

# I'm Busy!

Playlets for children

Dr. Amrutha Latha

I'am busy!

**THOUGHT-PROVOKING  
PLAYLETS !!**



**A.S.LAKSHMI,**

*Asst. Editor*

ANDHRA BHOOMI,  
Weekly & Monthly

**Dr.** Amrutha Latha wanted an honest opinion about this book and being a generous person, gave me six days time to send a preface to it. Six days for six playlets?

I finished reading all of them in less than thirty minutes...At one go! I moved along swiftly from one playlet to another and put down the book only to start writing about it immediately. Such is the interest the writer evokes in the reader.

Effective teaching methods!?! This subject would require a book in itself if treated fully. Dr.Amrutha Latha, being a teacher first, chose to give the readers an insight regarding the ways to deal with children through playlets.

Every dialogue, each sentence will definitely have an impact on parents, teachers and children. Words are naturally expressed and are thought- provoking. I must say that these are the best means to teach Spoken English in a natural way.

I appreciate Dr.Amrutha Latha for taking up contemporary issues which have become serious problems to families in general and to the society in particular.

She discussed the menace of kids becoming addicted to T.V., Video games and other electronic gadgets in the first playlet itself. We have to agree with her words - *moulding the behavior of kids is not an easy task.*

Each playlet gives out a message but my favorite is the last one, titled - 'Interview'. This will be a guide to the aspiring teachers. If the government or Principals of all kindergarten schools adapt this method in selecting teachers, schools will surely become second homes to the kids.

I enjoyed reading these playlets. This is a very well-written and inspiring book which is a MUST-HAVE in all school libraries. She raises some interesting ideas and they will be an eye-opener to many teachers.

On a personal note-

Dear Amruthagaru, I wish you write more series in the playlet section for kids & teachers. By enacting them as dramas in school functions they will happily learn a lot.

I heartily congratulate you for bringing out a striking book, which will leave the readers wanting to imagine a truly child-friendly teaching environment in schools.

No doubt, the children in your schools, like the balloons in your hands will fly high beautifully @ pic on the back cover.

## Preface

### **"CHILDREN ARE NOT DEVILS. BUT LITTLE ANGELS"**



**- Ampashayya Naveen**  
*(Central Sahitya  
Academy Awardee)*

**D**r. Amrutha Latha is a multifaceted genius. She is a great educationist. She had established many educational institutions in Nizamabad and Armoor. She is the founder of high schools, engineering, Pharmacy, Polytechnic, B.Ed. and D.Ed colleges in and around Armoor and Nizamabad.

Apart from being an educationalist, Amrutha Latha is a creative writer. She had got several books to her credit. As a matter of fact, literature seems to be her first love.

She had published a novel ('Srustilo theeyanidi'), which was serialised in Andhra Jyothi Weekly, an anthology of short stories (Spandana), an anthology of one act plays (School Petti Choodu) related to school activities. She had also acted as an editor

to several anthologies such as 'Gayale Geyalie' and 'Vethale Kathalie'. They are the collections of poems and stories written by lady writers on the theme of women's role in the recent struggle for the achievement of separate state of Telangana.

Another field that Amrutha Latha is interested in is : journalism. She was the editor and publisher of 'Amruth Kiran', a fortnightly from Nizamabad for the period of two years (1994-1996). The editorials written for the fortnightly were published in the form of a book called 'Amrutha Varshini'.

Amrutha Latha was honoured with several awards for her outstanding achievements in the field of literature and education.

Amrutha Latha herself has been giving awards to women who had rendered great service to Literature, Art and Social Service since 2013. The awards instituted by her are known as "Amrutha Latha - Apuroopa Awards".

'I am Busy' is an anthology of six play-lets written by her. The common theme in all these six play-lets is the psychology of the school going children of middle class families. These play-lets prove that Amrutha Latha is capable of writing in English too.

In the play-let 'I am Busy', the school going chil-

dren look busy. One is watching cricket match on T.V. The other children in the household too are very busy browsing on the computer or chatting with friends on a smart phone.

By observing the children indulging in such activities like watching Cricket on TV, browsing on a computer, their grandpa says 'Look Children, you always say you are busy. But you are not busy. Your mom is busy in fact. She is spending most of the time in the kitchen preparing food for you like a bird going out and bringing food for her chicks that stay in the nest.'

Like this, the elders would always try to inculcate the spirit of helping the parents among the children.

In the second play, 'Think of Others First', the same theme is dramatized in a different way. The neighbors, while going to Hyderabad leave their children with grandpa and granny.

Grandpa tells his grand children - 'Our neighbors are going to leave for Hyderabad. They want to leave their children with us for two days. So we must care for their children while they are away. Do you understand, my kids!'

But when the children of their neighbor actually



come to stay in their house, some quarrels take place on trivial things between the hosts' children and neighbors' children. Vinod, Shreya and Raju are hosts' children. Krithi, Yashoo and Chintu are neighbor's children. When some problem or other arises between those two groups, the mother of hosts' children intervenes and brings about a peace and harmony among them. At the end of the play, the father of hosts' children tells them - 'Think about your mom! She doesn't think of herself. She thinks of others, especially her kids first. But have you ever thought of your mom... at least once in a blue moon?'

To this question, Raju, one of the hosts' children replies 'we are ashamed of ourselves dad! We have realized that we are not behaving properly. We will mend our ways.'

In the other three plays in this volume are 'Holidays', 'Bossy Fuss Pots' and 'Interview'. In these play-lets also same thing happens. When children misbehave, their elders or grandpa or grandma or father or mother pacify them and put them in the right track. During holidays, children like to spend their time by playing different types of games. While playing games, some quarrel erupts between them.

These quarrels create many problems to their parents. When their mother Sunanda says, 'I just hate these holidays. I think I should blame the schools, not the kids for giving holidays so frequently. I wish they have no holidays at all.'

But her mother-in-law, Bamma tells Sunanda - "Listen Sunanda! We are unable to manage a few kids at our home. Can you imagine how schools are able to manage hundreds of such children? Give it a thought".

Sunanda's son Gopi says - 'Mummy! When we are in school you take rest at home anyway. We are good at finishing our home work and are doing well in the school. Please let us play and enjoy our holidays.'

Thus, in these play-lets Amrutha Latha tells us three different view points of different people - a mother, a grandma and a student.

In the play 'Little Angels', when teacher says that the children are devils, the principal says - 'You better take back that remark! They are not devils - they are angels... little angels! Young children are by nature full of animal spirits - you need a lot of tact and patience to handle them. They have been in-doors all the five periods and getting restless. Take

them out and see... how they enjoy. You should adapt play way methods to make them cheerful'.

In a nutshell, this is the message of these six plays of Amrutha Latha.

'We need a lot of tact and patience to handle them. Children are not devils but they are little angels'. This is what Amrutha Latha is trying to convey through these short plays. Being an educationist, she understands the psychology of children. That is the reason why these play-lets are so lively and realistic. All the parents and teachers must read these play-lets to understand the psychology of children. Only then, they know how to handle their children.

**Warangal**

**04-06-2017**

Views of a budding Journalist



**Shreya Nalla**

In an age where an episode of Game of Thrones takes precedence over the company of family and friends, Dr Amrutha Latha portrays the reality of a typical middle-class Indian household accurately.

There are countless problems that adults have with children nowadays - ranging from disrespect to disobedience. What I'm sure most adults can't comprehend is the use of technology - it is perhaps the most vexing issue of all.

These screens drag the children away from many things - they don't help their parents, they get irritated when they are pulled away from their screens and are almost always on their smartphones or laptops.

Adults don't understand the lure of a good video game or an app (although everyone caught onto the craze of Temple Run) and they are not to blame

in any way. After all, they grew up surrounded by family and friends, constantly playing outside from dawn to dusk.

Another issue that most adults have with the youth would probably be the issue of instant gratification. With instant gratification, comes the problem of being fussy and wastage of resources. Whatever we want is delivered to our hands invariably. Most adults say that this generation doesn't know the true value of anything that comes their way as they don't work hard for it.

My grandfather regaled me with stories of how long he had to walk to go to a good school, how hard his father worked to send him for higher studies in a nearby town and how he lived in a single room paying a rent of 50 paise every month. There was no bathroom nor did he have a stove - he walked to a nearby canal to do his business and lit dry sticks on fire to cook for himself.

When you compare this to our lives, can you fault them for thinking that we are an overindulged bunch of kids?

My grandmother tells me tales of how they used to eat everything given to them without complaining when they were young. In contrast, I don't eat Pappu

when it's served to me - I hate it. I'm sure all of us know people who complain - "No I don't like bendakaya. Cheeee I don't want kakarkaya. Yuck! Vankaya sucks...."and the list goes on.

We threaten to not eat anything when we don't like the food but we eat more than our appetite when we are served with something we like - at least, that's my relationship with meat.

My mother also unfailingly tells me how ten of them used to share five pieces of chicken when they were young and how we are all spoilt now.

Not be left behind is my grandmother again who talks about the importance of sharing and being considerate of others feelings. She insists that these qualities are something that our youth lack in general - I don't necessarily agree with that but she does have strong evidence backing her claim.

The treatment of guests is another topic that takes precedence in this anthology. All of us know what "Athithi Devo Bhava" means, but how many of us actually follow it? Indians are known to be very welcoming but is it changing now? We can always link this change to the advent of technology as we always find ourselves lost in our screens, leaving us bereft of time for interacting with others.

Dr. Amrutha Latha also covers the lack of attention of some parents towards their children. Sometimes, parents are so busy with work that they just can't find time for their children - she throws light on how it just adds to the chaos to their already chaotic lives.

Owing to her background in teaching, she also talks about effective teaching methods and how teaching is for the children's benefit and whatever one teaches must be understood by the students.

Dr Amrutha Latha tackles a variety of issues ranging from effective teaching methods to the effect of technology through this anthology of playlets. She identifies the problems in our lives and comes up with surprisingly simple solutions for all of them.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS



**Dr. Amrutha Latha**

It is ironical to have the busy woman herself write a prologue to 'I am busy.' I am eternally thankful to A.S Lakshmi (Editor, Andhra Bhoomi weekly) for not citing that very reason and for graciously writing an introduction to this book. I am humbled by the time and effort she took in writing it and will continue to be eternally grateful.

From the way he picks and portrays his characters to his unique writing style and composition, he intellectually stimulates the readers' minds, make them think and contemplate. To have the recipient of a Kendra Sahithya Academy Award, Dr.Ampashayya Naveen read my playlets and write a 'preface' is my honor.

It is one thing to enjoy doing what we do, it is



exhilarating when our progeny understands it and tries to inculcate these values. That is the biggest reward! I am proud of my granddaughter Shreya's thoughts and am moved by the time she took to study the book and write this epilogue.

This book reached its acme with the paintings of Bali and Mannem Sarada for both front and back cover pages respectively. I am also very much thankful to K. Babu for his beautiful illustrations for all the playlets.

The most tedious task in publishing a book is the proof-reading. The mistakes and errors in a book often stand in the way of the joy it brings. To sift them with care and to gently toss them out requires enormous amount of patience, I am grateful to my dear friends A. Shankar, Nellutla Rama Devi, Kiran Bala, K. Vijaya Lakshmi and Thurlapati Lakshmi. Their help is invaluable.

Days and nights merge into one for our DTP operators Krishna and Madan. The time that they spent on this venture is unforgettable.

I'am busy!

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I'am busy!

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# I'm busy!



## Hosts

1. Grandpa (60 years)
2. Granny (55 years)
3. Rajendra (40 years)
4. Rajani (35 years)
5. Keerthan (6 years)
6. Suresh (8 years)
7. Divya (16 years)

## Guests

1. Surendra (Husband)
2. Suvarchala (Wife)
3. Deepak (8 years)
4. Vijetha (10 years)
5. Vinod (14 years)

Surendra : We are tired of the bustle of city life. So we have come to see your place and stay with you for some time. She is Suvarchala, my wife. These are my kids, Vinod, Vijetha and Deepak.

Rajendra : Welcome! I'm glad that you have

come all the way here to see us.

Surendra : We are thrilled to be here with you all.

Rajendra : Keerthan, could you take uncle's bag - it looks heavy.

Keerthan : Ok, dad!

★ ★ ★

Vinod : I need your help grandpa.

Grandpa : Go on my darling!

Vinod : I don't know how to make a paper boat grandpa. Can you show me how to make it?

GrandPa : It's very simple. Get the paper and I will show you.

(he makes a boat)

Vinod : You are great grandpa! Even after your retirement, you never rest.

Rajendra : You are right, Vinod. Though your grandpa is retired now, his hard working nature keeps him busy. He never gets tired - rather the opposite, in fact.

Divya : Dad! Suresh seems to spend most of his time on the cell phone - chatting with friends, listening to music and playing with video games.

Granny : Parents are pampering their kids a lot. They should buy them cell phones only after their schooling.

Rajani : What you said is true. Your son is buying them everything they ask for.

Grandpa : Let's wait and see! Moulding the behaviour of kids is not an easy task - it takes time, so have patience.

★ ★ ★

Suvarchala : Could you fetch me a glass of water, my boy?

Deepak : Mom wait, I'm watching an intense cricket match. Please don't disturb me.

Surendra : Deepak is always watching T.V. in our absence. He is supposed to watch TV only in his free time.

Suvarchala : But he never listens. It's time for breakfast. Vijetha, come and have breakfast. Aunty is serving breakfast. Call all the other children.

Vijetha : Please let me watch TV now mom, I am learning how to bake a cake from this show.

Grandpa : Most parents don't know what their kids are watching on the

T.V. We must see to it that our children are involved in activities that keep them busy. Access to T.V. has to be limited for the children.

Granny : Suresh spends the entire day on the computer. I don't know what he does on that machine.

Rajendra : Is that right, Suresh? You should not spend the whole day in front of the computer. You have to use them occasionally. They should not replace your brothers and sisters.

★ ★ ★

Rajani : Could you go and buy some groceries from the whole sale market nearby, Keerthan?

Keerthan : No, I am sorry - I have a lot to do before dad gets home.

Rajani : I don't know the reason for his behaviour. He could go shopping and the other children could go along with him too! But they are reluctant to go.

Granny : It's just laziness that stops them - that's all.

Divya : Leave it to me, Mom. I will go and get the groceries. Will you come along with me, Suresh?

Suresh : Not now, Divya, I am busy playing



video games.

- Granny : What about you, Vinod?
- Vinod : I am sorry, I had too much to eat and can barely walk!
- Divya : You, Deepak?
- Deepak : I am busy playing hide and seek.
- Rajani : Look! Whenever Divya is free Vinod seems to be busy, and vice-versa. They never adjust their timings. But I am lucky - your son always picks up something for us on his way home, despite his busy work schedule.
- Granny : Children, come and have your lunch. It's already served and getting cold.
- Divya : Wow! I smell Chicken curry!
- Deepak : Mmm...! The curry is delicious!
- Keerthan : Granny is calling you for lunch.
- Suresh : I'm busy! I can't come now. I'm up to my neck doing my home work.
- Grandpa : Look children, you always say you are busy. But you are not busy - your mom is busy. She spends most of her time in the kitchen preparing food for all of you like a bird that goes out and brings food for her young chicks.

Granny : But the birds bring food only for a few days. Later, they leave their chicks alone. Then the birdies get their food themselves. But all of you still depend on your mother for food. You should not burden her with your own work

Grandpa : It's very stressful for your wife to look after your kids, Rajendra. While she works in the kitchen, can't you help her, my son?

Rajendra : Me!? Of course working in the kitchen is really hectic. But I am already exhausted in the office. If your daughter-in-law helps me in my office activities... (grandpa interrupts)

Grandpa : I want no ifs and buts - help your wife in the kitchen - that's all! If you start helping your wife, your children will follow you. You will be a role model for your kids.

★ ★ ★

Rajendra : All your books are covered in dust - even your trophies are collecting dust. Children, you need to dust them off.

Rajani : Look at granny, being seventy years old, she is dusting and not taking rest for even a few

minutes. She is very energetic and active and not lazy like you.

Granny : Don't keep harping on their bad habits for too long, the kids will stop listening, Rajani.

Grandpa : Did you finish playing video games, Deepak ?

Deepak : Yes.

Grandpa : Well. Put it away then. Now go and help your sister wash clothes.

Deepak : I am busy Grandpa! I have exams after the vacation. It's high time for me to concentrate on my studies.

Grandpa : This is your free time. You are supposed to help your sister by washing clothes.

Deepak : Eeeeeeee...! (Cries) I don't have time. I'm busy, getting ready for exams.

★★★

Granny : Could you read this for me Keerthan? I can't seem to find my glasses.

Keerthan : Sorry... I can't get up now. I am tied up with the project work given by our teachers.

★★★

Rajani : Warm this milk in the oven and give it to granny, Suresh. It hardly takes thirty seconds.

(Suresh heats milk in the oven and hands over to the granny)

Granny : (Screams) oops! It scalded my tongue.

Suresh : I am sorry! I might have put it in the microwave for too long.

Rajendra : Had you set the timer properly, the milk would not have been over boiled and scalded her tongue. Poor granny - she is almost in tears.

Suresh : Yes, Sorry dad! I will apologies to her.

Grandpa : Look, if your brain is an oven then reasoning is like the timer. It's only when we apply reasoning will our brain work well as is the case with the oven and timer. Otherwise, the brain will soon become inactive

★ ★ ★

Grandpa : Could you call your granny, Suresh?

Suresh : I'm sorry! I'm busy.

Grandpa : I'm fed up with your reply. No one in this world is busy except lazy people, my boys.

Suresh : How come!?  
Grandpa : No busy person says he is busy except the lazybones who put off work

★ ★ ★

Keerthan : Are we going to a picnic this weekend, Granny?

Granny : Go and ask your Dad!

Keerthan : I am scared to ask dad.

Granny : He won't bite - go and ask.

Keerthan : Dad! Are we going to a picnic?

Rajendra : Sorry my child. Let's put it off until next weekend. I have a lot of work this weekend.

(Keerthan cries and leaves)

Granny : Don't disappoint them, my son. They were looking forward to it.

Grandpa : If so, let me play a trick on them.

Rajani : Trick!?

Rajendra : Do you know the secret of my father's greatness, sweetheart? He has the skill of making others work at the right time. Just watch what he is going to do now!

Grandpa : I have exciting news for you, my children.

Children : Exciting news!? What's that Grandpa?

Grandpa : I expect both your moms to be overjoyed on hearing this news!

Vinod : We are anxious to hear it Grandpa.

Grandpa : Your mom is going to serve you a variety of dishes today. Have them and enjoy!

(Children go to the dining table and stand agape to find the items such as cell phones, i-pods, tiny computers, T.V. toys, etc. in their plates instead of variety of dishes)

Granny : You have to eat all these entertainment devices from now on. Your mom will not cook anything as long as you don't help her in the kitchen.

Children :Haaaaaaaaa.....!

# Think of others first !



## Family of Hosts

1. Grandpa (60 years)
2. Granny (55 years)
3. Dad (40 years)
4. Mom (35 years)
5. Vinod (15 years)
6. Shreya (12 years)
7. Raju (05 years)

## Family of Neighbours

1. Uncle (40 years)
2. Aunty (35 years)
3. Krithi (12 years)
4. Yashoo (10 years)
5. Chintu (05 years)

**Grandpa** : Our neighbours are going to Hyderabad and they want to leave their children with us for two days.

**Granny** : Remember - they take very good care of their children.

**Dad** : So, we must take very good care of their children while they are

away. Do you understand, my kids?

Children : Yes, dad !

Mom : Clean up ! clean up ! Aunty and Uncle are going to visit us now!

Dad : Raju and Vinod, come here ! What is this? A wet towel !? Don't put wet towels on the beds. It will be very unpleasant for our guests if the beds stink of wet towels.

Shreya : (She tries to sit on the sofa and screams) Oh my goodness ! What's this? A big mess over here? Water bags... books, lunch boxes... what not... everything on the sofas!?

Grandpa : Sofas are not tables. They are meant for sitting, my children! Come on, clean up !clean up !  
  
(Meanwhile Uncle and Aunty enter along with their three kids Yashoo, Chintu & Krithi)

Shreya : Hi uncle !

Uncle : Hi !

Raju : Hi Aunty !

Aunty : Hi !

(Uncle & Aunty introduce their children)



- Uncle : They are Krithi, Yashoo and Chintu.
- Raju : Hi Krithi !
- Shreya : Hi Yasshoo!
- Vinod : Hi Chintu !
- All : Hi !
- Mom : What would you like? Tea or coffee?
- Uncle : Either is fine.  
(Raju gets coffee for the guests.)
- Mom : Hey ! You are too young to hold the cups.
- Grandpa : Let him learn how to get coffee.
- Dad : Watch out ! Don't spill it all over uncle's shirt.
- Raju : Okay dad!
- Uncle : (While sipping coffee) Will you all go and freshen up in the rest room?  
(They go to the rest room)
- Aunty : Shreya, You have to be careful while speaking to Krithi. She is very easily offended.
- Uncle : Chintu is an aggressive boy and tries to snatch whatever he likes from others.
- Aunty : Yashoo is sensitive and an introvert.

Uncle : We are leaving tonight. Will you please take good care of them?

Shreya : Don't worry uncle, we will take good care of your kids.

Aunty &

Uncle : Bye !

Shreya : Bye !

(Uncle and Aunty leave for Hyderabad.)

★ ★ ★

Raju : I smell something nasty from our bathroom. Do you smell anything Yasshoo?

Yashoo : Yeah! Your bathroom is stinking of urine.....

Vinod : (Looking at Yasshoo)... It might be your urine, Yasshoo! Because you are the new comer in the house.....

Yashoo : What does it mean ? I didn't even pee today..... (Cries) Aunty... Vinod is embarrassing me in front of everyone.

Vinod : (Rushes to Yashoo and closes his mouth) Calm down! Calm down! (trying to divert the attention of Yashoo) Raju smells something it seems... but I don't smell anything! Only the dogs

have a very good sense of smell, not human beings I suppose! Am I right Yashoo?

- Yashoo : (Smiles) Yeah! Yeah!
- Raju : What do you mean ? Am I a dog? Vinod is calling me names. (Cries) Mom...
- Vinod : (Tries to convince him) I didn't mean so ! In fact, it's a compliment. I am appreciating your sense of smell. That's all!
- Shreya : (Looking at Vinod) Eureka ! It's you... not Yashoo... who hasn't flushed the commode! That's why you are mocking both Raju and Yashoo...
- Mom : Yes! Yes! What you said is true, Shreya. It's not funny, Vinod. I know you are naughty. Yashoo is nearly in tears. He is your neighbour and also your friend. Don't make fun of him.
- Dad : He is away from his parents. He is very sensitive. He will stay aloof from every one if you behave like this. Please apologies to him.
- Vinod : I did it just for fun Yashoo ! I am sorry.... I made you cry. You got the blame for what I did. Now

onwards we will be friends.  
(Kisses his hand)

★ ★ ★

- Yashoo : I am afraid I opened your letter by mistake.
- Raju : What!? How dare you! Mom... look, this fellow opened my letter.
- Shreya : Let it go, my darling. He apologised to you for opening your letter. He already told you that he opened it by mistake.
- Raju : No, he did it deliberately.
- Shreya : You silly boy. If that is so he wouldn't have revealed it. He is so honest in admitting his mistake.
- Raju : No, that's not true... he is very nosy... he flips through letters of others.
- Shreya : Don't prolong the matter Raju. At least he had the decency to apologise.
- Mom : Had he read it deliberately he would have torn and thrown it in the dust bin without your knowledge. But he didn't do that, did he ?
- Raju : No, he didn't.

Dad : So don't misunderstand him. Instead you should appreciate his sincerity! Bye! I am going to the office!

★ ★ ★

Mom : Raju, where is Chintu?. I can hear him crying somewhere nearby.

Vinod : He is in dad's bathroom.

Mom : Then why is he crying?

Vinod : Raju locked him in dad's bathroom.

Mom : What!?

Raju : Yes mom, he disturbed me while I was reading. I warned him that I would locked him in dad's bath room if he disturbed me. But he didn't listen.

Vinod : So Raju took him and shut him in dad's bath room and came back, mom!

Raju : The door was closed and got locked automatically... I didn't know how to open the door.

Mom : What to do now ? What will their parents think of you Raju? Shreya, go and find out whether we have spare keys to open the door.

★ ★ ★

(Vinod sings Telugu film song while taking bath... 'బొంగరాల్లాంటి కళ్ళు తిప్పింది... ఉంగరాల్లాంటి జుట్టు తిప్పింది...')

Krithi : Who is in the rest room? Please come out. I need to go potty.

(Vinod still sings)

Yashoo : I want to take a leak.

Raju : We don't have another option now. Dad's bathroom is the only one we can use now.

Krithi : But Chintu was shut in dad's bath room. We don't have keys to open it. What can we do now?

Shreya : Thank God! I found the keys.

(They open Dad's bathroom. Chintu comes out and Krithi goes in.)

Mom : Raju, look at poor Chintu. He is frightened by your behaviour. Oh my goodness! He has fever too. Don't threaten young kids like this.

(Vinod comes out from the children's bathroom)

Shreya : How long will you bathe for, Vinod? There is only one bath room for six kids.

Mom : Think of others who need to use

the rest room. If you stay for hours together in the bathroom-how can others use it, my child?

★★★

- Krithi : Sorry to bother you!
- Chintu : That's Okay, it's no bother at all. Tell me what I can do for you?
- Krithi : This glass has been used by you. I don't want it. Fetch me a new one.
- Chintu : I never use a glass that is used by some one else. How can you say that I used your dirty glass.
- Krithi : Is my glass dirty ?
- Chintu : Did I use your glass ?
- Krithi : Yah! I know - you used my glass.
- Chintu : I repeat - your glass is dirty. But remember- even our Tommy doesn't touch your yucky glass.
- Krithi : Shreya, Chintu keeps bothering me. Will you tell him to quit bothering me ?
- Shreya : Chintu, will you keep quiet. Leave her alone. Come and play with me.

★★★

(Children eat snacks in the living room)

- Krithi : The very sight of ice-cream makes my mouth water.
- Yashu : So you couldn't resist the temptation of eating the entire ice-cream.
- Vinod : You ate it silently like a cat and left nothing for others. Look - Chintu is crying for it.
- Shreya : Had you left something he wouldn't have cried. Think of others before eating anything.
- Raju : Yashoo, will you get me a pakodi? It will save me a trip to the kitchen.
- Shreya : You lazy fellow, he is not your servant to get whatever you ask. Try burning some of your calories instead of sitting and sleeping like a log.
- Grandpa : What's this ? Look at the oily finger prints on the door and furniture. Think of how many times your mom will have to clean the furniture now. We can use door knobs to open and close them. Can't we?
- Dad : (enters) Or you could get tissue papers to wipe your hands before eating anything, my boys! Please go and wash your hands



now.

Granny : No one is perfect in this world my son! We must teach them good manners - not all at once. We can't find any easy ways to shape and mould one's behaviour.

★ ★ ★

Shreya : You seem upset Chintu - what happened?

Chintu : I want to watch Pogo.

Yashoo : I want to watch Animal planet.

Shreya : Sorry chintu, my parents don't like push button entertainment.

Yashoo : Push button entertainment!? What does it mean?

Shreya : Playing video games, operating computers and watching TV

Vinod : They never allow us to watch TV  
So you are not supposed to watch TV Raju, will you turn off TV please!

Yashoo : (cries) eeee... If you don't allow me to watch TV, I want to ride the cycle at least.

Chintu : Me too !

Shreya : There is only one cycle. But it belongs to Raju. You better ask him.

- Chintu : Raju, will you please give me your cycle?
- Raju : No! (Looking at Shreya) This little boy Chintu hates sharing his toys with me. Then why should I allow him to ride my cycle ?
- Dad : (enters) Kids usually never share anything with others. We should share the responsibility for them.
- Mom : But Chintu is too young to know his responsibility. So give him your cycle - he will realise later.  
(Raju reluctantly gives his cycle)

★ ★ ★

(Raju throws his socks on the floor.)

- Vinod : Does Raju throw his socks everyday on the floor like this ?
- Yashoo : Yes! He did it yesterday too.
- Shreya : Raju, come here ! Show me your feet! Yuck ! Your feet stink. Go and wash them.
- Raju : I don't care !
- Shreya : But others care, you know !
- Raju : I don't want to wash them !
- Shreya : Nothing seems to bother you. But it bothers every one if you don't wash them.

Raju : It's not my duty. Mom is there to wash my socks - why do you bother?

Dad : Shame on you Raju! No doubt, your mom can't be bothered to wash your socks. She works for you from dawn to dusk every day, you know!

Grandpa : She has been doing the work restlessly since your childhood. How long can she keep up? You are all grown up now. You can do it by yourself.

Granny : From today wash your socks by yourself and leave them ready for the next day. Your mom will never get them for you from now on, understood!

Raju : Yeah, Granny !

★ ★ ★

Shreya : Dad ! Uncle and Aunty left their children with us and went away. They miss their parents. How can they live without their children ?

Dad : They wanted to see how their children would mingle and adjust with others when they are away.

Mom : Moreover, they don't want to pamper their children by paying

too much attention to them.

Dad : They left them here to see whether they would adjust to a new environment.

Shreya : It's a wonderful idea. We must appreciate them.

Vinod : Their children too proved that they could mingle with everyone, dad !

★ ★ ★

Shreya : What are you thinking of dad ?

Dad : About your mom! She doesn't think of herself. She thinks of others, especially her kids first! But have you ever thought of your mom... at least once in a blue moon?

Raju : We are ashamed of ourselves dad! We have realised that we are not behaving properly. We will mend our ways.

# Holidays....



## Hosts

1. Grandpa		(60 years)
2. Granny		(55 years)
3. Raja Rao	(Father)	(40 years)
4. Sunanda	(Mother)	(35 years)
5. Rangamma	(Maid)	(50 years)
6. Rajani	(Daughter)	(15 years)
7. Gopi	(Son)	(10 years)
8. Naani	(Son)	(05 years)
<hr/>		
9. Ravi	(Cousin)	(10 years)
10. Bujji	(Cousin)	(08 years)

*(Huge hall, Gopi sleeps on a bed on one end and Rajani sits in a chair reading a novel on the other end.)*

- Sunanda : (Comes from the kitchen) Gopi, Gopi. My Darling. How long will you sleep? Please wake up and get ready my dear.
- Gopi : (Curling up some more in bed) Please Mom, please let me sleep. I have to be up early for school every day? Can't I sleep in at least on holidays?
- Sunanda : (In exasperation) I am vexed with these holidays. They cause so much trouble. Nothing goes at proper time. Please wake up my dear. Your dad will be mad if he finds out that you are still in bed. Wake up sleepy head, wake up!
- Gopi : Please Mom. Please stop bothering me. (He pulls the sheets onto his head)
- Sunanda : (Walking back to the kitchen) Rajani, What are you doing my dear? Can you please help me in the kitchen? Rajani, Rajani, where are you?
- Rajani : (Looking into her novel) I am coming Mom (and continues to read)
- Sunanda : (Attempts to call again) Rajani, how many times should I call you? Please come and help me in the

kitchen dear. I am tired getting the meal ready. Please help, come quickly.

Rajani : Wait Mom. This book is very interesting. Can you please wait for half an hour? I will finish this book and come. I promise

(In the mean time, Sunanda's niece and nephew come to spend their holidays)

Look, who arrived! Our cousins, Ravi and Bujji! Yay!

Sunanda : (Walks out to receive them) How was your journey? How are Mom and Dad? Did you two come by yourselves? Where is grandpa?

Ravi : They are here Aunty. They are at the gate paying the cab.

Sunanda : Ravi, you can go freshen up. I will prepare breakfast for you (goes back to the kitchen)

Grandpa : (Stepping into the house) Hey, Ravi you didn't brush your teeth in the train. Lazy guy! Your uncle will tag you as a 'bad boy' if he finds this out.

Ravi : I am going. Rajanakka, please give me some toothpaste.

(Rajani will not respond. Busy reading)

Ravi : Rajanakka, paste, paste.  
Colgate paste.

Bujji : It will rid you of your bad  
breath...Colgate

Grandpa : Please stop advertisement  
commentaries. Please give him  
some Colgate toothpaste and  
shut him up before he gives us  
an earful of advertisement  
commentary.

(As Grandpa walks to his  
bedroom, Naani enters the hall  
playing with her skipping rope.  
The skipping rope accidentally  
falls on Rajani's neck. Rajani  
screams out loud)

Rajani : (Angrily) Hey Naani. What is this  
nuisance? Is this a play ground?  
Go play outside.

Nani : You can sit inside and read books  
all day but I can't play inside? Not  
fair. Why can't you go help Mom  
in the kitchen instead of being  
mad at me.

Rajani : It's up to me decide what I have  
to do. I will do what suits me. Who  
are you to tell me what I should



and shouldn't do? Stay away from me, you Lilliput.

(Rajani starts to beat him)

Nani : (Starts crying) mom, Rajani hit me.

Sunanda : (Comming from the kitchen) Oh! My goodness! Please stop this fighting. Can't get a single quiet minute in this house.(Looking at Gopi who is still asleep).

Gopi, are you still sleeping? Wake up. Look who's here?

(Gets back to work in the kitchen)

Gopi : (Lazily forces his fluttering eye lashes to open, sits on his bed)

"Give me some liberty, give me some fun....Give me another chance I wanna grow up once agaaaaaaainn!"

(Picks up lyrics of 'Give me some sunshine' song from '3 Idiots'. He drapes the bed sheet on to his shoulders like Devdas drapes his shawl around his neck.)

Rajani : Please stop your silly songs. I am close to finishing this book and the climax is suspenseful and intense. It is hard to keep up with

it and here you are with your foolish songs.

Gopi : My voice, my song, my wish!  
Who are you to call me names?

(Bujji and Naani finish brushing their teeth and begin to announce it to everyone in the kitchen)

Bujji : Aunt, I brushed my teeth. Can I have Bournvita please?

Naani : Mom, I don't want Bournvita. Can I have Horlicks please?

Bujji : Yuck Horlicks!

Naani : Yuck Bournvita!

Bujji : My Bournvita is not yucky!

Naani : My Horlicks in not yucky!

(Both end up fighting and Bujji hits Naani)

Naani : Get out!

(Naani pushes Bujji. Bujji falls down and starts crying. Bujji pulls on Naani's hair. Both of them cry louder and louder as to drown the other in her/his voice)

Sunanda : (Comes out) Stop! Stop! What the hell is happening here?)

Bujji : Aunt, he has been hitting me. Look at how he scratched all over

me. He is evil!

Naani : She is evil Mom. Look at how she pulled my hair out.

Sunanda : (To herself) These kids...., they keep fighting about everything. (To the kids), Look children, if you keep fighting for every little thing, I will lock you up in a room and let you stay in there until you learn your lesson

(The kids are so overwhelmed with rage that they do not pay attention to what she is saying)

Naani : Mom, Horlicks!

Bujji : Aunty, Bournvita!

Sunanda : (Bringing her palm to her face) Rajani, please come with me and give them Horlicks and Bournvita. I have something on the stove and I can smell it burning.

Rajani : OK Mom

(Rajani walks with her mom to the kitchen. She gets bournvita and Horlicks and gives them to Bujji and Naani respectively and gets back to reading her book in her chair. Meanwhile, Ravi finishes brushing his teeth and sits on the

couch and turns the TV on)

Rangamma : (Sweeping the floor)Girls, please go out and play so I can sweep and clean up this room

Ravi : No, we will not. We want to watch TV. There is a good line of programs on TV today. You can sweep later. You are in my way. Can you please move, so we can watch TV?

Rangamma : It has been over two weeks that I dusted this room. I will lose my job if I don't today.

Rajani : You waited for two weeks anyway, Why can't you for another two hours ? We will dust the room and clean it up later, please do not bother us for now. We are missing out on this wonderful show while talking to you

Rangamma : Of course you would say that amma, of course you would. It is all the same for you. I do not want to know about your TV programmes. You can either go outside and play until I finish cleaning or I will be forced to clean while you are still here.

Naani : Yes, Rangamma. Please go

ahead and sweep. At least that way, my sister will go take a shower. Look at her greasy face. I can't believe she is still sitting here watching TV without even bothering to freshen up.

(Rangamma starts to clean the room. The dust sends Bujji on a sneezing fit)

Ravi : Stop! Stop! You sneeze monster. Stop your sneezes or we will all be blown away in your sneeze storm.

Bujji : Ah-Choo! Ah-Choo!

Ravi : There you go again with Ah-Choo and Ah-Choo. Please go out and sneeze your lungs out

Bujji : I do not even have the freedom to sneeze in peace. Ah-Choo. What good is a life where you can not even sneeze. Ah-Choo! I should not have opted to come to this place with you. Ah-Choo!

Ravi : Please pick your words carefully. As soon as I go home, I will let Mom know how you fought with Naani and me.

Bujji : Ah-Choo! Ah-Choo! You do not even have the slightest empathy

for your own sister. You cruel, evil boy! Ah-Choo!

Rajani : Where did you learn these wonderful words, bujji?

Bujji : No akka. How can I stop sneezing when I am allergic to dust? I already tried holding them in but how long can I hold?

Ravi : She knows she is allergic to dust. She should have walked out the room when she saw the maid come in to dust and sweep the room. She sat here watching TV and so she deserves this.

Bujji : I am not asking you to sneeze for me. Why do you poke your nose into this ?

Ravi : Why do I even try to talk to you? It's all up to you, sneeze as long as you want to. See, there is a paper on that table over there, continue to sneeze until that paper blows away.

(Naani sits on the floor ripping the pages of a magazine. Gopi walks into the hall playing with a ball)

Gopi : Ravi, do you know how good I am at playing ball. You have no idea how strong I am. Watch this, I am

going to break the bulb on your head with this ball. Watch.

Granny : (Comes out of the kitchen and grabs Gopi's hand) How many times do I have to tell you not to play ball inside the home. On the top of it, you challenged to hit the bulb. Go play outside.

(Granny walks him out the door)

Gopi : Granny! Granny! This is not fair. When I ask to play outside, you complain of too much sun. You don't let me play inside. I can't play outside or inside. So unfair! I can not take this. Ravi, what are you looking at? Let's call for a strike in protest. Elders should be fair! Kids deserve liberty. Inequity, down down! Freedom, zindabad!

Raja Rao : (Comes into the hall after a shower) Good job guys! I like the slogans! Can I join in your strike as well?

Gopi : Not for you Daddy. This is only for kids

Raja Rao : Please, please include me in your strike. I have no freedom myself. I am on leave but your mom will not let me rest. She keeps telling me that I have to

wake up on time, eat on time. I have one hundred rules to live by. Please, please include me in your group.

Naani : He is just kidding! Daddy is clearly lying. Do not fall for it. Do not let him join us.

Raja Rao : I am going to Mom. I will be on her team, (mocks Gopi and walks into the kitchen)

Gopi : (Picks Grandpa's walking stick and starts his speech assuming it as mike) Hello everybody! our precious first day of holidays is being wasted. If this is how the rest of the holidays are going to look like, we need to go on a strike.

Grandpa : Amazing! I thought strikes were limited to the streets alone. I am so glad that we have one right in our house. Gopi, I like your speech, please carry on...

Gopi : Boys and girls, it's alright if our parents give us freedom from tomorrow or else...

Grandpa : Else?

Gopi : We will start hunger strike! We will fight for our rights.



Grandpa : Hunger strikes ? Wow ! I like that idea. A long time ago, close to fifty years ago, we went on a hunger strike for our country's freedom. It's seems you are our true followers. Awesome!

(Pretends as if he was whiffing)  
What is that wonderful aroma that I smell? Oh! I think your mom is making *pakodis* for snack.

Gopi : (Drops his mike) Ravi, let's go and devour the delicious *pakodis* in the kitchen.

(Gopi runs into the kitchen, with Ravi close behind him)

Grandpa : (Grabs Ravi by the hand) Ravi, Where are you going? You didn't take a shower yet. Go take a shower and come.

Ravi : I am going Grandpa. (On his way to kitchen, he pretends as if he is taking bath by singing some advertisements jingles) Lifeboy! Lifeboy! Lifeboy *ekkada undho, aarogyam akkada undhee....*

Grandpa : Damn these advertisements! Like I do not hate watching them on the TV enough, they are actually enacting them out in real life.

Granny : (To Grandpa) This pair of scissors are blunt. Can you get them sharpened please?

Naani : Let me see Granny. Those are just fine.

(Taking the scissors and walking to the table)

See how nicely they cut this fabric.

Granny : Oh! No! Oh! No! Why did you do that? Your mom bought this table cloth yesterday and you already ruined it. How could you do it? Oh! No!

Bujji : Look Granny! Look at how Naani ripped all the pages and to top it off she even poured Horlicks on the floor. It is sticking to all our feet. Yuck!

Rajani : Why are you pulling her legs. From boxes and books to combs and glasses, you spread them all over the house.

Granny : Yeah right. You are the eldest of all. What are you doing and how exactly are you helping? By arguing over and over with them and playing the blame game. You can help by actually straightening

the house out.

Rajani : Half-heartedly.. alright Granny. I will.

Granny : Please have them all be seated in the dining hall and make sure they eat their breakfast. It is already 11 am and they still did not eat.

Rajani : OK Granny

(Nani sits on the floor and plays with a kite. Bujji comes there and tears the kite with her feet and trying to make it look like an accident.)

Naani : (Cries) Look Grandpa. Bujji has torn my kite. I want another kite.

Bujji : Grandpa, if you buy it for Naani, you will have to buy one for me as well.

Naani : No Grandpa. She doesn't need one. Please do not buy it for her. She intentionally tore my kite. Only I deserve it.

Bujji : I want one too Grandpa

Grandpa : I will get kites for both of you. Stop fighting.

Naani : Not for both Grandpa. Only for me. If you buy one for bujji, then I

want two kites

Granny : They neither took a shower nor brushed their teeth. What if guests walk in and see you like this?

(Looking at Grandpa...)

What are you doing? Instead of teaching and telling them what to do, you keep playing with them and indulging them. I know you would even play marbles with them if it were up to you.

Grandpa : (Winks at Granny) Watch this magic, they will be ready in no time. (Turns to kids) Kids, I am going to the zoo now. I will take whoever gets ready first along with me.

Naani : Grandpa, I will come along.

(Naani walks up to her mom who is walking out of the kitchen and asks)

Mom, comb my hair

Bujji : Please comb my hair first aunty

Naani : No, me first

Bujji : No, It's me first.

Ravi : Neither of you. Please comb me

first Aunty.

Rajani : No, me!

Sunanda : Ok! All of you stand in a line height wise. So, it will be Naani first, then Bujji, Gopi, Ravi, Rajani - alright ?

(In the mean time, they hear the all so familiar 'ice-cream, ice-cream' for sale from the street. Naani slowly steps out of the line.)

Naani : I wanna have ice cream Grandpa.

Bujji : Me too.

Naani : I want star ice cream Grandpa.

Bujji : I want milk ice cream Grandpa.

Grandpa : (Trying to distract them from it)

Kids, look at all these balloons that I bought for you. Green, Red, blue. What would each of you like?

Bujji : I want the red one.

Naani : I want the red one too.

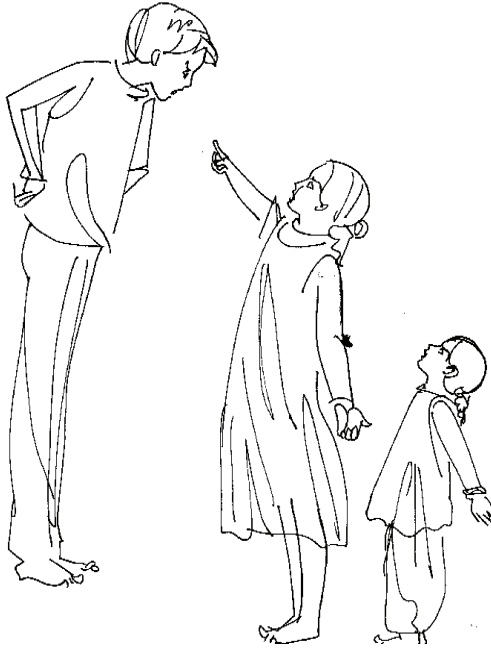
Bujji : No, I want the red one.

Grandpa : Oh! Dear! I only have one red balloon. So, I will give it to the youngest one of all. Naani.

- Bujji : No, I want the red balloon.
- Sunanda : (Irritated) I just hate these holidays! I think I should blame the schools not the kids, for giving holidays frequently. I wish they had no holidays at all.
- Bamma : Listen Sunanda! We are unable to manage a few kids at our home. Can you imagine how schools are able to manage hundreds of such children? Give it a thought.
- Gopi : Mom, you get holidays when we are in school anyway. You take rest at home. We are good at finishing our homework and are doing well in school. Please let us play and enjoy our holidays
- Rajani : I got it now. These holidays are not meant for you mom, neither for us. It is for those teachers who bear us for a break.

# Bossy fusspots

- No problem! Pay a little attention.



- |           |            |            |
|-----------|------------|------------|
| 1. Mom    |            | (35 years) |
| 2. Dady   | (Shankar)  | (40 years) |
| 3. Janoo  | (Daughter) | (05 years) |
| 4. Kirit  | (Son)      | (08 years) |
| 5. Kunnoo | (Daughter) | (02 years) |
| 6. Granny |            | (55 years) |

Mom : I have ten minutes left to go to the office and Kunnoo being the picky eater she is, is taking a lot of time to eat. She can't eat by herself and I just can't manage her! Janoo, can you feed her while you're eating?

- Janoo : But she is a sloppy eater. I don't like eating with her.
- Mom : Shhh Kunnoo is very sensitive Janoo. Don't hurt her feelings
- Kireet : But she passes comments on everyone and walks around with a sad face if others do that to her.
- Mom : She is younger than you. Just ignore her, Kireet!
- Kireet : Okay mom.
- Mom : I am going! Bye!
- Kireet & : Bye!
- Janoo (Janoo tries to feed Kunnoo.)
- Kireet : Oh my goodness! Granny, Granny, Where are you? This Kunnoo is licking the fork! Janoo is not at all minding her while she is eating. Fork is not for licking Kunnoo. Put it aside!
- Janoo : Yah... Yah... We should not lick the forks. But we can lick the spoons, like our Kireet - who always does so while eating icecream! (Laughs) Hee... Heeee....
- (Mean while Kunnoo bites Janoo's finger and Janoo screams)
- Oh, my God! Granny, Kunnoo has bitten my finger!



- Kunnoo : No, I didn't bite.
- Janoo : Yes, you have bitten my finger just now.
- Kunnoo : I thought it was bread.
- Janoo : Don't you know the difference between a finger and a bread?  
(Kunnoo receives a big blow on her back)
- Kunnoo : (Cries) Vaaaaaaa! Your finger looked so! I did it by mistake!
- Janoo : No, you did it on purpose.
- Kireet : She is young. Why are you quarreling with her?  
(Kireet hits Janoo)
- Janoo : (Cries) Why are you beating me?
- Kireet : Though you are not very fair in colour, your finger might have looked like a piece of bread. In fact, it's a compliment for you! You should be proud of yourself.
- Janoo : I don't like such left - handed compliments. (Cries) Granny, Kireet is insulting me with his comments.
- Granny : Will you stop screaming for a while. What happened?
- Janoo : I am sad! Kunnoo bit my finger... and Kireet is making fun of me.

- Granny : What's this Kireet? Why are you irritating her by mocking her? Kunnoo and Kireet, apologise to Janoo.
- Kunnoo : I am sorry Janoo...
- Kireet : I am sorry too Janoo...
- Janoo : I don't want your sorry. You're both behaving like nothing happened when you made me suffer so much. I will never ever forgive you for torturing me!
- Granny : Don't stretch the matter Janoo. Both Kireet and Kunnoo said 'sorry'. Forgive them. No one will like you if you have an unforgiving nature, understand?  
(Kireet enjoys the conversation)  
Kireet. Can you help Janoo with her test?
- Kireet : Janoo, you have a test tomorrow. Granny asked me to see whether you learnt the lesson or not. Get your textbook.  
(Janoo reluctantly brings her text book)  
Now tell me... Where does water come from?
- Janoo : 'When I was young I used to think... think... think... water came from... from... the sink.'

- Kireet : Wrong!
- Janoo : No.....! It's correct. It's written in my textbook.
- Kireet : Don't lie! Your textbook is in front of me. You did not by-heart properly.
- Janoo : You don't have to ask me. I will learn it myself and quit bossing me around!
- Kireet : Don't try to escape... I won't leave you Bommaalee - I am playing the role of a teacher. Now you are my student. You are supposed to answer me.
- Janoo : 'When I was young I used to think that water came from sink.'
- Kireet : Which sink?
- Janoo : (Cries) Vaaa!... 'from kitchen sink'.
- Kireet : Yah! You are right! Complete it.
- Janoo : 'But now I am older. And now I know water comes from snow.'
- Kireet : Can't you stand still for five minutes. Are you a spring?
- Janoo : No!
- Kireet : Then why do you shake your body like a spring? Stand up right and answer me!
- Janoo : (Cries) Vaaaa!

Kireet : Shut up! There was a pause in your answer. Tell me from the beginning.

Janoo : What's this? How many times? No, I Can't! You are being bossy again! I will tell mummy how you are torturing me...

Kireet : No problem! She doesn't like lame excuses, you know! Chewing something? What is there in your mouth? Chewing gum? Spit it... Come on, tell me the entire stanza...

Janoo : 'When I was young I used to think that water came from kitchen sink. But now I am older and I know that water comes from rain and snow.'

Kireet : That's good!  
(Kireet relaxes in a chair)  
I am thirsty. Go and get water for me.

Janoo : No! I am in no way your student now! I am a free bird - I won't fetch water. You get it for yourself from the kitchen. You anyway know where the water comes from now.

(Kireet kits Janoo with a bat. Janoo gives Kireet a punch on his nose in turn. Janoo runs to

her mom after Kireet pushes her.)

Kireet hit me with his bat. Mom, do you hear me?

Mom : I can hear you. Go on....

Janoo : So, I punched him back. Then he pushed me. Are you listening?

Mom : Yes, of course.

Janoo : No, you are not. You are busy cooking.

Mom : Yes, cooking and listening too, my darling!

Janoo : No, you don't care about me and never scold Kireet. You don't need me. You are partial to him. I am upset. I am going!

(While going she breaks a plate that she finds on the table in anger)

Dad : What's that? I don't like such behaviour, my child.

Kireet : Yes, dad. She breaks everything that is in her way. She literally waits for a chance to show her anger on everything around her.

Granny : (With her son) Shankar, your wife is busy in the kitchen. Had you paid a little attention to Janoo, she would have been satisfied. What do children

need? Just a little attention, care and concern. That's all!

Dad : Okay mom, from here after I will spare my time for the children.

Janoo, Janoo my darling, come here! You are fast like a deer, not furious like a lioness. Am I right?

Janoo : (Listens to the words of her father with a broad smile.) Yah...! Yah...! You are right, dad!

Dad : Only bad children throw a tantrum and try to spit on everything. Your friends will hate you if you snatch and break the things, understand?

Janoo : Okay, dad.

(Kireet notices that Kunnoo is busy searching for something. Kireet finds a pen and keeps it in his pocket)

Kireet : What are you searching for?

Kunnoo : Dad bought a pen yesterday. I can't find it. I don't know where I put it. I am a little worried about it.

Kireet : Pch.. pch... pch! Poor Kunnoo, you lost your pen. What a pity! Look at this... I have a pen which looks exactly like yours.

Kunnoo : (Cries) You liar, this is mine-not yours!

- Kireet : (Shouts) How dare you! You are blaming me as if I stole your pen.  
(Kireet smacks Kunnoo.)
- Kunnoo : (Cries) Vaaaa!
- Dad : You silly girl, don't cry!
- Granny : Kireet! Don't try to dominate her with your voice. Your sharp tongue will get you into trouble one day. Let me look at the pen. Yes, it is her pen. Being older, you should not tease her. She is very sensitive - so try not to offend her.
- Dad : It's not funny Kireet, poor Kunnoo is almost in tears! Don't embarrass her in front of everybody.
- Kireet : I am sorry....
- Granny : What do you mean by sorry?
- Kireet : Sorry means.... sorry means....
- Granny : I know you don't know. Apologising without meaning it is not going help matters any! It's a repetition of the same rude behaviour that hurts and provokes others.
- Kireet : No, I won't repeat it. I will mend my ways.
- Granny : That's right. I am happy to hear you are sorry. Don't pester your

parents with your trivial problems hereafter, okay?

- Kireet : Okay granny!
- Granny : Janoo, what about you? At least try not to be so pushy.
- Janoo : Certainly! I won't get irritated. I will be friendly with everyone.
- Granny : Kunnoo - you?
- Kunnoo : Me too! I will not cry for silly things!
- Granny : That's good! I love all of you!  
(She hugs them)



# Little Angels



1. Teacher (25 years)
2. Ahmad (UKG) (04 years)
3. Shreya (UKG) (04 years)
4. Vinod (UKG) (04 years)
5. Tintoo (UKG) (04 years)
6. Usha (UKG) (04 years)
7. Suresh (UKG) (04 years)
8. Ravi (UKG) (04 years)
9. Ayaha
10. Pramod (UKG) (04 years)
11. Raju (UKG) (04 years)
12. Kalyan (UKG) (04 years)
13. Tejas (UKG) (04 years)

14. Principal (35 years)
15. Anand (UKG) (04 years)
16. Kapil (UKG) (04 years)
17. Komali (UKG) (04 years)
18. Rajesh (UKG) (04 years)
19. Somu (UKG) (04 years)
20. Akhil (UKG) (04 years)
21. Srujan (UKG) (04 years)
22. Sangeeth (UKG) (04 years)
23. Soumya (UKG) (04 years)
24. Ramya (UKG) (04 years)
25. Kumar (UKG) (04 years)
26. Prasad (UKG) (04 years)

*(The children don't get up when the teacher enters the class.)*

Teacher : Stand up! Say 'Good morning'

Children : Say 'Good morning'.

Teacher : (Dramatises the situation to

make them understand by showing her pointing finger at them and later at her) You should greet me. Now say 'good morning, madam'.

Children : Good morning madam!

Teacher : Good!

Children : Good!

Teacher : You should not say 'good' - If you do anything well, I will say 'good' - okay?

Children : Okay!

Teacher : That's great!

★ ★ ★

Teacher : Look children, you speak your mother tongue at home. You know how to speak your mother tongue. But you don't know how to speak other languages. This is an English medium school. You are supposed to speak only in English. It doesn't matter if your English isn't up to the mark, try speaking in English. Never let your inhibitions hold you back, okay?

Children : Okay.

★ ★ ★

Ahmed : There is no fan here... sugar is coming to me.

Teacher : What?  
Ahmed : Sugar is coming.... sugar is coming.... samaj me nahee aara kya aapkoo ? chakkar aara !  
Teacher : Oh...! You are feeling giddy?... Okay, okay ! Aayah, come and take this boy out. He needs some fresh air.

★ ★ ★

Sreya : Madam.....  
(Sreya comes to teacher and pulls her saree)  
Teacher : Don't pull my saree!  
Sreya : (Interrupts) My mummy picks me up every day. Madam, will you pick me up now?  
Teacher : Sure! I am at your service! Okay-come on! come here! (she tries to pick Sreya up) - You are too heavy to pick up. Oh! You carry a bag too! - How can I pick you up along with your bag? Put it down! Aayah! Don't just sit over there watching! Come and help me.  
Sreya : Mam, your saree is nice! Wow! It feels like velvet!  
Teacher : Yeah! Yeah! Just like your cheeks... so smooth! So tender!

★ ★ ★

- Vinod : Tintoo is **umming** on my slate, mam !
- Teacher : What ? umming!?! Say 'spitting'. Why are you spitting on his slate? It's very rude! Don't do that again. Say 'sorry' to him.
- Tintoo : I am sorry Vinod ! I am sorry madam.
- Usha : Madam, Reena is **vanthing**.
- Teacher : It is not vanthing. Say Vomitting. Go and gargle and wash your face Reena !

★ ★ ★

- Suresh : I want to go home! I want my mummy!
- Teacher : Are you hungry? Wait a while! Your mom will send you lunch box!
- Suresh : I want to go home! I want my mummy! I want my mummy!
- Teacher : (She pretends as if she is speaking in the cell)
- Hello, who is speaking? Is that Suresh's mother? Your son's teacher here! ..... Oh! I see... you got stuck in a traffic jam! ok... ok... your son is crying for food! It took me two hours to calm him. Please come as early as possible. Suresh, come and sit over here! Don't cry - your mom will

be just five minutes late, meanwhile have this bread!

- Suresh : No, I don't want this bread.  
(he throws it out)
- Ravi : Shall I get you a sandwich, Suresh?!
- Teacher : Your mom always complains that you are a fussy eater. Come on! Eat up! There's plenty left! -
- Ayah : Ma'am, this boy fell down the staircase and broke his leg.
- Teacher-1 : My goodness! Now our principal will blame me for this mishap. I don't know how to take care of these children. It's hell, I don't want this class.
- Teacher-2 : (enters) Shhh! Keep your voice down, our principal will hear you.  
(goes out)
- Suresh : After having my lunch, shall I give the leftovers to the dogs!?
- Teacher : You are not supposed to do so... put them in the dustbin, or else the dogs may quarrel for the food and bite you.

★ ★ ★

- Teacher : Why didn't you come yesterday, Pramod?
- Pramod : Fever came madam.
- Teacher : Don't say 'fever came'. Say 'I had

a fever'.

★ ★ ★

Raju : See madam! Suneel's nose is running - He is wiping his nose with my tie!

Kalyan : (makes fun of him) - Hey - Hey -

Teacher : Ask your mom to give you a handkerchief - You should wipe your nose with a kerchief - not with others' tie - okay?

(Suneel nods his head)

Teacher : Don't leave your nose running, Go! Go and blow your nose!

★ ★ ★

Teacher : Children, go to your seats - I will teach you the alphabets! (Sings)

come little children

come to me

I will teach you

alphabet

ABCDEFGH

IJKLMNOP

LMNOPQRST

UVWXYZ -

Kalyan : Madam! I need to pee !

Teacher : Go! - come on, sing children..

come little children

come to me .....

★★★

- Tejas : (cries) Eeeeeeeee... I want my mummy.
- Teacher : Shut up! I have a severe headache! Handling kindergarten children is such a thankless task.
- Principal : (enters) Don't frighten the children Sunanda! They are getting scared. Their eyes are full of fear. They are too frightened to speak. You can read their thoughts from the looks on their faces. (goes out)

★★★

- Teacher : Look children, now you have to learn how to write 'A'. Come on, take your slates from your bags and start writing 'A'.
- Anand : Mam.... what's that nasty smell!
- Teacher : Some body removed his socks. Oh... Ravi ... your socks smell! Don't wear such stinky socks. Ask your mom to wash them every day.
- Anand : Okay ma'am!

★★★

- Kapil : I want milk.
- Ayaha : Ma'am, Kapil's mother brought him milk. Apparently, he has a fever. She is asking me to offer

him milk.

Teacher : Kapil, go and have your milk. But it's too hot. Let your milk cool down a little before you drink.

★ ★ ★

Teacher : Tejas, recite Baba Black Sheep...

Tejas : Baba.. Baba.. Baba.. Baba..  
(He forgets the rhyme)

Children : Hey... Hey...

Teacher : Don't make fun of him, children. Tejas is taking his time. Okay, now shall we sing some rhymes? come on.. let's start! Twinkle... twinkle... little star...

Children : How I wonder what you are!

Teacher : Up above the world so high....

Children : Like a diamond in the sky!

Teacher : Very Good! your moms might have already taught you. You are fast learners, whereas Tejas is a slow learner. I am standing in the middle of both!

★ ★ ★

Vinod : (Cries)... I want mummy.... mummy...

Teacher : Why the long face sitting at the back of the class ? You are such



a gloomy boy - I can never get you to smile.

Komali : Ma'am, Sravanthi is picking her nose and wiping on my frock.

Teacher : You.... Sravanthi... stop picking your nose in the classroom! Do it in the bathroom! Go... go to the toilet and pick your nose there!

(Sravanthi goes out)

★ ★ ★

Rajesh : Madam, Akhil is pinching me!

Teacher : Akhil! Get up! Rajesh, come here! Show me where Akhil pinched you?

Rajesh : (He lifts up his shirt) Here, madam!

Teacher : Akhil, why did you pinch him on his belly?

Somu : Mam, Akhil cannot resist his temptation to pinch others' bellies.

Akhil : Rajesh is so fat that his shirt will not fasten. His dress is bit tight around his waist. His belly button is visible to everyone. So I pinched.

Children : Shame! Shame!

Rajesh : (cries) eeeeeeeeeee!

Teacher : Don't make fun of him! Rajesh, you should put on a new outfit

from tomorrow onwards. Don't cry - eat this chocolate.

Rajesh : I want one more.

Teacher : Here you are, a boxful of chocolates! (gives them to Rajesh)  
Wow! the sight of chocolates makes your mouth water!

Kapil : Ma'am...

Teacher : Oh! You started drooling at the sight of chocolate too? Don't eat them all! Give one to Tejas, some to Akhil also!

Kalyan : I want one!

Suresh : I want one too!

Teacher : Rajesh, give them a chocolate each.

Rajesh : Please come to me one by one, not as a group. Now, every one will get a chocolate each I suppose!

★ ★ ★

Srujan : Madam, look at Sangeeth. How funny he looks!

Teacher : What's that? - Take off your shirt  
- My goodness.... how many shirts are you wearing? one.. two.. three!

(Every one laughs)

Sangeeth : Srujan takes my shirts everyday in the hostel and I don't find any -

that's why I put on all my shirts,  
madam!

★ ★ ★

Soumya : Madam, this girl is pulling my ribbon.

Ramya : No, madam, she is only pulling my hair.

Soumya : You pulled first.

Ramya : No, I didn't pull. You only pulled.

(Soumya gives a blow to Ramya and Ramya beats her, Both of them cry)

Teacher : Don't quarrel! Soumya, go and say sorry to Ramya. There is no shame in saying 'sorry'.

Ramya : I am sorry.

Soumya : Never mind.

Ayah : Madam, Principal madam is calling you!

(Teacher goes out and children start making noise in the classroom)

Kumar : You push the table from behind, I will pull it.....

(Kumar plays with other children.....)

★ ★ ★

Prasad : Shall we play the train game? Look, I am an engine. You are

all bogies. Come and hold me tight! Is everyone ready? Come on chuk...chuk...chuk...chuk

Teacher : (enters) Children, show me your right hand.

(Children show their left hand)

Teacher : It's not your right hand - it's your left hand. (She stands in front of them and shows her right hand) Look here, this is the right hand. Now, show me right hand!

(The children show their left hands only)

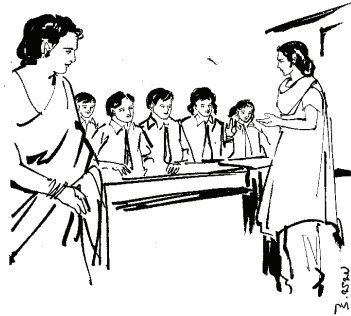
Teacher : Damn!

(She becomes furious, pulls her hair and sits on the chair)

It shames me to say this, but I failed to handle the tiny tots! I am fed up with them. They are devils!

Principal : You better take back that remark! They are not devils - They are angels... little angels! - Young children are by nature full of animal spirits - you need a lot of tact and patience to handle them. They have been indoors for all the three periods and getting restless! Take them out and see how they will enjoy! You should adopt play way methods to make them cheerful.

# Interview



1. Principal	(35 years)
2. Vasantha (Teacher)	(25 years)
3. Gopi (1st Class. Student)	(05 years)
4. Raju (Teacher)	(25 years)
5. Ramu (1st Class. Student)	(05 years)
6. Vinoda (Teacher)	(25 years)
7. Raheem (1st Class. Student)	(05 years)
8. Keerthan (1st Class. Student)	(05 years)
9. Ganesh (1st Class. Student)	(05 years)
10. Lakshmi (Teacher)	(25 years)
11. Ravi (1st Class. Student)	(05 years)
12. Kamala (Teacher)	(25 years)
13. Prasad (1st Class. Student)	(05 years)

Principal : Ayah! Will you go and call the teachers who are waiting outside for the interview?

(Ayah goes and calls them)

Teacher : Good morning, ma'am !

Principal : Good morning! Please have a seat. So, you are all here for the post of a teacher! But I don't want to ask you any questions. Your selection will be based on the

effectiveness of your teaching. I will ask all of you individually to teach a topic that I will be giving you. I will select the teachers whose methods are most effective.

Teacher : Ok madam, as you wish.

Principal : I want you to explain the difference between - 'Can.... Cannot' to our tiny-tots whose mother tongue is a regional language. You make the children understand by using situations in a classroom. Ayah! Go and call the children of pre-primary classes.

(Children come one by one.)

Please observe the lesson from your chairs only. Miss Prashanthi, now it's your turn.

Prashanthi : (While going) - Can I use the text book ?

Principal : No, You are not supposed to use the text book. Instead I suggest you to use situations in the classroom as examples to aid you.

Prashanthi : OK

(She enters the class)

Children : Good morning, teacher.

Prashanthi : Good morning - students.  
Please sit down. I will teach you  
about 'Can - Cannot'.

Can means.... Can means..... in  
Telugu language... it is **kala** or  
**gala**.

Gopi : **Kala ?**.... Is it a dream, teacher?

Prashanthi : No.... not that **Kala**... If we are  
able to do any work... that is  
can...

Children : What does "able to do" mean  
teacher?

Prashanthi : (Looks at principal and asks)  
Shall I explain in Telugu language  
madam ?

Principal : No.

Prashanthi : If we are not able to do that  
work... that is 'cannot'.

Gopi : What do you mean by 'able to do'  
teacher ? First of all please  
explain about the word.

Prashanthi : Able to do means... 'can' ! Not  
able to do means.... 'Cannot'

Gopi : (asks in Telugu language) బీడాలం  
అంటే మార్జాలం... మార్జాలం అంటే  
బీడాలం లాగానా టీచర్ !?

*(Oh! is it like cat means feline and  
feline means cat, teacher ?)*

Prashanthi : My goodness, what to do ! Sorry  
ma'am, I can't teach this topic.

- Principal : OK!  
Mr. Raju, can you take the class next?
- Raju : Yes !  
(He enters the class)
- Children : Good morning Sir !
- Raju : Good morning. I will give you a demo on 'can... cannot'. Can means... If we can do any work... that is can ! If we cannot do anything... that is... cannot.
- Sonu : What do you mean by 'can' sir?
- Raju : Can means can only. There is no other word to convey its meaning.
- Sonu : But unless you explain the meaning, we will not understand it sir.
- Raju : How many times shall I tell you? Can means can. That's all!
- Sonu : But we did not understand it. You explain the meaning sir.
- Raju : Sit down !  
(Sonu hesitates to sit)
- Raju : Sit down or else I will beat you...  
(He uses a cane. The boy cries)
- Raju : Ma'am, this topic is very simple. How can one teach 'can...



cannot' in a 45 minute period? I cannot.

Principal : Ok Raju! I will ask Vinoda to take the class.

(Vinoda enters the class...)

Children : Good morning madam!

Vinoda : Good morning! (Looking at Principal) Good morning madam! They all failed to teach 'can - cannot' in English. I will teach in Telugu language and make them understand (turning at students)

(Tries to explain in Telugu language-)

చూడండి... మనం ఏపనైనా చేయగలం అనుకోండి దాన్ని can అనాలి. ఏ పనైనా చేయలేం అనుకోండి దానిని cannot అనాలి.....

(Choodandee ... manam e panaina 'cheyagalam' anukondee daanni 'can' anaali, e panaina 'cheyalem' anukondee daanni 'cannot' aanalee.)

Raheem : (Tries to explain in Hindi language-)

'चेयगलम' बोले तो क्या है टीचर? मेरा मदर टंग तेलुगु नहीं है। आप तेलुगु में बोले तो कैसा ?

('cheyagalam' bole tho kyaa hai

*teacher ? meraa mother tongue  
Telugu nahee hai ! aap Telugu me  
bole tho kaisa ?)*

Vinoda : देखो.... आप काम कर सकते हो तो उसे can  
कहते हैं और जो नहीं कर सकते तो cannot  
कहते....

*(Dekho... aap kaam kar sakthe ho  
tho vuse 'can' kahethehai our jo  
nahee kar sakthe tho 'cannot'  
kahethe ...)*

Ravi : టీచర్, మీరు హిందీలో చెప్పే మాకెలా  
అర్థం అవుతుందండీ? మాకు హిందీ  
ఒక్కముక్కైనా రాదు.

*(Teacher meeru Hindi lo chepthe  
maakela aartham avuthundandee?  
Maaku Hindi okka mukkainaa  
raadu.)*

Murugan : I understand neither Telugu nor  
Hindi. I am a Tamilian. If you teach  
in other languages I don't  
understand.

Vinoda : Then I don't know how to teach  
this topic. Sorry madam. (She  
goes out)

Principal : Miss. Lakshmi, now it's your turn.  
(Lakshmi enters the class)

Children : Good morning madam.

Lakshmi : Good morning.

*(With trembling voice) I will teach  
you 'Can - Cannot' today. Can*

means.... 'Yes' ! Can means....  
'Yes'! Cannot means .... 'No'!  
Cannot means .... 'No'! Did you  
understand?

- Children : Can !
- Lakshmi : What.... Can ?
- Gopi : You just told us that can means  
yes. That's why we said 'can'.
- Lakshmi : Arre baba... 'Can' means.... not  
that 'yes'..... 'can' means... Hoo  
(she nods her head as if it is  
'yes').  
Cannot means.... Uoohu!  
(She nods her head as if it is 'No'.  
Children imitate her)
- Ravi : Oh! "Can" means dance.... Am I  
correct madam ?
- Lakshmi : No... No... No... It's not dance.
- Ravi : But you are dancing !
- Lakshmi : Shut up ! Am I dancing? How  
dare you!? Stand up on the  
bench! (Turns towards Principal  
and says) Ma'am! These  
children are very naughty. I am  
not interested in teaching them.  
Sorry!
- Principal : Okay! It's alright. Miss. Medha  
can you teach now? But you  
remember one thing. You should  
neither scold nor beat the

children. You are supposed to teach in English only.

Medha : Ok... Madam

(She takes a stick and a rod)

Children : Good Morning Madam.

Medha : Good Morning! Please sit down.

(She shows a stick)

What is this ?

Children : Stick!

Medha : I want to break this stick

(She bends it)

Can I break this stick? Yes. I can break. So I can break stick.

Now tell me what is this ?

Children : Rod !

Medha : Now I want to break this rod

(She bends it).

Can I break this? No!

So, I cannot break this? Now I want to teach you the difference between...

Can....	Cannot
---------	--------

(She writes the topic on the board. She draws two columns on BB. She writes negative sentences in one column and positive sentence in another column)

We cannot break the rod.

We can break the stick.

(Medha writes on BB)

Medha : Rupesh, what is this ?

Rupesh : Marble !

Medha : Come and eat it.

Rupesh : No ! I cannot !

Medha : OK !

Rupesh cannot eat marble

.....

(Medha writes on BB)

Medha : Vidhi, what is this ?

Vidhi : Chocolate !

Medha : Vidhi eat it.

(Vidhi eats)

Medha : So, Vidhi.....

.....

Vidhi can eat chocolate

(Medha writes on BB)

Medha : Darshan, read the first sentence.  
(He reads)

Read the second sentence.

(He reads)

Medha : Good ! sit down.

Now Karunya ! Come and draw  
the cat

(He goes to the board and tries  
to draw but fails)

Medha : Is it a cat or an Elephant?  
Children, tell me! Can Karunya

draw a cat?

Children : No.... Karunya cannot draw a cat.

Karunya cannot draw a cat .....

(Medha writes on BB)

Medha : Come and draw a flower Darshan? (Darshan draws on BB)

Medha : Can Darshan draw a flower, Likitha?

Ravi : Yes, Darshan can draw a flower.

Medha : So.....

..... Darshan can draw a flower

(Medha writes on BB)

Medha : It is alright children. So, If it is possible to do anything we must say 'can'. If it is not possible to do that we must say 'cannot'. Did you understand now children?

Children : Yes, ma'am!

Principal : Well done Medha! That's the right way of teaching the little children. Congratulations! You are selected for the post of teacher for the students of kindergarten.

## Channeling her inner child



Dr. Hima Chandan

This book lets us look at this world through the eyes of our children. It demonstrates the purity, naivety, priorities and desires of their little hearts.

Growing up, I remember playing for countless hours under the Indian Sun. I would be outside in nature, content looking at bugs, making things with sticks and rocks, playing in the nearby canals, sitting under an almond tree and reading for hours, slipping in and out a character's voice, skin and soul, his voyages becoming mine and her experiences becoming mine. Ah! Bliss!

When I fondly think of my dear mother or my childhood, the first thing that comes to my mind is my mother with a blue dictionary in front of her, always willing to learn, forever in the quest of right verbiage. That is a profound image and is forever etched in my memory.

They were definitely simpler, happy and fulfilling times. The primary source of entertainment being outdoor play, pretend play and reading.

Gone are those times...

Strangers moved into our homes now. The advent of the TV brought with it remarkable innovations but it also brought in pitfalls. There is a lot of research that points to the effects of the TV in children.

The more the child watches television, the more television pacifies his or her initiative, resourcefulness, imagination and creativity. When the television is off, instead of finding something with which to entertain themselves they look for Mom or Dad to take over where the television left off. I have witnessed this phenomenon with my own children. Watching TV has gone from being a luxury to a necessity.

I am not a proponent of electronic devices. Yes, there is a time and place for that. But, I see the boundaries blurring and the age of digital consent shrinking. It is now a rarity to see a child without a digital device in their hands. That makes me sad. I calm myself down thinking of Oscar Wilde's words, "Everything in moderation, including moderation."

Books like this bring me hope. It helps reignite our children's interest in reading and helps show them, hopefully, the joy reading good literature brings.

Kudos to Dr.Amrutha latha for channeling her inner child and presenting this ludic and thought provoking book.