The Girl Who Hated Books

By Manjusha Pawagi
नव जनवाचन आंदोलन

इस किताब का प्रकाशन भारत जन विज्ञान समिति ने ‘सर दोरावरी दाटा तुस्स’ के सहयोग से किया है।
इस आंदोलन का मकसद आम जनता में पढ़न-पाठन संस्कृति विकसित करना है।

एक लड़की जिसे किताबों से नकारता था
मंजुषा पावगी
हिंदी अनुवाद
अरविंद मुन्ना
कासी संगठन
रणी बाबासाहेब नागरपुरी
रेक्षक
(लेख के आंकड़े के गुण और मिश्रित)
कमला देसाई
नक्षत्र दिनकर
कार डिजाइन
खेल संस्करण
प्रथम संस्करण
सितम्बर 2007
सहयोग राजस्थान
15 पृष्ठ
मुद्रण
दिन मान्यता ऑफ्सेट
नैनी विल्ली नं. 110 018

The Girl Who Hated Books
Manjusha Pawagi
Hindi Translation
Arvind Gupta
Copy Editor
Radheshyam Mangolpuri
Illustration
(Based on original Illustrations by Leanne Franson)
Jyoti Hiremath
Graphics
Abhay Kumar Jha
Cover Design & Layout
Godfrey Das
First Edition
September 2007
Contributory Price
Rs. 15.00
Printing
Sunshine Offset
New Delhi - 110 018

Publication and Distribution
Bharat Gyan Vigyan Samiti
Basement of Y.W.A. Hostel No. II, G-Block, Saket, New Delhi - 110017
Phone : 011 - 26569943, Fax: 91 - 011 - 26569773
Email: bgvs_delhi@yahoo.co.in, bgvsdelhi@gmail.com

एक लड़की
जिसे किताबों से नफरत थी

The Girl Who Hated Books
एक लड़की थी जिसका नाम था मीना। अगर आप किसी
पुरानी संस्कृत की किताब में मीना के मायने खोजेंगे तो आप पाएंगे
कि मीना का मतलब ‘मछली’ होता है। पर मीना को इसके बारे में
कुछ पता नहीं था, क्योंकि वह किताबें कभी पढ़ती ही नहीं थी।
मीना को किताबें पढ़ने से नफरत थी।
Once there was a girl named Meena. If you looked up her name in a book, you would find that it means "fish" in ancient Sanskrit. But Meena didn't know that because she never looked up anything anywhere. She hated to read, and she hated books.

"They're always in the way," she said. And this was true because in her house books were everywhere. Not just on bookshelves and bedside tables where books usually are, but in all sorts of places where books usually aren't.

There were books in dressers and drawers and desks, in closets and cupboards and chests. There were books on the sofa and books on the stairs, books crammed in the fireplace and stacked on the chairs.

“किताबें हमेशा बीच में अड़ूंग डालती हैं,” वह कहती। शायद उसकी बात ठीक थी, क्योंकि उसके घर में हर जगह किताबें ही किताबें थीं। उसके घर में किताबें न केवल बुक-शोल्फ और मेजों पर थीं, बल्कि उन सभी जगहों पर भी थीं जहां उन्हें नहीं होना चाहिए।

जहां देखो वहीं किताबें। हर दराज में किताबें, हर अल्मारी में किताबें। सोफे पर किताबें, सीटियों पर किताबें। यहां तक कि आग जलाने वाली जगह पर भी किताबें। कूर्सियों पर किताबें के ढेर।
एक बात और परेरण करने वाली थी। मीना के माता-पिता रोजनाओं और नई-नई किताबें लाते थे। वे किताबें खरीदते, दोस्तों से मांगते, लाइब्रेरी से लाते। वे हर समय- नापते, दोपहर के खाने और रात के भोजन के समय भी किताबें पढ़ते। पर जब कभी भी वे मीना से पूछते कि क्या वह कोई किताब पढ़ेगी तो वह अपने पैर फटकते हुए चिल्लाती, “मुझे किताबों से नफरत है!” और जब कभी
Worse still, her parents were always bringing home MORE books. They kept buying books and borrowing books and ordering books from catalogues. They read at breakfast and lunch and dinner. But when they asked Meena if she wanted to read, she would stamp her feet and shout, "I hate books!" And when they tried to read out loud to her, she would put her hands over her ears and shout even louder, "I HATE BOOKS!"

There was probably only one person in the world who hated books more than Meena. And that was her cat, Max. A long time ago, when he was just a kitten, an atlas fell on his tail. It bent the tip like a pipe cleaner. Ever since, he's tried to stay on top of the books rather than below them.
एक दिन मीना ने सुबह बॉश-बैसिन में से किताबों को बाहर निकालकर मंजन-कुल्ला किया। फिर वह किचन में जाकर अपने और मैक्स के लिए नाश्ता बनाने लगी। उसने पहले किताबों के ढेर को एक सीढ़ी बनाई और उसपर चढ़कर कर्निफलेक का डिज्वा उतारा। जब उसने फ्रिज खोला, तो उसमें पत्रिकाएं भरी थीं। उसने
One morning, after Meena moved all the books out of the sink to brush her teeth, she went to the kitchen to get breakfast for herself and Max. First she climbed onto a stack of encyclopedias so she could reach the cereal. Then she opened the fridge and moved a pile of magazines to get the milk. She poured some for herself and some for Max.

"Max!" she called. "Breakfast is ready!" But Max didn't come. She tried again. "Max!" she called. "Breakfast is ready!" He still didn't come.

"Where could he be?" she wondered. She looked in the bathtub and behind the dryer. She looked under the stairs and on top of the clock. She found more books, but she didn't find Max.
फिर उसे दूर से ‘मियां!’ की आवाज सुनाई पड़ी। मीना
दौड़ती हुई डायनिंग रूम में गई और वहां किताबें के सबसे ऊंचे
टीले पर उसे मैक्स फंसी दिखाई पड़ी। इस देर में वह सब किताबें
थीं जिन्हें मीना के माता-पिता ने बड़े लाड़-प्यार से उसके लिए
खासतौर पर खरीद था। परंतु मीना ने उन्हें कभी खोला तक नहीं
था। सबसे नीचे दबी थीं— बिना शब्दों वाली चित्रकथाएँ, जिन्हें
उसके बचपन में खरीदा गया था। बीच में चर्चामाला सींखने और
Suddenly she heard a loud "Meeeyooow!" She ran into the dining room and there he was, stuck on top of the tallest stack of books in the house. It was made up of all the books her parents kept buying her and she kept refusing to read. At the bottom were big shiny picture books from when she was a baby. In the middle were alphabet books and nursery rhymes. At the top, right by the ceiling, were fairy tales and adventure stories. They were all covered in dust.

"Don't worry Max," Meena called up to him. "I'll rescue you!" She started to climb the pile of books. At first it was easy because the picture books had hard covers, and she felt as if she were climbing stairs. But when she reached the paperbacks her foot slipped on a book of poetry. She lost her balance and started to slide.
CRASH! The books went flying. They fell every which way, the bindings cracking open for the very first time, and the pages flipping apart. As they fell, strange things began to happen. People and animals started falling out of the pages and tumbling to the ground. They dropped one on top of the other, scattering the books and toppling the chairs.
उनमें राजकुमार और राजकुमारियां थीं, परियां और मेंढ़क थे। फिर कहां से एक भेड़िया और तीन सुअर भी आ टपके। हम्पी-दम्पी उड़ा ता हुआ मुंह के बल गिरा और उसके दो टुकड़े हो गए। उसके पीछे एक बूढ़ी ऑरं और बैंगनी रंग का जिराफ भी आया। इस बारात में हाथी, बादशाह, बौने, रंग-बिरंगे पक्षी और अलग-अलग प्रजातियों के बंदर भी शामिल थे।

पर सबसे ज्यादा भीड़ खरगोशों की थी। वे इधर-उधर कूद रहे थे—जंगली खरगोश, सफ़ेद खरगोश और ऊंची टोप पहने खरगोश।

There were princes and princesses, fairies and frogs. Then, a wolf and three pigs and a troll on a log. Humpty Dumpty went flying and then broke in half, behind Mother Goose and a purple giraffe. There were elephants, emperors, emus and elves and an assortment of monkeys tangled up in themselves.

But most of all there were rabbits, falling this way and that. Wild rabbits, and white rabbits, and rabbits with hats.
Meena sat there in the middle of it all, too surprised to move. "I thought books were full of words, not rabbits!" she said, as six more came rolling out of a book beside her.

By now, she couldn't recognize the dining room at all. The elephant was balancing on a coffee table juggling the good china plates. The monkeys had torn down the curtains and were using them as capes. And the rabbits were nibbling on the table legs.
“Stop!” cried Meena. "Go back!" But there was so much barking and grunting and thumping going on that no one heard her speak. She grabbed the nearest rabbit and tried to stuff him into a cookbook, but that scared him so much he wriggled out of Meena’s grasp and ran away. She opened another book, and four ducks flew out. She slammed it shut again.

"This won’t work,” said Meena. "I don’t know who goes in which book." She thought for a minute. "I know," she said. "I’ll go to everyone and ask them where they belong."
मीना एक ऐसे जीव से पूछताछ शुरू की जिसे उसने पहले कभी देखा ही नहीं था। "तुम कौन हों?" मीना ने पूछा। "अंग्रेजी का पहला अक्षर ए' आदवाक़!" उस जानवर ने थोड़ा नाराजगी के साथ कहा, और फिर वह पैर पटकता हुआ वर्णमाला वाली किताब में चला गया।
She started with one strange creature she didn't recognize at all. "Who are you?" she asked. "A is for Aardvark!" the animal said angrily, and stomped off in search of her Alphabet Book.

She found a wolf sobbing under the dining room table and asked him where he belonged. "I can't remember if I'm from Little Red Riding Hood or The Three Little Pigs!" he wailed and blew his nose on the table cloth. But Meena couldn't help him because she had never read either story.

Then she had another idea. She picked up the nearest book and began to read aloud. "Once upon a time," Meena began. "In a land far, far away ..."
धीरे-धीरे सारे जानवरों ने कूदना, नाचना, शोर-गुल मचाना बंद कर दिया। वे सब मीना के पास आकर कहानी सुनने लगे। जल्द ही सारे जानवर मीना के पास एक गोले में बैठ गए। अब मीना कहानी पढ़ रही थी और वे कहानी सुन रहे थे।
Slowly, the creatures stopped jumping and howling and gibbering and chattering. They crept closer and closer to hear what happened next. Soon they were all sitting in a circle around her, listening to her read.

When Meena reached the top of the second page, the pigs in die circle jumped up. "That's us!" they cried. "That's our page! That's our book!" They leapt up out of die circle, dove into her lap, and disappeared into the book. Meena clapped it shut before they could pop out again.

She grabbed another story. One by one she began reading all her books. And one by one the creatures found out where they belonged.
11

अंत में कमरे में नीली जैकेट बाला केवल एक खरगोश ही बाकी रहा। अब मीना ने पीटर खरगोश बाली किताब उठाई।
“कितना अच्छा हो अगर यह खरगोश मेरे पास रह जाएं।” बाकी सारे जानवरों के जाने के बाद मीना थोड़ा अकेलापन महसूस कर रही थी।
At last, there was just one little rabbit in a little blue coat left in the room. Meena slowly picked up a book. It was The Tale of Peter Rabbit. "Maybe T could keep this rabbit with me," she thought. She was beginning to feel lonely now that everyone else was gone.

But the little rabbit stood in front of her, shifting nervously from foot to foot and twitching his fuzzy nose. He was anxious to get back home. So, with a big sigh, Meena opened the last book. The rabbit hopped in, and with a flash of his white cotton tail, he was gone.

The house was quiet. Max sat on some books washing his face. Meena sighed. "I'll never see those rabbits again!" she said.

Then she noticed that the books were still there, lying around her. She started to smile.
When her parents came in that afternoon they couldn't believe their eyes. Not because the curtains were gone and the dishes were broken and the table legs were chewed up. But because there, sitting in the middle of the room, was Meena. She was reading a book.

End