

# An Amazing World

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The Seetabadi Fair takes place every year in a village in Rajasthan.  
Just like last year, Lalchand set up shop.  
A shop of turbans!





He decorated the shop with colorful turbans from all over the country and set aside the Rajasthani turbans for sale.



Not only did the colorful shop attract people at the fair, it also drew huge crowds from the nearby villages.

Anyone who looked at the shop of turbans was amazed at the variety available.





पगड़ियों की दुकान



Slowly, night fell. The sweet shops and the merry-go-rounds closed down. Lalchand was also tired. He rolled down the shutters of his shop and went to sleep.

Now, the turbans were left alone!







Aha! Then began a round of introductions!  
The turban from Rajasthan said,  
“Colorful I fly, up in the sky.  
Am honor and pride of the kings, that’s why.”















Singing and dancing, the  
turban from Punjab said,  
“Balle, Balle! In the land of  
Punjab,  
I stand tall, we dance all  
night and have a ball!”





Lying on the shelf was a beautifully decorated turban. This turban looked different from all the other turbans. She said, "Here comes the jolly groom with his wedding band, on his head, I sit with pride, looking very grand."



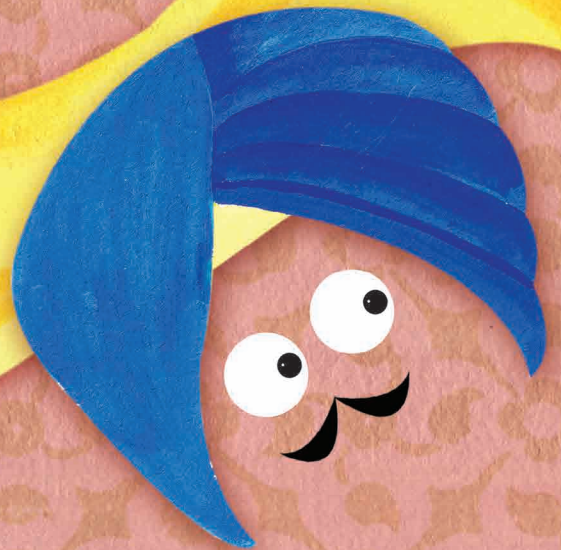
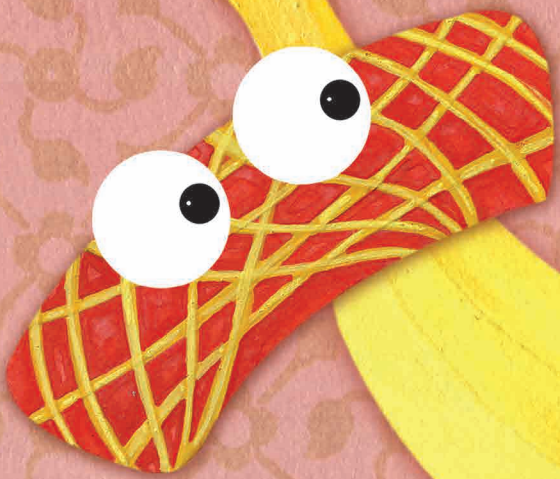








The nine-yard, yellow-colored turban introduced herself. "Look at me, I'm nine-yards long, Tied around the farmer's head, who sings a happy song." Nine yards long! Such a long turban thought the other turbans, unable to stop staring.









All except one of the turbans introduced themselves. Eyeing the other turbans as they spoke about themselves, she waited for her turn.

She smiled and said,

“My master is so roly-poly,  
goes to bed with a puffed-up belly. A name that’s spread so wide and far .  
. . I am the turban from Marwar.”







The night grew darker.  
The turbans chatted away merrily, so much so that they lost track  
of time. The whole fair had gone to sleep, but you could hear the  
sound of chatter from Lalchand's shop.





The next morning, Lalchand opened his shop. Slowly and steadily, children began to gather around.

Lalchand, the turbans, and the children were all very happy!

## पगड़ियों की दुकान

