







Original Story (Hindi) Hamaari Balwadi by Rukmini Banerji © Pratham Books 2004 Third Enolish Edition: 2009

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ISBN: 81-8263-007-X

Registered Office: PRATHAM BOOKS 633-634, 4th 'C' Main, 6th 'B' Cross, OMBR Layout, Banaswadi, Bangalore 560 043 © 080-25429726 / 27 / 28



Mumbai © 022-65162526, New Delhi © 011-65684113

Typesetting and Layout by: Trimiti Services

Printed by Shubhodaya Printers

Published by PRATHAM BOOKS www.prathambooks.org

The development of this book was sponsored by Dubai Creek Round Table, Dubai, U.A.E.



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## My Balwadi

Written by Rukmini Banerji

> Illustrated by Sheetal Thapa

Translated by Madhav Chavan

This is my school. It is called the balwadi.





My brother Mannu and I go to the balwadi. It is a small school for little children like us.



We leave our shoes and slippers by the door. Everyone puts their shoes or slippers in a line. It looks good that way.



We leave our tiffin boxes near the wall. Some boxes are big. Others are small. Water bottles are hung on the wall. The bottles are of different colours. Red, blue, green, yellow....



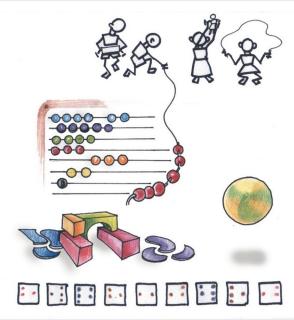
## I like to count.

Mannu plays with blocks and puts different shapes together.

He likes to play with beads.

I like the cards with dots.

Our teacher says playing with these toys is good for the brain.



We read books. Some books have pictures. The teacher helps us to learn the letters. She says I will read soon because I can recognize all the letters. I can also read sentences. She does not know it.



Now it is time for stories.

Our teacher has puppets.

The teacher uses the puppets to tell us stories.

The puppets speak in a funny voice.





My friends think that the puppets can speak.

They are surprised. But I am not.

Puppets do not talk.

I know that it is the teacher who speaks in a funny voice for them.





It is now time to play.

The school has a tub with some play dough.

Mannu likes to make shapes out of the dough.

I like to make fruits, toys and other things.



At 4 o'clock, the school bell rings.

My mother comes to take us home.

I hug her first. Mannu does not like that.

He complains.

I have fun at school.

But going home is more fun.



Children always like to share their experience with others. **My Balwadi** shows how enjoyable that can be.

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