

Baby Sister Comes Home

Amit shut his nursery rhyme book with a bang. "Silly book!" he said. He looked at his building blocks and pushed them away. Blocks were for babies! He picked up his toy piano. It was no good. All it did was go ping ping ping. Amit felt tears trickle down his cheeks. He was so lonely. What should he do? He lined up his toy cars. Each one had at least one wheel missing. It was no fun playing with them at all.

sleep. Mummy did call Amit in to her room to play with him from time to time, but it was not the same. As soon as Amit started telling Mummy something interesting the *ayah* would come in saying "Shh, let Mummy rest now," and take him away.

"What a bother the baby was!" Amit thought to himself. "Why had Mummy brought her home?"

The door bell rang just then. Amit made a face. He was sure it was going to

Time passed quickly. Soon Aunty came out of Mummy's room. "Say bye to Amit, children," she said. "It is time for us to leave."

"Oh, don't go so soon Aunty" Amit cried out. "Can't Ravi and Ritu stay for a little longer? I don't want to be left alone."

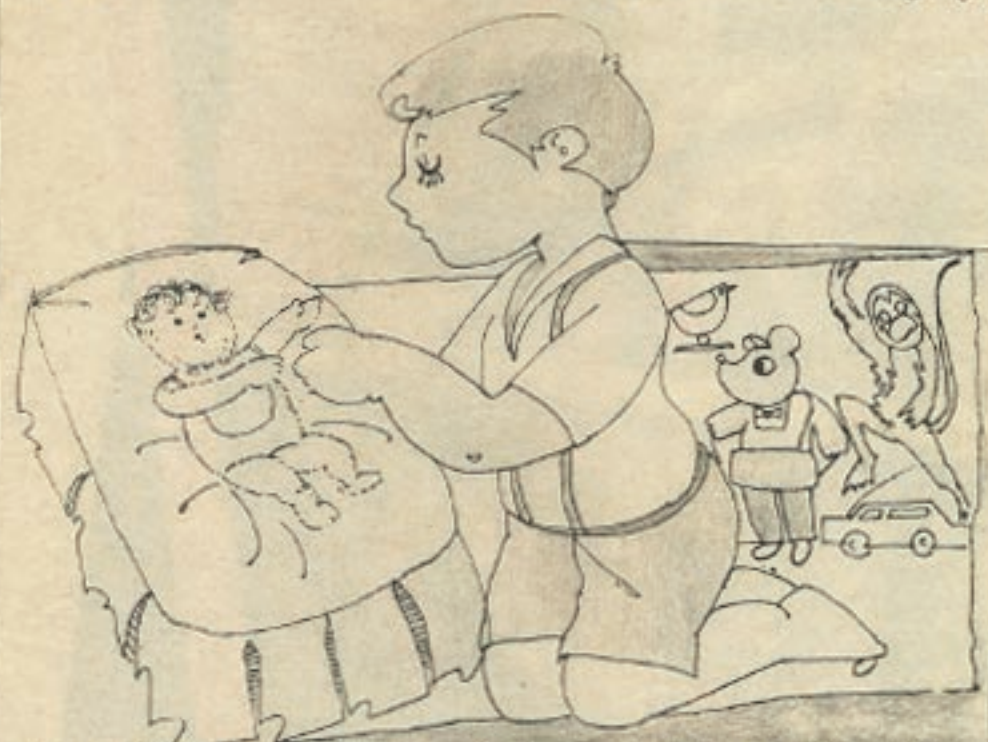
"But you are not alone, Amit," Ravi pointed out. "You have a brand new baby sister to play with" and with that, Ravi and Ritu left.

After they had gone, Amit started thinking about what Ravi had said. "It is quite true," he thought. "I do have a baby sister. Would she grow up to play with toy cars? Could she become his friend?" Amit had to find out.

Amit tiptoed into Mummy's room. Mummy had fallen asleep. Amit walked quietly up to the baby's cot and peeped in. The baby was wide awake. She was kicking her legs very fast. Up and down. Up and down. When she saw Amit she started staring at him. Amit smiled. She really did look like a little doll. Small, bald head, twinkling eyes, tiny nose, round, red mouth. And what perfect hands and feet! Amit put out a finger to stroke her hand. His little sister caught it tightly. "Do you like me baby?" Amit asked her quietly. The baby pulled his finger into her mouth and began to suck hard. "Ouch!" laughed Amit. "You don't have to prove it by swallowing my finger. And oh, I like you too."

And so Amit and his littler sister became friends. Amit had never been happier. It was wonderful having a baby sister.

Gitanjali Prasad



It was different when Mummy used to play with him. She made every game exciting. "Now Amit, you are the President coming in this black car. There are three cars coming in front of you, three at the back. Whee-ee-ee." Sometimes she would make his toy pig play the piano while all the toys had to dance. Even fat little Teddy Bear. How Amit used to laugh.

But Mummy had no time for Amit now. She had brought a new baby sister for him from the hospital a week ago. And now, Mummy spent all her time either feeding the baby, or bathing her, or changing her nappy or putting her to

be some more guests who would head straight for the baby and coo "How pretty!" "How sweet!" Amit stamped his foot angrily.

The *ayah* opened the door. In came Rekha aunty who worked in Papa's office. She had brought two children with her. She bent down when she saw Amit and smiled. "Oh hello! Are you Amit? Meet Ravi and Ritu. Ravi is eight. And Ritu is your age, five. Will you look after them?"

Amit cheered up a little. He took Ravi and Ritu to his room. Ravi and Ritu played some wonderful games with him.

Health Quiz

At what rate does the brain consume oxygen?

Answer on page 100.