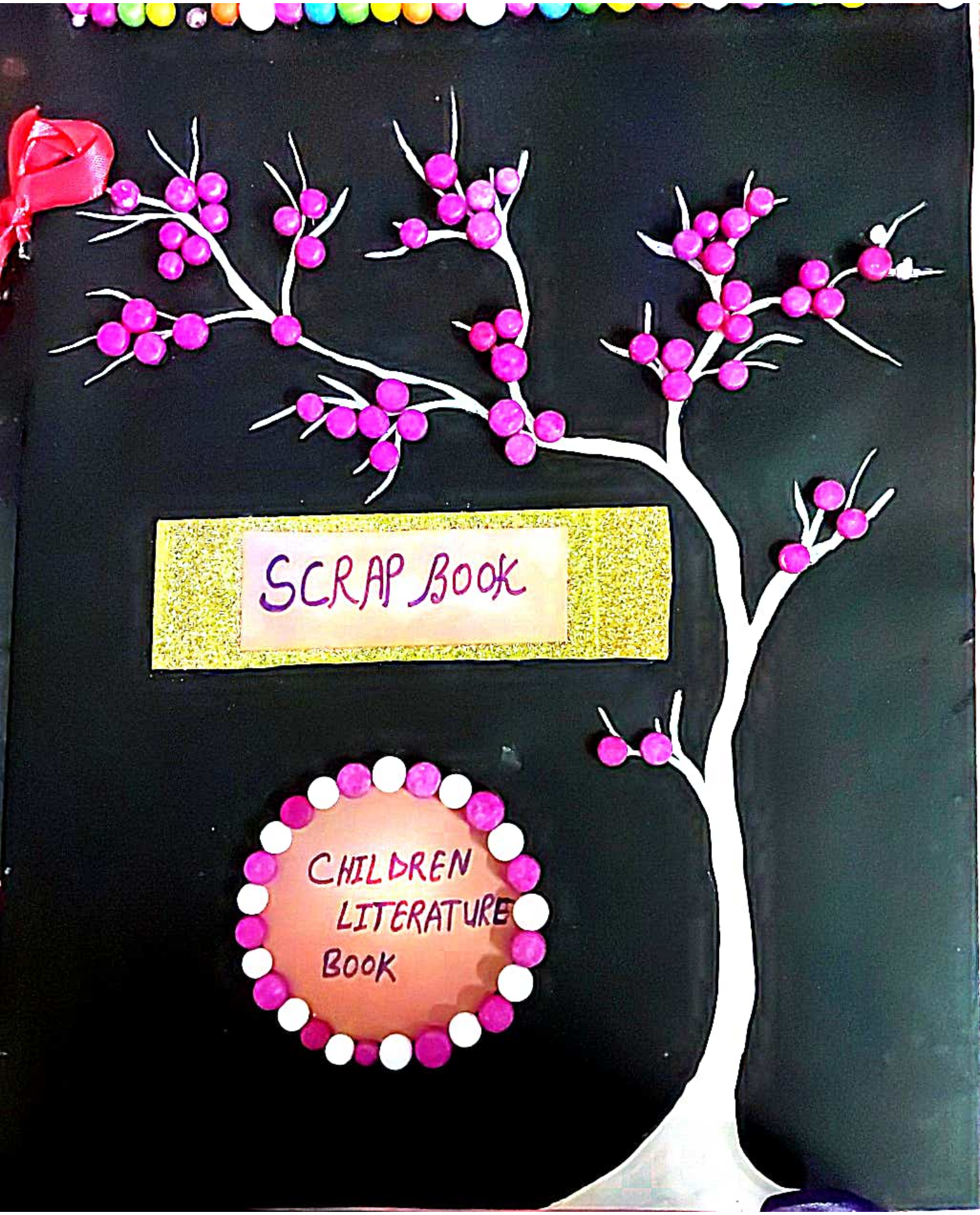
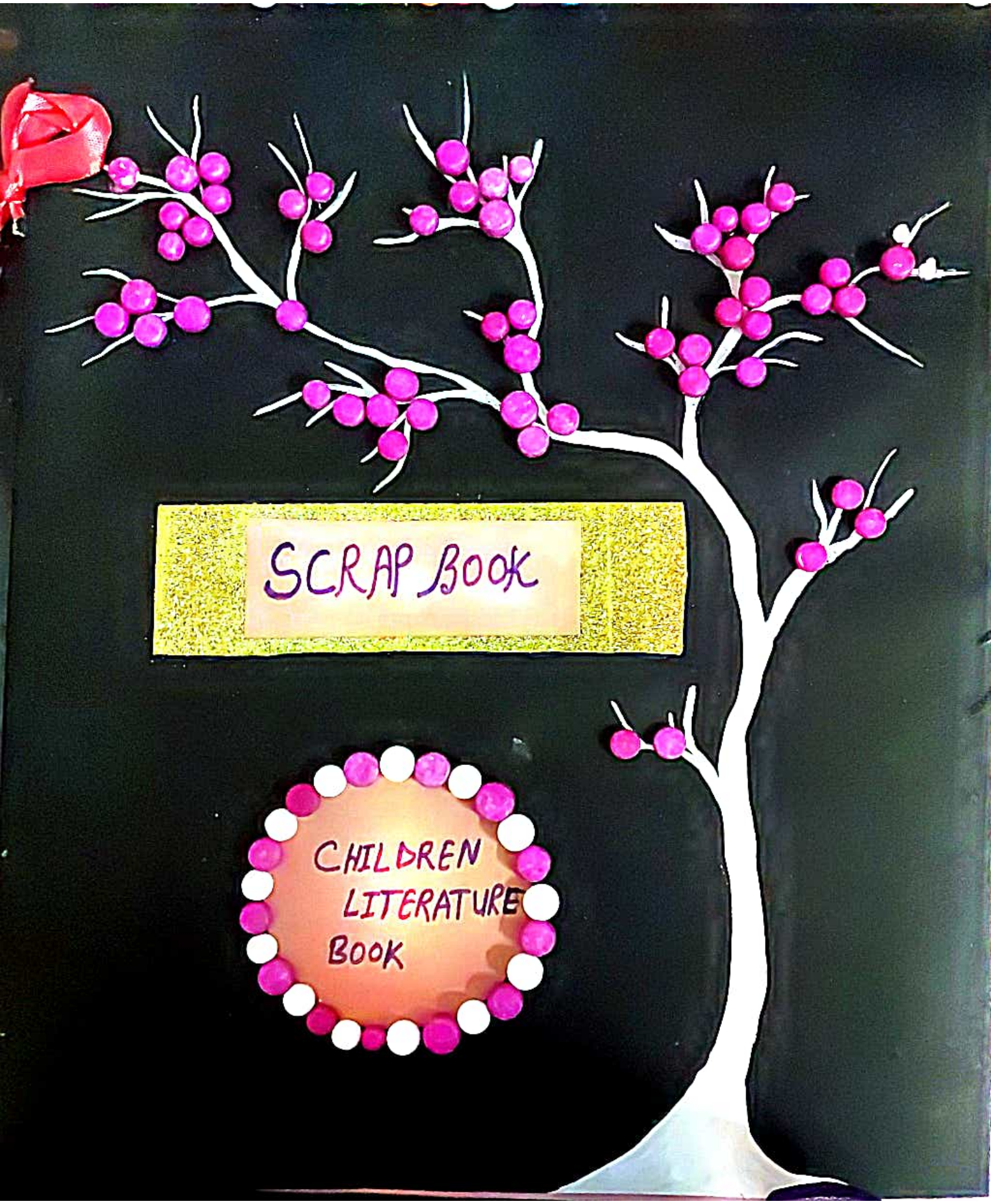

SCRAP BOOK
CHILDREN
LITERATURE
BOOK


SCRAP BOOK
CHILDREN
LITERATURE
BOOK

JACK AND JILL

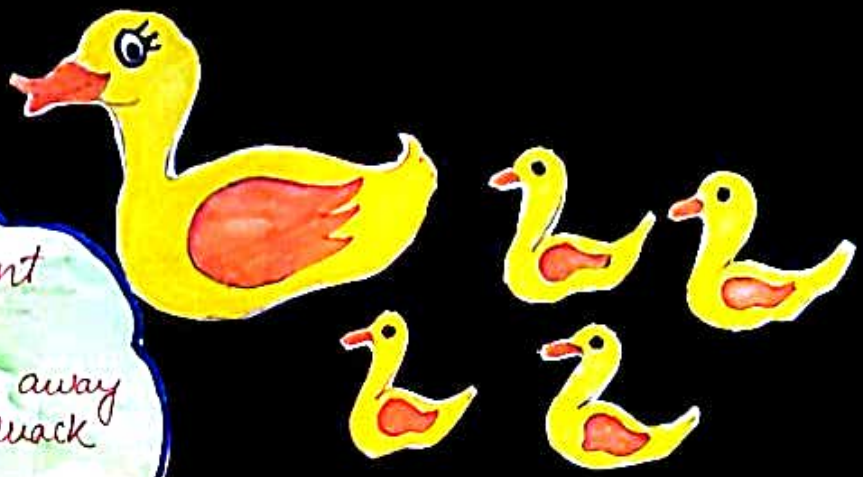
Jack and Jill
went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down
and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after
up Jack get.
And home did trot
As fast as he could caper,
went to bed
To mend his head
with vinegar and brown paper

Baa, baa, Black sheep

Baa, baa, black sheep
Have you any wool?
Yes sir, yes sir,
Three bags full
One for the master,
And one for the dame,
and one for the little boy
who lives down the lane

SONG'S

Jingle bells jingle bells
Jingle all the way
Oh! what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open slegigh
Jingle bells jingle bells
Jingle all the way
Oh! what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sligh
Dashing through the snow
in a one horse open sleigh
o'er the fields we go
Laughing all the way
Bells on bobtail ring
Making spirits bright
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song to night
Jingle bells, jingle bells
Jingle all the way
Oh! what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh
Jingle bells, jingle bells
Jingle all the way
Oh! what fun it is to ride.



Five little ducks went
swimming one day
over the hills and far away
mummy duck said 'quack
quack, quack, quack
But only four little
ducks come back

Four little ducks went swimming
over the hilles and far away
mummy duck said 'quack,
quack, quack, quack
But only three little ducks
come back

Three little ducks went
swimming one day
over the hills and far away
mummy duck said 'quack
quack, quack, quack
But only two little ducks
come back
Two little ducks went swimming
one day
over the hills and away
mummy quack said 'quack, quack,
quack, quack
But only one little duck come back

STORIES

THE LION AND THE COWS

Once upon a time there lived four cows in the forest. everday they used to graze together in a Particular spot. They were all friends. One day a lion saw the cows grazing together.

The lion wanted to eat them so he went to catch them. when the cows saw the lion, all of them fought with him. The lion had to run away.

A few day passed and the cow quarreled between themselves and started grazing separately. One by one the lion killed all of them.

Moral of the story: unity is strength

Thirsty Crow

There was a Crow which was very thirsty. He searched for water every where. At last he saw a water Pot near a well.

He looked inside the pot. There was very little water in the pot.

The Crow saw some stones nearby. He thought of a plan. He Picked up some stones.

He put them one by one into the pot. The water level in the pot come up. The Crow drank the water and flew away happily

Moral of the story:- If you try hard enought. you May soon find an answer to your

MONEY SMART

Dipankar Jokhakia

The counting game

Teaching children about money is necessary in today's day and age of extensive spending.

Papa, are we rich? Are you the boss in your office? Why don't we go for a vacation to Japan? Why don't we buy a bigger house? Do you know Audi is an expensive car? These are the questions Reema bombarded her father with when she was in Class I. For most parents, questions like these are awkward moments, especially if it is in front of friends and family. But for Rahul, these are opportunities. Rahul always believed that awkward questions children ask are actually an opportunity to build that character from early on.

Rahul and Nehaan were close about having an age appropriate talk with their daughter as a way to imprint values, virtues and character from early on. Rahul said that when children ask questions and they get answers, they get the idea that their curiosity is valued and it makes that far is the source of that important information.

Rahul's father is a retired Chartered Accountant. When Rahul was in college in the late Nineties, his father introduced him to Mutual Fund investments, something Rahul actually didn't understand in the beginning. But when his father explained to him how the power of compounding works, it opened a new horizon for him. The logic which his father installed in him was so profound that he has always been keeping some money aside for his investments.

Clearly, Rahul owes a lot to his father for teaching him the tricks of compound interest in a very simple manner. He also knows that what he'll say or teach his daughter will stay on forever. "What I am doing for her future is important (read as investments). But what I teach her will outlast any amount in her account," said Rahul again.

We often don't discuss money matters with our children. I am pretty sure Rahul is a minority as a parent willing to discuss money with children before time. This hesitancy (think in our society is an organic one and often misinformed one, sometimes even dangerous. Investing for the future of our children is universal in our society. But what to do with the money is seldom discussed. What will happen if you don't teach him/her how to handle the wealth you intend to leave behind? What if your children destroy everything you and your forefathers worked hard to build? Teaching them how to handle money later on might be too late for some. I truly feel that what one learns in the beginning of his/her life makes a lot of difference.

Rahul often employs a trick whenever he visits an upscale restaurant or takes a luxury trip. He tells Reema beforehand that both Papa and Mama have worked hard and have been awarded a meal at a five-star eatery or on a trip. By implying it to be an award, she understands the concept of hard work and doesn't demand the same treatment of luxury every time they go out. "Keeping the concept of luxury as reward is the first lesson my father taught me and I am trying to do the same through stories and events for the little one."

Shades of autumn

The autumn season is blossoming in all its splendour. The leaves dangle in a precarious fashion, waiting to be swept away by the gust of cold wind that marks this season. This season has a special place in my heart for I believe it seems to balance everything out, the wintry shades introduce themselves and the radiant energy of the sun accompanies it; we observe a harmonious friendship between the two. The leaves shed off at different times of the day; when the leaves gently fall off from the trees, they transform a landscape of mundane into a glorious sight. Even this tragic parting spreads out hope for something enchanting. Autumn conveys the message of renewal, a holy phase to start anew. The *sewali* flowers decorate the surroundings and bring in an overwhelming sense of fulfilment.

As curious onlookers, we revel at the dynamics of Nature and its much underrated aspect, the season of autumn! I seek to deconstruct the layers of autumn and cherish the magical spell it has on me and many others who are tuned into the spectacular gifts the Earth grants us. Before the months of autumn draw to a close, I will have experienced the different flavours the season has to offer. Lucky me!

Niharika Barkakati, Class-IX,
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