This book belongs to
Anju loved the merry little Stream
Rippling and flowing like a blue-green dream!
Fish leapt and danced in its waters clear
To fish for fish came birds—from far and near...
Every day Anju walked this way from school
In April’s heat and October’s cool
Sometimes wide, sometimes lean
Her dear Stream always ran sparkling clean
But one hot summer, the Stream fell sick
Weaker and thinner, while weeds grew thick...
Where clear waters once flowed, refreshing to drink
Were smelly puddles and pools, dark as ink!
When Anju came by, everything was wrong!
Not a squirrel’s chatter, not even a birdsong...
Her Stream had vanished! The fish were gone!
Only an old Crow sat around, her face forlorn
“What’s happened to dear Stream?” Anju cried

“Why does it stink, why’s it all dried?”

The Crow looked at Anju, scratched her beak

Coughed twice, and began to speak…
“Alas! There’s a new Factory upstream:
It belches black smoke and dirty steam
It came in your summer holiday
And now, it refuses to go away!”
“Each day, the Factory workers toil
Making soap and shampoo from vegetable oil!
The Factory gulps down Stream’s waters cool
And throws out filth—Oh! Isn’t that cruel?”
“But if dirtying dear Stream is a shame
You village folk must share the blame!
You pump away Stream’s water for your use...
But your drains bring back loads of refuse!”
“That’s why poor Stream has shrivelled and shrunk
That’s why its waters can no longer be drunk
That’s why the fish no longer swim here
That’s why the birds fled… Help, Anju dear!”
Anju ran home and told the sad tale
to all the villagers, who turned quite pale

“Our Stream’s dirty?” cried the Elder. “Going dry? Oh my!
We must save it! We really must try!”
“Soap won’t clean up Stream’s waters black
Shampoo will not bring its fish back
There’s only one thing to do—ah yes!
We must ask the Factory to clean up its mess!”
The villagers marched up to the Factory
Met the owner and cried "Chee! Chee!
It's a shame that our dear Stream's waters blue
Are dirtied by you for soap and shampoo!"
The Factory owner’s face turned small and sad.
“I’m sorry!” he sobbed. “I feel very bad!
I’ll return dear Stream to its merry, clean state.
I promise I’ll do it at an early date!”
“We’ll help you!” replied the Elder. “For, in fact
We villagers too need to clean up our act!
Many villagers work here—your wages are fair
So we too have a role in this affair!”
“We need soap and shampoo, that’s for sure!
But we must make sure our Stream stays pure.
So let’s put together all our brains
And find ways to clean up our awful drains!”
So the Factory owner cleaned up his act
(He was really a nice man—though rather fat!)
The villagers, too, worked hard to make sure
That their wastes didn’t make Stream’s waters impure
Together they worked out a nice new scheme
To manage with less water from the Stream
They saved water and reused it where they could
And that did dear Stream a lot of good!
And because they all did what they said they would do
Dear Stream flows as before—smiling, sparkling blue...
Its fish dart about, the birds sing clear and true
It’s Nature’s way of saying “THANK YOU, ANJU!”
Before and After!

On the left, you can see how the factory and the villagers polluted Anju’s favourite stream. On this page, you can see how they tried to clean it up. They tried to do the same things differently. Can you spot the differences?
Granny needs your help! There are three pots—large, medium, and small. The large pot has exactly 8 litres of water in it. The medium and small pots are empty. However, the medium pot can hold exactly 5 litres of water, and the small pot can hold exactly 3 litres of water.

"Will you please divide the 8 litres of water into two equal parts?" Granny asks you. "I need exactly 4 litres of water in the medium pot, and 4 litres of water in the large pot. Oh, and you must not use any other vessel while doing the job!" Can you do it?
Other books in this series . . . complete your set today!

The Tree Party

Jhilmil the Butterfly

Flight with Birdy
A delightful ditty about how Anju, a schoolgirl, tries to find out why her favourite stream is getting dirtier and dirtier.

Fly with Anju on the wise Crow’s back and see how she makes the villagers and the factory owner clean up the stream...

An inspiring tale for young crusaders!