

# Chhatra Prabodhan

Vacation Special English Issue

Saur Chaitra-Vaishakh Saka 1948,  
April-May 2026

Year 2 Issue 6



Inana Prabodhini's  
Magazine For Enriching  
the Potential of Youngsters



# White Fragrant Flowers and Vibrant Minds



O dear and revered Motherland  
What can we offer at your feet  
Than the white fragrant flowers  
And pure, vibrant minds?  
O Mother Divine,  
Unwavering devotion to you  
Is one only spiritual pursuit  
We invoke the grace of the Divine  
To descend upon us and brighten our Soul  
Never shall we forget those sacrifices  
Giving up mortal for the immortal  
Giving us the power of the thunderbolt  
To carry ahead this noble heritage  
Oh Divine Mother  
Give us the love and the strength  
That weaves together mighty hearts  
And commit themselves with grit  
To sing your glory and victory  
May our eyes see the lofty future  
And dreams of your sovereign majesty  
Give us the grit to lay at your feet  
Desire for love and liberation!



**LISTEN**  
to the original  
Marathi Song

This is the English Translation of the original song in Marathi titled, 'शुभ्र सुगंधित पुष्पे आणिक शुभ्र सुगंधित मने', written and translated by Dr. Swarnalata Bhishikar

## Meaning of the Song :

The poem is a heartfelt prayer to the Motherland, which is revered as a divine entity. The speaker expresses deep devotion and offers symbolic "white fragrant flowers" and "pure, vibrant minds," representing sincerity, purity, and noble intentions, at her feet.

With a spirit of dedication and unwavering faith, the poem emphasizes the resolve to remain committed to the nation. It draws inspiration from the glorious sacrifices of past heroes, reminding us never to forget their courage and selflessness. The poet seeks strength—firm and unbreakable like a thunderbolt to carry forward this noble legacy.

The poem also highlights the importance of unity and collective strength. It calls for people to come together with love, determination, and shared purpose to glorify the Motherland and work for her progress.

Looking towards the future, the speaker aspires to envision a bright and powerful nation and asks for the wisdom, talent, and strength needed to transform that vision into reality. Ultimately, the poem reflects the deep passion, dedication, and eagerness of the youth to devote their body, mind, and all their abilities to the service and development of the Motherland.



Strike, strike at the root  
of misery in our hearts  
Give us the strength  
to rise above daily trifles



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English Bimonthly Issue

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## Vacation Special Issue

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**\*\* About the cover page \*\*** - Going to our *mama's* village during the summer vacation was a tradition for all of us cousins. Every year, the mango trees in his garden were heavily laden with fruit. Climbing those trees and enjoying fresh mangoes used to be our favourite activity. All of us cousins, along with other children from the village, played many kinds of outdoor games. Since there was no worry about studies during the entire vacation, we freely enjoyed games like cricket, marbles, *lagori*, *vitti-dandu*, *chakari*, *challas aath*, *thikari-pani* and many indoor games as well.

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# Dialogue

**Namaskar my dear young readers,**

How is your vacation going? Are you trying out new experiences during your holidays, or are you simply playing lots of computer games, watching movies, indulging in pizza, burgers, and ice cream, going to malls and shopping and spending days lazily—is this where the true joy of a vacation lies? What do you think? In my opinion, the happiness we get from all this is temporary, superficial, and fake. It is not a lasting happiness.

We often tend to compare ourselves during this time. Through this constant comparison, you may develop a harmful habit. You can get trapped in this cycle of comparison—“My friend has this game, I want it too!” or “My friend has clothes of this brand, I want the same!” Instead of enjoying what you already have, ‘the desire for more’ keeps chasing you. Constant comparison hides the happiness that already exists in your life. Gradually, feelings of jealousy begin to grow, and this can even affect your friendships. If you want to free yourself from such stress, stop comparing!

In fact, to gain lasting happiness, you don’t need to spend a lot of money. The joy of learning something new is priceless and builds confidence. Often, due to unnecessary fears and self-imposed limits, we hesitate to step out of our comfort zone. But overcoming these fears and doing something adventurous brings a unique kind of joy—it enhances your personality. Watching a good movie or reading a book brings happiness, but sharing why you liked it with your friends doubles that joy, because you are including your loved ones in your happiness. Similarly, traveling, meeting different people and cultures, tasting their food, and sharing your own food with them also bring joy.

The happiness that comes from giving is of the highest kind. Helping your mother with household work and giving her time to pursue her hobbies brings a special joy. When you understand a friend’s problem and help to solve it, their happy face fills your heart with joy too. Help does not always have to be financial—you can give your time as well. You can visit institutions for the visually impaired and read stories to them. You can go to an old-age home, talk to the elderly, and help them in any way possible. The happiness gained from such acts is not superficial but long-lasting. Such experiences will truly make your vacation joyful.

To make your vacation more fun and eventful, we have brought you a delightful mix of stories, adventures, and activities. This issue is filled with exciting travel experiences, inspiring real-life journeys, and interesting science ideas that make you look at the world differently. You’ll also find creative activities, fascinating facts, and engaging book reviews to enjoy during your holidays. And don’t forget the special Activity Booklet—packed with riddles, word games, and brain teasers, perfect for sharing with friends and family.

We hope you like reading the Vacation special issue! **Plan some unique experiences and make the best of your vacation time!**

**Yours Sincerely,  
Shilpatai**

# Hidden in the Hills

- Rewa Mehendale

Story



On a clear morning in the Sahyadri hills, the forest smells like wet earth and something older, something green and alive that has no name. Aryan read that in a trekking guide. He thought it sounded poetic. Meera thought it sounded like mud. I wasn't listening; I was deciding between the mango biscuits and the salted peanuts.

The plan was simple. Walk into the forest, collect some leaves, pretend to understand soil samples, and be home in time for lunch. That was Aryan's plan, anyway, written out in three colours on a laminated index card, which I had carefully maneuvered out of his backpack and already bent in half to use as a peanut scoop. See, my plan involved significantly more snacks and less walking.

"That's my project plan," Aryan said, snatching it back. "Not a plate."

"Everything is a plate," I said to him cheerfully, brushing crumbs off my jacket, "If you believe in yourself."

Meera, walking two steps behind us, said nothing. She was busy looking at the treeline, where the Sahyadri hills rose green and enormous against the sky, and wondering for the nth

time whether this had been a good idea.

It seemed fine at school. Patil sir mentioned the Forest Observation Project, and Aryan had immediately volunteered, pulling all three of us in before Meera could even ask what that meant. Aryan had that kind of energy, he got excited about anything that sounded like an adventure, and somehow it was always easier to say yes than to let him go



*No act of kindness, no matter how small, is ever wasted.*

- Aesop



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alone. Meera was curious, drawn by the idea of seeing the forest up close, while I was mostly in it for the snacks and a break from routine. Now here we were, at seven-thirty on a Saturday morning, standing at the edge of a forest with a laminated card, a bag of snacks, and absolutely no adult supervision.

“Right,” said Aryan, studying his map with the expression of someone defusing a bomb. “Trail A leads north for about two kilometres, then forks. We go left, reach the stream, collect our samples, done.”

“And if something goes wrong?” said Meera.

“What will go wrong? Nothing’s going wrong.”

“But if it does—”

“It won’t.”

I raised my hand. “I have a question.”

“Yes?”

“Are these mango biscuits or orange? The packet’s torn.”

Aryan closed his eyes briefly. “Let’s go.”

For the first forty minutes, everything went exactly according to plan. If you have ever been on an adventure with someone like Aryan, you will know this is always slightly suspicious. The trail was clear, the birds were loud and cooperative, and Meera had already sketched four different leaves in her notebook, labelling each one in her small, careful handwriting. Half the assignment was done. I had eaten half my snacks.

“We’re making it in a good time,” Aryan announced. “Famous last words,” I said. “That’s not,” sigh. “That’s not what famous last words means” said Aryan. “I know. I just like saying it.”

The trail marker, when we reached it, was gone. Not faded, not fallen. Simply not there. Just a rusted metal post standing alone, pointing at nothing. Aryan stared at it. I offered him a biscuit. He did not find that helpful.

“The map says left,”

Aryan said finally, with the careful calm of someone trying very hard not to panic.

“The map,” I told him, “also said this marker would be here.”

“We go left,” Aryan repeated. We went left.

The forest changed after that. Not all at once; more like the way a sun sets—slowly, then suddenly. The trail narrowed as the trees grew taller, and the patches of sky between the branches became smaller and greyer. Somewhere behind the hills, something was building.

“Is it just me,” said Meera, “or has it gotten darker?”

“It’s just clouds,” said Aryan, not looking up from his map. “Big clouds,” I warned him.

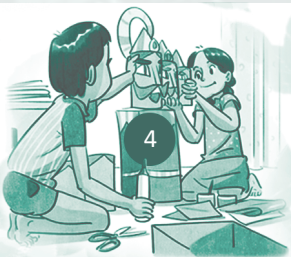
To read the full article, purchase the magazine from [jpprakashane.org](http://jpprakashane.org) or take the annual subscription to become a member and get the issue delivered to your home!

#### Must Know: Film Favourites - Inside Out 2 (English)

An animated film exploring new emotions like anxiety, helping kids understand growing feelings, friendships, and changes while growing up.



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## *Soul with Goal*

- Moksha Bhujbal

*A dream is slowly Rising,  
My soul has started realizing!  
Like a seed beneath soil,  
Growing stronger by the hard toil!*

*Facing fear and silent doubt,  
Failure taught me to come out.  
Bravery helped me fight throughout,  
Inner strength gave a strong sprout!*

*Each experience brings me courage,  
I am finally nearing my voyage!  
Every effort strengthening my aim,  
Victory finally within my claim!*

*Triumph shines bright around,  
Happiness and pride now abound!  
Success and dreams now take hold  
Each Soul has its Goal!*



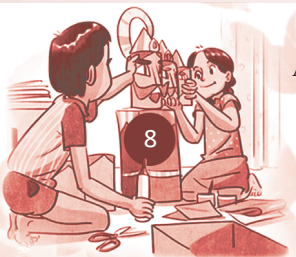
- Moksha Bhujbal (Std. 6<sup>th</sup>)  
Jnana Prabodhini Prashala

### **Must Know: Film Favourites - Vertical Limit (English)**

A high-altitude adventure where climbers risk their lives to rescue a trapped team, highlighting courage, teamwork, sacrifice, and survival in extreme conditions.



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# Not Just A Morning “Bean Juice”

- Dr. Harshada Babrekar



Whatever it is called as coffee, brain fuel, or awakening reason, coffee is a global icon these days. Have you ever thought about those little beans of coffee and love towards them? Let us discuss over a sip of your mug of loving drink.

Let us go back over centuries in ancient Ethiopia. A goat herder, Kaldi observed that his goats were dancing around after eating red berries from a certain tree. Out of curiosity, he tried them himself and felt much energetic. After coming back, he shared the discovery, and spread the word about magical coffee! From those hills in Ethiopia and now in the cafes of Europe, coffee has become a “special drink”. In India around 50 years ago, when guests use to visit home and if the concerned person was coffee lover, then it was treated as high standard and the concerned person was treated as special one.

Have you heard of those massive and hard covered coffee table book? Those were first introduced by the writer Michel de Montaigne. In his writeups called essays, he mentioned human conditions in a very personal manner. However, he was annoyed that people only used his essays for parlour window decorations. The ‘coffee table book’ later became a trend that would start the conversations

while a sipping a cup of coffee.

This makes us recollect the famous taglines like “A lot can happen over coffee,” and “Life begins after coffee.” These phrases draw our attention to this special beverage, which is known by various names based on the methods of brewing, like Espresso or Filter coffee to a fancy Latte, Mocha frappe, or even the rare Luwak.

Shall we only drink the coffee or use for decorations? Not really.... A creative person can even work on Coffee Painting which is much appreciated. It’s monochromatic (single color), eco-friendly with its aroma!



To read the full article, purchase the magazine from [jprakashane.org](http://jprakashane.org) or take the annual subscription to become a member and get the issue delivered to your home!

*Don't try to be different. Just be good.  
To be good is different enough.*

- Arthur Freed



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# *On the Cliffs: Pure Thrill in the Sahyadris*

- Nachiket Joshi

Narrative



A mountain that looks like a massive wall—about a thousand feet long, barely 40–50 feet wide, and rising 1500–2000 feet high! Steep cliffs all around, a depth that makes you dizzy just by having a peek at it, and neighbouring mountains so tall that even at 11 a.m., sunlight struggles to reach below! One side is a sheer vertical wall, and on the other, a narrow, winding rock-cut trail carved into its belly. Below the wall lies a small plateau, then sloping paths, and at the base runs the Kalyan–Nagar Road towards Malshej.

But Bhairavgad is far more than this description!

When we gathered at Kalyan depot on Saturday night, 3<sup>rd</sup> December, I had no idea such an adventurous trek awaited us. The “Offbeat”

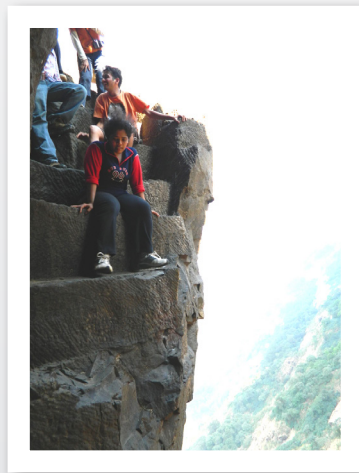
blog had called it a technical trek, and though photos were shared, the real thrill can never be understood without experiencing it firsthand.

After a 2–2.5 hour bus journey, the plan was to reach Moroshi village, the base of Bhairavgad. While waiting for the bus, conversations with old trek mates helped pass the time. When someone shouted “The bus is here!”, everyone hurriedly threw their bags through the windows due to the crowd—only to realize later it wasn’t even our bus! We had to retrieve awkwardly after that. Eventually, the actual bus arrived, and we somehow managed to grab only two seats, which resulted into most of the journey being spent in standing.

Once the bus started, so did our singing! In trek mode, everyone

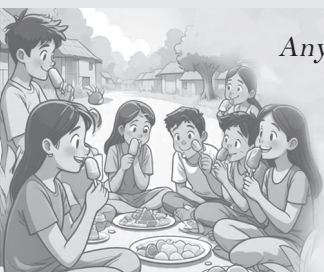
forgets everything—time, place, people around us. Usually people tolerate us, but this time the conductor got annoyed: “Whatever this is, do it after Murbad!” That ended the musical session temporarily. But once the lights went off, we resumed before even reaching Murbad!

We reached Moroshi around midnight. The organizers had already arranged for tea at a roadside house. The quiet road, faint silhouette of



*Anyone who has never made a mistake has never tried anything new.*

- Albert Einstein





Bhairavgad in darkness, slight chill, and hot tea—perfect! After introductions, the trek leader gave brief but effective instructions—warning about venomous snakes, especially active at night, and stressing group discipline and carrying torches.

We had to reach Bhairoba's plateau for a night halt and climb the fort the next morning. A local guide joined us. Around 12:45 a.m., we started walking—first on the road, then onto a trail through fields. Soon, 20+ torches lit up in a line and

after 2–2.5 hours of steep climbs and flat stretches, we reached Bhairoba's settlement. Some enthusiastic members gathered wood, and we lit a bonfire. Till 5 a.m., we talked about ghost stories!

As the cold increased, everyone around was shivering. I had been awake since around 5:45 a.m. This time, when the darkness slowly faded away, it was truly beautiful. Around 6:30, the sky gradually began to brighten, and the surroundings slowly started to come

into view. The campsite was stunning—just 20 feet from a cliff, with Bhairavgad's wall in front, a deep valley beside us, and towering mountains around. After spending some time idly, we packed everything up and finally set out around 8 a.m.

Bhairoba's settlement is completely deserted, with only one or two dilapidated houses standing as remnants of the past. The path to Bhairavgad circles around the base from the left, taking a full round of the mountain. Along this route, we came across a plant resembling a cucumber growing wild by the trail. Further ahead, a water tank marks one of the few reliable water sources on the way, where we paused to refill our bottles before continuing the climb.

To read the full article, purchase the magazine from [jprakashane.org](http://jprakashane.org) or take the annual subscription to become a member and get the issue delivered to your home!

#### Must Know: Film Favourites - Gravity (English)

A space survival story where an astronaut is stranded after a disaster, highlighting resilience, isolation and the determination to survive against all odds.

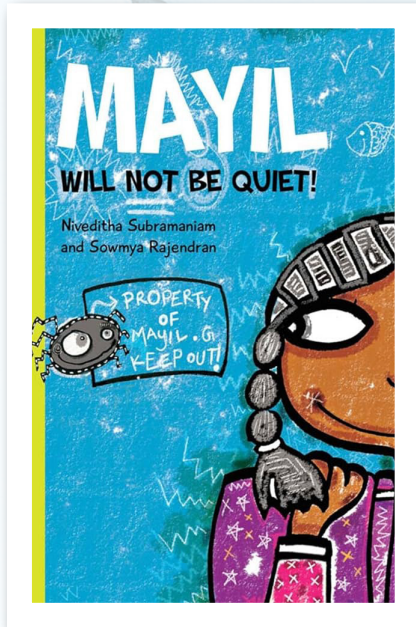


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# Mayil Will Not Be Quiet

- Mrunmayee Pataskar



**Book :** Mayil Will Not Be Quiet  
**Author/s :** Niveditha Subramaniam and Sowmya Rajendran  
**Theme:** Gender stereotypes, Identity, Challenging norms  
**Age rating:** 10+  
**Pages :** 104  
**Price :** 180/-

Have you ever had so many thoughts running through your mind that you wish you could put them all in one place? That's exactly what reading the book 'Mayil Will Not Be Quiet' feels like. Stepping into someone's mind that refuses to slow

down. It feels less like reading a book and more like listening to someone think out loud. Mayil the main character is funny, little dramatic and always thinking, and somehow always relatable.

The book, written by Niveditha Subramaniam and Sowmya Rajendran, is presented in a diary format. So, we see Mayil's life in small pieces school days, awkward moments, arguments, confusion, annoying relatives, everything. Actually, there's no big single storyline. Her life itself becomes the story. And because it's a diary, the tone feels casual and real, like she's talking directly to you.

What stands out most is how honestly Mayil talks about growing up. She's trying to understand why girls and boys are treated differently. She questions rules that don't make sense. She tries to figure out friendships that keep changing. And in the middle of it all, she deals with her own insecurities and new feelings she can't fully explain yet.

To read the full article, purchase the magazine from [jprakashane.org](http://jprakashane.org) or take the annual subscription to become a member and get the issue delivered to your home!

*Freedom is not worth having if it does not include the freedom to make mistakes.*

- Mahatma Gandhi



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# A Doctor of Waterbodies

- Santhini Govindan

Inspirational



Climate is changing across the world. Our Earth is getting drier, and the number of trees and forests is reducing. In the state of Rajasthan in India, climate change caused severe heatwaves and droughts, or dry periods when there was no rain. This meant that farmers could not grow and harvest crops. But in 1985, the arrival of a doctor named Rajendra Singh to a small village called Bhikampura in the Alwar district of Rajasthan changed everything.



Waterman of India

One day, a man named Dr. Rajendra Singh set foot in Bhikampura, a small village, unaware that he was about to begin a life-changing journey. The village did not have proper medical facilities. Dr. Singh, met a patient who changed his life forever, and turned him from being a doctor of human bodies to a doctor of water bodies. Dr. Rajendra Singh noticed that people in the village had many stomach related diseases. When he was talking to a patient, an old farmer called Mangu Lal Meena, the doctor asked him why so many villagers suffered from stomach ailments. The old farmer said angrily, “we don’t need medicine. We need clean, wholesome water first.” The people in Bhikampura and in the nearby village of Gopalpura were facing a severe water shortage, and their land was completely barren. They were unable to farm, and polluted water

was making them unwell. The doctor told Mangu Lal Meena that he knew nothing about water conservation.

“I will teach you all you need to know,” the old farmer replied.

“If you can teach me, why don’t you teach the villagers, and help them yourself?” asked the doctor practically.

“The villagers don’t listen to me,” Mangu Lal Meena said sadly. “But you are an educated doctor from a big city. The villagers respect you. They will pay attention to your words.” Dr. Rajendra Singh realised that the old farmer was very sensible. He decided to listen to what Mangu Lal Meena had to say about water conservation.

For the next two days, the old farmer took Rajendra Singh to 25 dry wells in the village. He made him climb down 80 to 150 feet, to see the belly of the earth. He showed him the different types of cracks

*Doubt kills more dreams than failure ever will.*

- Suzy Kassem



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(Johad in Rajasthan)

in the wells, and explained to him that the sun is the biggest thief of water, through evaporation. He explained that the best way to conserve water was to collect and save it, and make sure it reaches the belly of the earth, so that it does not evaporate.

Rajendra Singh immediately understood how important it is to save and manage water. When there is more water in the earth, there is more moisture in the soil. This helps trees to grow. As the number of trees increases, they release water vapour into the air. This increases the moisture in the air, bringing more rainfall.

Mangu Lal Meena also told Dr Singh about an ancient practice of building small dams, or community ponds, called johads, on rivers. Johads are small dams made of mud and rocks that catch, conserve, and store rainwater. They help to meet water needs during dry seasons. They let water to percolate, or seep

slowly into the ground, so that ground water that has dried up, is replaced.

Dr. Rajendra Singh began to build johads on the upper end of the Arvari River, which had dried up years ago. Dr. Singh, with a team of villagers, worked very hard for 10-14 hours a day. When the water started flowing successfully from the first johads, Dr. Singh used the same method in other villages. Soon, people from many villages started asking him for help to set up johads. With community support, Rajendra Singh kept building more johads, supplying much needed water to village after village.

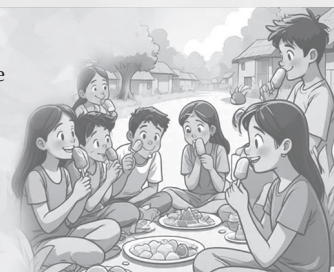
To read the full article, purchase the magazine from [jpprakashane.org](http://jpprakashane.org) or take the annual subscription to become a member and get the issue delivered to your home!

### Must Know : : Hands-On Hobbies - Paper Quilling

Roll thin strips of paper into coils and shapes, then create colourful designs like flowers, cards, and cool decorations.



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## ***Krida Shibir: An Unforgettable Experience***

- Smruti Patankar and Aarvi Mundada

Loud cheerings, group activities, learning new skills, ground marked with borders, winning and losing...? What do these things remind us about? A sports camp, right? Of course, a *Krida Shibir*!

Every year the four *pathakas* (houses) of Jnana Prabodhini Prashala longingly wait for December to come. Last year the *Krida Shibir* was conducted from 26<sup>th</sup> to 30<sup>th</sup> December 2025.

Our day began with warm-up exercises that filled the atmosphere with enthusiasm. Then came the boring but disciplined part of the day - March past also known as '*Sanchalan*'.

'Life skills' is a key element of human lifestyle. The organisers determined the central theme of the *Shibir* as Life Skills.

On the very first day, we prepared and presented a rescue plan for a given situation. We also interviewed department heads and compiled the



information in charts. Basic skills such as different types of knot-tying, sieving and cleaning helped us build knowledge and patience. 'Expressive outlets' like face painting and constructing towers with straws created attachment between us. The highlight of the camp was the 'treasure hunt' on the third day, which mastered us in Pune's streets and landmarks. The final day of the *Krida Shibir* was most eagerly awaited by each one of us. It featured inter-*pathak* competitions in various games like *langdi*, dodge-ball, *kho-kho*, tug of war, ten passes, throw ball, etc. Our energy and excitement made it a truly indelible experience for everyone.

The five days of *Krida Shibir* were filled with excitement, learning, laughter, and self improvement for us. By the end of the camp, we felt more confident, disciplined, and energetic. The long hours from morning to evening taught us the value of time management and endurance. The *Yuvati Vibhag Dal* ensured that every girl participated in the group activities. The camp also helped in creating a strong bond amidst students from different classes.

The *Krida Shibir* 2025 truly reflected the values and spirit of Jnana Prabodhini Prashala, promoting overall development through sports and collective effort.



- Smruti Patankar and Aarvi Mundada (Std. 7<sup>th</sup>)

Jnana Prabodhini Prashala

### **Must Know: : Hands-On Hobbies - Cooking**

Prepare simple snacks and dishes, learning useful life skills while experimenting with flavours and enjoying homemade treats during vacations.



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Saur Chaitra - Vaishakh Sake 1948, April - May 2026



# Valid Within Conditions

- Dr. Deepti Sidhaye

Story



Shreyas noticed the pattern before he understood it.

It started with a habit—he didn't like writing answers without checking them twice. Not out of discipline, but mild distrust. Numbers, in his experience, had a tendency to look correct while quietly being wrong.

He wasn't the restless, backbench troublemaker people assumed. In fact, he was usually quiet, leaning slightly over his desk, pen tapping unconsciously, eyes narrowing not out of confusion but suspicion. If something felt too neat, he lingered on it. Physics, unfortunately, was full of neat answers.

At the front of the classroom, Dr. Nandini was finishing a derivation. She wasn't the kind of teacher who tried to impress. No dramatic pauses, no exaggerated

explanations—just clean logic, delivered calmly. There was a kind of restraint in her teaching, as if she had already explored far more complicated versions of these ideas and was now carefully simplifying them.

She had completed a doctorate in Physics and had spent years studying physics beyond textbooks. It showed in small ways—how she chose examples, how she never rushed an

answer, how she seemed more interested in 'why something worked than just stating that it did.'

She taught the way a researcher thinks—measured, precise, never rushing to a conclusion unless it earned its place. There was a certain economy in her movements and words, like she had no interest in unnecessary noise. Her explanations were clear, but never oversimplified.

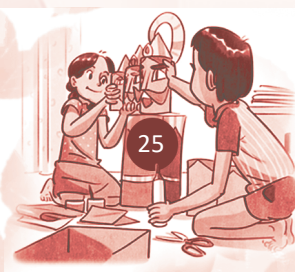


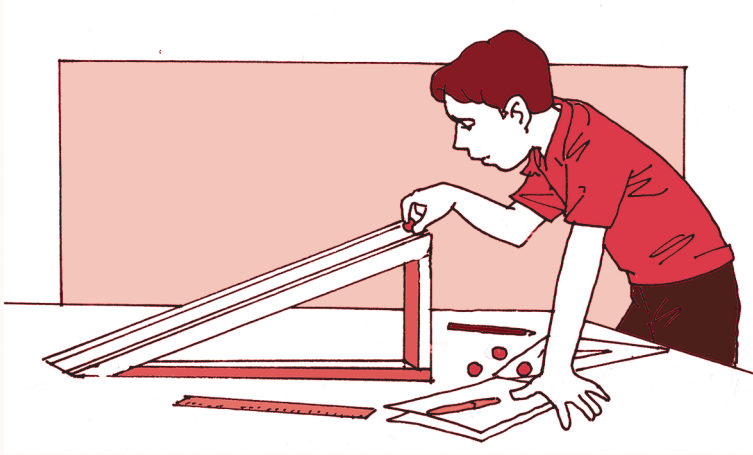
*It always seems impossible until it's done.*

- Nelson Mandela



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It was widely known—though rarely mentioned—that she had spent years studying physics far beyond school level. It showed not in credentials, but in the way she treated questions: seriously, even when they sounded naïve.

“According to kinematics, using constant acceleration, you can predict motion exactly.”

**Exactly.**

Shreyas’s pen stopped tapping. That afternoon, he decided to check “exactly.”

He set up a simple experiment, a steel ball, a smooth ramp, at a measured height.

Nothing fancy.

He calculated the time using standard equations based on Newton’s Laws of Motion.

Then he measured it. The difference was small. 0.03 seconds. Most students would ignore that. Shreyas repeated the experiment. This time: 0.02 seconds. Then 0.04. Then 0.03 again.

He felt... intrigued because the results weren’t random. They were consistently imperfect.

The next day, he demonstrated his experiment to Dr. Nandini. “My answer is right,” he said, placing his notebook

on the table.

“And your experiment?” she asked.

“Also right,” he replied.

That earned him her full attention. She studied the data in silence.

Then she said, “Good, you’ve found something real.” In the lab, she redrew his setup.

“Tell me your assumptions,” she said.

“Smooth surface. Constant acceleration. No energy loss.”

She nodded. Then asked, “Which of these is actually true?”

Shreyas paused. “... none, exactly.”

She wrote: Reality = Model + ignored effects

“Your equation assumes ideal conditions. In simple words, your equation works only in perfect conditions.” she said.

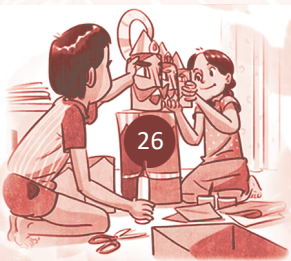
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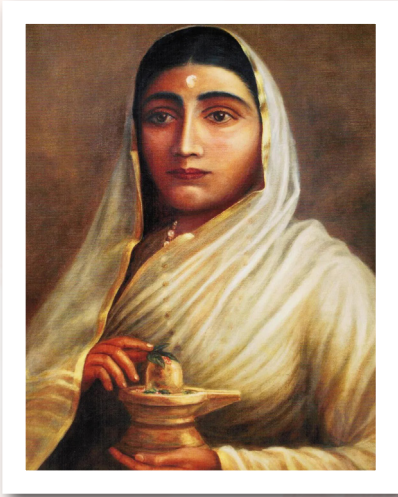
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## Ahilyabai Holkar: A Great Queen of India

- Vandana Vitankar



Ahilyabai Holkar was one of the greatest and most respected queens in Indian history. She was a brave, wise, and a kind ruler of the Maratha Empire. She is often called the “Mother of Malwa” because of her excellent rule in the Malwa region. The capital city of Malwa was Maheshwar, which became an important center of culture, administration, and spirituality during her reign.

She was born on 31 May 1725 in the small village of Chondi in Ahmednagar district of Maharashtra. Her father, Mankoji Shinde, was the village head (*Patil*). From a young age, Ahilyabai showed intelligence, simplicity, and deep religious faith. Although girls were not educated during that time, she learned

to read and write, which later helped her become a strong and capable ruler.

At the age of just 8, she was married to Khanderao Holkar, the son of Malhar Rao Holkar, a powerful and respected leader of the Maratha Empire. After marriage, she moved to the Holkar family and began learning about administration and governance under the guidance of her father-in-law.

However, her life was full of hardships. Her husband Khanderao Holkar died in a battle. Later, her father-in-law Malhar Rao Holkar also passed away. After some time, she lost her only son as well. These tragedies could have broken anyone, but Ahilyabai remained strong and determined. Instead of giving up, she decided to take whole responsibility for the kingdom.

Ahilyabai then took the control of the administration. At that time, it was very rare for a woman to rule a kingdom, but she proved that she was more than capable. She ruled with honesty, fairness,

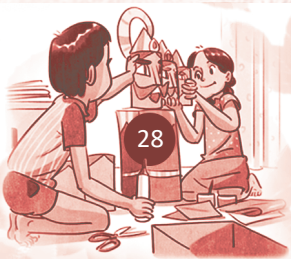
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### Must Know: Hands-On Hobbies - Build Your Own Dictionary

Collect new words you learn each day, write their meanings, and build your own dictionary to improve vocabulary creatively.



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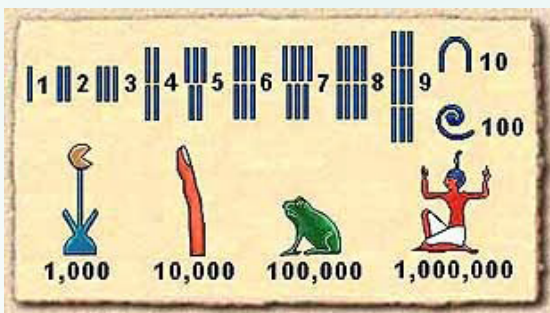


# From a Frog to Formulas : The Epic Journey of Mathematics

- Niyaj Mulani



You are probably thinking about what this frog has to do with mathematics, right? But about 5000 years ago, this frog represented a number - 1,00,000 (One Lakh or Hundred Thousand). Ancient Egyptians used such symbols to represent numbers. They used a lotus plant symbol to represent 1000 (One Thousand) and a coil of rope for 100 (Hundred). If a pharaoh owned 2000 (Two Thousand) cattle, a scribe would carefully draw two lotus symbols to represent it. It seems very interesting,



(Egyptian Number System)

doesn't it? However, it raised a fascinating question; how did humanity travel from drawing symbols to numbers as we see them today? Let's try and figure it out together.

Mathematics did not start with a textbook of numbers as you all start today. It started for survival. Early humans wanted to track the phases of the moon and seasons for farming. The oldest mathematical record was a tally stick drawn on a bone. Yes, the tally sticks you draw, in your mathematics class of data representation. About 20,000 years ago, humans recorded the phases of the moon on the bones of a baboon (animal in the family of monkey) in the form of tally marks. We can say that the first calculator of human history was a bone with tally marks on it. It was found in a country named Congo in the African continent. Eventually, as human civilization grew, there was a need for better systems which led us to the mathematics of today.

To read the full article, purchase the magazine from [jprakashane.org](http://jprakashane.org) or take the annual subscription to become a member and get the issue delivered to your home!



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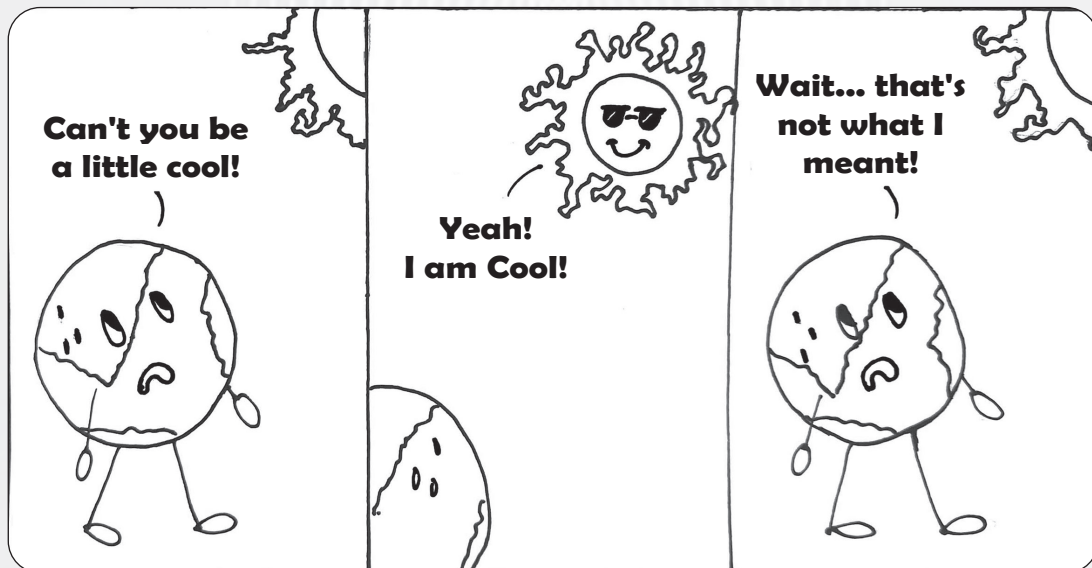
Create soft and colourful items using yarn and a hook, learning patterns, patience, and fine motor skills while making useful handmade pieces.



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## A 'Not-So-Cool' Conversation



"Did you notice? Sun and Earth used the same word but meant totally different things! Can you spot the two meanings of the word 'Cool'?" Can you find more words where one word has different meaning.

- Nikita Sarode (nikita.sarode@jnanaprabodhini.org)

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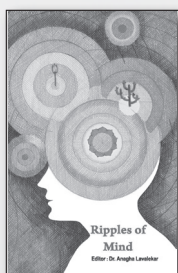
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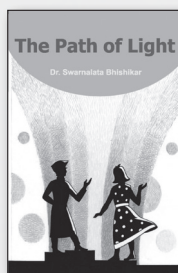
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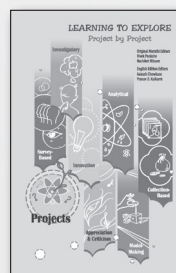
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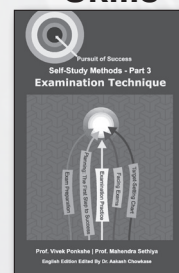
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