We shall reach the top

Rajit Banerjee (15)
Shankar’s Memorial Award
On-the-Spot Painting Competition 1993
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PRIZE DISTRIBUTION
A report
Bhavana Nair

MYTHS AND LEGENDS
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O P Bhagat

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B N

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AND SUFFER WE ALL
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Gulzar Azad

MATH TIME
Sudhamahi Renganathan

PEN-FRIENDS CORNER

Painting on cover by Shweta Bhatnagar won the Children's World Award in the 1993 Shankar's On-the-Spot Painting Competition
Dear Editor...

NEWS OF THE MONTH

Your magazine is fabulous. I like the stories in it. I'm sure that your magazine will reach great heights. I have a suggestion for the magazine. Please keep a few pages for some news of the month, it will be exciting.

_Harmeet Singh, Jamshedpur_

APPRECIATION

This letter of appreciation is from a mother who values _Children's World_. My son is not fond of reading long-drawn-out Enid Blyton stories or any other stories in book form, but he waits every month for the magazine and reads it from page one to the end. He enjoys all the stories and comic sections. But most of all he enjoyed _The Steel Claw_ and the detective story which had man-eating ants. Both comic sections.

_When I am free and relaxing, I too pick up Children's World and enjoy reading it. However I have been a Children's World fan since my school days._

_There is one more thing I wish to inform you and that is, that the bold print that is used in the magazine makes an instant appeal with the children. From my experience, most children detest small print. I trust you will always keep this up._

_Mrs. S. Khanduja, Bombay_

Opening the windows of the mind is the first step to establishing a congenial environment. We, the children of this generation, have inherited the legacy of a threatened planet Earth. Threatened because, the earth's natural resources, many species of its flora, fauna and the very blanket of protection, the ozone layer, among very many of the earth's other bounties are or will be as dead as the dodo. Seminars, symposiums, treaties, pacts, in the last decade or two have so concerned themselves with the endangered earth, we have happily imbibed the ability to worry about the disappearance of distant rain forests, or the extinction of such species of animals as that we have only heard of. All this, to the exclusion of looking out of our very windows. Why is it that the koel's call on a pleasant spring afternoon haunts us, but fails to evoke a sense of gratitude that it sings still in a depleted environment and helps gladden our hearts? Why is it, that the defiant, almost brazen _peepal_ (Ficus religiosa) striking roots at an incongruous angle from the second floor of the outer side of an ugly concrete building, is really Nature's way of telling us that given a chance and some space, Nature—which is alive and well—could contribute herself, to the setting right of the upset balance? If that sounds impossible, _Opening Windows_, our

Reader, Harmeet and others like him who want more ‘news’, will find this issue full of reports and announcements of events to come—not as cold, impersonal items, but brought to you the warm and caring _Children's World_ way.

With half the year still ahead of you—use June to restructure not just your thinking—but your very actions—Happy reading.
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April Showers at Prize Distribu

The evening darkened as the clouds gathered overhead. The invitees and the prize-winners waiting in the lawns of Rabindra Bhavan, New Delhi, for the prize distribution function of the 43rd annual Shankar's On-the-spot Painting Competi-

A report by Bhavana Nair

tion, on April 16, gazed anxiously towards the skies.

The function was yet to begin when a few drops made the timid ones scurry for shelter. However, they were back a few minutes later, a mite sheepish. Just as the chief guest of the evening, the Chief Minister of Delhi, Mr. Madan Lal Khurana's pilot vehicle approached the gates of Rabindra Bhavan, the rain gods let it pour.

It would have been chaotic but for the deft handling of the situation. All the prize-winners were asked to collect in the

*Shri Madanlal Khurana with the four children who conducted the entire ceremony.*
Rajit Banerjee receiving the Shankar Memorial Award.

The prize distribution then got underway and went on as usual, without a hitch, about 15 minutes after the scheduled time of 6.30 p.m. Mr. Madan Lal Khurana gave away 126 prizes that evening. The four top awards were won by Rajit Banerjee (Shankar Memorial Award), Sumanto Ray (Children's Book Trust Award), Saurav Kumar Das (Begum Zaidi Me-

morial Award) and Shweta Bhatnagar (Children's World Award) (Cover picture this issue) all 15 years old.

The function was conducted by Shivani Dhawan, 10, of Delhi Public School, Vasant Kunj, who gave the Welcome Address, Nishant Tapuria, 13, of Mount St. Mary's who managed the announcements along with Nazia Najafi (13) of Presentation Convent, and Benazir Mhaisale, 13, of Loreto Convent, who proposed the Vote of Thanks. These four went on with their parts, unfazed by the rain and the lack of a mike.

Sumanto Ray, CBT Award.
Saurav Kumar Das, Begum Zaidi Memorial Award.

In the November 1993 Shankar's On-the-Spot Painting Competition, about 15,000 children participated and gave in nearly 25,000 entries. Of these, about 450 paintings, besides the prize-winning ones, were put up for a week-long exhibition at the Lalit Kala Akademi.

The novelty of a rain-washed prize distribution that did not dampen spirits as everyone cooperated to make a success of the evening, will be remembered for long, especially by the prize-winners.

Shweta Bhatnagar, Children's World Award.

Miss Yamuna Shankar, G.M. (A&F) CBT and Secretary SICC taking the Chief Minister of Delhi round the exhibition.
The story of stories

Myths and Legends

Text: O.P. Bhagat
Illustrations: Subir Roy

MAN has always been curious. It was so even when he lived in caves thousands of years ago.

He noticed the things around and asked himself questions. Why the sky was blue, who sent the rain, how the seasons came one after another and how the sun rose and set daily.

There were many more things about which he wondered. There was no science then, and no other help. All he had was his fancy or imagination.

With this he managed to satisfy himself. He thought up stories to explain things. Such tales are called myths.

The first myths must have been sketchy. As the years passed, some were forgotten or changed in the telling. To them were added new myths. They were handed down the centuries by word of mouth.

The early man also believed in spirits and ghosts. Some were good or helpful. Some others were bad or harmful. Stories were told about them as well.

Such tales are myths, too. The word for the myths together is mythology. Another meaning of the word is the study of myths.

There are still some tribes who live as they did long, long ago. They do not read or write. They tell their myths just as their forefathers did.

But the myths of many old peoples were recorded. To begin with, the records were not as they are today. They were written on papyrus and palm leaves, even animal hides.

In Babylon clay tablets were used.

Among them are the myths of creation—how the world was made... in the Bible and the Vedas.

For those who believe in them, myths are not just stories. They are stories that tell the truth.

In the Vedic hymns we read of a rain myth. Vritra, the demon of drought, has stolen all the clouds and shut them up in his stronghold.

There is agony in the world of men. His devotees pray to Indra for
The ancient Greeks told many myths about their gods and goddesses. Also about what went on in nature. They explained the rising and setting of the sun by telling a myth. The sun god, Apollo, drove his horses across the sky each day. The Hindu sun god, Surya, also rides in a chariot.

The Hindus believe in their gods to this day. Or, as has been said, theirs is the oldest living faith. It has its higher or philosophical teaching. But the gods are also worshipped. The devout tell or read or recite the stories of the gods every day. On some occasions the tales are enacted.

These stories are treasured in many old books. Two of them are the great epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. Packed with a lot more are the many Puranas. Their very name suggests antiquity or old times.

Sometimes the word, legend is used for myth. In other words, the users...
see no difference between the two. But many other writers differentiate between them.

A myth, as we have seen, is a story about a natural event or about the gods. But a legend is "a popular story handed down from earlier times whose truth has not been ascertained".

Such stories are of old heroes. Also the stories behind old customs and traditions. The stories of saints are also called legends, but they do not come under mythology.

Stories of many heroes, and heroines too, have come down to us from the dim past. They were brave and daring or had some other virtues.

For those qualities they were adored then, and are admired even today. Many of them are all time models.

Samson of the Hebrews was a man of superhuman strength. So was Hercules of the Greeks. Besides his other feats, he is famous for his 12 labours or difficult tasks.

From the Middle Ages come the legends of King Arthur and of Robin Hood.

In the Mahabharata, Bhima is a hero of the Hercules kind. And in the Ramayana Hanuman stands out. Though a monkey (of immense size), he is the bravest of Rama's warriors. For his selfless devotion to Rama he has been raised to the rank of a god.

There are legendary Indian kings, too. Vikramaditya, for example. Numerous stories are told about him.

Some myths are like legends, and some legends like myths. Or one or the other may be like a fable or fairy tale.

The tradition of exceptionally strong men continues. We have many such heroes today.

Take Tarzan—he is a fictitious hero. With his many animal friends, he lives in the jungles of Africa. His duels with fierce beasts and other adventures are told in a series of novels.

Garth is a comic-strip hero. So are Phantom and Superman. There are Batman and Spiderman, too.

We often hear tales of wonder about some trees, temples, hills, caves, lakes and rivers. They are legends, too.
Near the Sariska wildlife sanctuary in Rajasthan is a huge hole in a hill. It is called Pandu Pol. It is said that Bhima made it with a single blow for his brothers to pass through.

Rather like it is the story of the Pillars of Hercules. There are two rocks at the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea. One stands in Spain, and the other in Africa.

The rocks, the legend says, were joined together. But Hercules tore them apart when he wanted to go to Gades (Cadiz).

Behind almost every festival there is a legend. India has more festivals than perhaps any other country. So it is the richest in such stories.

Let us take just two, Dussehra and Diwali. The first celebrates the victory of Rama over Ravana, and the other his home-coming. There are other legends about these festivals, too.

Christmas has its own stories. Among them is the legend of Santa Claus.

The Santa story has been traced back to that of St Nicholas. But his familiar form, of a radiant, red-robed fat man with a bag of gifts, is not very old. Also new is his reindeer sledge.

In this case a hazy legend has been so revived that he has become a favourite with children all over the world.

Some people dismiss myths and legends as mere fiction. No doubt they are imaginary stories. But they have their own importance, even in the space age. They are stories of the childhood of mankind. If we forget them, we will be forgetting our roots. Many experts study them seriously, almost scientifically.

Even otherwise they give us hours of pleasure. Without knowing them, we cannot enjoy many famous paintings and other works of art.

And many poems, too.

Tennyson’s Lotus-eaters is bound up with the story of the mythical hero, Ulysses. And his Lady of Shallot is linked with legends of King Arthur.

Or, for that matter, you will not understand and enjoy the songs addressed to the gods and goddesses without knowing their stories.

There are many books of myths and legends for children. And cassettes of festival stories. Also mythological films and TV serials.

At every festival there is a lot to see around and read in the papers and magazines. Your grandma will also tell you the festival tales.

There is no dearth of material. You have only to pick and choose.
The Secret of Success

Text: N.M. Khilnani

Attaining success is a natural sequence in one's life. If you cling to a certain thought with dynamic willpower, it finally assumes a tangible outward form. Carrying a thought with dynamic willpower means holding on to it, until that thought pattern develops dynamic force. When a thought is made dynamic by will-force, it can create or rearrange the atoms into the desired pattern according to the mental blueprint you have created. Swami Vivekananda used to say: "Always think big and one day you will become big." In this dynamic process of self-advancement, every individual action counts; no human thought or action is ever wasted. As soon as an individual's attention is focussed, the Power of all powers will come, and with that you can achieve spiritual, mental and material success.

Our individual actions do make a difference. Don't feel that you are powerless or insignificant in effecting a change in what may appear to be "overwhelming" obstacles or a major crisis in your life. Everything you do or feel or think makes a difference. Here is a Swedish folk-tale to illustrate this.

"Tell me the weight of a snowflake," a coalmouse (a tiny bird) asked a wild dove.

"Nothing more than nothing," was the abrupt answer.

"In that case, I must tell you a story," the coalmouse said. "I once sat on the branch of a fir tree, close to its trunk, when it began to snow—not heavily, not in a raging blizzard—no, just like a dream, without a wind, without any violence or force—a gentle and mild trickle of soft cotton from the sky. Since I did not have anything better to do, I counted the snowflakes settling on the twigs. Their number came to 27,203. When the 27,204th dropped onto the branch, 'nothing more than nothing,' as you say, the branch broke off." Having said that, the coalmouse flew away.

The dove thought about the story for a while, and finally said to herself, "Perhaps there is only one person's voice lacking for peace to come to the world."
Mr. Saradindu Banerjee, the senior partner of Banerjee & Banerjee, solicitors, entered his office in a cheerful mood. His daughter, Nilanjana, the junior partner of the firm, was with him. Mr. Banerjee smiled and said, “Neelu, today no appointments, no meetings. I have to win the doubles semi-finals in the evening.”

Mr. Banerjee looked at his table. The confidential file for Mrs. Chatterjee was lying open. He turned pale; he had forgotten to lock it up the previous evening. The file did not have loose leaves but was a bound register with each page numbered. He picked up the file and groaned loudly.

Dulu, the office boy, rushed in. When Mr. Banerjee glared at him, he muttered, “Sorry, I thought I was wanted.”

As Dulu left, Mr. Banerjee shouted hoarsely, “A page is missing.”

“Baba, softly,” advised Neelu. “Discretion is what we need.”

Mr. Banerjee recalled the missing page. It was about the details of Mrs. Chatterjee’s sixty-two paisa ownership of a large pond in her ancestral village. These paisa were in the old units of sixteen annas to the rupee and four paisa to the anna. Mrs. Chatterjee had bought out the co-owners except one who could not be traced. She now had ninety-seven per cent of the ownership.

Neelu knew about the AD Investigative Agency and its chief investigator Inspector (Retd.) Anjana Dutta. Anjana had retired after the minimum of fifteen years of service. She had built up a reputation for efficiency and discretion. Her recent success with the missing design drawings of Nirmal Electronics had impressed Neelu.

Neelu rushed out with the car to Golf Green where AD Investigative Agency had its office. Luckily Anjana was free and together with her
nephew Pintu, who sometimes helped his *mashi*, accompanied Neelu on her return journey.

Anjana noted that the 'Banerjee & Banerjee' office was on the first floor of a two-storied building in Ballygunge. The staircase which had a separate entrance ran past a room built at the split level above the garage. This room was used for the storage of old records and also as pantry and quarters for the tea-boy. The office proper was approached through the reception area over which Urmiladi presided.

Neelu installed Anjana in her chamber and rang for the tea-boy. Neelu was well-briefed and knew that while Anjana and Pintu were slim, they were hyper-active and with high metabolic rates needed frequent and large inputs of calories. Kalibabu, the seventy-two year old tea-boy with a hunch and with his left hand at an angle to help keep balance, staggered in. "Kaffi?" he asked.

"Yes, please, three coffees," ordered Neelu, "and *pakoras* and *rosogollas*.

After the initial round of refreshments, Neelu went over the details with Anjana. "Father is preoccupied with the veterans tennis tournament," explained Neelu. "He won the quarter-final doubles yesterday. But even with only tennis on his mind, he took out Mrs. Chatterjee's file yesterday. A survey of the ownership of large water bodies in the district is due. He must have left the file open on his desk because this morning we found the page neatly scissored out. Luckily, the original documents are kept separately. We will reconstruct the page but we must find the culprit. Baba is very upset. There
were no visitors after lunch and it has to be one of the staff. Including Boba and I, there are fifteen of us, that is not counting Ramu, the tea boy’s grand nephew, who has been helping his great uncle for the last four years. The staff are all old hands appointed by Grandfather.”

“Does nobody ever retire in this office?” asked Anjana who had noticed that most of the staff were of the grandparental type.

“You mean Kalibabu?” asked Neelu in reply to the question. “We did try to send him back to the village with a pension but he cried and cried. He could not understand as to how we would be fed. But Grandfather retired last year after I joined, at least on paper. He said there was no room for a third Banerjee on the signboard or even otherwise. And last month, Amulyababu, our Barababu, retired.”

“How old was Amulyababu?” asked Anjana.

“Only sixty, quite young by our standard,” replied Neelu. “But he had lost his concentration. He spent his time drawing margins and sharpening pencils. Or he would play an imaginary sitar. Dadu worked out a pension plan for him and told him to concentrate on his music.”

At that moment, the swing door was pushed open and an old but erect gentleman strode in. “Neelu,” he asked, “what is this nonsense about stolen papers?”

“How do you know?” countered Neelu.

“Dulu told me,” laughed the gentleman. “He said your father ‘yelped in pain’... his exact words.”

“Really Dadu!” protested Neelu. “You should insist that Dulu confine his dramatic talents to his club.”

After being introduced to Anjana, Dadu left muttering, “I have to speak to your father.”

Silence reigned till once again Neelu expressed her anxiety, “You must find the culprit. We cannot function suspecting each other.”

“Let me get rid of the ‘outsider’ possibility first,” replied Anjana. She then walked over to the reception desk. Urmiladi was definite that there was no visitor yesterday afternoon. Mr. Banerjee had insisted on that, he needed to remain well-tuned for his match that evening. Both the visitors’ and staff movement register showed no entries for that period of time.

Kalibabu was called in. “Didi, I was busy,” he said. “You can’t imagine the numbers of teas and coffees that I have to serve in the afternoon. But I’m definite there was no guest. Ramu and I locked the office at six after Rakhalbabu and the others left. Let me call Ramu because he keeps an eye on the staircase.”

When Ramu came in he said, “There was no visitor yesterday afternoon. I was busy helping with the tea service and studying in between for the higher secondary examination but I kept my ears open. I can hear the steps on the iron scrubber at the entrance. Yesterday afternoon, no one went up. And not counting Dadu who was going up and down all the time, fifteen pairs of steps came down. I recognised each pair of steps, all of them belonged to the office.”

After Ramu left, Neelu said, “It’s certainly an inside job. I’ll now send for Rakhalbabu, our officiating Barababu. I’ll leave you for some time as I have to be with Baba for a while. Send for anyone and ask any question you
like. I'll call you for lunch.”

In response to Anjana, Rakhalbabu said, “I'm busy, I was busy. Amulyababu has left the office in a complete mess. He did not bother to insist on the coding of vouchers or to enter them under the proper heads. And now the year is about to close. So many things are pending. You can’t run an office by playing a sitar made of air. And yet Amulyababu still thinks the office can not run without him.”

When Anjana interrupted, Rakhalbabu continued. “I was coming to that. Yesterday afternoon, the cashier and the accounts clerk were sorting out the vouchers and I was helping them. We closed at six because Sir does not like us to work late. But after Amulyababu how can we manage without extra hours?”

Luckily for Anjana and Pintu, Neelu’s face became visible through the doorway and the magic word ‘lunch’ was heard. Lunch with tiger prawns for the non-vegetarians and rosomalai as dessert for all was very, very satisfactory. Finding herself momentarily alone with Pintu, Anjana said, “I have my suspicions. Let me interview the other members of the staff. I want to see what other evidence turns up.”

After lunch, Anjana talked to the cashier and the accounts clerk. They were both far too busy to have noticed anything. Anjana then interviewed Dulu, the office peon. Dulu was a young man who dressed in what he thought was the latest style. Dulu had been to college from where he had
passed the Higher Secondary examination. He said, “I had been to the post office to register some letters and after that I left early for rehearsals at my Drama club.”

Thereafter, Anjana talked to Nishadi, the confidential secretary. Nishadi used to work for the senior Mr. Banerjee, Neelu’s Dadu. She felt that the standards had slipped. She knew nothing about Mrs. Chatterjee’s file, Mr. Banerjee personally handled that. When asked about the previous head clerk, she said, “Amulyababu’s retirement is of course a plus. He was only good at checking margins and spacing. He even tried to interfere in my work. And he still thinks that we can’t manage without him.”

Anjana rushed through the list of the other staff members. They contributed little. She was free by the time afternoon tea was served. There was a special selection of snacks arranged by Neelu. Mr. Banerjee came in for tea and to check on the progress of the investigation. “The case is almost solved,” said Anjana, “but I have to talk to the previous Barababu. Can you please arrange for Amulyababu to come in tomorrow morning?”

“I will send Dulu with a request,” said Mr. Banerjee. “He will be very happy. He likes advising us.”

The next morning, Anjana came in to find a cheerful Amulyababu seated in Neelu’s chamber. Anjana asked about his visits to the office. Amulyababu confirmed that two days earlier he had dropped in and left at about six in the evening.

“But why did you cut out a page from Mrs. Chatterjee’s file?” asked Anjana.

Amulyababu was not in the least put out by the question. “I needed the page for my pension file,” he explained. “I had done some calculations on the back.”

Later, Anjana explained why she was certain that only Amulyababu could have cut out the page. Ramu’s statement of fifteen pairs of steps, excluding that of Kalibabu, had bothered her. Fifteen staff, minus Kalibabu made fourteen, yet the extra steps were also familiar ones. Then she noted that everyone wanted to forget the previous head clerk, Amulyababu, who was generous with his unwanted advice. Also the perfectly straight line in which the page had been cut was a reminder of Amulyababu’s insistence on neat margins.

STOP PRESS

Fun and games can prove to be just that! Fourteen schools of Delhi found out at a Khel Tamasha event organised by Sanchar Bharati in Delhi from May 3 to 6, 1994 at Talkatora Gardens.

Devised by Mr. Anil Sood and Ms. Renuka Sharma of Sanchar Bharati these 75-odd games were based on innovative ideas.

For those who missed the games in Delhi and for non-Delhiites, Doordarshan Metro Channel begins telecast of this 13-episode Khel Tamasha teleserial from May 19, 1994 between 5.30-6 p.m.

So rush to catch up with Khel Tamasha.
Report by B.N.

The Navodaya Vidyalayas are an important part of the National Policy on Education, 1986. They are residential schools set up to provide quality education to talented and deserving children in the rural areas, free of cost.

Computer education has been seen as a necessary component for imparting complete contemporary knowledge to the students of the Navodaya Vidyalayas. This computer literacy program (CLP) is being implemented in 60 Navodaya Vidyalayas by the Informatics Computer Systems.

The ICS Computer Literacy Program is now three years old. The program covers every child in each Navodaya Vidyalaya. It also provides training to the teachers, principals and other officers of these schools. The Navodaya Vidyalayas have established computer clubs; they bring out computer magazines and also organise various competitions at the local level.

To provide the talented children of Navodaya Vidyalayas a chance for interaction, an Inter-Navodaya Vidyalaya Computer Symposium—'Navonirmaan'—was organised at the National Council of Educational Research and Training (NCERT), New Delhi, on April 21 and 22. Students from 15 Navodaya Vidyalayas across the country participated in the Symposium.

Each Navodaya Vidyalaya team comprised four members. The competition tested their basic programming skills, theoretical knowledge as well as their ability to put their concepts to practical use.

The students were required to participate in an on-the-spot program writing, a computer quiz, a computer application exhibition and a software presentation. The total of the marks in the individual events determined the overall winning team. They won a rolling trophy. There was also an overall runner-up plus winners in each event, first and second.

At a small gathering on April 22, the chief patron of Navonirmaan, the Minister for Human Resource Development, Mr. Arjun Singh, gave away the prizes.
Sowmya Shetty

As days pass by
And weeks slip away
Turning into months
And so many years
One year, then the next
And the next move by
Leaving behind...
    ... only ...memories
Sweet memories so pleasant
Bitter ones I'd rather
    not remember...
And so many more things
So many more thoughts
And people...
One special minute
One unforgettable day
The day I smelt
Sweet success
The time I felt
utter despair...
Sweet memories so unforgettable
    ... a silent wave ... a beautiful smile
    ... a knowing pat... a lovely flower
Forgettable and bitter
are memories of rejection
Memories of disillusion
of broken hearts
And scattered smiles
Of endless fears
And uncontrollable grief
Are evergreen
    ... they're never going to go away for good...
But they are there
  to help me remember
That life is not always trouble-free
But is the road of ups and downs...
Memories are those thoughts
  We think about sometime
Memories are those people
  we knew
Memories are those days
  ... those simple, normal ones
We never consider special
Memories are those single
  moments of realisation
those quiet seconds of tranquility
that bring peace within
Memories are those cities
  you’ve visited
Memories are those summer holidays
  you’ve spent on the beach
Memories are those riding Sundays
You got drenched playing badminton
Memories are those boring relatives
They’re those victories you’ve won
so also those defeats you’ve gone through.
Memories will never let go
The harder you try,
The fonder you become
of memories—bitter and sweet.
They’re something no one can
Take away from you...
  no matter what...
They bring you to that point
When you begin to yearn
For the carefree child in you
But, by then, is it too late?
Dear wrong sides and right sides and left sides,

"I’ve got out of the wrong side of my bed today," grumbled Raghu as we were on our way to school.

"What do you mean, the wrong side?" I asked. "A bed can’t have a wrong side. I mean," I said warming to my theme, "a bed can have a lower side and an upper side and a right side and a left side but not a wrong side. I mean…"

"I told you I’ve got out of the wrong side," Raghu snapped. "My bed happens to have a wrong side, even if yours doesn’t."

"How do you know?" I asked—my keen scientific mind was working, as you can see.

"Look at the way I’m feeling," he said. "I didn’t even feel hungry at breakfast."

"You didn’t... what?" I asked quite aghast. For Raghu not to feel hungry at any time! Even at midnight, or just before he gets his report card or just after, he can still feel hungry! Raghu’s hunger is like the Taj Mahal—it is an undying monument to love.

Raghu loves his hunger very much.

"Actually I’m still feeling sleepy," he said. "What I think is that my internal clock is going slow."

"What internal clock?" I asked. "You don’t mean to say you’ve swallowed..."

But at that interesting moment, we heard the school bell ring and we had to run the rest of the way.

I was worried about Raghu after that. I mean he looked quite normal—he’s tie was as badly tied as usual and his hair stood up at the back of his head also as usual—but I could make out that he was feeling peculiar. I mean, how would you feel if you had an internal clock ticking away inside you?

The next thing that happened was in the first period, the geography class. Our geography master was grumpily telling us about crops grown in middle Europe when there was a loud groan that came from the last bench.

The geography teacher who was writing on the blackboard whipped around just in time to see Raghu clutching his stomach and falling down.

"Raghavendra!" the
master shouted.

"Raghu!" I screamed.

"R-u, R-u," the whole class yelled.

And just as usual, as predictably as a ... as a ... clock telling the time, the door opened and Mr. Krish stood there, looking in.

It was quite a dramatic scene that he saw. Raghu was lying on the floor, looking up at the ceiling and clutching his stomach. The geog teacher was standing, green and purple, glaring at the figure on the floor. I was halfway across the room trying to reach Raghu and everywhere there were boys, some standing on their benches to get a better look and others craning their necks at impossible angles. The noise was unspeakable.

Mr. Krish, also as usual, did not have to say anything. I don't know how he does it but his silence speaks more than a thousand words. In this case, his silence said something like... "what on earth is going on in this room... it looks like a disaster area... What is that young man doing on the floor imitating a fallen mango? And will everybody stop screaming?"

Everybody fell silent.

The one who had actually fallen, got up, his eyes still on the ceiling and his hand clutching his stomach.

"I'm hungry," he announced.

"Hungry?" Mr. Krish asked in a low voice.

"I got out of the wrong side of my bed," said Raghu, his eyes still on the ceiling and his hand... etc. "My internal clock is going slow today."

"I see," said Mr. Krish. "Does your internal clock also become an internal calendar sometimes?"

Raghu took his eyes off the ceiling and looked at Mr. Krish instead.

"You see," said Mr. Krish in a dangerously patient voice, "your internal calendar must be
telling you that today is Sunday. Actually today is Monday. And since both your internal clock and your internal calendar are not working according to the rest of the school, you can complete all the exercises in the chapter on time in your mathematics book. And please show me the completed work on Monday evening, my time, my calendar.”

It was a long day. Raghu had to work at the exercises all through the recess and lunch and half-an-hour after school. He did it and seemed to do it quite cheerfully. As we were going home, however, he suddenly stopped in the middle of the road, put down his bag, turned his head back, and began to howl.

I stared at him in total shock. “What are...?” I started.

And then I realised what had happened. As Raghu’s unmusical voice died away near the distant road crossing I realised that Raghu’s internal clock had got even slower. He was howling now for what had happened almost four hours ago.

Yours time keepingly,
Perky

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In the grey of the early dawn the haunting, echoing call of the majestic Sarus cranes rouses me from deep sleep. I know that the pair will be taking off for the day, I do not know where to, to return only after sunset. When the first rains come, so will the jacanas, with their mewing cry, almost like that of a baby. They will make their nest floating on leaves in the monsoon-made pond around my house, and one day, as the water dries, they will disappear, as quickly as they had once appeared. The first nip of winter air will bring back the yellow wagtail to my little lawn. Single, alone, it comes from far, far away, my book tells me, to spend the winter months soaking up the golden sunshine which seems to glow on the patch on its breast. Another familiar loner is the hoopoe, meticulously quartering the dusty roadside with its pickaxe head bobbing constantly. And then, there’s the monitor lizard who seems to put in an appearance only on weekends! My son and I spend a lot of time imagining what it does from Monday to Friday. Visiting relatives, shopping or even going to college?! The little turtle that we found in our garden one day, maybe washed in with the rain water, adopted us before we adopted it. We named it Tortilla and no matter how early we awoke, it was up before us, taking its morning walk from one end of the courtyard and back, to its little clay basin of water. It moved, we discovered with great speed and purpose, revising our storybook images of the plodding tortoises.

These are only a few of the many friends that have become part of our family calendar.

Before you begin to imagine that I live in some remote country cottage, let me hasten to say that I live in the dusty crowded city of Ahmedabad. All around my house is a jungle of high rise buildings, shooting up almost overnight, like the bamboo. There is traffic, noise, smoke and dust. And yet, in the depression across the road, there is a small water body made up of some stored rain water and of the sewage that flows from the newly constructed sites.
It is here that my family and I see the most curious parade of arrivals and departures, from birds to buffaloes, frogs to fishes. In the beginning we only saw them. But as they became familiar sights, we began to get more curious about them; to want to know more. Even the names to start with—Jacanas, wagtails, nahtus—shapes became names after we began looking for them in books. These books also told us more. We found out what these creatures ate, how they got their food, what kind of shelters and nests they needed, and much more. We also began to notice much, much more than before. How the five lizards on our living room wall “fought” over insects, how the garden lizard on our compound wall established a territory which was “out of bounds” even for squirrels, and the shy shrew in our garden who was most often just a squeak rather than a sight. The more we saw, the more we began to notice.

None of us are “naturalists,” so to speak. But today we find that waking up is much more exciting because we know that we might find something new that day. We look forward to meeting at dinner time to report not only what we did at school or office that day, but also that the first gulmohar flowers have appeared or, that there were six bulbuls on the champa tree, or that a potter wasp has started to make a mud nest in the bathroom.

This special package Opening Windows is to share some of this excitement and adventure that can become part of our routine daily lives. It’s a look at the other side of Environment—one that is not only pollution and population and problems. So this Environment Day—June 5—begin a new exercise. Switch off the television, switch on your senses, and open all windows to look around the fascinating world around you.
How would you define a naturalist? Sherlock Holmes. What? Since when did naturalists begin to solve murder mysteries? Well this Sherlock is one that follows clues in nature, starting from specific questions and tracking down the specific answers.

Curiosity, which proverbially kills the cat, is the hallmark of a true naturalist. Delve deeper into the life of any famous naturalist and one discovers that the one spark that triggered off a lifetime voyage of discovery is the desire to find out more. Being endlessly inquisitive is what has led to some of the greatest discoveries in natural history.

The spark however needs also to be further strengthened, focussing and directed into serious study. Listening for calls and songs; looking for tracks and footprints; searching for telltale clues like twigs, half-eaten fruit, and droppings; interpreting unusual silences...these are all skills that need to be developed and sharpened. Above all, cultivating the patience to wait and watch, often over long hours could be the key to unlocking a fascinating treasure of observations and findings. The basic equipment that you will need for all this, is what you were born with—your eyes, ears and nose, and your senses of taste, feel and touch. You may later acquire equipment such as a hand lens, binoculars or camera, but these are not prerequisites nor indispensable.

By far the best equipment you can arm yourself with is a notebook. Curiosity alone will not make you a naturalist. You could be the most observant person, but if you do not record what you see, you can never be a truly successful detective.

Make on-the-spot jottings of what you see. Where and when did you see it, what was it doing? Note down the size, markings, striking characteristics and anything that immediately comes to your notice. Don't rely on
memory to go back and make a systematic report. Your instant jottings, no matter how jumbled they seem, will provide the tips for further research from books or discussions with experts. More important they will help in identifying the bird, animal, insect or plant that you saw. Alongside notings, try also to sketch what you saw. You don’t have to be a great artist, but a rough impression of the shape, pattern, distribution of colour will prove to be an invaluable aid. So become a voracious “noter downer”. Remember nothing is too insignificant to be noted down, because nothing in Nature is insignificant.

You also have a great responsibility while out on the nature detective trail. Treat your surroundings with respect; you are privileged to live in this world. Would you go to a friend’s place and proceed to trample, spill, break and mess up the house? Your environment is your home too, and that of all the other life on earth.

Treat it politely and it will be a gracious host.

Once you have embarked on the nature trail, there is no limit to the number of enquiries you can initiate. The web of life is so intricately interwoven, that for every one enquiry pursued, many more will emerge.

So if it takes your fancy, become a nature sleuth. And if anyone asks you how you plan to solve the mysteries of the world around us—you can always answer—“Naturally, my dear Watson”!
Identification is the first step to enjoyable and meaningful nature study. For the beginner or casual observer proper guidance is essential. Personal guidance by an expert is the best way to learn but it is not always available. The second best aid is a good field guide with simple but accurate descriptions and good illustrations. No single book can become the be-all and end-all of naturalist books, but a good field guide can help increase the confidence and enjoyment in observing to budding naturalists.

For all you aspiring nature detectives here are some reliable field guides or reference books.

You could start with the Nature Guide Series—a collaboration of WWF and Oxford University Press. Some titles in this series are:

Pippa Mukherjee: *Common Trees of India*  
BF Chhapgar: *Seashore Life of India*  

For bird watchers, you can start with:

Bulbul Sharma’s *The Book of Indian Birds* published by Indus, and then graduate to the bird watcher’s “bible” *The Book of Indian Birds* by Salim Ali. This was first published in 1941 and has been reprinted several times since then. This book is published by the Bombay Natural History Society.

To find out more about mammals refer to *The Book of Indian Animals* by S.H. Frater. This is yet another classic, first published in 1948, which describes and illustrates mammals, their habits, habitats and distinctive characteristics. The book has been reprinted by Oxford University Press.

For the curious herpetologists, find out all about snakes and other reptiles in *Common Indian Snakes* by Romulus Whitaker: This book is published by Macmillan Co. of India., Ltd.

If butterflies are your passion, get hold of *Common Butterflies of India* by Thomas Gee and Isaac Kehimkar. This is also a WWF-Oxford University Press publication.

For the budding botanists a handy reference for quick identification is *Field Guide to the Common Trees of India* by P.V. Bole and Yogini Vaghani. Yet another WWF-Oxford University Press publication.

Whatever your interest, these will help put you on a systematic and scientific track to nature watching. They are only the tip of the iceberg for, as Jim Corbett said, “The knowledge you absorb today will be added to the knowledge you will absorb tomorrow and on your capacity for absorption will depend the amount of knowledge you ultimately accumulate. And at the end of the accumulating period—be that period one year or fifty—you will find that you are only at the beginning and that the whole field of nature lies before you waiting to be explored and absorbed.”
EVERY one of us is born with a tremendous curiosity about the world around us. As babies we freely exercise this—touching, feeling, smelling, testing investigating every single thing that we come across. This streak of exploration begins to fade as we grow and get involved in the routine day to day life. But there are some, born explorers, who keep this sense alive through their lives. These are our great naturalists. A peek at their childhood reveals the roots of a lifetime devoted to natural history.

exploring every nook and corner of the exciting terrain—and being treated to a rich display of plants, birds and animals. Hunting was a part of everybody's life—first with catapults, then with airguns.

At the age of five Jim was taken by his elder brother on an expedition to be seriously introduced to hunting. He was put on look-out duty, handed a gun and asked to report if he sighted a bear. Much later Jim wrote in one of his books Jungle Lore, that that was the most frightening experience of his life. His vivid imagination saw the worst in every shadow and rustle around him. And he barely survived his silent duty as sentry. But this first real visit to the jungle also laid the foundation for Corbett's lifelong affair with forests.

The fear of the jungle combined with the desire to know more about it led Jim to be careful but observant. He began to learn all about the "clues" in nature and how to interpret them. He began to study pugmarks and tracks and to find out what stories they told, he

Carpet Sahib

Jim Corbett was born in Nainital on July 25, 1875, into a large family. He himself was the twelfth child of his mother. His father was the postmaster of Nainital. Growing up in the wooded Kumaon hills around Nainital, Jim was a wanderer from the time he could walk. Jim Corbett's own backyard was literally a jungle, and he spent his childhood
learnt to stalk silently and cautiously, to learn which places to avoid, and which to further explore.

By the age of seven he began to be totally absorbed in the natural world around him, appreciating it, trying to understand it, and even to attempt to classify animals he saw everyday by the functions they performed. For example, birds:

* Birds that beautify nature’s garden. In this group I put minivets, orioles, and sunbirds.

* Birds that fill the garden with melody: thrushes, robins and, shamas.

* Birds that warn of danger, drongos, red jungle fowl and babblers.

* Birds that perform the duty of scavengers: vultures, kites, and crows.

Having sorted animals according to his own classification, Corbett began to study about them in detail, tracking them and understanding their calls. In doing so he began imitating them and eventually became an expert at this art. So began an education that developed while still a boy, into a thorough knowledge of jungle signs and sounds. He did not merely rejoice in the sights and sounds of the jungle, he absorbed jungle lore by observing characteristics of different creatures of the jungle.

A perfect foundation for the youthful Corbett who soon became an expert shikari. A shikari in the truest sense—a person who is one with the environment in which he hunts and with the hunted.

Shooting his first leopard at age eight, Corbett acquired a formidable reputation as an excellent shot. And he is famous for having shot several dreaded man-eating tigers. But what makes Corbett so special is that he was not just a hunter but also one of the first champions of the conservation movement in India. In the mid 1920s, when he was in his forties, Corbett gave up shooting with a gun and turned to shooting with a camera. He felt that “far more pleasure was got from pressing the button of a camera than is ever got from pressing the trigger of a rifle”.

In 1936 Corbett was instrumental in the establishment of India’s first nature reserve—even today famous as Corbett National Park. He dedicated the rest of his life to the conservation of wildlife. Corbett always felt nature is an open book. “No matter how long and how intently you study the pages, your interest will not flag, for in nature there is no finality.”
The Fall of a Sparrow

SALIM Ali, in his own words “contracted the germs of ornithology at a time when the disease was practically unknown among Indians, and nature conservation was a phrase only rarely heard.” He grew up in a large family—uncles, aunts, cousins, relatives and friends—none of whom were interested in birds except as part of a tasty meal. Favourite among childhood pastimes was going out with the airgun to shoot at small birds in the countryside around which they lived. At the age of nine, his uncle presented him with an airgun. This became Salim’s most prized possession. Incidentally, this was Chembur, which is today a busy part of metropolitan Bombay, but was then surrounded by forests on the hills of the Western Ghats and was rich in flora and fauna, especially bird life.

Even when they didn’t go out, the boys used to show off their prowess by shooting at house sparrows. It is during one of these domestic hunting exercises that Salim Ali noticed, and noted down some observations about a female sparrow that was nesting in a hole in one of the stables. The note read thus:

“1906/7 The cock sparrow perched on the rail near the entrance to the hole while the female sat inside on the eggs. I ambushed them from behind a stabled carriage and shot the male. In a very short while the female acquired another male...”

CHILDREN’S WORLD JUNE 1994
who also sat ‘on guard’ on
the nail outside. I shot this
male also, and again in no
time the female had yet
another male in attend-
dance. In the next seven
days I shot eight male
sparrows from this perch;
each time the female
seemed to have another
male in waiting who
immediately stepped into
the gap of the deceased
husband."

At that time Salim
made the note mainly to
record his skills as a
hunter and not as any
record of bird behaviour.
But so sharp and system-
atic was the observation
of this nine-year-old that
60 years later this note
was reproduced in News-
letter for Birdwatchers,
more or less in its original
form.

Another hunting inci-
dent sparked off the first
scientific interest in birds
that was to grow and
develop into a lifetime
passion.

On one of the usual
sparrow-hunting expedi-
tions, 10-year-old Salim
felled a sparrow. Just as
the sparrow was going to
be transformed into a
tasty morsel, he noticed
that the bird had an
unusual yellow patch on
the throat almost like a
“curry stain” as he
remembers it. Intrigued,
he carried the dead bird
back to show his uncle—
the shikari of the family.
Now his uncle was also
one of the earliest Indian
members of the Bombay
Natural History Society
(BNHS) and an active
participant in its work. He
wrote a letter of introduc-
tion and asked young
Salim to take his bird
there to show to the
experts.

When he met the
Honorary Secretary, an
Englishman called
Mr. Millard and fumbled
with his sparrow inside
the paper packet, his
nervousness vanished.
The bird was identified
as a yellow-throated
sparrow. Mr. Millard then
showed Salim Ali hun-
dreds of specimens of
birds and gave him some
bird books to read. It is
from this point his curios-
ity was fully aroused.
Mr. Millard introduced
Salim to others in BNHS,
encouraged him to make a
collection of birds to learn
about them, and offered to
have him trained in
skinning and preserving
specimens, and taught
him to make proper
notes.

The yellow-throated
sparrow opened up a
whole new world. Ali
began to read vorac-
iously—books on natural
history, especially birds.
In those days there were
hardly any illustrated
books on Indian birds and
a beginner found it diffi-
cult to identify birds. But
the young boy’s interest
grew more and more
serious until it literally
became his very life.
ROMULUS Whitaker’s initiation into literacy began with the alphabet, but with a difference. For him it was A for amphibian, B for brontosaurus, C for coral snake and so on. As a toddler in New York state, Rom’s fascination for the natural world around him, especially for snakes, was encouraged by his mother and his aunt.

When Rom was eight years old his mother moved to India. He and his 12-year-old sister were sent to boarding school at Kodaikanal, where his real “education” began. Located as it was in the evergreen shola forests of Palni hills, it provided a perfect setting for a budding naturalist. Rom found diversion from the boredom of formal studies by collecting snakes, lizards and bugs, hiding them under his bed and spending a lot of time observing and studying them. His schoolboy’s association with these hills forged a lifetime bond, and thirty years later Romulus Whitaker played an important part in the campaign to save these hills and their environment.

At 12, on a school picnic, Rom captured a
Russel’s Viper in his butterfly net and packed it in his lunch box. He kept it with him for a few days, by which time he and his friends had read about the snake and discovered that it was one of the most venomous snakes of India. So, he reluctantly released his first dangerous snake back to the wild.

Rom soon acquired a reputation of being quite a “snake boy”. His schoolmates and even outsiders began bringing him snakes. He reinforced his image by keeping a pet python. Though officially no pets were allowed at school the python managed to be hidden successfully among the empty trunks under the dormitory beds.

Besides snakes, Rom and his friends at school pursued all the mad capers that all schoolboys are up to. During holidays when he used to go home to his mother, Romulus would visit the Bombay Natural History Society to find references to the snakes he had observed back at Kodaikanal, and to meet natural history experts. It was here that he met Dr Salim Ali and the meeting made a great impression on him as he realised that an interest in nature could develop into a serious career.

Find out more about the life and experiences of these famous naturalists. Three books will get you started, and who knows, maybe hooked on biographies and autobiographies.

1. *Carpet Sahib: A Life of Jim Corbett*, by Jim Booth is a biography of the hunter-turned-conservationist, was published in London in 1986, and made available in India at a special price. (Published by Constable, London, 1986.)

2. *The Fall of a Sparrow* by Salim Ali is the autobiography of the grand old man of ornithology. The immensely readable book is more than a bird-watcher’s diary. It is also a looking back on life and times over almost a century, and a fascinating tale of rich experiences of years in the field. (Published by Oxford University Press, 1985.)

3. *Snakeman: The Story of a Naturalist*, is the story of herpetologist Romulus Whitaker, by his wife Zai Whitaker, portrays not only exciting encounters with the reptile world, it is also the story of creating and sustaining the conservation movement in South India. (Published by the India Magazine books, Bombay, 1986.)
WHAT does poetry have to do with environment? To most of us environmental matters are those usually described in precise, scientific language. And poetry—well, it's sheer poetry. Yet it is the environment that has inspired some of the greatest masterpieces of literature in all languages. It is emotionally that we first react to what we see or experience around us—a sunset, a peacock, a gentle breeze, a gurgling stream. Rarely do we begin by analysing the “scientific facts” of what makes the sky so brilliant, the breeze blow or the stream gurgle. Something strikes us, touches us, moves us. But, more often than not, we don't really know how to express what we feel. True, not all of us are born poets. But with a little practice and a lot of feeling, you'll be surprised at how you can nudge awake that “poet” in yourself. To start with, try coining a CINQUAIN.

Cinquain is the French word for a poem of five lines in which the first line has one word, line two has two words, line three has three, and line four has four words. The fifth line is just one word—like the first.

To write a cinquain, just follow these steps and see what emerges. Ready?

Think of any object in nature that you especially like or relate to or identify with—flowers, rain, butterflies, clouds... Close your eyes for a few seconds. Picture your chosen object. Better still take yourself, with a pen and paper to where you can actually see, hear and experience your natural surroundings.

* Now begin by writing the name of the object you have chosen. This should be a single word, and a noun. For example: Butterfly.

* In the next line, write two words describing the qualities of your chosen object. These should be adjectives, e.g. Delicate, graceful.

* In the third line write three words of action describing something that the object does. These will be verbs. Flutter finds sips.

* In the fourth line write four words describing how you feel about the object. (You can drop the rigid grammar and mix nouns, verbs, adjectives!) Seems weak but isn't.

* In the fifth and last line write one word that conveys the sense of the first word. (Back to grammar—this could be a synonym) Beauty.

Read the five lines as a poem. Hear how it flows? See the verbal picture it creates? It is poetry, and it's your very own. Create cinquains about any aspect of nature that strikes you, appeals to you, excites you. You will soon have your own book of nature poetry.

An Oriental Touch: Haiku is three-line Japanese poetry dedicated to
nature. These are usually poems which are composed as responses to or impressions of the world around us. Words used are very few, but in such a manner that reading them evokes an instant verbal picture. An image flashes past, creating an experience that the Japanese often describe as a “haiku moment”.

Seasons form an important theme of haiku. And also minute observations of small elements in nature—a blade of grass, a dewdrop on a flower petal, the flash of a dragonfly... But beyond or behind all these images is a strong consciousness of the close interrelatedness of all things—living and non-living—that makes up the universe.

There have been several “masters” of this fine art of haiku in Japan—among them Basho, Busson, Issa and Shiki are still revered.

Some examples of classical haiku give us a glimpse of the kind of pictures a few words have the power to evoke. Even though they are translated from the original Japanese, they are effective and moving.

The river leaping
Rocks angrily
Roars away...
As the mountain smiles

Little bird flitting
Twittering trying to fly...
My aren’t you busy

An old silent pond
into the pond a frog jumps
Splash! Silence again
Close your eyes and tell a friend to recite these.
What images flash through your mind as you hear the words? Can you transform these into graphic visuals—a sketch, a painting, a collage?
Better still, why don’t you and your friends all try to represent the same verse in different ways—drawing, painting, acting, miming, or even by a tune on a musical instrument?

And then, if you are ready, why not try your hand at some haiku yourself?

The rules are simple enough:

There are three lines in every poem
There are five syllables in the first line
Seven in the second, and again five in the third line.
The lines do not have to rhyme

To inspire you to begin here are some haiku verses by seventh standard students, written after spending a quiet half hour in a forest

Nature is funny
Nature is mysterious
Nature is freedom.

Sound of animals
Are quieted by people who come to observe them.

I would like to know
How the forest would be if
Man had not yet come.
A Touch of Fun: The form of verse with the least likely connection to nature and natural history is the five-lined nonsense verse called Limerick.

But the links are much closer than we think. The limerick is almost synonymous with the name of Edward Lear and his best known limerick about the old man with the beard. Limericks did exist before Lear, but it was he who made the form so popular. In fact, it was not even called limerick until long after it had been popularised in Lear’s Book of Nonsense.

What most of us do not know is that Edward Lear was much more than a writer of nonsense verse. He was a superb painter and draughtsman who began sketching to earn a living. As an employee of the Zoological Society of England, he spent several years illustrating volumes on birds and animals. To this day he is considered among the best wildlife illustrators of all times. He was honoured for his skill and contribution to this field by having a beautiful macaw (a long tailed brightly coloured South American parrot) named after him. This is Lear’s macaw—

Andorhyncus leari.

It is only when his eyesight began to fail and so his ability to paint, that Lear turned to writing. Lear travelled extensively, especially in the Mediterranean countries. He had a keen eye for detail and maintained extensive journals of his travels. He also painted landscapes. He was also a prolific letter writer as well as scribbler of bits and pieces for friends and their children. He gave names to his jottings like Scribblebubbles, Puffles of Prose and Learical Lyrics. Whatever he did—paint, write, scribble, sketch or talk, Lear poured a great sense of fun and a rare ability to depict the absurd in any situation. Combined with an intense appreciation of nature as well as history, Edward Lear was much more than just the old man with the beard.

A couple of years ago an American magazine called International Wildlife held an animal limerick contest. The response was unbelievable—5732 “nonsense” entries came in from all over, from Canada to Cameroon, Israel to Hongkong. Verses came from Ph.Ds and from school children. All nature lovers with a great sense of humour. And all of them amateurs. Only shows that you don’t have to be dead serious about the environment!

Here are a few samples

One Worm’s Meat
Crawling on earth is a treat
For soil is a worm’s favourite meat
He can chow down on ground
Without gaining a pound
That’s a diet that cannot be beat!

Better Living with Plastic
A young Afro elephant named Yastik
Told his peers of his notion fantastic
“Our organic tusks
Attract poachers to us.
It’s time to grow tusks made of plastic.”

Now how about trying your hand at some limericks. Make nature your theme—that includes trees, animals, and humans too. Let your funny bone take over.

Just a few ground rules.
Your verse should be five lines.
The end of the first and second lines should rhyme with the end of the fifth line.
The third line should rhyme with the fourth.
YOUR PAGES

Horned or winged
Four-legged or six-legged
Clawed or beaked
Striped or plumed
Crawling or flying
Running or hopping

We must admit this Earth of ours would be a dull place without animals, birds and insects.

This November let us then immortalise them in YOUR PAGES. Write to us of the animals in your life, why you love/hate them, how they have made an impression on your life, a quaint mannerism of an animal you know, an animal behaviour you have observed, a funny incident involving an animal...

Stories, reflections, letters, poems, plays, anecdotes, limericks, riddles, quizzes, crosswords, fascinating facts... about animals, birds and insects.

While the focus is on these creatures, similar material on other subjects is equally welcome.

Send in your entries to

Editor
Children's World
Nehru House
4 Bahadur Shah Zafar Marg
New Delhi 110002

Last date: July 31, 1994

Essential: Your name, address and age (maximum: 18 years) in BLOCK LETTERS on your entries.
Chandras Choudhury (13)

The sun never rose,
The sky was grey,
Dark clouds gathered,
A dull, gloomy day.

Then, all of a sudden,
There was magic in the air,
Rain started to pour,
As if from nowhere.

Gusty winds started blowing,
And every plant and tree,
Swung devotedly from side to side,
Like monks in a monastery.

Everything was deathly quiet,
Except for the pitter-patter of the rain,
Then, everything cleared up, just as it came,

It'll never come back again.
IS THE MAN MAD? HE HAS BEEN TO SO MANY TRAVEL AGENTS AND ALL HE WANTS IS A BUS TOUR OF THE SOUTH...
...THE CROWD HERE... OH GOD! I'M HUNGRY. HOW LONG WILL HE GO ON WITH THIS?

I'LL HAVE FRIED FISH, MUTTON BIRYANI, CHICKEN CURRY AND NAAN...

YES, THAT'S IT, BUT PLEASE MAKE IT FAST

A LITTLE WHILE LATER

HEY! I HAVEN'T FINISHED. WHERE'S HE OFF TO? SPOILSPORT!
JUST A MINUTE, SIR. YOU'VE FORGOTTEN TO PAY FOR YOUR LUNCH.

SORRY...

WHAT'S THE BILL... HERE'S THE... WHERE IS MY WALLET?

LOOK, I'LL PAY LATER... I AM A POLICE OFFICER AFTER A SUSPECT.

THEY ALL SAY THAT...

PAY UP OR YOU'LL BE WASHING THE DISHES AND SWABBING THE FLOOR.

LISTEN,
...here's my identity card. Ring up the local C.B.I. office.

You don't look like a police officer...

...more like a film hero... but police officer or not, you've to pay for your meal like everyone else.

Where's your wallet?

Stolen!

I've lost him. I must begin my search all over again, contacting travel agents.
Yes, sir, the man you're describing did come here about a trip to the South.

What bus did he take?

He didn't take a bus, he hired a car.

Yes, a Fiat. This is the car's registration number, the date and the man's signature. I run a car rental service, too, and Mr. Shetty hired a car for ten days and paid in advance.

Hired a car?

Did he say where he was going?

Mmm... yes! He said he was a journalist writing an article on South Indian temples at Mamallapuram.

Yes? The Fiat was seen in Madras?

Thank you.

To Madras now.
Shankar Chowdhury has hired the services of detective Professor Nagen Pakrasi and his assistant, Jojo, to investigate into the curious behaviour of his beloved Uncle Hari Shankar Chowdhury. Shankar explains to the detectives how his uncle, who had never bothered about his deceased brother's Will, now wants to see a copy and also wants his share of the business profits in cash. Upon further enquiry, the detective and his assistant learn of Hari Shankar's cousin and companion, Rameswar Das.

Next morning around 11 o'clock Nagen took the disguise of an Arab Sheikh and visited Music Memoirs. That Professor Pakrasi was adept in disguising himself was well-known in the police as well as criminal circles of Calcutta. Nagen had learnt this art when he was a schoolboy. He had won several prizes for his disguises in competitions and once even his mother had been fooled when he approached her for alms as a beggar. The kind lady had given him a rupee and asked the 'poor' boy whether his mother was alive.

Nagen had imagined Music Memoirs to be a big shop but he never expected it to be as big as a village, selling music goods of all descriptions.

Nagen had a good command over Urdu. Getting down from the taxi he asked the darwan where he could find the proprietor. The darwan pointed out to a room at the corner of the shop. Nagen made his way to the room and after doing adab to Shankar told him that he had come from Kuwait to purchase some records of Hindustani songs.

The word 'Kuwait' produced a magical effect. Shankar Chowdhury received the Sheikh most cordially and played the discs of the popular vocalists from Pandit Onkarnath to Anup Jalota to please his customer.

Nagen would listen to one song with rapt attention and as it ended say "Fine", "Marvellous" like a connoisseur. When he was a college student he had loved classical music and himself learnt thumri from an Ustad. But later he got so involved in crime detection that he had to give up music. He had preferred visiting police stations to attending musical soirees.

Nagen selected a good number of Hindustani songs. Then he started smoking his pipe—lest Shankar doubt his identity he was very careful not to take out a cheroot. By then Shankar had ordered cold drinks for his wealthy customer. Sipping
orange juice from a bottle
Nagen asked, "Well, Mr.
Chowdhury, so you are
the proprietor of this
shop?"

"No," smiled Shankar
and replied, "my uncle
and I jointly own it."

Nagen was happy that
the uncle's topic had
figured so soon in their
talks.

"Oh, then, your uncle
must also be present in
the shop?"

"No, Sir," Shankar
politely replied, "my uncle
never comes here. He has
other interests. I look
after the business."

"Then, your uncle is a
sleeping partner. I see,"
Nagen raised his brows. "I
am asking so many ques-
tions because I am also in
business. I own ten oil
fields in Kuwait. You
know, Hindustani songs
are very popular there.
Lataji's records sell like
hot cakes. Babuji, you are
dealing in musical goods,
you must be practicing
music also."

"Oh, no," Shankar
replied with diffidence
"We love music, but do not
practise it. I am a student
of literature. My uncle is a
scholar of history."

"Oh, your uncle is a
scholar." Nagen stopped
sipping the juice. "That's
wonderful. Can you ar-
range a meeting with him, Mr. Chowdhury? I have a great regard for scholars, you know. I shall be here for another week. Then I fly to Bombay."

Shankar’s face became grave. “I am afraid it cannot be done,” he replied softly.

“Why?” Nagen’s face had an impression of wonder.

Shankar remained silent for a moment then said, “My relations with my uncle are not very good at this moment.” He turned his head, “Excuse me, but this is a personal matter. I hope you will appreciate that.”

“That’s all right, Babuji,” Nagen raised his head. “You remind me of my own nephew. Like your uncle and you, I too have a nephew who is very dear to me. I am a bachelor and he is my only source of comfort in life.”

Shankar found the middle-aged Sheikh’s eyes become moist with tears.

“I love my uncle very much, too. He is also a bachelor and we had one of the best relationships one can have.” Shankar paused and said in a sorrowful voice, “Of late he is trying to avoid me. He is very indifferent to me.”

Nagen found Shankar getting sentimental so he wanted to change the topic. “Oh, I almost forgot,” he said suddenly remembering something. “My nephew, Jamal, is a great fan of music—pop music, of course, not thumri like me. So I will have to collect some discs for him. Otherwise the young fellow would be very cross with me...” He laughed.

“Oh, sure, we have a good collection of Lionel Ritchie, Michael Jackson and others.” Shankar called one of his staff who immediately brought a collection of discs by western pop singers.

“I get no pleasure in listening to these,” Nagen shrugged while listening to one of the discs. “I call them loud noise. But the young fellow will definitely start dancing you know, Mr. Chowdhury.” Nagen paused for a moment and then with a voice choked with emotion said, “I love my nephew very much, you know.”

The words touched Shankar Chowdhury. “My uncle also used to love me very much,” he said. “But everything is so different now.”

“Khuda Hafiz,” the Sheikh from Kuwait softly uttered. I hope everything will be all right soon!”

After paying the bills, Nagen emerged from Music Memoirs and found that Rajat Roy, the manager of the shop, had kept a taxi waiting for him. “Do come to our shop whenever you visit Calcutta, Sir,” said Rajat after Nagen got into the waiting taxi with his purchases tucked in the back seat.

“Sure, thank you,” Nagen waved to the smart young man.

“But I am not sure whether you would recognise me the next time I visit your shop,” he thought. “It’s not going to be as a Sheikh from Kuwait any more, maybe as a Parsee cloth merchant or a salesman selling water-heaters.”

The taxi started and only then did Nagen reach for his cheroot. “Ah, what a pleasure!” he muttered puffing it.

He had collected lots of discs and information, too. But had he got any clue to help him follow up the case? Nagen wondered.

Jojo was working very fast. His first job was to find out more facts about Rameswar Das.

Jojo was lucky. Mr. Ajoy Pandey, the young
vigilance officer of Bridge and Dam Construction at Church Lane had heard about Private Eye and Jojo. "I was looking forward to meeting you ever since I heard how you rescued the boy, Rahul, from the kidnappers a few months back."

Jojo felt shy. Though he was a smart boy he was embarrassed when somebody praised him. Jojo got Rameswar Das’s address from the files of Bridge and Dam. He boarded a tram to north Calcutta. The mess was housed in a hundred-year-old building at Goabant Lane. There were ten people who shared a three-room flat on the first floor. Jojo found Rameswar Das’s bed empty. His roommate, Abinash Roy, informed him that he had been away from Calcutta for about two months. Jojo then collected the particulars of the village where Rameswar’s family lived from his roommate.

Rameswar did not have a regular job and it might be natural for him to be in search of work. That would also be why he liked to accompany Dr. Chowdhury, as that would keep him employed at least for part of the year. But Jojo discovered an important fact at Bridge and Dam. Rameswar did not give up his job on his own with the company.

He was dismissed. There was a charge of forgery against him. He had misappropriated the wages of a few workers by putting his own thumb impression on the wage bills.

Mr. Pandey who had recently joined the company, had not met Rameswar Das but had heard about the case. He helped Jojo by supplying him the papers of the case from the record room. Jojo studied them. He also collected a copy of the report of fingerprint expert, Dr. Saha, on the case.

The matter was really intriguing. As Jojo came out of the dingy mess building the late afternoon that day, he had not
found an answer to a very important question. He could see that Dr. Chowdhury had returned to Calcutta after doing his work at Tinkushi but where was Rameswar?

Jojo walked down the busy central avenue amidst the incessant sound of traffic racing by in both directions. He was thinking about the case. Jojo loved to walk. Whenever he was working on a case he would take long walks. Jojo had a deep blue racing-cycle but he preferred walking most of the time because he had found that his brain worked more actively when he walked than if he sat idle at a place.

“Come, Watson,” Professor Pakrasi greeted Jojo as he entered Private Eye. When there were important cases the professor preferred to work late hours.

Jojo sat on the chair facing Nagen Pakrasi. They had separate cabins but most of the time shared the same table. Jojo was wearing an unbuttoned cheese cotton shirt and blue jeans. There were beads of perspiration on his forehead. He looked like a cricketer who had just returned to the pavilion after a successful bout of fast bowling.

“A very strange incident has occurred...” Jojo looked at Nagen Pakrasi’s face. The otherwise jovial detective looked rather serious now.

“There have been sharp exchanges between Hari Shankar and his nephew. Hari Shankar wanted to smuggle out a fifteenth century idol of Dancing Shiva... a rare statue... but Shankar objected to it.”

“I do not think it was proper for Shankar babu to object to Hari Shankar taking something which belonged to him,” Jojo said. “He had every right to do so.”

“That’s true,” Prof. Pakrasi nodded. “But the matter was not as easy as one would like to think. The Dancing Shiva is a very rare statue and its value as an antique is very high. Shankar told me that agents from foreign countries were eager to get hold of the statue.... They even engaged professional smugglers. His uncle told him this at the dinner table and often laughed that even if somebody offered him fifty thousand rupees he would not part with it... How is it that now he was carrying it away himself? Shankar told me that he was sure that at that particular moment a car had been waiting outside. Probably the buyer himself.”

“Strange!” Jojo could only comment.

“Yes!” Nagen raised his brows and looked at the calendar on the opposite wall. “Shankar might be trying hard to tell us that his uncle has lost his sanity. I doubt if he was telling the truth... That Hari Shankar actually made such an attempt, I doubt it.”

“That we will be able to
find out from the servants of the house,” Jojo quietly said. “If there had been an argument between the two they would know about it.”

“Yes, you are right,” Nagen who had been very excited now became a little composed. He thought of disguising himself as a peanut-seller and interrogating Govind on any altercation between the uncle and nephew over the precious idol.

A few quiet moments passed. Jojo was looking at the pages of the green diary. Suddenly he looked up at Professor Pakrasi’s face. He was sitting with his eyes closed. That meant that he was thinking deeply about something.

“Sir,” Jojo asked, “what is the most definite way of establishing the identity of a person?”

“Fingerprints,” Nagen Pakrasi replied without hesitation, “the unmistakable evidence of a man’s identity... No two left thumb impressions will come out alike. Scotland Yard has also endorsed this theory.”

Jojo shut the diary. He remembered now that he had also heard about this. Even courts accepted this evidence.

Nagen got up from his chair. “I must have a wash and a cup of tea,” he said. “What will you have, Jojo? A fried egg?”

“I don’t mind,” Jojo said. “Thank you, sir.”

Nagen left the room and Jojo picked up the telephone receiver and dialled Shankar Chowdhury’s residence.

Jojo now had a definite plan of action. He had discovered a ray of light in the darkness.

Luckily Shankar Chowdhury was at home. He had just returned from the shop. Jojo requested him to do something for him. It was somewhat risky. But it had to be done.

Shankar listened carefully. He also understood that the job entrusted to him by Jojo was difficult. The latter also did not tell him why he wanted it to be done. But Shankar realised that Jojo was trying to make a breakthrough so he said, “O.K., it will be done. I think I will be able to handle it.”

When Shankar was a boy he had loved adventure as Jojo did now. His father, Gouri Shankar, was a noted hunter. He had taken Shankar as a child, to Sunderbans on numerous occasions. Then while studying in school, Shankar had experiences of camp life and trekking in the Kumaon Hills. He still remembered those days.

Nagen returned in ten minutes. He looked fresh. He was followed by Bepin. The old man had a tray in his hand. Besides a small teapot in the centre of the tray there were two plates with a big omelette on each.

“Here, Watson, eat something,” Nagen sounded cheerful. “You must be very hungry.” Whenever Nagen was hungry he expected others to join him.

Jojo did not know that Professor had also had a talk over the telephone with Shankar Chowdhury after a hearty lunch of tandoori chicken and roti at Mohan Singh’s hotel.

To be continued
THE REAL PRINCESS

by Alaka Shankar

THIS is the story of a princess. Unlike all other stories about princesses which always begin with “Once upon a time...” or “A long long time ago there lived a princess...”, this story is about a princess who was born only twenty years ago! And it is not a fairy tale but a story about a real princess.

The name of my princess is Aditi. And like all princesses, she was born with a silver spoon in her mouth. She was beautiful as a baby and the apple of her parents’ and grandparents’ eye. Even as a baby, her innocent charm and enduring smile engulfed all those who came in touch with her — that was the something special about my princess.

Young Aditi’s bright and expressive eyes and her charming smile reflected all the warmth, vibrancy, intelligence and sensitivity of a princess who did not preen her beauty or gloat over the less fortunate. She reached out and shared her treasures with all — yes, she was a kind-hearted, gentle and affectionate princess. Her heart went out to the dumb but sensitive creatures and the deprived
ones. She braved any injustice done to any human being or creature. In fact, she fought the situation and solved the problem with teeth gritted. When it came to justice, she feared no one.

To get back to the story, my princess Aditi achieved everything she strived for. And that urge to aim for and get the best, began in her early childhood—even if it meant bullying the boys of her class right from the pre-school years. (Unfortunately for some of them, they were together all through pre-school, school and college years, too!) However, despite nerve-wracking situations and unwarranted embarrassment (when she bullied them) the close knit group always teamed up together. They had a roaring time, whether at school, college, at home or when on their crazy jaunts.

And so my princess Aditi grew in years. She went to a school that gave her a lot—nurtured her intrinsic talents, egged her on—developed the invaluable quality of leadership, gave her a peer group that stood by her through all the happy and anxious and even challenging moments—and Aditi always came out the winner!

My princess was into everything—dance, music, theatre, art, entertaining others and also getting entertained—she looked after her grandparents with fond affection and spent special moments with her own parents.

The bond and closeness with her younger sister, Gayatri, was reflected through her discreet possessiveness and even dominating actions, though they were known to be poles apart by temperament. Even her little dog Tilly got her own bit of pampering and sneak treats.

Aditi was a perfect princess. She sailed through every moment with earnestness and spontaneous energy that made people wonder. She lived every moment of her life fully. My princess’s motto in life was—“Never say die!”

But one fine day, fate snatched away those very words from her lips. She shut her eyes to the world and never woke up again. Not even a Prince Charming could make her wake up—because she was a real princess and not a fairy tale princess. And yet, the lingering smile in her peaceful slumber gave hope to all those who loved her and wanted her back—that she just might be teasing them all. If only that moment was a dream!

My princess slipped away into another world where she will give joy to many newer faces and her radiance will once again encompass all those she sets her eyes on.

Aditi was a real princess. She had everything from life and she shared it with one and all wholeheartedly.

We, who were fortunate to know and equate with her, will always remember her only with happy thoughts. Tears have no place in our hearts for one whose charismatic charm is an impression stamped on our mind. Salutations to you, my beautiful princess ‘Aditi’— and keep smiling!

(Aditi Shiveshwarkar passed away on April 8, 1994)
And Suffer we all

Gulzar Azad

Wisdom is what we have bought in our soul,
And I believe in the future that we shall suffer no more.
Suffering that makes us cry in cold, for we have no more to wear,
Suffering that makes us steal, in life, for we have no food to satisfy our soul,
Suffering that is an endless wait for the old,
at a station anonymous,
Suffering that makes us lose good sense, for in killing we stage victory,
for in cheating we acquire comfort, for in disobedience we find joy,
for in solitude we search unhappiness, and in slavery we proclaim liberty,
liberty it is;
from all virtue,
from all responsibility,
from all love, eternal, and from the mirror that reflects the heart;

This is for my people of this country, I believe we will change it,
When we face it.
Deeds is what
We shall carry in our soul For I believe in the future, that we shall suffer no more.
This is not your lesson in mathematics, but a readymade game for you to cut out and play with your friends in the summer holidays. The twelve squares marked 1, 2, 3, 4... is your board. The sheet on which the problems are given is to be cut into small squares and folded four times. Put these folded pieces of paper in any container.

**To play:** Roll the dice to begin. According to the reading on the dice move the number of steps indicated. You do not have to wait for a ‘one’ or a ‘six’ to begin. If you get three, for example, move to the third house. While moving add the marks of each house. For example when you have to move three houses, add the marks of the first house (5) + of the second house (3) + marks of the third house (7) = 15. Let your partner play now similarly.

For the second round, shake the box containing the folded pieces of problems and pick out any one. If the variation is direct, move to the next house, adding the marks of that house to your score.

If the variation is inverse, move one step backward, BUT add a zero to your score.

Whosoever completes with the highest score, wins!

Of course, you can make more such chits yourself. I am sure you know what direct and inverse variation is? When two variables move in the same direction, that is increase or decrease together, it is a direct variation. When one increases and the other decreases, the relationship between the two variables is inverse.

**Winner**
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>a)</th>
<th>As the price of a commodity increases less of it can be bought.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>b)</td>
<td>The sharper the sun, the hotter it is.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>c)</td>
<td>Little Nancy Etticoat in a white petticoat. The longer she stands the shorter she grows.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>d)</td>
<td>The more and more trees that are cut, the greater the reduction in forest cover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>e)</td>
<td>The more you spend, the less you save.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>f)</td>
<td>The more the number of pigs in your drawing room (let us imagine they come to visit you), the more the smell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>g)</td>
<td>The naughtier you are, the more mummy scolds.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>h)</td>
<td>The more we use our non-renewable sources of energy, the lesser we will have in the future.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>i)</td>
<td>The more the sugar in the tea, the sweeter it is.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>j)</td>
<td>As we go higher up in altitude, the temperature becomes colder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>k)</td>
<td>The more smooth a surface, the less the friction</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l)</td>
<td>The more homework, the less time to play.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>m)</td>
<td>The heavier a bucket is, the more difficult it is to lift it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>n)</td>
<td>The steeper a slope, the more tiring to climb it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>o)</td>
<td>The more the protein intake, the healthier the child.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p)</td>
<td>The more you see of Laurel and Hardy, the more you laugh!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>q)</td>
<td>The faster you run, the faster the dog behind you chases you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r)</td>
<td>The more you write, the better your handwriting is</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>s)</td>
<td>The more mummy tells you to study, the less you feel like doing so.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>t)</td>
<td>The greater the flame, the more the heat.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>u)</td>
<td>The colder it is, the more woollens you wear.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v)</td>
<td>The more the population of India increases, more will be the poverty.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>w)</td>
<td>The more each of us works, the more prosperous our nation will become.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>x)</td>
<td>The lighter the cloud, the higher it floats</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>y)</td>
<td>The denser the forest, the more wild animals.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>z)</td>
<td>The more it rains, the more the earthworms that crawl into our house.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Extra</td>
<td>The temperature, the more the carbohydrate intake, the more the energy for children.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Extra</td>
<td>The higher the blood pressure, the greater the strain on the heart.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
GIRLS

6415  
Anju Antony (14)  
29/1137 A Major Road  
Vytilla, Cochin-682019  
Kerala, India  
Reading, music  
Any country

6416  
Padmaparna Ghosh (13)  
F-1148 Chittaranjan Park  
New Delhi 110019, India  
Drawing, reading  
Any country

6417  
Gauri Sinha (11)  
A-146 Defence Colony  
Meerut, U.P., India  
Music, reading  

India, U.S.A.

6418  
Himanshi Manshaw (15)  
S/200 Mayo College Girls School  
Mayo Link Road  
Ajmer - 305001  
Rajasthan, India  
Making friends, movies  
Any country

6419  
Mayuri (14)  
G 21/4 Rajouri Garden First Floor  
Near Main Market  
New Delhi 110027  
Pen-friends, movies  
India

CHILDREN'S WORLD PEN-FRIENDS CLUB
ENROLMENT FORM

Member No. ...............  (To be filled by office)  Issue dated ...............  
Name: Master / Miss ........................................... Age* ...................... Years  
(in block letters)

Address: .................................................................

Hobbies: ..............................................................

Pen-friends wanted in (Country) ................

*Age limit: 16 years  
Signature
GIRLS

France, Japan

6425
Sita Raina (13)
S. Laxminarayana
House No. 1-4-38
Goods Shed
Station Area, Raichur
Karnataka, India
Drawing, stamps
Any country

6426
Tamara Zidon (13)
Post Restante
Mapusa, Bardez
Goa, India
Stickers, sports
U.S.A., India

6427
Jasmine Valles (15)
C/o Alexio Valles
Near Football Ground
Pequene, Mercurim
Agassaim
Goa
Reading, music
India

6428
Mai Ventura (16)
Henry Junior Street
Christine Village
Dela Paz Pasig
Metro Mla
Philippines
Watching T.V., going out
Any country

6429
Manju S. Nair
23/1 Prabhu Niwas

Rambaug Lane No. 4
Kalyan (W)
Maharashtra, India
Reading, making friends
Any country

6430
Rashmi Sharma (16)
C/o Mr. N.P. Sharma
Counsellor
Embassy of India
Paris (France)
C/o Ministry of External
Affairs
South Block
New Delhi 110001
Reading, painting
Any country

6431
Noorie Rajvanshi (12)
P.O. Box 44
Phaltan - 415525
Maharashtra, India
Reading, singing
Any country

6432
Suba Vasudevan (15)
C-107 Matruchhaya
Evershine Nagar, Malad
(West)
Bombay 400064, India
Reading, music
Any country

6433
Jayashree S.K. (16)
Krishna House
K.R.C.R. School, Kittur
Dist. Belgaum,
Karnataka, India
Singing, reading
India, U.S.A.
BOYS

6434
Kamaljeet Walia (13)
C/o Mr. G.S. Ahluwalia
P.W.I. Newai W.R.
Dist. Tonk
Rajasthan, India
Cricket, reading
India, U.K.

6435
Ashish Mathur (11)
K.E. 104, New Kavi
Nagar
Ghaziabad -201001
U.P., India
Karate, painting
Japan, Canada

6436
Ankit Sharma (8)
28/1 Candeth Enclave
Meerut Cantt. 250001
U.P., India
Swimming, karate
Any country

6437
Ashok R. (16)
B-8, Nithya Apartments
25, IInd Main Road
Gandhi Nagar
Adyar, Madras - 600020
Tamil Nadu, India
Reading
Canada, U.S.A.

6438
Sathya Bhan Baish (16)
Jawahar Navodaya
Vidyalaya
Amarkantak Dist.
Shahdol
Madhya Pradesh, India
Collecting pictures, reading
Any country

6439
Titmun Khimhun (13)
School U.K.V. Niausa
Post Niausa, Dist. Tirap
Arunachal Pradesh, India
Reading, music
Any country

6440
Kamsang Hangsir (10)
Post Kharsang Bazaar
Dist. Changlang-792122
Arunachal Pradesh, India
Football, making friends
Any country

6441
Laito Pausa (10)
S/o Pango
Post Kongchau,
Dist. Tirap
Arunachal Pradesh
786631, India
Football, dance
Any country

6442
Aditya Lakhanpal (13)
23 Staff Road
Ambala Cantt. 133001
Haryana, India
Reading, stickers
Any country

6443
Nabum Hanchang (12)
C/o Principal
V.K.V. Balijan
P.O. Balijan,
Dist. Popunpare
Arunachal Pradesh, India
Karate, football
Any country

6444
Jitender Chawla(12)
A/55 Ramesh Nagar

6445
Shailesh Kumar (16)
C/o Shambhu Dayal
Modern School
Room No.160, Vikas
Hostel
Sonepat-131001
Haryana, India
Singing, pen-friends
Germany, Pakistan

6446
Enchea Manchey (14)
New Sensap Village
P.O. Manmow
Via Namsai
Lohit Dist. Arunachal
Pradesh-792103 India
Reading, pen-friends
Any country

6447
Jabeed P. (12)
‘Chandni’
Kizhisseri
Kuzhimanna P.O.
Malappuram Dist.
Kerala 673641
India
Stamps
India, Nepal

6448
Abhishek Sharma(9)
H.No. 289, Sector 17
Panchkula
Haryana-134109, India
Dancing, painting
Any country
6449
Rigel Jims (14)
Std. VIII
Santosh Vidyalaya
Dohnavur Fellowship
Dohnavur - 627102
Tamil Nadu, India
Tennis, stamps & coins
Australia, France

6450
Ranchen Wangchuk (15)
Kangpara Primary School
Dist. Tashigang
Bhutan
Fishing, dancing
Any country

6451
Dawa Gyeltshen (16)
C/o Thimphu Public
Library
GPO Box No. 295
Thimphu
Music, pen-friends
Any country

6452
Bharat Bhushan
Kaushik (16)
1387 Durgapur
Harbowal Kalan
Ludhiana - 141001
Punjab, India
Poetry writing, music
Any country

6453
Biplap Biswas (13)
Q. No. F/VII-13
P.O. Chandrapura
Dist. Bokaro - 825303
Bihar, India
Stamps, drawing
Hongkong, Japan

BOYS

6454
Prakash Chandra
Gupta (15)
Jawahar Navodaya
Vidyalaya
Amarkantak
Dist. Shahdol
Madhya Pradesh - 484886
India
Coins, pen-friends
Any country

6455
Avinash Tiwari (13)
2212 Narmada House
Sainik School, Rewa
Madhya Pradesh - 486001
India
Pen-friendship
Any country

6456
Santosh K.V. (16)
Sainik School,
Khazakootam
Sainik School P.O.
Thiruvananthapuram
Kerala, India
Writing, classical music
Any country

6457
Rahul Kapadia (9)
1, Jaldarshan Society
GIDC,
Ankleshwar - 393002
Gujarat, India
Drawing, cricket
Any country

6458
Arjun Singh Negi (16)
S/o Mr. Hari Singh Negi
Near Petrol Pump

Pauri Garwal, U.P., India
Reading, art
U.S.A., India

6459
Anuj Jain (16)
A/C-1-138 C
Shalimar Bagh
Delhi 110052, India
Pen-friends, travelling
India, U.S.A.

6460
Tenzing Tshering (14)
Class V, Bikhar
Primary School
Trashigang, Bhutan
Reading, archery
U.K., Canada

6461
Mohd. Yirasath Ali (14)
H/No. 3-57-10/C Raipura
Hanamakonda - 506001
Andhra Pradesh, India
Singing, painting
Any country

6462
Gopal Sharan (15)
No. 15, 4 T Block
Kumara Park West
Bangalore - 560020
Karnataka, India
Stamps, reading
Any country

6463
Cdt. Arun K. (16)
Class XII, Ashoka Seniors
Sainik School
P.O. Trivandrum
Kerala, India
Photography, coins
Any country
BOYS

6464
Tarun Chadha (11)
23/4 Shakti Nagar
Chadha Bhawan
Delhi 110007, India
Coins & stamps
Any country

6465
Prasanna Kumar O.N. (15)
Deepa Niwas
K.P IV/200, Anvara P.O.
Trivandrum - 695029
Kerala, India
Music, making friends
Any country

6466
Sandeep Mundhra (16)
BZL Colony, Binanipuram
P.O. Cochin-683502
Kerala, India
Cricket, listening to radio
U.S.A., U.K.

6467
Chime (16)
Class VIII B
Motithang High School
Bhutan
Music, stamps
Japan, India

6468
Winston Thomas (16)
Ayiramala, Kunnoth
Kiliyanthara
Cannore-670706
Kerala, India
Reading, stamps
Any country

6469
Rinchen Doriji (16)
Tashiyangtse Primary School
P.O. Tashiyangtse
Bhutan
Stamps, music
Australia, India

6470
Surbhit Jain (9)
Rajendra Nagar
Road No. 11 F
Patna-800016
Bihar, India
Painting, music
Any country

6471
Puneet Goel (14)
S/o Dr. R.C. Goel
84-A, Narsing Dham Road
S.N. Nagar, Hardwar
U.P., India
Stickers, coins
Any country

6472
Thinley Drukpa (14)
Kangpara Primary School
P.O. Thirnshing Dist.
Tashiganj, Bhutan
Painting
India

6473
Willing Son (15)
Colony Kazhllang Public School
P.O. Nafra
West Kameng Dist.
Arunachal Pradesh 790001
India
Reading, writing
U.S.A., Switzerland

6474
Anjan Patowary (14)
C/o Mr. Tarun Saikia
Keshab Kutir
P.O. Rangia - 781354
Dist. Karap, Assam, India
Reading
Any country

6475
Manish Khanna (13)
19/147 DESU Colony
Janakpuri
New Delhi-58, India
Making friends, singing
Japan, France

6476
Mukesh Dev (14)
73/6 Sector 1
Pushp Vihar
Saket, New Delhi 110017
India
Stamps, reading
Any country

6477
Ameya M.S. (10)
MIG - 28, New Kanth Raj
Urs Road
Near Samrat Gas Agency
Mysore
Karnataka, India
Reading, football
Russian Federation,
Japan

6478
Kandarp Bhatt (16)
7 S. Road, Bhupalpura
Udaipur
Rajasthan-313001, India
Friendship, music
India, U.S.A.
6479
Krishna Kumar Jha (13)
School No. 2443
Bharat House
Sainik School
Rewa - 486001
Madhya Pradesh, India
Stamps, music
U.K., U.S.A.

6480
Ameoruddin Azhar (16)
S/o Md. Moosa
H.No. 15-2-200
Behind Church
Rangampet
(K.N.C.)
Warangal-506007
Andhra Pradesh, India
Sports, pen-friends
Any country

6481
Syed Ahmed Imtiaz
Ahmed (16)
15-130 (K.M.C.)
Rangampet
Dist. Warangal-506007
Andhra Pradesh, India
Pen-friends, swimming
Any country

6482
Kumar Divye (12)
J-85 Saket
New Delhi 110017, India
Football, carom
Japan, U.S.A.

6483
Akshat Pipersenia (9)
601 Asia House
Kasturba Gandhi Marg

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BOYS

New Delhi 110001, India
Stamps, cricket
Any country

6484
Ketan Malhotra (9)
S-477 Greater Kailash-I
New Delhi 110048, India
Reading, stamps
U.S.A., India

6485
Joseph George (7)
C/o Kottukapally
Sasthamangalam P.O.
Trivandrum - 695010
Kerala, India
Reading, playing
Saudi Arabia, U.K.

6486
Pankaj Katri (13)
Nilgiri House
B.D. Lawrence School
Sanawar-173202, Solan
Himachal Pradesh, India
Stamps, reading
Any country

6487
Norbu (15)
Phubjikha Primary School
Wangdiphodrang
Bhutan
Reading, singing
Germany, Thailand

6488
Rana Bhattacharya (11)
A/59 Sector-14, Rourkela
Orissa 769009, India
Music, sports
Any country

6489
Mithun Babu Mathews (13)
Don Bosco High School
Std. VIII
Irinjalakuda
Kerala, India
Movies, stamps
U.S.A.

6490
Aditya Gupta (14)
83 Income Tax Colony
Uttar Pitampura
Delhi, India
Stamps & coins
Any country

6491
K. Kishan Chand (14)
Nandulpet
H.No. 2-4-19
Kazavari Veedi, Tenali
Guntur Dist.
Andhra Pradesh, India
Stickers, stamps & coins
Australia, India

6492
A.H. Girish (10)
Lango Pilot School
P.O. Parao, Paro Dist.
Bhutan
Reading, stamps
Any country

6593
Akash S. (15)
C/o Mr. Shankar H.
269/A II Block, III Stage
Beside V.V.S. College
Basaweshwaranagar
Bangalore-560079
Karnataka, India
Stamps, coins
Other than India
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