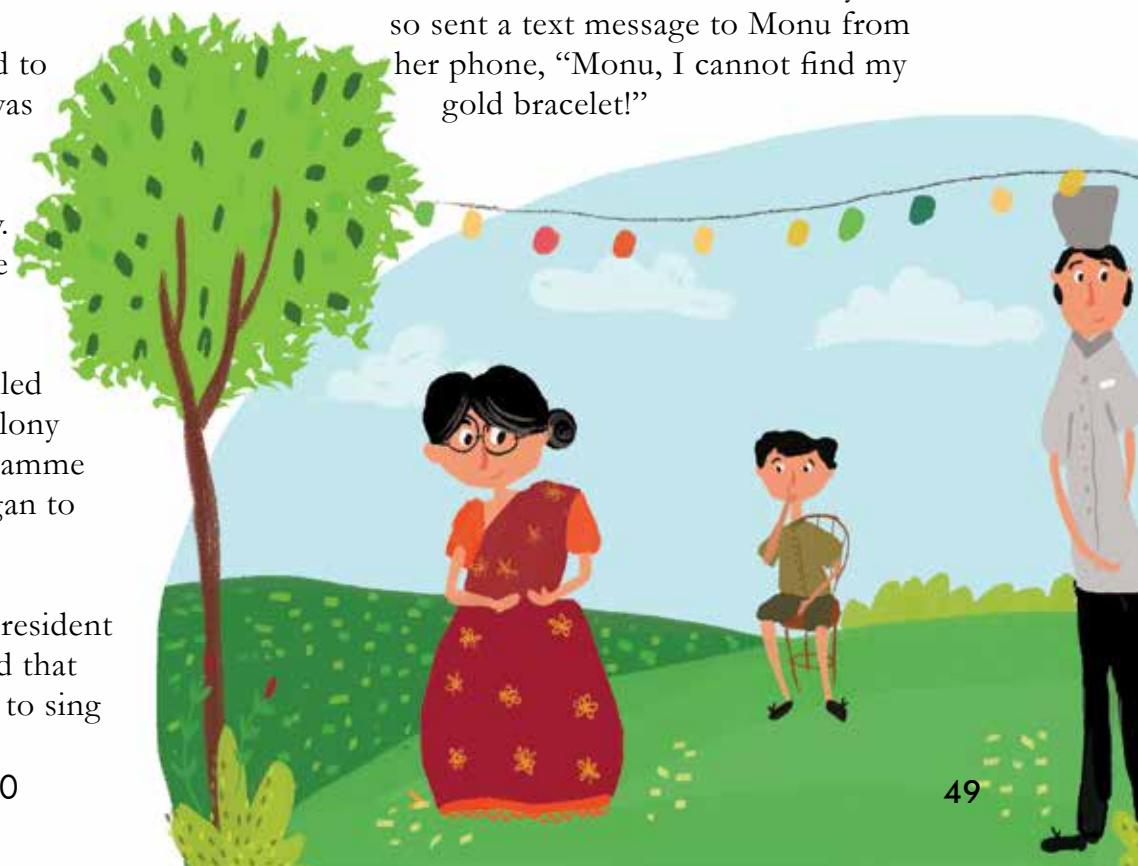
The programme began soon after.

There were waiters to serve snacks and drinks for anyone.

One waiter took great care of grandma, bringing her water, then tea, then biscuits. He was very attentive to grandma's needs.

As the programme went on, grandma realised something.

She did not want to disturb everyone, so sent a text message to Monu from her phone, "Monu, I cannot find my gold bracelet!"



Monu had seen the golden bracelet on Grandma's hand when she had gone on stage to sing the welcome song. It could have fallen there.

He got up quietly without disturbing the audience, and looked for the bracelet near the stage.

But he couldn't see anything. He went back and sat in the chair behind grandma and looked around.

The bracelet had not fallen near grandma's chair.

"Keep an eye on the waiter," he whispered to grandma.

Then grandma remembered that the waiter had held both her hands while giving her the teacup.

She thought he had been helping her by supporting her hand, but what if his plan was to steal her bracelet?

Just then, the waiter came to her again, this time bringing her water.

Before he could offer grandma the glass, she grabbed his hand and glared at him.

Not a word was spoken, but the waiter understood that he had been caught. He knew that if he did not give up the bracelet, he would be handed over to the police.

He put his free hand into his pocket and



NAVVA BHUPATHIRAJU

pulled out Grandma's bracelet, dropped it on her lap and walked away hurriedly.

Monu smiled and gave her a thumbs up signal.

Monu again got up quietly and went to the exit where he caught the waiter trying to run away.

The waiter was very scared that Monu would call the police. "I am very sorry," he blurted out. "I needed money so I stole the bracelet. I know I was wrong and I will never do this again! Please let me go," he begged Monu.

Monu let the waiter leave, and returned to his seat.

The programme was ending, and grandma was very happy she could see the whole programme.

Not only she and Monu had enjoyed their evening, but also they had caught a thief.

As for the waiter, he was never seen near the colony ever again●

World Theatre day

World Theatre day is observed on March 27.
Match the shadows with the actions.



A



B



C



D



E



F



G



H



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8

Champak proudly presents the results of the Champak Creative Child Contest Season 7.

Season

7

CHAMPAK
Creative
Child
Contest

Space
Two little astronauts
in the palace
Misplace a vase in space,
They chase and race at a great pace
But with no grace!
At last, they find the vase with no base,
They replace the base
While eating bouillabaisse in space!

Yash Arya, 11 years

Navi Mumbai



Sangukta Sunil Mahakal, 10 years
Model English School (MIDC), Dombivali



Ichha J. Gala, 10 years
Model English School (MIDC), Dombivali



Drisha Ramesh Shetty, 9 years
Model English School (MIDC), Dombivali

An exciting drawing competition!



Pranjal Sudesh Sawant, 10 years



Sanakshi Devendra Koli, 7 years



Hitali Dhiraj Chaudhari, 6 years

Champak Creative Child Contest was organised at Model English School (MIDC), Dombivali. 136 students participated in the contest and enthusiastically submitted their drawings. Certificates were given to the best entries.



Parth Shashikant Suvarna, 6 years
Model English School (Ramnagar), Dombivali



Soham Khandare Vikram, 7 years
Model English School (Ramnagar), Dombivali



Shravan Narnath Salunkhe, 6 years
Model English School (Ramnagar), Dombivali

Champak congratulates the winners and would love all our readers to participate. So grab your writing and painting material and get those creative ideas flowing. To participate look for the Champak Creative Child Contest advertisement in this issue.

Hurry!

Topics for next month's wild card entry are:

- Earth Day
- World Book Day
- World Heritage Day

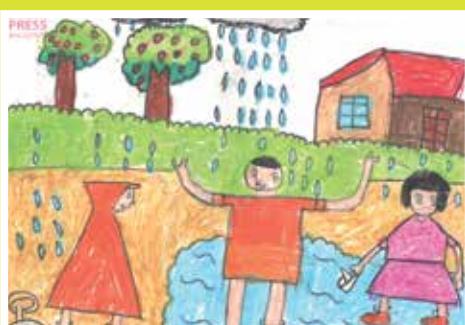
Send your entries on A4 size paper.



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Deetya Barayala, 7 years



Vardhan R. Ingle, 8 years



Tvisha Rahul Jain, 7 years

Champak Creative Child Contest was organised at Model English School (Ramnagar), Dombivali. 32 students participated in the contest and enthusiastically submitted their drawings. Certificates were given to the best entries.

SpOt the Difference

Circle 10 differences you can find between the two pictures.



Us and Them

As we grow older, we outgrow our clothes—they become short or tight. Similarly, as the grasshopper grows, its skin becomes small for it!

This skin is the exoskeleton or the hard outer cover or shell that covers the body of a grasshopper. The exoskeleton protects the grasshopper's soft internal organs and holds them in shape. However, it does not stretch as the grasshopper grows.

Thus, when a grasshopper outgrows its exoskeleton, it begins the process of moulting—a process of shedding skin, commonly seen in snakes and lizards.

In order to moult, the grasshopper swallows a large amount of air to

enlarge itself, thus cracking the exoskeleton. When it cracks, the grasshopper is covered in soft skin that stiffens when exposed to the sun and becomes the exoskeleton. A grasshopper sheds its exoskeleton a number of times in its nymph stage where it resembles an adult but lacks wings. After the final moult, its wings become fully functional.

A grasshopper's ears are on its belly, tucked beneath its wings.





Hesitation No More

Harish Bhandari

Manu was a quiet, shy girl. She spoke very little and was never involved in any fights at school or at home. She did not even fight with her little brother Aditya, who would trouble her whenever he had the chance.

His school teachers complained about him at every parent-teacher meet.

But Aditya was a bright student and good at sports, just like Manu who had

recently been selected to play volleyball at the national level from her school team. Her team even won the first prize in the competition held in Odisha.

Manu was so shy that she never asked any questions in class even when she had a doubt.

There were other quiet children in the class, but Manu was the quietest. Her classmates had named her the 'shy girl' for this reason.

Manu's parents were worried about her shy and hesitant nature. Her father was an army officer. Manu's behaviour worried him but he knew it was a trait that she had got from him. He too had been shy as a boy but eventually, he opened up and mingled with everyone.

But when Manu did not change even after primary school, her mother started worrying.

Diya's mother once told Manu's mother, "It is not good for anyone to be so shy and hesitant. It gives other children a chance to tease her as they know she won't say anything in return. I suggest you speak to her."

"I have spoken to Manu. She likes being on her own and I don't want to force her to change. All kids have their own

personality and style. I am always there to guide her," replied Manu's mother.

It's not that Manu was not smart. She was very good at her studies and all the teachers knew that. But she never answered in class, even when the other students distracted her and made fun of the teachers.

Her friends, Teena, Riya and Varnika, never paid attention to what the teacher was saying. Instead, they spent time imitating the teacher and having fun.

Whenever a teacher wrote a question on the blackboard, these girls made paper tails and stuck it to the back of the students who got up to answer the question. This made the entire class laugh. While Manu did not like their behaviour, she could not complain because she was hesitant.





P S BABU

One day, Manu's mother met Riya and Varnika in the market. She asked them how Manu was in class as they were her friends and they would know best. The two girls took this chance to get Manu into trouble.

"Aunty, Manu doesn't pay attention in class, and when the teacher asks a question, she just starts crying," they said.

"She never finishes her class work. That's why she only gets a C grade all the time," added Riya.

Varnika added, "She's always scared!"

Manu's mother realised that the girls were taking advantage of Manu's silence and

it was time Manu spoke for herself. She went home and told her husband what the girls said. They both knew that Manu was good in studies and always completed her class work.

Manu's father called out to her. He told her what her friends had said about her doing badly in class.

Seeing no reaction from her, he said, "Manu, your friends have just said bad things about you and you have nothing to say. Does that mean it's true?" Manu nodded.

"Manu, you are a good girl. It's okay to be shy but it is also necessary to talk if something wrong is happening. You should stand up for yourself."

Manu was still quiet and sad. She thought Teena, Riya, and Varnika were her friends. Her father knew Manu was sad but she still did not say anything.

He continued, "You don't have to be scared to speak the truth. You have the biggest treasure in your hand. Your books! Remember, books are a student's best friend, as they show them the right path to take. You spend a lot of time with books and have learnt so much. Then, why hesitate

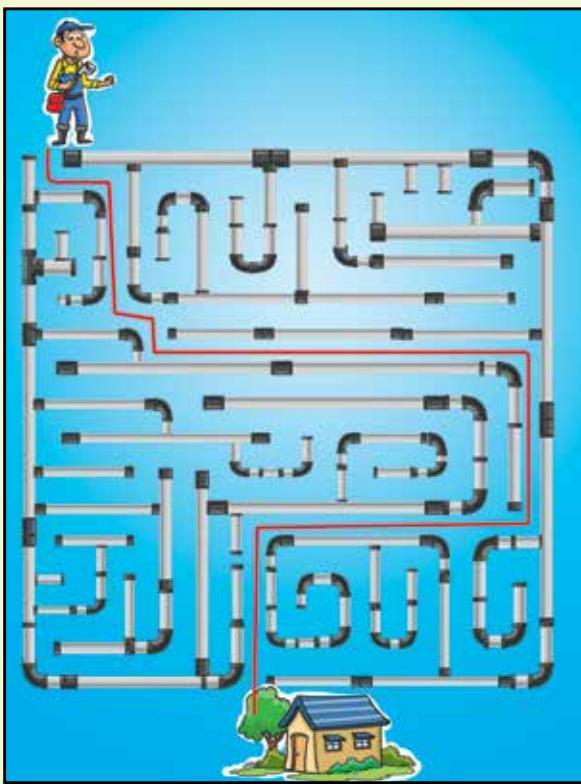
when you have so much knowledge?"

Manu listened carefully to her father. She said, "Papa, from now on, I will try to participate more in class. I will also correct my friends when I think they are wrong. I will not shy away from standing up for myself."

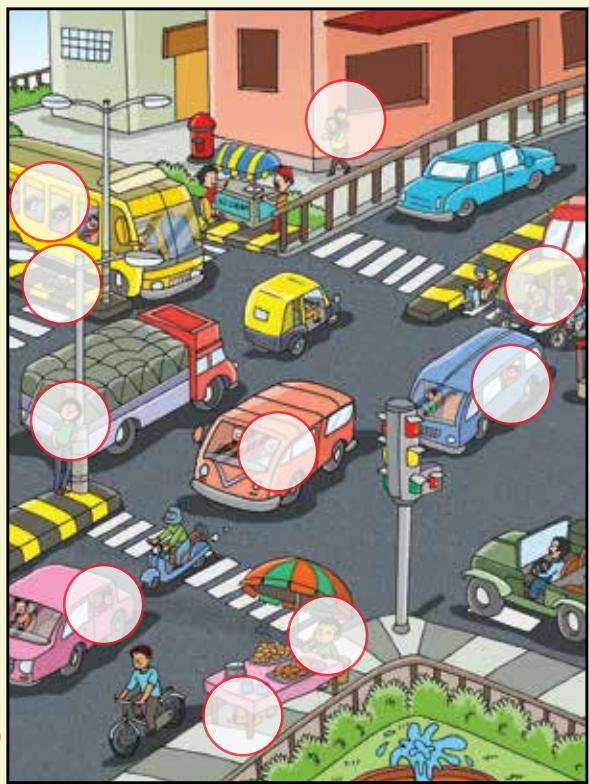
Manu's confident look as she said this made her parents happy, and they hugged her tightly ●

Answers to puzzles

Page 23: Maze



Page 35: Hidden Picture



Page 41:

World Sparrow Day

1. China, Antarctica, Japan
2. New Delhi
3. berries, moths, small insects, seeds
4. bridges, roofs, tree hollows
5. pollution, lack of trees
6. hanging artificial nests outside your houses, keeping a pot of water and grains outside your houses, planting more trees

Page 51:

World Theatre Day

- | | |
|-------|-------|
| 1 - F | 2 - H |
| 3 - D | 4 - E |
| 5 - G | 6 - A |
| 7 - B | 8 - C |