

# VROOM...VROOM

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Dear Parents and Teachers,  
Read out this story to the little ones with suitable gestures and voice modulation so that they listen to you with rapt attention.

—Editor

“Vroom....Vroom” Mittu picked up a stick from the garden and assumed it as the handlebar of his bike.

Mom called out, “Mittu, come here.”

“I am not here Mom,” Mittu said earnestly.

“I am riding my bike on the Himalayas.”

Mom looked at the stick in his hands and laughed.

“Fine. Come back soon.”

Mittu came in after some time and asked, “Why did you call me, Mom?”

“To taste my new cookies.”

“Awesome!”



M R Vijayan





“And...How were the Himalayas?”

“As cold as ice,” Mittu shivered.

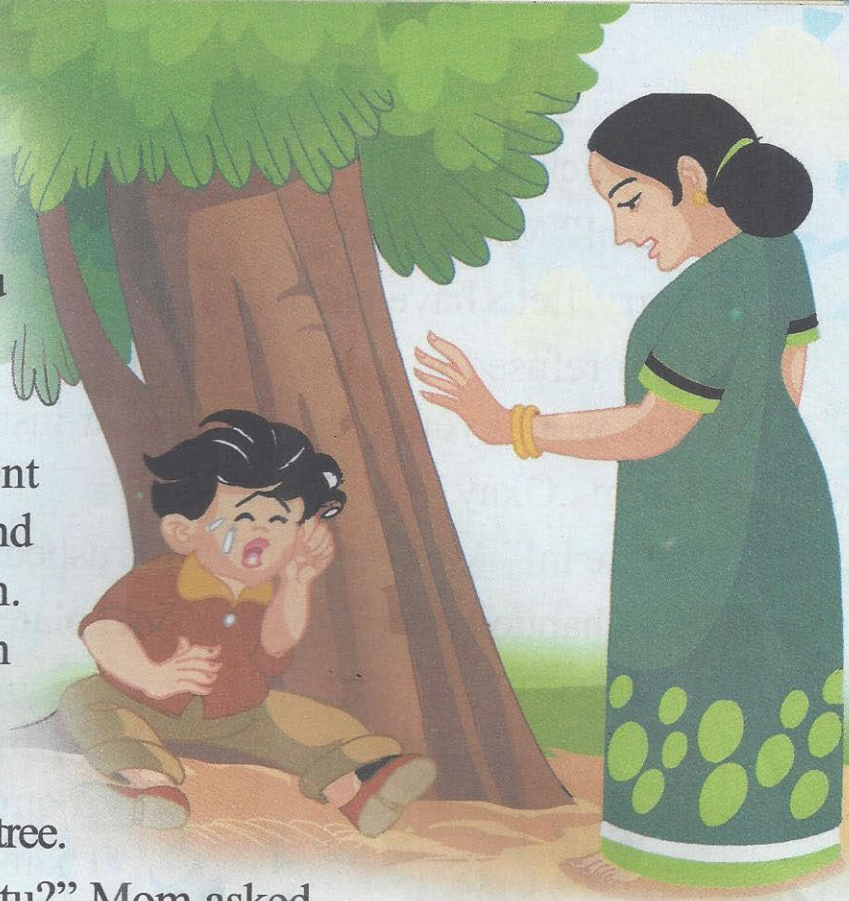
Mom laughed.

Next day, Mittu went into the garden early and didn't come for lunch. Mom searched for him everywhere.

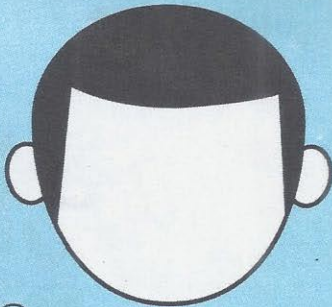
Finally she found him sitting and crying under a tree.

“What happened Mittu?” Mom asked.

“My bike is gone!” Mittu replied sorrowfully.

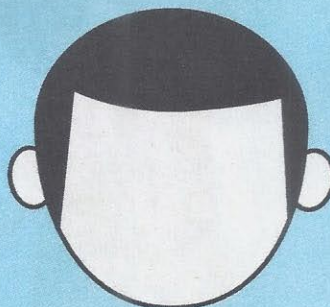


**Three expressions are given here. Draw the expressions on the faces given below and colour them.**

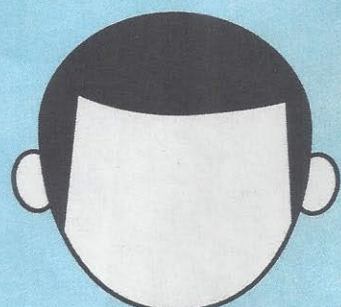


⑤

happy



sad



angry



“Just pick another stick,” Mom said casually.

“Mom!” Mittu cried.

“Sorry. Let’s have lunch and then look for it,” Mom suggested.

Mittu refused to listen. Mom thought for a while and asked, “Mittu, would you like to have a car instead?”

“Umm...Okay...”

“Come in!” Mom called. Mittu rushed in.

Mom handed over a sparkly steel plate to Mittu saying, “Here is your steering!”

Mittu grinned. “Vroom... Vroom,” he said rushing out, “Thanks Mom.”

“Lunch,” Mom reminded.

“I am off to see the deserts of Rajasthan. I will be home in 30 minutes,” Mittu replied with joy.

Mom smiled happily. ●

