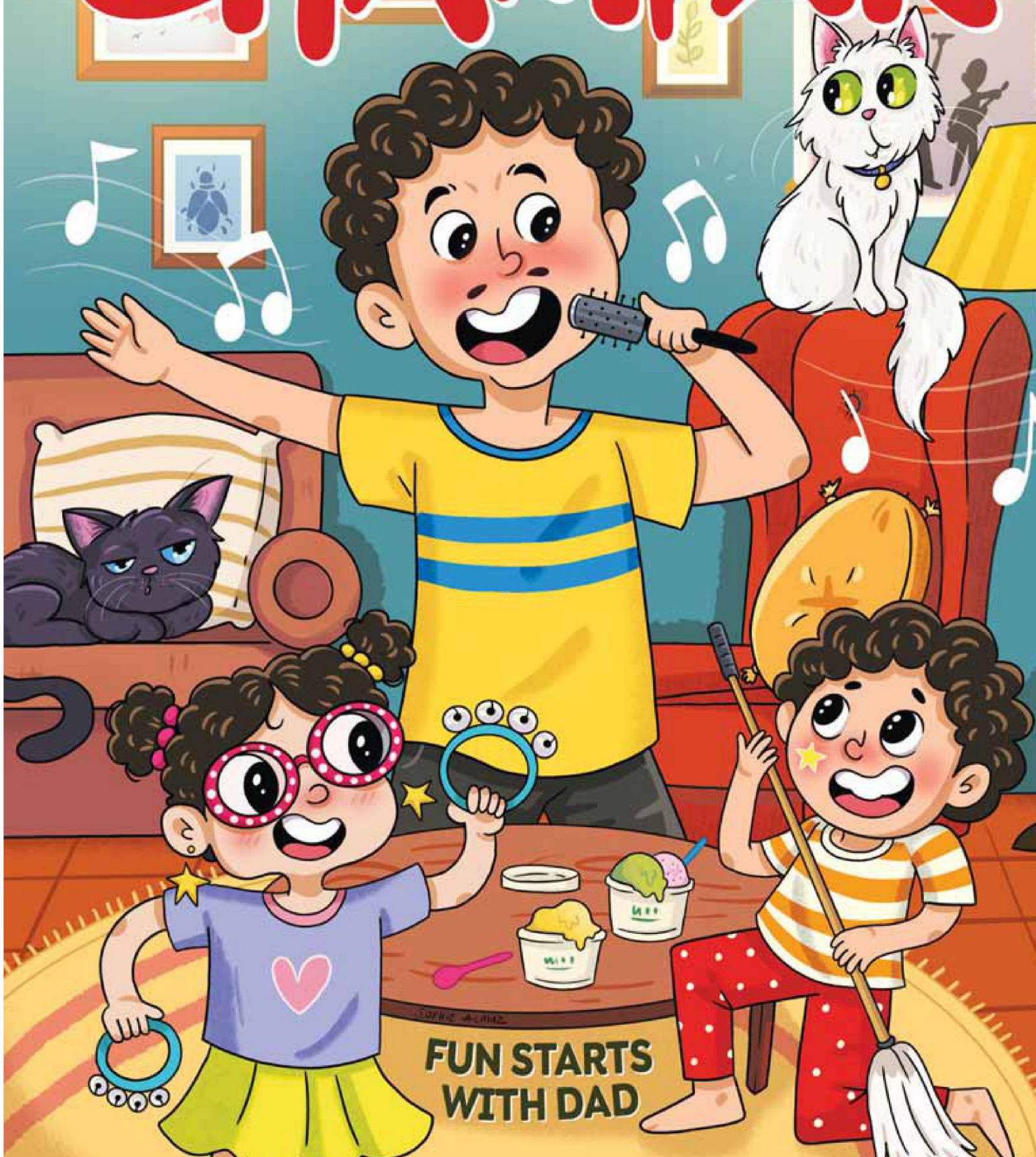




JUNE (SECOND) 2026 ₹ 65

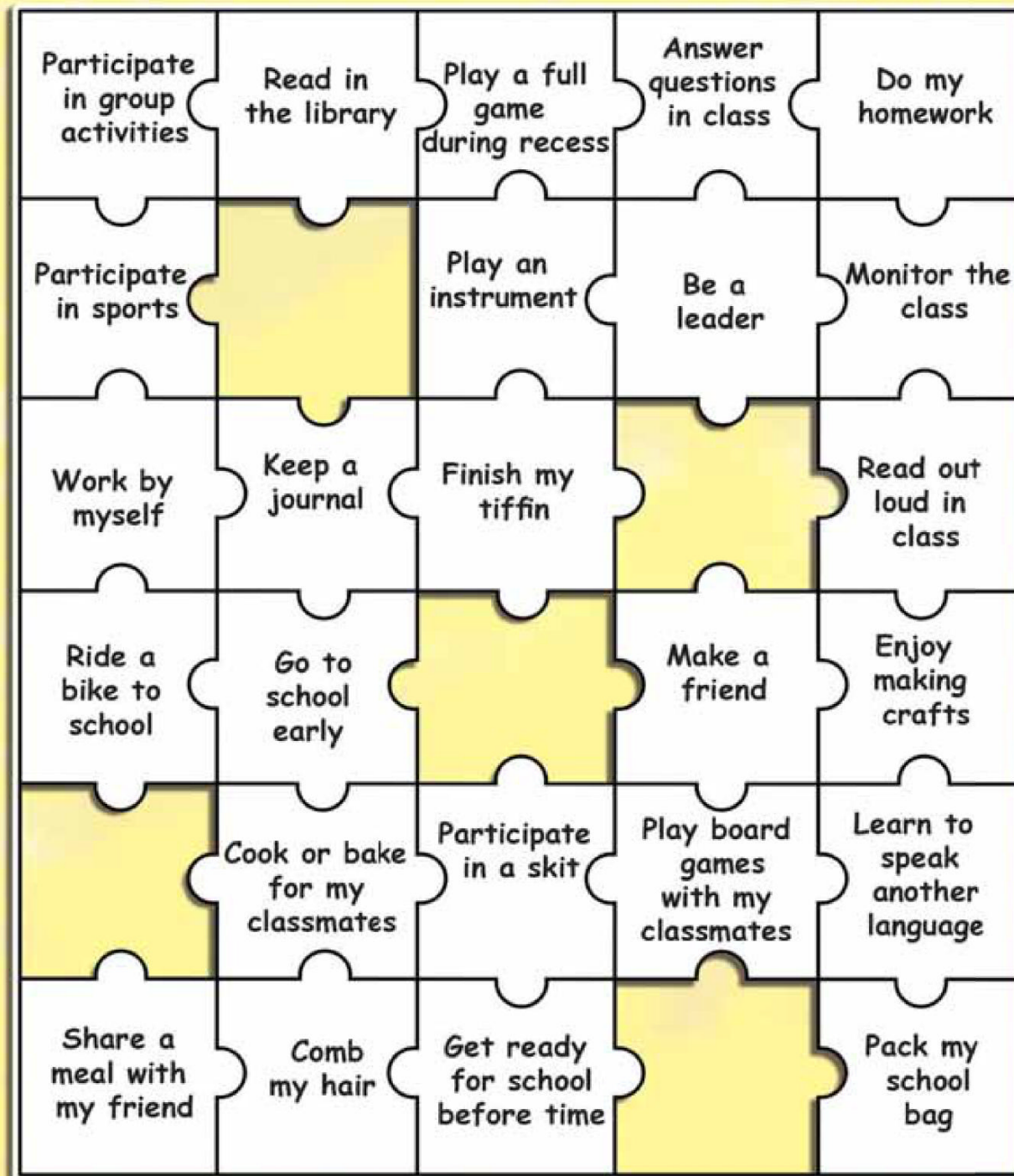
CHAMPAK



**FUN STARTS
WITH DAD**

Back to School

Colour the activities according to the colour code below.



CODE

Blue:
That's
like me!

Green:
That's
sometimes
like me!

Red:
That's not
like me!



Your dad may have more in common with you than you know. Maybe he loves singing, rollercoasters or silly games too! This Father's Day ask your dad what is the one activity he would like to do with you.

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CHAMPAK

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PAPA'S

Surprise Tune

Shikha Gola Prajapati

“**Y**ou’re all that I need ...”

Arav and Anaya were startled to hear the melody of this modern song drifting from the bathroom. They looked at each other, laughed and began to dance.

“Is Papa really singing that song?” asked Anaya in surprise.

“It looks like Papa has updated himself!” said Arav.

This was a happy home, where laughter echoed constantly. Arav was 10 years old—a little sensible and a little naughty. Anaya was 7—very sweet and always coming up with new ideas.

After a while, when Papa came out of the bathroom, Anaya ran up to him.

“Papa, you should have been a singer!” she said.

Papa gave her a smile.

“Yes, your father was the star singer of his college!” said Mummy, smiling.

“Oh wow!” said Arav. “Then, you should participate in a singing show.”

“Oh son, I don’t sing anymore,” said Papa. “That’s



ancient history now.”

Papa went to his room, laughing off the children’s words. Once Papa had left for the office, both children began questioning Mummy out of curiosity.

“Mummy, was Papa really the star singer of his college?” they asked.

“Yes, Papa was very fond of singing once, but now he’s busy with work and responsibilities,” Mummy said, with a smile.

After hearing Mummy’s words, the children set on a new mission. That night, Arav and Anaya were whispering in their room. “Anaya, we should make Papa sing again!” said Arav.

“But how?” asked Arav.

Anaya suddenly jumped up. “Idea! We’ll enter Papa into a singing competition!”

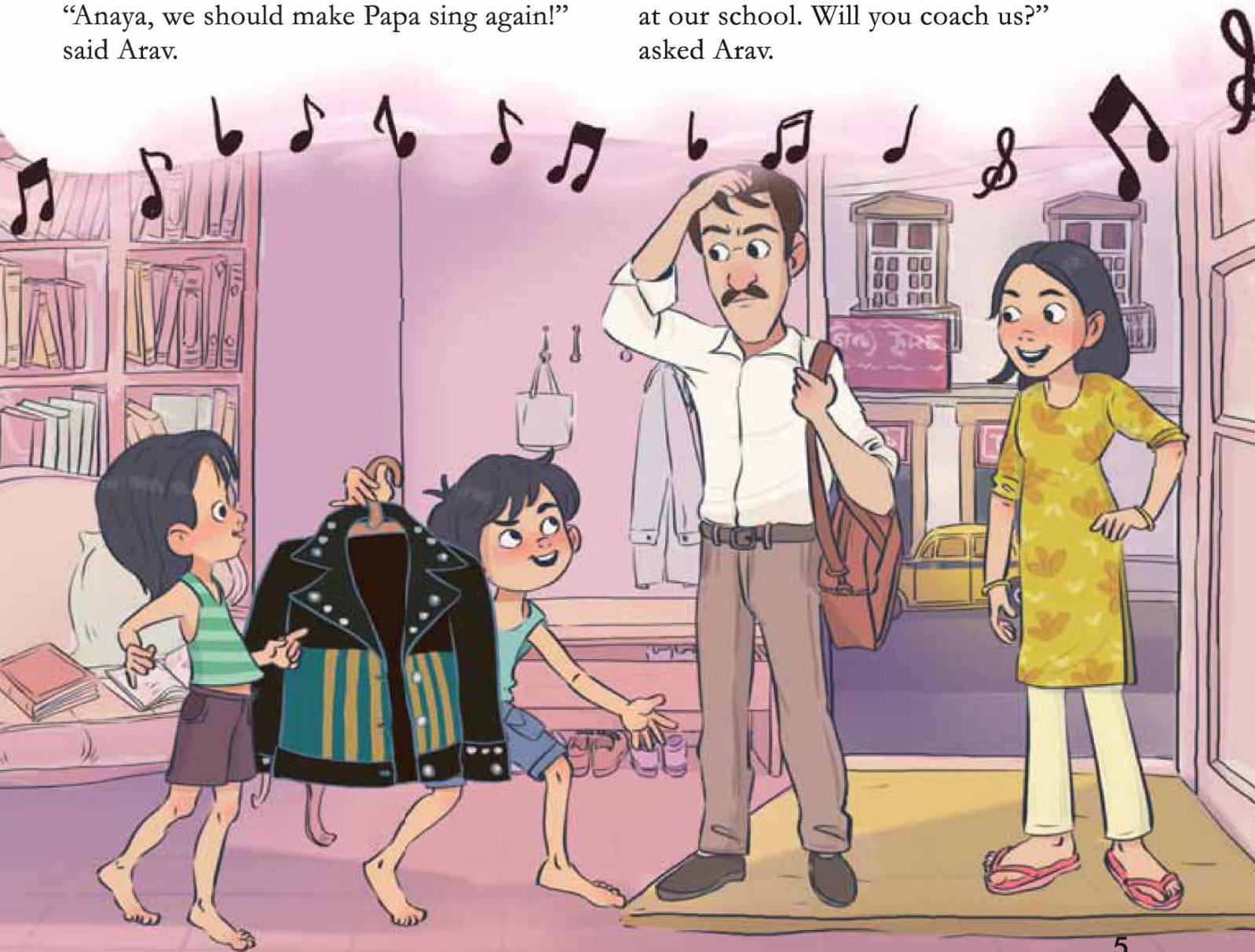
“But he’ll never agree,” said Arav.

“We’ll pretend the competition is ours and ask him to help us practise,” Anaya said with a smirk.

The two shared a high five. “Mission Papa Singer: On!” they both whispered.

The next day, they sprang into action.

“Papa, there’s a singing competition at our school. Will you coach us?” asked Arav.



Papa was a little surprised.

“Oh wow! But me?” he asked.

“Please, Papa! We want to win,” said Anaya, making a puppy face. So, Papa naturally gave in.

Every evening after work, Papa taught the children.

“Look, you hit the notes like this ... Sa Re Ga ...,” Papa sang.

“Papa, my ‘Ga’ has gone a bit Lady Gaga!”

Everyone burst out laughing. Arav also sometimes sang incorrectly on purpose.

“Sa Re Ga ...
Pa ... Panda!”

“Oh, what note is that supposed to be, son?” asked Papa, chuckling.

Now, in addition to laughter, music began to echo through the house.

“Papa, try singing APT. by Rope and Bruno Mars,” said Arav.

“Oh, this is a new one!” said Papa.

“We’ll teach you!” said Anaya.

Now, the roles had reversed. The children had become the teachers.

“Papa, wear this stylish jacket. You’ll look like a proper singer!” said Arav.

“You’re giving him a full makeover!” said Mummy, laughing.

Behind all this, a secret plan was unfolding. Papa’s name had been entered into the local community singing competition! They had even enlisted Mummy to help with the mission.

Finally, the day arrived. When Papa came home from the office, the children surrounded him.

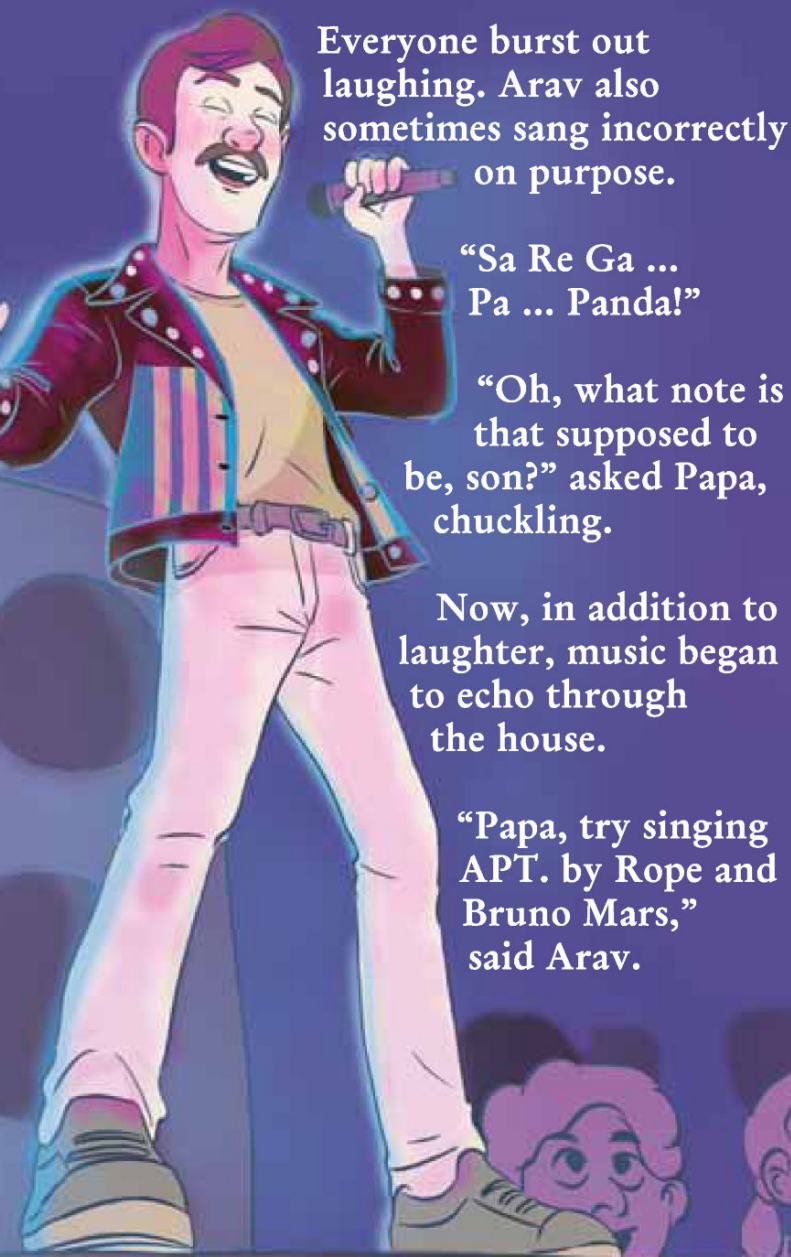
“Papa, get ready quickly!” said Arav.

“Why?” asked Papa. “Isn’t it your competition?”

“Today is the competition alright, just not ours, it’s yours, Papa!” said Anaya, smiling mischievously.

Papa was completely shocked.

“What? Mine? What kind of joke is this?” he asked, shocked.



CONTEST!

The children explained everything, and Papa started to get nervous.

“No, no, I can’t do it ... after so many years ... everyone will laugh!” Papa stuttered.

Mummy stepped closer.

“No one will laugh. Everyone will clap,” she reassured Papa.

“Papa, you can do this!” said Arav.

“Please, Papa,” said Anaya, “for our sake!”

They both held Papa’s hand, encouraging him. Papa remained silent for a while. Then, a faint smile appeared on his face.

“Alright, I’ll give it a go,” he said.

Behind the stage, Papa’s heart was racing.

“What if I forget the words?” he asked in a whisper.

“Then, we’ll clap!” said Arav.

Papa laughed and gained a bit of confidence. Sometime later, he was on stage. As the spotlight fell on him, the hall became silent. He closed his eyes and started to sing.

“You’re all that I need ...”

A little nervousness crept in at first, but then the old magic flowed back into his voice. The audience listened intently, many of them smiling. The song ended. There was silence for a few seconds, followed by thunderous applause. Papa was amazed.

Now, it was time for the results.

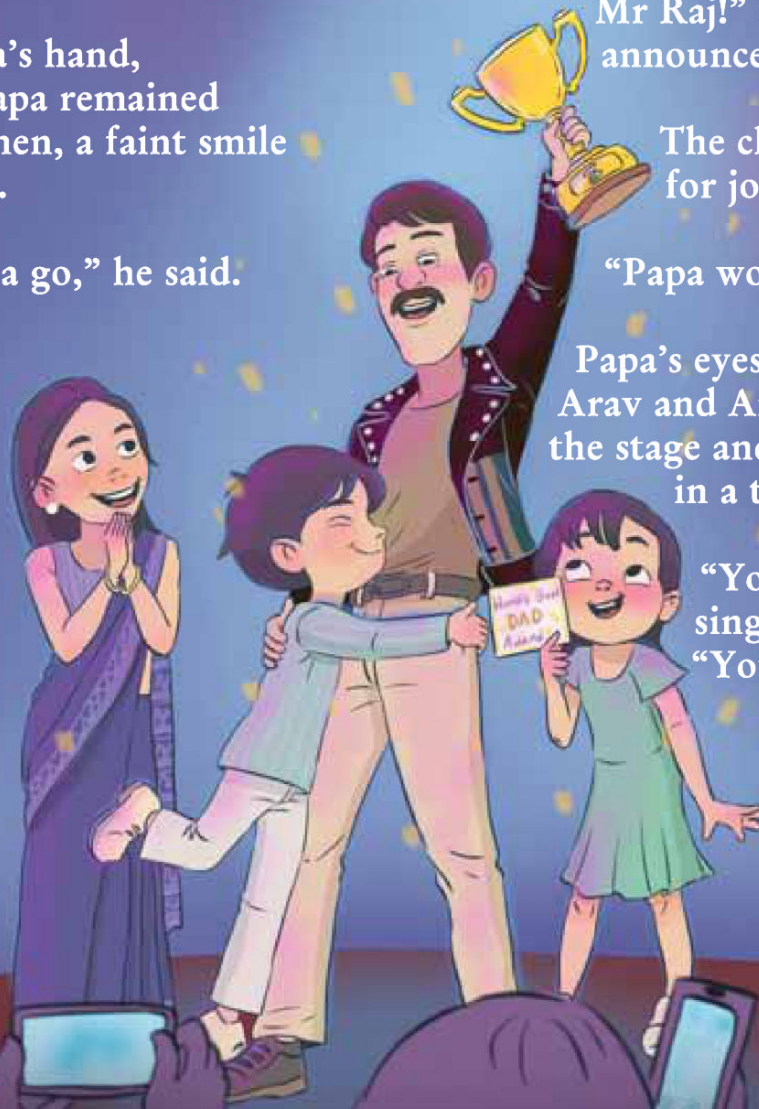
“And the third prize goes to ... Mr Raj!” said the announcer.

The children jumped for joy.

“Papa won! He won!”

Papa’s eyes were moist. Arav and Anaya ran onto the stage and wrapped him in a tight hug.

“You’re not just a singer,” they said. “You’re our hero.”



Colour Me



Unscramble

World Music Day is celebrated on June 21. Unscramble the words below to reveal the names of musical instruments.

1 CAHOAMRNI



2 VLNIIO



3 CORADIOCN



4 TALAB



5 RGAUIT



6 RHAP



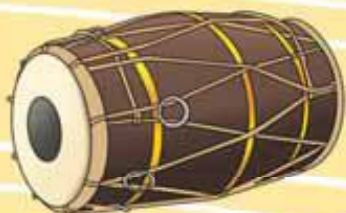
7 SAI TR



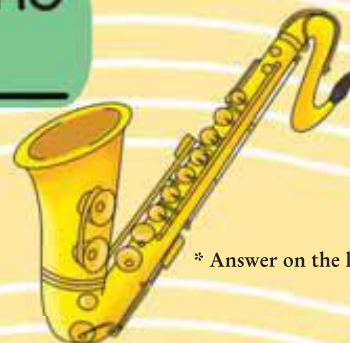
8 LEFUT



9 HODLAK



10 SXOPANEHO



* Answer on the last page.



fun time

Q: What is something that has no doors or locks, but has a golden treasure inside it?

A: An egg

Kavya Zunjare
11 years, Australia

Shravya: Why do laddoos tell secrets?

Mona: I don't know!

Shravya: Because they might crumble under pressure!

Shravya Srivastava
7 years, Bangalore

Q: What is the one alphabet that will be present in front of a chocolate shop?

A: Q (queue)

Ryan Thomas Jacob
12 years, Bangalore

Miya: Why don't we see elephants hiding in trees?

Giya: Because they are really good at it.

Souriti Biswas
12 years, Kolkata

Ishanvi: When does an elephant sit on a chair?

Keshav: When?

Ishanvi: When it's time to buy a new chair

Ishanvi
8 years, Noida

Boy: Dad, I am hungry!

Dad: Hello, hungry, I am Dad!

Devaksh Tushar Jadhav
10 years, Pune

Ahana: What is black when clean and white when dirty?

Ishani: Hmm...I don't know.

Ahana: A blackboard!

Aayra Dargan
11 years, Delhi

Raju: Dad, I want a tabla.

Dad: No! You will disturb everyone.

Raju: No, Dad, I will play it when everyone sleeps!

Divija Haldonkar
11 years, Goa

Diksha: What is something that is in front of us, but we cannot see it?

Rubina: I don't know. What is it?

Diksha: The future!

Aanya Darga
9 years, Delhi

Q: Why did the cow go to school?

A: To learn 'Moo-sic'

Aria Bopardikar
6 years, Mumbai

Q: What is big but small?

A: The word 'big'

Avyan Srivastava
8 years, Noida

Teacher: Why is your exam paper blank?

Student: Because I believe in clean work!

Hiya Chauha
11 years, Ahmedabad

Son: Dad, why did the mirror get bad marks?

Dad: Why?

Son: Because it kept copying

Himan Patil,
10 years, Nandurbar

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DAMRU AND THE FLORIST BEAR

Shivesh Shrivastava

THIS TIME, DAMRU GOT A JOB AT RYAN THE BEAR'S FLOWER SHOP.

DAMRU, LOOK, MY FLOWER SHOP IS ALWAYS FULL OF SWEET FRAGRANCE!

FLOWERS ARE A SYMBOL OF LOVE, AND THROUGH THESE FLOWERS, I SPREAD LOVE TO EVERYONE.

BUT BOSS, WHY DID YOU CHOOSE TO OPEN A FLOWER SHOP?

HMM... I THOUGHT FLOWERS ONLY SPREAD POLLEN, BUT HE SAYS THEY SPREAD LOVE!

WHETHER IT'S A BIRTHDAY OR A WEDDING IN THE JUNGLE, MY FLOWERS ARE ALWAYS THERE SPREADING HAPPINESS AND LOVE.

WOW, BOSS! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT. I AM SO LUCKY TO WORK IN YOUR SHOP!

The next day

DAMRU! WHAT IS THIS? WHERE ARE ALL THE FLOWERS AND BOUQUETS?

BOSS, EVERYONE TOOK THEM.

WOW, MY DEAR BOY! HOW MUCH DID YOU SELL THEM FOR?

SELL? BOSS, CAN LOVE EVER BE SOLD?

WHAT?! YOU GAVE AWAY MY BOUQUETS WORTH SO MUCH FOR FREE? GET OUT!

BUT BOSS, YOU SAID FLOWERS SPREAD LOVE!

YOU DONKEY! THIS IS A FLOWER SHOP, NOT A SILLY LOVE CLUB! YOU'VE MADE A FOOL OF ME!

YOU SAID TO SPREAD LOVE, AND I JUST WENT FULL DELIVERY MODE!

Jumbo's Jogging

Vivek Chakravarty

Crack!

“There, the machine has broken,” Doctor Honey, the deer, said angrily. “Jumbo, I have already told you not to step on a normal weighing machine, but you do not listen. Now it is broken, and you will have to pay for it.”

Jumbo Elephant began to cry.

“Uuuuuuuuumm ... if I do not measure my weight on a weighing machine, then where will I measure it?” Jumbo said sadly while weeping.

“Jumbo, there are special machines to measure your weight. They are called

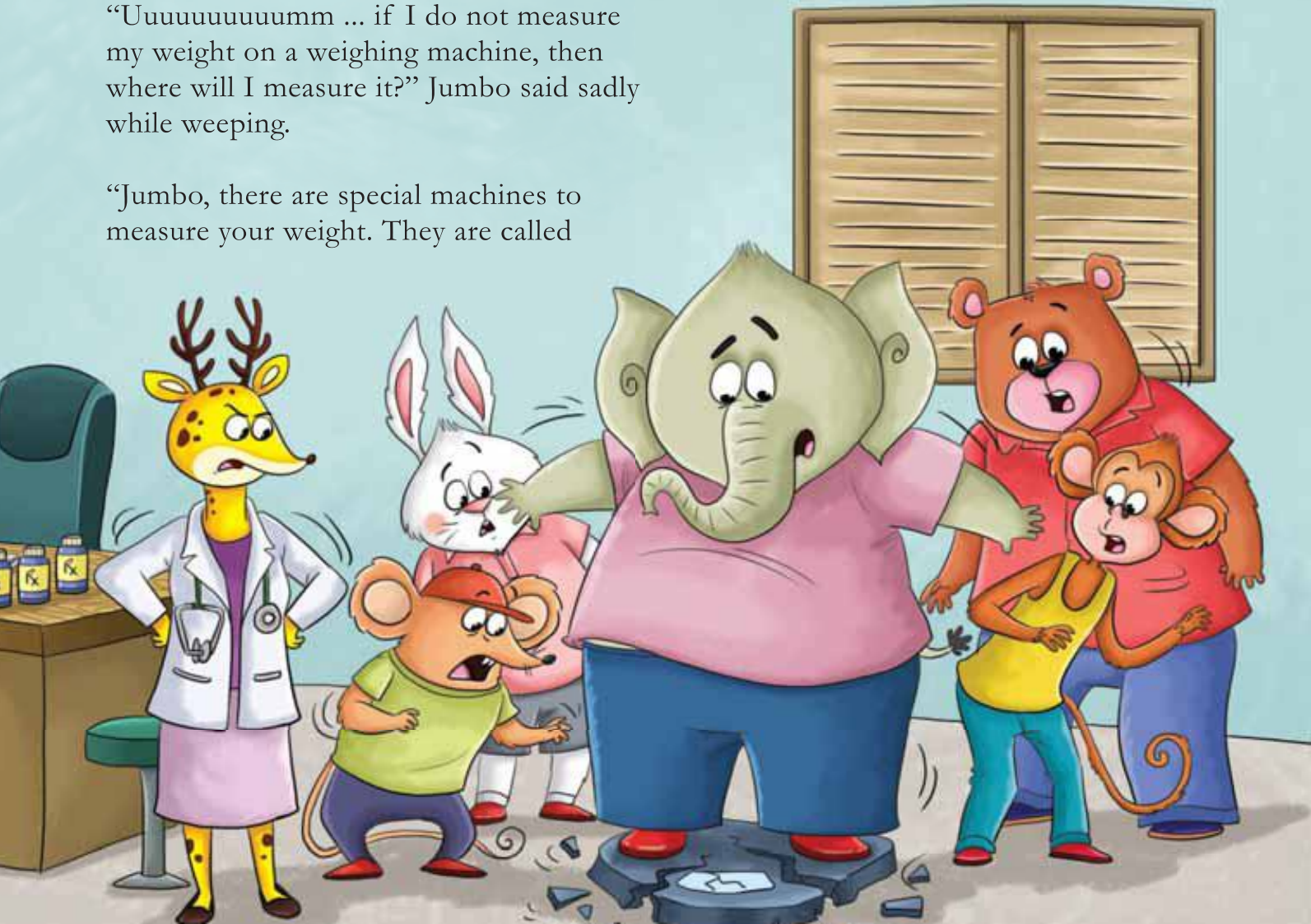
heavy-duty digital floor scales. They have large steel platforms. You can stand on them and check your weight,” Doctor Honey explained.

Jumbo nodded quietly.

“Doctor, please tell us what is wrong with Jumbo. Why does he get tired so quickly?” Cheeku Rabbit, Meeku Mouse, Jumpy Monkey and Blacky Bear asked.

“What else could it be? The same old problem—his increasing weight. I have told him many times to control it, but he never listens,” Doctor Honey said with a sigh.

“Doctor, tell us what we should do. From now on, we will take care of him,” Cheeku said.



Doctor Honey gave them instructions.

After that, they all went to a place where trucks and heavy items are weighed and checked Jumbo's weight.

"6,500 kilograms? Oh, my weight has increased a little," Jumbo said.

"Not a little, Jumbo. It has increased a lot. Starting tomorrow, we will help you follow the routine given by the doctor," they said.



The next day, Jumbo's friends began helping him take care of his diet and exercise.

"Jumbo, from now on, you will run two kilometres every day," Blacky said.

Jumbo agreed, and to support him, his friends also ran with him.

After one week, they checked his weight again, but there was no change.

"Oh no, Jumbo has not lost weight at all. Instead, we lost weight while running with him," Blacky said, holding his head.

June (Second) 2026

"I think two kilometres is not enough. He should run at least 20 to 30 kilometres," Meeku said thoughtfully.

"That may be true, but who will run that far with him? Even two kilometres made us lose weight," Jumpy said.

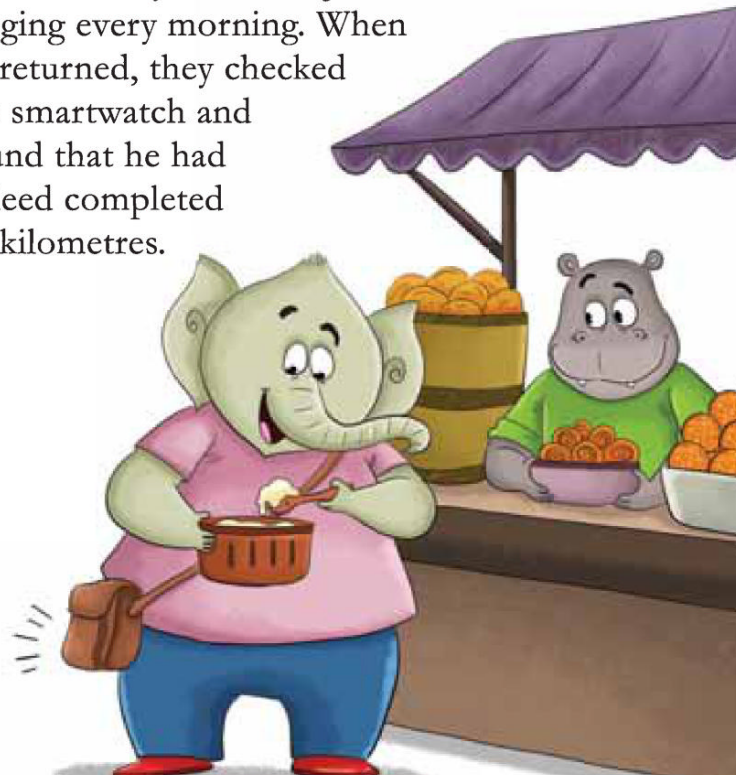
Everyone fell silent.

"Let's give Jumbo a smartwatch. That way, we will know whether he is actually running 20 kilometres," Cheeku suggested.

Everyone liked the idea.

"Do not worry, friends. I know you are doing this for my good. I will not cheat. I will run every day from our forest to the nearby forest," Jumbo said.

From that day onwards, Jumbo went jogging every morning. When he returned, they checked the smartwatch and found that he had indeed completed 30 kilometres.





“Wonderful! Jumbo is really working hard,” Cheeku said.

After a few days, they checked his weight again.

To their surprise, his weight had increased by five kilograms.

“What is happening? Is he jogging to lose weight or increase it?” Meeku said worriedly.

“This is truly surprising,” Cheeku said.

“Uuuuuuuuummm ... I run every day, but my weight is not decreasing,” Jumbo said, crying.

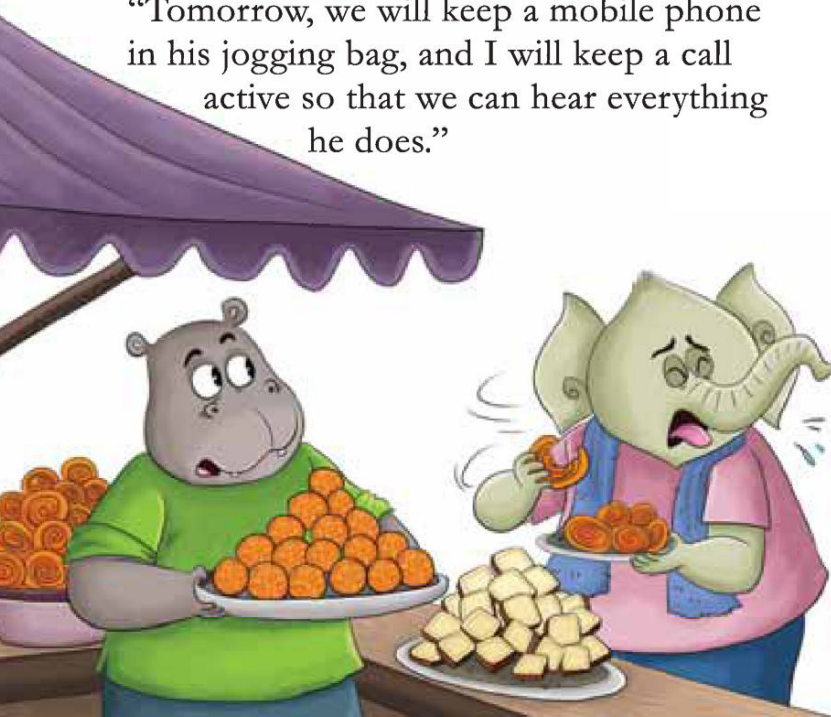
His friends comforted him.

“There is definitely something wrong,” Meeku said.

“Yes, but how will we find out what it is?” Cheeku asked.

“We will find out,” Cheeku said.

“Tomorrow, we will keep a mobile phone in his jogging bag, and I will keep a call active so that we can hear everything he does.”



The next day, they did exactly that. As soon as Jumbo left for his jog, they began listening. For two hours, they heard only the sound of running and heavy breathing.

“It sounds like he has arrived at the nearby forest. He is running properly,” Meeku said.

“Yes, then why is he not losing weight?” Cheeku wondered.

Just as he was about to disconnect the call, they heard a voice.

“Please give me two kilograms of rabri. I am tired after jogging,” the voice said.

Everyone was shocked.

“That is Jumbo’s voice,” Blacky said. “Now, we understand. He works hard while jogging, but then he eats sweets. That is why his weight is increasing,” he added.

“Yes, we will talk to him when he returns,” Meeku said.

“But if we tell him directly, he will feel embarrassed. We must do something so that he himself loses the desire to eat sweets,” Cheeku said thoughtfully.

“How?” Jumpy asked.

Cheeku explained his plan. The next day, before Jumbo left, Cheeku once again placed the phone in his bag and secretly applied neem extract to his towel.

After some time, they began listening.

Jumbo arrived at the nearby forest, washed his hands and wiped them with his towel. Then, he took a *jalebi* and began eating.

“Why is this *jalebi* bitter?” Jumbo asked.

“How can that be? *Jalebi* is always sweet. If it tastes bitter, you must be unwell,” the shopkeeper said.

Other customers also agreed. So, Jumbo threw the sweet away and took out his water bottle. When he tried to rinse his mouth, he realised it was not plain water but lemon water.

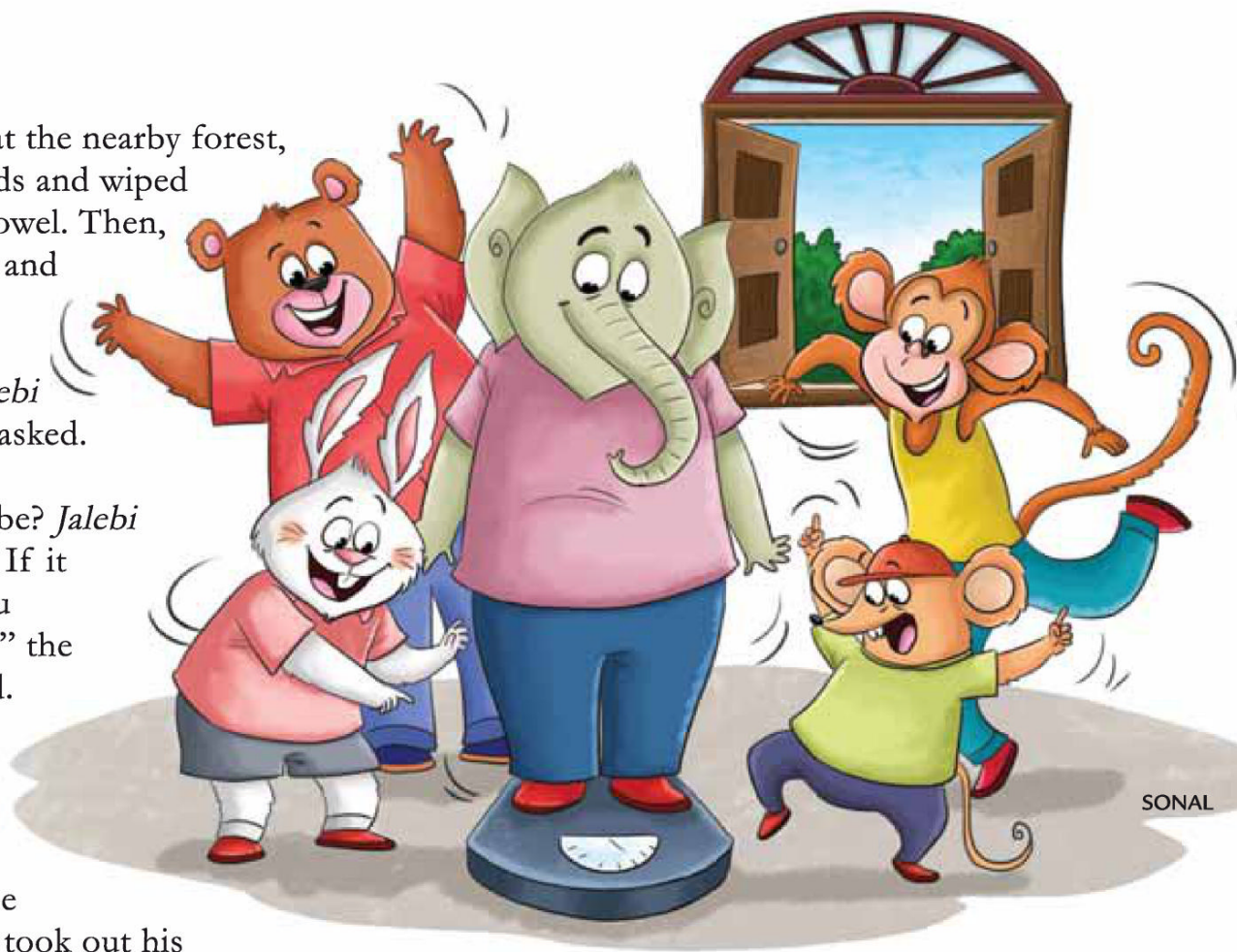
“Oh, one of my friends must have filled this,” he thought. Because his mouth felt bitter, the lemon water tasted refreshing. So, he drank the whole bottle and returned home.

For the next few days, the same thing happened. Gradually, Jumbo stopped going to the sweet shop during his jog, and his friends were very happy to see this change.

After some time, when Jumbo checked his weight, it had reduced significantly.

“Wonderful! My hard work has paid off,” Jumbo said happily.

His friends then told him the truth about



the neem extract.

“Oh, that is why everything tasted bitter only when I went jogging,” Jumbo said, laughing.

“Yes, because we can help you control your diet here, but not when you go out,” Meeku said.

“That is true. Come, let us go to the sweet shop,” Jumbo said.

“Sweets again? After so much effort, your weight has reduced, and you are talking about sweets again?” Blacky said.

“They are not for me. This treat is for all of you who helped me,” Jumbo said with a smile.

Everyone laughed and walked towards the sweet shop together.



Who am I?

1. I help people go up and down.
I have steps that keep moving.
You see me in malls and stations.
Who am I?
2. I am at the beginning of June,
and in the middle of enjoy.
But never in sorrow.
Who am I?
3. The more you use me, the smarter
you grow.
I can be heavy in your bag.
I open to teach you new things.
I wait for you when school begins.
Who am I?
4. I am the longest day of the year.
After me, days slowly grow shorter.
Who am I?
5. I am not a sport nor a game.
I help relax your mind and body.
I am an ancient practice from India.
Who am I?

Answers: Who am I?
1. Escalator 2. Letter 'J' 3. Book
4. Summer Solstice 5. Yoga

How Much Do You Know?



1. Which acid is present in a bee sting?
A) Citric acid
B) Acetic acid
C) Sulphuric acid
D) Formic acid
2. Where is Ranthambore National Park located?
A) Maharashtra
B) Uttar Pradesh
C) Rajasthan
D) Gujarat
3. What is the term for a period of two weeks?
A) Decade
B) Fortnight
C) Century
D) Era
4. Which was the first spacecraft to capture close-up images of asteroids?
A) The Galileo
B) Voyager 2
C) Juno
D) Curiosity Rover

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



Same Spots, Different Behaviours!

Let's change the colour of turmeric.

YOU WILL NEED

A white cloth, turmeric, yellow paint, detergent and water

DO



1 Mix one tablespoon of detergent with water in one bowl, and turmeric with water in a separate bowl.



2 Make one spot on a cloth using turmeric paste and another spot using yellow paint.



3 Now, gently brush both spots with detergent water.

WHY DID ONLY ONE SPOT CHANGE COLOUR?

THINK ABOUT IT!

Turmeric contains a chemical called curcumin. When the turmeric solution is mixed with another substance, it changes colour depending on the type of substance. If the turmeric remains yellow after mixing, the substance may be acidic in nature. If it turns red or reddish-brown, the substance is basic in nature. Detergent water is usually basic, so when it touches turmeric, the colour changes. Yellow paint does not have curcumin, so it does not change colour.



WHERE ELSE DO YOU SEE THIS? LET'S FIND OUT!

You can see this in real life too! Imagine a child drops curry containing turmeric on a white shirt. When their parents rub the stain with laundry soap, the yellow stain turns reddish-brown or red. This happens because soap is a base, and turmeric reacts to bases by changing colour. It is the same reaction we saw in the experiment with detergent water. But if yellow paint spills on clothes while painting, it usually stays yellow. That is because paint does not contain curcumin, the special chemical in turmeric that causes the colour to change.



Photo Credits: Freepik.com

Shirt of Memories

By Shubhi Mehrotra

STEPS TO MAKE:

YOU WILL NEED:



Black, white and red card paper, scissors, scale, white marker and glue

Note: Make use of scissors under adult supervision.



- 1 Cut four large squares from white card paper. Then, cut one big heart and a few small hearts from red paper.



- 2 Cut a rectangle from black card paper and fold it in half to make a card. Draw a line at the top. Along this line, cut one half of the card. On the other half, cut both ends and leave a small part in the middle. Fold the sides inward to make a shirt collar.



- 3 Draw a straight line down from the collar. Add small dots beside the line to look like buttons. Draw a pocket on one side. Write 'Papa' on the other side.



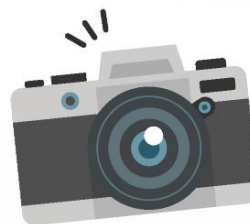
- 4 Cut a long black strip of paper and stick the four white squares onto the strip.

- 5 Fold the strip in a zigzag shape. Stick it inside the card and attach the big red heart at the end. Paste some small hearts on the front of the card.



Attach your favourite photos with your dad on each white square.

Express your love this father's day with a shirt full of memories!



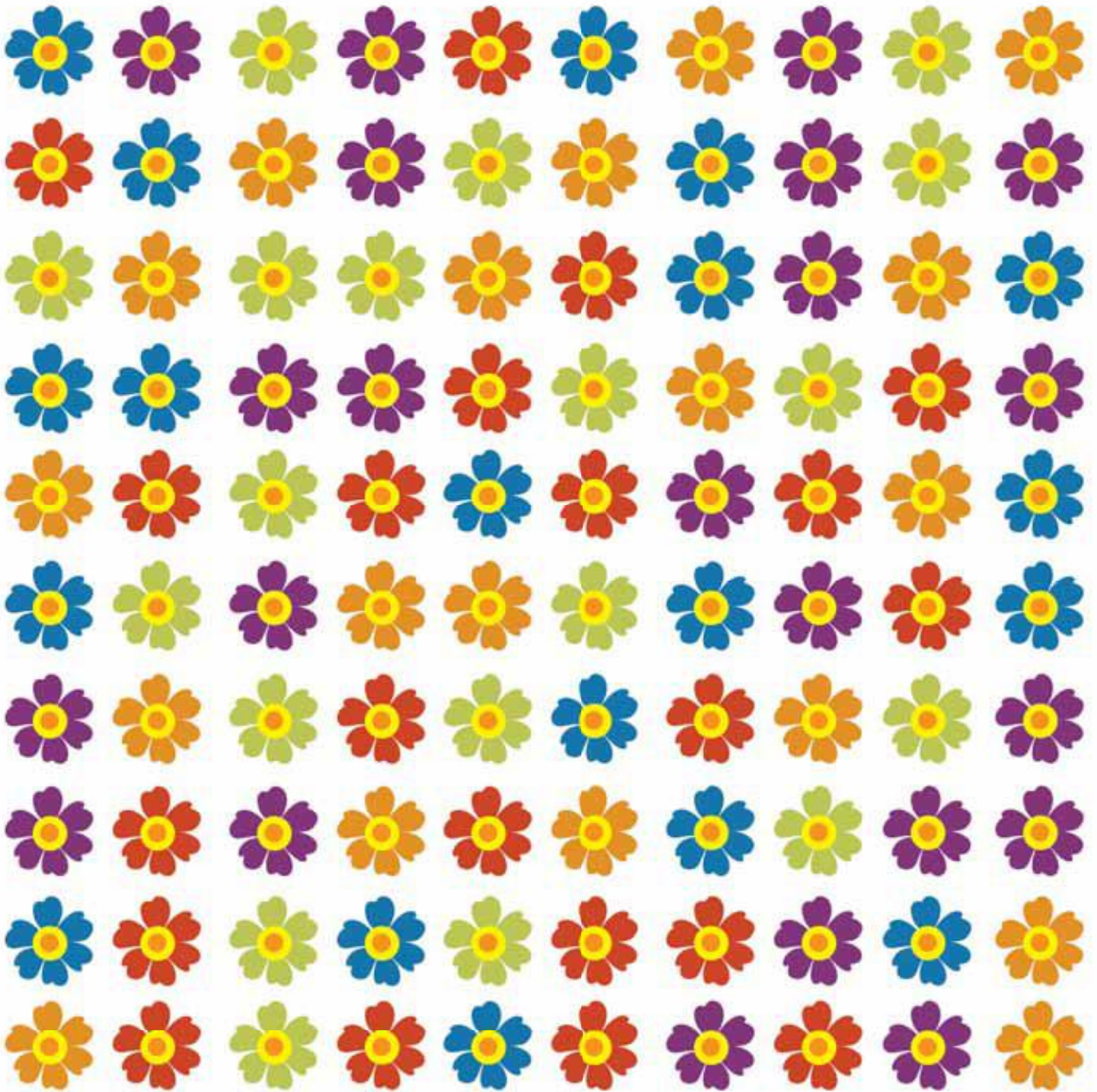
Make it yourself at home.

Click a picture of your creations. Send it to us at writetochampak@delhipress.in or WhatsApp it to us at +91 7042531377.



Flower Power

Find the five flower patterns in the grid below and mark them.



* Answer on the last page.

A Trip to Disney Land

Ruchi Gontia

Oh no, no, no ... don't go thinking that we are talking about those massive Disneyland parks in America. We are talking about the 'Disney Land' set up at Moti Bagh Chowk in Raipur, which usually remains an empty patch of land throughout the year. Sometimes it hosts a flower exhibition, sometimes a Tibetan Bazaar and sometimes a colourful handloom fair.

But things heat up a bit in the summer. The holidays arrive, and all the children in the city get bored staying at home.

Perhaps with this in mind, Disney Land is set up at Moti Bagh Chowk every year. They mount large loudspeakers onto small autos and promote it so grandly that every child in every lane and neighbourhood knows about it.

"Disney Land has arrived!" the speakers blared.

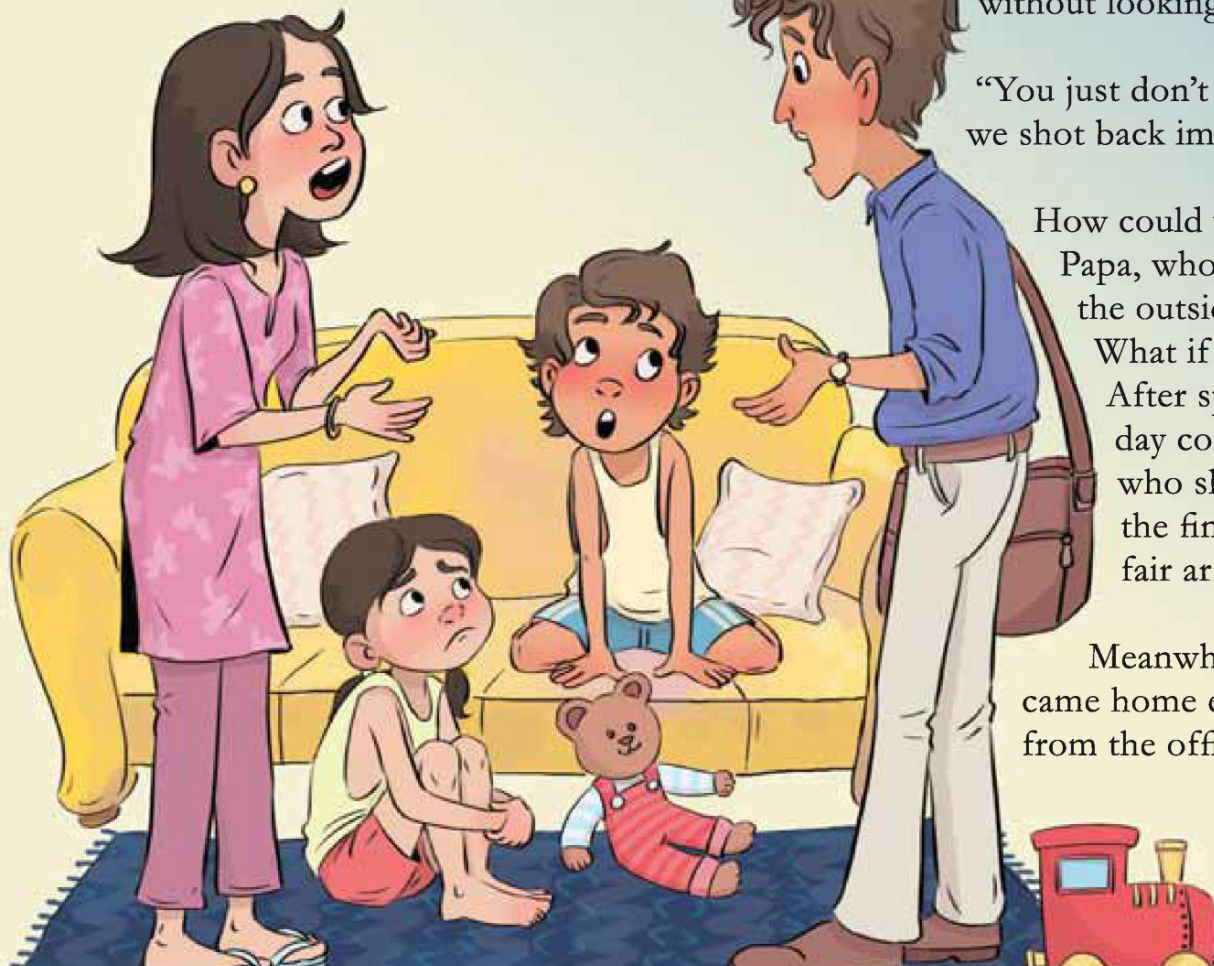
"Mummy ... Mummy ... please take us to Disney Land!" we begged.

"When do I have the time? Go and ask your Papa," Mummy replied without looking up.

"You just don't want us to go!" we shot back immediately.

How could we ask our Papa, who was so stern on the outside, to take us? What if he got angry? After spending every day contemplating who should ask, the final day of the fair arrived.

Meanwhile, Papa came home exhausted from the office.



“What has happened?” asked Papa.
“Why the long faces today?”

“They want to go to Disney Land,”
Mummy replied.

That was it! We were suddenly
filled with courage when we heard
Mummy say those words.

“Papa, today is the last day. Please
take us!” we pleaded.

Papa went into the room silently.
There goes our Disney Land, we
thought and sighed.

But after a short while, Papa
came out ready.

“Oh, aren’t you ready yet?
Come on, hurry up!” he said.

That was that! We got ready
in a jiffy, caught an auto and

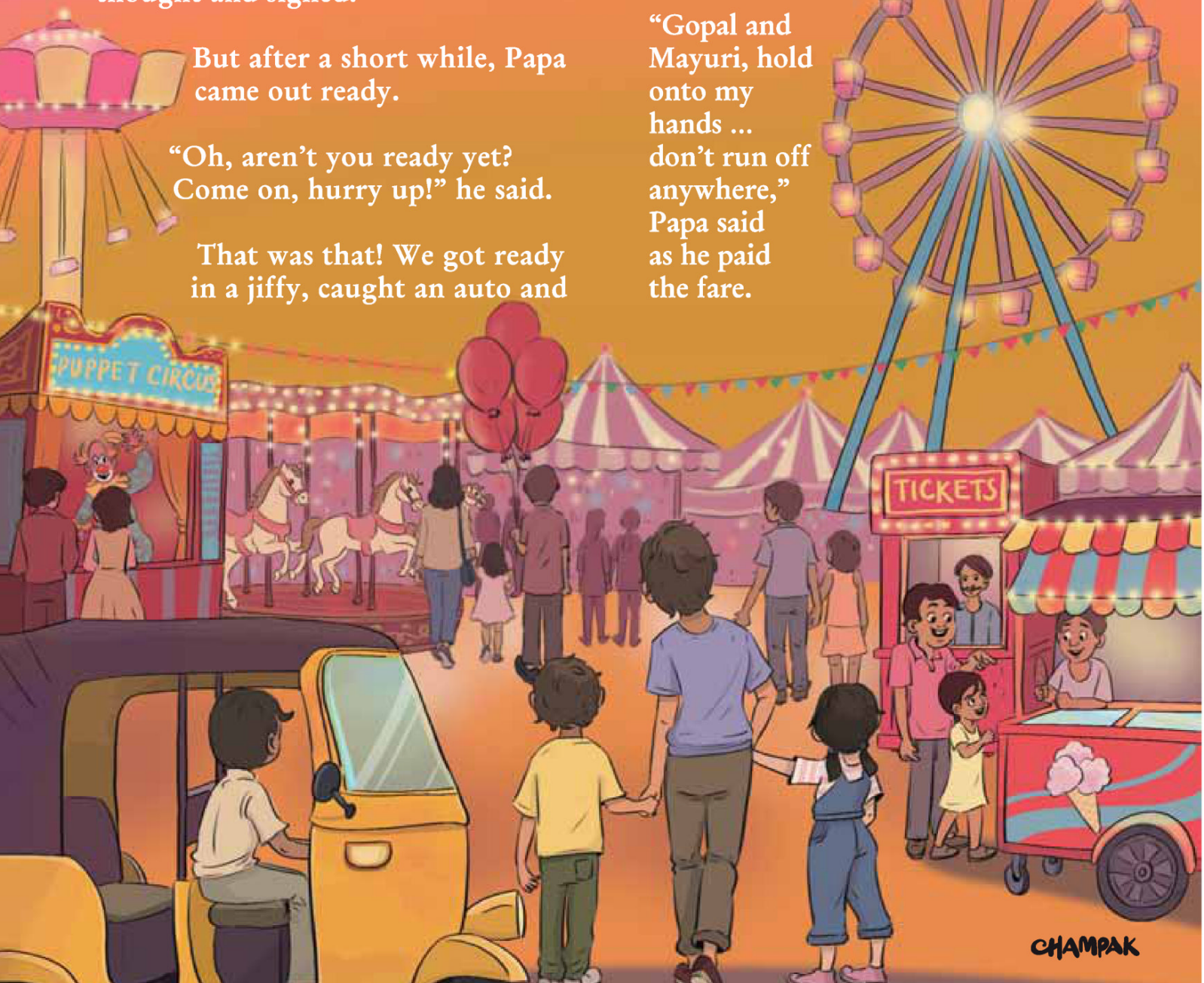
the three of us set off.

“Look, we’ve arrived!” the driver said.

The sudden jolt of the auto’s
brakes brought us back to reality.
We looked up at what lay ahead.

Colourful, shimmering lights, the
clatter of the tall rides and the
laughter of children. A smile appeared
on our faces unbidden. The auto
driver also paused for a few moments,
as if he, too, wanted to
go inside.

“Gopal and
Mayuri, hold
onto my
hands ...
don’t run off
anywhere,”
Papa said
as he paid
the fare.



Today we had come out alone with Papa for the first time, so we had to obey every word.

“Yes, Papa,” we replied.

We went in after getting our tickets, and the scene inside was like entering another world—lights everywhere, towering rides, small hand-cranked carousels, the aroma of street food and toy stalls. Everything blended together to create magic. Our eyes simply wandered.

“What should we do first?” we wondered.

“Choose three rides ... but you both have to like them,” Papa said.

And that was where the difficulty began. Every ride looked the best. Finally, we chose the first one: the Tea Cups. We sat down. It started slowly ... then fast! We began to scream.

“Faster!” we yelled.

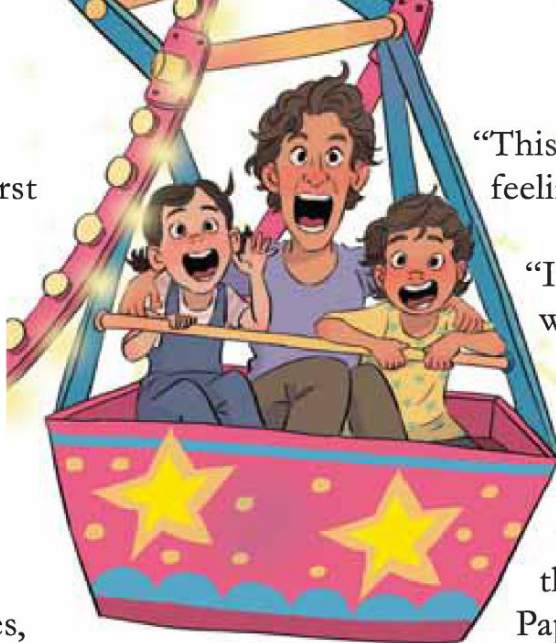
When we got down, we stumbled a little, dizzy but full of laughter.

“Did you have fun?” Papa asked.

“A lot!” we replied.

The second ride was over quickly, too. But we could not decide on the third one. Then, Papa looked up and pointed towards the Ferris wheel.

“Come on,” Papa said. “This one!”



“This looks so scary!” we cried, feeling a sudden rush of fear.

“I’ll come too,” Papa said with a twinkle in his eyes.

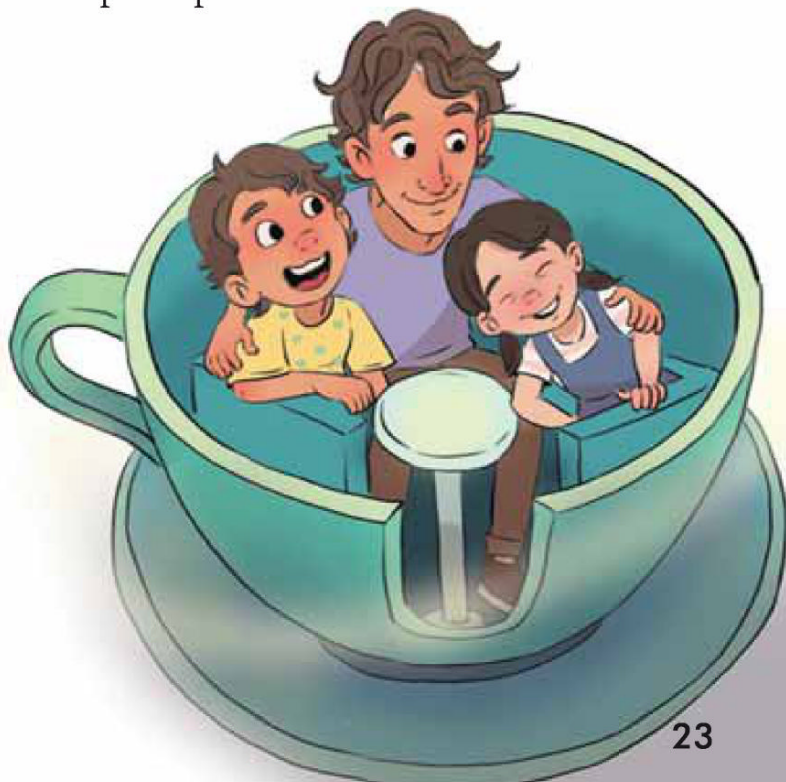
So, we agreed. Standing in the queue, our hearts started pounding. The fear grew as we watched the others. We grabbed Papa’s hand.

Finally, our turn arrived. We sat down with Papa in the middle, and the bars were fastened.

“Don’t be afraid. I’m here, aren’t I?” Papa comforted us.

Half the fear vanished right there. The ride went up and the lights below began to look small. Then, the ride shook. We gripped his hand tightly. Suddenly, the carriage plummeted and then spun fast!

“Scream when we come down from the top!” Papa shouted.



We did exactly that. Now, there was no fear. We were having fun, and Papa was screaming with us, laughing just like a child. We had never seen him like this before. No worry about work, no scolding, just happiness. Today he had become a child with us, and that was the greatest fun of all.

The ride stopped and we sat there for a while, breathless.

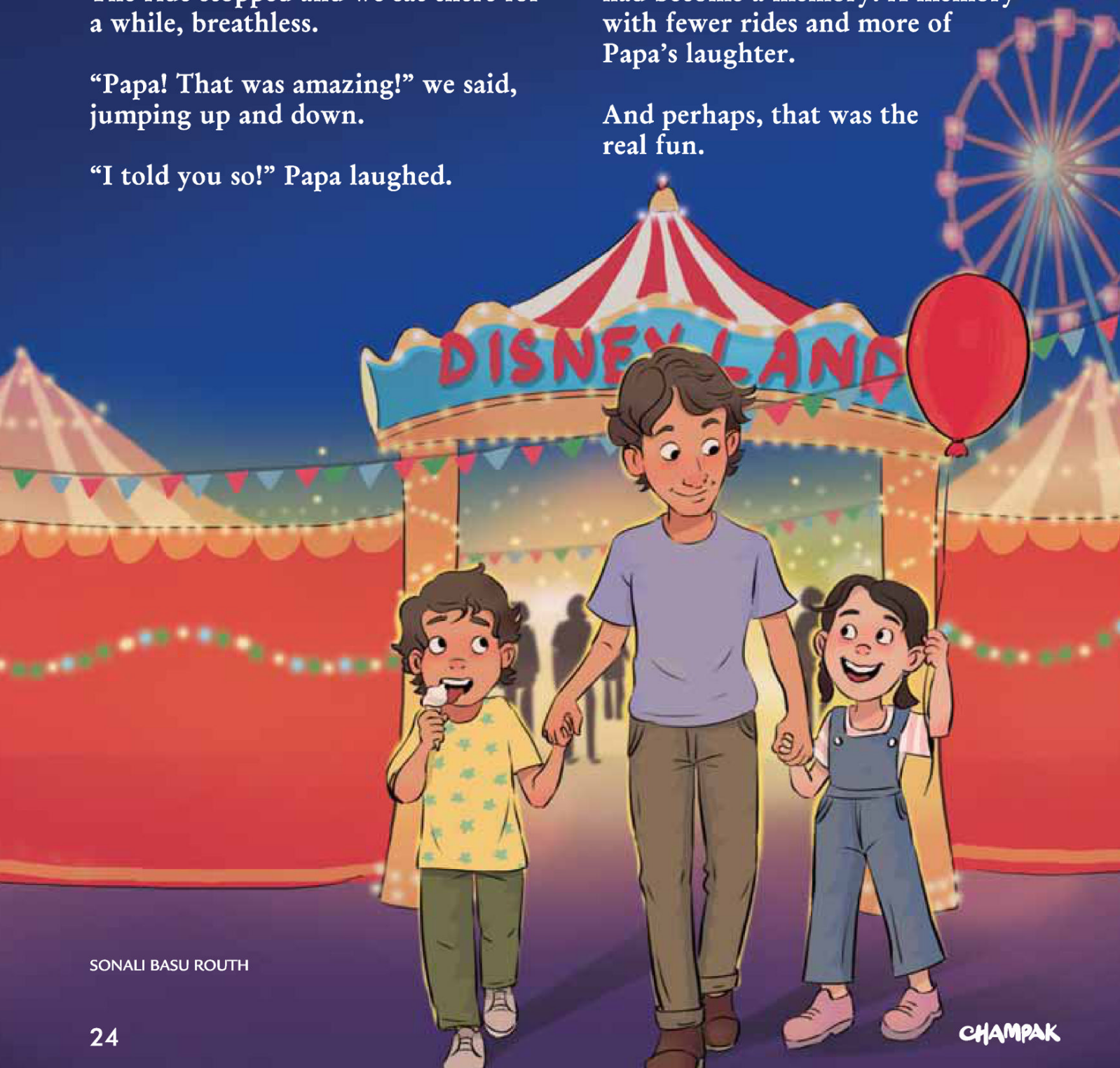
“Papa! That was amazing!” we said, jumping up and down.

“I told you so!” Papa laughed.

On that day, we didn’t just go on rides; we saw a new side of Papa. A Papa who could laugh with us, be scared with us and live his childhood with us once again.

The same lights were there on the way back, but everything looked more beautiful. Because today, Disney Land wasn’t just a fair; it had become a memory. A memory with fewer rides and more of Papa’s laughter.

And perhaps, that was the real fun.

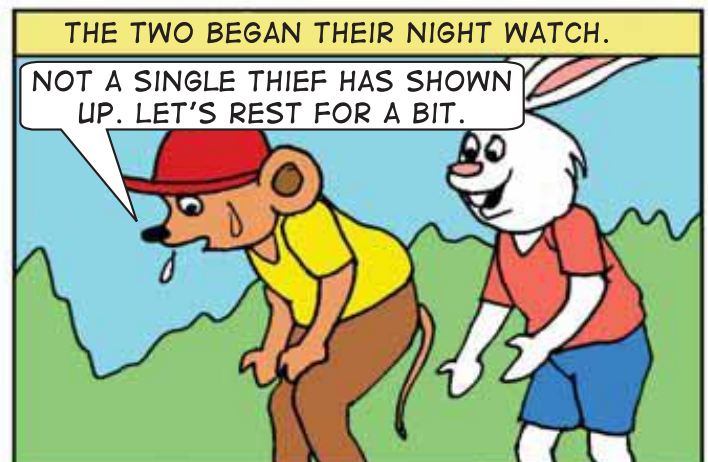
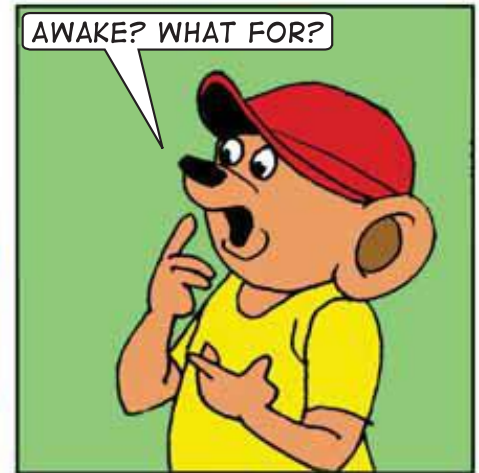


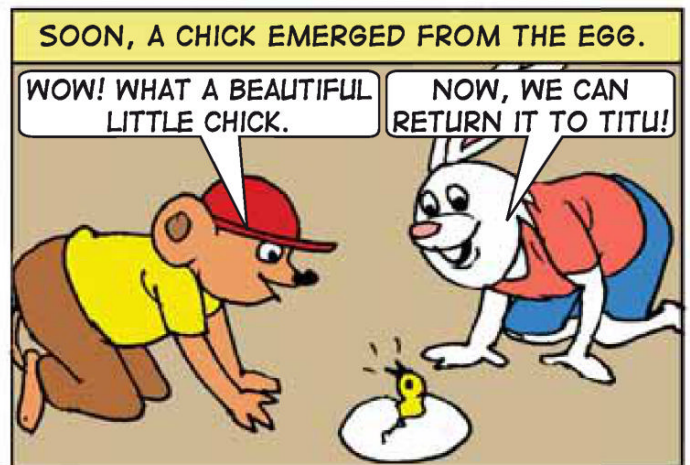
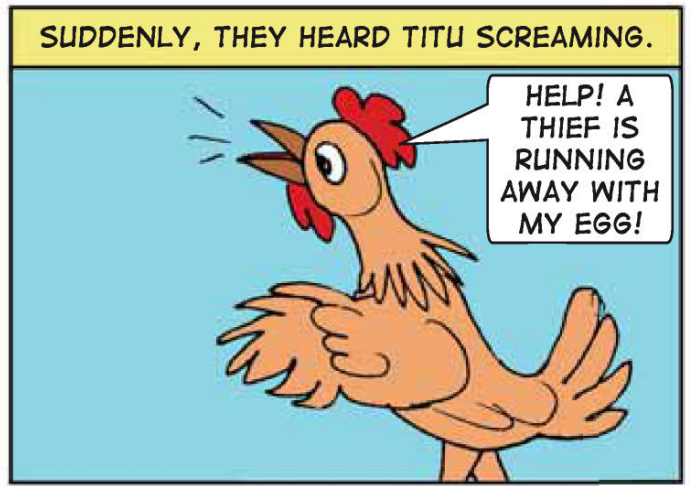
Sequence

Father's Day is on June 21. Sara and Ahmed spent the entire day with their dad. Put the images in order to find out what they did.



* Answer on the last page.





ALL TOGETHER, LITTLE ANTS!

Prashant Tiwari

Peacocks, dogs, cats, lizards and even snakes live in and around my house. But ants are everywhere. They can be seen inside, on every surface and in every corner.

Dogs stay outside, cats come and go

as they please and snakes appear only occasionally and are quickly chased away. But ants? They live in every corner of the house as if they are part of the family.

They don't have a fixed place of their





own. They live even in places we rarely go. Sometimes, I wonder, *Is this house mine, or theirs?*

As a child, I believed ants loved only sweets. But in my house, ants appear in containers of sugar, salt, spices and snacks, as if they aren't picky at all.

One day, I asked one of them, "You love sweets, so what are you doing in the salt and pickles?"

She replied calmly, "The body needs everything. Do you eat only sugar? Or drink only milk? Or eat only rice and lentils? How can anyone survive on just one thing? I'm bored of sweets. I need something salty for a change."

I thought to myself, *earlier I only had to protect the sweets. Now, I will have to guard everything!*

But how could I protect anything from a family member?

They knew exactly where everything was kept. Perhaps even better than I did. After all, their entire day was spent searching and discovering.

This went on for a while.

Eventually, when it became clear that the ants were permanent residents, their share was added to the monthly ration.

Their supplies were kept separately in a room, and a sign was even put up at the entrance—Ant House. But honestly, it didn't make much difference.

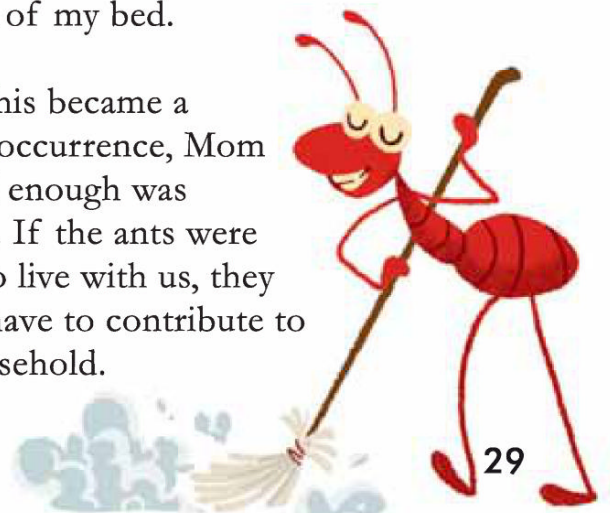
Food was one thing, but they began to occupy other places too. One night, when I went to sleep, I found their entire family marching across my bed.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

They replied, "It's too hot in our hole. We needed some fresh air, so we came out."

I had no choice but to give them a small portion of my bed.

When this became a regular occurrence, Mom decided enough was enough. If the ants were going to live with us, they would have to contribute to the household.

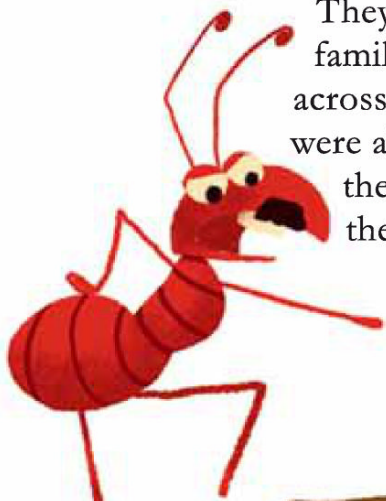




After all, they were eating, living and even inviting relatives. Surely, they had some responsibilities, too.

Mom put forward her proposal, and the ants asked for two days to think about it. Two days later, their entire group arrived, and duties were assigned.

They explained that their family was large and spread across the house. Since they were always on the move, they could take care of all the cleaning.



They took responsibility for removing cobwebs, clearing out small insects and even sweeping tiny spaces. They also offered to look after the plants and ensure that no harmful insects damaged any of the plants.

This reduced Mom's workload significantly.

However, the ants had one condition: they wanted to cook their own food.

For this, they wanted their share of flour, rice and sugar—without having to ask each time.



Mom agreed.

It was decided that they could take whatever they needed, and once a week, they would stock up on their rations.

One day, I went to get flour, but saw the ants already collecting their share, so I turned back. Just then, the eldest ant said,

“Come and take some from this side. We’ll make space.”

I took my share and left while she continued gathering theirs.

And so, our unusual joint family lived on.

One day, a new shop opened in the city, and on my way back, the shopkeeper gave me a box of *rasgullas*.

I was about to take it to my room when, on the way, an ant’s daughter—carrying flour on her head—stopped me.

Looking at the *rasgullas*, she said, “Brother, are you going to eat all those *rasgullas* alone? If my family finds out, you won’t even get the syrup! Give me

just two pinches of *rasgulla* and half a spoon of syrup, and I won’t tell anyone.”

What could I do? I gave in to her request and went to my room.

The next morning, I woke up to find half the *rasgullas* missing.

I rushed to the next room, only to find the ants having a full-fledged *rasgulla* party! And there she was, the same little ant, standing near the door, distributing small pieces to every ant.

She saw me, smiled and offered me one.

I couldn’t help but laugh. I took it, went back to my room, and quietly enjoyed what was left of my share.



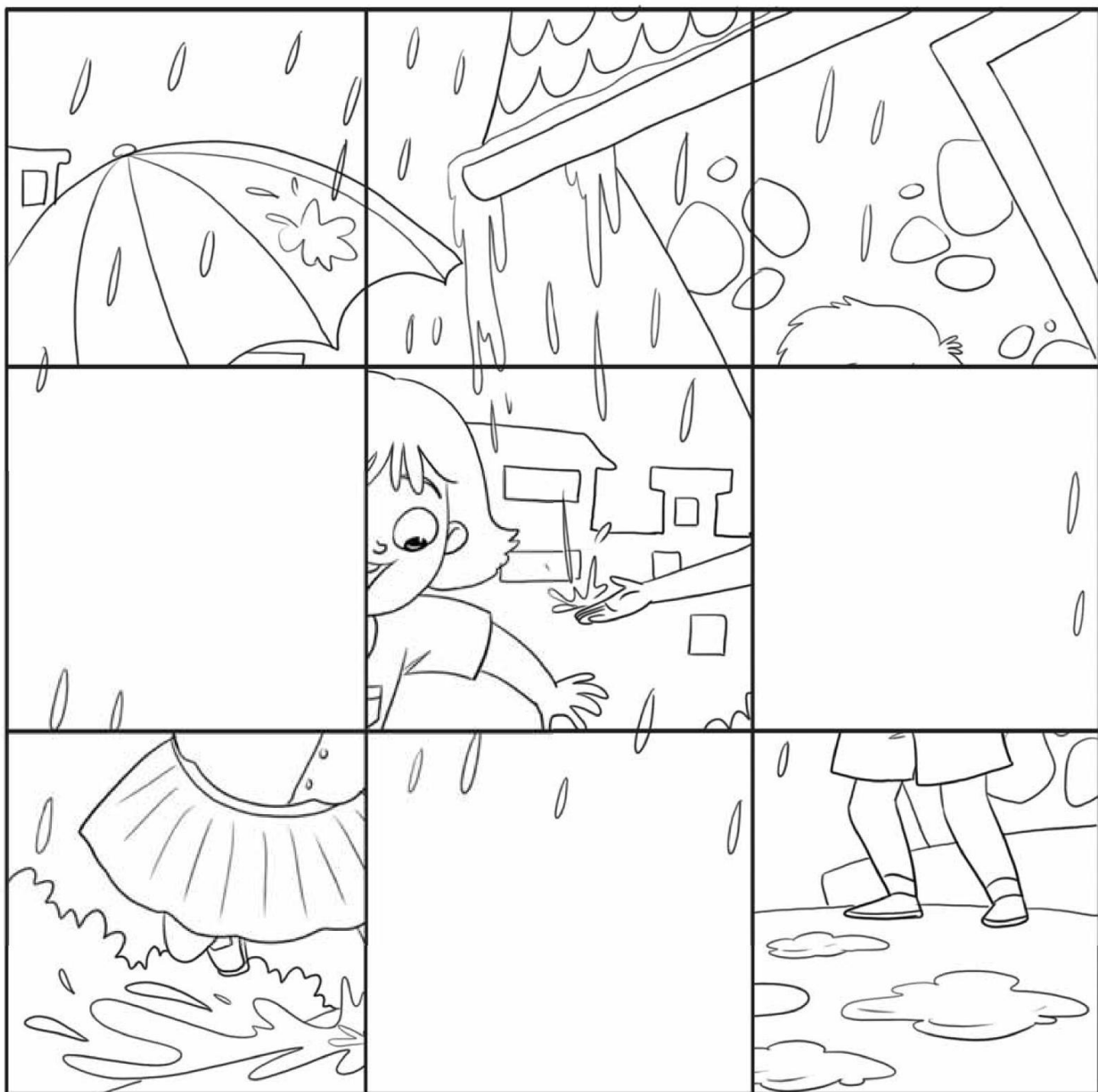
Maze

Ant Jasmine has got a cookie from the cookie jar.
Help her find her way back to her anthill.



Complete the Picture

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



DADAJI AND NATIONAL STATISTICS DAY

Vivek Chakravarty

RIYA AND RAHUL ARE COUNTING THEIR TEXTBOOKS.

OH, RIYA, YOU THINK TOO MUCH. EVEN IF THE COUNT IS A LITTLE WRONG, IT WON'T MATTER MUCH.

BHAIYA, COUNT PROPERLY, OTHERWISE WE WON'T KNOW HOW MANY COVERS WE NEED TO BUY.

THAT'S NOT TRUE, RAHUL. WRONG COUNTING CAN CAUSE MANY PROBLEMS.

HOW, DADAJI?

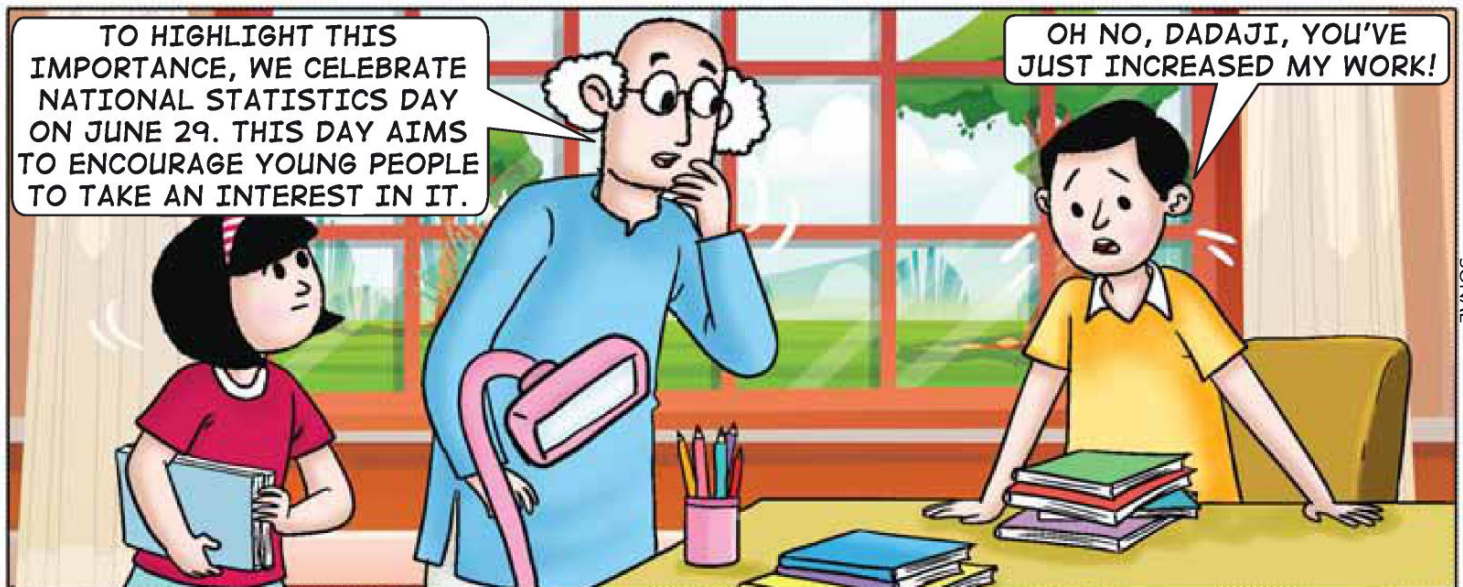
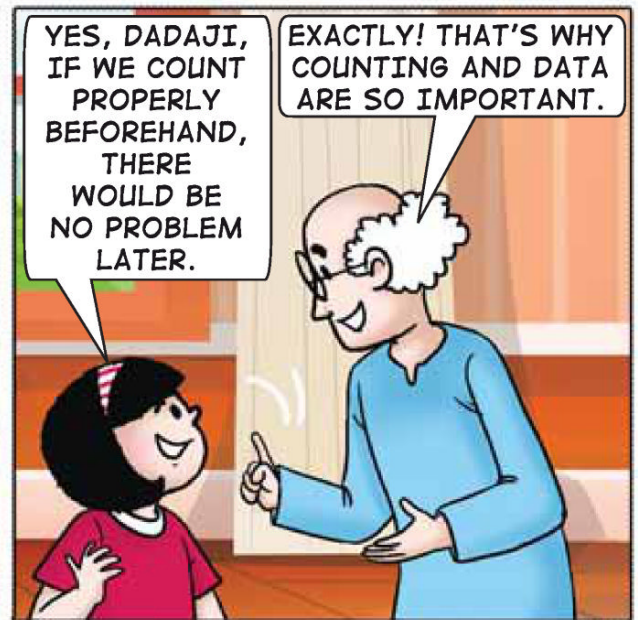
JUST LIKE COUNTING TEXTBOOKS HELPS YOU, COUNTING PEOPLE AND THINGS CORRECTLY HELPS THE WHOLE COUNTRY. THIS IS CALLED STATISTICS.

IT HELPS IN MAKING PLANS FOR EDUCATION, HEALTH AND MANY OTHER THINGS. WITHOUT CORRECT DATA, A COUNTRY CANNOT MAKE GOOD DECISIONS.

BUT DADAJI, WHAT IF WE FORGET TO COUNT ONE THING? WILL IT REALLY MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE?

SOME PEOPLE WILL GET FOOD AND SOME WON'T!

IT WILL. LET'S SAY, IF YOU PREPARE FOOD FOR 100 PEOPLE, BUT 150 PEOPLE COME. WHAT WILL HAPPEN?



Manisha Sukhyani

“I don’t want to leave Grandma’s home!” Poorvi said, zipping the chain of her bag.

“Me too!” said Dhruv and Tarush.

“Can’t we do something?” Pia asked.

“No ...” Dhruv said sadly. “Summer vacation is over, and our parents already sent a driver and Bishan *Chacha* to take us home.”

Bishan *Chacha* was already there, having breakfast with Grandma.

“Let’s go, children!” Bishan *Chacha* shouted from the dining hall.

The children picked up their bags, and Bishan *Chacha* carried the extra bags.

“We must do something to stop it,” Pia suggested.

“Wait,” said Tarush. “You go wait with Bishan *Chacha*,” Tarush instructed and rushed straight to the autorickshaw waiting outside.



ONE LAST
SUMMER
ADVENTURE



He noticed the driver was dozing, so he went to the rickshaw and knelt beside the tyre. He unscrewed a cylindrical cap from a little metal nozzle sticking out of the wheel. Air slowly hissed out. Tarush instantly stood up and put his bag in the backseat as if nothing had happened.

Bishan *Chacha* came outside with the children following behind.

“Let’s go!” shouted Bishan *Chacha*.

The auto driver jolted awake. “Yes, yes!” He pulled the handle from the floor of the autorickshaw three times. The rickshaw’s engine roared to life. PUT... PUT... PUT... PUT!

Poorvi, Pia, Dhruv and Tarush settled in the back seat while Bishan *Chacha* sat with the driver in the front seat.

Grandma came out to bid them goodbye.

The driver felt the handle was heavy. Then, there was a loud PSSSSHHHHHHH!

The driver got out and noticed the back tyre was flattened against the road. “Sorry,

Sahabji,” the driver said to Bishan *Chacha*. “The tyre is punctured. I won’t be able to take you to the station.”

The children smiled at each other.

“I can tell my neighbour to drive you to the station, but he has a tonga,” Grandma said.

“What? Really?” Bishan *Chacha* asked. “See for yourself!” Grandma instantly requested the neighbour to bring his tonga-cum-car.

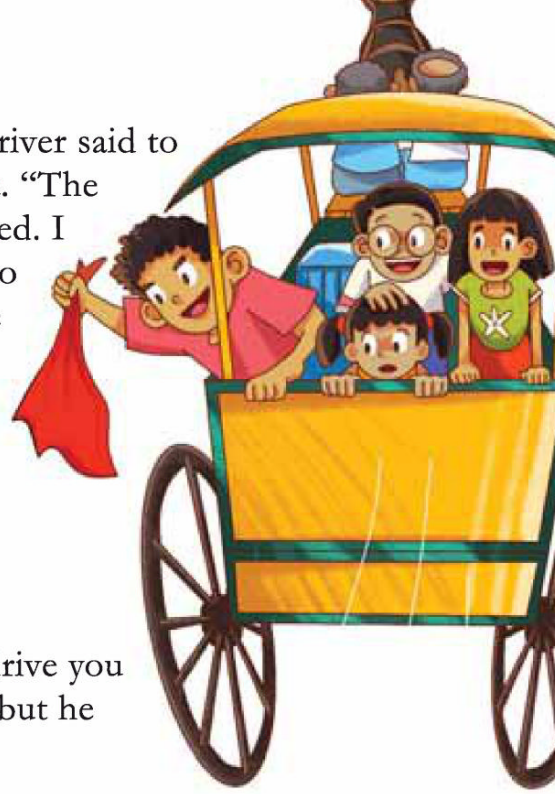
The neighbour arrived with a horse-drawn car that had no windows. There was a small area between the horse and the car where the driver was sitting.

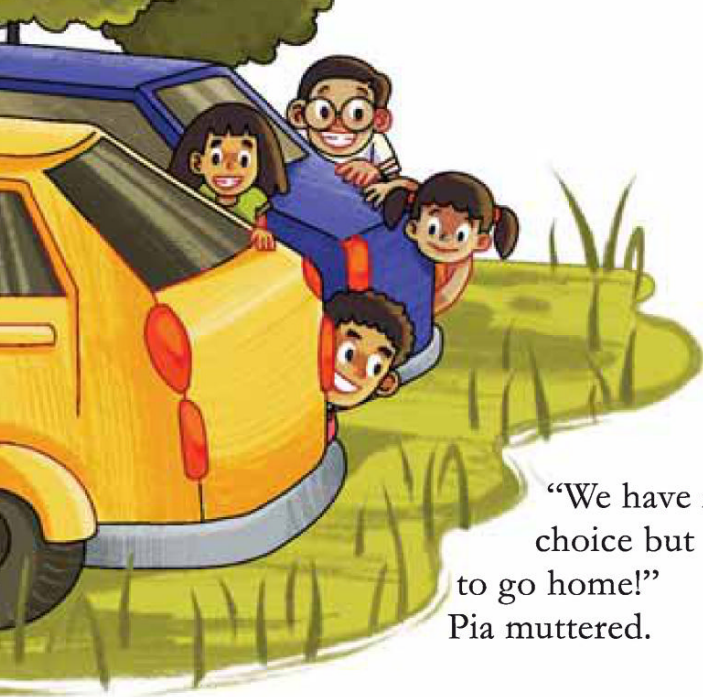
The children AWWWEDDD!

“At least it will take us to the station!” Bishan *Chacha* said.

Bishan *Chacha* put the bags in the trunk. He sat with the driver at the front while the children settled inside the car.

All of them waved goodbye to Grandma, and the tonga-cum-car moved ahead.
CLOP... CLOP...
SKREEEEEEEE!





"We have no choice but to go home!" Pia muttered.

"I have an idea," Dhruv said and pointed to a bull grazing in the farm.

"What are you planning?" asked Poorvi.

From his bag, Dhruv took out his red T-shirt and started waving it at the bull. The bull lifted his head slowly, and his eyes fixed on the waving cloth. Then, his nostrils flared. Suddenly, he lunged forward and bolted towards the tonga.

The horse heard the loud footsteps of the bull. Panic took over him. He picked up the speed and dashed towards a nearby farm. The car lurched forward, and everybody sitting inside grabbed the sides. A fallen tree branch blocked the path, but the horse jumped across it. Car wheels slammed into the branch, and KRAAAACK. The car broke away from the horse. The horse ran away and the bull followed.

The car lay broken on the branch. Dhruv instantly hid the T-shirt while everyone climbed out of the car.

"Is there any way we could reach the station?" Bishan *Chacha* asked the driver.

"It will take half an hour on foot," said the driver. "It's 11:15 AM now, so you will arrive at 11:45 AM."

"Ok, let's go, children!" said Bishan *Chacha*, taking the bags. The children took their bags and made their way to the station on foot.

But by the time they reached the station, the children were ready to execute their next plan.

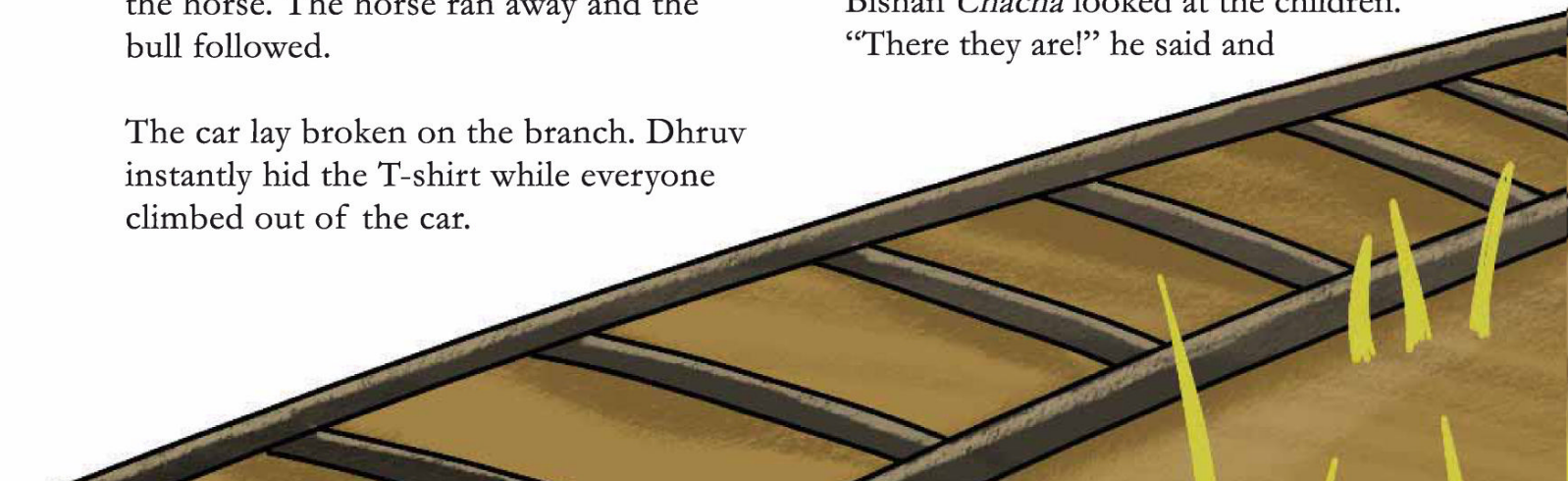
Bishan *Chacha* was walking ahead of them, and the train was waiting at the platform. "We are finally here," he said and turned around, but he was shocked to see that the children were nowhere to be seen. He looked for them all over the station, both inside and outside.

Around 15 minutes passed, and the train left the platform. It was only then that the children came out of the parking lot and entered the station.

They went straight to Bishan *Chacha*, who was asking the coolie about them.

"Bishan *Chacha*," Poorvi called.

Bishan *Chacha* looked at the children. "There they are!" he said and



ran towards them. "Where have you been?"

"We got lost!" said Dhruv.

"WHERE?" Bishan *Chacha* raised his voice.

"By mistake, we went to another platform!" said Pia.

Tarush nodded.

Bishan *Chacha* narrowed his eyes. "First, a punctured tyre, then the bull and now this!" He crossed his arms. "Did you do all of this?"

The children shook their heads.

Bishan *Chacha* sighed. "You will sit down on the bench in front of me. We will wait for the next train at 6 PM."

Poorvi, Pia, Dhruv and Tarush sat on the bench with their heads hanging low. Bishan *Chacha* kept a close eye on them.

"Tell me," Bishan *Chacha* said, "why don't you want to go back home?"

"We don't want to go back to school. We love staying with Grandma. She tells us lots of stories," Dhruv said.

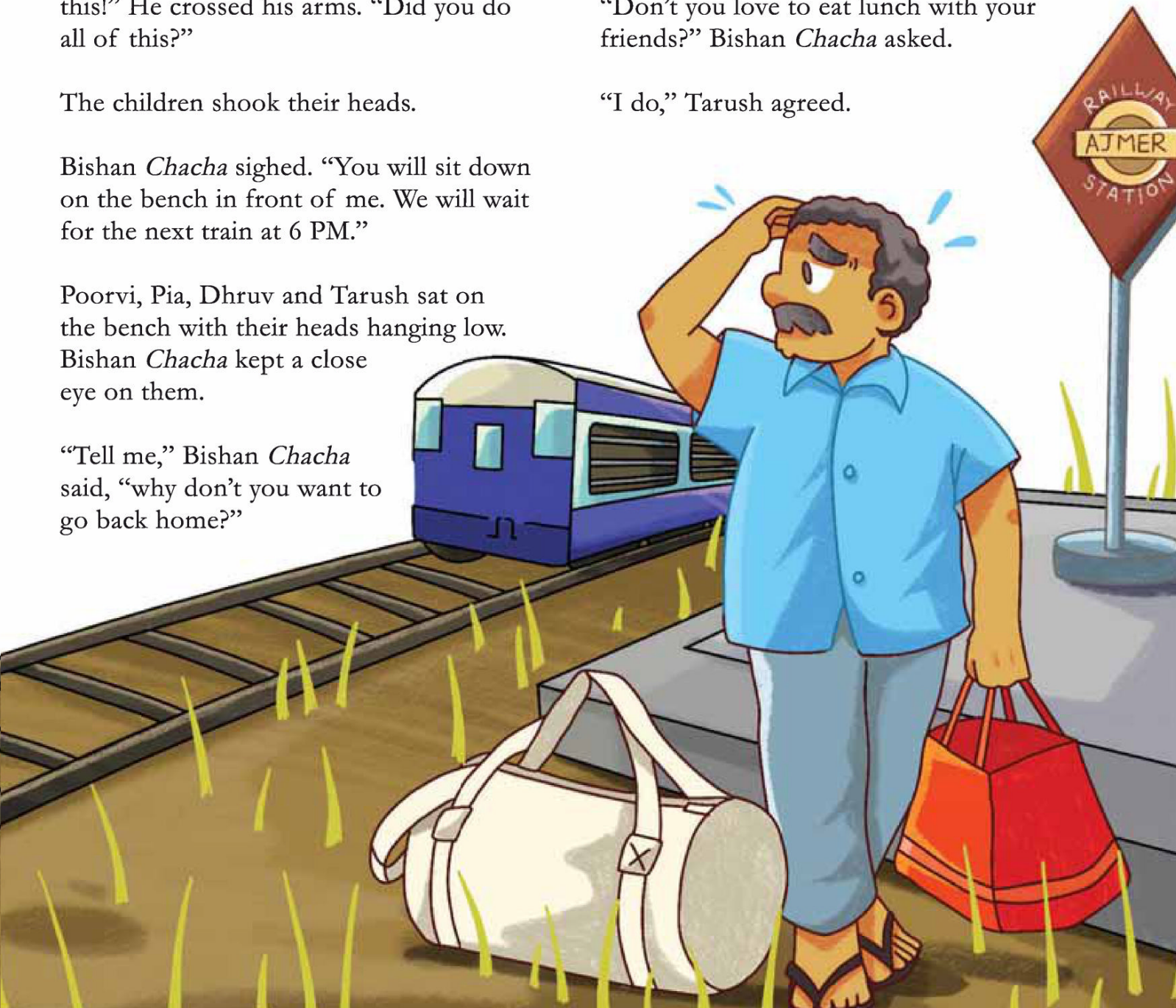
"What about stories you hear at school?" Bishan *Chacha* asked. "And what about stories you make at school? Did you share your school stories with Grandma?"

Dhruv smiled, "Yes!"

"We love to eat together at Grandma's house," Tarush said.

"Don't you love to eat lunch with your friends?" Bishan *Chacha* asked.

"I do," Tarush agreed.



“Grandma takes us to visit different places,” Pia smiled widely. “Do you know, once we visited the Kumbhalgarh Fort, and I explained its history. She was so proud of me.”

Bishan *Chacha* was amused. “And do you think that would be possible without learning history in school?”

Pia shook her head.

“I love accompanying Grandma to buy groceries and vegetables,” said Poorvi.

“Why?” Bishan *Chacha* asked.

Poorvi grinned. “I love to calculate the total money she has to pay the vendors.”

“Right!” Bishan *Chacha* smiled. “Do you think it would be possible to do so without learning math at school?”

Poorvi blinked. “That’s true!”

Bishan *Chacha* continued. “Now, think of everything you will miss if you don’t attend school. Especially, fulfilling your

dreams when you grow up!”

“How?” the children asked.

“Let’s say you want to be a pilot,” Bishan *Chacha* said. “You must understand science, geography, numbers and weather. It all starts in a classroom.”

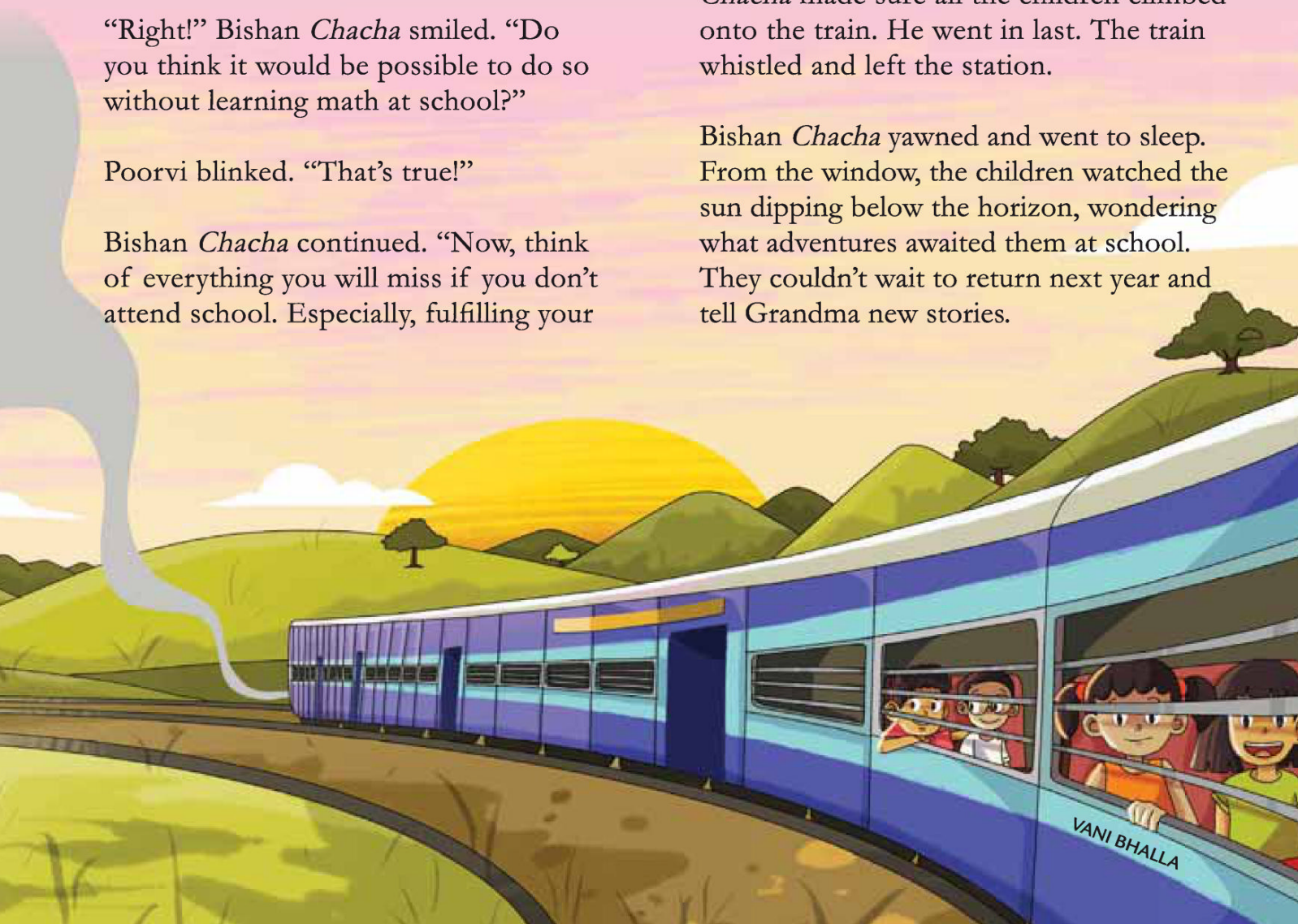
“We didn’t think of it that way!” Poorvi said.

“Let’s go back to school!” the children said together.

And so, they drank tea, ate *samosas* and chips while waiting for the train.

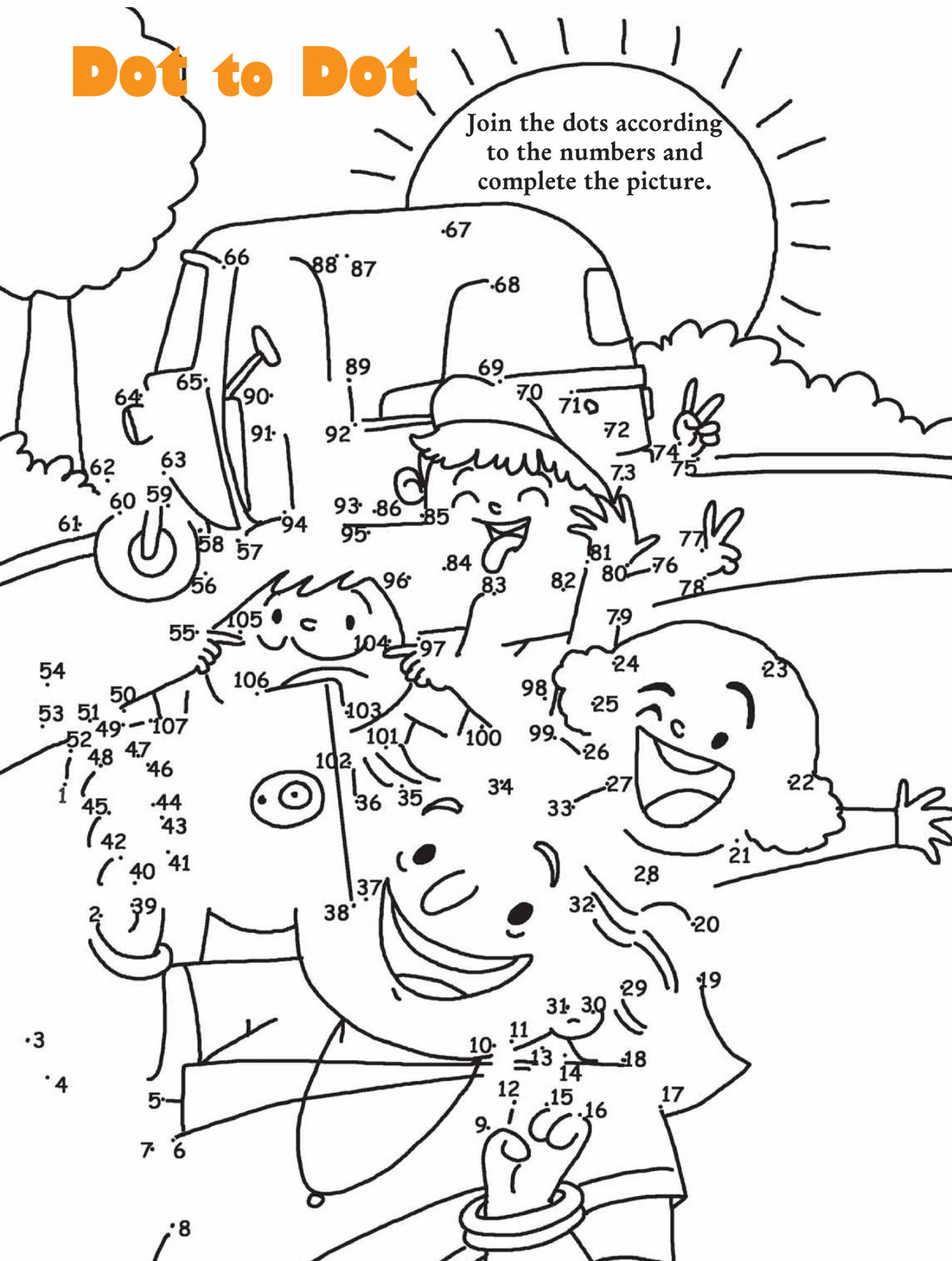
The train arrived at 6 PM, and Bishan *Chacha* made sure all the children climbed onto the train. He went in last. The train whistled and left the station.

Bishan *Chacha* yawned and went to sleep. From the window, the children watched the sun dipping below the horizon, wondering what adventures awaited them at school. They couldn’t wait to return next year and tell Grandma new stories.



Dot to Dot

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



From **YOUNG** Readers



Polaveni Harshavardhan
11 years, Telangana

The Cosmic Universe

Space, Space, Space, everywhere,
Larger than anything in your sight.
Stars like our sun, with a shining glare,
Shine with all their might.
So let us begin the cosmic journey,
Of this universe, which is vast;
It is larger than you think it might be.
Let us start by reviving the past.
Blasted the Big Bang,
Billions of years ago.
It was hotter than boiling water,
The universe began to grow.
Stars, asteroids and black holes,
Planets, meteors, and comets.
In another twenty billion years,
The cosmic universe slowly plummets.
Now the universe cools down a little,
But history still remains.
Now billions of galaxies shine like glitter,
Compared to the universe, we are not even a grain.
So this is the point,
Where the journey finally ends,
Farewell, all of you,
My dear space friends.

Naitik Gupta
9 years, Pune



Aaqifa Manzar
10 years, Srinagar

My Furry Dreams

In my dreams, I see the streets are devoid of sad
stray eyes,
There are no cats and dogs starving under rainy
skies.
They don't beg for food with fear and pain,
Just for them, let love alone reign.
Did I also dream they have a warm home with a
bed to sleep in?
Won't they ever need to spend the nights on a
street; so scary and creepy?
All I want for them is a sweet and lovely furry
friend to be,
Merry and joyful, just like me!

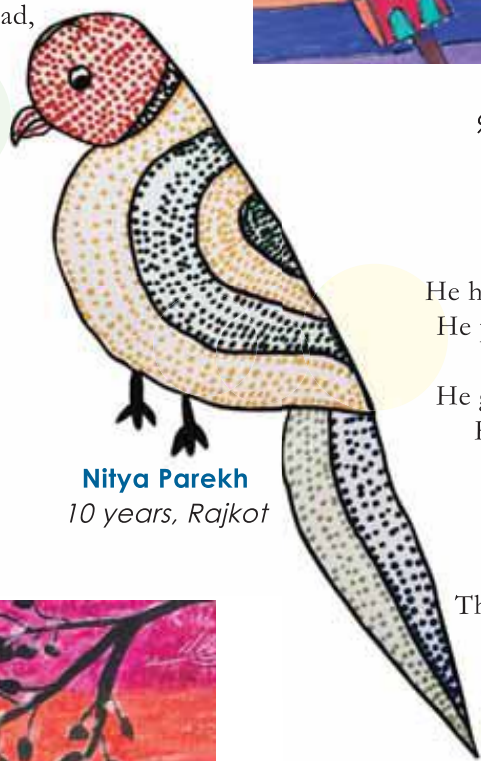
Suzanne Basu
13 years, Kolkata



Vayam Gupta
6 years, New Delhi

A song to my superdad

You are my superhero,
 You are my super dad.
 You cheer me up to make me happy,
 and never let me feel sad.
 You are very hardworking,
 You work all day and night.
 To fulfill our dreams and wishes,
 You work with all your might.
 You take us everywhere,
 Everywhere we want to go.
 And that's why you're the best dad,
 You should know.
 You give us tough questions,
 So that we can win.
 You are the best super dad,
 The best I've ever seen.
 You are the best in studies,
 You never ever get last.
 When I give you a problem,
 You solve it super fast.
 You are the best superdad,
 The best in the world.
 Super for anyone,
 Boy or girl.
Qurrat-Ul-Ain
 8 years, Hyderabad



Nitya Parekh
 10 years, Rajkot



Krivaa Sanghvi
 9 years, Mumbai

Dad

My dad is a strong man,
 He helps me do new things, which I can.
 He plays with me and makes me laugh,
 He even helps me in the bath!
 He gives me hugs, which brings smiles,
 He tolerates me for all my vibes.
 I love him more than anything,
 He's the best friend I have for
 everything.
 We go swimming together,
 That's the best time we've ever had!
 Happy Father's Day, Dad!
Ovee Pasarkar
 5 years, Pune



Ira Jain
 6 years, Noida

We suggested, you made!

Mother's Day
 May 1, 2026, issue by
 our reader,
Ayaan Bhatia
 5 years, Gurugram



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We cannot return your work, so you might want to keep a copy.

Spot the Difference

Circle 10 differences you can find between the two pictures.



Us and Them

If you looked at a giraffe and a human side-by-side, you'd think we have nothing in common. One is a towering giant of the African Savanna, and the other is ... well, us. Giraffes are often recognised instantly because of their long necks, long legs, spotted coats and unique walking style. Despite the massive difference in height, both humans and giraffes have the exact same number of neck bones. They both have seven!

These seven bones, known as cervical vertebrae, are located in the neck, starting from the base of the skull and ending just above the upper back. They perform the same vital functions in both species: supporting the head's weight, allowing for flexible movement and protecting the

spinal cord. The only true difference lies in their size. Each one of a human's neck bones is small and compact, whereas a giraffe's vertebrae are incredibly elongated! This helps them reach leaves high up in the trees.

Giraffes use their long tongues to skillfully pluck leaves from thorny branches without getting hurt. They spend most of their day eating and can consume large amounts of foliage.

Despite their large size, giraffes can run fast and defend themselves with powerful kicks when threatened.

A group of giraffes is known as a 'tower'.



THE JOKE CHECK-UP

Mahak Khanna



Rain tapped against the car window. Kabir sat in the back seat, hugging his handkerchief. His nose was blocked. His throat felt sore. And he was sure of one thing: He absolutely did not want to go to the doctor.

"I am fine," he croaked.

Mummy glanced at him in the mirror. "You sound like a rusty crow."

"I am a healthy rusty crow," said Kabir. He sniffed.

Then sneezed.

Then coughed.

Then groaned.

Mummy parked outside the clinic. "Come on," she said.

Kabir did not move. "What if the doctor gives me an injection?"

Mummy smiled. "We don't even know if you need one."

Kabir looked horrified. “So, there is a chance?”

Inside the clinic, the waiting room smelled of sanitizer, wet raincoats and something minty. Several children sat stiffly on the chairs. One little girl was hiding behind her father’s arm, and a boy in a yellow raincoat held a tissue box like a shield.

One child whispered, “If the doctor says injection, I will disappear.”

Kabir sat down quickly. “I also want to disappear,” he muttered.

Just then, the clinic door opened. A cheerful voice called out, “Next! Who has brought a sneezy nose for repair?”

All the children blinked.

Kabir looked up.

The doctor stood at the door in a light blue coat. He had kind eyes, curly hair and a bright yellow umbrella leaning beside his desk. There was even a tiny frog sticker on his stethoscope.

He smiled. “Well? Which sneezy nose is coming first?”

The little girl giggled. The boy lowered his tissue

box. Kabir stared. Doctors were not supposed to talk like that.

The nurse called, “Kabir!”

Kabir clutched Mummy’s hand and walked in like a soldier going into battle. The doctor pointed to the chair.

“Welcome, Captain Cough.”

Kabir blinked. “Me?”

“Yes,” said the doctor. “You have arrived in the monsoon season. Very dangerous. The sneezes become noisy, and the coughs become brave.”

Kabir almost smiled. The doctor sat down.

“I am Dr Mehta,” he said. “But some children call me Dr Haha.”

Kabir looked suspicious. “Why?”

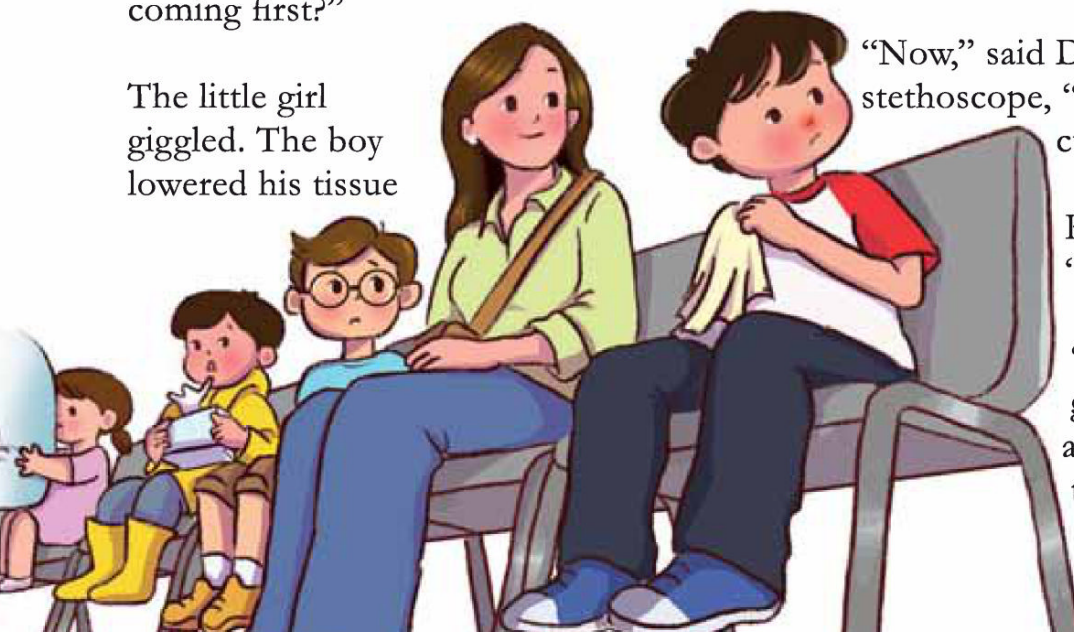
Dr Mehta leaned forward and whispered, “Because I check throats and tell terrible jokes.”

Kabir gave a tiny snort.

“Now,” said Dr Mehta, picking up his stethoscope, “this stethoscope is very curious.”

Kabir’s eyes widened. “It is?”

“Oh yes,” said Dr Mehta gravely. “It listens to chests all day and still never learns to mind its own business.”



Kabir laughed. A real laugh. Mummy smiled from the corner.

“Open your mouth,” said Dr Mehta. Kabir opened it, and the doctor peered inside with a torch.

“Aha!”

Kabir froze. “What?”

“I see ...” said Dr Mehta dramatically, “... one slightly grumpy throat.”

Kabir blinked. “That’s all?”

“That’s all,” said Dr Mehta. “No dragons. No crocodiles. Just a grumpy throat.”

Kabir relaxed a little. Then, Dr Mehta listened to his chest.

“Breathe in.”

Kabir breathed in.

“Breathe out.”

Kabir breathed out.

Dr Mehta nodded. “Good. Your lungs sound fine.”

Kabir watched him carefully. “No injection?”

“Not unless your ears suddenly start singing.”

Kabir quickly touched his ears. “They are not.”

“Excellent,” said Dr Mehta. “We are safe.”

Kabir giggled again.

Dr Mehta wrote on his pad. “Syrup twice a day. Warm water. Steam. Rest.”

Kabir frowned. “Rest?”

“Yes.”

“No homework?”

Dr Mehta looked shocked. “Absolutely not! Your notebooks must stay far away until you are well.”

Kabir turned to Mummy. “See? This is a very good doctor.”

Dr Mehta handed him a round sticker.

It said: RAINY DAY
WARRIOR

Kabir stared. “For me?”

“Of course,” said Dr Mehta. “You came in looking worried, but you were very brave.”

Kabir sat a little straighter. As he and Mummy stepped out, they saw the boy in the yellow raincoat still waiting nervously.

“Does it hurt?” the boy whispered.

Kabir shook his head. “No.”

“Any injection?”

Kabir grinned. “Only one joke.”



The boy blinked, but before he could ask more, the nurse called his name. A minute later, the waiting room became quiet. Then, they heard Dr Mehta's voice from inside.

"Oh ho! That cough is very noisy."

A tiny voice asked, "But what can I do?"

Dr Mehta replied, "Tell it to go on silent mode!"

There was a tiny pause.

Then—

a giggle.

Then, a louder laugh. Then, the nurse outside smiled and shook her head. Kabir listened. The waiting room felt different now. The little girl was no longer hiding. The boy's sister was smiling. Even the grown-ups looked less worried.

Nothing magical had happened. No cough had vanished. No cold had run away. But somehow, everyone seemed braver.

Mummy returned with the medicine in a paper bag. "Ready to go?"

Kabir nodded.

Outside, the rain had become softer. Tiny drops bounced on the road. Umbrellas bobbed past like colourful mushrooms.

As they drove home, Mummy asked, "So, are you still scared of doctors?"

Kabir thought for a moment. Before today, he had imagined doctors as serious-faced people, prescribing bitter medicines and scary injections. But Dr Mehta had made him laugh. He had checked him gently, and patiently explained everything. Somehow, he had made the whole clinic feel less frightening.



Kabir looked up at Mummy. "No."

"No?"

He shook his head.
"Today, I learned something."

"What?"

"Doctors don't just check coughs and colds."

Mummy smiled. "No?"

Kabir stuck the 'Rainy Day Warrior' sticker on his shirt.
"They also make scared children feel brave."

Mummy squeezed his shoulder. "That's true."

Then, he said very seriously,
"When I grow up, I want to become a doctor."

Mummy raised an eyebrow. "Really?"

Kabir nodded. "Yes."

"Why?"

Kabir grinned. "Because

I want to prescribe medicine ..."

He paused.

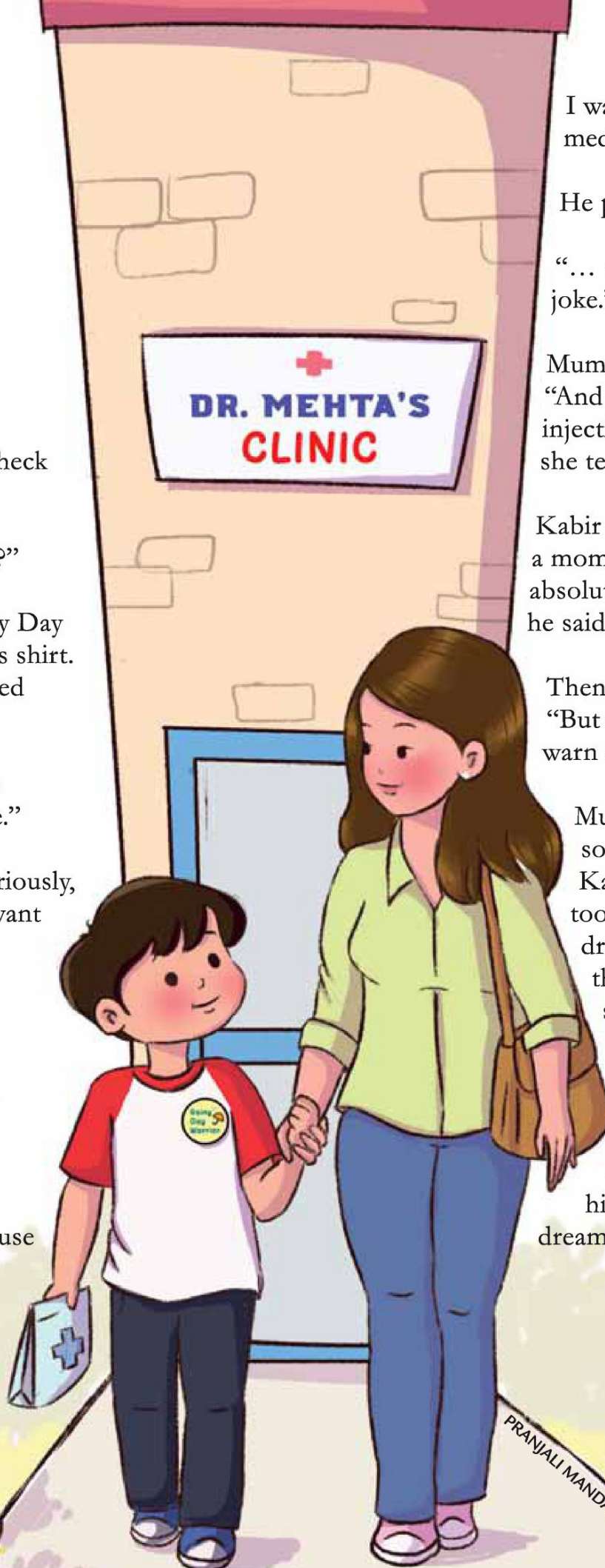
"... and one silly joke."

Mummy laughed.
"And maybe no injections?" she teased.

Kabir thought for a moment. "Only if absolutely necessary," he said wisely.

Then he added,
"But first I will warn everyone."

Mummy laughed so hard that Kabir laughed too. And as they drove home through the soft monsoon drizzle, Kabir held the paper bag of medicine in one hand and his brand-new dream in the other.



Nursed It

Below are some of the duties of nurses. Complete the sentences in the past tense using the prompts.



1. Nurses _____ (give) medication to patients in the hospital.



2. The nurses' station is where nurses _____ (work) and _____ (manage) patient care.



3. Nurses _____ (prep) patients to enter and leave the hospital.



4. Nurses _____ (visit) patients while they are admitted to the hospital to check on them.



5. Nurses _____ (administer) injections in the absence of a doctor.



6. Nurses _____ (maintain) patient hygiene daily by bathing them.



7. Nurses _____ (tend) to wounds.



8. Nurses _____ (ensure) comfort and safety.

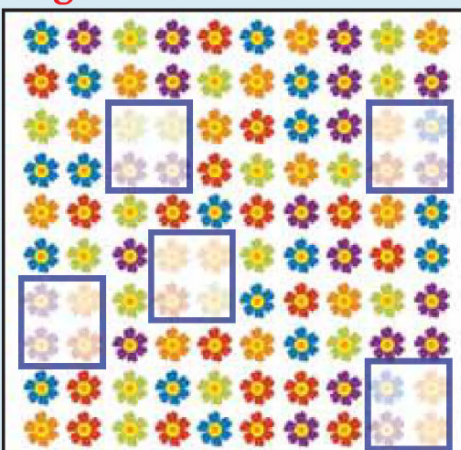
1. gave 2. worked, managed 3. prepped 4. visited
5. administered 6. maintained 7. tended 8. ensured

Answers to Puzzles

Page 9: Unscramble

1. HARMONICA 2. VIOLIN 3. ACCORDION
4. TABLA 5. GUITAR 6. HARP 7. SITAR
8. FLUTE 9. DHOLAK 10. SAXOPHONE

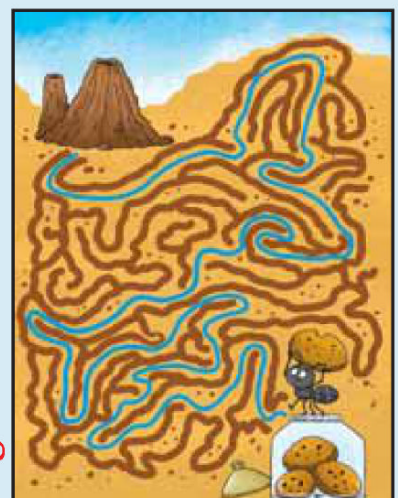
Page 20: Flower Power



Page 25: Sequence



Page 32: Maze



That's Not Right

Some things in
this picture are
not right. Find
out what they are.



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