



## **Editorial**

### Friends,

For a moment, imagine that you are walking home from school. It's extremely foggy and you can't see the route ahead. If at that moment, the sun comes out and the fog disappears, you would be able to find your way home. In the same way, we are occasionally faced with problems in our lives where it is difficult to see a way out. At that time, if the light of our intuition from within shines forth, the fog of confusion would disappear and we would see a way to solve the problems.

So, what exactly is this intuition? How did Saakarchand use his intuition to distribute seventeen camels? How did Viraansh use his intuition power? What kind of intuition do *Gnanis* have? Do you think that the power of intuition helped our dear Aaloo and Chilly?

Let's find out in this edition...

- Dimple Mehta





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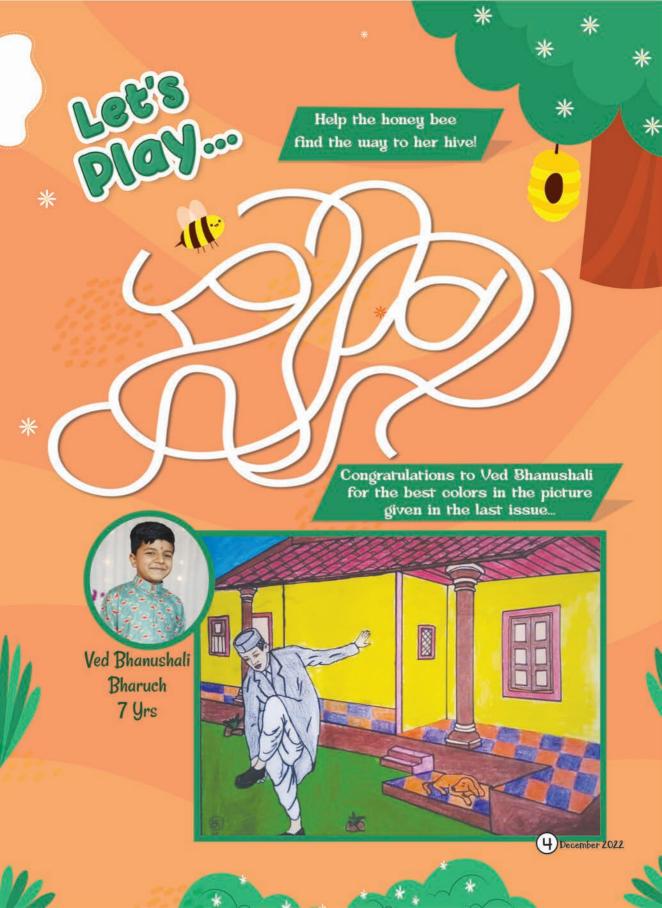
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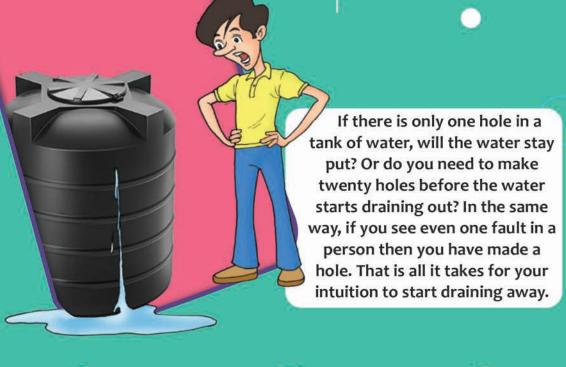




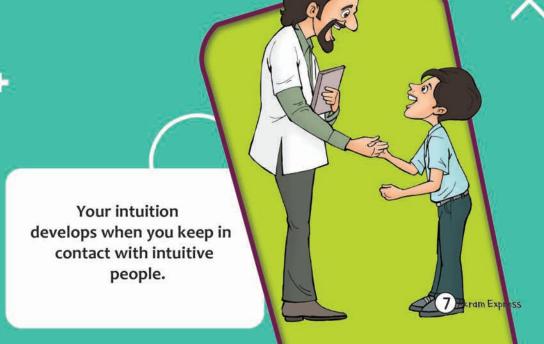








# New and Different!



A vacation in 1990 turned out to be a memorable one for two brothers.

Rigved and Viransh were all packed and waiting for the car. Rigved noticed that Viransh had packed a lot of

crayons in his bag. "So many crayons! I don't think you've packed anything else apart from crayons!" Rigved exclaimed. He never missed an opportunity of making fun of his little brother. As usual Viransh remained silent.

Just then their attention was drawn to the 'beep beep' of the car horn. Yash had come with his dad to pick up Rigved and Viransh. The three of them were busy chatting away and before they knew it, they had reached the camp. All the children were warmly welcomed by a very cheerful man.

"Hello, Friends! Welcome to the camp. My name is Anil and this is Miss Malika," Mr Anil introduced himself and his colleague. Miss Malika smiled and said, "We will have a lot of fun in this camp over the next three days. It is very safe around here ... however, if you come across any difficult situation, then remember that a solution is normally close by." Viransh started thinking about what they had just been told, but Rigved yawned and turned towards Yash, "How boring! When will these guys let us have some fun?" Yash laughed.

"Wow! You like colouring, just like I do!"



said a curly-haired girl sitting next to Viransh. She had spotted crayons in his bag.

"Yes..." replied Viransh.

"Nice! This evening's activity is crayon art!" she said and then introduced herself, "My name is Jhanvi. What is your name?"

"Viransh..." He felt happy that he had met someone like him.

Then Mr Anil clapped three times and announced to the children, "Let's all play an ice-breaker game. I'm sure you all are familiar with tug of war." And he divided everyone into two teams.

Viransh, Jhanvi, Rigved and Yash were in one team. Jhanvi gathered her team members closely and whispered to them, "When might doesn't work, we will use our minds. The other team is stronger than ours. So, initially we should pull the rope with just enough strength so that we don't get pulled over. Then as soon as the opposite team looks tired, we will pull the rope with all our might. What do you all think?" Everyone was happy with her idea. They all did as she had suggested, and they won the game!

"Wow! How did you think of that?" Viransh asked Jhanvi.

"Oh, I must have seen it somewhere before. Do you know that there are ideas all around us. You just have to catch them!" said Jhanvi, straightening her glasses.

"That's true," said Viransh.



"What's so great about that? If we had given it a bit of thought then even we would have come up with the idea," said Rigved looking at Yash. "Yes, yes that's right. We would have figured it out too," agreed Yash.

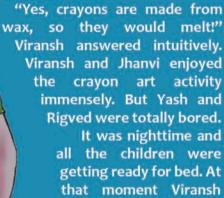
Later that day everyone met in the garden for the arts and crafts activity. Miss Malika looked tired. She took out a small pump from her bag and inhaled two puffs.

Viransh got curious and asked Jhanvi, "What is that?"

"Oh, that's a pump for asthma. Asthma is an illness where you have difficulty in breathing."

Miss Malika turned and addressed the children, "We are going to do crayon art. Fold the white sheet of paper into half to make a crease. Now draw any design on one side of the folded paper. Once the design is ready, sharpen different coloured crayons until you have a small pile of each color. Now spread the crayon shreddings over your design. After you have done that, carefully fold the paper and bring it over to me. I will run a hot iron over the paper. The heat from the iron will melt the crayons and create a beautiful design."

"Do crayons melt?" Jhanvi asked in a rather surprised tone.





noticed that Miss Malika was searching for something in her bag. Suddenly there was a power cut.

"Mr Anil, I can't find my asthma pump. Have you got a torch?" Miss Malika was gasping for breath. It sounded like she was having an asthma attack.

Mr Anil tried to find the torch in the dark, but he wasn't having much luck. He had a lighter but the flame kept going out, and it wasn't giving enough light to find the pump. Miss Malika's condition was getting worse.

At that moment Viransh instinctively felt the crayons in his pocket. "Crayons are made from wax so we can use them like a wax candle!"

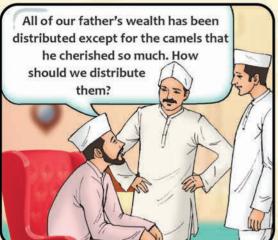
He took the lighter from Mr Anil and lit a few crayons. They lit up like candles and there was enough light for Miss Malika to find her pump. Miss Malika's breathing became steady and the electricity also came back.

"Using crayons as candles ... Brilliant!" Miss Malika congratulated Viransh and thanked him heartily. "You saved my life, Viransh. Thank you so much..."

"Viransh! That was a brilliant idea!" praised Jhanvi. "Perhaps by appreciating your cleverness, I gained a little myself," said Viransh gently and then he further added, "Do you remember how Mr Anil had told us that a solution is always close by?" "Even we heard it," said Rigved and Yash, "but we were not able to come up with a solution. You are really smart, my little brother!" Rigved praised Viransh sincerely for the first time. Viransh became the hero of the camp that day.

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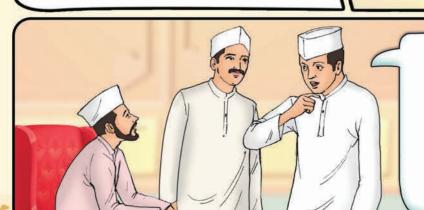
Don't you worry. Father has left a diary in which he has given clear instructions on how to distribute the camels.



The three sons found their father's diary.

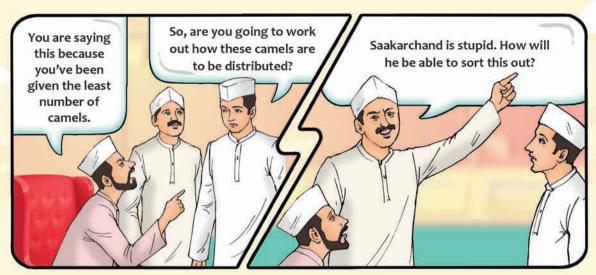
After my death, balf of all the camels should be given to my eldest son, one-third of them to my second son, and one ninth to my youngest son.

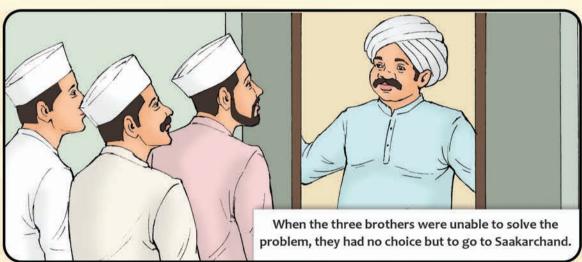
If you find this division confusing, then ask for advice from my accountant, Saakarchand.

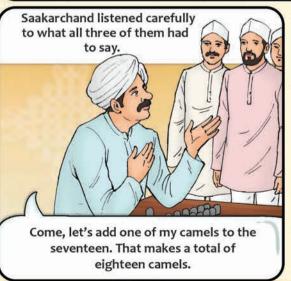


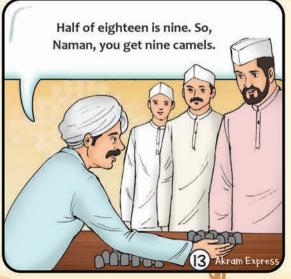
What? Father has seventeen camels. How can we divide 17 camels into half? Our father has made a ridiculous distribution!

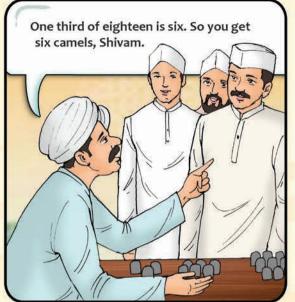


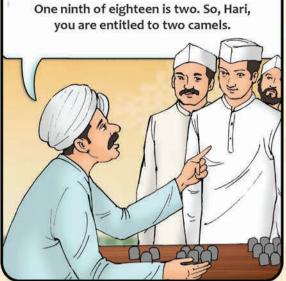


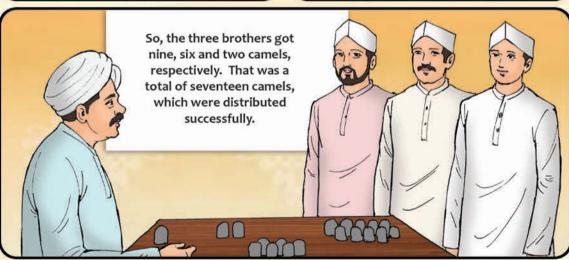




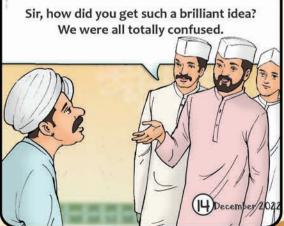


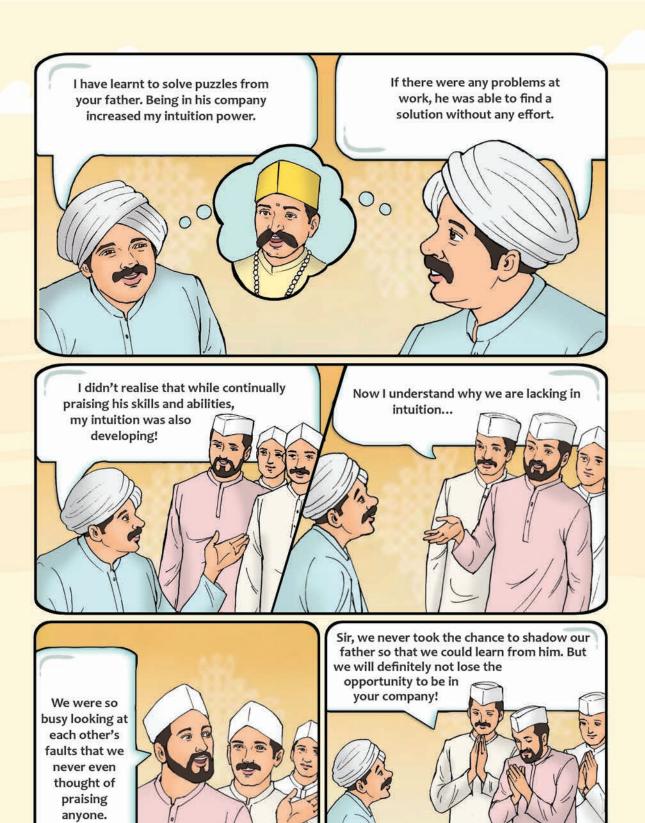


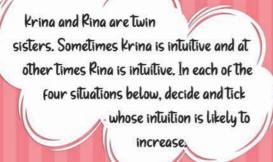












# Test

When faced with a problem, I get sad. When faced with a problem, I try to solve it without getting sad.

In my free time, I play games on my mobile.

0 0

In my free time I listen to new stories, which helps me to discover new things.

(16) December 2022





This incident occurred during a pilgrimage in South India. *Mahatmas* (Self-realised ones in *Akram Vignan*) were enjoying *garba* (a traditional Gujarati folk dance) in the presence of Pujyashree and Niruma. At that moment Niruma received news that the vehicle bringing all the kitchen supplies was held up because of a punctured tyre.

It was a dilemma as to how they were going to cook food for so many mahatmas without any of the kitchen supplies! It was also important to feed all the mahatmas on time. However, Niruma would never be stumped by any situation. She would instantly have the intuition on how to solve any problem.

Niruma took a few lady *mahatmas* to one side and explained the situation to them. She asked them to find a nearby hotel where we would be allowed to use their kitchen facilities. Niruma also suggested that they use the hotel's kitchen utensils and offer to pay the hotel for this.

Niruma quickly devised a menu of *khichdi* (a rice and lentil dish), *kadhi* (yogurt and gram flour gravy) and vegetable curry. She asked a few of the men to go to the market to buy rice, lentils, potatoes, yogurt, gram flour and cooking spices.

Thanks to Niruma's amazing intuition and guidance, the volunteers were able to get the dinner ready within forty-five minutes and all the *mahatmas* enjoyed a filling and hearty meal!



King Akbar was seated in his court. One of his courtiers walked in, carrying a glass vessel with something inside.

The king asked him, "What is that?"

The courtier replied, "This is a mixture of sand and sugar."

"What is it for?" asked the king.

"We are seeking to test Birbal's wisdom. We have heard from many sources that Birbal can find a solution to any problem. If he is indeed so wise, then he should be able to separate the sand and sugar without adding anything else to the mixture.

The courtiers challenged Birbal.

King Akbar asked Birbal, "See Birbal, everyday we give you a new puzzle to solve. Do you have an answer to this one?"

"The solution to this is very easy," replied Birbal and he picked up the glass vessel and walked out of the court.

Birbal scattered the mixture on the ground around the base of a tree.

"What are you doing?" asked the courtier.

"You will come to know tomorrow," replied Birbal confidently.

The next day all the courtiers, along with King Akbar, gathered around the tree. They saw that there was only sand there. All the sugar had been taken away by ants.

"Oh! Where has all the sugar gone?" asked the courtiers.

"It has been separated from the sand," replied Birbal.

And all of them burst out laughing.



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