

KATHA SAGAR

a sea of fables & experiences

VOL 2

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Published by:



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To every child on this planet as
#EveryChildCounts

Prelude

There's a dream land which takes everyone of us to a beautiful and palatial castle ,with colourful chandeliers dangling softly,and the chimes spreading melody , to soothe the inner heart and ears alike!!As one walks through the long and wide corridors with jewel embedded walls ,finds a huge 100 year old banyan tree , at the backyard, underneath which one old ,yet energetic woman sits, eager to narrate the stories and takes all her listeners to a world of experiencesmakes her listeners hold the fairies' wings and fly high in the sky to experience the touch of the moon and stars !! would it be possible for any listener to come back to the real life of cacophony from this world of picturesque and image filled stories?

Here we are back again with Katha Sagar Vol.II to make readers travel in the realms of dreams. These collection of short stories would make readers both young as well old wander in the world of fantasy, reality, yesteryears, and the future alike.

Katha sagar is a collection of short stories :few are retold and few are expressed, few are woven and few are truly inspirational ,and all filled with rich life experiences and morals.

I appreciate each and every writer for penning down their ideas and views intending to trigger the auditory, visual and olfactory imagery among the readers.

Have fun reading moments !!

Dr.K.Lakshmi Rao
Academic Director
JGI Schools.
Hyderabad.

KATHASAGAR II EDITORIAL NOTE

Kathasagar current edition is vibrant with the stories written on a range of themes. The writers have drawn their themes and plots from their experiences as well as knowledge. The narratives are so engrossing that the readers enjoy the vivid experience of each and every story. The stories are written for both old and young readers. For both, the stories are enchanting and for the young they have the indicative message or moral. The stories were so skillfully written that they are not prescriptive or overtly instructive. On the other hand, readers find it interesting to know that some of the stories are autobiographical, that is the writers have created stories from what they faced or experienced. In short, they are the *stories of life*.

Another very, very interesting feature in this edition is 'Mini Saga.' Dr. Chandrashekar DP, CEO of JGI Schools has introduced this novel genre of the short story with examples as well as his own story. His other stories are richly inspirational.

The stories written by Dr. K Lakshmi Rao, Academic Director have followed more or less *stream of consciousness*. We can see that they depict the multitudinous thoughts and feelings which pass through the mind of the narrator. And the writer's message to the young readers is clear.

Travelogue and the stories on travel experiences are very interesting reads in this volume. They offer the readers memories of the writers with a personal touch rather than mere recollections.

Kathasagar II has **51** stories in it. The number '51' has a fascinating significance. It indicates parental instincts. It symbolizes the responsibility for the welfare of biologically unrelated acquaintances it considers to be family. It is also a number of harmony and idealism, the ideal generally related to a harmonious and positive family relationship. In other words, Kathasagar II with 51 stories is not just a book of stories but it is the *collective consciousness* of JGI FAMILY.

The Editorial Team fondly hopes that the readers will enjoy reading the stories again and again. And thanks all the writers profusely for their wonderful stories!

CONTENTS

1. Who goes there first?	03
2. Deceit is not discreet	04
3. Duty before Rights	05
4. Energy goes where the mind goes	07
5. Paper Clip	08
6. Shripal and Mahipal	09
7. Appearances are deceptive	12
8. Catch them Young!!!	16
9. My first Day in School	18
10. SWIGGY SWIGGY SWIGGY	21
11. Virtual world vs Real world	23
12. A Stitch in Time Saves Nine	26
13. Use your Skills with Wisdom	28
14. Life Skills	30
15. God Does Exist, But... ..	33
16. He Just Wanted To	34
17. Just Give; It Comes Around	36
18. Give Confidence, Not Just Content	38
19. Who should be corrected?	39
20. They knew how to win	40
21. Ego Destroys	42
22. Mathematics – An integral part of life	45
23. A healthy mind lives in a healthy body	47
24. The Young Boy	51
25. My Experience	54
26. Don't Worry, Be Happy	56
27. Stopped By a Brick	58
28. The Man and the cat	60
29. The clever Brahmin	62
30. Christmas isn't just a day	64
31. Honesty always pays	66
32. The bond	68
33. The Obstacle in Our Path	70
34. Do Dreams Come True?	72
35. Travelogue	76
36. Time: Always changing and yet constant!	86
37. Express Gratitude	87

CONTENTS

38. मेहनत का महत्त्व	89
39. संपत्ति का बंटवारा	90
40. बदलाव ही जीवन है।	92
41. कर्म का महत्त्व	95
42. आत्मविश्वास	97
43. दीपावली	99
44. मन का विश्वास	100
45. महत्त्वाकांक्षाए	103
46. बरगद की छांव	105
47. అయ్యో పాపం	108
48. మలాలా స్టోరీ	110
49. స్నేహబంధం	113
50. మంచి మనసు	117
51. షాట్టి వాడికి పుట్టిడు తెలివి	119

AUTHOR PROFILE



DR. CHANDRASHEKAR DP, Ph.D
CEO – JGI SCHOOLS

Dr. Chandrashekar DP has been an educator, speaker and a leader for nearly fifteen years. He is a proud alumnus of Sri Bhagawan Mahaveer Jain College, Bengaluru – a JGI institution. He also holds the prestigious Degree of Honorius Causa – Doctor of Philosophy in Education by Universita Popolare Degli Studi Di Milano, Italy.

Among recent acknowledgements, he has received the Toastmaster's International Distinguished Toastmaster Award, TOBIP Award for professional excellence & contribution to society by Junior Chamber International, Inspirational Leader of the Year award in 2012 and Young Manager of the Year award from the Hyderabad Management Association.

He is a Bangalorean by birth and a true Hyderabadi by heart.

He can be reached at: ceo@jgischools.in

Mini-Saga

Mini-Sagas are *extremely* short stories – just fifty words long... no more, no less! Yet, like all stories, they have a beginning, a middle, and an end.

London's *Telegraph* newspaper has long sponsored an annual mini-saga contest – and the results show how much creativity can pack into exactly fifty words. Try writing a mini saga yourself. It's addictive.

Here are two excellent examples to hook you:

A Life

By Jane Rosenberg, Brighton, United Kingdom

Joey, third of five, left home at sixteen, travelled the country and would up in Nottingham with a wife and kids. They do shifts, the kids play and ends never meet. Sometimes he'd give anything to walk away but he knows she's only got a year and she doesn't.

A Dream So Real

By Patric Forsyth, Maldon, United Kingdom

Staying overnight with friends, his sleep was disturbed by a vivid dream: a thief broke in, stole everything in the flat – then carefully replaced every single item with an exact replica.

"It felt so real," he told his friends in the morning.

Horrified, uncomprehending, they replied, "But who are you?"

One before another

By Chandrashekar DP, Hyderabad, India

Raj, born a happy rebel, leaves school at twelve, to join business. A runaway hit abandons it to start another. Tastes success and mercilessly chases excellence like a machine. Decades pass, alas neither is excellence accomplished nor is he happy. Frustrated he quits only to realize happiness comes before excellence.

STORY 1

Who goes there first?

In 2017, we embarked on a journey – a journey of a lifetime. The Everest Base Camp Expedition.

On one fine morning while making our way to Namche Bazaar (world's highest market set at 3440 meters) in the bitter cold, it began to rain.

As we were wondering as to what would happen next as our journey was stalled. One student asked late Dr. Krishna Sriperumbuduru (our guide, our inspiration) “How will we ever get there in this kind of weather, Sir?”

Dr. Krishna answered the child cheerfully, “My heart has got there first, so it's easy for the rest of me to follow and you my young friend let your heart get there first and then just follow your heart.”

The rest as they say is history for, we put our foot successfully at the Everest Base Camp on 18th October 2017.

- Words Inspired... Memories pictured



STORY 2

Deceit is not discreet

Once upon a time a poor old woman was walking from one village to another, carrying a bundle on her head. Unable to lift it easily, she rested every now and then. A horseman passed by. The old woman requested him to carry the bundle on the horse back till the next village. He refused saying, "You will walk slowly and delay me, and I have a long way to go."

After a short distance the horseman thought maybe there was something valuable in the bundle with the old woman and he could actually run away with it. So, he went back and told her to give him the bundle. The old woman refused.

The horseman got angry and said, "Just a few minutes ago you wanted me to carry it and now you refuse! What has changed your mind?"

With a smile the old woman replied, "The same thing that made you change your mind, changed my mind!" and continued to walk.



Who wrote and published the first true modern short story? Who was the great precursor? Short narratives and tales had existed for centuries in one form or another: think of Scheherazade, Boccaccio's Decameron and the Canterbury Tales, let alone the Bible, subplots in plays and novels, satires, pamphlets, sagas, narrative poems, essays, journalism. But what is the first literary text we can point to, classify and declaim with confidence: "This is a modern short story"? It has been argued that the honour goes to Walter Scott's story "The Two Drovers," published in Chronicles of the Canongate in 1827.

STORY 3

Duty before Rights

There was a king. He was wise and just and loved by his people, after a few years he got bored of being a King and would get tired very fast.

To solve this problem, he went to his Guru in the forest and said, “I am tired of all these problems and tensions; if I solve one problem another erupts; if I solve that, the third erupts. Every day there are new problems and new tensions. I am tired of all this! What should I do?”

The Guru said, “If such is this case, then leave the kingdom. “The King said, “How can I do this? If I do this, it will make things worse.”

The Guru said, “All right, then give the kingdom to your son and live a life the way I live.”

The King said, “My son is very young and will not be able to handle this huge kingdom.”

The Guru said, “In that case you give me the kingdom and I will handle it.”

The King was very happy and said, “Yes! This is acceptable to me.”

The Guru gave him some holy water and the King took it in his right hand and made a promise in front of the sacred fire.

The King got up and started to walk away.

The Guru asked, “Where are you going?” The King said, “I am going to the palace to take my family and money from the treasury and I will go to foreign land where I will do a small business and lead my life.”

The Guru said, “When you have given me the kingdom, the treasury is also mine and you have no right.”

The King thought for a moment and said, “That is true so now I will have to take a job somewhere else.”

The Guru said, “If you have to do a job, come and work for me. I have such a big kingdom and I need somebody to run it.

Duty before Rights

You have the right experience; will you do this? The King said, "Yes!"

The Guru said, "Then go and from today run the kingdom on my behalf. Please remember that nothing is yours. You will only get a salary."

The King accepted and went back and started running the kingdom. After one month the Guru came to the palace and asked the King, "So, how are you?" Have you got bored, have you got tensions? How is life with you?"

Smilingly the King said, "I am very happy. I am able to sleep well in the night. I work hard the whole day. I try leave all the worrying to you. Nothing is mine. I only do my duty."



RK Narayan, one of the world's greatest writers, tells an amusing story about creative writing in general, and the short story in particular. He writes: "Once I was present at a lecture on creative writing. The lecturer began with: 'All writing may be divided into two groups — good writing and bad writing. Good books come out of good writing while bad writing produces failures.' When touching on the subject of the short story, the lecturer said: 'A short story must be short and have a story'. At this point I left unobtrusively, sympathizing with the man's predicament."

STORY 4

Energy goes where the mind goes

Once, while in the US, Swami Vivekananda was watching some boys standing on a bridge and trying to shoot at eggshells floating on the river.

The eggshells bobbed up and down. The boys could not hit any of them.

They fired the gun many times, but they always missed the target!

They noticed that Swamiji was watching them. So, they called out to him, “Well, you have been watching us. Do you think you can do better?”

Swamiji smiled and said, “I will try.”

Swamiji took the gun and aimed at the eggshells. He stood very still for a few minutes. Then he fired the gun. He fired twelve times, and every time he hit an eggshell! The boys were very surprised.

How could any man shoot eggshells like that? they wondered. They said to Swamiji, “Well, Mister, how did you do it?”

Swamiji smiled. He turned to the boys and said. “whatever you are doing, put your whole mind into it. If you are shooting, your mind should be only on the target. Then your entire energy will flow towards hitting the target and you will never miss. If you are learning your lessons, think only of the lesson.”



It is interesting!!

- 1. Storytelling is an ancient art.*
- 2. We are all good at Storytelling.*
- 3. Storytelling influences us.*
- 4. Storytelling uses patterns.*
- 5. Story Teller focuses on audience but not on his story.*

STORY 5

Paper Clip

Einstein and an assistant, having finished a paper, searched the office for a paper clip. They finally found one, too badly bent for use.

They looked for an implement to straighten it, and after opening many more drawers came upon a whole box of clips. Einstein at one shaped one into a tool to straighten the bent clip.

His assistant, puzzled, asked why he was doing this when there was a whole boxful of usable clips. Einstein replied, "Once I am set on a goal it becomes difficult to deflect me."



The short story began to flourish in several parts of the world at about the same time — the 19th century. The United States had great writers of the form, like Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mark Twain and Edgar Allan Poe (who wrote an essay about short fiction that practically every creative writing course will point you to called "The Philosophy of Composition"); France had prolific and excellent story writers such as Guy de Maupassant and Alphonse Daudet; in Germany the brothers Grimm published their retold fairytales; and in England, writers like Thomas Hardy, HG Wells and Arthur Conan Doyle put out not just literary stories but some of the first modern detective stories and science fiction tales.

STORY 6

Shripal and Mahipal

The villages in India have a headman called Sarpanch. Inderpal was the Sarpanch of a village. He had become very old and was failing health. So, he told the village elders that he wanted to retire from the post of sarpanch. A couple of names were suggested. They zeroed down on the names of two men, Shripal and Mahipal. Both of them were considered capable young men. Having discussed the pros and cons of having either of the two as Sarpanch, the elders were unable to make a final selection. The old Sarpanch decided to put both of them to test.

The village was about a mile away on either side from the two different highways. The sarpanch gave both Shripal and Mahipal an equal amount of money from the village funds and asked each of them to get kuchha roads made to connect the village to the highway on either side.

Shripal set to work the very next day. He employed a contractor who came with a large team of laborers. They cleared the track of bushes and trees and beat down the mud to settle it. The track cut through the playground where some boys played *Kabaddi*. The funds were not enough for making a proper road. In a couple of days, the contractor reported to Shripal that the road was ready.

Mahipal on the other hand, recruited only a few laborers. He also got together all the young boys in the village and asked them to lend a hand in clearing the path to make a road for 'our village.' Halfway through they came across an old banyan tree. Mahipal said, "we shall not cut it, we shall divert the path a little to go by its side." All the young men helped to level out the land. They even erected small banks of mud on either side. When the road was ready, Mahipal still had some money left over. He bought a hundred saplings of mulberry. Together the boys planted them on either side of the road. The small amount that was left over Mahipal used to buy some sweets and distributed them amongst his spirited team of youngsters.

The completion of work was reported to the old Sarpanch. The Sarpanch went to see both the roads.

Shripal and Mahipal

He was impressed by the perfection with which Shripal had done the job. It looked quite professional and meticulously done. The Sarpanch was happy.

Later he went to see the other road. He was greeted by a whole group of youngsters, eager to see the reaction of the Sarpanch. They showed him the saplings that they had planted. The Sarpanch was especially touched by the gesture of sidetracking the old banyan tree and not axing it.

He named Mahipal as the new Sarpanch saying, “The most essential quality of a leader is not perfection. It is his dedication, credibility and his ability to create a team. Mahipal has been able to win the trust of all these youngsters that is why they have followed him. He has been honest to the cause and has shed sweat to involve people and make a team. A leader is never alone, he is a leader of people and that because he and his word are worthy of trust. Moreover, only one who serves is fit to become a leader.”



The development and rise of the American short story in the 19th century was the result of simple market forces. Because urban populations in America were so unstable, workers moving from city to city as new lands and employment opportunities arose, newspapers found that serializing novels was bad business: advertisement space was worthless alongside a chapter from a novel that no one lived in town long enough to read. With no periodical market for the novel in the U.S., writers of fiction in the first half of the 19th century borrowed the form of the short tale from German authors such as Wilhelm Kleist and E.T.A. Hoffmann and altered the form to suit American newspapers. The result was the literary form we now know as the short story.

AUTHOR PROFILE



Smt. DR. K. LAKSHMI RAO
ACADEMIC DIRECTOR - JGI SCHOOLS
M.A. English, B. Ed
MBA Education Management CIDTTC (Ph.D)

Smt. Dr. Lakshmi Rao an academician par excellence for more than three decades and a woman of substance finds her happiness in the presence of kids of all ages. Apart from being an Educator, she has a passion to sing, choreograph, act and pen down her ideas in the form of verses and articles. She has a rich experience in training the teachers and students.

As a true educator adopted various under privileged schools and sharing her knowledge with staff to improve quality education.

She was the founder Principal of the Jain International School Hyderabad and elevated to the post of Academic Director in 2010. In the capacity of Academic Director she designed Curriculum namely PEARL which is being implemented in more than 25 Pre-Schools.

She can be reached at : ad@jgischools.in

STORY 7

Appearances are deceptive

This incident took place almost three decades ago. I was in my prime youth and I was traveling along with my one year old daughter from Hyderabad to vizag which was my birth place. I was quite anxious and worried the day I got my tickets from my brother. I never travelled alone .I said the same thing to my brother. But he paid no heed to it as usual and also heckled at me for my travel anxiety. My husband became a mere spectator for the whole conversation between us as he knew that he wouldn't accompany me due to his busy (?) schedule. Having handed over the train tickets, my brother felt his responsibility was over, hence he shook his hands with my husband and kissed my daughter and said “bye”, added, “I will try to meet you in Vizag” and went away. As he opened and closed the gate right behind, I remembered the conversation between me and my mom.

A month before my mom invited me for the wedding of my niece and explained the whole plan of wedding. She wanted me to be a part of purchases as it's the first wedding in our family and I being the only daughter in my family with three brothers. She said “I will send your younger brother along with the tickets and please come over with him in advance and plan to stay for a month or so.” My husband happily agreed as he felt he could escape sleepless nights due to my daughter's crying whole night. As mentioned before I never travelled alone! Either my dad or brothers till I got married and my husband after my wedding were with me. The thought of traveling alone with a year old baby filled anxiety in my mind. Half-heartedly I packed my suitcase and finally the D-Day had arrived .The train was supposed to start at 5:30 pm and I was dropped at the station by my husband and he helped me arranging my suitcase and other bags and bid farewell and left. It took five to ten minutes for me to settle down. As I said I have travel anxiety even if I travel with someone from my family and that day my anxiety multiplied. I was looking around to assess my co-passengers to feel a little comfortable but meanwhile my sweetie -daughter started crying loudly. It took almost ten minutes to pacify her by feeding her. While I was pacifying my baby the train started with a jerk: All those late comers and adventurous men folk started thronging in to find their seats while those

who were seated comfortably attempted to stretch themselves wider to avoid the new comers.

Suddenly my opposite lower berth was occupied by a man. He appeared to be too skinny representing malnutrition human lot, his three pale yellow coloured teeth protruding out to obstruct him to close his mouth completely and his unkempt hair had given more rustic look to him than his clothes. His clothes were equally clumsy as they were crumpled and greased with oil stains all over. I was wondering along with other passengers in the compartment about his entry into a II A.C compartment. His age might have been between 40-45, and all of us around him finally concluded that he appeared to an odd one out! While no one among the six passengers agreed to share the seat with him: One of the co-passengers who was a young ,well dressed, smart man rudely asked him to show his ticket as he along with all of us thought he got here by mistake. But to our utter dismay he produced an authentic II A.C ticket. There was an unpleasant silence as most of them wanted to shew him out and would have enjoyed him being thrown out of compartment were overwhelmed. Anyways, now that he had to be accommodated as a co-passenger, everyone started settling in their places as have no choice but to travel alongside an uncouth traveller.

I was crouching into my shell of fear and anxiety! As such I was travelling alone for the first time and the thought of traveling overnight with such an ugly and scary person was certainly terrible for a meek person like me. I was in fact avoiding to look at his face and when ever he's trying to look at my baby, my fear was getting increased. Slowly people started ignoring him except me as he's sitting right opposite to me and the way he stretched his legs would make him touch my feet with no extra efforts. So I was feeling very uneasy. If I wouldn't have had the baby and the luggage I would have run out of the place immediately, but with these two I was helpless.

It was 6:30 pm after the T.C's checking of tickets everyone started talking about themselves and the smart young man and two more middle aged men appeared to be quite graceful and sophisticated and started conversing in highly fluent English though I was a mere spectator to their conversation. I was able to assess their background quite well.

The young smartly dressed man was a successful business man and as he liked meeting people he would spend some time to travel in the train and otherwise “always travel in flights” were the words that he shared during the course of conversation. It was when the clumsy, ugly and uncouth passenger went out, probably to washroom, everybody warned me to be careful with this co-passenger: They said” He may be a robber who occasionally travels in A.C to target rich ladies like you while everyone considers A.C coach to be safe and while all passengers fall asleep may take away their gold and money “! One more said “Be careful! You have a baby girl, now a days we are listening to many cases that there is child snatching!” I quickly nodded my head in agreement as I too have had formed the same impression about him. I decided to stay awake whole night as I didn't want to take any chances. I started cursing myself for carrying very valuable jewellery with me for the wedding at home. I regretted for not listening to my husband. More than anything I was scared to lose my baby. All the news that I read and saw started reeling in my mind. I was damn scared to go to wash room even. Understanding my anxiety and fear one of them said, “Madam you eat your dinner faster and relax anyways whole night you can't go to washroom because all of us will get down at Vijayawada”. These words increased my nervousness all the more. I started cursing my younger brother who refused to travel with me and decided to give him good once I reach (?) vizag safely.

It was around 12:30 midnight the train would reach Vijayawada in another 30 minutes. I was planning to some how shift my seat as I would be alone when all other passengers in my carriage get down except for this cruel dangerous man.

Suddenly the train stopped with a screeching sound. Except for a few all were fast asleep as they didn't have such scary co-passengers around. Suddenly one of those few people who were awake opened the carriage door only to know the reason for the sudden stoppage of train.

The moment he opened the door a crowd of hooligans and ruffians barged into the carriage with guns and large Iron rods. In no time everyone in the compartment was awake and started screaming out of fear and confusion. Three gangsters came to me and started threatening me to give cash and jewellery.

Appearances are deceptive

I was desperately shouting for help but none of the men who advised me earlier made any attempt to stop anyone or save me. They were totally shattered and scattered out of fear. I understood that no one could help me in this situation, I was cursing my stars for this disastrous situation. As I was hesitant to part with my handbag and jewellery one of the gangsters tried touching me, when he suddenly got a strong blow from the man who slept opposite my berth. He immediately called the Railway Reserved Police simultaneously trying to push all gangsters from the carriage with the help of others who joined him after seeing his courage. Meanwhile Police came and arrested the gangsters and thanked this ugly and scary man. He humbly accepted their honour. But I was aghast to see the so called sophisticated business men who suspected him to be a robber never behaved like normal human beings even in the hour of need. I thanked him from the bottom of my heart with folded hands and felt ashamed of my misjudgement of him. Yes appearances are deceptive.



Short stories come as a respite – they are light, they are entertaining and they are everyone's cup of tea. They are a boon for on-and-off readers and a great break-off for regular ones. India has been the address of many prolific writers who have influenced an entire generation. They have greatly contributed to English literature, portraying the rich culture and heritage of the land and the society. While India is filled with authors and novelists who have greatly contributed in the genre of short stories as well, some of them worth mentioning are Rokhaya Sakhawat Hossain, Prajwal Parajuly, R. K. Narayan, Munshi Premchand, Mrinal Pandey, Jhumpa Lahiri, Ruskin Bond, Vikram Seth, Rabindranath Tagore, Khushwant Singh and so on.

STORY 8

Catch them Young!!!

It is 6:00 am on a winter Sunday, morning. My East facing balcony is experiencing the thin, yet slight warmth rays of the Sun. Few flower plants that spread across the tiny balcony are bathing in the thin Sun rays, and trying to shed the dew drops that were collected over night. It's an amazing scene to absorb and I always enjoy the morning tranquillity especially on Sundays as this routine comes once a week!! Hmmmm....otherwise, life is listless amidst hustle, buzz, cacophony, wrath, jealous, discussions (?)

My eyes suddenly have shifted from the beauty of the Sun that I am enjoying through large green coconut leaves which are glittering gold, to a sweet chirping of a pigeon: One tiny pigeon has perched on my balcony's parapet wall and diverted my attention towards it. Even before I could enjoy the proximity of the bird, I have noticed almost fifty such pigeons landing in front my house around a huge, banyan tree. Seeing all the pigeons nibbling the grains, I have realized that it is my neighbour who ceremoniously feeds them and prefers to be in jocund company of birds is back again to his routine. It's his routine to come down at 6:00 am and spread the grains and go back to a cemented sofa little away from the spot and enjoy watching them eat. Every pigeon pecks and nibbles the grains to their fullest and fly happily.

But, today, it's a different scenario!!! All the birds are making gluttaral of happiness while nibbling and suddenly a two year old kid came running excitedly to catch the pigeons. Lo!! all the pigeons have flown away leaving all the grains. The teeny weeny kid enjoyed the collective flutters of the pigeons' wings and innocently clapped hands out of delight, yet waiting for the pigeons to get back to act the same way. Few minutes later all pigeons have come back, thinking that no one would disturb them, but alas! the same act of the baby coming and shooing away the pigeons repeated, leaving the innocent lass happy and her parents overwhelmed by their child's delight, of course not to forget the agony of old man who feeds the pigeons and the scared and disappointed pigeons. What has caught my sight was the old person's helplessness in convincing the young parents to allow the pigeons to eat, so that the child can play with the pigeons later, but of course in vain.

Catch them Young!!!

I am aghast to hear the logic of the father who's saying 'dadadon't be sentimental, if not here they get food somewhere! If they finish eating grains why will the pigeons come back here? This is a rare opportunity for my kid to enjoy the company of birds, let her enjoy!"

Whom should we blame? Young Parent's feelings are appreciated to make his child happy but at whose cost? the cost of co-creatures?! I have gone down to tell him that respecting all forms of life has to be inculcated at an early stage: Seeing the compassionate old man who silently leave the place, I have felt agonized so I have gone closer to the young parent and explained where he has gone wrong! He said, "Shut up, and mind your business!" Listening to this, his other six year old daughter, who was an audience to this whole episode, looked at him dejected and said "Pappa, no...You can't say that to Uncle. Say sorry!!" "Sorry Uncle ...We will not disturb any birds while they eat. Lassy, say sorry to uncle! Let's Go!"

I felt gratified that I could catch them young!!!



In our country, the modern short story made an appearance almost simultaneously in several languages beginning naturally enough with Bengali. The writer and translator Ranga Rao credits the first modern short story to Poornachandra Chattopadhyay who published Madhumati in 1870 (Poornachandra's older brother Bankim Chandra published Rajmohan's Wife, the first Indian novel in English). Rabindranath Tagore soon established himself as one of Bengal's finest short story writers; in Hindi, Munshi Premchand wrote hundreds of stories, many of which appeared in Hans, the literary magazine he published; and, in Oriya, the writer Fakir Mohan Senapati published some landmark stories.

STORY 9

My first Day in School

It was 1965, I was just 4 year old! I had two sisters who were elder to me and I always liked them, even till today as they used to pamper me and took care of me quite well. It was on a Monday, my mom woke me up and gave me oil bath and put on a red satin frilled frock with black bow at the waist with white ribbon which was strikingly beautiful. Both my sisters were also dressed well, my mom also was unusually dressed well along with my Dad by 8:30 in the morning. My Dad said 'quick lock the door and get into the car lest it'll be delayed for the pooja.' I ran behind my two sisters hardly knowing where and why they were going. In next 10 minutes our car reached a small temple. I jumped out of the car happily, focusing more on the sweet meat I will get after the pooja. Every time the pooja was performed by the priest keeping my parents in the forefront, but that day surprisingly nothing of that sort happened. We walked to the back yard of the temple where mats were spread and two priests were chanting mantras with a few more children of my age holding slates and following their instructions. My mom held my hands and quickly walked towards that pooja area. I was made to sit in one corner and while the priest chanted mantras my mom and dad made me do the pooja and I was made to write 'Om' on the slate. I was excited to get box of chocolates apart from a basket of sweet meats given by the priest and my dad held me in his hands and kissed me and blessed me for better future.

I thought I could go back home and eat all the chocolates as my sisters would be in school till evening. But to my surprise I was also dropped at the school with my sisters. Of course my parents, walked along with me to a room what they called the office room, while my two elder sisters went to their class (it seems) and signed on some papers in next ten minutes: There was one old Lady with glasses sitting in the chair whom my father called 'madam' told me to go to class I. While I hesitated, another old lady in pink colour coat held my hand and guided me to the classroom. I got scared to leave my mom and dad and to stay whole day in this school. I never had this feeling earlier but now when I need to bid farewell to my Parents and enter the class, I really felt sad. But none of these feelings of mine could change this situation in anyway.

My first Day in School

As I entered my class room I found all kids of age and size, felt little relieved but when the ayamma (old lady who led me to the class) took away the chocolate box from my hand to distribute candies to all. I started crying. She turned towards me and said softly “Hush ...no crying, your parents told me to distribute to all as this is your first day of school. Don't you want to make friends with all?! “Hey kids you have another friend in your class, look she is giving you chocolates!” saying it so ayamma started distributing despite my disagreement to part with my chocolates.

Ayamma made me sit in the second row. Meanwhile a thin short lady entered the class room and she was my first teacher. She was very cute with her smile. In next five minutes, I started liking her for her soft and sweet voice and friendly nature like my mother. She came closer to me and called me by my name, 'Lavanya' you are as pretty as your name. 'Come let's learn together' she said. We played, sang and danced in our class with my teacher till the bell rang for lunch. My sisters came running to me with a box of parathas and aloo curry that I like the most! We had fun filled lunch time. I saw elderly girls like my two sisters also jumping and playing in the ground. It seemed quite funny. The bell rang and my second sister dropped me back in the class and said bye. For a while I was lonely, but the moment my teacher Nancy entered the class I felt very comfortable as if I am back in my mom's lap.

Nancy teacher took us to a playing area adjacent to our class. While walking through the corridors I found many classes full of girls like us some smaller, some bigger. But all girls like me. The Playing area was filled with sand, a small swimming pool, a slide and a swing. Ayamma took care of me while sliding and swinging. I asked Nancy teacher to take me near the swimming pool but she denied and said only once in a week you would be allowed to swim. She softly questioned me “Do you know swimming?” When I nodded in negation she said don't worry we will teach you “It's going to be fun in our school.”

I liked everything in my school. My first day became very memorable to me as end of the day my two sisters came to pick me up from my class, carried my small bag and the teacher gave me a few candies and most

My first Day in School

importantly when I reached home, my mom came running to me and hugged tightly and kissed me and said “Lavanya I really missed you”, with tears in her eyes. I really liked that expression.

Thus my first day in school became most memorable one.



Throughout the 20th century, most of the major literatures in our country saw great writers of the form — Saadat Hasan Manto in Urdu, Kalki in Tamil, Gursada Appa Rao in Telugu, RK Narayan and Raja Rao in English, Thakazhi Sivasankara Pillai and Vaikom Muhammad Basheer in Malayalam, and dozens of notable writers in every corner of the country. Their stories reflected their region, their upbringing, and their (often) cosmopolitan reading. A number of India's pioneering short story writers had a common element in their stories — they were often extremely political in nature. It couldn't have been otherwise in a country trying to free itself from a predatory and oppressive colonial power, while at the same time grappling with a huge variety of hellish social evils.

STORY 10

SWIGGY SWIGGY SWIGGY

A week days ago, we were watching a Zee Telugu channel along with my granny who happened to come to our house for a three months stay. Usually the Telugu channels were watched by my mom in the morning in our absence and evening hours used to be common Hindi channels that were watched till 9:30 pm but whenever my Granny came, the rule changed. She would watch only Telugu channels and who ever have the palate for those nagging serials can accompany her. Leaving all these issues aside, we enjoy the conversation with our Granny always. She's a bold lady who accepts the change so quickly.

While watching her favourite channel, a commercial advertisement attracted her the most, wherein an old lady orders Garlic bread through Swiggy to her grandchildren and gets appreciation. We could see the glow in her face while watching the ad. We were amused at the expression on our Granny's face for a while but forgotten about it later. The surprise came to us after a couple of days.

My mom and dad went out to attend a wedding for two days and my Granny's supposed to take care of the kitchen. First day she made noodles and won our heart for the dinner and next day she packed vada pav for our lunch in a gorgeous pack. We felt so proud of granny and started sharing these experiences and conversations between us with our friends and turned many of our peer green with jealous about having such modern Granny.

My brother and I got down from the school bus in front of the house, dragging the satchels entered the lift expecting some lip smacking snacks prepared by Granny. Thinking of hot homemade snacks increased our hunger and felt that lift is taking ages to take us to our 6th floor. Finally, lift door opened and we ran quickly to our door and pressed the bell. My Granny opened the door, little hesitant, but very excited. We didn't pay much heed to it though noticed as both of us were hungry.

I threw my bag and said Nanny please serve us the snacks, feeling very

hungry. What did you make today? Bajji, Pakoda, Poori? Please Nanni tell us what did you make?

She said excitedly, “something new.” saying this she rolled her eyes in a mixed feeling of delight and pride and whispered into our ears “Do you know what I have done?” I ordered from SWIGGY very special dishes for you “Mahi Mahi and Roasted Tuna.” Having said this she showed the boxes to us! We were shocked! Screamed Nanni, do you know what you have ordered? Fish Do we eat fish? Oh my God!!!

She bluntly refused to accept her fault and said no it's written as Raggondi. “Raggondi is with Ragi and Tuna is with Til and I saw the photos before ordering, don't try to fool me.” It was very difficult for us to make her believe that her enthusiasm to use mobile app of Swiggy and order online turned pathetic proving her ignorance and foolishness. She was still reluctant to believe that she made a mistake and I had to forcibly open the box and show the dish filled with fish and fish oil. She believed only after smelling the dish that it's a non-vegetarian dish and without understanding the meaning she had placed an order. We rolled and rolled and laughed on her innocence. My Granny felt very sad that she lost Rs. 800 for nothing. Tears rolled out of her eyes. In a low voice she said “I wanted to give a pleasant surprise to you both” But Hmm... Ok.”....Let me rush to the kitchen and make quickly onion pakoda to you both. With a self-revelation she admitted “Home food is the best food.” I will never order online uttering this she entered kitchen. We both sat expectantly and hungrily in front of our dining table with mixed feelings of fun and sadness for what ever happened.

We laughed our heart out when my parents came back and narrated the whole episode of online order of my Granny and this time we found no tears in her eyes but a mischievous look and said “Now should I order again for a better dish for you all like the dadi in the advertisement? Oh no...not again Nanni.....

STORY 11

Virtual world vs Real world

Oh! I don't like this school, I don't like this teacher, take me to another school.” Listening to these words of my granddaughter, I have slowly walked out of my room, holding my walking stick, trying to understand the situation. By the time I have entered the living room, my single daughter with whom I stay of course, and her husband, my son-in-law, are struggling to pacify their five year old daughter who is hysterically screeching, throwing her satchel away. “I don't want anything slow; It must be Zip Zap zoom!!!!” words lingered in my ears for many years. Let's know what happened.

After almost half an hour of coxing with self-assumed situations and provocative interrogation against the school and the teachers, like “Did your teacher beat you? anyone in the class? How is she? Is she rude? Did she scold you or made any derogatory remarks at you? Did anyone else in the school trouble you? The list of questions with expected answers went on till both got exhausted with the list. Then counselling took another turn on explaining their daughter about their research and struggle behind finding this particular school for their daughter though it's quite expensive. They never failed to add their sacrifices in sending her to that school and they said “Very sad Lavvi in 48 hours you came back to us with this complaint.” “Anyways, you need to speak out so that I can lodge a complaint against the school for this mental torture of me and my child...on ensuring no physical injury is succumbed by their child.”

Amidst all this commotion, the child went to her room brought her Tab: busily playing with that and started enjoying. Suddenly on finding their kid engaging in other activity irritated them, the father turned and said “Lavvi I'm going to the police station now will you at least give me one reason for you to scream and screech for not liking the school? So that I can lodge a complaint against the school” Lavvi, slowly shifted her attention from her virtual world and uttered as if in trance, Dad, my teacher is too slow like a snail and in fact everyone around me. I want everyone to move fast like Tom and Jerry! Too boringSame thing needs to be done again and again in the class and need to wait for others for everything. I just can't be slow. Too boring Dad!

Both my daughter and her husband looked at each other alarmingly and with a sigh of relief said that don't worry Lavvi, will speak to school teacher and ask her to catch up your speed! Let's give a try for another week, still if you feel like shifting the school will take a call next week. "Thank God! It's a simple problem" Can easily be solved "!" Having said this, my son-in-law ,pampered Lavvi by giving her a large chocolate bar and helped her download another game of Avengers !! Being a mere spectator to all this, sensed more problems in future in making the child connect between virtual and real world. Can I explain to them? I felt very sad for the child who has not been counselled well. After sometime I tried explaining the fact to my daughter and tried to caution her about her child's virtual life is getting encroached on the real life and she's unable accept the real life experiences which are at certainly slower pace.... but in vain.

This incident of encouraging Lavvi's prank and speaking to teacher and school has increased such issues and episodes at home in the next three months. .Though both my daughter and her husband know that human beings can't be as fast as the cartoon characters as their child is expecting, have decided to change the school just to pacify her. Lavvi never liked any of the schools that she was sent. Almost three schools have enrolled Lavvi and faced similar issues and rejected to have her further in the school. Though sad for a while my daughter has decided to opt for home schooling as she felt that Lavvi is quite independent in learning any subject.

Few years passed, Lavvi reached her puberty, totally living in the world of her own, and creating, pausing, fast forwarding her virtual world. She has many friends whom she never will meet .Her only real life connection is her mom and dad and once a while a slow motion old lady her grandmother-me around her. Both my daughter and her husband were proud of Lavvi for being so independent, never disturbing them. Only one consolation for me as old woman was once a week she used to spend sometime with her parents and loved her father so much more than her Tab as he used to buy her more and more online games of her choice .

It was a Saturday night, my daughter and son-in-law haven't reached home even after their usual time. I was getting worried and Lavvi was in her own world. Suddenly the landline phone rang alerting me to walk and pick up as it's an unusual call at unusual time. The next half-hour was most chaotic as I was unable to control my agony and pain on listening to the news that my daughter and son-in-law met with a fatal accident and we were asked to come to the hospital. Lavvi.... Lavvi... I started calling her from the hall frantically several times. But Lavvi never answered as she's totally engrossed in her virtual world. I being in 70s could not climb up the stairs to drag her down physically, so dragged myself out to seek help from outside. It took me more than half-an hour to call for help and drag Lavvi out and go to the hospital only to see two dead bodies lying unattended. Friends and relatives stood by my side to complete all the funeral and legal formalities but everyone was aghast to see Lavvi's reaction saying that "Dad's and Mom's entry is paused for a while, they'll be back soon. Don't worry. She's thinking that the real life characters are like her virtual friends when ever they want to exit or enter can do at the press of a button!

How am I going to bring Lavvi out of this virtual world?!



Books come as life savers in every situation. A long journey, a sleepless night or a lazy day, a book can be your companion in every mood. Cicero said, "A room without books is like a body without a soul." And we couldn't agree more. There is nothing stronger than the power of words.

The Books one must read without fail: Mahatma Gandhi: The Story of My Experiments with Truth; R K Narayan: The Guide; Rohinton Mistry: A Fine Balance; Salmon Rushdie: Midnight's Children; Vikram Seth: A Suitable Boy; Arundathi Roy: God of Small Things; Amitav Ghosh: The Glass Palace; Kiran Desai: The Inheritance of Loss; Mulk Raj Anand: The Private life of an Indian Prince; Rabindranath Tagore: Gitanjali; Kushwant Singh: Train to Pakistan; Anita Desai: In Custody; Nirad C Choudhary: An Autobiography of an Unknown Indian.

STORY 12

A Stitch in Time Saves Nine

There is a beautiful rose garden just two kilometres from our house. It's always a pleasure to be there and enjoy the beauty and relish the fragrance of those multi coloured roses all over. As we enter we can see a sea of roses waving their heads in glee inviting us.

On one such occasion during my visit, I was walking around the garden and experiencing the happy moments amidst the beauty of nature, I suddenly saw on tiny plant that was almost on the end of the garden withering away. I went close and found termites around the plant. I immediately called the gardener "Ramu Bhayya, please spray some medicine/pesticide so that this white rose plant would survive and flower well. "Don't neglect", I left feeling little sad for the tiny plant which used to have bunches of white roses.

It was almost three weeks past, I could not go to the rose garden as I had to attend some family function in my native place. It was a Saturday evening, the sun was still bright, keeping all the creatures indoors. I took the umbrella to protect me from the heat of the sun and walked quickly to see the rose garden.

It took 15-20 minutes to reach the garden on foot and on my way to the garden, I was thinking of the fragrance that the roses spread across the locality and the recollecting the sprawling beauty which was a feast to our eyes.

Wiping my sweat from my forehead I opened the gate of the garden. Usually the Gardener Ramu used to be near the gate to welcome anyone who enters: he was nowhere in the vicinity. "Hmm Unusual," thought I. when I walked few feet further, my nose started getting unpleasant smell rather than the rose scent: As I turned my eyes, I was aghast! Not a single plant was seen green, no, flowers around to sway and swing to the cool breeze and welcome the visitors. All rose plants got withered away. Now I understood the smell I got as I entered the garden, it's the dry leaves smell? Odour?

I called out "Ramu, Ramu" very loudly as I was totally disturbed at this state of garden which was in full bloom three weeks ago. One, man, who

appeared to be new came near me and asked “Who are you?” why are you calling Ramu, he is not working here anymore”. I was unable to digest the fact that Ramu was also not found. I gathered all my courage to control my sadness towards this condition of the Rose garden and asked the new gardener “what happened to this garden all of a sudden” where did Ramu go”? He answered “Ramu is sent out, because of his negligence all plants got spoiled. Now, this soil has to be treated well for next yield. Now see, there are termites everywhere.” If he would have taken care of the garden well, my master wouldn't have had this loss. So he was removed from the job”.

On listening to this last statement 'everything' became clear to me. I remembered the conversation between me and Ramu “I showed and warned him about termites and asked him to spray pesticide' for which he agreed, but in reality he did not act on my words quickly and the termites have killed all the flowering plants. It's so true that if one doesn't react timely, one has to suffer. If he would have taken timely action of spraying pesticides the garden would have been as colourful as before and he also would have had a job. But now?! A small negligence has costed him his job, the owner the loss of money and the nature has lost its beauty!!

A stitch in time saves nine!!



The 'stitch in time' notion has been current in English for a very long time and is first recorded in Thomas Fuller's Gnomologia, Adagies and Proverbs, Wise Sentences and Witty Sayings, Ancient and Modern, Foreign and British, 1732. Similar ones: 'one year's seeds, seven year's weeds', 'procrastination is the thief of time' and 'the early bird catches the worm'.

STORY 13

Use your Skills with Wisdom

No one should misuse the skills that are learnt! Let's know what would happen if any Skill that is acquired through training and education isn't utilized in the right place and right time and right way:

Once upon a time there were four boys in a village who were sent to the same teacher to get educated. They became good students by learning what all was taught to them and they became great fiends even. One day their teacher called them and said, "I have taught you what all I know, now you have to use this for the benefit of society and yourselves as well," and bid them farewell.

All the four friends started walking back to their village. They walked for half day relentlessly and they decided to rest for a while. They sat under a tree and opened the food packets given by their teacher and while examining the surroundings, one of them found a pile of bones under one banyan tree that's close to them. The first person said, I have a skill to re-assemble all the scattered bones and I will create the skeleton. Having heard this, the second person said that "yes, I can give life to that skeleton. Both of them were so excited to exhibit their skills and leaving the food ran to the tree and the first one assembled all the scattered bones and created a skeleton: when the third person who is more sensible among all, said, 'Hey! It appears to be a Lion, don't be foolish to breathe life into that cartilage, it's dangerous.' Alas! none paid any heed to his words and the second man used his skill and gave life to the Lion. The moment it was given life, the Lion pounced on the two men to kill them but the third man reacted quickly by killing lion through his mantra which he was taught by his teacher and thus saved his friends.

Then hesaid this to his friends, "Haven't you heard from our teacher that we need to be careful in exhibiting the skills in the right place and time? Let's use these skills for the good of the society. Both of them have promised themselves as well as to their friends that they will never misuse their skills and never be foolish in their life.

AUTHOR PROFILE



Mrs. MONA MEHDI
PRINCIPAL JHCS Kondapur
M. A. English, B. Ed

A systems person and a seasoned Academician for more than 2 decades solely focused on student development. Hailing from Lucknow with a Masters Degree in English & a B.Ed loves the company of children. Started her career as a passionate teacher and raised to the capacity of a Principal in well reputed schools of Hyderabad and Lucknow before joining JGI. Presently working as the Principal of Jain Heritage-a Cambridge school Kondapur.

An artist, a dramatist and student- teacher trainer ,loves to express her ideas through short stories and poems for herself. Her Blogs are well read and appreciated .

Apart from the above accomplishments, she is a National Scholarship holder and respected and sought after personality of ETV Uttar Pradesh.

She can be reached at : principalkondapur@jgischools.in

STORY 14

Life Skills

Travel has a way of stretching the mind!

Had read this somewhere but understood during our trip to Europe this May. One of my dreams come true was my recent trip to Europe and as they say wherever you go, go with all your heart. That's exactly we did and with lot of enthusiasm and excitement started the journey. One thing more which I love to do is travel and see the world with my son coz I feel when I am old I should have lovely things to connect with him rather than just some stories to share which in due course of time fade and become boring as we keep repeating them.

So finally the “Awesome Twosome” mother-son duo started the trip and reached Paris and joined the group having members from different parts of India. It was a group of 47 members from various walks of life – ranging from a journalist to a businessman, a scientist to a teacher and the age group varied from the youngest member of 5 years and the oldest one was a 75 year old gentleman.

I was sure to have a wonderful trip with these variations. It took a day for all of us to be comfortable and share smiles and pick up small talks. By the time we left Paris the group was comfortable and the entire trip from Paris to Munich, the last destination had to be covered by bus and trust me nothing else could have given me such happiness. The snow covered mountains, the green meadows, the fresh cold breeze, the clear and clean streams flowing, all remind me of Yash Chopra's movies. We were enjoying every bit of tour. As Switzerland is every traveller's dream, I am no exception and the day finally arrived when we had to reach to the highest point in Europe i.e Jungfrau. It was again and amazing journey with the entire place covered with snow and the distance had to be covered by a Cogwheel train which we had to board from Grindelwald.

Here I witnessed the best example of Life Skills. There was a family from Chennai and the gentleman heading the family was not very fluent with English yet was very social and very fond of photography. We were all waiting for the Cogwheel train as the guide had told us

that the stop is very short and we need to really be fast, the moment the train came we all got into it and started settling, when all of a sudden we hear the lady of that family shouting that her husband is not in the train. The train had started moving and totally closed. We all started shouting so that the train could be stopped but nothing much could be done and to our surprise we see him looking at the train and clicking pictures as it left the platform. The tickets were with his wife. Now what? Tension gripped amongst all. But then the gentleman somehow managed connecting with the station people and requested him to be boarded in the next train. We need not forget that we were in a foreign country and those people don't speak English and this gentleman was not great with it either. But the kind of calmness he exhibited was commendable. He was neither anxious nor lost his cool.

The moment you are separated from your group in a foreign country whose local language you neither understand nor speak, it can go terribly wrong; there are various scenarios which could have happened like he could have been arrested or worst case deported but by using the life skills which he had plenty he could think peacefully and make a decision of taking the next train, get connected with the tour guide, make the people speak to her and arrive at the predetermined point after a struggle of two hours. We were all so relieved to see him back.

So the moral of the story is first to be in a group whenever you are travelling with a group and secondly the skill to take decisions in a stressful situation is very important. It is essential to acquire this skill in the current times where every other person is ready to take over you if you are obsolete and cannot use your mind in a stressful situation. This is not only applicable in this scenario but also in any other situation be it in a corporate world, business environment, student life or a life threatening situation.

AUTHOR PROFILE



DR. PARTHASARATHY
ACADEMIC AUDITOR - JGI SCHOOLS

He taught English (Communicative) in CBSE stream for 34 years (1984-2018) in prestigious schools in Hyderabad and Vijayawada. Besides teaching, he held various Administrative positions such as Head of the Department, Academics In-charge and Vice Principal. He also held the positions like House Master and Staff Secretary. He worked on an Educational Project as Vice President for four years (2009 to 2013). During the Project period, he visited nearly 40 very reputable Educational Institutions to study the best practices followed there. He has training in Curriculum Planning. And he has been the Resource Person in ELT for Oxford University Press, India from 2008 and has conducted over 100 Teacher Training Workshops so far. He is a Consultant for Harper Collins Publishers India Ltd. He writes and edits magazines, articles and authored books (Published by ICFAI University; Kondaveeti Foundation) besides translations. One of his Translation works has been accepted for dedication and was released by **Bharatha Ratna Dr APJ Abdul Kalam Ji.**

STORY 15

God Does Exist, But...

A client went to a barber shop to have his hair and beard cut as always. He began a good conversation with the barber who attended him. They talked about so many things and were happy conversing with each other. Suddenly, they touched the subject of God.

The barber said: “Look my friend, I don't believe that God exists as you say so.”

“Why do you say that?” asked the client. “Well, it's easy, you just have to go out in the street to realize that God does not exist. Tell me, if God exists, why would there be so many sick people? Why would there be orphaned street children? If God exists, there would be no suffering nor pain. And I can't think of God who permits all of these things.”

The client stopped for a moment thinking but he didn't want to respond so as to avoid an argument. There was some silence. The barber finished his work and the client left the shop. Just after he left the shop he saw a man in the street with a long hair and beard. It was clear from his appearance that the man had not have his hairs cut and he looked so untidy.

The client entered the barber shop again and he said to the barber: “Do you know that barbers do not exist?” “How come they don't exist? Asked the barber. “Well I am here and I am a barber.”

“No!” the client said. “They don't exist because if they did, there would be no people with uncut hair and beards looking untidy like that man right outside your shop in the street.”

“Ah, barbers do exist, what happens is that people do not come to us.”

“Exactly!” affirmed the client. “That's the point. God does exist, but what happens is people don't go to Him. That's why there is so much pain and suffering in the world.”

STORY 16

He Just Wanted To

Two men, both seriously ill, were kept in the same room in hospital. One man was allowed to sit up in his bed for an hour each afternoon to help drain the fluid from his lungs. His bed was next to the room's only window.

The other man had to spend all his time flat on his back. He was not even allowed to roll to his sides. The men talked for hours on end. They spoke of their wives and families, their homes, their jobs, their involvement in the military service, where they had been on vacation.

And every afternoon when the man in the bed by the window could sit up, he would pass the time by describing to his roommate all the things he could see outside the window. The man in the other bed began to live for those one-hour periods where his world would be broadened and enlivened by all the activity and color of the world outside.

The window overlooked a park with a lovely lake. Ducks and swans played on the water while children sailed their paper boats. Young lovers walked arm in arm amidst colorful flowers in the garden. Grand old trees graced the landscape, and a fine view of the city skyline could be seen in the distance.

As the man by the window described all this in vivid detail, the man on the other side of the room would close his eyes and imagine the picturesque scene.

One warm afternoon the man by the window described a parade passing by. Although the other man couldn't hear the band – he could see it in his mind's eye as the man described it with all the details. Days and weeks passed.

One morning, the day nurse arrived to bring water for their baths only to find the lifeless body of the man by the window, who had died peacefully in his sleep. She was saddened and called the hospital attendants to take the body away. As soon as it seemed appropriate, the other man asked if he could be moved next to the window.

He Just Wanted To

The nurse was happy to make him shift, and making sure he was comfortable, she left him alone.

Slowly, painfully, he propped himself up on one elbow to take his first look at the world outside. He was excited to have the joy of seeing it for himself.

He strained to slowly turn to look out the window beside the bed. He faced a blank wall. The man asked the nurse what could have been the reason for the deceased roommate who had described such wonderful things outside this window. The nurse replied that the man was blind and could not even see the wall.

She said, “Perhaps he just wanted to encourage you.”



Some of the famous Indian Women writers of novels and short story writing in English. Anita Desai, Arundathi Roy, Anita Nair, Shashi Deshpande, Shobha De, Sudha Murthy, Jhumpa Lahiri, and Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni.

Story 17

Just Give; It Comes Around

His name was Fleming, and he was a poor Scottish farmer. One day, while trying to make a living for his family, he heard a cry for help coming from a nearby bog. He dropped his tools and ran to the bog.

He saw a terrified boy, mired to his waist in black muck of quicksand, screaming and struggling to free himself. Farmer Fleming saved the boy from what could have been a slow and terrifying death.

The next day, a fancy carriage pulled up to the farmer's sparse surroundings. An elegantly dressed nobleman stepped out and introduced himself as the father of the boy Farmer Fleming had saved.

"I want to repay you," said the nobleman. "You saved my son's life."
"No, I can't accept payment for what I did," the farmer replied, waving off the offer.

At that moment, the farmer's own son came to the door of the family hovel. "Is that your son?" asked the nobleman.
"Yes," the farmer replied.

"I'll make you a deal. Let me provide him with the level of education my son will enjoy. If the boy is anything like his father, he will no doubt grow to be a man we both will be proud of."

And that he did.

Farmer Fleming's son attended the very best schools and in time, he graduated from St. Mary's Hospital Medical School in London. He went to become known throughout the world as the noted Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of Penicillin.

Years afterward, the same nobleman's son who was saved from the bog by the farmer was stricken with pneumonia. What saved his life this time? Penicillin.

And the nobleman – Lord Randolph Churchill. His son's name? Sir Winston Churchill.

Someone once said:

What goes around comes around. Work like you don't need money. Love like you've never been hurt.

**Penicillin the world's first antibiotic, was first discovered on Sept. 28, 1928.*

***Winston Churchill was Prime Minister of the United Kingdom from 1940 to 1945, when he led Britain to victory in the Second World War.*



10 Award Winning Books By Indian Women Writers.

Interpreter of Maladies by Jhumpa Lahiri (The Pulitzer Prize);

Inheritance of Loss by Kiran Desai (Man Booker Prize);

The Twentieth Wife by Indu Sundaresan (Washington State Book Award);

Heat & Dust by Ruth Praver Jhabvala (Man Booker Prize);

If It Is Sweet by Mridula Koshy (Shakti Bhatt First Book Prize);

Arranged Marriage by Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni (American Book Award);

Fire on the Mountain by Anita Desai (Sahitya Academy Award);

Rich Like Us by Nayantara Sahgal (Sinclair Prize for fiction and the Sahitya Akademi Award);

That Long Silence by Shashi Deshpande (Sahitya Academy Award) and

The God of Small Things by Arundhati Roy (Man Booker Prize).

STORY 18

Give Confidence, Not Just Content

A professor stood facing his class of twenty senior biology students, about to hand out the final exam. “I want to say that it's been a pleasure teaching you this semester. I know you've all worked extremely hard and scored well in tests and assignments. Many of you are off to medical college, your dream destination after summer. You know final exam is no doubt a challenge.”

After a pause, he continued, “So that no one gets their GPA messed up because they might have been celebrating a bit too much this week (there was a farewell party), anyone who would like to opt out of the final exam today will receive a 'B' for the course and the regulations permit me to do so.”

There was much rejoicing in the class as students got up, walked to the front of the class. They profusely thanked the professor for his offer. As the last taker left the room, the professor looked out over the handful of remaining students and asked, “Anyone else? This is your last chance.”

One final student rose up and opted out of the final exam. The professor closed the door and took attendance of those still remaining.

“I'm glad to see you believe in yourselves, and appreciate your confidence,” he said. “You all get 'A's'!” In his mind the professor thought, I need betterment.



What is the shortest short story?

As the story goes, Ernest Hemingway was supposedly lunching with a number of writers, and decided to bet \$10 on the fact that he could write a short story that was only six words long, and would make them cry. Hence, the birth of the story: "For sale, baby shoes, never worn" — a story with a beginning, middle, and end.

Story 19

Who should be corrected?

My brother, Vicky, is generally considered to be a reliable, clever, thoughtful fellow. I say “generally” because of things like what he’s doing right now.

Picture this and you’ll understand.

While I, Lucky, sit here playing a video game and texting with half my friends—two perfectly normal things to be doing for amusement—what is he occupied with?

Vicky is standing over there, counting softly to himself 79, 80, 81, 82... while he repeatedly bats a rubber ball attached by an elastic string to a wooden pole. This is nonsensical behavior, is it not?

You might think I’m being too hard on Vicky, as brothers sometimes can be to one another. On the contrary, I’m being lenient. You see, this time it’s pole-ball batting, but the last time—and I refer to just a few weeks ago—the challenge was standing on his head for as long as he could, with a timer set up on the rug.

Of course, he had to read it upside down, but I suppose he got better at it day by day. Maybe he should’ve put the timer upside down, too. Frankly, I’m getting a bit concerned.

What if one of his friends introduces him to running a race with a dog?! Or what if he gets enticed to take up tightrope walking from balcony to balcony?

I tell you, for Vicky, these ideas are not too far-fetched!

STORY 20

They knew how to win

Ms. Raaga, the music teacher, was nearly finished auditioning hopefuls for the upcoming talent show. She announced to the two remaining candidates that there was just one spot left to fill, which caused Tina and Krish to glance nervously at each other across the room. Tina, a talented dancer, hoped to show off her technique and style in the show, while Krish, a gifted pianist, dreamed of becoming a professional musician and wanted this opportunity to perform. Though each hoped desperately to be selected, that seemed impossible now, with only two more try-outs for one opening.

Krish moved beside Tina. “I know you're an awesome dancer, and you know I'm great on the piano. Too bad we've got to battle each other,” he whispered.

“Oh, that's kind to say, but one of us is simply going to be disappointed,” Tameka answered.

Krish asked, “What music are you dancing to?” Tina replied that she planned to dance to the hit, “Sweet, Fleet Feet.”

Krish originally planned to play a classical number which he always loved. But he also knew “Sweet, Fleet Feet” and could play it energetically, so he suggested something to Tina that made her grin.

Then, Ms. Raaga turned to Tina and Krish to ask, “Who's next?” “Both of us—we've become a team!” they responded.

The friends chattered as they went onto the stage. “May we please have a few moments to warm up?” Tina politely asked.

Ms. Raaga had to take an extra contestant!

AUTHOR PROFILE



Ms. SIRISHA.R
ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Born and brought up in Vijayawada, Sirisha is a postgraduate from Nagarjuna University. She has opted teaching profession by choice and has dedicated herself to the field of education since 14 years. She loves teaching value based stories to students which in turn makes them responsible citizens.

STORY 21

Ego Destroys

Long ago there lived a king named Satyadharvi. As his name suggested he had all the five good qualities – Satya, Dharma, Shanti, Prema and Ahimsa. Everyone in the kingdom lived happily under the rule of their king.

One day the king decided to go for a walk in the forest. As he walked for quite a long time, he was tired and was feeling hungry. There, in the forest, he found a peaceful hermitage. He went inside and bowed to the hermit. He introduced himself to the hermit and asked hermit for some food and water.

The hermit was very wise. He heard a lot about the king and thought of testing him. He took the king into his garden and said, “Dear king, you can eat any fruit of your choice.” The king said, “Respected hermit, I would like to eat these neem leaves, can I?” The hermit said “you may”. To the king’s surprise they tasted sweet to him. Surprised by the sweet taste of the neem leaves, the king asked the hermit the reason behind this. The hermit said, “Dear King, as you follow all the human values with great heart, everything tastes sweet to you.”

Listening to this, the king was overwhelmed with joy and a seed called 'ego' was sowed in his mind. This had developed pride in him. He thought, “Ha, I’m the greatest person in this universe. I’ve acquired all the riches in my life.”

Time passed, and the 'ego' grew into a huge plant. The king became very haughty and was not bothered to look into the problems of his subjects. He gave a deaf ear to the concerns of his people. Day and night he started dwelling himself in drinking, dancing and was having fun with people around him.

It was then, a thought came to his mind. He felt like going for walk into the forest. There, he saw the same hermitage, where he was earlier. He met the hermit and asked him whether he could go into his garden and taste the fruits. The hermit accepted this and followed the king into the garden.

Ego Destroys

The king ate the sweetest mango and alas! to his surprise it tasted bitter to him this time. His heart skipped a beat, and immediately he turned towards the hermit.

The hermit could understand the king's pain and said, "King, earlier you had followed all the human values with great respect, so even the bitter neem leaves tasted sweet. But now, you grew more with 'ego' so even the sweetest mango tasted sour.

The king realized his mistakes. He apologized to hermit and thanked him for his advice. Since then, he never left his values aside. All the people in his kingdom lived happily ever after.



Famous Kannada Story writers: Chandrashekara Kambara, Girish Karanad, for their Plays. And for fiction novels Yashawant Chittala & K. N. Ganeshaiah (Will have a lot of true historical facts and references), would be the best names. S L Bhyrappa, Poornachandra Tejaswi and Shivaram Karanth are trademarks by themselves and nobody in Kannada literature hitherto could override their popularity and subjects dealt with.

AUTHOR PROFILE



Ms. ANJU BALIYAN

Born and Brought up in Punjab, Anju is a postgraduate from Kurukshetra University. She initially started her career as a teacher after which she got the opportunity to become the Assembly Co-ordinator. She is compassionate and considerate towards the students. Her story telling ability has often mesmerized the little children.

STORY 22

Mathematics – An integral part of life

“Numbers have life, they're not just symbols on paper.”

- Shakuntala Devi

Numbers are very peculiar and miraculous, numbers are a very integral part of our life. Combining or separating the numbers leads to the subject of Mathematics. Learning Math can be an interesting as well as boring depending on how well you grasp its basic concepts. However, these days, kids are enjoying the math while learning, which enhances child's learning capability and grasping power. Similarly, math puzzles, games, sudoku, kakuro, etc. can help children develop analytical and critical thinking as well as problem solving skills. On the other hand, math tricks act as a brainteaser, thereby improving a person's way of thinking logically and helps them responding things quicker.

Learning math is not as difficult as one thinks. It is said that home is the first school for a child. To teach math creatively at home, ask the child to count the number of items, say, in a room or on a table. Point out when math is being used in daily life like asking questions about time, measuring ingredients of a recipe, counting money in their piggy banks, and many more. More time can be spent with the kids by helping in their home assignments and be valuable in their lives. Math helps us understand the value of time, how to manage it well and the worth of money.

Math is an intriguing subject. A boring, slow afternoon can be converted into an exhilarating / electrifying atmosphere by having some fun math games and tricks. Creating and designing your own math games to help children solve them in a number of ways will help inculcate the love for numbers in them. So just go ahead and discover the interesting and fascinating world of Math as said by Dean Schlicter, “Go down deep enough into anything and you will find MATHEMATICS”.

AUTHOR PROFILE



Ms. ANUNIDHI SHARMA

Anunidhi is a thorough Professional having excellent interpersonal skills, with enthusiasm to take additional responsibilities in her job and come up with new initiatives. She had been excellent in Academics throughout, with a zeal to excel and a passion to teach. Anunidhi is very caring and empathetic towards her students and shows interest in story telling. Anunidhi maintains a personal touch with all the students, and shows genuine care and concern for them. She is a committed teacher working towards developing every child into a self-sufficient, well-educated and able citizen of India.

STORY 23

A healthy mind lives in a healthy body

Characters:

1. Rajesh Bhardwaj: Head of the family, who is in a Private job
2. Monika Bhardwaj: Wife of Rajesh Bhardwaj, is a housewife
3. Aditya Bhardwaj: Elder son, studies in class 9
4. Karthikeya Bhardwaj: Younger son, studies in class 7

In the industrial city of Kanpur, amongst the middle class locality of Santnagar, lived a family of four. The Bhardwajs were a typical middle income family solely dependent on Rajesh's income from a job in a Chemical factory that produced several popular plastic products sold throughout North India. Rajesh's wife Monika was a stay at home housewife who had graduated in Science, however, her in-laws never encouraged her to work. So, she stayed at home and took care of the family. They had stayed in the same house in Santnagar for ages and the house was hardly ever renovated. Rajesh's income was sufficient enough for the family to sustain their middle class living, however, they had never indulged in any luxury nor gone on any recreational vacation. Occasionally they would visit their relatives in Delhi on events like weddings of close relatives.

Aditya who was studying in class 9 had seen and realised that they could not afford to waste their time in idle playing or sports. He had always worked hard in studies and never shown any inclination towards sports or other physical activities. His younger brother Karthikeya on the other hand being the youngest member of the family was the pampered kid in the house. Karthikeya used to spend equal time in studies and in sports activities. He was physically fit and also taller than his brother Aditya. Often when introduced to new people they would mistake Karthikeya to be the elder one considering his stouter and taller frame.

Aditya would always feel sad for his father working hard and coming home very tired after working for 12-14 hours in the factory. This made him even more determined only to study and spend time with books. He would never venture out, and hardly moved from his study table. Aditya had over the year remained thin but also shorter in height.

This was the reason why everyone around him thought that he was the younger child in the family. While the rest of the kids- gang would be away playing in the ground or the gully, he would be at home happily humming as he would be reading one or the other book. With the advent of mobile phones and internet Aditya also had access to his own mobile and on this mobile he would explore many educational web sites spending endless hours looking into the smartphone.

Karthikeya on the other hand would regularly go out from the house after coming from school to play with other gully boys. He would play all sorts of games – cricket, badminton, basketball or football. His focus and hand eye coordination were improving as he played regularly and his body was always fit and fine. His elder brother Aditya would often fall sick with every change of weather, but he remained healthy through out the year. Karthikeya had a more social and vibrant life with a zest for living and enjoying. He would also ensure to complete his homework and read his lessons. However, he needed far less time to study as he had developed a very sharp mind and deep focus. Due to his consistent habit of physical activity and exercise he developed a very firm attitude with unwavering faith in his own ability to meet any challenge.

Aditya started to feel the increasing pressure of studies in class 9 due to the number of tests and assessments for the pre-board. His concentration started wavering and he started to explore unwanted and wasteful content on his mobile instead of studying. His health started to fail and he started to develop a behaviour of anxiety when facing any tests. He was somehow managing to get decent marks in tests and nobody bothered when his grades started slipping a bit. Everyone thought that this was due to increase in difficulty of the subjects and complexity of the topics taught in grade 9.

Karthikeya was maintaining his grades and his health well. He started to win sports awards and also improving his grades gradually. His personality was pleasing and his behaviour confident and fearless. Mr and Mrs Bhardwaj always felt that Aditya would pass with flying colors and Karthikeya would just about manage to pass. The final exams arrived and both brothers prepared in their own way. A day before his science exam Aditya had a panic attack and he could not focus.

The words were just floating in front of his eyes without making any sense.

His mind had gone numb and body had become stiff with fear. He could not sleep the entire night before the exam day and just about shut his eyes for an hour before the sun shone on the day of the exam. His head was hurting, eyes burning and hands became immobile. With great difficulty he boarded the school bus and reached the examination hall. While all the other classmates were writing feverishly Aditya was unable to put his head around the questions and unable to recall the answers. His head was spinning, and his breathing became laboured. Before anyone could realise or do something Aditya had fainted and fallen from his seat. Karthikeya on the other hand completed all his exam papers well. Finally the day arrived when the results came. Aditya had failed miserably in the science exam. The failure hurt him a lot as it used to be his favourite subject in which he excelled all the time. His body had failed him as he had not taken care of it. Karthikeya passed with flying marks and proved that a healthy body carries a healthy mind. We should not just study all the time but also perform physical activities and exercise to keep our body our most precious possession hale and healthy.

Aditya had learned his lesson the hard way, and he realized that he had not taken care of his body which in turn caused the misery he underwent. Kartikeya also came and sat with him and encouraged him to forget about what had happened. Kartikeya told him that he would take him along when he went out to play and both will help each other in studies as well. Aditya had got the message in time and started preparing well for his next exams at same time started getting physically active. The Bhardwajs were in this together and his parents also now encouraged him to take care of his health. As it is proven beyond doubt that a healthy mind resides in a healthy body.

AUTHOR PROFILE



Ms. KRISHNA VENI.T
ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Krishna Veni. T, born and brought up in Visakhapatnam pursued her post graduation in Computer Sciences. Out of keen interest in English, she pursued her PG in English Literature. She took up teaching profession due to her passion towards it. She has 10 years of experience and wishes to continue in the profession with zeal and enthusiasm.

STORY 24

The Young Boy

In a small village, the villagers were facing severe drought that year. The rivers, ponds and wells had dried up. The women of the village had to walk miles every day to fetch water from a distant place. Though it was the monsoon season, there was absolutely no sign of rain. The sky was blue and clear. The sun was blazing. The elderly men of the village assembled and started discussing, “Why are we going through this tough time? Have we done anything wrong? Is God punishing us for something that we cannot think of?” Then they all decided to go to the village temple and pray together. They thought that God was the only refuge in such times. They decided that on a particular day, all of them would go to the temple. When that day came, someone brought fruits, someone brought flowers, and someone brought garlands for the God. Some brought clothes, some brought camphor, and some brought water from faraway for ritual. Someone brought milk and with all these, together they performed puja. They started praying together for rains to come.

There was a young boy among the devotees. He had an umbrella in his hand, held folded. An old man standing there saw this. He said, “Hey boy! Why are you carrying an umbrella? There is not even a sign of rain, there is not even a single piece of cloud in the sky and you like a fool are moving around with an umbrella in your hand?” The boy started blushing. Others also joined him and started ridiculing the boy. The boy said, “But haven't we all come here to ask God for rain? I thought he would hear our prayers and it would start raining. I did not want to get wet on the way back home. That is why I brought the umbrella. Wasn't that supposed to be so?” The elders started laughing out loudly. One of them said, “Oh! Boy; had it been so simple? Look this is what we are supposed to do. In times of trouble we are supposed to go to God and pray. That doesn't mean that the problem will be solved.” The boy was disappointed.

Suddenly a voice was heard from inside the temple. It was the God's voice.

The Young Boy

“You fools! Even if some of you have the faith that this young boy has in me, I would have sent you rains by now! None of you have faith! You are acting mindlessly and pretending that you are my devotees! This pretention of faith will not get you anything! Faith has to be in the heart, like that young boy.

He didn't have any doubt. He was sure that it would start raining after praying to me! But you people spoiled everything. Learn from that boy and come back when you have genuine faith in me!” That time I will answer your prayers. All the villagers felt ashamed about themselves and left with their heads bent down.



Most famous Marathi writers who made a great contribution to literature. P.L. Deshpande; Ranjit Desai; Shivaji Sawant; Vishwas Patil; Vijay Tendulkar; V P Kale; Balchandra Nemade; Kusumagraj; G N Dandekar; Vishnu Sakharam Khandekar; Achyut Godbole; G A Kulkarni; Vyankatesh Madgulkar; Vinda Karandikar and Pralhad Keshav Atre.

AUTHOR PROFILE



Mr. G. SRIKANTH
MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT

G.Srikanth, a postgraduate teacher has been working in this prestigious institution since three years. He is a kind hearted and friendly natured person, who mingles with students and gets the work done by them. He possesses 27 years of teaching experience and has produced more than 4000 students who have settled well in various fields in their lives.

STORY 25

My Experience

I would like to share my experience with you all. Along with my wife and son, I visited Singapore and Malaysia in 2007.

First, we visited Twin towers in Kaulalampur, then we went to the Palace of Maharaj. Next day, we dropped by to see Genting Highland through ropeway, where we had a great experience.

There are two Theme Parks in Genting Highland, one is outdoor theme park and the other one is Indoor theme park. As it was raining we were not allowed to go out to the outdoor theme park, so we had strolled around the indoor park. My son was curious about go-carting. So, we went to that place and enjoyed with my son. We came back from there; suddenly after 15 minutes my wife couldn't find her bag in her hand. I was at sea when I heard the news. She said that she had just kept it aside and then forgotten to pick it up. Our passports and Singapore currency were in that bag itself.

We started searching every corner of the park. The mounting tension was unbearable. We thought our jolly trip would end up as a disaster. Both of us were in tears, almost half an hour we frantically searched, but couldn't find the bag. We told ourselves that we remain cool rather than getting panic. My wife suddenly recollected where she had been sitting before we started for go-carting point. We rushed to the same spot and to our surprise we saw the bag lying there. We were overwhelmed with joy, it seemed nothing less than a miracle.

After finding the bag, we checked the contents and found nothing missing from it. It was a great relief for us. This incident was one of the most unforgettable incidents of my life.

Suggestion: Every one of us in a state of ecstasy and excitement tend to forget things. We should remain conscious of our belongings especially in a new place.

AUTHOR PROFILE



Mrs. SANGEETA.R.M
CENTER MANAGER

Graduation completed in Hubballi, at present working in Aurangabad. This story is an real life experience of a girl supported and brought up by her grandparents.

STORY 26

Don't Worry, Be Happy

Once there was a girl, whenever she was asked a question what would you like to do in your future? She would reply I would like to stay with my father and understand what is a family? As she was about to complete her college, she lost her father and her dreams of understanding a family was scattered. She was very sad, her grandmother understood her feelings and started telling her a story of 'A Rock'. In ancient time people used to travel on their feet from one place to another, and used to rest in the forest.

There was a small rock lying beside the road, people used to rest on it or scribble, sit, or just ignore. Once a sculptor was passing by and as he felt tired stopped to rest in the forest; as he was resting he saw the rock. He took out his implement and started to sculpt by the rock by hitting and cutting the excess pieces. Then, she stopped continuing the story. The girl asked why did she stop and what happened next? After a long pause, Grandma with a smile told the girl because the sculptor wanted to carve the rock, he had to use his implement. In the same way, to make ourselves strong and beautiful we have to face the situation in life. Then she continued the story. So he created a beautiful idol and went away. But later, the other passersby started praying, worshipping and showing respect for it.

Whatever the situation we face in life never let go of trust, hard work and honesty. This will help us lead a better and happier life.



Do you know that the letter 'E' is most frequently occurring in English words? It is 11.1607% (Concise Oxford Dictionary (9th edition, 1995)). Interestingly, there is full length work in which the words without 'E' were used by the writer!

Gadsby is a 1939 novel by Ernest Vincent Wright written as a lipogram, which does not include words that contain the letter E. The plot revolves around the dying fictional city of Branton Hills, which is revitalized as a result of the efforts of protagonist John Gadsby and a youth organizer.

AUTHOR PROFILE



Mrs. KARTIKI VIJAY BODKHE

Experience of 7 years teaching Toddlers and enjoys their company.

Story 27

Stopped By a Brick

A successful young executive was riding his brand new Jaguar down a neighborhood street. When he noticed a kid darting out from the parked cars. He slowed down a little, but as he drove close to the parking, a brick smashed into his car's door. He slammed on the brakes and drove back to the place from where the brick had been thrown.

The furious man jumped out of his car and caught the kid. The man shouted- "What was that, all about? What the hell you did to my car? Why did you do it?"

The boy was a bit scared, but was very polite and apologetic. "I am sorry sir. I didn't know what else to do."- the boy pleaded." I had to throw the brick because no one else would stop for my help". With tears running down his cheeks he pointed towards the parked cars and said- "It's my brother there, he rolled off and fell from his wheel chair and he is badly hurt. I can't lift him up".

The sobbing boy asked the man- "would you please pick him back into his wheel chair? He is hurt and too heavy for me".

The young man was moved beyond words and tried to swallow the rapidly swelling lump in his throat. He hurriedly lifted the other kid from the spot and put him back to his wheel chair. He also helped the kid with his bruises and cuts.

When he thought that everything would be ok, he went back to his car.

"Thank you sir, and God bless you" said the grateful kid. The young man was too shaken up for any word, so the man simply watched the little boy push the wheelchair bound brother down the sidewalk. It was a long and slow ride back home to the man. When he came out of the car, he looked at his dented car door. The damage was very noticeable, but he did not bother to repair it. He kept the dent to remind him of the message, "Do not go through life so fast that someone has to throw brick at you to get your attention."

AUTHOR PROFILE



Miss. KAKULI DAS

Experience of 3 years teaching the Toddlers in JGI.

STORY 28

The Man and the cat

A man was walking by a road, when he heard a cat meowing from the bushes nearby; the cat was in need of help to get out of the bush. When the man reached out, the cat got scared and scratched the man. The man screamed in pain but he didn't stop helping the cat. He tried again and again even though the cat continued to scratch his hands badly.

Another passerby saw this and said, " just leave the catlet it be! The cat will find a way to come out of the bush later." The man didn't pay any attention to the other man's words, but tried until he helped the cat. Once the cat was set free, he told the other man," the cat is an animal, and its instinct make him scratch and attack. I am a human and my wisdom makes me to be kind, helpful and loveable."



Like the short story in the other cultures, Telugu short story also has a long history. According to scholars, short story in India has been in existence since the Vedic times. The Bruhat katha written by Gunadhya in the Paisachi language is the first notable writing in Indian languages. Along with Ramayana and Maha Bharata, Bruhat katha also provided writers with anecdotes for kavyas and plays in Sanskrit.

In Telugu, there are umpteen stories prevalent only in the oral form. Several scholars such as Gurajada Sriramamurthy, Komanduri Anantacharyulu, Madhira Subbanna Dikshitulu, and Nandivada Chalapati Rao rendered them in the print form.

AUTHOR PROFILE



Mrs. SHWETA MISHRA

Experience of 7 years teaching the Toddlers and loves to be their teacher.

STORY 29

The clever Brahmin

Once upon a time a clever Brahmin lived in Mithila Pradesh. He had many farms and gardens, but he was lazy. He didn't want to work there.

Just because of his laziness his wife be was worried about their income which comes after selling the crops. Whenever she started arguing with her husband, he assured her that everything would happen on time.

One night, some thieves broke into the Brahmin's house. Sensing about the thieves in his house, he started talking to his wife in a loud voice. He said, 'O my dear lady! You are always worried about our hidden money. Today, I'm going to share the secret place of our money to you.' Wife became happy. She jumped with excitement. She started listening.

He started telling her about their money, 'I have hidden it inside our farm. No one can guess where the money is.'

The thieves were listening to their conversation. They became happy and rushed towards the farm. After reaching the farm, they started digging the farm in search of money, they continued digging through out night.

When the morning sun rose, all the land was dug, but the thieves didn't get any money because there was no money.

In the morning, the Brahmin reached there with his wife and said loudly, "Thank you friends for digging my land. Now I can easily sow the seeds in it."

Listening to his words, the thieves were upset and started running away from there. They knew that the Brahmin made a fool of them.

AUTHOR PROFILE



Mrs. SOMA DAS

Born and raised in Meghalaya. As a child growing up I was a naughty but hardworking girl. She was fortunate enough to study in an extremely well-regarded institute right from kindergarten through high school. From Meghalaya she moved to Hubli and here she started her teaching career. She hopes to make real her dream of teaching for many years the future of generations.

STORY 30

Christmas isn't just a day

One day at school (*one month before Christmas break*) Eva is walking down the hallway during school. Kia notices her and walks up to her. They've have been friends for a while now and there's a question that Kia has in mind for Eva to answer.

“Hey Eva! How are you?”

“Hey Chia! I'm great, how are you?”

“I'm good as well! Oh wait I have question for you.”

“Oh really what is it?”

“How is it like to celebrate Christmas?”

*Chia has had this in mind because her family has never celebrated Christmas and she's always heard fun stories about Santa Claus and the jolly time around December.

“Oh my god! Christmas is my absolute favorite time of the year! It's all jolly and merry. You get presents, bake cookies, make hot chocolate and watch Christmas movies. It's the best!”

“Wow that sounds so much fun!”

“It indeed is!”

“Hey Do you want to come over with your family on Christmas Eve? I'm sure my family would love to have you and your family.”

“Really? That's so sweet of you. I can ask my mom and get back to you on that.”

“Sounds great! See you in class!”

“See you later, Chia”

Right around Christmas time the friends and their families are at Eva's house having the best time with laughter and jolly music. Kia learned a new celebration, ritual and had the best time all in one.

Christmas is the one celebration where Jesus showers all his love and blessings for the sacrifice he made for us several years ago. Brings positive vibes to the upcoming year with lots of memories to cherish.

*That's how you pronounce it as many will pronounce it wrong with Kia and not Chia.

AUTHOR PROFILE



Mrs. MADHU N JAMAKHANDI

She was born and raised in Hubli where she lives life till date. As a child growing up she was a shy, decent and hardworking. I was fortunate enough to study in an extremely well-regarded institute right from kindergarten through high school. It was a catholic school with all girls. She says, her family, educators and friends have provided the courage and encouragement to me to embrace my dream of teaching children. I hope to secure my dream of teaching for ongoing years for the future of generations. Alongside pushing myself even more to do greater things and achieve all accomplishments.

STORY 31

Honesty always pays

Neil, Rajesh and Mukesh walked out of a shop with a few toffees in their fist.

As they counted the toffees for the amount they paid, both had a toffee extra. Neil ate up the extra toffees and said "I have got the correct amount of toffees"

Rajesh said "I have got one extra. But the shopkeeper must have counted and given."

Mukesh went in telling "Uncle. I have one extra toffee."

The shopkeeper said "I had deliberately given all of you an extra toffee to see who gives it back. You were the only one. Here are a few more toffees for your honesty."



Honesty is the best policy" is a proverb of Edwin Sandys, while the quote "Honesty is the first chapter in the book of wisdom" is attributed to Thomas Jefferson, as used in a letter to Nathaniel Macon. April 30 is National Honesty Day in the United States.

AUTHOR PROFILE



ANISA MALBARI

Graduated from women's College, Hubli. Very got an opportunity to work in Jain Toddlers where she started her journey in teaching field .This is her 6th year in professional life and has seen lot of changes in my personality development, communication skills, teaching skills and she says, I am proud to be a part of JGI Family.

STORY 32

The bond

Soma lived with her mother-in-law and husband Prem in Meghalaya. Soma and her mother in law both were very friendly and happy with each other. Whatever Soma wanted to cook she would ask her mother in law. After sometime her mother in law passed away. She was very sad and lonely so she took a big stone and treated that stone as her mother in law. Whatever she wanted to cook she would ask that stone.

One day her husband saw that and he put her out of the house thinking that she was mad. She went and sat on the big tree. Under the tree some thieves were distributing their loot between them. Suddenly the stone from Soma's hand fell on one of the thieves and they all got scared and ran away. Soma got down and she took all the ornaments and money and went home and gave it to her husband and said this was her mother in law's gift for her. Husband was happy and accepted her back. They lived happily ever after.



If you want to learn how to write a short story, you'll have to go through these main steps: Know your character. Outline your short story. Start with something out of the ordinary. Get your draft done as soon as possible. Edit your short story like a third person. Title your short story. Get feedback about it. Practice often.

A story has five basic but important elements. These five components are: the characters, the setting, the plot, the conflict, and the resolution. These essential elements keep the story running smoothly and allow the action to develop in a logical way that the reader can follow.

AUTHOR PROFILE



Ms. NAGOJU SAMYUKTHA
M.Com, B.Ed, PGDCA

Samyuktha, always ready to learn and explore the new technological aspects in this modern world.

As she was the gold medalist at the college level in her post-graduation, she has been selected as Junior Lecturer for Commerce in Kasturba Gandhi junior college for women, she worked for 3 years and started working in Jain Heritage a Cambridge School, Shamirpet since 2013.

Samyuktha accepts the challenges and a good motivator, who tries to bring out the talents of the students.

STORY 33

The Obstacle in Our Path

There once was a very wealthy and curious king. This king had a huge boulder placed in the middle of a road. Then he hid nearby to see if anyone would try to remove the gigantic rock from the road.

The first people to pass by were some of the king's wealthiest merchants and courtiers. Rather than moving it, they simply walked around it.

A few loudly blamed the King for not maintaining the roads. Not one of them tried to move the boulder.

Finally, a peasant came along. His arms were full of vegetables. When he got near the boulder, rather than simply walking around it as the others had, the peasant put down his load and tried to move the stone to the side of the road. It took a lot of effort but he finally succeeded.

The peasant gathered up his load and was ready to go on his way when he saw a purse lying in the road where the boulder had been. The peasant opened the purse.

The purse was stuffed full of gold coins and a note from the king. The king's note said the purse's gold was a reward for moving the boulder from the road.

The king showed the peasant what many of us never understand: every obstacle presents an opportunity to improve our condition.

AUTHOR PROFILE



Ms. S.SARASWATHI
M.Com., M.A. (PPM), M.Sc.(Psy), B.Ed

S.Saraswathi , an enthusiastic teaching professional with an enduring passion for teaching and love for kids. She is imbued by certain attitudes and attributes that help to face challenges in today's multicultural and teaching styles.

Apart from this she has a passion for painting and gardening.

A good motivator in upbringing the hidden talents of the students.

A lifelong learner to enhance the relations and improve quality of life.

STORY 34

Do Dreams Come True?

Everything was dark, it was cold and humid. Then I saw a beam of light from a point, it started to become brighter and I could not see anything. I found myself in the middle of nowhere. I didn't know what was going on. The last thing I remembered was me spending time with my friends at a camp. There was no sign of my friends or any of my things. I slowly got up and started walking. The sky was not normal, it was purple, because of which I didn't even know what time of the day it was. All I saw was a straight horizon.

I suddenly started to hear voices but didn't understand them. I looked behind, above and beneath but saw no one around. I started panicking, I thought I was being followed. I still kept walking and then I heard the sound of rumbling from behind. I didn't want to look behind but I did. The ground was falling apart, I was completely confused, only after a few seconds my conscious started working, and I ran like hell, I didn't look back at all. The rumbling sound was getting closer and closer but I didn't stop running. But alas I couldn't outrun and was caught inside the fall.

AFTER FEW HOURS

I felt very dizzy. I could not believe that I was still alive. I was inside a cottage, I saw something moving inside and I fell asleep. After some time I got up. I came outside the cottage. Something didn't feel right, I had a weird feeling like something was going to happen (AGAIN!!!). the vegetation around me was completely different. I never saw anything like that. I went close to one of them. I didn't know if it was a fruit, a vegetable or a flower. As I was about to touch it, I heard a loud noise. I turned around, there were people running and they were coming towards me. Before knowing what was going to happen, I saw a huge shadow behind me. The people in front me slowed down and stopped moving. the shadow started moving. the person in front of me tried to tell me something but I did not understand what, he/she was trying to tell me. But I did understand one thing that I should not move at all, their faces said it all. We stayed still for at least a few minutes, after which the crowd started moving. After that, they came towards me. they started talking to me in a language I did not understand (I thought it was Japanese). They suddenly tied me with a rope that was not looking normal. I was taken as a captive as if this was all because of my fault (which is true). I was not taken back to the cottage, but to another place,

which I obviously had no idea. It looked like a cave. When I went inside (when taken inside forcefully!!), I saw beautiful clusters of crystals of every shade everywhere. It was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. Then suddenly the rope started to glow (it was crazy)

After a few minutes of walking, they dropped me in front of a dead end. The wall had a lot of drawings and paintings. It depicted something which didn't make sense at all. It looked like something out of the world (on a second thought I didn't know which world I was so who am I to judge) the people ran out as soon as they dropped me. Now I was scared to the core. I didn't know what was going, what was their purpose of leaving me here? nothing was happening around me. I stayed like that for a long time, not knowing what to do, due to which I fell asleep. I slept for a long time. After waking up I was shell shocked. The drawings on the dead-end were no more. No object that was able to cut the rope. I tried to find something that could help me cut the rope, but could not find anything. So I left it and started to find a way out of here, but it was of no use. I was roaming in circles the whole time. After many attempts, I stopped to take some rest. I started feeling hungry and thirsty, but I couldn't do anything, so took a nap. After waking up, I was completely shocked, the picture reappeared again.

This time I saw the drawing carefully. I was trying to grasp every minute detail I could (I was making up fictional creatures looking at those pictures). After a clear observation, I understood a little bit, it looked like a prophecy. Suddenly the drawings disappeared and reappeared with another " slide" of paintings, my mind wasn't working (I thought I started hallucinating, without any food or water), but it was happening right in front of me. It was like the paintings were trying to communicate with me. I could see many things happening, from a murder to a person flying off into the sky. After the paintings stopped showing me anything more, all the paints gathered in one place and formed a shape (I guessed it was 4d!). I tried to calm myself. Now I felt way hungrier than before.

With all my courage and the energy that was had left in me, I started to walk. I tried to find a way to get out of here and find food. As I had plenty of crystals around the cave, I used them to cut the rope, it worked successfully. After which I tried to make some kind of weapon out of it.

I found many insects and berries (I didn't feel good eating them and did not know if it was safe to eat them). I felt a lot better. I suddenly heard thumping's. It felt like an elephant (i didn't know if they existed here). the thumping's got very close, I wanted to run but I just hid behind a cluster. The thumping's sound reduced, I felt it was very close. The creature quietly walked, as if it knew it was being watched (it looked like a mix of a rhinoceros and an elephant, it was huge). It looked really creepy, it looked like it was made with dead human skin and bones. It had 4 eyes looking in every corner. I thought my time was up. I accidentally felt an urge to sneeze (and I did sneeze) I knew my end was near. This was the same creature that the people saw and were scared of. I started to run. I did not look back at all. I prayed, that the creature should not follow me (but it did not work). After running I thought I lost it but I got stuck in front of the same dead end. I was cursing in my head. I could hear the thumpings .. the paintings appeared again and it made a shape of a hand. I didn't know what I was going to do, I put my hand in that shape. Then suddenly the whole cave started to move, the rumblings started to grow bigger, the dead-end started to move. When I tried to see inside the cave I could see only a strong, bright light being emitted from the other side. Suddenly I heard my favorite song (????????). and I heard loud footsteps that were coming towards me.

I stood up with full of anxiety and shock, my alarm was ringing in full volume, the sun was very bright as usual. I saw I was on my bed (shouldn't I be inside a tent and a sleeping bag in a camp with my friends). My mind wasn't working. My mom opened the door. she started yelling at me (I could not understand a word that she said). She came inside and turned off the alarm and gave me a tight slap with which I completely woke up. I looked outside the window, the sky was blue as ever (I felt it was the most beautiful thing I ever saw in my life) and looked inside my room where my mom was cleaning. I got up and gave her a tight hug (and even cried a little) she did not know what was going on, but I felt so relieved, I never felt so happy waking up from my sleep. (thinking how could something be so realistic, when I almost felt like I was going to die). I quickly got ready and rushed out of the house.

I ran as fast as I could to my school. On my way I saw something glowing, it was very unusual. It was something very bright being emitted from a bush, it almost felt unreal. when I went close to it, I saw a cluster of crystals

AUTHOR PROFILE



Mrs. LALITHA KOSARAJU

CENTER MANAGER

B.Com.B.Ed

P.G Dip in Child development & Child Psychology.

Lalitha as name defines is Love personified .She is the most passionate educator at E.C.E and true teacher who believed in creating learning ladders for tiny little kids at formative stages. She never feels that shaping the Tiny kids personality to be Herculean task as she is with 1 ½ years-5 years kids for the past two decades. Having been with Pre-Schoolers she became a natural story teller who can inspire many young minds.

She can be reached at : cmkondapur@jgischools.in

STORY 35

Travelogue

After born and brought up and staying in Hyderabad for my entire life until now, a trip going outside my country and to the other side of the earth made me very apprehensive and not so excited initially.

It took a while for my family members to persuade and convince me to travel to the other side of the globe, to the country where some of my family members made it their home- The United States of America.

During my trip of 45 days which we spent with close family members and friends in different places we had many happy, exhilarating moments and loads of new experiences. I was so glad I took the decision to travel. Every day was a new day with new experiences and new observations.

So my husband and I started to pen down the observations during the entire trip. I am sure many of you have been to this country, but for me being there for the first time, I enjoyed every moment of it.

Here are some of our observations. Some of them might look silly or irrelevant, but at the end of every day, whatever was felt was penned down.

Observation 1:

Pedestrian is the king

Today during our morning walk, at one zebra crossing we didn't even press the "pedestrian button" - seeing us the vehicles stopped!

Observation 2

Invisible toll booths

Between Boston and Connecticut there are around six toll points. But they do not physically exist. The amount to be paid is sent by mail. What a saving of time and manpower!

Observation 3

Disabled friendly

There are several measures for physically challenged persons. This is a distinct one. Most of the parking areas have one slot reserved for them (with a permit/certificate from the Doctor). Violators are fined \$150!

Observation 4

Wood poles

The electrical and communication poles are out of tree trunks. There are about 12, 50, 00,000 such poles in North America and have been in use for more than a century.

Observation 5

The Reverse switch

We all know that in the US traffic drives right, Fahrenheit and miles are used commonly instead of Centigrade and kilometers.

It also takes some time to get used to the electrical switch position. Our ON is OFF here and vice versa. And most houses do not have fans at all!

Observation 6

Strangers greeting

In all the four days of our morning walks in Connecticut, all the strangers we came across either greeted or smiled or waved their hands at us!

Observation 7

Save the environment

An extraordinary measure to encourage environment conscious people - There is an exclusive lane for carpooling vehicles and EVs (electric vehicles).

Observation 8

Fancy number plates

Vehicle registration numbers do not have a fixed format like us. The length of the alphanumeric characters is also very flexible giving the owners unimaginable choices.

Observation 9

Salt and sugar

The salt grains here are of the size of our sugar grains and vice versa. The sugar is also not as sweet as ours.

Observation 10

The invisible fence

You can't see any fences/compound walls for the villas. To ensure the pets let loose don't wander away, there is a virtual fence that gives mild shock when the animals reach it. There are small white flags placed for identification.

Observation 11

Wireless emergency alerts

While returning from Wisconsin there was heavy downpour and river Mississippi was nearby. Suddenly our mobiles had a different ringtone. It was a warning to the public in that zone on an imminent threat to safety - in this case "flash floods". Till now nearly 40,000 such alerts have been sent.

Observation 12

Iced water

In flights and restaurants, water and juices are invariably served with ice (Despite the prevailing cold weather).

Observation 13

911

In case of medical emergency, call should be made to 911 and not to hospitals. Most of the ambulances are owned by the fire department. (As the preliminary information could be incomplete, along with the ambulance, fire truck and police vehicle are also sent sometimes).

Observation 14

Highly occupied vehicles (HOV)

Vehicles with three or more occupants have special lane and toll is also free in some states to encourage carpooling.

Observation 15

Power rebate

Domestic electricity consumption during the non-peak hours has a lower tariff!

Observation 16

Road safety measure

Along the center lane there will be about 4ft strip called *Sleepy line or Drunk bump or Rumble strip*. It alerts inattentive drivers when they drift from their lane. This is through vibrations and loud sound transmitted from the wheels to the vehicle interior.

Observation 17

The loo code

In restaurants, if you have to use the washroom, you have to use the code given on the bill for the door to open!

Observation 18

Cul desac

The extreme end of the street (in front of the villas) that has no exit, ie a dead end, is commonly called cul desac.

The minimum area of the house plot is fixed by the township/county, say as 1/2 acre, 1 acre or 2 acre. This is to limit the population so as to provide proper facilities such as schooling.

Observation 19

Fruit picking

Depending on the season, people go to orchards for picking berries, apples etc.

You can eat as many fruits as you can while plucking them and pay only for the rest. We went for berry picking without having breakfast

Observation 20

The art of coffee making

Coffee lovers have their own recipe for making coffee at home and do it in an elaborate way.

Observation 21

States have nicknames too

Each state adopted a nickname which is also reflected on the number plates of vehicles.

Arizona - Grand Canyon state
California - Golden state
New Jersey - Garden state
New York - Empire state
Connecticut - Constitution state
Wyoming - Equality state etc.

Observation 22

Road markings

The continuous solid double yellow lines indicates no overtaking at all. A single broken line indicates you can overtake. With a combination of the two, only the vehicles to the side of the broken line are allowed to overtake.

Observation 23

Overuse of tissue paper

Tissue paper is used in excess in America. Their consumption is equivalent to felling 1,20, 00, 000 trees every year. So much for their concern for environment.

Observation 24

Concern for differently abled

At the shows in Disney, the narration was being explained in sign language for the benefit of hearing impaired. Wheel chair movers were given priority everywhere.

Observation 25

The universal dress

There are three types of dresses Americans of both genders and all ages wear, especially for vacations - shorts, shorts and shorts! (And we look weird in our outfits). Quite a few of them have tattoos!

Observation 26

Click click click

It is mostly the Indians and Chinese that are shutterbugs. Others are not that interested in taking pics. While we were taking group selfies, few times passing tourists volunteered to capture us in the frame.

Observation 27

Marketing strategy

At the exit of every show or pavilion there is inevitably a sales room with related purchase/gift items.

Observation 28

Overweight

Americans seem to be very calories conscious but we still see several obese people.

Observation 29

Drinking water fountains

At public places, on pressing a knob, water jets out from the tap as a fountain for people to drink directly from their mouth. I felt this is not so convenient.

Observation 30

License plate flexibility

Some states require two number plates at front and rear of vehicles while others stipulate only at the rear leaving the front with no number plate. In couple of states, some trucks can have it only at the front.

Observation 31

Go past the toll booth without paying

It's possible! when you don't carry the RFID or when you don't have the exact change. Collect a ticket/ form and make a deferred payment. (If you don't pay in time, the penalty will be heavy though)

Observation 32

Central AC

The villas and apartments too are centrally air conditioned!

Observation 33

They dictate the traffic

The school buses can halt anywhere to pick/drop children. The driver puts up a STOP sign or red lights are flashed. All the surrounding traffic then comes to a halt!

Observation 34

Omnipresent mulch

You do not find bare black or red soil in urban areas. You only see grass, lawn, mulch or concrete on the ground. Applying a layer of mulch (normally made of manure or compost) to the surface of soil conserves its moisture, improves fertility, reduces weed growth and enhances visual appearance. So where there is a plant or tree there is mulch!

Observation 35

Acoustic barriers

To mitigate noise pollution for communities along the highways, a special "sound wall" is constructed.

Observation 36

Self-service

Like self-filling at the gas stations and self-paying at toll booths - there are 'self-billing' counters in some supermarkets!

Observation 37

What is the time?

There are 11 time zones in USA (mainly 4 though) with maximum time difference of 6 hrs. The local time in these zones also changes.

Quite confusing with acronyms such as these:

DST - Daylight Saving Time

ET - Eastern Time

EST - Eastern Standard Time

EDT - Eastern Daylight Time

Observation 38

Palindrome - 9/11

This year the date 9.11.19 is a palindrome - it reads the same backwards too!

(Strictly speaking not and in the actual format it is 71 years later ie on 09.11.90) *Happy birthday Sailu!!* (my niece)

Observation 39

Pet love

Everyone knows Americans love pets. But did you know this? Seattle has more dog parks than children's parks!

Observation 40

Injurious to health

Canadians of both genders smoke more than their counterparts in the US.

Observation 41

Street food

People enjoy eating by the side of roads with some restaurants serving food inside and outside. Food trucks are also common. We had to stand in long queues at the restaurants in demand. We thoroughly enjoyed several cuisines. The tip generally ranges from 10% to 25%.

Observation 42

*Niagara *

The water at Niagara Falls had a greenish blue colour. This is due to presence of dissolved salts and rock flour - nearly 60 tonnes is produced every minute due to erosive force of the river.

Observation 43

ఇల్లు కట్టి చూడ (Building a house)

All town houses, row houses and villas only have foundation with concrete and the rest of it is made with wood which was so surprising to us. The construction is also very quick and less labour intensive.

Observation 44

Go-to branded pharmacies

The drugs prescribed by the doctor are passed online to a pharmacy of your choice for collecting when readied.

Btw, the pharmacies here are huge chain stores selling beauty, personal, health and several other products apart from OTC medicines at discounted prices and running mini clinics.

Last observation 45

While visitors like us long to see fall colours, some Americans dread as it is onset of winter We experienced the power of friendship and family bonding and was floored by their reception wherever we went. There is good and bad wherever we go but we chose to come back to India with loads of happy memories and experiences after bidding an emotional adieu to all!

Back home, sweet home.



A travelogue is a film, book written up from a travel diary, or illustrated talk describing the experiences of and places visited by traveler. American writer Paul Theroux has published many works of travel literature, the first success being The Great Railway Bazaar.

The main purposes of a travelogue are that travel is connected with building social relationships. ... Traveling teaches you a lot of things, it changes your perception about people and this community. It helps you grow. The third and final purpose is commitment. It's the most important one.

And that's just a one-day itinerary. So wrote Greek geographer Pausanias, one of the very first travel writers, in his second-century book Hellados Periegesis, or Description of Greece.

Top 10 Travelogues That Will Make You Proud of India:

A Million Mutinies Now - V.S Naipaul;

Shantaram - Gregory David Roberts;

No Full Stops in India - Mark Tully;

Q&A - Vikas Swarup;

A Passage to India - E. M Forster;

Nine Lives - William Dalrymple;

Steve McCurry - India;

Maximum City: Bombay Lost and Found - Suketu Mehta;

Eat, Pray, Love - Elizabeth Gilbert and

Delhi - Khuswant Singh.

AUTHOR PROFILE



Mrs. ANUTASHA SATPATI

A voracious reader with a smiling disposition, she enjoys the company of children and has taught them too. Presently working as Admissions Counsellor & Operations Manager in Jain Heritage-a Cambridge School, Kondapur. Her passion for whatever she does is reflective in her story telling abilities too.

STORY 36

Time: Always changing and yet constant!

An oxymoron! How can time be both changing and yet be constant? Time is there, always. Nobody knows the beginning of time, neither can one say anything about its future. Hence, a constant factor of our lives.

The changing nature of the time can be beautifully articulated through an example of a wheel. Have you ever seen a wheel cart? What happens to it when it gets stuck in the mud? As the wheel is pushed out of the mud, the wheel turns; as a result, muddy part of the wheel gets replaced by the cleaner part of the wheel and as the wheel turns again, the vice-versa happens. Time too, is like this wheel. Sometimes we are stuck in difficult situations, other times we are rejoicing the fruits of our labour. That's the beauty! Joy lies in understanding this simple fact of life, that time is constantly changing and with that, us. The quality of being resilient is equally important in this regard. One may be faced with many adverse situations in life, the key is, and to be able to overcome them, with a positive bent of mind and to remain focused on our long term life goal.



Some well-known books about 'time':

Confessions by St. Augustine;

Time Machine by HG wells;

Times Travel by James Gleik;

A Wrinkle in Time by Madeleine L'Engle;

Your Brain is a Time Machine by Dean Buonomano;

A Tenth of a Second by Jimena Canales;

Cartographies of Time by Daniel Rosenberg and Anthony Grafton;

The Secret Agent by Joseph Conrad;

The Clockwork Muse by Eviator Zerubavel and

Einstein's Clocks by Peter Galison.

STORY 37

Express Gratitude

In this fast pace technological world that we are inhabiting, every minute of our lives are being dictated by time. We have become mechanical, literally! It is important that we step back, pause a little and enjoy this beautiful journey called life. How often have we shown gratitude for the things around us? Do you have a home to live? Do you have to food to eat? Clothes to wear? If the answers to all the preceding questions is an emphatic “YES” then, we should be grateful every day, every minute of our lives and consider ourselves lucky for there is a significant percentage of world population out there, who isn't capable enough to afford these basic amenities.

Be grateful if you have parents, be grateful if you have had a good education, express deep acknowledgement to all those who have been with you, through your thick and thin! The joy of thanking is unprecedented! Imagine, if you start making a list of all the things in your life which you are truly grateful for, how long that list would be? Interestingly, this gratitude list may also be of a major help to you when you are feeling a bit low. Just pull out that list and read it aloud, by the time you finish reading it, you would find a new sense of vigor circulating within you and you find yourself in best spirits again!

Furthermore, one shouldn't compare one's blessings with what others have got. You may never know what ordeal the other person maybe going through, even though with outwardly appearance, everything may seem fine for that person.



10 Types of Short Stories:

Anecdotes, Drabble, Fable, Feghoot, Flash Fiction, Frame Story, Mini-saga, Story Sequence, Sketch Story, and Vignette.