“Look what I found Bala Anna,” called Priya, “An old top!”

Pambaram, the top, pricked up its ears. Ah, someone had found it at last. Lying at the bottom of the chest of drawers for years, it had been getting very bored.

‘It must have been a very pretty top once,’ thought Bala, wiping the dusty top with a piece of cloth. Pambaram’s green and blue stripes had faded with time. The children took the top to Mani Chitappa.

Mani Chitappa was delighted to see Pambaram. It had been his favourite toy when he was a little boy.
“Bring me a piece of string,” said Mani Chitappa.
Bala fetched a long piece of thick string from Chitra Paati’s store-room. Mani Chitappa wound the string around the top many times and with a flick of his wrist, he let it go. Pambraram couldn’t believe it was spinning! Bala and Priya jumped up and down, clapping their hands with glee.
Mani Chitappa scooped Pambaram onto his palm. “Show me your palm,” said Mani Chitappa and gently placed the spinning Pambaram in the middle of Priya’s palm.

“Tee! Hee! Hee!” giggled Priya. “It tickles!”

Pambaram’s joy knew no bounds. It decided, today, it was going to have fun. Loads and loads of fun! And it wasn’t going to stop spinning ever!
Pambaram jumped from Priya’s palm onto Bala’s. “Ha! Ha! Ha!” laughed Bala. “It does tickle!” Pambaram climbed slowly up his arm and perched on his shoulder, spinning gaily all the while. What was Pambaram going to do now?

One big jump and it was back on the ground!
Priya pretended to be Pamkaram. With outstretched arms, flailing pigtails and billowing frock, she went round and round and round till she was dizzy!


“Where is it going?” shouted Bala.

Pambaram was in a mood to play catch-me-if-you-can! Spinning wildly, it disappeared into the house. Where was Pambaram now? Under the table!
Bala crawled under the table but Pamaram vanished like a shot! Where was Pamaram now?

On top of the big clock!

Priya climbed onto a chair and tried to reach it but Pamaram was off with a flying leap!
Zip! Zap! Zoom! Pambaram streaked into the kitchen. Where was Pambaram now?

Tiptoeing on the grinder’s rim! Chitra Paati made a grab for it but Pambaram was quicker!

Where was Pambaram now? On top of the cupboard!
Girija swiped at it with the broom but instead of Pambarar, she brought down a tin of flour! Pambarar rushed out through the kitchen door into the backyard.

What was Pambarar doing now? Spinning madly in a puddle of water!
Bala and Priya tried their best to catch Pambaran but they were only splashed with muddy water!

What was Pambaran doing now? Zigzagging around the feet of Chitra Paati’s hens! “CLUCK! CLUCK! CLUCK!” cried the astonished hens, for they had never set eyes on Pambaran before!
Leaving behind a confused lot of birds, Pambaram sped out of the front gate onto the street.

What was Pambaram doing now?
Weaving his way between the wheels of Buhari, the village postman’s bicycle!
Buhari tried unsuccessfully not to run over Pambaram. Wobbling dangerously, the bicycle deposited its rider on the dirt road!

What was Pambaram doing now?

Muthu, the village painter was busy painting the post-box at the street corner. Before he knew what was happening, Pambaram raced towards him and fell ‘plop!’ into a can of red paint!

Pambaram was tired out.
Priya and Bala laughed at the sight of the top dripping with paint. They waited for it to dry and then Muthu painted black stripes on it with his brush.

The naughty top now looks as good as new and Pambaran loves its new red and black stripes!
Glossary:
Pambaram – Top in Tamil
Anna – Elder brother in Tamil
Chitappa – Paternal uncle in Tamil
Paati – Grandmother in Tamil
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Pambaram, the Naughty Top
(English)

Spin along with Pambaram, the naughty top, which has a mind of its own.

This is a Level 2 book for children who recognize familiar words and can read new words with help.

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