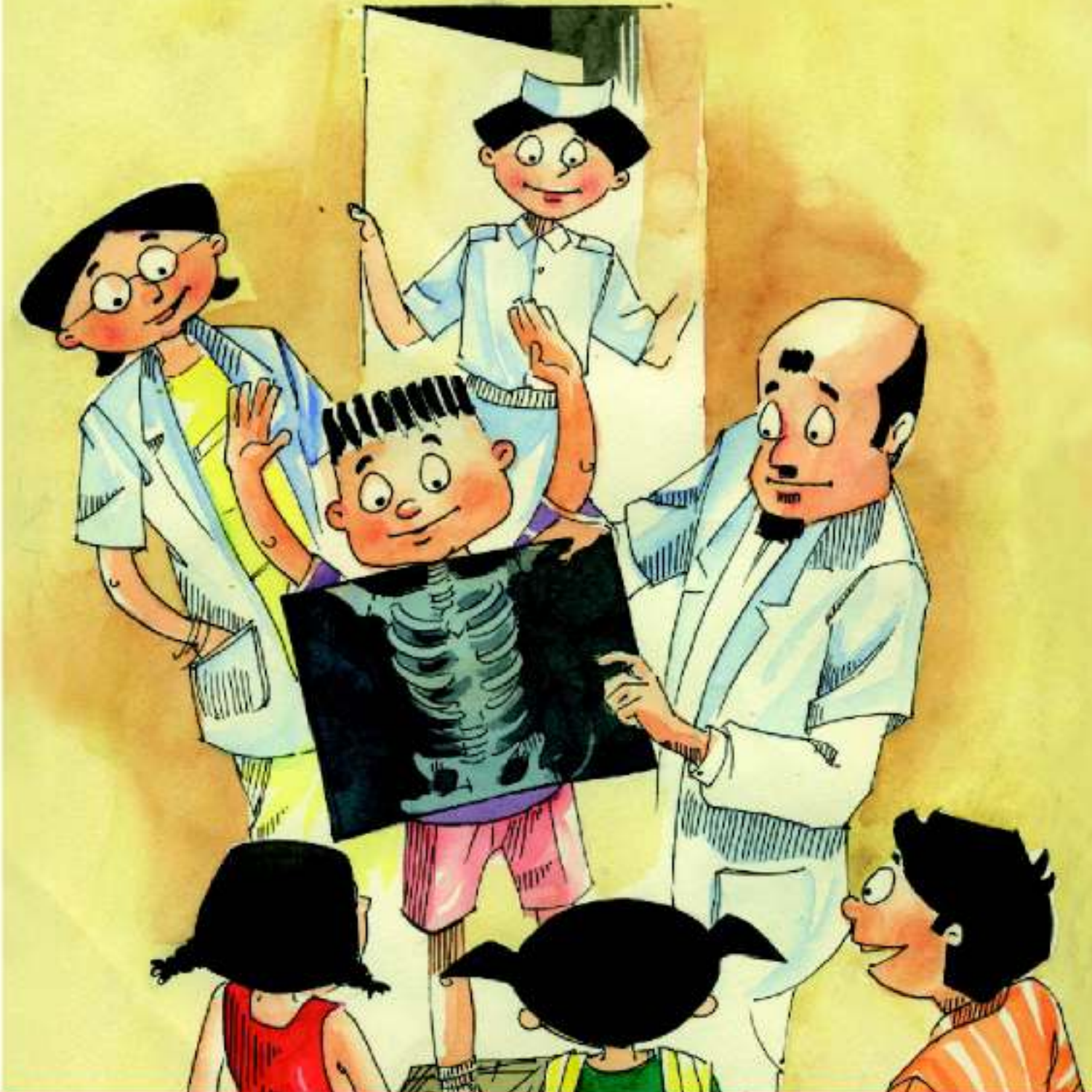


Inside Out

# *Skelly* Tale



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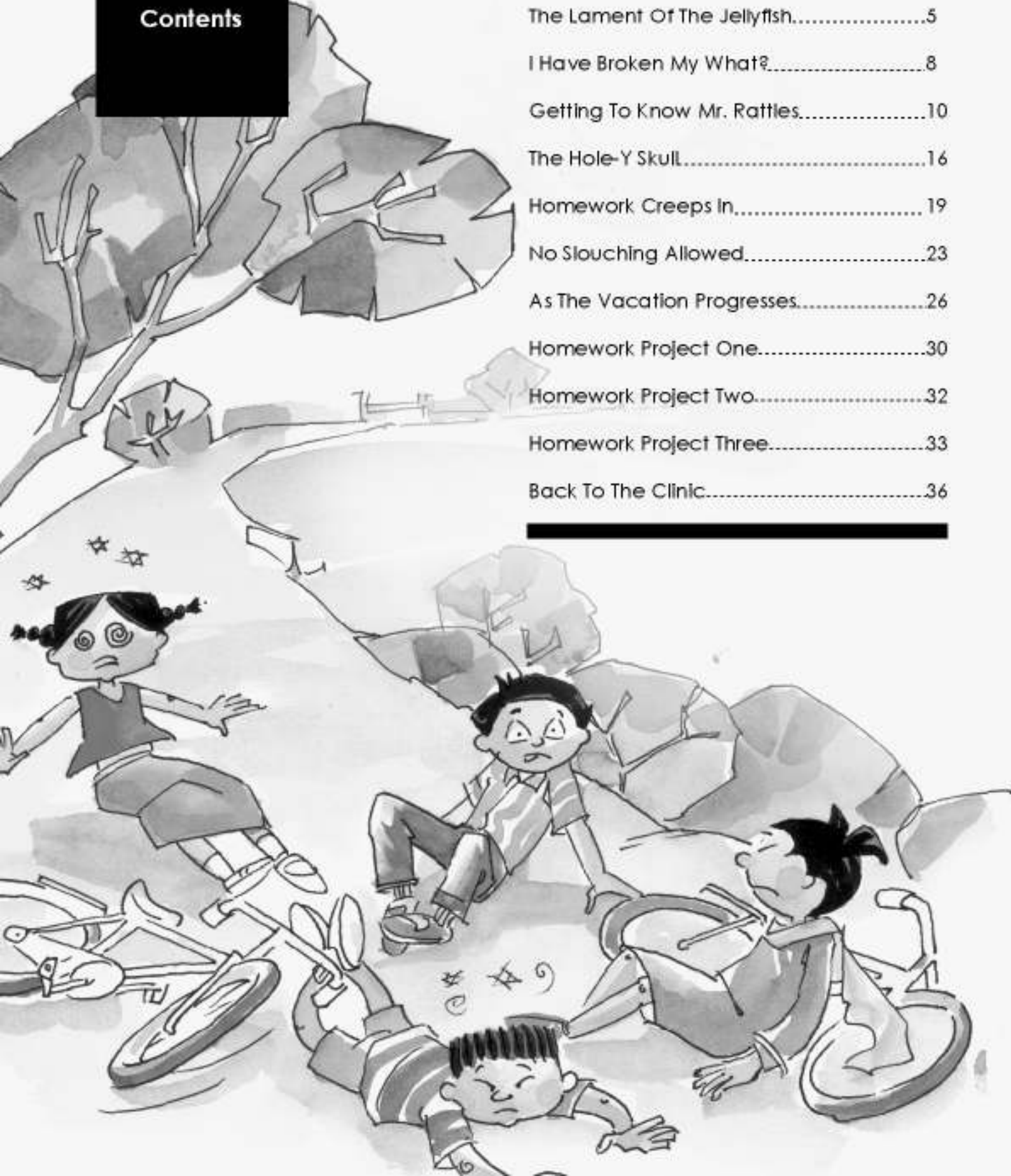
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## A Tumble Into A Clinic

There was much mumbling and grumbling in the sparkling white waiting room of the Mending Bones Orthopaedic Centre that evening. The 'Gang of Four' - Nita, Jay, Bobby and Sheela had begun their summer vacations with a bang, quite literally! Ten minutes ago, they'd been having a whale of a time, racing down the road at breakneck speed. Now, here they were, shuffling awkwardly into the neighbourhood orthopaedic clinic.

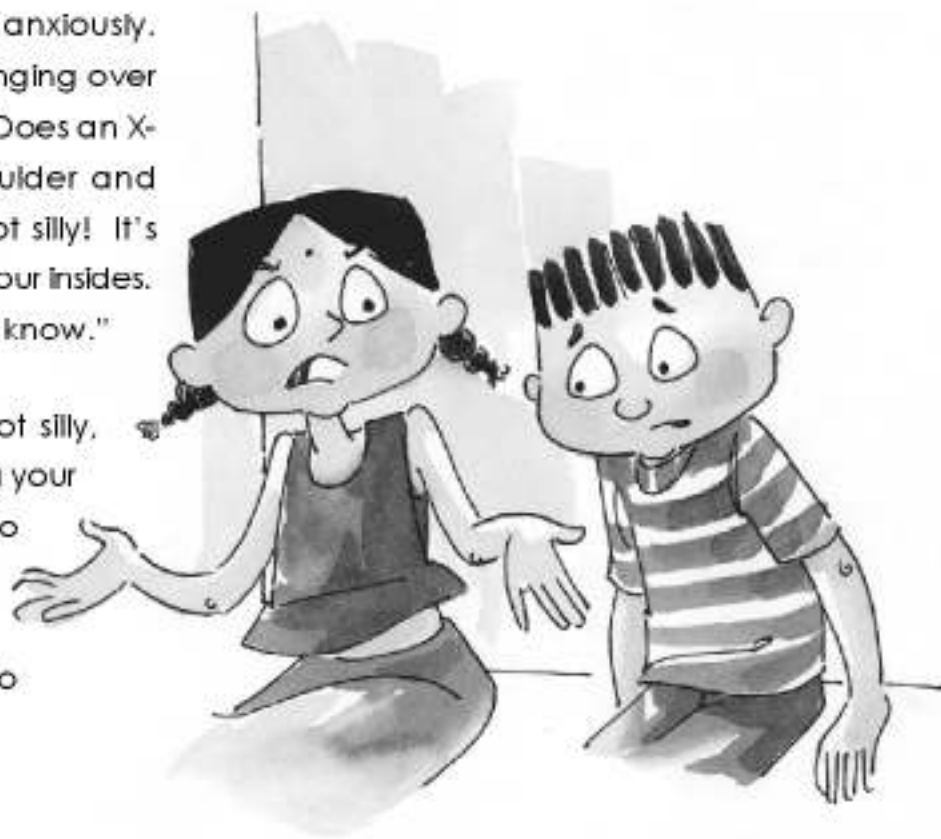


Nita surveyed her surroundings anxiously. She looked at the X-Ray sign hanging over a closed door and shuddered, "Does an X-Ray hurt?" Jay rubbed his shoulder and replied scornfully, "Of course not silly! It's just like taking a photograph - of your insides. I've broken my hand before, so I know."

Nita exclaimed tearfully, "I'm not silly, YOU are. It's silly to keep breaking your bones. You don't have to sound so proud about it!"

"Ha! I would not be here a second time if YOU knew how to ride a cycle properly!" claimed Jay.

"I DO know how to ride a cycle! I did not know that I had a stupid passenger called Jay who would decide to stand up on the back seat and grab that silly Bobby hanging from a tree! My foot hurts and it's all your fault!" said Nita gruffly.

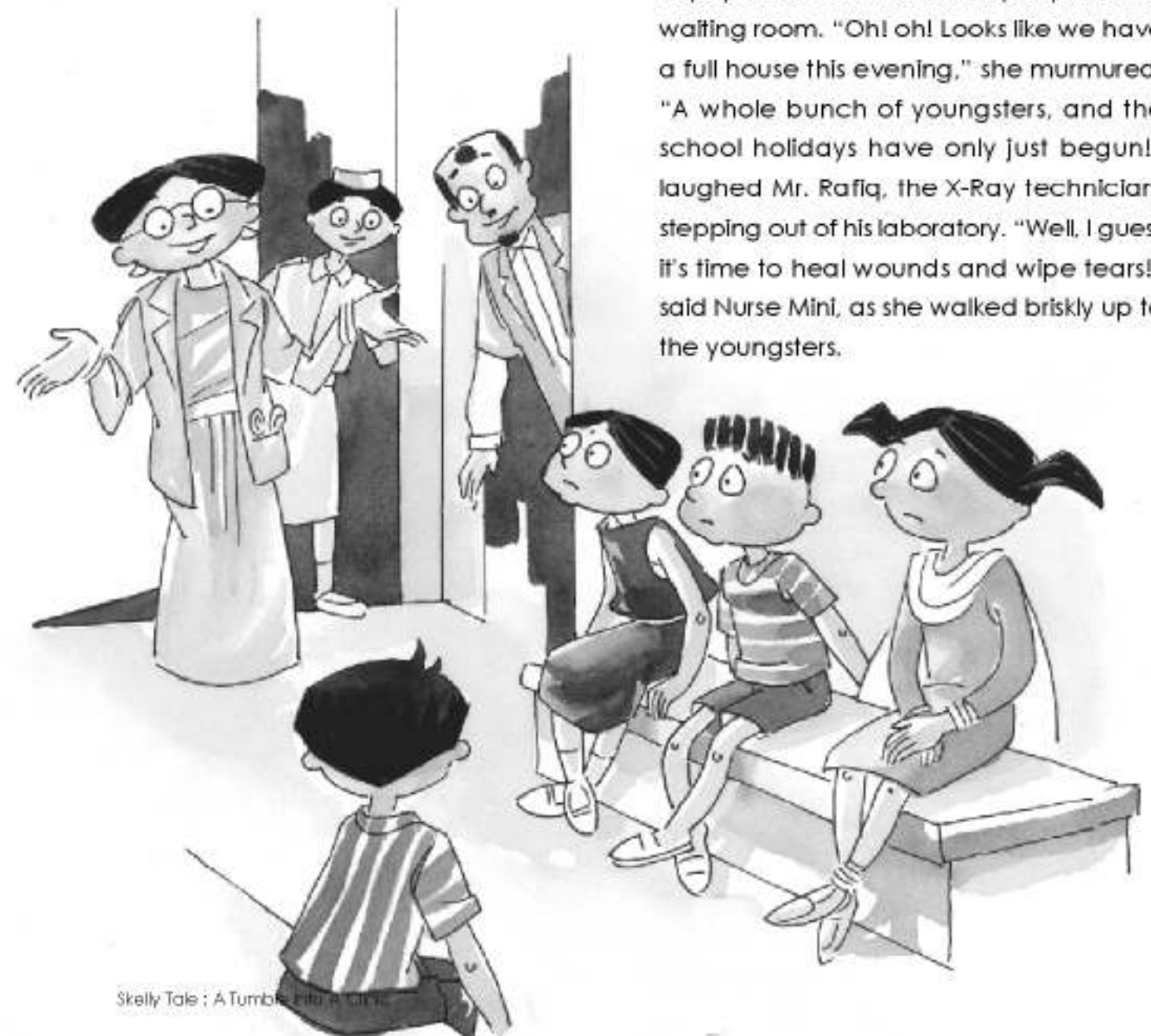


Bobby, who in the meantime had been staring fixedly at a white box outside the clinic's X-Ray room, muttered grimly, "There's a picture of a skull and cross bones on that box! Maybe that room has spooks and ghosts! Oh no! The pain in my hand is getting worse - look it's swelling!". Forgetting her aching wrist for a moment, Sheela announced importantly, "That's just an electric box. The skull and cross bones is a sign that means, 'Danger - don't touch!' Don't you know that, stupid?"

"Oh! That's just great! YOU are calling ME stupid! If you had not screeched in my ear, and let go of my legs, maybe, just maybe we wouldn't have fallen from the tree and landed on this pair on their 'circus' cycle! The stupid clowns!" shouted Bobby.

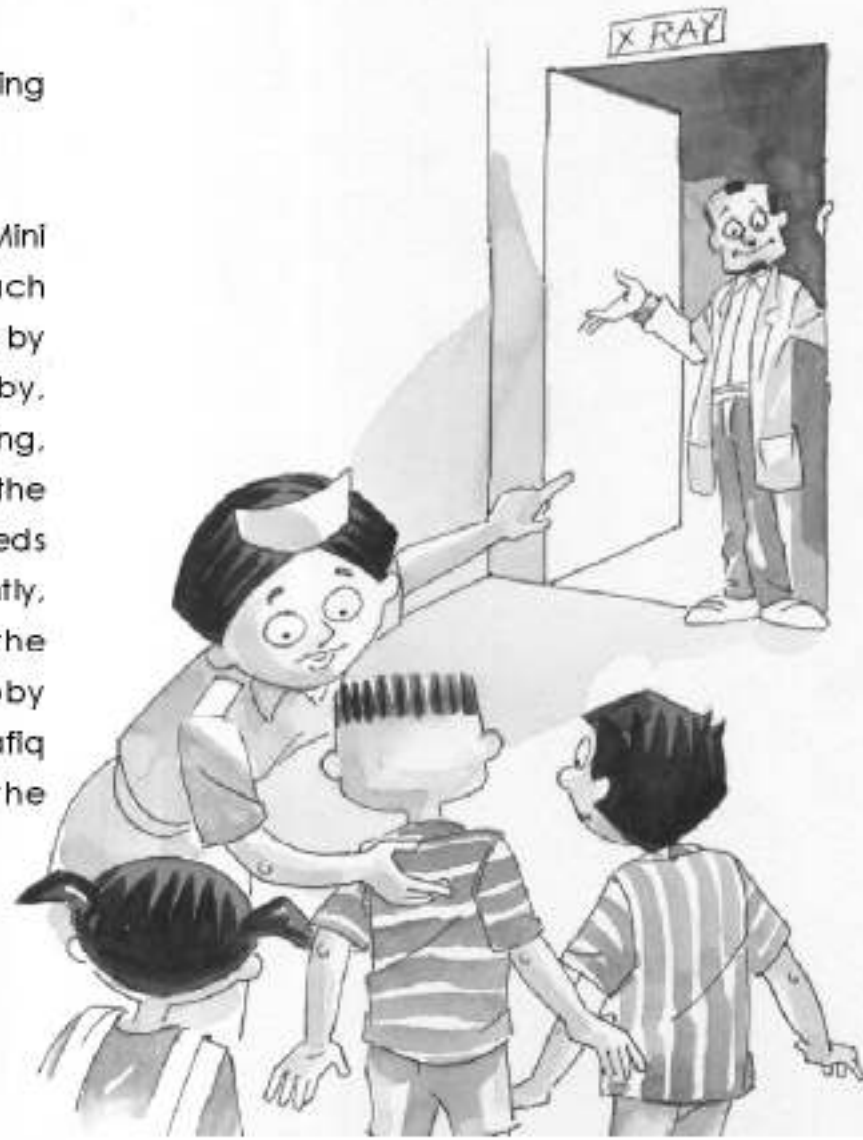
Jay and Nita retorted in unison, "Hey, who are you calling clowns, you pair of jokers!"

The commotion led Dr. Dina, chief surgeon at the Mending Bones Orthopaedic Centre, to pop out of her cabin and peep into the waiting room. "Oh! oh! Looks like we have a full house this evening," she murmured. "A whole bunch of youngsters, and the school holidays have only just begun!" laughed Mr. Rafiq, the X-Ray technician, stepping out of his laboratory. "Well, I guess it's time to heal wounds and wipe tears!" said Nurse Mini, as she walked briskly up to the youngsters.



"Good evening," said Nurse Mini, smiling kindly. "What happened to you?"

Glancing at their sulking faces, Nurse Mini nodded knowingly. "Not talking to each other, huh? Alright then, just step in one by one for your X-Ray." Pointing to Bobby, whose arm now looked rather alarming, she said, "You go first." Then, turning to the others, she continued, "One of you needs to call your parents, pronto." Reluctantly, Sheela rose and walked towards the telephone. Dragging his feet, Bobby shambled awkwardly towards Mr. Rafiq who was waiting at the door of the 'dreaded' X-Ray room.



Bobby grumbled as he entered the X-Ray room. "I wish I had no bones. Then I would not break them!"

"Hmm, then maybe we'd have to rename you 'The Jellyfish Boy', quipped Mr. Rafiq. "Have you heard 'The Lament of the Jellyfish' young man?"

Before the boy could respond, the X-ray technician started to sing, as he positioned Bobby for his arm X-Ray!

## The Lament Of The Jellyfish

You don't know how lucky you are!  
I'd rather have bones by far!

You can run, skip in the sun,  
Kick a ball, have fun!

Or take a hike or ride a bike!  
Or, (as in your case), climb a tree!  
Now, just look at me. Don't you see?

You would be a lump of jelly.  
I think you'd feel pretty silly.

Your handsome face would be a  
mess.  
Imagine being called 'spineless'!

Or else, at different  
times, a different  
shape

Your body will have to take.

All squashed in a box,  
Like a pair of old socks.



That does no good to your ego!

And to conclude this verse  
Not to get a hug is the worst!

So please, no groans,  
Shout hurrah for bones!

You can hold your  
head up high,  
young fellow!

