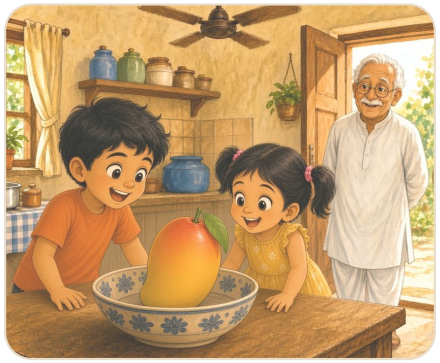
A PICTURE STORY TO READ ALOUD

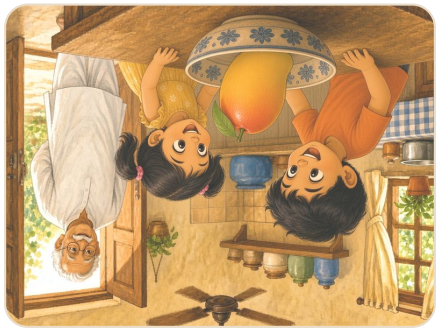
The Last Mango



Ishaan and Meera both want the last mango, until each of them secretly decides to give it away.

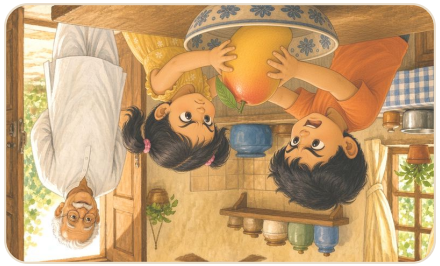
It was the hottest day of summer, and there was just one mango left in the fruit bowl. One big, golden, juicy mango.

Ishaan saw it. Meera saw it. "MINE!" they shouted at exactly the same time.



"I saw it first!" said Ishaan. "I'm littler, so I need it more!" said Meera. They both grabbed. The mango wobbled.

"Arre, arre!" said Nanaji, walking in. "So much noise about one mango?" He picked it up. "I'll keep it safe until you two decide."



Ishaan went to his room and frowned. Then he thought about how much Meera loves mangoes. She does a happy dance every time she eats one.

Meera went to the balcony and frowned. Then she thought about Ishaan. He always gives her the last biscuit when she is sad.



A little later, Ishaan tiptoed to Nanaji. "Please give the mango to Meera," he whispered. "Don't tell her it was me."

A minute after that, Meera tiptoed to Nanaji. "Please give the mango to Bhaiya," she whispered, which is what she calls her big brother. "Don't tell him it was me."



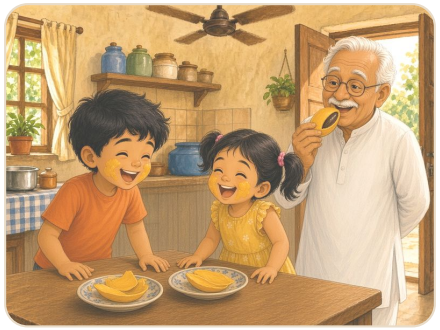
★ The End ★

Talk about the story

- Why did Ishaan and Meera both change their minds?
- How did Nanaji share the mango?
- Is there something you could share with someone in your family today?

PARENT OVEN

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The children looked at each other and burst out laughing. And Nanaji? He got the mango seed, which, as everybody knows, is the juiciest bit.



Nanaji chuckled into his moustache. He fetched a knife and two plates, and called them both to the table.

He cut the mango in half, scored each half into little squares and pushed them up like a hedgehog. "One for Ishaan, from Meera. One for Meera, from Ishaan."