

# AKRAM Express



I shouldn't have taken it.  
What if someone did that to me?!


Where are my paint brushes?






## Editorial

Friends,

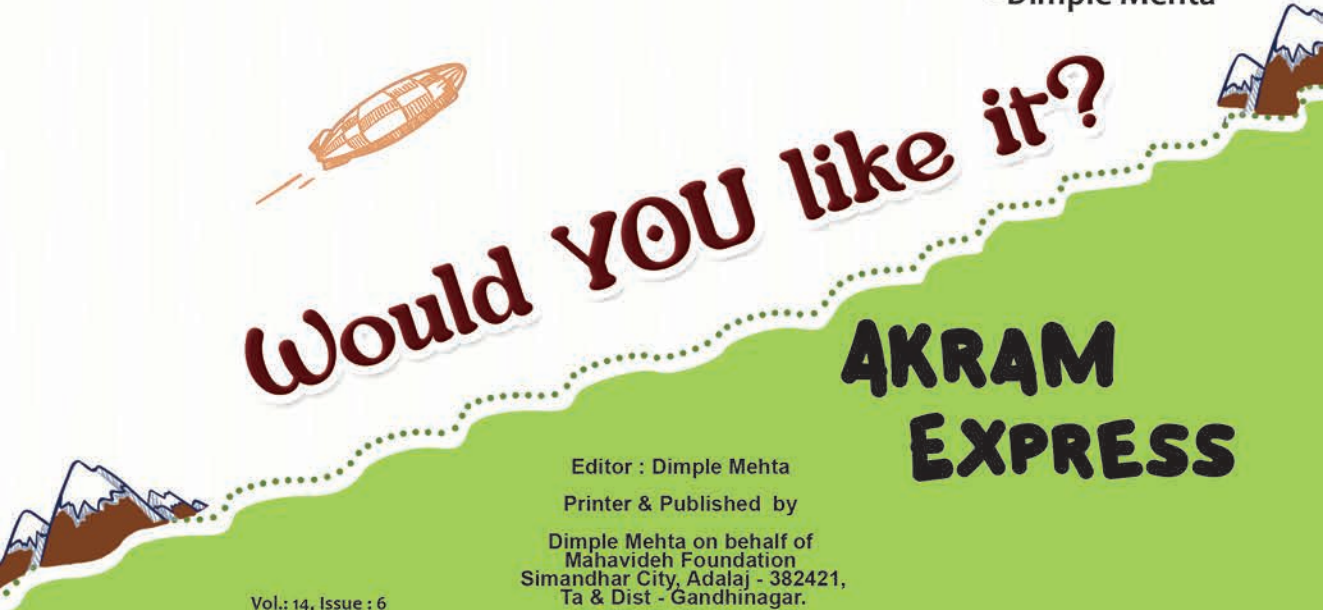



I remembered a small incident from when I was traveling by plane. It was a night flight and I wanted to get some rest. However, there was a baby on board, around six months old, who started crying loudly. Other passengers probably wanted to get some rest as well, and they were getting a little irritated by the baby's crying. But just then a little boy, of around three or four years old, went up to the mother of the baby. He said to her, "Aunty, when I cry, if I play with my favourite toys then I feel happy. If you give this toy to your baby, he will also be happy."

That little boy showed us the best example of humanity. In what way? To know that, let us understand more about humanity through the different definitions and stories depicted in this issue.



- Dimple Mehta



# Would YOU like it?

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## SWEET MEMORIES



This incident is from years ago. There were not many *mahatmas* (followers of Akram Vignan) at that time, so there were more chances of getting close to Niruma. I received a message that I was to meet Niruma at the airport, which made me extremely happy. I felt like taking something for Niruma and thought of taking some orange juice. I made the juice like I normally do.

A few tiny seeds from the oranges remained in the juice. At that time, I did not realise that sugar was not good for Niruma's health. The oranges were a little sour so I added some sugar to the juice. I poured the juice into a glass bottle, and went to the airport with my mother.

I gave this bottle of orange juice to the person who was looking after Niruma. She shook the bottle and saw that there were seeds in the juice, so she said she could not give this juice to Niruma. Hearing this I did not say anything but I was heart-broken. I had dropped everything else and wholeheartedly made this juice for Niruma.

Niruma was sitting about five feet away from where I was, and she was talking to some *mahatmas*. She did not know that I had brought some juice for her. After five or ten minutes Niruma asked me, "Have you brought something for me?" I replied, "Yes, Niruma, I have brought orange juice." Then Niruma said, "So, give it to me." I was extremely happy to hear that! I poured the juice into a glass for Niruma and she had the entire glass and then asked, "Is there any more?" I was choked with emotion. Niruma finished all the juice in the bottle.

Niruma knew what was in my heart. Even though it was not good for her health, just to fulfil my wish, she drank the entire bottle of juice. From that day on she had completely won my heart.



# Gnanis Say...



Humanity means that whatever is hurtful to me, I will not inflict the same hurt unto anyone else. We should ask ourselves, 'What if someone were to hurt me in this way? Therefore, I too should not hurt anyone in the same way.'



Humanity means treating others the way you would like to be treated.

Putting yourself in another's shoes is called humanity.

The essence of humanity is that no living being should be harmed even in the slightest. There is no room for 'tit for tat' in humanity.

Humanity means that if we give happiness to others, we too will get happiness.








# THE ADVENTURES OF THEO AND FRIENDS

Hi, Friends! Do you recognise me? I am Theo. We met in the 'Holidays Are Fun' edition of 2022. Now my friends and I will meet with you often. Why? Because my friends and I are going to travel to new places outside the Didima jungle. Why so much travel? To stay fit! Do you remember the campaign 'Fit Raho Anandma Raho (Stay Fit Stay Happy)'? I am always happy, but to remain fit we will be travelling. We will share with you stories of the inspiring people we meet on our travels. So first of all, let me introduce to you everyone:



I am Theo. I love to eat. Not only that, I am the group's Wikipedia and dictionary. I love to explain the meaning of words.



This is Rizo, to whom there are only two important things in life:

1. His formals with braces
2. His phone on which he does all his research and reserves tickets and hotels for our travels. Rizo is the manager of our group.



This is Zoey. She is interested in technology and mechanics. Finding out how things work is her favourite way to spend time. Zoey is the brains of our group.



This is Giffy. His heart is as big as his height. Everyone keeps tissues in their bag for Giffy, because even small things can make Giffy emotional. Sometimes Giffy's tears make Rizo feel like it's raining. Giffy is the heart of our group.



This month we are at the library in Virginia, USA. Here we have found a book of biographies in which we came across Howard Kelly's story. We found it to be very inspiring and we think that you will feel the same.



# Howard Kelly

There was a boy named Howard Kelly. He was very poor. He had to earn money to pay his school fees. So, in his spare time, he would work as a door-to-door salesman. He would use the commission he earned to pay for school fees and to buy books.

One day when he was out selling, it was very hot and the heat from the midday sun was beating down on him. In Kelly's bag there were only a few last items left. But for some reason, nobody seemed interested in buying these goods that day. He was hungry and thirsty. He knocked on the door of a house and a young girl appeared.

"Madam, I have a few things to sell. Will you buy them?" The fatigue could be heard in his voice.

"Yes, yes! Why not?" answered the girl. It was as if she understood Kelly's situation in an instant. She bought some of the things that Kelly had left.

Kelly was relieved, but then his stomach started complaining. It was as if puppies were barking in his belly. Kelly asked, "Madam, could I please have a glass of water?"

Kelly was not just thirsty but he was also very hungry. The girl asked, "Are you hungry?"

Kelly did not say anything. He was extremely hungry. His small eyes started to fill with big tears, but he quickly recovered and said, "No madam, please could I only have some water?"

The girl brought a glass of milk from inside. Kelly drank the cold glass of milk with a relaxed mind and then reached into his pocket and asked, "Madam, how much do I owe you for the glass of milk?"



“Nothing at all! How can one take money for doing a kindness?” answered the girl compassionately.

Kelly took his leave, after thanking the girl from the bottom of his heart.

Years later the girl was afflicted with a terrible disease. The local doctors could not figure it out and the girl’s health continued to deteriorate. Eventually, they called the most expensive doctor from the city and with his skill and expertise, he was able to diagnose and treat the disease. After having gone through suffering for so many days, the girl made a remarkable recovery. But even then there was no sign of joy on her face because she was worried about the hospital bill. She wondered if she would ever manage to pay off such a huge bill. She figured that she would be paying off this bill for the rest of her life.

Finally, the day came for her to be discharged from hospital. An envelope with the bill inside was brought to her. With trembling hands, she opened it. On the bill was written in big red letters, ‘Paid in full with a glass of milk.’

At the bottom it was signed ‘Dr. Howard Kelly – Hospital Superintendent’.

Kelly’s signature was washed away by the girl’s tears.



**After reading this story, Giffy has emptied not one but two whole tissue boxes. So, now we are off to stock up on tissue boxes for Giffy and to gear up for the next hiking trip. I am a little late. Let me say goodbye before our manager Rizo gets irritated. We will meet again soon!**





# Ever Thought of This?



"Ansh, where are my glasses? Your old grandpa is not able to see anything without them!"

Ansh's mum interrogated him, "Have you hidden grandpa's glasses again? Does this behaviour suit you? Give them back!"

"Mummy, why are you getting angry? I was just having a little fun."

"Do you think this is called fun? Would you like it if someone did that to you?"

Ansh did not have an answer for this, so he placed the glasses in grandfather's hands and ran to his room.


Ansh had already set up another 'fun' plan. He went and sat quietly in his room. In a little while he heard his sister yell from the bathroom, "Mummy! There's something wrong with the body wash. It's gone sticky!" Mum came and smelt the body wash bottle.

"Oh, now I know why the syrup bottle is empty! That boy is truly going to get a beating..." But Ansh was not one to ever let himself get caught.

On Sunday, the whole family went on a picnic. Suddenly Ansh had completely disappeared from the picnic spot, and no one knew where he was.







What had happened was that a mischievous monkey had snatched mum's ice-cream and ran up a tree. Ansh was most amused when he saw this, "Wow, what a swoop that monkey made!"

Ansh's mother was more annoyed with Ansh than she was with the monkey, "That is an animal and we are humans. How can you be happy seeing someone being troubled? Would you enjoy it if someone causes you trouble?"

"What if someone does to me what I do to others?" Ansh had never thought like that. At this moment in time, the only thought going through his mischievous mind was, "What is the monkey going to do with the ice-cream?" And that was why he had vanished from the picnic spot. He had followed the monkey without anyone seeing him leave.

The monkey jumped from one tree to another and suddenly disappeared from view. Before Ansh could spot the monkey again, it jumped off a tree and snatched his glasses.

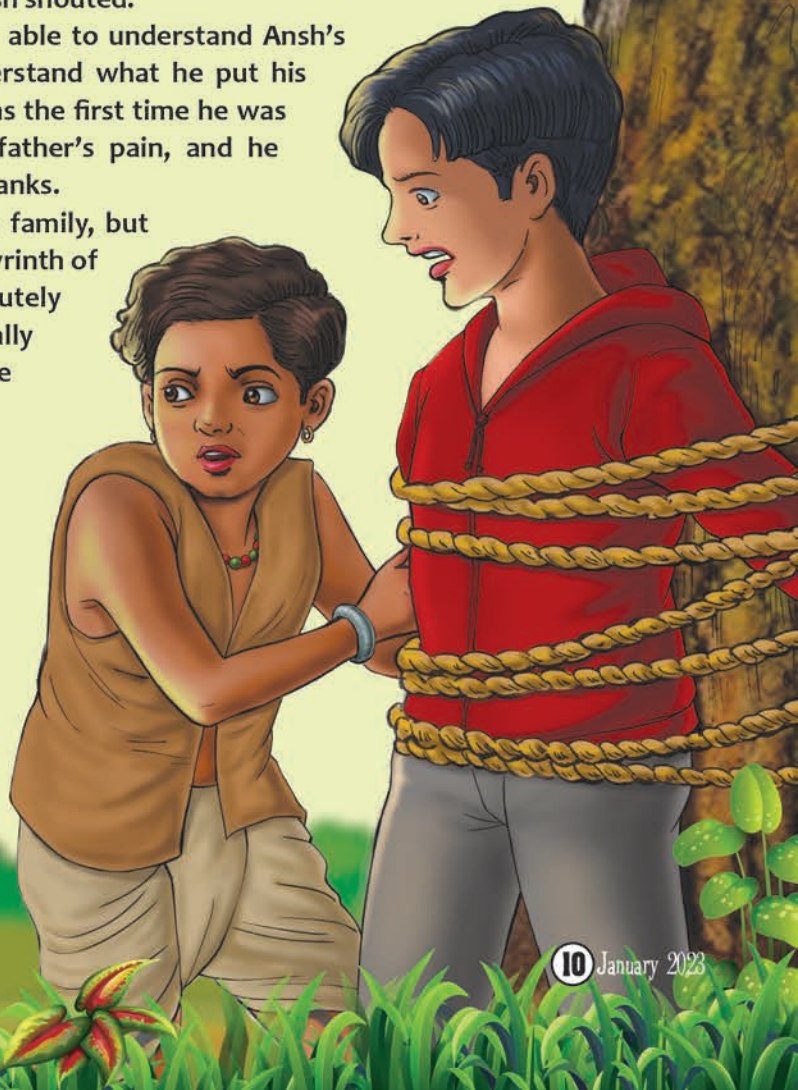
"Hey, what are you doing?! Give me back my glasses! Everything is blurry without my glasses!" Ansh shouted.

But would the monkey be able to understand Ansh's language? Did Ansh ever understand what he put his grandfather through? Today was the first time he was able to understand his grandfather's pain, and he suddenly felt ashamed of his pranks.

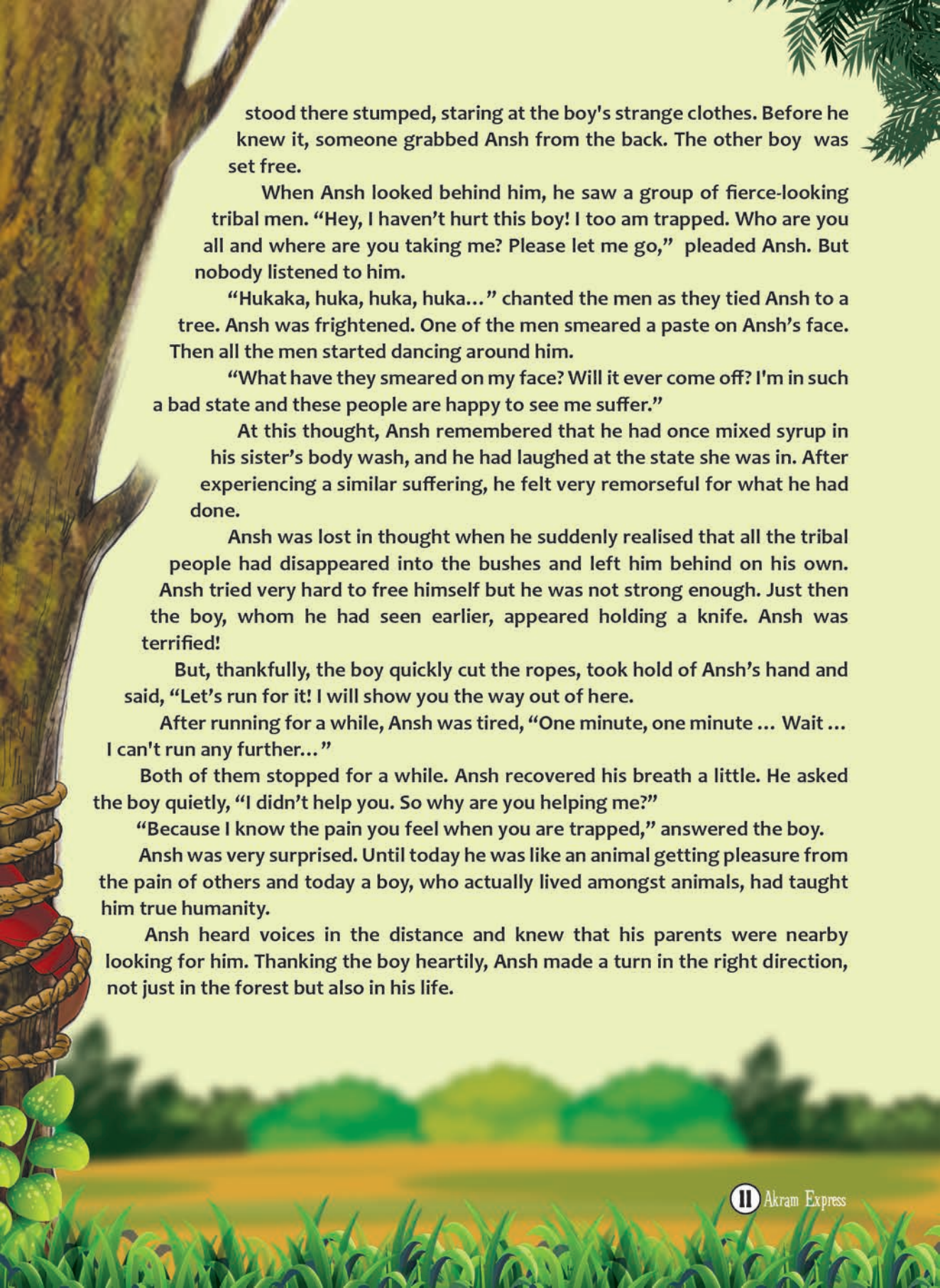
He started looking for his family, but he found himself lost in the labyrinth of the forest. There was absolutely nobody around. Now he felt really scared. Suddenly he heard a little boy crying.

Looking in the direction the sound was coming from, he saw a little boy about his age, caught in a trap. The boy was trying to free himself.

The boy gestured to Ansh to help him. Ansh just







stood there stumped, staring at the boy's strange clothes. Before he knew it, someone grabbed Ansh from the back. The other boy was set free.

When Ansh looked behind him, he saw a group of fierce-looking tribal men. "Hey, I haven't hurt this boy! I too am trapped. Who are you all and where are you taking me? Please let me go," pleaded Ansh. But nobody listened to him.

"Hukaka, huka, huka, huka..." chanted the men as they tied Ansh to a tree. Ansh was frightened. One of the men smeared a paste on Ansh's face. Then all the men started dancing around him.

"What have they smeared on my face? Will it ever come off? I'm in such a bad state and these people are happy to see me suffer."

At this thought, Ansh remembered that he had once mixed syrup in his sister's body wash, and he had laughed at the state she was in. After experiencing a similar suffering, he felt very remorseful for what he had done.

Ansh was lost in thought when he suddenly realised that all the tribal people had disappeared into the bushes and left him behind on his own. Ansh tried very hard to free himself but he was not strong enough. Just then the boy, whom he had seen earlier, appeared holding a knife. Ansh was terrified!

But, thankfully, the boy quickly cut the ropes, took hold of Ansh's hand and said, "Let's run for it! I will show you the way out of here."

After running for a while, Ansh was tired, "One minute, one minute ... Wait ... I can't run any further..."

Both of them stopped for a while. Ansh recovered his breath a little. He asked the boy quietly, "I didn't help you. So why are you helping me?"

"Because I know the pain you feel when you are trapped," answered the boy.

Ansh was very surprised. Until today he was like an animal getting pleasure from the pain of others and today a boy, who actually lived amongst animals, had taught him true humanity.

Ansh heard voices in the distance and knew that his parents were nearby looking for him. Thanking the boy heartily, Ansh made a turn in the right direction, not just in the forest but also in his life.

# THIS IS CALLED HUMANITY!



If someone has lent me ten thousand rupees and I haven't given it back. Then the thought occurs to me that, 'What if I had lent money to someone and they didn't give it back to me? Wouldn't I be very upset? Therefore, I should repay the money as soon as possible.'



If I find someone's lost item, then it should immediately strike me that, 'How would I feel if I had lost something? The owner must be so unhappy right now.' So, I make an effort to try and find the owner and return their item.







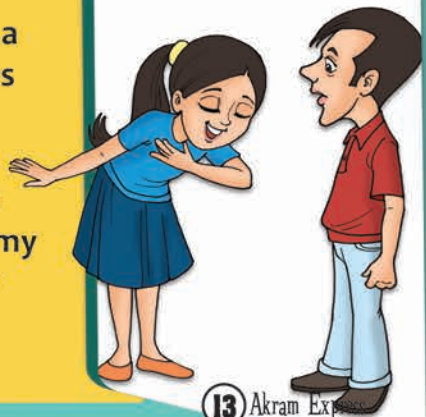
Before I insult someone, I should think, 'I feel extremely hurt when someone insults me. The other person would surely feel the same if I was to insult him!' Thinking that, I change my mind about offending the person.



If I was a victim of theft, I would suffer so much. In the same way, if I were to ever contemplate stealing something, I should think, 'How can I make someone suffer like that?' When somebody is lying to me, I would feel hurt, so I too should not lie.



When I go to someone's home as a guest and if the homeowner makes me feel comfortable and welcome by saying, 'Please come in! Please have a seat', then I too should use such words to make my visitors feel welcome. That is considered humanity.



# New Year's Party

Oh! Are you alright?

I cut myself on a piece of glass...

In actual fact, Taffy was asking Baloo not Jolly.

Nobody is taking any notice of my injuries. And of course they can't see the inner hurt either.

Everybody tends to ignore Jolly. Nobody asks him to be in their team when they play games during breaktime.

Jolly was not invited when it was Baloo the Bear's birthday. When everyone else was talking about the birthday party, Jolly sat quietly, listening.

The swimming pool at Baloo's house was so cool.

I had so much fun playing on the swings.



Just then Sumi turned up...

Jolly's ears perked up.

I have heard that Baloo's friend, Goldie from Rainbow Jungle, will also be coming to the party!

Have you read the noticeboard? Baloo has organised a New Year's party at the beach. Everyone is invited!

Everybody? Even me?!

Wow! Even Goldie! So cool!

Nobody was paying attention to Jolly except for one.

At the party, when everyone was busy enjoying themselves, Jolly was busy picking things up from the beach.

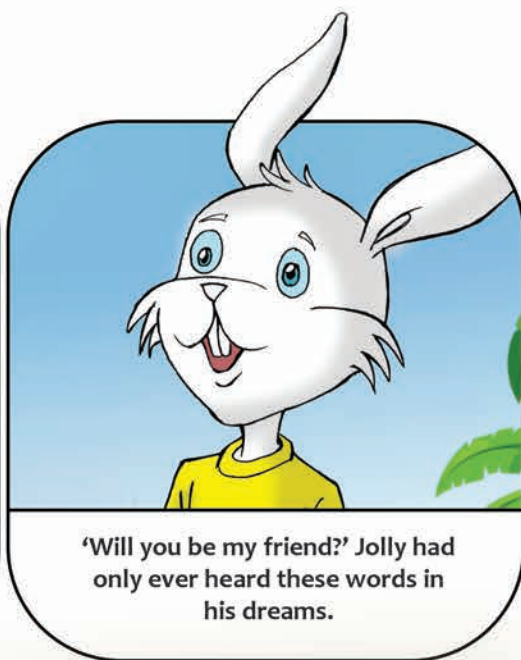
What are you doing?

Just look at all these pieces of glass lying around on the beach! I am picking them up. What if someone gets hurt?

Once I got hurt by a piece of glass. It hurt a lot and I was bleeding as well...



Let me help you. My name is Goldie. I'm Baloo's friend. Will you be my friend?



'Will you be my friend?' Jolly had only ever heard these words in his dreams.



Yes, of course. My name is Jolly.

Just then, Baloo appeared with the entire gang.



Oh, Goldie, what are you up to? Come, let me introduce you to my friends.





# AALOO CHILLY



Chilli ice  
cree-eaam! We  
lo-ove ... chilli  
ice cre-eeam!

Did you ask  
for permission  
before using  
my mic?

Sorry, Coco!

This ice-cream  
is yummy!

Coco!! This is  
Chilly's ice-cream.

Sorry, I couldn't  
help eating it.

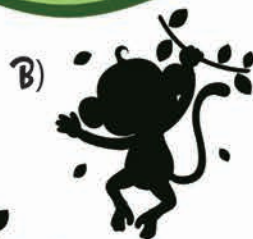
Hey! No need to  
be sorry! I'll just  
get another  
one.





# Let's Play...

Find the Right Shadow.



**Whether you play a game on a trip or go on a trip in the game, you can have fun in both! GNC is taking us on an exciting journey in this game...**

# Happie Journey



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