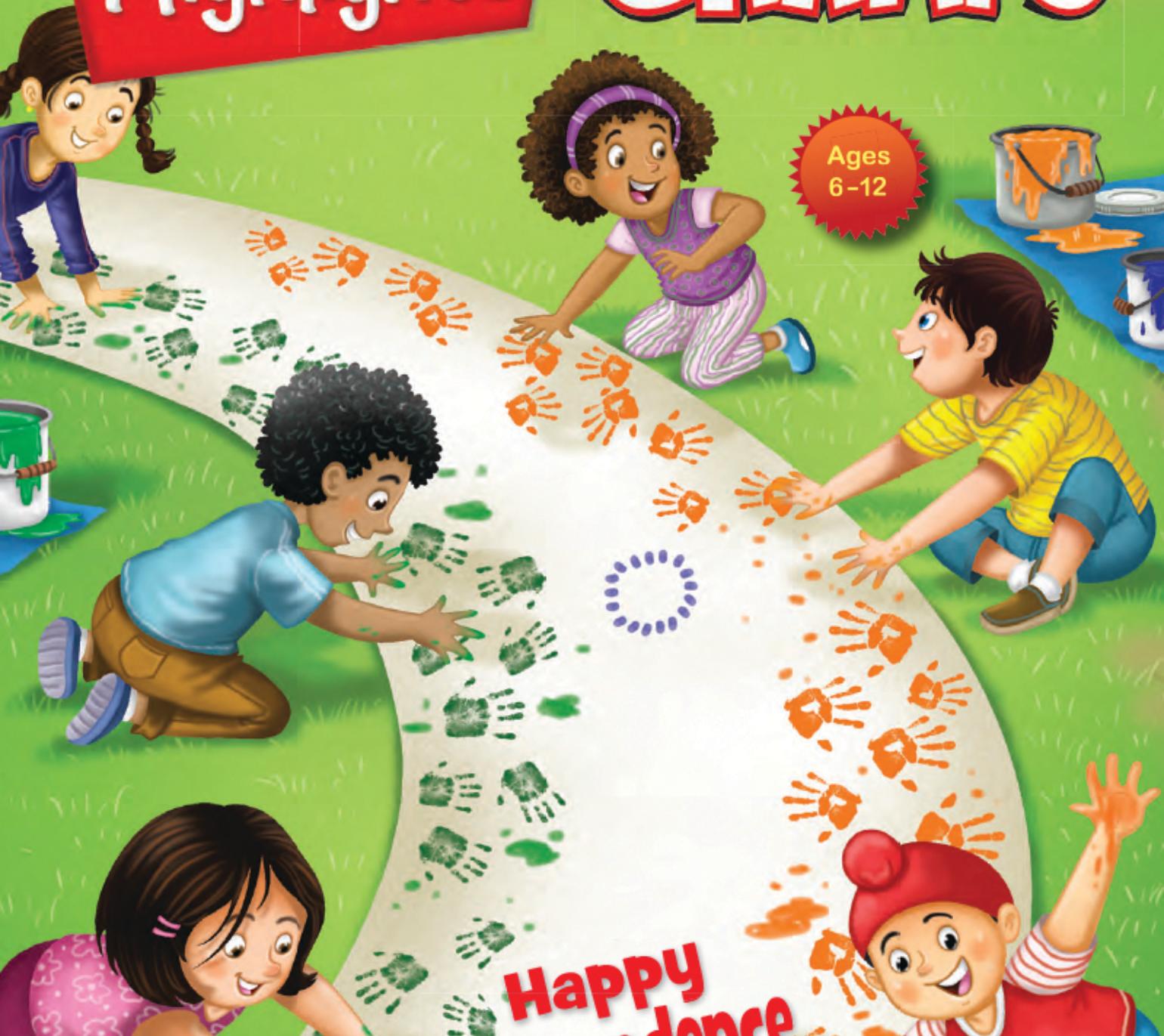


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Highlights

CHAMPS

Ages
6-12



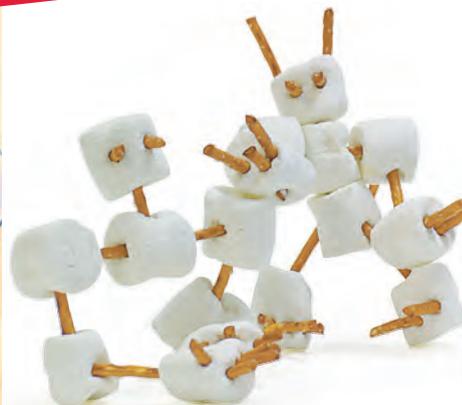
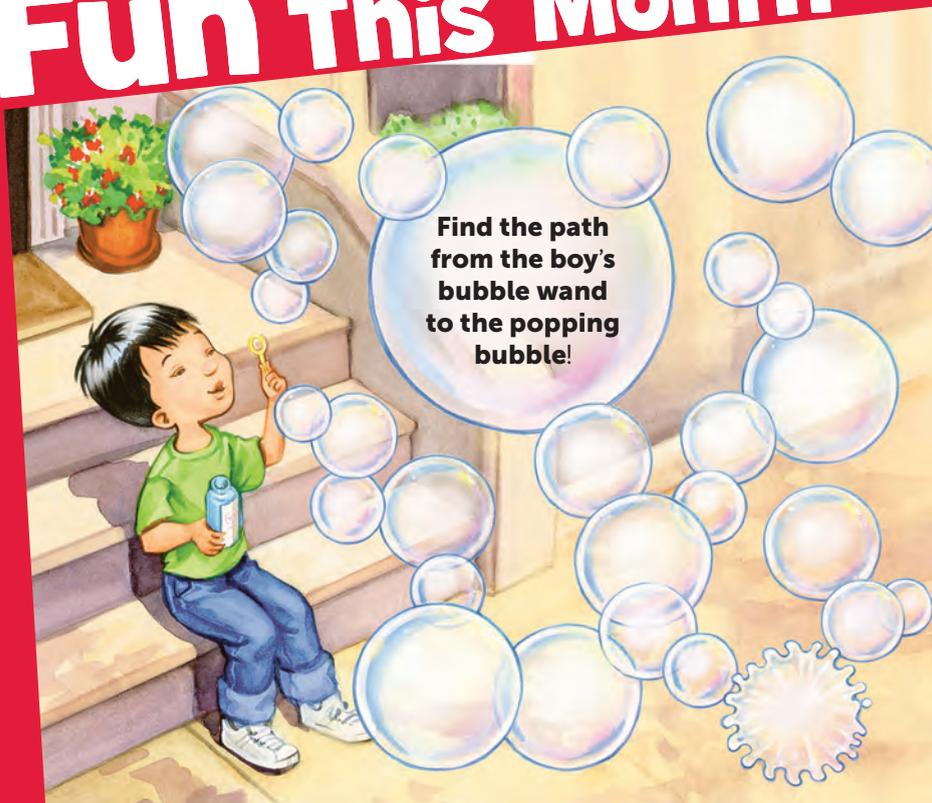
Happy
dance

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Fun This Month

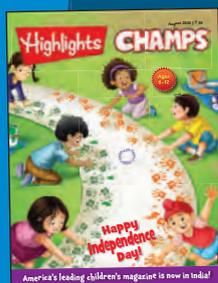
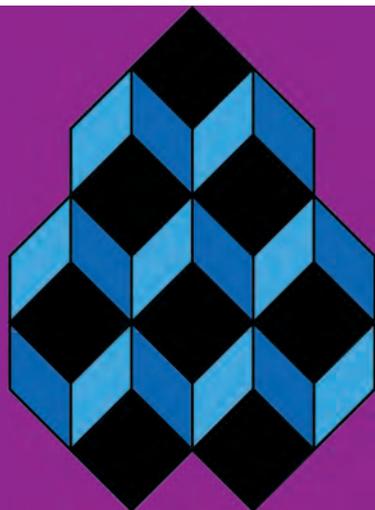


Things to Do on a Rainy Day

1. Make up a joke or riddle.
2. Build something with marshmallows and pretzel sticks.
3. Invent a board game.
4. Create your own comic book.
5. Put on your favorite music and dance.
6. Make a pillow fort.
7. Plan a treasure hunt at home.
8. Make sock puppets and put on a show.

Count the Cubes

How many cubes do you see? Your answer depends on how you look at the drawing.



Find the Pictures

Can you find each of these 8 pictures at another place in this magazine?



Tongue Twister

The crab crawled quickly.



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Think Green!

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 to be read anymore, please recycle it.

Dear Reader

By Richa Shah, Managing Editor
 editor.champs@delhipress.in

Reimagining Relationships

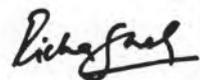
Relationships keep us alive. They make us laugh, cry, cringe, and, most importantly, they show what values are important to us. They also evolve.

Rakshabandhan is traditionally celebrated between a brother and sister: the sister ties a *rakhi* around the wrist of her brother who, in turn, gives his sister a gift and promises to protect her.

But today, this relationship is being reimagined. In “The Thread of Protection” (page 19), we asked how you celebrate this festival. Krish said though the celebration is usually between a brother and sister, he and his brother give *rakhis* to each other. Pramila said she and her older brothers also tie *rakhis* onto each other, as she also protects them, and they do a treasure hunt to find their gifts. Prisha ties a *rakhi* onto her mother, who is her protector.

Rakshabandhan has evolved to celebrate love and protection in any kind of relationship. So if you are like Lalita, who ties *rakhis* onto trees to protect Mollem’s forests in “Vriksha Bandhan” (pages 16–18), or like Pallavi, who wants to send e-*rakhis* to her teachers, imagine this relationship and do write to me about it. I would love to know.

Your friend,



This magazine of wholesome fun
 is dedicated to helping children grow in basic **skills** and **knowledge**,
 in **creativity**, in ability to **think** and **reason**,
 in **sensitivity** to others, in high **ideals** and worthy ways of living—
for children are the world’s most important people.

August

VOLUME 6 • ISSUE NO. 89

Dear Highlights,

Sometimes people laugh because I can't skip every other rung on the monkey bars.

—Rowan

Don't let mean kids discourage you, Rowan!

- 1 If you enjoy the monkey bars, keep playing on them.
- 2 Your skills and strength will improve with practice.
- 3 If kids laugh, try to ignore it. Or say "Hey, I'm just having fun."

Gooey.
Now is the perfect time for s'mores.



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A friendly monster.

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Having fun—and keeping cool.

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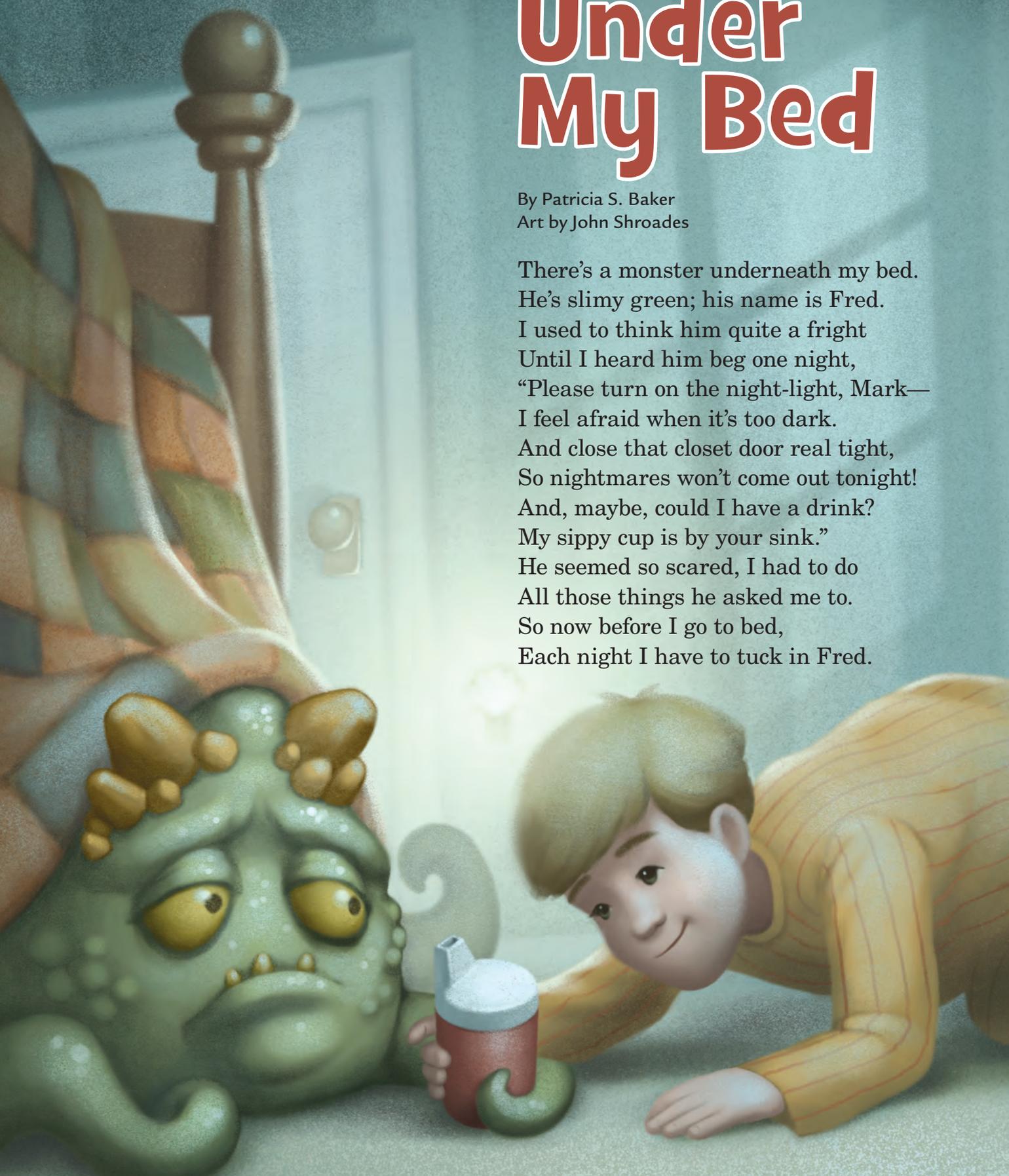
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Climb the tree house without waking the bats.

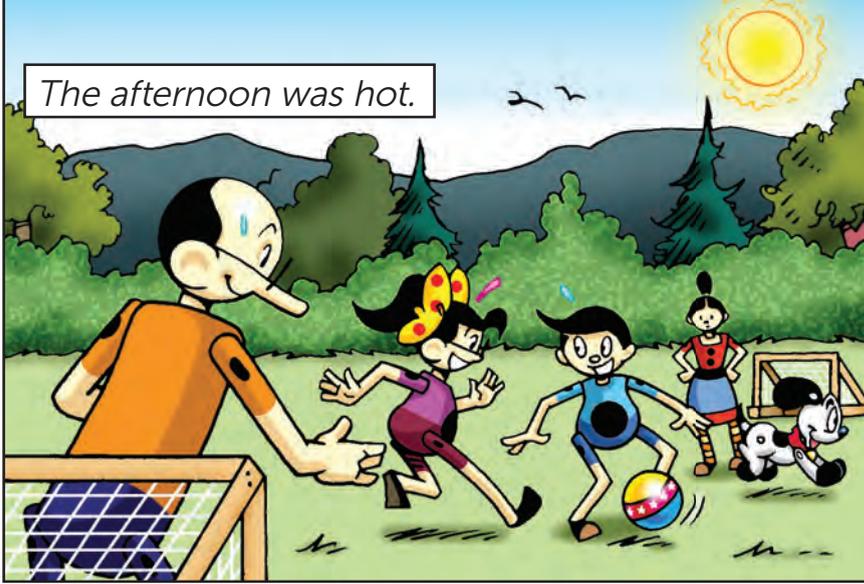
Under My Bed

By Patricia S. Baker
Art by John Shroades

There's a monster underneath my bed.
He's slimy green; his name is Fred.
I used to think him quite a fright
Until I heard him beg one night,
"Please turn on the night-light, Mark—
I feel afraid when it's too dark.
And close that closet door real tight,
So nightmares won't come out tonight!
And, maybe, could I have a drink?
My sippy cup is by your sink."
He seemed so scared, I had to do
All those things he asked me to.
So now before I go to bed,
Each night I have to tuck in Fred.



The afternoon was hot.



The Timbertoes

By Rich Wallace • Art by Ron Zalme

Let's take a swim.



But the game isn't over!

We'll take it with us.



They marched to the pond.



Mabel scored a goal.



Tommy scored one too.

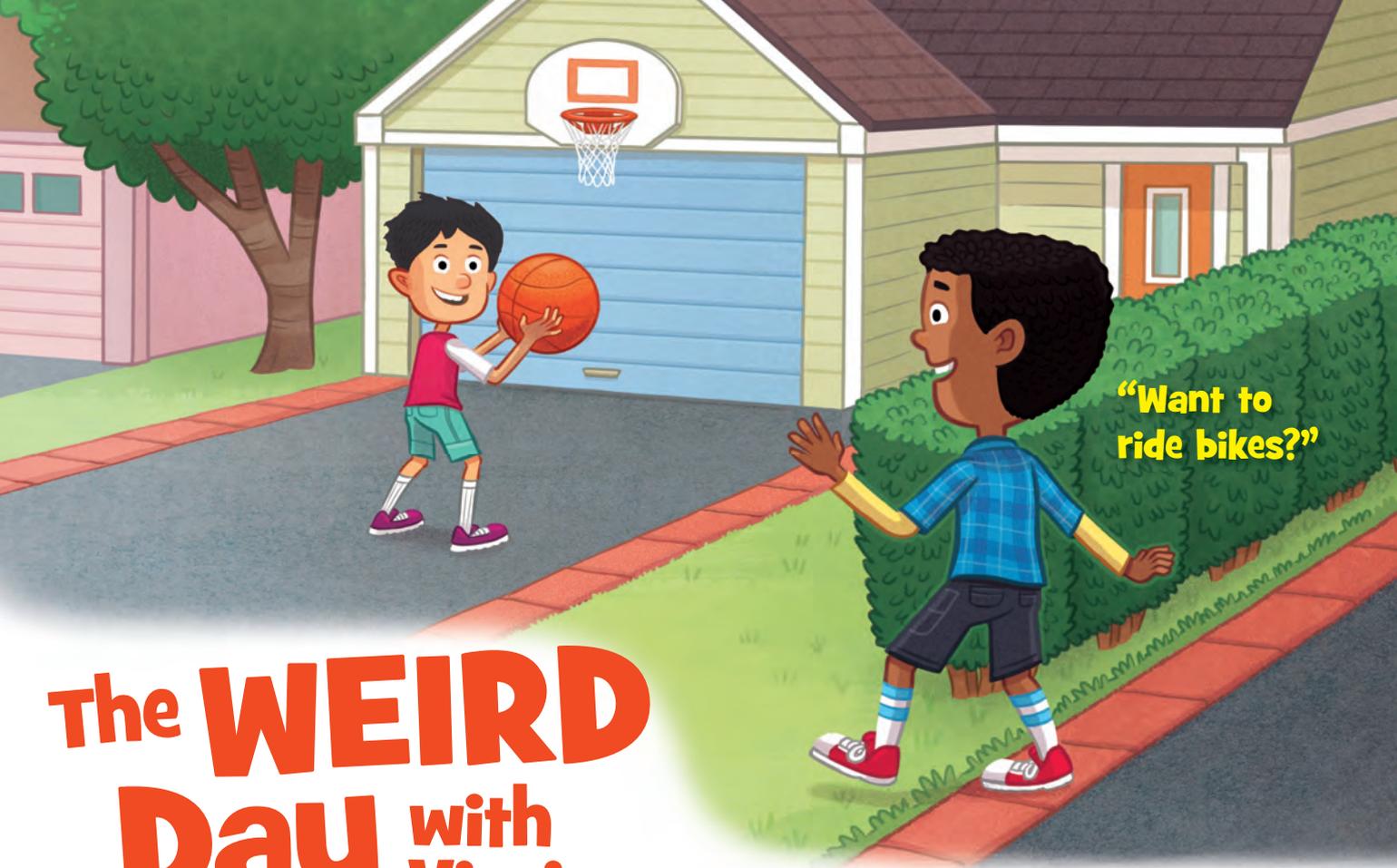


The family stayed cool in the water.



Even Spot joined the fun.





The WEIRD Day with Viraj

By M. Coutts • Art by Chris Jones

Yuvi watched as the moving van was unloaded next door. And then—yes! He saw bicycles and bunk beds. Maybe there'd be someone his age living there.

The following morning, Yuvi heard a basketball bouncing. He stuck his head around the hedge to investigate. "Hey," called Yuvi when he saw a boy his age.

The boy looked around and grinned at Yuvi. "Where'd you come from?"

"I live on this side of the hedge," said Yuvi. "Want to ride bikes?"

"Sure," said the boy. "I'll tell my mom and then meet you out front."

Yuvi went back to get his bike and rode up the sidewalk. The new boy was already waiting there, looking up the

street. "Ready to go?" Yuvi asked.

The boy looked surprised. "Go where?" he asked. He wasn't as friendly as he was a few minutes ago.

"Just a quick ride around the neighborhood," Yuvi said.

"What's your name?" asked the boy.

"Oh, sorry. My name's Yuvi." He pointed toward his house. "I live there."

The boy's smile returned. "I'm Viraj," he said. He turned to his mom, who was planting flowers. "Is it OK if I ride with Yuvi?"

"Sure," she said. "Be careful."

Yuvi led the way up the street to the library, around the school, and back down the block to his own house. "Want to come over for lunch?" he asked.

"Sure," said Viraj. "Do you know what you're having?"

Viraj changed his mind a lot.

“I’ll ask my dad if he can make grilled cheese,” said Yuvi.

“Great,” said Viraj. “I love grilled cheese. I’ll go check with my mom.”

Yuvi found his father in the laundry room. Dad said that company for lunch was fine, and he offered to make fruit salad to go with the sandwiches.

Yuvi ran over to Viraj’s house to tell him. His friend’s bike was parked by the front steps, but he was nowhere in sight. Then Yuvi heard bouncing again. He walked along the hedge to the backyard. “Hello?” he called.

Viraj waved. “What happened to you?” he asked.

“Sorry,” said Yuvi. “I had to find my dad. It’s OK for you to come over for lunch, and we’ll have grilled cheese.” Viraj didn’t look so happy about grilled cheese anymore. “And he’ll make fruit salad, too,” Yuvi added.

Viraj smiled. “I love fruit salad. I’ll go ask my mom and meet you in front.”

Yuvi
answered
the door.



Yuvi walked slowly along the hedge to the front yard, thinking that Viraj changed his mind a lot. But at least he was quick—he was already waiting on his front porch when Yuvi got there.

“It’s OK with my mom as long as I change my shirt first,” Viraj reported. “I’ll be over in a few minutes.”

Yuvi was in the kitchen taking plates out when the doorbell rang. He was about to say “Hi, Viraj” as he answered the door, but he stopped. On the step stood two identical boys, both with big smiles. Viraj and . . .

“Hi,” said one. “I never introduced myself. I’m Arjun.”

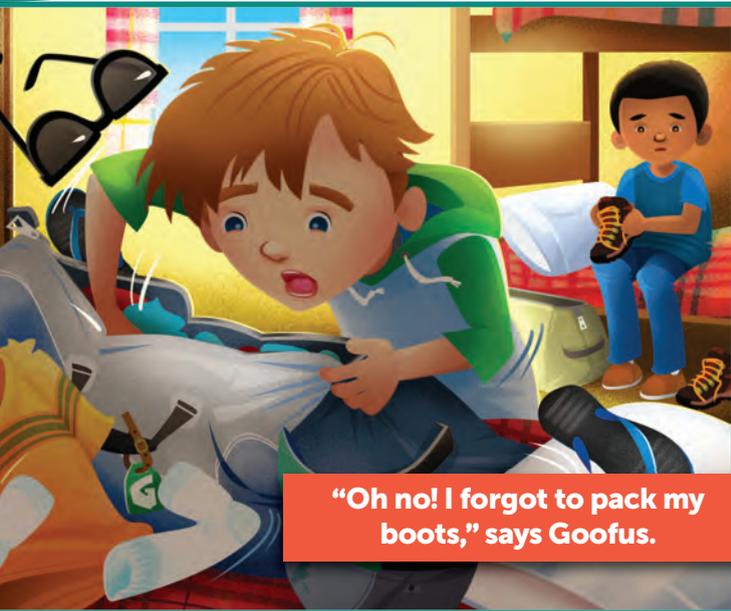
“Well, this explains a lot,” said Yuvi, laughing. Then he called, “Dad, could you please take out another plate?”

“Want to come
over for lunch?”



Goofus and Gallant

There's some of Goofus and Gallant in us all. When the Gallant shines through, we show our best self.



"Oh no! I forgot to pack my boots," says Goofus.



"That's everything I'll need except batteries," says Gallant.



"I wouldn't have given up my seat. You were here first," says Goofus.



"Here, take my seat. I don't mind standing," says Gallant.

YOUR Goofus and Gallant Moments



"I felt like Goofus when I snatched my brother's toy out of his hands."

Amalia, Age 8

"I felt like Gallant when I helped my friend find his lost stuffed animal."

Penn, Age 6



Tell us when you've felt like Goofus or Gallant! Write to

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A Clean Sweep

By Soumitra Kanungo

Sometimes in life we see things we find troubling, but we don't do anything about them. Pallavi Nagraj, a 12-year-old from Bengaluru, however, thinks differently: when she noticed a heap of garbage collecting near her house, she made an effort to get it cleaned up.

She says, "It was getting difficult to breathe—the heap of garbage was stinking. We all had a problem but no one wanted to find a solution."

It Is Not My Responsibility

There were no community disposal bins near Pallavi's house. Garbage trucks rarely came to collect the trash, and people would get tired of waiting and throw their waste into a pile that grew into a massive heap. Initially, Pallavi passed the pile quickly, covering her nose. "I saw many people who had a problem with the garbage being thrown out in the open," she says. "I didn't say anything to them. I thought someone as young as me could do nothing, as this is the responsibility of the city's municipality workers."

One day in school, Pallavi's teacher explained how important it is to keep our surroundings clean, as the filth can make people sick. While her teacher spoke, Pallavi was reminded of the garbage dump near her house. She understood her family was at risk because of it.

Conscious but Hesitant

Pallavi became more and more worried as the pile grew daily. "I noticed that people were throwing their garbage there because there were no bins and nobody came to collect the garbage regularly. If the garbage truck came every day, the garbage wouldn't collect and everyone would be protected from getting sick."

Pallavi found the solution, but she didn't know how to carry it out. She spoke to her teacher, who suggested she write to the municipal corporator, the person who deals with such problems. But Pallavi was hesitant. She says, "I was afraid to write the letter. What if he doesn't like what I wrote? What if he thinks I'm just a child?"

One Step at a Time

The teacher understood Pallavi's fear, so she helped Pallavi with the letter and then asked her to deliver it to the corporator.

The corporator was working at the Bruhat Bengaluru Mahanagara Palike office, which was close to Pallavi's house. She was still nervous, so she took one of her friends along. They went to the office but because they couldn't meet the corporator then, they had to give the letter to the security guard and ask him to deliver it for them.

A few days passed without any reply. Pallavi was



Pallavi Nagraj's efforts helped clear the garbage heap near her house.

discouraged. "I told my teacher that our efforts went to waste: nothing had changed," she says. "Garbage kept collecting near my house. My teacher suggested we go to the corporator's office again. This time, I went along with her."

Efforts Not Wasted

Luckily, this time Pallavi got to meet the corporator and share her problem. "He listened to me carefully and even apologized for not acting sooner. He promised that the problem would be resolved," she says proudly.

Pallavi now saw a garbage truck come every single day to collect trash from the nearby households, and the smelly heap soon disappeared.

Pallavi's teacher praised and applauded her for her effort in front of the class. Pallavi was happy that she'd made a difference. She says, "I still tell people to wait for the garbage truck to arrive and throw the garbage in the truck instead of the road. I explain to them why we should keep our surroundings clean."

Highlights Champs is proud to know this gallant kid.

A Cold Start

By Ken Crowell, Ph.D.

Stars shine because they are very hot. Yet they are born in space clouds that are very cold.

To make a star, a space cloud must collapse. But gases in a cloud push outward, which can keep it from collapsing.

The colder a cloud is, the weaker the outward push of its gases. That makes it more likely that the cloud will collapse and make a star.

The cloud looks black because its dust particles block light from stars in the distance.

Barnard 68, the space cloud shown here, is in our galaxy. It is more than 20 million times as far from us as the Sun.

Its temperature is -262°C . That's hundreds of degrees colder than the North Pole.

This dark bulge is where a smaller cloud is bumping the main cloud. The pressure may be enough to collapse them.

This space cloud is made of gases with some dust. Gravity holds the gaseous cloud together.

Banana-Notes

As most bananas ripen, their peels turn from green to yellow to brown. That's because of the way chemicals in them called enzymes (EN-zymes) interact with the air. If you cut the peel, it starts to brown almost immediately. Damaging the peel makes the enzyme actions happen more quickly.

With permission, use a toothpick to write on a

banana. Within minutes, the damaged part of the skin will darken. In time, the whole banana will rot because its protective peel was damaged. But you'll have eaten the banana long before then!

How do zippers work?

Caroline Imgrund
Age 11

Zippers work by meshing together two sets of hooks.

Each side of this simple machine has a lineup of identical “teeth” that are spaced the same distance apart. Each tooth is a tiny hook that can lock together with a tooth on the opposite side.

The key to getting the two sides together is the slider—the part of the zipper that moves up and down. The inside of the slider has little tunnels that form a Y shape. As you pull up the slider, each set of teeth feeds through a tunnel at the top of it. Inside the slider, the two sets of teeth are forced together. Their hooks interlock, and the “zipped” teeth come out the bottom tunnel.

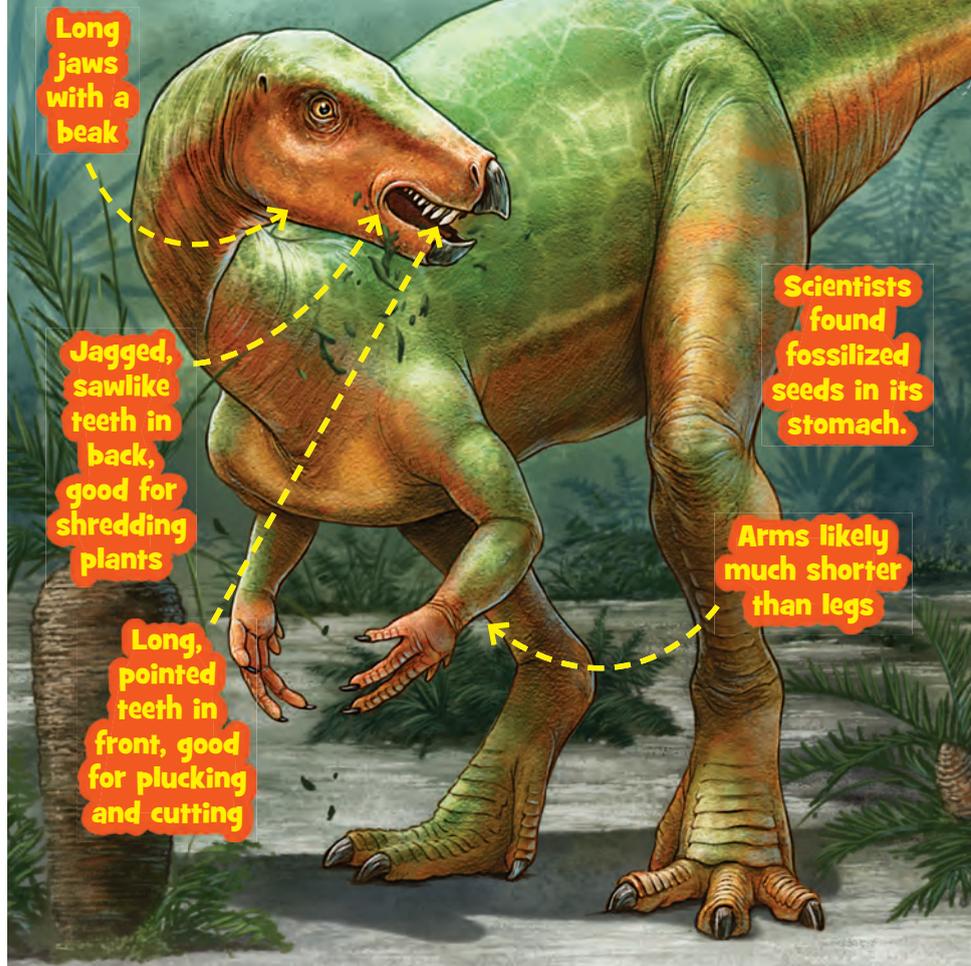
To unzip, you pull the slider down. The “pin” (a metal piece between the top two tunnels) pushes against the interlocked teeth and wedges them apart. Then the separated sets of teeth come out the top tunnels of the slider.

Isaberrysaura

By Dougal Dixon
Art by Robert Squier

ee-zah-BEH-ree-SAW-ruh
“Isabel Berry’s lizard” (named after the person who reported finding the fossil)

Scientists found a nearly complete fossil skull of *Isaberrysaura*, along with some fossil bones from the rest of its skeleton. The shape and arrangement of its skull bones show scientists that *Isaberrysaura* was likely an early member of the ornithomimid group.



WHERE:

Argentina



HOW LONG:

20 feet



WHAT IT ATE:

Seeds of cycad plants



WHEN:

170 million years ago



Picture Clues



ring



mushroom



golf club



butterfly



wedge of lemon



tack



ladle



toothbrush



comb



banana



sock



ruler



crescent moon



envelope



bowl



fishhook



hockey stick



carrot



balloon



sailboat

BONUS

Can you also find the pencil, heart, candy cane, and mug?

JOKES



“Knock, knock.”

“Who’s there?”

“Megan.”

“Megan who?”

“Megan end to this joke, please!”

Brandi Dennis

Astronaut #1: What is a space creature’s favorite dessert?

Astronaut #2: I don’t know. What?

Astronaut #1: Martian-mallows.
Maleni Garcia

Q: What is black, white, and blue?

A: A sad zebra.

Lekha Chawla

Zookeeper: Can anyone tell me how turtles communicate?

Visitor: On their shell phones?

Alani Nichols

Jeet: I really liked the ending to this bunny fairy tale.

Karan: So did I. They all lived happily ever after.

Heidi Braverman

Make us laugh!

Send a joke or riddle, along with your name, age, and address, to

Highlights CHAMPS

A-4, Shriram Industrial Estate, Wadala, Mumbai-400031, Maharashtra.

Mosquito Badminton

A Game for 2 Players

By Joyce Hemphill

1. Inflate a **balloon**.
2. Add antennae, a proboscis, a body, and legs made from **pipe cleaners**.
3. Tape on **chart paper** eyes.

TO PLAY: In an open area, place a **rope** or line of **masking tape** on the ground. Players stand on opposite sides of the line. Using **slippers**, players bat the mosquito back and forth across the line. When the mosquito hits the ground on one side, the other player scores a point. The first player to earn five points wins.



Vriksha Bandhan

By Lekshmi Gopinathan • Art by Sonal

The sound of the rumbling morning train had been Lalita's alarm clock for as long as she could remember. She could hear the sound of a slender loris sniffing in the forests, and could distinguish the call of the Malabar grey hornbill as it kickstarted its own day while the Dudhsagar falls roared in the distance.

Sitting up on her bed, she looked out her window into the faint morning light. The *pitter-patter* of raindrops on the roof

continued as a cool gust of wind hit Lalita's face. Rubbing her eyes, she glanced at the tall grandfather clock and smiled: today was her last day of online classes before the monsoon break.

The monsoons in Goa had been stronger than usual and Ms. Abha, her geography teacher, had been telling the class about climate change and how commercial projects were damaging forests not only in India, but all across the world.

Lalita was nine years old, and Mollem was her home. Her Papa and Amma had been born here and so had she. She loved school, painting, her dog, Toto, and the trees and animals that surrounded her family's house. The only thing she wished for was a sibling. Tomorrow, it would be another Rakshabandhan and her friends would be tying *rakhis* to their siblings. Last year, she'd tied one to Toto but he'd quickly chewed through the threads.

Sighing deeply, Lalita climbed out of bed. The whistle of the pressure cooker signaled that breakfast and lunch were on the stove. Hopping on one leg, she ran to the kitchen with Toto yapping at her heels. Two heads were huddled together at the table discussing something, and she could just grasp the words “forests,” “law,” “highway,” and “powerline” before they noticed Lalita.

“Lalli, you’re up! All ready for your last class of the season?” Amma smiled and pulled Lalita into an embrace, laughing.

“What were you two discussing, and why did you stop as soon as I arrived?” Lalita asked.

“Nothing, Lalli.” Amma laughed again. “So, what are you doing for Rakshabandhan tomorrow? Who are you going to protect?” Papa asked.

“I don’t want a *rakhi* this time. Toto keeps chewing them off.”

The rest of the day raced by furiously as Lalita attended her classes, took tests, and chatted with her friends. As the geography lesson was about to begin, she leaned back on her red cushioned chair and eagerly waited for Ms. Abha to start her class.

Everyone greeted Ms. Abha as she appeared on screen, and then she asked everyone to

settle down. Her usual warm smile was missing today.

“Children, I know this is your last class before you go on a two-week break. While I will be giving you a holiday project to work on, I would like to discuss something very important before we end the day.”

The surprised children immediately went silent as they stared back at their favorite teacher through their screens.

“Do all of you love the trees, animals, birds, amphibians, and butterflies that you see every day in Mollem?” Ms. Abha asked.

“I don’t want a *rakhi* this time. Toto keeps chewing them off.”

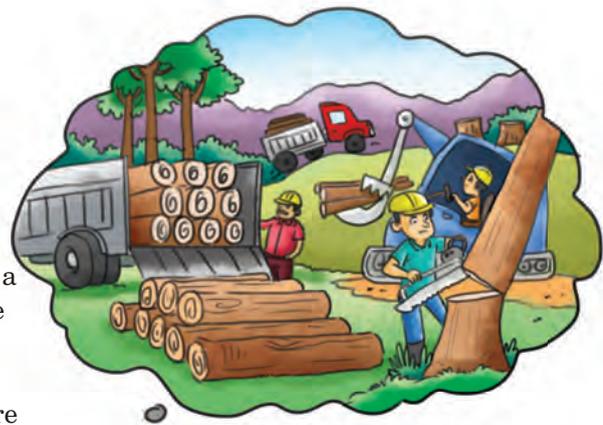
“Yes, ma’am!” they all cried together.

“Much of what surrounds us may be destroyed in the coming months,” Ms. Abha said. “Have any of the elders spoken to you about what may happen to Bhagwan Mahaveer Sanctuary and Mollem National Park?”

Mollem was the gateway to the beautiful, diverse, and protected land that housed thousands of species in this remote region in Goa.

“I heard Papa and Amma talk about something to do with a highway and forests this morning,” Lalita replied.

“You heard right, Lalita. There are three projects that the government has approved, including a highway expansion plan, a doubling of the Castle Rock-Madgaon railway track, and a huge power transmission



line. This could mean losing up to 170 hectares of our forest land. Can you children imagine that?” Ms. Abha lamented.

The children let out a huge gasp. They had been hearing about something happening at Mollem National Park, but weren’t sure why their parents were angry about it.

Ms. Abha explained that many people in Goa were protesting against the projects, and said their class was welcome to join in during the monsoon break, by making posters or going house-to-house to tell people that the forests needed to be saved.

Ms. Abha then bid everyone goodbye, and the children murmured amongst themselves about how they could help.

Lalita could see a Flame-throated bulbul—Goa’s state bird—perched on a tree outside her window. She decided to read more about the infrastructure projects.

While reading about them, Lalita fell asleep. She woke up with a start in the morning and



noticed Amma had placed a *rakhi* on her bedside table. Toto was snoring, sleeping peacefully at her feet. She could hear sounds of the jungle as usual, and now she had a plan to save Mollem.

Lalita picked up her *rakhi* and smiled. She knew who she was going to tie it to.

She sent messages to her

She had a plan to save Mollem.

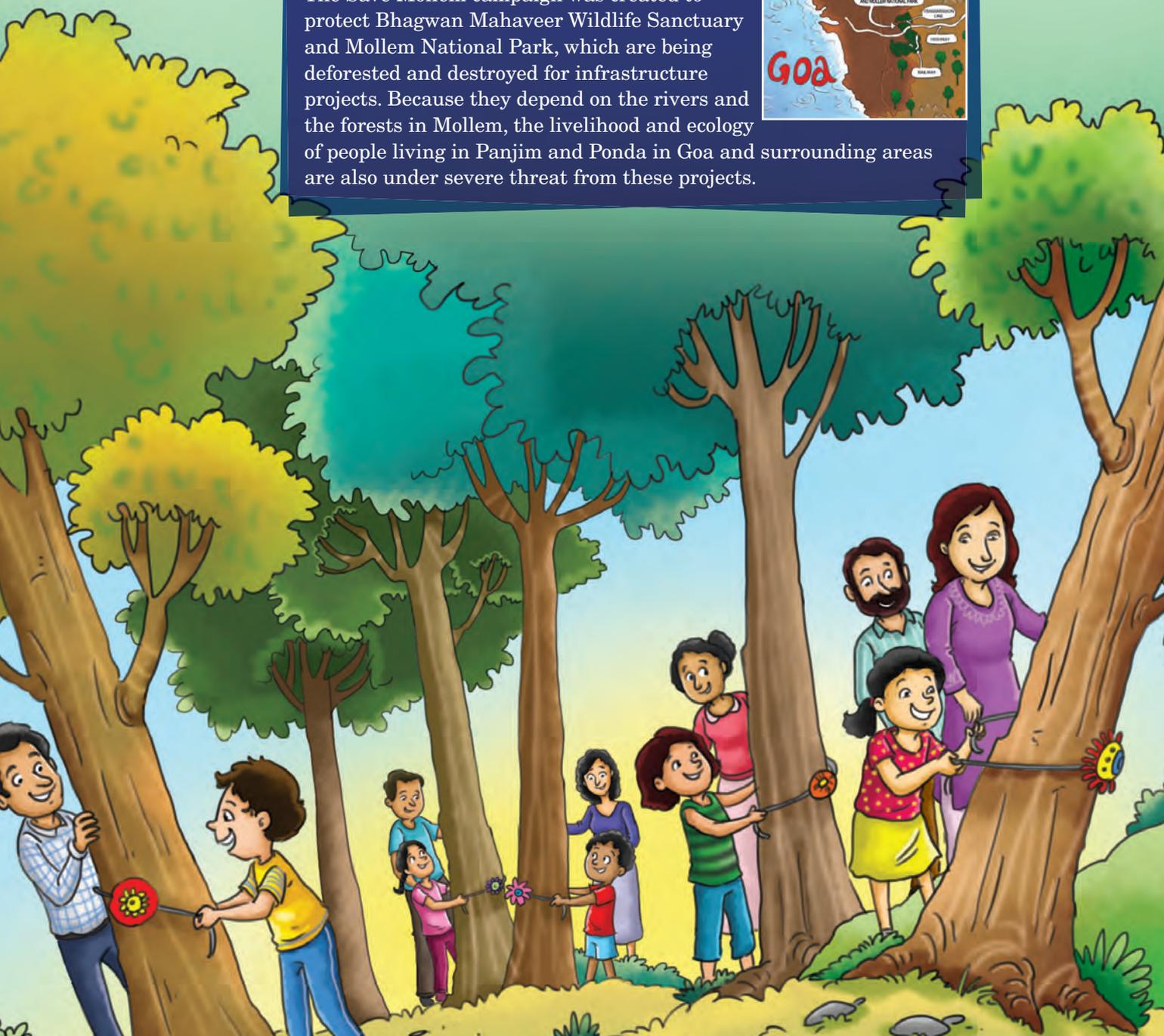
friends about her plan. As soon as the sun rose, phones beeped with her text and many of her friends asked their parents to be taken to the edge of the National Park. Very soon, a crowd of young children were seen

holding *rakhis* and looking at the trees that had been there for generations. One by one, each child tied a *rakhi* to a tree and promised to protect it.

“Happy *Vriksha Bandhan*, Mollem,” Lalli said, and smiled with her friends, the young supporters of the Save Mollem campaign. ©

About the Mollem Campaign

The Save Mollem campaign was created to protect Bhagwan Mahaveer Wildlife Sanctuary and Mollem National Park, which are being deforested and destroyed for infrastructure projects. Because they depend on the rivers and the forests in Mollem, the livelihood and ecology of people living in Panjim and Ponda in Goa and surrounding areas are also under severe threat from these projects.



The Thread of Protection



We asked our readers how they celebrate Rakshabandhan. Here's what they had to say...

“Many people say boys don't celebrate Rakshabandhan but me and my younger brother celebrate it. We started celebrating last year and it was fun. Mom gave us this idea to celebrate as we don't have any sisters. We tie *rakhis* to each other and eat a lot of sweets. Since we're at home during the lockdown, this year we plan on making *rakhis* with our toys.”

Krish Mathur, Age 10, Pune

“Rakshabandhan is a nice festival. I get ready early in the morning to tie *rakhis* to my brothers and they give me many nice gifts.”

Parvati Tatwade, Age 9, Indore

“I like Rakshabandhan because my sisters tie *rakhis* on my hand and I give them gifts. They feed me many sweets. We all celebrate this festival with our family and enjoy it a lot.”

Samartha Tatwade, Age 9, Indore

“I am celebrating this festival with my mom, who protects me every day from all harm. I made a *rakhi* for her and will tie it on that day.”

Prisha Seth, Age 9, Allahabad

“Rakshabandhan is my favorite festival as I get to tie *rakhis* to my three older brothers. I usually buy *rakhis* for them but this time I made them. They don't give me gifts or money but they cook my favorite food.”

Sapna Wadhwani, Age 11, New Delhi

“I will celebrate Rakshabandhan with my neighbor. Since we can't go outside and my cousins stay far away, I decided to tie a *rakhi* to my neighbor, who is also my friend.”

Hardik Kakkad, Age 12, Uttarakhand

“I celebrate Rakshabandhan with my brothers, and we all tie *rakhis* to each other. We started doing this because we protect each other in many ways. Even though they are older than me, I, too, protect them from harm. We usually hide each other's gifts in the house and have a treasure hunt.”

Pramila Singh, Age 12, Mumbai

“I am going to celebrate Rakshabandhan by sending *e-rakhis* to all my teachers, who I miss during this lockdown. I wish we could go to school.”

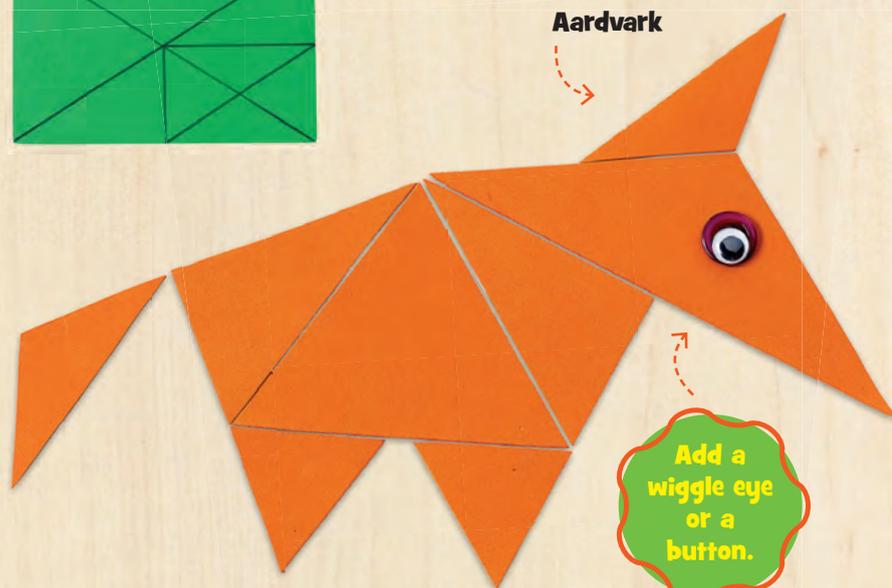
Pallavi Ghosh, Age 8, Kolkata



Tricky Triangles

By Carmen Spiller

1. Using a **pencil** and **ruler**, draw the lines shown below on a sheet of **craft foam**.
2. Cut out the triangles.



Aardvark



Add a wiggle eye or a button.

Cat



TO PLAY: On paper, arrange the triangles to create a shape. Trace its outline. Give the outline and triangles to a friend. Challenge him or her to create the same shape. Take turns challenging each other.

Share Your Shapes!

Did you make a cool shape with your triangles? Trace its outline onto paper and send it to highlightschamps@delhipress.in. Include your name, age, and complete address.

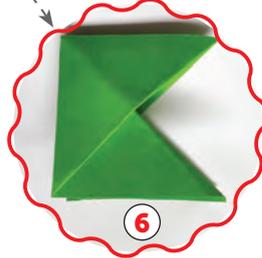
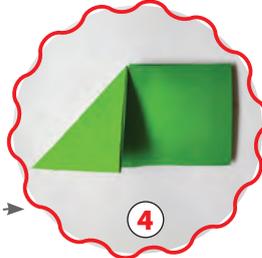
Highlights CHAMPS

A-4, Shriram Industrial Estate,
Wadala, Mumbai-400031,
Maharashtra
For queries, email:
highlightschamps@delhipress.in

Independence Day Paper Art

By Palak Shah

1. Using **scissors**, cut **white**, **green**, and **orange chart papers** into squares measuring 10 cm.
2. Fold each square in half, forming a rectangle.
3. On one side of the rectangle, fold both corners inwards.
4. Turn it over and fold the folded side of the rectangle to the bottom edge.
5. Hold the inverted triangle, as shown, and bring the two wings together gently.
6. You will get an M-shaped piece. Repeat steps 1 to 5 to make many 12 pieces of each color.
7. To make a chain, insert each piece into another. Secure them by folding a loose flap into the other piece.
8. Attach many pieces together to form a circle. You can rotate the pieces to make interesting patterns.



CRAFT CHALLENGE! Make a picnic scene using paper, paint, and cotton balls.

Paint-Popper Art

By Elizabeth Pagel-Hogan

1. Cut a **short cardboard tube** in half.
2. Tie a knot in a **balloon** (with no air in it). Cut off the balloon's top.
3. Slide the balloon over the tube. Secure it with **tape**.

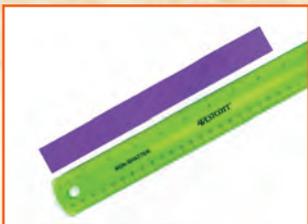
To Use: Squeeze **paint** into the tube. While holding the tube, aim at a sheet of **paper** and pull back on the knotted end of the balloon. Release. Repeat with different colors.



This activity gets messy! Use the paint popper outside on a covered surface.

Make Your Own Coach Whistle

Craft a noisemaker from tape and lids.



1. Cut out a 1-inch-by-9-inch strip of **chart paper**.



2. Cover both sides with **colorful tape**. Cut a U shape in one end.



3. Use tape or a **low-temperature glue gun** to secure a **lid** to either side of the opposite end.



4. Roll the lids along the strip while taping or gluing until only a 1/4-inch-wide gap is left.

Ask an adult for help with anything sharp or hot.

Trill Tips

Hold the whistle and blow steadily into the mouthpiece. Move the whistle up and down to find the best angle for whistling.



5. Sharply fold the strip back.



6. Fold the strip forward so that the U partially covers the far side of the gap.



7. Tape the edges of the strip. Cut off the folded end.



8. Glue on a **bead**. Add a **wool** hanger through the bead.



A TRUE PATRIOT

By Kumud Kumar • Art by Sonal

Aunt Sheena and Mini were neighbors. One morning when Aunt Sheena saw Mini carrying an Indian flag to Azad Park, she was curious and inquired, “Why are you carrying the flag, Mini?”

“Aunt Sheena, our flag is a symbol of our patriotism and I am carrying it to show that I am patriotic,” replied Mini.

“Oh—that is wonderful!” Aunt Sheena said, encouraging her.

“Can you suggest what else I can do to become a patriot? Our freedom fighters Subhash Chandra Bose, Sardar Bhagat Singh, and Chandrashekhar Azad fought the British and became known as patriots. I don’t know whom I should fight

to be called a patriot,” said Mini.

Aunt Sheena smiled at Mini’s innocence. “Mini, you don’t have to fight anyone to be patriotic. You can show your love for your country in other ways.”

“What can I do so my name can go on the list of our country’s patriots?” asked Mini.

“Well, you could help the poor and the vulnerable or assist the elderly,” began Aunt Sheena.

“Or you could help save the environment by planting more trees, or teach poor children for free. This way, you can serve your country and be called a patriot.”

Aunt Sheena’s words had a huge impact on Mini. She instantly thought of the poor

family that lived close to her house. Mini always saw the daughter, Parul, engaged in household work and never saw her play in the park. She always wondered who helped Parul with her studies; she knew Parul’s parents weren’t educated.

Mini decided she would tutor Parul, and a few days later she went to her house.

“I don’t know whom I should fight to be called a patriot.”

“Hello, aunty,” Mini greeted Parul’s mother. “I live in the neighboring society, and my name is Mini. Is it okay if I come

in? I wanted to speak to you.”

Once Mini was inside, she said, “Aunty, I noticed Parul is always busy with housework. Does she get enough time to study? I am willing to help her if she needs it.”

“You are so kind, Mini. But Parul doesn’t like studying. She helps me with the household chores and sometimes helps her father at the shop,” Parul’s mother responded.

“But, aunty, she is my age. Shouldn’t she be studying?” asked Mini.

“Parul’s father sells paper bags made from discarded paper at his shop, and he barely makes any money. Parul helps her father after school, as he has to go to the market to try to sell more. When Parul comes home, she helps me with the chores and also makes more paper bags for the next day. She has very little time to study,” Parul’s mother explained.

“I understand, aunty. But this could be the reason she doesn’t like studying. If she studies, she will be able to do a lot more when she grows up. If you don’t mind, can I teach her on holidays?” asked Mini.

Parul’s mother sighed and smiled. “I appreciate your concern for Parul. I’ll let you tutor her on holidays,” she said.

Soon after Mini began her tutoring sessions, Parul started enjoying learning new things, and she understood the subjects better. Earlier, Parul had found math to be one of the toughest subjects, but now it was her favorite after Mini carefully explained the concepts.

A little help from Mini had

cultivated Parul’s interest in studies, and soon she started studying on her own whenever she had time. She even studied during her spare time in her father’s shop. Gradually, her confidence grew and she began answering questions in class. Her grades improved, which drew the attention of her principal, Ms. Saloni.

“Parul, you have been working very hard. How did you manage all this?” asked Ms. Saloni.



“Ma’am, my friend and teacher, Mini, has been helping me for some time now. She teaches me for free. After they saw how I improved, many other families have asked Mini to teach their kids. Her parents, too, gave all of us notebooks and pencils. They even celebrate our birthdays,” replied Parul.

Ms. Saloni was quite happy to hear this.

That year, Parul was first in her class. She also won the Lala Dhaniraam Award and ₹5,000 for her performance on her final exams. Parul’s parents were happy, and wanted to let her study further. They started

paying more attention to her education.

On the morning of Independence Day, Ms. Saloni visited Mini’s house and after getting permission from her parents, she took Mini to Ms. Saloni’s own school.

The school was decorated beautifully for the occasion. “Ma’am, isn’t this the same government school that Parul and her friends attend?” asked Mini.

“Yes, Mini, and we will all celebrate Independence Day here today,” replied Ms. Saloni.

As they entered the school, the head girl, who was also hosting the program, said to the gathered students, “Friends, let us all extend a warm welcome to our guests, and a very special welcome to our chief guest, Mini. She will be hoisting the flag here today.”

Mini was taken aback. Ms. Saloni said, “Yes, Mini. You will be hoisting the flag today.”

Mini could not understand why she was being given so much respect.





As she hoisted the flag, the whole school chanted, “*Jai Hind!*” This was followed by the national anthem and a few cultural programs. Mini was seated alongside Ms. Saloni. At the end of the program, Ms. Saloni was invited on the stage to give a speech.

“Children, today we celebrate our Independence Day, honoring our great freedom fighters, but I

am pleased to tell you that there are still some patriots among us who are serving our country without any expectation of a reward. We have one such patriot among us today. Mini has been serving our country selflessly in her own special way. It is our duty to honor such patriots and

give her the respect that she truly deserves,” she said.

Then Ms. Saloni explained how Mini had been teaching poor children in her spare time. She mentioned that Mini was fighting a war against illiteracy and poverty and brightening up the lives of children like Parul.

Mini was emotional.

The entire school applauded Mini for her service to her country. This brought tears to Mini’s eyes—her dream of becoming a patriot had finally come true. 🇮🇳



A T-Shirt for Bina

By Teresa A. DiNicola

Malvika is at the beach with her best friend's family. She wants to buy her sister, Bina, a souvenir T-shirt. Use the clues to figure out which T-shirt Malvika should choose for Bina.

BINA LIKES:

The color blue
Words but not pictures
Short sleeves

BINA DOESN'T LIKE:

Zigzag lines
Horizontal stripes
The color orange



Answer on page 38.

Check... and Double Check

Compare these two pictures. Can you find at least 18 differences?



*A Study in Butter—the
Dreaming Iolanthe*



The Butter Artist

**When money was
tight, a farmer made
her butter stand out.**

By Anne Renaud

In 1867, Caroline Shawk Brooks and her husband, Samuel, had a farm in Arkansas. Life on the farm was not easy. From sunrise to sunset, Caroline and Samuel milked cows, gardened, and picked cotton. This left Caroline no time for her dream of becoming an artist. Time was not the only problem. Money was a worry too. The cotton crops were failing. What could Caroline and Samuel do?

Cream of the Crop

Caroline decided to make butter from their cows' milk and sell it at market. But other farms also made and sold butter. How would Caroline's butter stand out from the rest?

This is where Caroline's artistic talent came in. To draw attention to her butter, she began making small butter sculptures. She used many different tools, such as butter paddles, broom straws, and cedar sticks.

Caroline had a simple system to keep the sculptures from melting as she formed them. She put the butter in a shallow tin pan, which sat in a larger tin pan filled with ice.

Caroline's butter sculptures were a hit. Before long, she was displaying them at fairs and exhibitions.

One of her largest butter sculptures was a life-size statue called *A Study in Butter—the Dreaming Iolanthe*. It was transported all the way to Paris for the 1878 world’s fair.

Nothing Better than Butter

Caroline also made sculptures using marble. She eventually opened a studio in New York City where she created many marble portraits. Some of these sculptures were shown at the 1893 world’s fair in Chicago.

But Caroline never stopped making butter art. She considered butter a superior material to work with. At the 1893 fair, she also displayed her butter techniques with a sculpture of Christopher Columbus. (The 400th anniversary of Columbus’s arrival in the New World was celebrated at that fair.)

Caroline Shawk Brooks died in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1913. She is remembered as the first known American butter sculptor. 🍮

Caroline poses with her sculpture of Christopher Columbus.



Sacred Butter Art

For many centuries, Buddhist monks in Tibet have used yak butter to create beautiful sculptures. The butter is mixed with flour (which helps it hold up longer) and coloring. The monks work inside cold rooms to keep the butter from melting. They then place the sculptures in temples as offerings. After a few weeks on display, the sculptures are fed to birds or other animals.

Poppy's Copies

By Madeline Cohen

Poppy Okapi had a sale at her photocopy business. Copies cost 10 cents per sheet of paper. How much did each of today's customers pay?

1. Myna Byrd made 33 copies of her short poem "Byrds of a Feather" to give to friends.
2. Don Key made 40 copies of a flyer for the community-theater production of *Home of the Bray*.
3. Al Paca made 2 dozen copies of his flyer for the annual neighborhood yard sale.
4. Bob Catt made 3 copies of his 16-page book *Catt Tales*.

Answers on page 38.



BONUS!

One pack of paper has 100 sheets. If Poppy started the day with 2 packs of paper, how many sheets did she have left after the day's sales?

Sleeping Bag



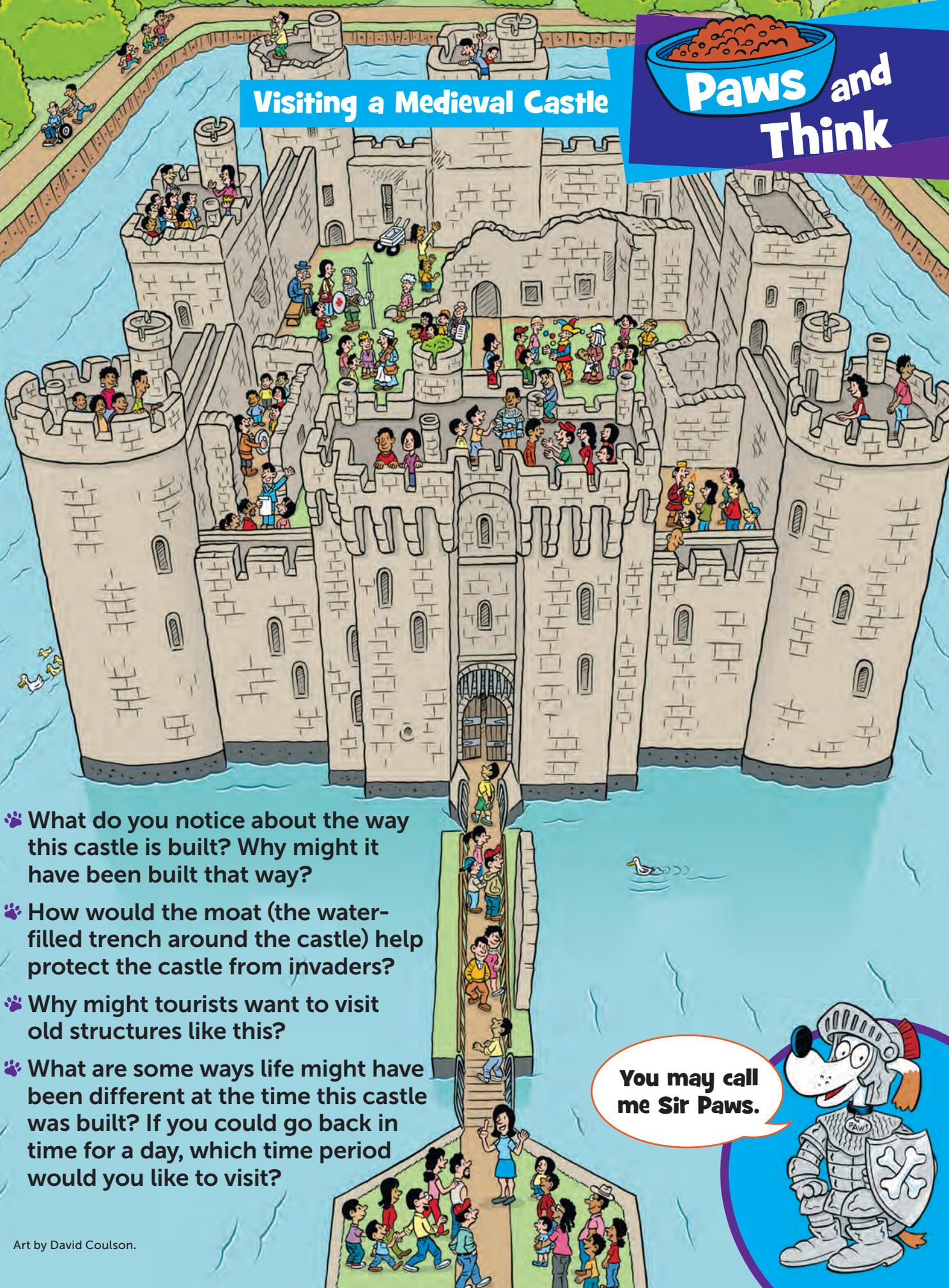
Unroll,
unzip,
sit down,
then flip
the top
to zip
up tight.

Then slip
down in
up to
your chin.
Get snug
within.
Good night!

—Cindy Breedlove

Visiting a Medieval Castle

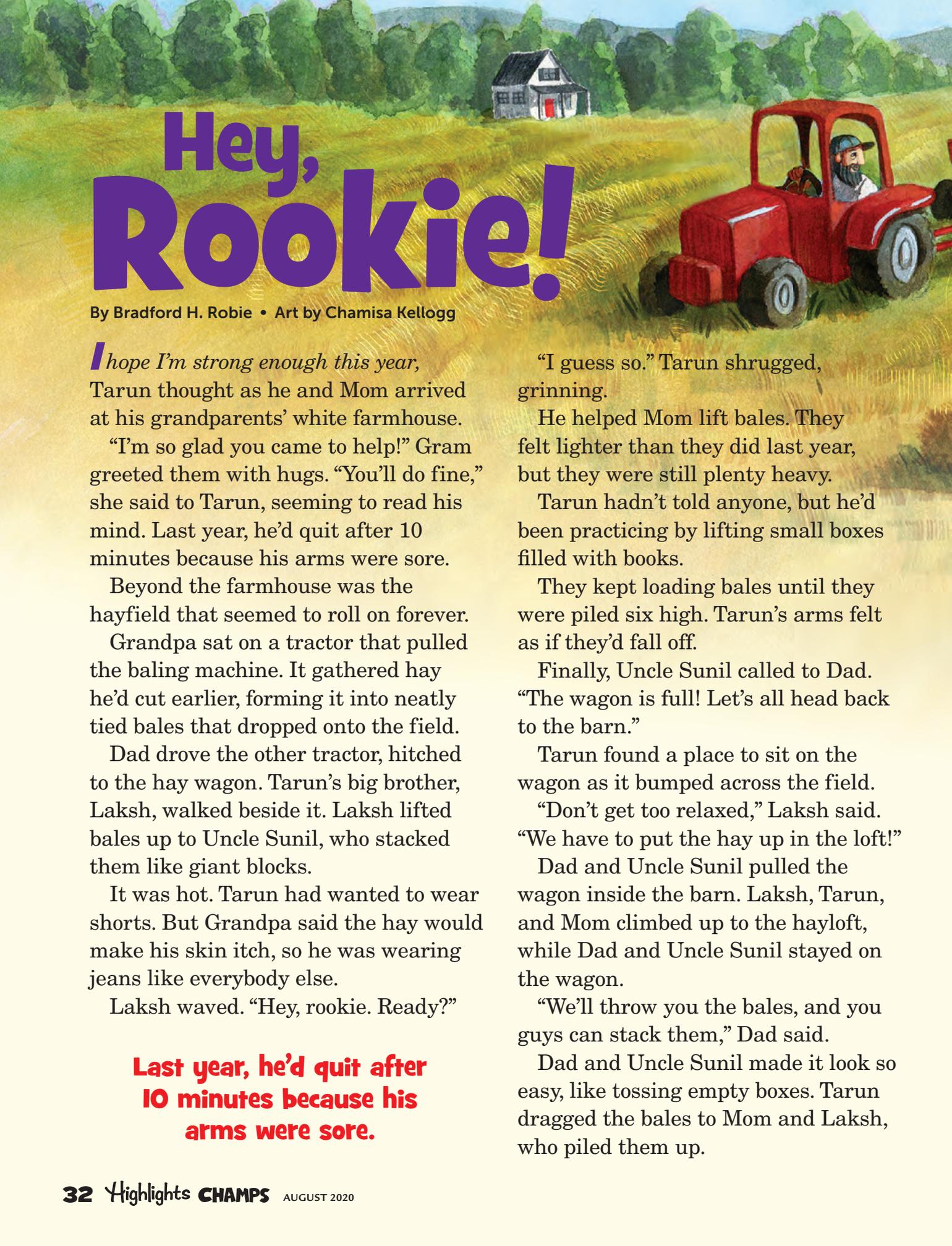
Paws and Think



- 🐾 What do you notice about the way this castle is built? Why might it have been built that way?
- 🐾 How would the moat (the water-filled trench around the castle) help protect the castle from invaders?
- 🐾 Why might tourists want to visit old structures like this?
- 🐾 What are some ways life might have been different at the time this castle was built? If you could go back in time for a day, which time period would you like to visit?

You may call me Sir Paws.





Hey, Rookie!

By Bradford H. Robie • Art by Chamisa Kellogg

I hope I'm strong enough this year, Tarun thought as he and Mom arrived at his grandparents' white farmhouse.

"I'm so glad you came to help!" Gram greeted them with hugs. "You'll do fine," she said to Tarun, seeming to read his mind. Last year, he'd quit after 10 minutes because his arms were sore.

Beyond the farmhouse was the hayfield that seemed to roll on forever.

Grandpa sat on a tractor that pulled the baling machine. It gathered hay he'd cut earlier, forming it into neatly tied bales that dropped onto the field.

Dad drove the other tractor, hitched to the hay wagon. Tarun's big brother, Laksh, walked beside it. Laksh lifted bales up to Uncle Sunil, who stacked them like giant blocks.

It was hot. Tarun had wanted to wear shorts. But Grandpa said the hay would make his skin itch, so he was wearing jeans like everybody else.

Laksh waved. "Hey, rookie. Ready?"

**Last year, he'd quit after
10 minutes because his
arms were sore.**

"I guess so." Tarun shrugged, grinning.

He helped Mom lift bales. They felt lighter than they did last year, but they were still plenty heavy.

Tarun hadn't told anyone, but he'd been practicing by lifting small boxes filled with books.

They kept loading bales until they were piled six high. Tarun's arms felt as if they'd fall off.

Finally, Uncle Sunil called to Dad. "The wagon is full! Let's all head back to the barn."

Tarun found a place to sit on the wagon as it bumped across the field.

"Don't get too relaxed," Laksh said. "We have to put the hay up in the loft!"

Dad and Uncle Sunil pulled the wagon inside the barn. Laksh, Tarun, and Mom climbed up to the hayloft, while Dad and Uncle Sunil stayed on the wagon.

"We'll throw you the bales, and you guys can stack them," Dad said.

Dad and Uncle Sunil made it look so easy, like tossing empty boxes. Tarun dragged the bales to Mom and Laksh, who piled them up.



Tarun's arms were getting sorer by the minute. His stomach muscles hurt too. It felt as if he'd been doing sit-ups all day. Sweat dripped from his nose and chin. Even Laksh looked tired.

Tarun thought of all the years his family had hayed this field. This year, he was part of it.

Gram entered the barn with water for everyone. "Want to come to the house and rest?" she called up to Tarun.

Should I say yes? Tarun thought. It would be so easy. Then he noticed a calendar pinned to the barn door. It made him think of all the years his family had hayed this field. This year, he was part of it.

"No thanks, Gram," Tarun said. He caught Laksh looking at him.

Finally, Uncle Sunil shouted, "I can

The bales felt lighter than last year, but they were still plenty heavy.

see the boards!" That meant he could see the bottom of the wagon. In another minute, all the hay had been stuffed neatly away.

"That's it!" Dad said, and they all climbed down and headed to the house.

"Good job today," Grandpa said.

"Guess I can't call you rookie anymore," Laksh said, nudging Tarun.

Gram sliced up a pan of brownies and gave Tarun a giant square.

"So that's the secret to your strength," Uncle Sunil teased. Tarun grinned as he dug into the chewy treat.

"I bet we put away 250 bales today," Dad said.

To Tarun, it had seemed like a thousand, but he didn't care. He was no longer a rookie. 🍪

Your Own Pages

Dogs

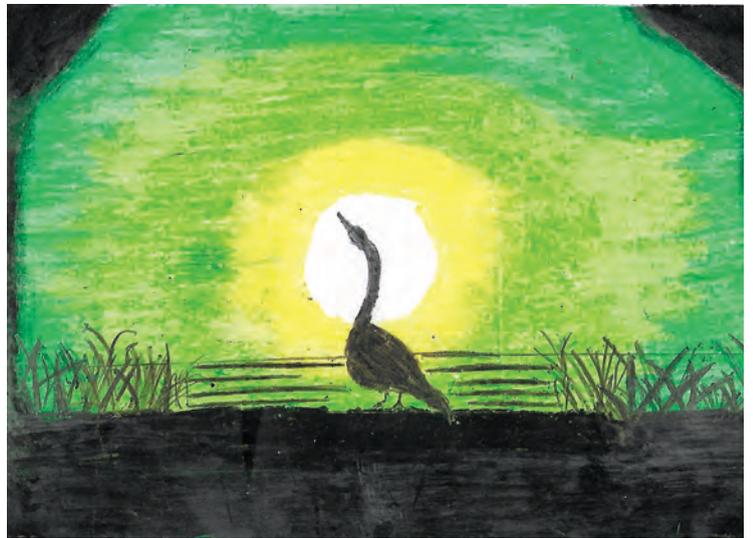
Woof, woof, yap, yap.

Dogs lick your face and
sit in your lap.

Dogs, dogs, big and small.

Dogs, dogs are the cutest of all.

Elise Devitt, Age 8



Hussaina, Age 13

The Cool August Breeze

The cool August breeze,
I feel it down to my knees.

I think, *School will start soon,*
as I sit under a bright full moon.

I think of the twinkling stars
as bright-colored cars

go to and from the school.

Now, people are often thinking,
The weather's cool.

I know in the early morning,
birds will come soaring

and come back in the spring.

And as they go, I'll hear them sing.

Hannah Springer, Age 9



Adya Yadav, Age 10

Bikes

Bikes are very cool.

You ride them to school.

Bikes are so fun to ride.

Come on, ride outside!

Samantha Preston, Age 6

Touchdown!

Warming up on the sidelines,
butterflies dance in my stomach.

Coach puts me in at the last minute.

The football whizzes toward me
in a perfect spiral.

It will be hard to catch the ball
with such sweaty palms.

My eyes focus in on the football.
I catch it, and take off!

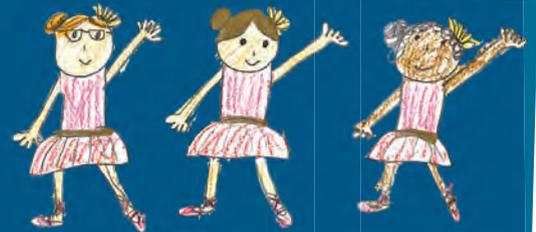
Juking out my opponents,
my teammates and coach scream,

"Go, Speedy!"

I'm at the 20, 10 . . .
and TOUCHDOWN!!!

We're going to the finals!

Dalton Lee, Age 8



Dancing

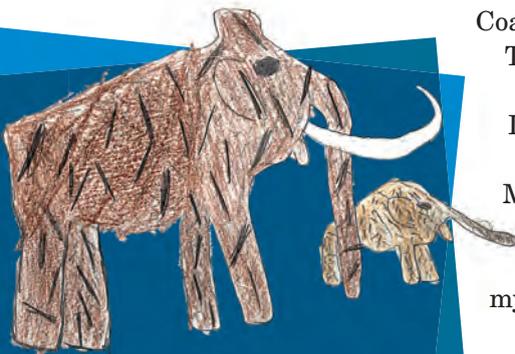
**I spin and I leap,
I fly through the air.**

**I will practice and practice,
and I will prepare.**

**A big show is coming,
they will observe my dance.**

**I want to learn more,
this is my chance.**

Caroline Dragan, Age 7



Kosei Wisenbaker, Age 7



Pet Bunny

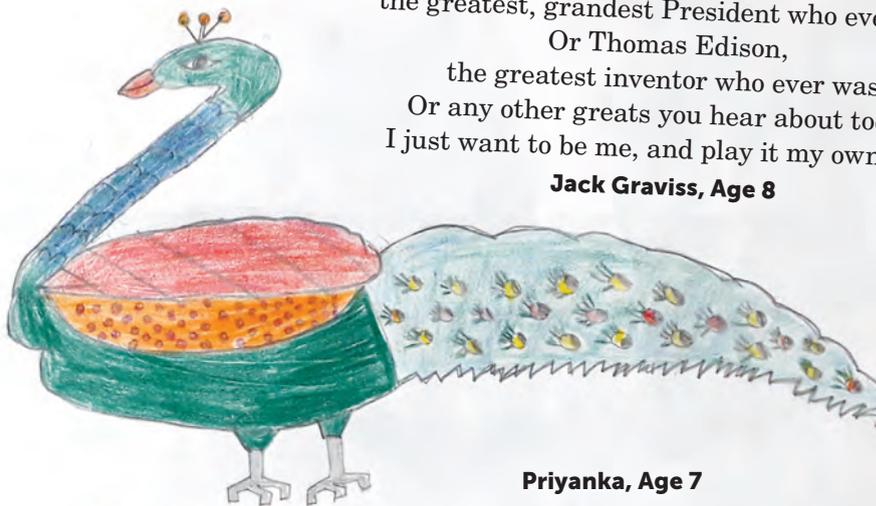
If I had a pet bunny,
it would be quite fluffy.
I would name it Clown
if it was brown.
I would name it Clay
if it was gray.
I would name it Mack
if it was black.
And if it was white?
I'd name it Fluffernutter!

Maya Hase, Age 9

Solo

Swallow your nervousness,
Erase your fear,
Make that anxiety disappear.
This is your moment,
No turning back,
Time to make the whole
audience clap.

Audrey Crocco, Age 13



Priyanka, Age 7

Oh, my flower,
my sweet, little flower.
Oh so pretty and bright,
thanks to the sunlight!

Gwenyth Harwood, Age 6



Ayushman Singh, Age 10

I wish to be me,
just the way I am.
I don't need
to be the best at everything.
I don't want to be Theodore Roosevelt,
the greatest, grandest President who ever was.
Or Thomas Edison,
the greatest inventor who ever was.
Or any other greats you hear about today.
I just want to be me, and play it my own way.

Jack Graviss, Age 8



Vanya Kothiyal, Age 8

Cars

Awesome cars, both fast and slow,
driving really high and low.
When they zoom past, I shout
"Hooray!"
Will they lose?
Well, not today.

Caleb Rich, Age 9



Theertha Sudeep, Age 7

Share Your Creative Work

We'd love to see it!
Art must be on unlined paper.
Poems must have fewer than
75 words. All submissions
must be created by you.

Include your name, age,
and address. Mail to

Highlights CHAMPS

A-4, Shriram Industrial Estate,
Wadala, Mumbai-400031,
Maharashtra

We cannot
return your
work, so you
might want to
keep a copy.

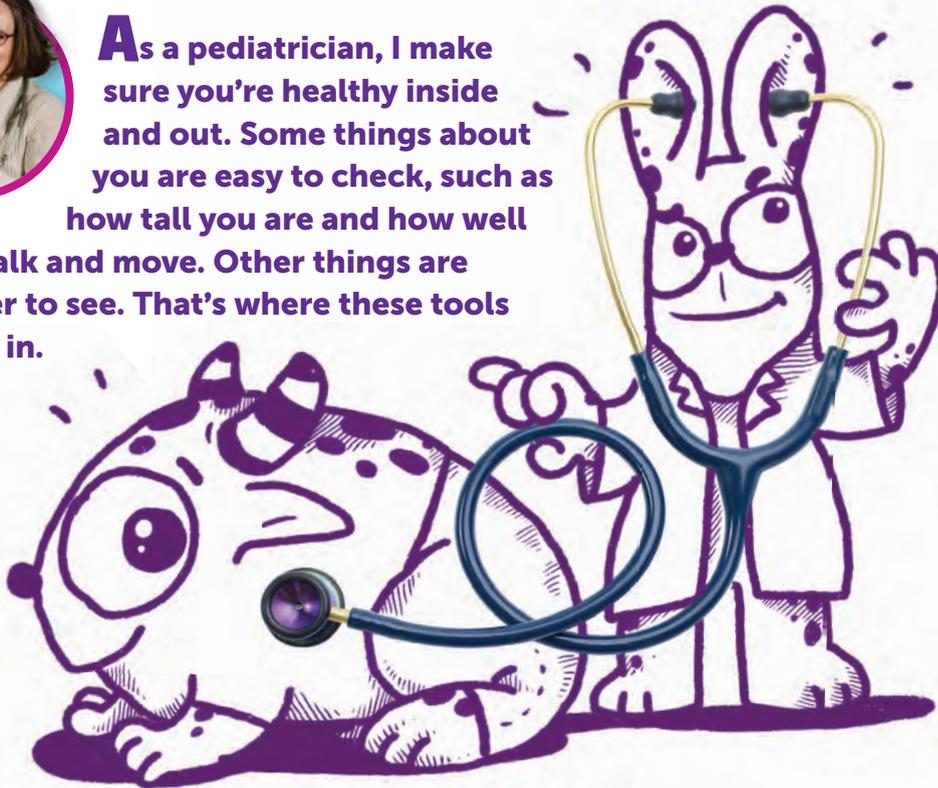
Check Out The Checkup Toolkit

You've seen the doctor's tools. But what exactly do they do?

By Kerry R. McGee, M.D. • Art by Manik n Ratan



As a pediatrician, I make sure you're healthy inside and out. Some things about you are easy to check, such as how tall you are and how well you talk and move. Other things are harder to see. That's where these tools come in.

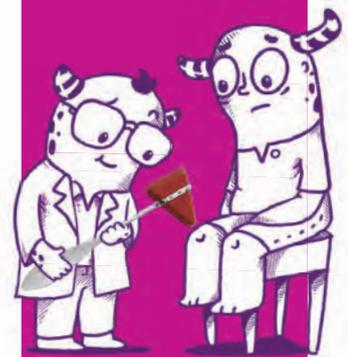


Stethoscope (STETH-uh-scope)

A stethoscope is a diaphragm (the drum-like part) attached to a tube and earbuds. I use it to hear sounds inside your body—such as heartbeats and stomach gurgles. When you breathe deeply, I hear air moving in and out of your lungs. I've listened to lots of kids, so I know when things sound OK and when they don't. Stay quiet, because some sounds, like an extra beat of your heart or a whistle inside your lungs, can be hard to hear.

Reflex Hammer

When I tap your knee in the right spot, your leg jumps. This helps me to check your nerves and muscles and to make sure your reflexes are working well. It doesn't hurt, but it might make you giggle!



Worried About a Shot?

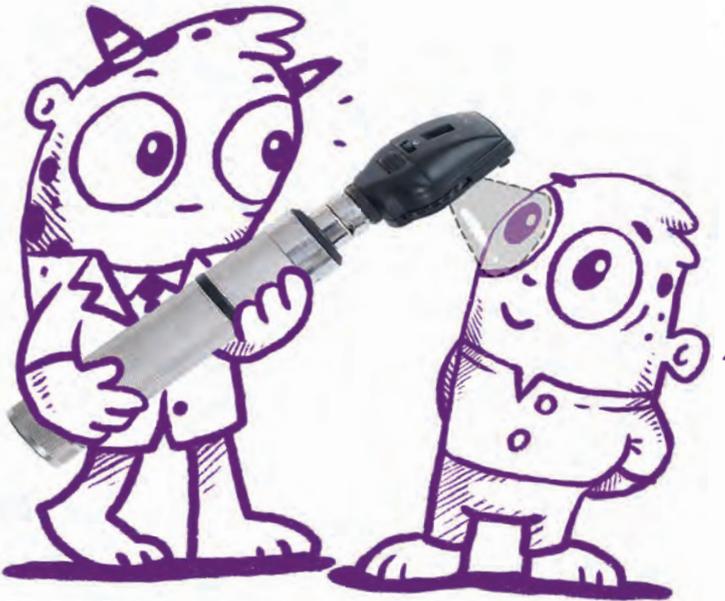
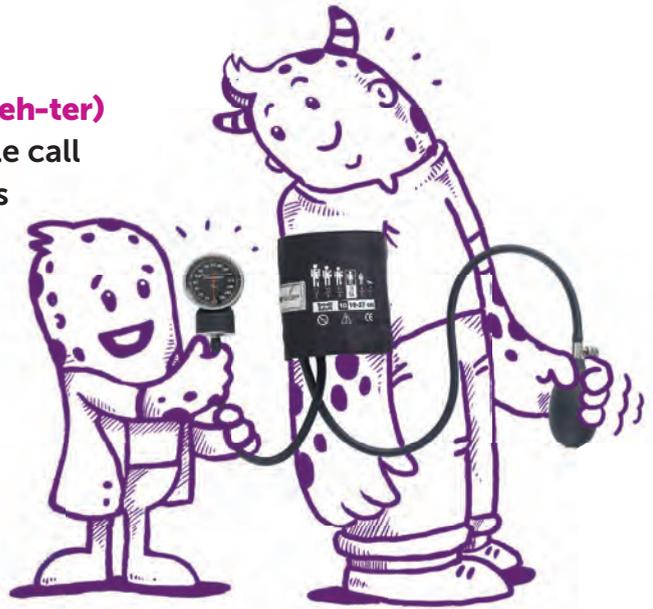
Shots are quick and usually hurt less than stubbing a toe. They give our bodies a chance to practice fighting bad diseases. The germs in a shot are too weak to make us sick, but they show us how to fight stronger germs that could come along.

TIPS TO MAKE GETTING A SHOT EASIER:

1. When you're scared, it can help to squeeze a ball, a toy, or someone's hand.
2. Count breaths to help yourself calm down.
3. Right before the shot, pretend that your arm is sleeping. Relaxed muscles make the shot easier.

Sphygmomanometer (sfig-mo-muh-NAH-meh-ter)

Long name, right? That's probably why most people call it a blood-pressure cuff. The rectangular balloon gets wrapped around your arm and pumped full of air. It can be quite a squeeze! This tool measures blood pressure, which is one way to know how hard your heart is working. If your blood pressure is high, it means your heart has to work extra hard. If your blood pressure is low, you might feel dizzy.



Ophthalmoscope (off-THAL-muh-scope)

Your pupil—the black circle in the middle of your eyes—works like a window. The colored part of your eye is a muscle that opens and closes the pupil to let light in. I use this flashlight to peek through the window and make sure everything is healthy inside your eyes. I won't touch your eye, but the light might make you blink.

Otoscope (OH-tuh-scope)

This flashlight looks pointy, but it doesn't poke you. The pointy part is a tube that steers light into small spaces, like ears. On the back is a magnifying glass that lets me see down your ear canal to your eardrum. Your eardrum looks like thin paper. If there's an infection in there, your eardrum turns red. If you have allergies or if you're getting over a cold, I might see bubbles too.

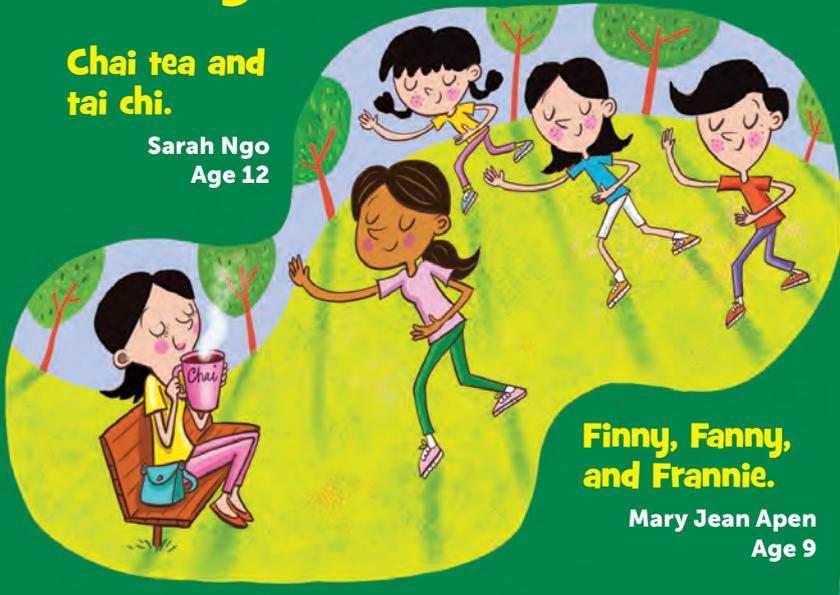


4. Look somewhere else. Focus on a poster, the window, or your sibling making silly faces. Or just close your eyes.
5. Ask your mom or dad to tell a joke, or tell one yourself! Getting a shot takes just a few seconds. By the time the joke is done, the shot will be too.

Tongue Twisters

Chai tea and tai chi.

Sarah Ngo
Age 12



Finny, Fanny, and Frannie.

Mary Jean Apen
Age 9

Answers

Mystery Photo—Lemon.



page 30

Poppy's Copies

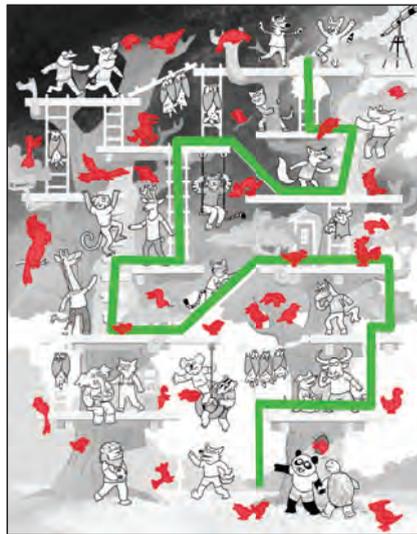
1. 33. 2. 40. 3. 24. 4. 48.

BONUS! Poppy had 55 sheets of paper left.

page 37

A T-Shirt for Bina

Malvika bought Bina the "Surf" shirt in the lower-left corner.



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Picture Puzzler

Bonus! There are 32 birds.

Covers: Happy Independence Day! by Sonal; What's Wrong? by Dave Whamond
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RIDDLES

1

Where do generals keep their armies?

Beck Patten

2

What did the salsa say to the cheese?

Kelly

3

I have a bed, but I never sleep. I always run and never walk. What am I?

Paisley Fingar

4

How do you make the word one disappear?

Luke Morgan

5

What did the mother volcano say to the baby volcano?

Liay

6

Where do sheep keep their groceries?

Zoya

7

Why was the bee feeling too hot?

Kevin Pokrzywinski

8

What kind of key opens a banana?

Breanne

9

What is black, white, and blue?

Lekha Chawla

1. In their sleeves. 2. "Queso, what do you want to make?" 3. A river. 4. Add the letter g, and it's gone. 5. "I lava you." 6. In their grocery bags. 7. It was wearing a yellow jacket. 8. A monkey. 9. A sad zebra.



Here I come!

Brain Play

What are your favorite words to hear?

START

Take your brain on a hike!

Which would you rather have jump on you, a gerbil or a dog? WHY?

How is a strawberry different from an apple? HOW ARE THEY ALIKE?



Do things that taste good also smell good?



I'm done!

How do you decide when a piece of artwork is finished?

What would you expect to find in a field? What would you be surprised to find?



What have you learned lately?



Which of these sounds can you imitate?



Sneaker squeaking on a floor.



Key turning in a lock.



Scissors cutting paper.



What makes someone a good leader?

THE END

In an animal band, which animal might play each instrument?



What keeps a scoop of ice cream on a cone?





Ask Arizona

My team is having a bake sale, but I've never baked anything in my life! I'm afraid of getting teased if I mess up.

—Not a Baker in Nashik

Don't Judge a Pie by Its Crust

By Lissa Rovetch • Art by Amanda Morley

Dear Not a Baker,

I have a story that might help you with that worry.

Every summer, my swim team has a potluck picnic.

"Your teammates gobbled up the potato salad I made last year," my mom said. "Would you

like me to make that again?"

"Your potato salad is the best!" I said. "But this year, I want to try making something myself."

"I think that's a wonderful idea," she said. "You can use anything in the kitchen. Just be

extra careful with the hot oven and clean up when you're done."

I spent forever going through recipe books and finally settled on my grandma's apple pie.

I took out butter, flour, sugar, salt, cinnamon, and lemon. But then I ran into a problem: the recipe called for six apples, and we had just three. My pie would never be done in time if we had to run to the store. I frantically searched the fridge. Then I found blackberries. "That's it! I'll make blackberry-apple pie."

I chopped, mixed, rolled, baked, cleaned—and *voilà!* My creation didn't exactly look like a work of art. The blackberries bubbled up and dripped all over the place. But it smelled so good that I couldn't wait to share it at the picnic.

My creation didn't look like a work of art, but it smelled great.

"I brought watermelon," Jack said, putting a big bowl on the table.

"Here's Greek salad," said Lilly.

I was just about to reveal my contribution when Maddie walked up, gently put down an elegant box, and carefully untied a long golden ribbon.

Everyone flocked around Maddie the way seagulls flock to spilled potato chips at the beach.

"My uncle owns a pastry shop," said Maddie. "And this is the fanciest thing in the whole place."

Inside the box was the most beautiful pie imaginable. It had a pretty golden crust with delicate

"That's it! I'll make blackberry-apple pie."





“Really? I made that pie.”

leaf decorations.

Evelyn gasped. “That has to be the most perfect pie ever made!”

I thought about my messy pie and cringed in embarrassment. While everybody’s eyes were glued to Maddie’s fancy dessert, I quietly hid my bag under a bush.

Just then, our coach, Ms V., called, “It’s goofy-race time!”

All the kids made a beeline for the pool.

Ms. V. was wearing big yellow flippers and a wacky duck swim cap. “Okey-dokey, Dolphins,” she called. “You can use any stroke you like as long as you keep one hand on your head. Oh, and at each end of the pool, you need to do a somersault and sing a stanza of ‘Row, Row, Row Your Boat!’”

Normally, I would have been one of the first people to jump in. But I was feeling so crummy about my pie that I just sat on the grass.

After a few more funny races, it was picnic time. I didn’t have much of an appetite, but I put a few things on my plate, including a piece of the pie Maddie brought.

“Wow!” I heard Noah say behind me. “This is the best pie I’ve ever tasted.”

“I know,” said Mia. “That was definitely the yummiest thing here.”

“I tried to get some,” said P.J. “But it was already gone.”

“I could share my piece with you,” I offered, turning around.

I quietly hid my pie under a bush.

“Oh, that’s OK.” P.J. smiled. “I already tried the fancy pie.”

“We’re not talking about *that* one,” said Mia. “We’re talking about the blackberry-apple pie I found in the bag on the ground. Someone must have forgotten to put it on the table.”

I was beyond surprised. “Really?” I said. “I made that pie.”

“Seriously?” said Mia. “I *need* that recipe!”

“Me too!” said Carlos. “Your pie

was yummy, yummy, yummy in my tummy, tummy, tummy.”

I laughed. “I guess I’ll have to make another one so I can taste it. Maybe you guys could come over sometime and we can bake it together.”

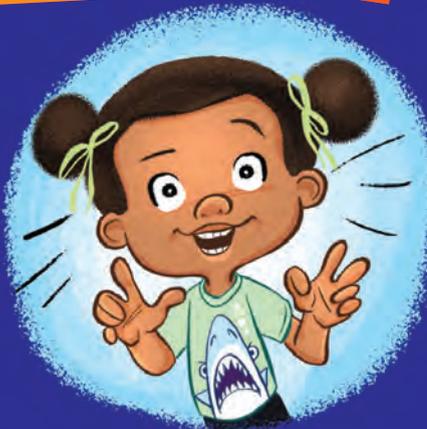
So, dear Not a Baker, here’s what I think about making food to share: You should absolutely try it! It’s really fun to measure, mix, taste, and be creative. My troubles came when I started comparing and worrying about what everyone might think.

If you’ve never baked before (or even if you have), it can be helpful to have an adult there to guide you. Just remember two things:

1. Don’t be a perfectionist! and
2. Have fun! Making food to share is good for your taste buds, your belly, and your heart!

Ciao for now,
Arizona

Dear Highlights



My sister keeps biting me. No matter how many times I tell her to stop, she doesn't.

Mattie (by e-mail)

Ouch—that must hurt! The good news is that young children eventually outgrow this type of behavior.

Your parents may have some ideas about what you can do. For example, it might help to say something like “No, that’s not nice!” and walk away from your sister. Or, if your sister is old enough to talk, you could calmly say “Use your words to tell me what you want.” Then listen closely to what she says. This may help her realize that she’ll get better results by talking rather than biting.

Never laugh or give your sister extra attention when she bites. That will only encourage her to bite more often.



My mom always has something for me to do. I say “coming,” but I never can force myself to follow through.

Grant

Many people (even adults!) sometimes have trouble doing things they don’t really want to do. It’s good that you realize you should follow through when you have said you will do something.

It may help to sit down with your mom and write a list of all the things she often asks you to do. After you make the list, you can create a schedule together. You might find that chores are a bit more enjoyable when you do them on your own, without being asked.

If your mom asks you to do something that’s not on your schedule, it might help to stand up while you say “coming” and immediately start walking toward her. You can always go back to what you were doing after you’ve completed the task.



I have to start seeing a counselor. I don’t know what it’s going to be like.

v.

One of the most important things to take to a counseling meeting is an open, positive attitude. It’s helpful to remember that you

and the counselor are on the same team. You will be working together to make things better. It may be comforting to know that most counselors spend many years learning how to listen and help people.

It’s OK to tell your counselor that you’re not quite sure what to expect. He or she will understand that this is a new experience for you and will want to help you feel at ease.

Write to us!

Please include your name, age, and full address. Mail to

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Picture Puzzler

Art by Chuck Whelon

Can you go from the ground to the top floor without waking any bats?



BONUS!
How many
birds are in
the scene?

Answers on page 38.

What's Wrong?

Which things in this picture are silly?
It's up to you!

