



SAMAGRA SHIKSHA, KERALA

To the Teacher

Reading is fundamental to functioning in today's society. Reading is important because it helps to expand the mind and develops the imagination. But there are not enough reading materials available to children in schools. It is in this context that Samagra Shiksha, Kerala produced reading cards for students in primary and upper primary schools in the state.

We have prepared ten reading cards for all classes from 1 to 7. Each reading card has four pages with pictures and print. Reading cards with pictures are great resources for exploring visual and written language, imagination, values, and deeper cross-curricular themes. Illustrations in the reading cards help children understand what they read and enable them analyse the story.

In classes 1 and 2, sometimes teachers have to read stories in an interactive mode to their students. When you read stories aloud to students, you help them learn to become readers themselves. When reading is taught, teachers usually follow three stages: pre-reading, while-reading and the post-reading stages. Pre-reading activities help students prepare for the reading activity by activating the relevant prior knowledge and motivating them to read. Picture walk, sequencing the pictures, guessing from pictures, brainstorming etc. are some of the activities you may ask students to do during pre-reading.

While-reading activities help students find answer to some specific questions. Post reading is the most important stage in reading, comprehending and responding to reading in oral and written forms. Read and draw, retelling, story maps, graphic organizers, mind mapping etc. are some of the activities that you can assign to students during post reading stage.

Initiating students into the pleasures of reading is one of the best gifts we as teachers can give our students. I hope that the reading cards will motivate teachers to create an interactive classroom vibrant with engaging activities that facilitate quality English learning.

Dr. A. P. Kuttykrishnan
State Project Director
Samagra Shiksha, Kerala



The old man's answers were questions. "Is it an old animal?" he asked. The owners said it was. "Is it lame in one leg?" asked the old man. The men said it was. "Is it blind in the left eye?" the old man asked again. The owners were a little surprised; they said the animal was indeed blind in the left eye. "Have you seen the animal?" they asked the old man.

Without answering, the old man said to them, "Is the camel carrying wheat on one side of its back?" The owners said that it was. They were sure that the old man had seen the animal. "Isn't the camel carrying honey on the other side?"

The owners caught hold of the old man and asked him angrily, "Have you stolen the goods and killed the animal?"

"I have not even seen the animal," said the old man, calmly.

The merchants asked him, "Do you think we are fools to believe your story?" And they dragged him to a judge.

The judge listened to the merchant's story. Then he turned to the old man and asked him where he had seen the camel. The old man said he had never seen it in his life. "How do you know the camel is lame in one leg?" the judge asked the old man.

"I looked at the footprints on the sand", said the old man. "And one of them could hardly be seen."

The judge smiled and asked why the old man thought the camel was blind in one eye.

"The animal had eaten the leaves of bushes on



only one side of the road," said the old man.

"Why did you think the camel was carrying wheat and honey?" asked the judge.

"I saw ants carrying fallen grains of wheat on one side of the road," said the old man.

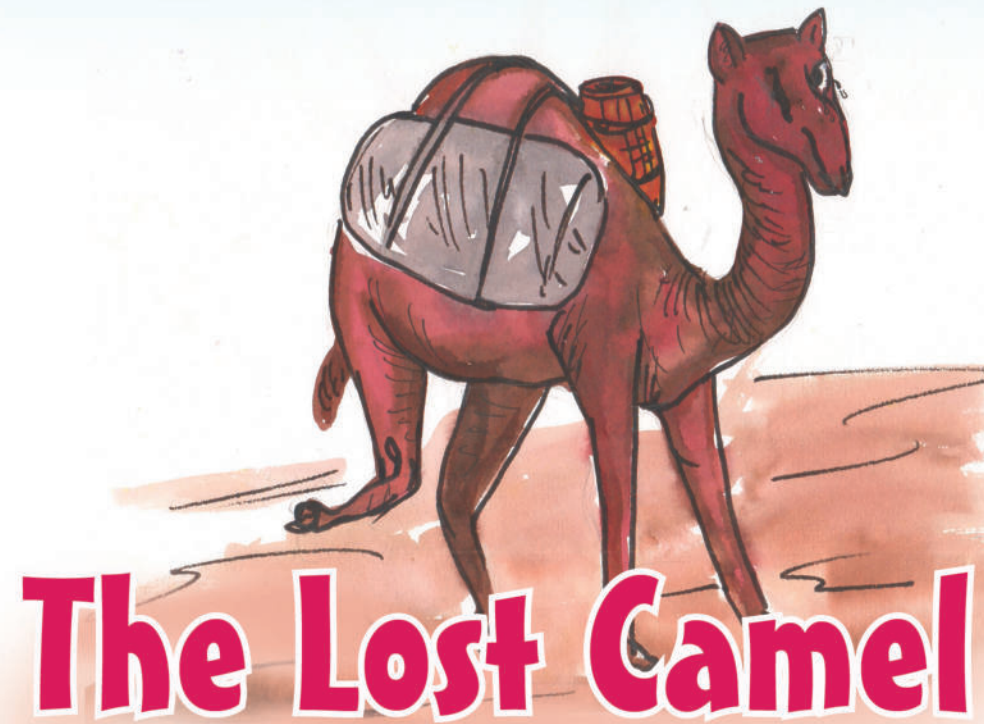
"And there were bees flying around on the other side, I suppose," said the judge.

"Yes, your Honour," said the old man.

The judge then turned to the merchants and said, "This man had made use of his eyes to look at things. You have eyes, too. Use them. You'll find your animal."

And he sent them away.

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Two merchants were searching for their lost camel in the desert, when they met an old man on the way. They asked him whether he had seen a camel.



7.01



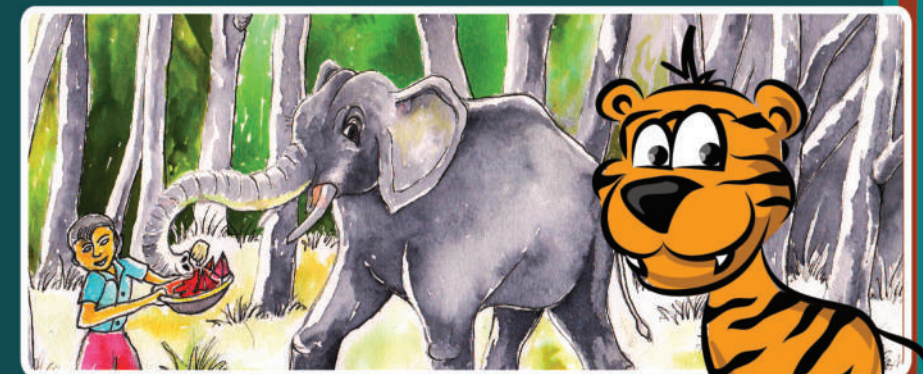
Bheemu lived in a village near the forest. He went to the forest to fetch wood, wild fruits and flowers. He sold them in the nearby town and gave the money to his mother Kamalamma.

One day when he was plucking jack fruits, an elephant came there. Bheemu was scared. The elephant waved his trunk and fanned his ears. Bheemu requested the elephant, "Gajaraja, I am a poor boy. Don't harm me. My mother is alone." Gajaraja stood still. Bheemu thanked the elephant, took his bag and the bundle of wood and went home. The next day was Bheemu's birthday. Kamalamma had prepared sweets. Bheemu took some sweets, went to the forest and waited for Gajaraja. When he came, Bheemu offered sweets and jaggery to Gajaraja and said, "Oh great Gajaraja, today is my birthday. Please take these sweets and let us be good friends".

Gajaraja happily ate all the sweets and said, "Happy birthday dear Bheemu." Gajaraja helped Bheemu climb upon him. Bheemu felt very happy and he felt proud of sitting on the

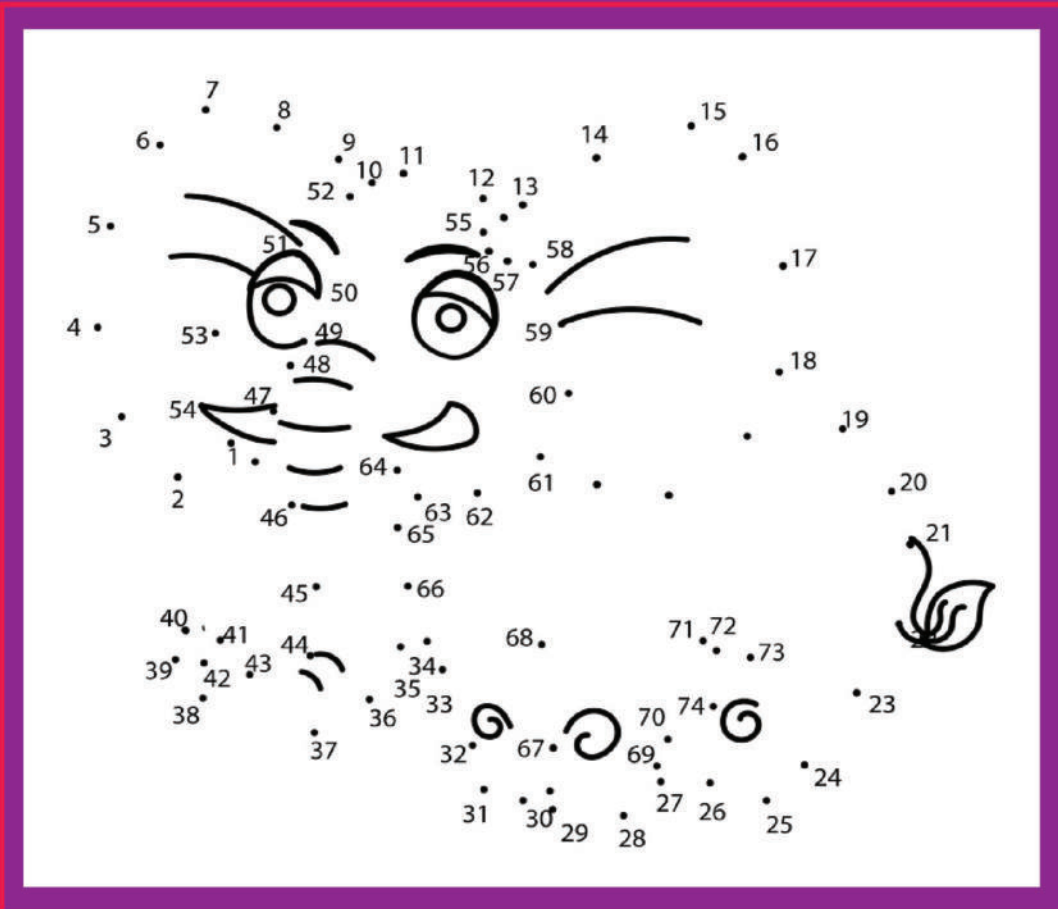
back of the elephant. Bheemu and Gajaraja went into the deep forest. Then Gajaraja took Bheemu near a big tree. There was a wide hollow in the tree. Gajaraja took out fruits from that hollow, and gave them to Bheemu. Everyday, Bheemu would bring sweets to Gajaraja, and Gajaraja supplied wood, fruits and flowers to Bheemu. By selling those things Bheemu earned enough money. He became a shop keeper.

One day Gajaraja came to Bheemu's shop. He looked very sad. "What happened Gajaraja?" asked Bheemu. "People are destroying the forest. My son went to the town in search of food and was killed." Gajaraja cried. Bheemu was shocked. He could not utter a single word.

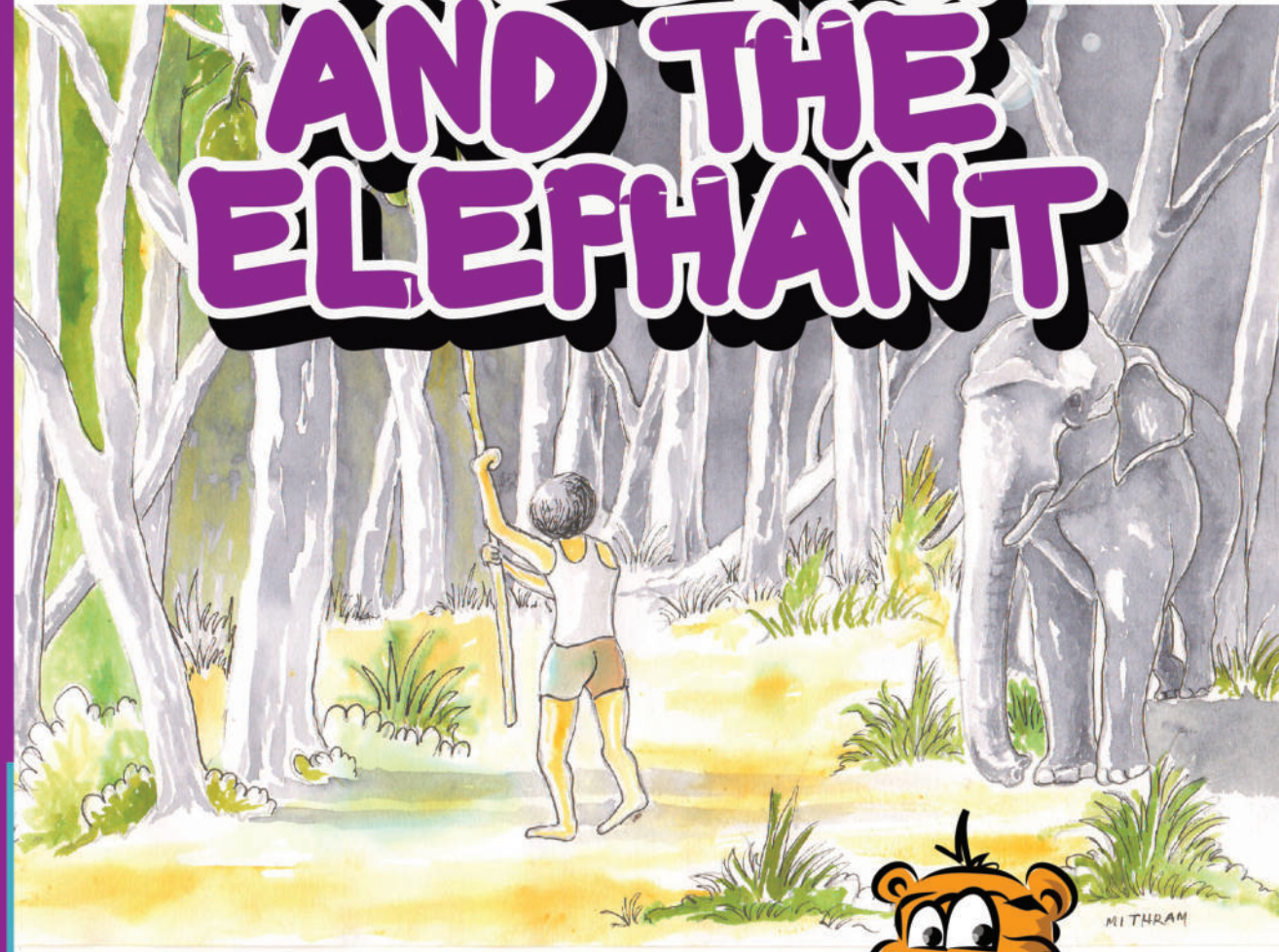


Let's do

Bheemu's friend is hiding in the forest.
Join the dots and find him.



BHEEMU AND THE ELEPHANT



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7.02



Every week the people of this city had to give the rakshasa meat, rice, curds and other kinds of food. The food was taken in a cart drawn by two bullocks and driven by a villager. The rakshasa would eat all the food, the bullocks and the human being too.

The people of Ekachakra were greatly troubled by the rakshasa and lived in constant fear of him.

Once the Pandavas came to Ekachakra dressed like brahmanas to escape from Kauravas. They learnt about Bakasura and decided to free the people of this city from this cruel rakshasa.

The next week, they decided to send Bhima, the strongest of all Pandavas, to the cave of Bakasura along with the food. Fearless Bhima stopped the cart in front of the cave and began to eat the food meant for the rakshasa.



Seeing this, Bakasura got very angry and pounced on Bhima.

A great fight started between the two.

But Bhima had superhuman powers. He lifted the mighty rakshasa over his shoulders and threw him down on to the ground. All the bones of the rakshasa were broken and he was killed.

The people of Ekachakra were delighted to be free of the rakshasa, Bakasura. They expressed their sincere gratitude to Bhima.





Let's do

1. Can you pick out the sentences which show that Bhima was more powerful than Bakasura.
2. How did Bhima help the people of Ekachakra?
3. Pick out the words which describe Bakasura.

BAKASURA



In a cave, near the city of Ekachakra, there lived a strong and cruel rakhasa named Bakasura.



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7.03





So what? We have eyes too. And we can see in the dark!

Fine, but look at my nose.

I breathe through my nose. So what?

We also have noses and ours are prettier than yours!

And yes, my teeth.

I use my teeth to chew and bite.

Teeth? Ha! Ha! Have you seen our teeth?

You can chew.

But WE CAN BITE! Hiee..Hiee...Hiee...

Yes, but listen!

I can hear a lot with my ears! Little one!

We can hear sounds which you cannot imagine at all!

And I can walk, run and even dance with my feet.

Oh! We have four feet!

We can jump, we can dance and we can parade too!

I can plait my hair. Uh! Our hair is pretty too.

We could plait it if we wanted to. Maybe!

Look! I can work with my hands!

Hands! Keep your hands to yourself!

Aha! I told you! I am the best! I know it all!

Really? Have you seen our sharp claws?

Yes! But your nails will pick up dirt!

Now see, these are our lovely tails.

Tails! We gave them up long ago!

How else could we wear our shorts?

And we can roar! Roar? Have you heard my mother?

So then! You are only animals - I know that!

Humans are animals too. We know that!

You may be right. Look at my brother!

Mother says he is wild. He is definitely an animal.



Yes! And so are you! Believe us!
We are all animals. We all belong here. Just
like you.



Authors: Madhav Chavan, Meera Tendolkar
Illustrator: Santosh Pujari
Translator: Rohini Nilekani

We Are All Animals

Look at me, animals!
I am a human being! I know everything!
Look, these are my eyes.
I can see everything with them.

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7.04



The fish family was also the most respected. The reason? A big fat radio that occupied pride of place in their underwater home.

Grandpa Fish was the head of the fish family. He was obeyed in most things, not just by the younger fish but also by the frog and tortoise families.

But there was one thing over which he simply had no control: the family radio.

Never did Grandpa Fish get a chance to listen to the news. The younger fish, frogs, and tortoises simply adored film music, and would not move from the radio's side as long as it was playing. By the time he had convinced the younger ones to let him listen to the news, it was usually too late. Most often, all Grandpa Fish heard was the newscaster saying, "And that is the end of the news..." It was very annoying.

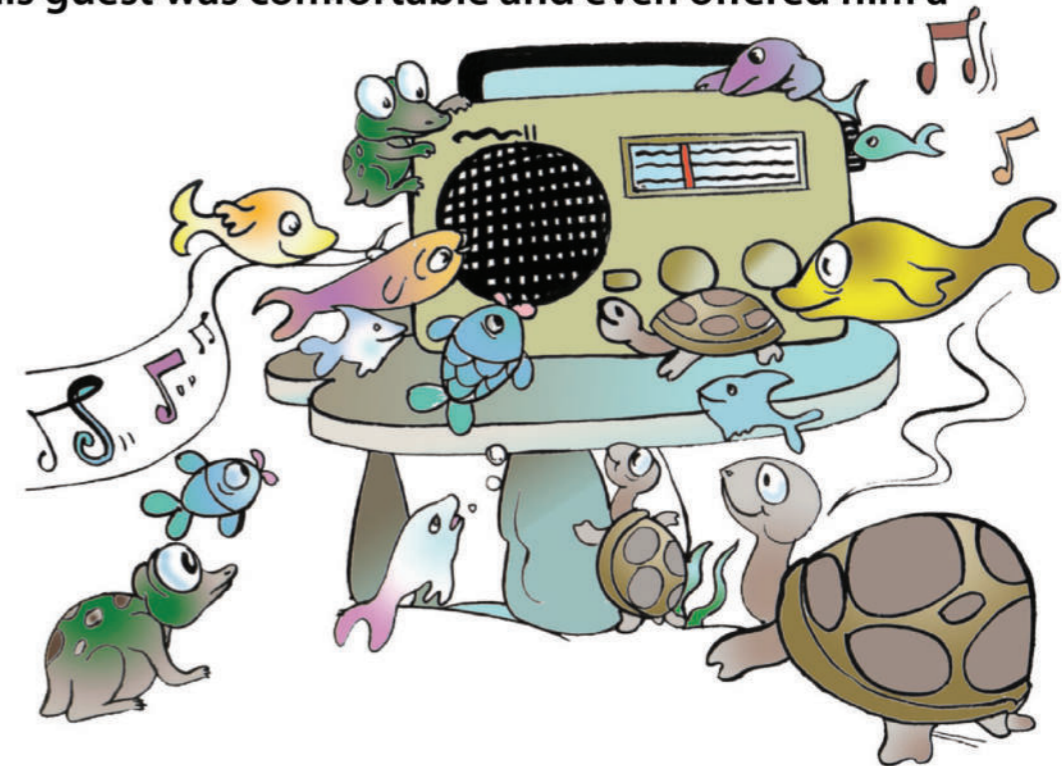
One day, Grandpa managed to convince the younger ones a little earlier than usual. Rushing to the radio, he tuned in to the news, and heard the newscaster say, "And before we end, the headlines once again..." The Breaking News on the River Radio network that morning was very frightening.

"A group of humans are using a new technique to capture the maximum number of fish possible!" said the newscaster. "They are poisoning the water of the rivers one by one! When the fish die, the humans just trap them all in their nets and take them away! They

could be coming to your river very soon!"

Grandpa Fish was stunned. He quickly relayed the information to the rest of the fish and to the other river creatures. Numb with fear, everyone sat quietly thinking about the next course of action. No one wanted to listen to film music now. Meanwhile, the daughter of the village headman came to the river to fetch some water. Grandpa Fish and the headman had been friends for a long time. Swimming quickly to the surface, Grandpa Fish informed the girl that there was an emergency. "Please tell your father to come and see me immediately," he said anxiously.

The headman came at once. Grandpa Fish first made sure his guest was comfortable and even offered him a





cup of coffee. Only then did he bring up the subject of the frightening news he had heard on the radio. Now the headman was worried too.

Thinking quickly, he came up with a plan to make sure the river in his village, and all the creatures in it, would be safe. The headman quickly reassured the old fish and his clan. "Don't worry, Grandpa Fish," he said. "I will see to it that you and your fellow creatures will be safe from those terrible human beings."

The younger fish, frogs, and tortoises realized what a huge disaster it would have been had Grandpa Fish not listened to the news on the River Radio network that day.

Ashamed of their earlier behaviour, they resolved to mend their ways in the future.

Author: Venkatramana Gowda
Illustrator: Srikrishna Kedilaya
Translator: Divaspathy Hegde

Grandpa Fish and the Radio



Once upon a time, there was a little village. In the little village was a little stream. In the stream, several families of frogs, tortoises, and fish lived happily in each other's company. The fish family was the largest of them all.

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7.05



"Ammachi! Ammachi! Could we make coconut barfi today?" Sooraj asked his grandmother.

"PLEEEEEEAASE."

"Hee hee hee! Only if you help me make it, eh?" replied Ammachi. "YAY!"

"Ready?" shouted Sooraj. "Ready!" said Ammachi.

"We'll only pick the ripe ones, okay?"

The ones that are brown all over...

Watch out! Here they come!"

WHOOOSH... WHUMP!

"Now to get the husk off..."

POTCH! CRAANKK!

Sooraj's stomach went: "GRRRRRR!" Ammachi giggled.

"Then we CRACK the shell... like THIS!"

KHATAK!

"And grrrrraaaaate the frrrrrrruuuit!"

"Toss it into the pan with all the other ingredients..." "It smells SO good, Ammachi!"

"Then we pour it all out on to a tray... Wait for it

to cool, baba!"

"Now cut it into neat little slices..."

SQUEAK SQUEAK

"YIPPEE! Our coconut barfi is ready to be eaten!"

"YUM YUM YUM!"





"Now to get the husk off..."
POTCH! CRAANKK!

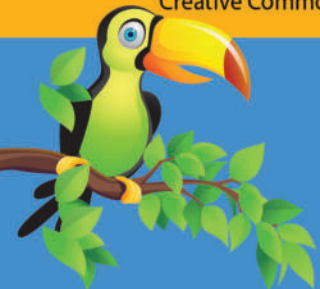
Author: Rajiv Eipe
Illustrator: Rajiv Eipe



Ammachi's Amazing Machines

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7.06

READ BOOKS





The younger son Vinay was quite happy with his share. With the help of his wife, he built a thatched hut in a corner of the paddy field. Although the roof leaked badly in the monsoons and threatened to be blown away, he lived happily there. He supported his wife and children by selling rice. He irrigated the field with water drawn from his own well.

The elder son lived like a Maharaja in the family house. His house never leaked during the rainy weather. In spite of having a large fruit orchard behind the house, Raghav always complained he did not have enough to eat.

He was jealous of his younger brother and began to think that he should have kept the paddy field for himself.

One day, Raghav came to the conclusion that the division of the property had not been fair and that he should have got the paddy field for himself. So he decided to dress up as a ghost and frighten his brother off his property.

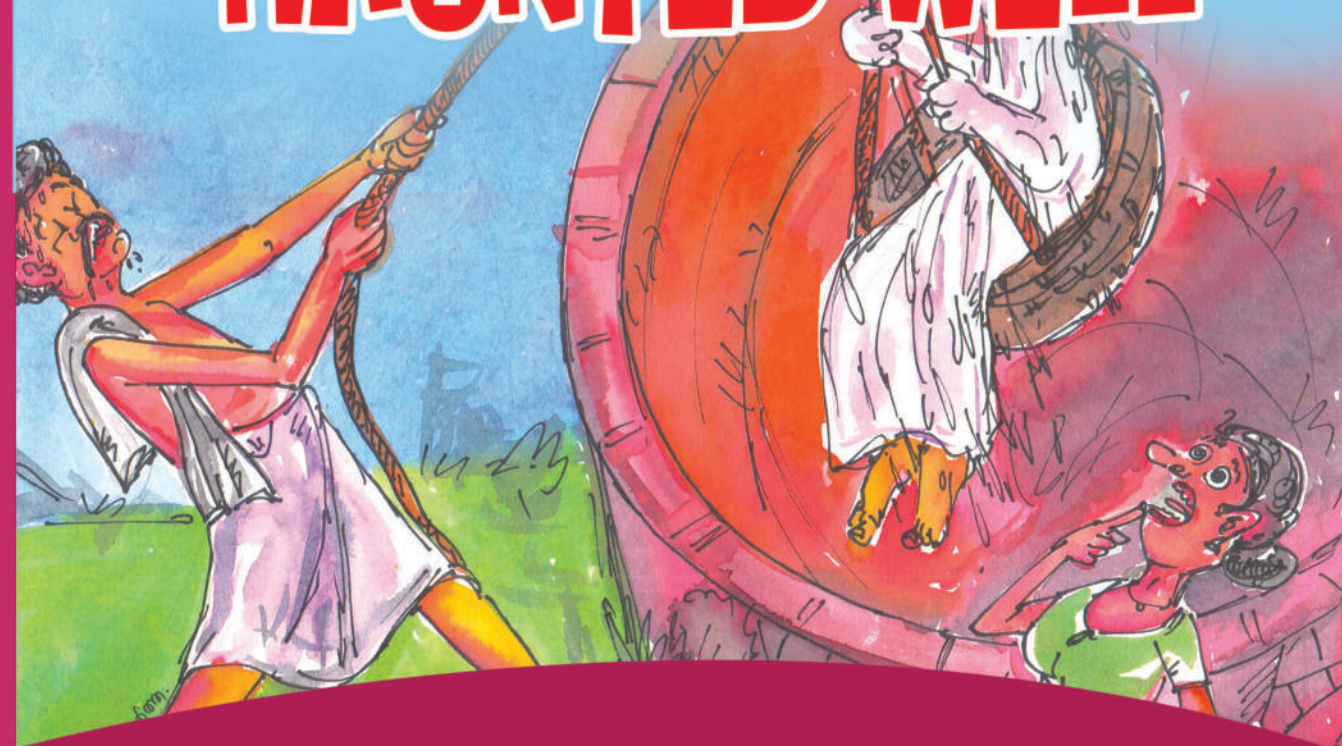
Every evening he dressed up in a white sheet and crept into his brother's paddy field. There, near the well he would make fearful noises in order to frighten Vinay and his family.

Raghav succeeded in frightening Vinay. His wife refused to go near the well in the day time. Raghav was happy that his plan was succeeding. But one evening, when Raghav dressed up as usual in the white sheet, and went to the field, he slipped and accidentally fell into the well.

He was extremely scared and began to scream and shout; but the more he shouted, the more Vinay and his family ignored the scream. Next morning they were shocked to find Raghav in the well. Vinay got into the well and rescued Raghav.



The HAUNTED WELL



As for Raghav, he felt ashamed of his mean mentality. Raghav fell at Vinay's feet and asked him to forgive him. Vinay could not understand anything.

Let's Do:

1. Name the two brothers in the story.
2. Which brother lived a happy life? Why?
3. Who planned against whom?
4. What was the plan?
5. Why were the screams and shouts ignored?

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When Mr. Ramanamurthy died, his property was divided between his two sons. The elder son, Raghav got the family house while the younger one got the small paddy field.



7.07



“Of course, dear Ritu, I have written to your Aunty. Look here, let me read out the letter.

Dear Pooja, Hope you are fine. Mani must be having holidays now. Ritu is very eager to see him. Do send him here to Tumkur?”

Ritu jumped up and down. And since she could not stop herself, she ran around the room once and hugged Grandpa.

“Would you like to post this letter yourself?” asked Grandpa. Ritu’s eyes opened wide.

“All by myself? Oh, may I?”

“Yes, little Ritu. See, I have written the address. Take it to the Post Office. Give the postcard to Ramesh Uncle. You do know that big uncle with the big, handle-bar moustaches, don’t you?”

“Yes Grandpa. He is the uncle who taught Mani how to ride the cycle last summer. Will he take the letter to Aunty Pooja?” asked Ritu.

“No, dear. But the letter will reach your aunty, don’t worry.”

Ritu picked up her little pink bag. She put the postcard inside. She put a pencil inside too. She felt very important. Ritu felt very grown-up. And just a wee bit scared: what if Bageera the dog chased her? But Ritu was very eager to post



the letter. So she left for the post office that was... just four buildings away!

After taking a few steps,

Ritu stopped and took out the letter.

She could not read Grandpa’s handwriting very well. She tried to remember what Grandpa had read. Then, after the word that she thought was ‘Tumkur’ Ritu wrote,

‘PLEECE.’ Happy with her work, Ritu walked on.

After she had reached the next building, Ritu stopped and took out the postcard once again. What if Pooja Aunty did not realise how eager Ritu was to see Mani? So Ritu took out her pencil again and wrote, ‘PLEEEESE.’

Finally, Ritu reached the small post office. There was a red post box outside the post office. Ritu could not reach the mouth of the post box even if she stood on her toes.

She walked boldly up to Uncle Ramesh. He took the postcard from her and smiled. “Smart girl! Now run back to your house carefully. I shall make sure your letter reaches your aunty.”

But Ritu did not run out. She saw Uncle Ramesh pick up a pen and scribble something on



the card. Then he gave it to the postman who was stamping many letters with the postmark. Dhum, dhum, DHHUM, he pounded on the letters. When he saw Ritu's letter, he stopped. Then he smiled. He picked out a pencil from behind his ear and wrote something on the card. Five days passed. The postman brought a letter to Grandpa. Grandpa read it with a smile. "Ritu, your aunty says she will send Mani here day – after. Let me read out the letter.

"Grandpa, I wrote 'PLEECE' on the letter, that's why!" said Ritu in excitement. "..... Your postcard had twenty 'Pleases written all over it!"

Ritu did not know how one 'please' had become twenty. She was just happy she had added one 'PLEECE' And another 'PLEEESE!'

Let's do:

Write a letter to Ritu wishing her happy holidays.

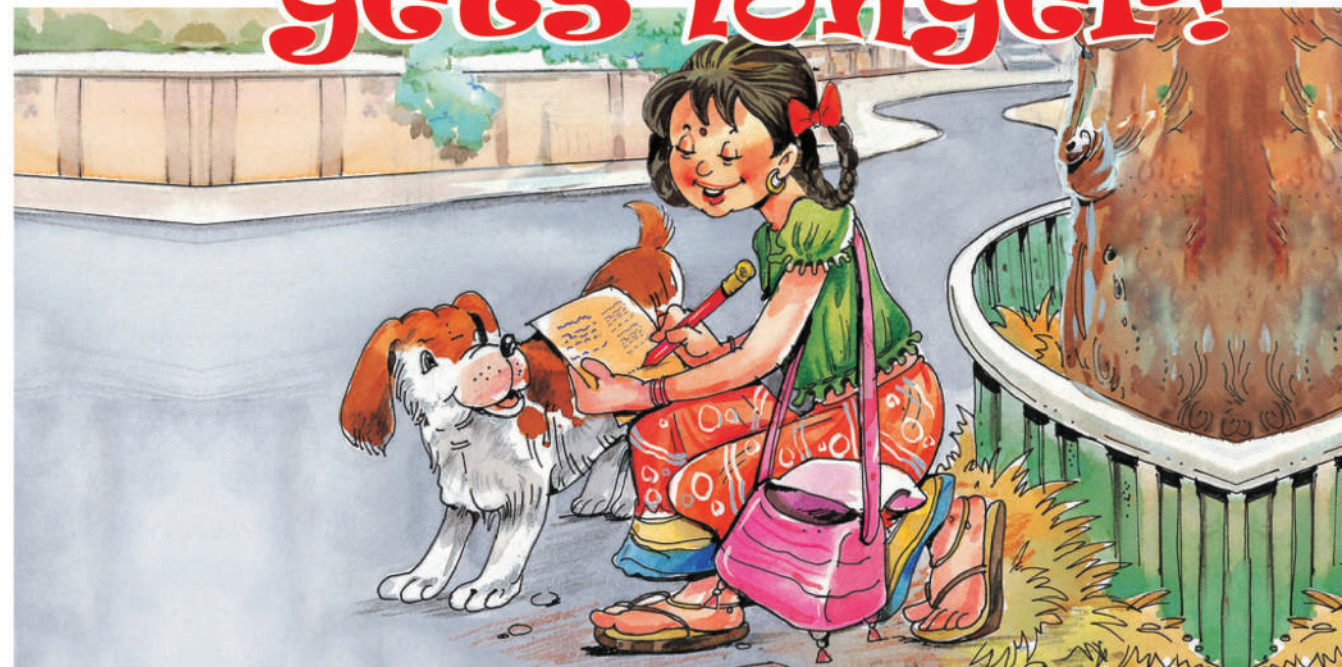
Author: Mala Kumar
Illustrator: Henu

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Ritu's letter gets longer!



Grandpa was writing a letter. Ritu stood beside him, leaning on the arm of the old chair. "Grandpa, have you asked Aunty to send Mani to our home for the holidays?"



7.08



Puchku is busy. She has a book to read.
Puchku reads all the time — at home, in school, in the park, in bed. Page after page, book after book, one by one, she has read them all.

"Why are you always reading Puchku?" asks Boltu.

"Come, watch a cartoon instead!" says Dodla.

"Books are so much more fun!" says Puchku.

"Look! You see a circle? And this straight line? Push it in, pull that out, and it becomes a letter. Line up the letters, and you have a word!



Words can be wise, words can be funny, words can be sad and words can be joyful.

When you put words together, they make sentences.

And sentences become stories. Read it and WHOOSH!

You are in another world! "

But today, Puchku is in a fix. She has run out of books to read!

All the books that she could reach in the library, she's read from Chapter One to The End.

"What will I do? No more books to read!" wails Puchku.

Wait! What's that over there?

Puchku looks up and sees not one, not two, but three more shelves, FULL of books.

"More books!" Puchku whispers in delight.

There is still one problem though. She is too short.

And the bookshelf is too tall.

How can Puchku get up there?

Maybe she can use a washing line?

Or Ma's sari to climb?

How about the chairs and tables in the room?

It would really be helpful, thinks Puchku, to have a giraffe at hand. Even a monkey. Or both! Puchku has a plan. She calls Boltu and Dodla for help. As quiet as they can, they climb on top of each other.

"Boltu, you're heavy!" Dodla complains. "Told you not to eat that last rasgulla." "It's not me," Boltu hisses.

"It's Puchku!"

"Shh! Almost there," says Puchku.

Just then, it all goes wrong.

AHHHHHHH!

"What is happening here?" It is the Very Tall Librarian!

She puts Puchku down. Boltu and Dodla run away!

Puchku looks up sadly at the book she almost had in her hand. "Can I help?" asks the Very Tall Librarian.

"I was trying to climb the bookshelf.

I have run out of books to read," says Puchku, sadly.

"Why didn't you say so?" says the Very Tall Librarian.

"As long as I am around, you do not have to climb a bookshelf. May I pick you up?" Puchku nods.

"I will take this, and this, and this one too!" says Puchku happily. "Thank you!"

"Take this one too," says the Very Tall Librarian.



“When I was small, I loved this book.”
“You were small once?” Puchku asks.
“Oh yes, even smaller than you,”
says the Very Tall Librarian. “But then I grew, and so will
you.
Until then, all you need to do is ask for a book and I will
be here to give it to you.” But is Puchku listening? No
she is not!
She is inside her book, through a circle and a line
And a letter and another.
Then a word! And another, A sentence. And another.
And now a story.
Because Puchku has a new book.

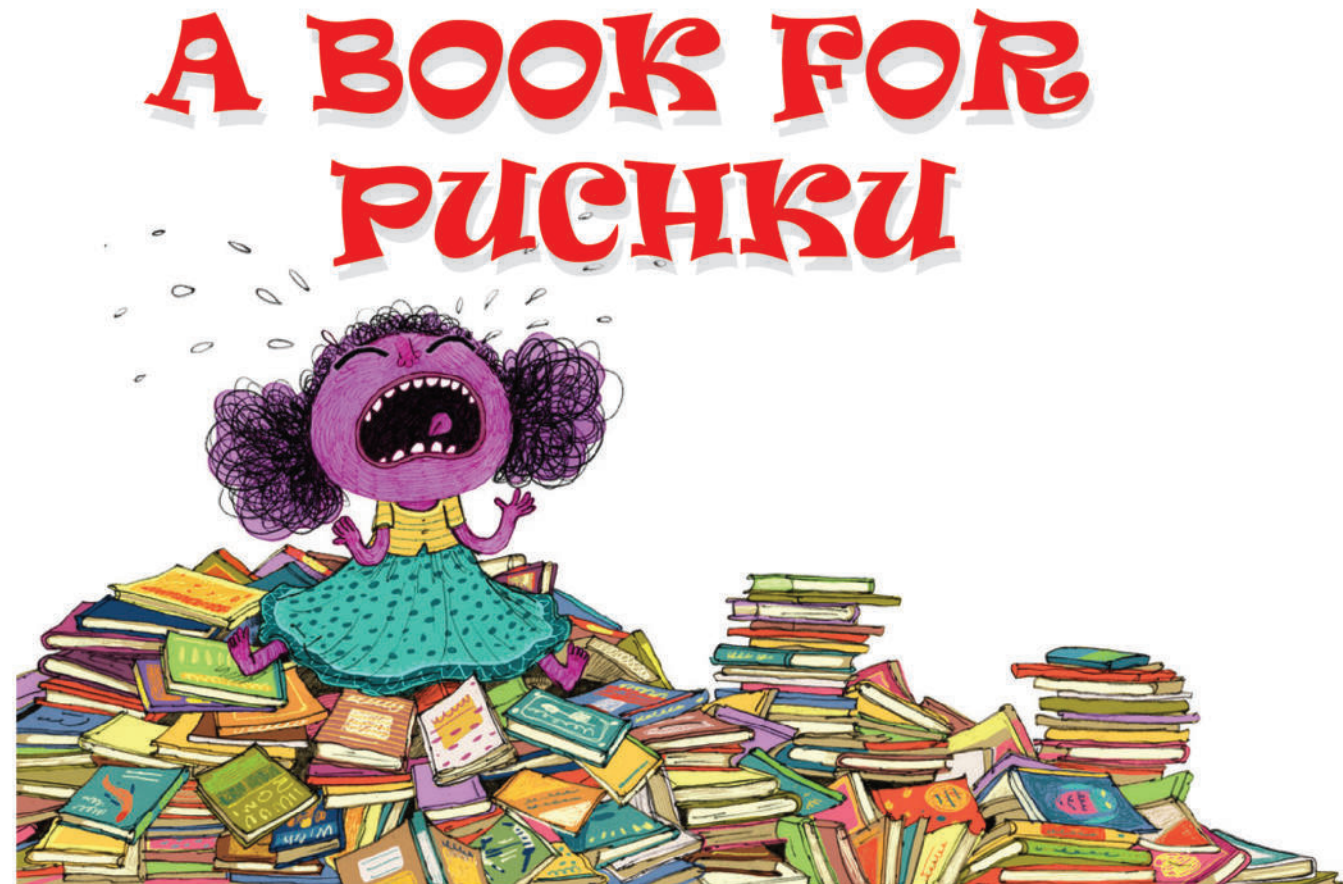
Let's do:

Do you like this story?
Write a review of this story.

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Author: Deepanjana Pal
Illustrator: Rajiv Eipe

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“Puchku! Have a bath!”
“Puchku! Eat your food!”
“Puchku! Go to class!”
“Puchku! Get on the bus!”
“Puchku! Do your homework!”
“Where is Puchku?”



7.09





That morning, Kaushik felt like a real detective. After all, he had just got a shiny new torch and a magnifying glass from the local store. His grandpa had said to him, "Kaushik, you look like a true detective today. I wonder what you are going to find!" He walked towards the forest.

He looked at the wet grass and said to himself, "Hmm... I think it has just rained in this place." The torch and the magnifying glass were great. He had already found his first clue. Just then, he noticed a few red objects on the grass. What could these be?

They looked like mushrooms. He wanted to be absolutely certain. So he tiptoed around these objects, took out his magnifying glass and looked closely.

Wonders of wonders! He saw a tiny girl sitting there, under an umbrella.



Kaushik looked at her through his magnifying glass. He asked, in a brave voice, "Who are you? What are you doing here?"

The tiny girl got frightened by his loud voice and eyes. They looked very big behind the magnifying glass. She let go off her umbrella and leaned back in fear.

Through the magnifying glass, Kaushik could see her expressions clearly. She looked worried.

So he told her, kindly, "Don't worry, I won't hurt you. I want to be your friend." She stared at him for few minutes and asked softly, "Is it still raining?"

"No, the rain stopped long ago. There is no need for an umbrella now. You can also ask your friends to close their umbrellas," said Kaushik. The girl climbed on top of Kaushik's hat and gave him a warm smile.



"My name is Lalitha.
I live in this forest along with
my family. We don't know how
to build a house. So when it rains,
we use our
umbrellas to protect ourselves
from the shower."

"I can teach you and your family how
to build a house." With that, Kaushik's
detective dream came to an end,
and the next dream began.

KAUSHIK, THE KIND DETECTIVE



Author: N. Chokkan
Illustrator: Megha Vishwanath
Translator: N. Chokkan



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7.10

READING CARDS

Reading for Pleasure and Performance

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