

Mumma Says

Moral Stories for Children aged 3-10 years

Written by Roshi Malhotra



BlueRoseONE.com
S t o r i e s M a t t e r
New Delhi • London

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

India | U.K.

Copyright © Roshi Malhotra 2026

All rights reserved by author. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the author. Although every precaution has been taken to verify the accuracy of the information contained herein, the publisher assume no responsibility for any errors or omissions. No liability is assumed for damages that may result from the use of information contained within.

BlueRose Publishers takes no responsibility for any damages, losses, or liabilities that may arise from the use or misuse of the information, products, or services provided in this publication.



For permissions requests or inquiries regarding this publication,
please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

www.BlueRoseONE.com

info@bluerosepublishers.com

+91 8882 898 898

+4407342408967

ISBN: 978-93-7139-356-0

Cover design: Daksh

Typesetting: Tanya Raj Upadhyay

First Edition: January 2026

Acknowledgments

This book would not have been possible without the love and support of those closest to my heart.

To my husband, Arpan — thank you for being my constant pillar and believing in my dreams even before I did. Your patience, faith, and love made this journey possible.

To my parents — your values and faith in me have guided me through every step of life and are reflected in every page of this book.

To my in-laws — thank you for your warmth, blessings, and steady support that mean so much to me.

To my beautiful daughters, Ashna and Akshi — you are my inspiration, my joy, and the reason I wanted to create something meaningful. Watching you grow has been my greatest story.

And to my family and friends — thank you for surrounding me with laughter, love, and strength. Your presence has been a blessing every step of the way.

With deep gratitude,
Roshi Malhotra

Table of Contents

CHAPTER 1

Mumma Says: Always Say Thank You..... 1

CHAPTER 2

Mumma Says: Fair or dark everyone is Beautiful! 5

CHAPTER 3

Mumma Says: Mumma can cook, Papa can cook..... 9

CHAPTER 4

Mumma Says: Wear What Makes You Happy..... 13

CHAPTER 5

Mumma Says: Eat Your Fruits and Vegetables..... 16

CHAPTER 6

Mumma Says: Saved is Earned!..... 19

CHAPTER 7

Mumma Says: Boys Can, Girls Can, Everyone Can!23

CHAPTER 8

Mumma Says: Find Joy in the Small Things.....26

CHAPTER 9

Mumma Says: Anger Breaks, Patience Builds.....29

CHAPTER 10

Mumma Says: Let's Play and Stay Strong!32

CHAPTER 11

Mumma Says: Please, Sorry, and Excuse Me are Magic Words!35

CHAPTER 12

Mumma Says: India is a Big, Beautiful Family.....38

CHAPTER 13

Mumma Says: Smart Kids Use Time Wisely!42

CHAPTER 14

Mumma Says: Plants Have Feelings Too.....46

CHAPTER 15

Mumma Says: Be polite to Everyone!49

CHAPTER 16

Mumma Says: Open a Book, Unlock a New World.....52

CHAPTER 17

Mumma Says: Spending Time with Grandparents is Fun 55

CHAPTER 18

Mumma Says: A Clean Place Is a Better Place.....58

CHAPTER 19

Mumma Says: Sharing is Caring!.....62

CHAPTER 20

Mumma Says: Everything Will Be Okay65

CHAPTER 21

Mumma Says: Girls Are As Strong As Boys68

CHAPTER 22

Mumma Says: Save Water, Every Drop Counts 71

CHAPTER 23

Mumma Says: Not Every Stranger is a Friend74

CHAPTER 24

Mumma Says: No Food Should Go to Waste!78

CHAPTER 25

Mumma Says: Some Touches Are Not Okay 81

CHAPTER 26

Mumma Says: Don't Judge a Book by Its Cover84

CHAPTER 27

Mumma Says: Do Your Own Chores88

CHAPTER 28

Mumma Says: A Cleaner World Starts with You 91

CHAPTER 29

Mumma Says: Don't Lie, Be Honest94

CHAPTER 30

Mumma Says: Love Your Family97

CHAPTER 1



Mumma Says: Always Say Thank You



The kitchen smelled sweet and warm.

Mumma was at the stove, carefully flipping golden-brown pancakes. Shaan stood nearby, watching the batter bubble in the pan. Sara was sitting on the floor, playing with her toy plates and spoons.

"Pancakes!" Shaan said excitedly. "With honey?"

Mumma smiled. "And a little butter too. Just the way you like."

Sara picked up a spoon from her toy set and walked over. "Here, Shaan," she said, holding it out.

Shaan took it quickly, eyes still on the pancakes.

Mumma turned around and gave him a gentle look. "That was thoughtful of Sara, wasn't it?"

Shaan nodded slowly.

Mumma came closer. "And when someone does something kind, what do we say?"

Shaan looked at Sara, then back at Mumma. "Thank you, Sara."

Sara beamed. "You're welcome, Shaan!"

Mumma smiled. "Good. Even a small thank you can make someone feel happy."

She placed a warm plate of pancakes on the table.

Shaan's eyes lit up. "They look amazing!"

Mumma raised an eyebrow playfully. "Anything missing?"

Shaan grinned. "Thank you, Mumma! For making them."

"That's better," she said, ruffling his hair.

Later that evening, Papa walked in with a surprise—fresh mangoes from the market.

Shaan jumped up. "Thank you, Papa!"

Papa smiled warmly. "That's so sweet of you to say."

Papa gave Shaan a big hug. Sara ran over too. "Thank you, Papa!" she said cheerfully.

Papa lifted them both in a happy squeeze. Mumma watched with a smile.

Shaan looked up. "I think 'thank you's' make everything nicer."

Mumma nodded. "That's why I say—always say thank you."



CHAPTER 2



Mumma Says:

Fair or dark everyone is Beautiful!



Sara loved to draw. One evening, she sat by the window, coloring a picture of a princess. She picked a light pink crayon for the skin but then stopped.

She looked at her hand. Her skin was darker than the princess in her drawing.

"Mumma," she called. "Why don't princesses look like me?"

Mumma sat beside her. "What do you mean, Sara?"

"All the princesses in my books have fair skin. But mine is brown. Can I still be a princess?" Sara asked.

Mumma smiled and held her hand. "Oh, Sara, what do I always say?"

Sara thought for a moment. "Mumma says—fair skin or dark skin, everyone is beautiful."



Mumma nodded. "Flowers come in different colours, but they are all beautiful, aren't they?"

Sara looked outside at the pink roses, yellow marigolds, and white lilies. "Yes, they are!"

"Just like flowers, people come in different shades too. And real beauty isn't in our skin—it's in our kindness, our courage, and our smiles," Mumma said.

Sara picked up a brown crayon and started coloring the princess to look like her. She smiled. "Now, she looks like a real princess—just like me!"

Mumma kissed her forehead. "That's because you already are, my little princess."

And from that day on, Sara knew—she was beautiful, just the way she was!

CHAPTER 3



Mumma Says:

Mumma can cook, Papa can cook



Shaan loves food. He loves eating crispy dosas, cheesy pasta, and warm, fluffy rotis. But he never thought much about how food was made.

One evening, Shaan was watching his favourite cartoon when he heard clanking in the kitchen. He peeked inside and saw his Papa stirring a big pot of dal (*lentils*).

"Papa? You're cooking?" Shaan asked, surprised.

Papa chuckled. "Of course! Cooking isn't just for moms, you know."

Just then, Mumma walked in, wiping her hands. "Your dad makes the best *dal*, Shaan! And remember what I always say?"

Shaan grinned. "Mumma says—cooking is for everyone!"

Papa winked. "And Papa says—good food is made together!"

Shaan thought for a moment. "Then can I help too?"

Mumma and papa exchanged a smile.

Mumma handed him a rolling pin. "Try rolling this roti."

Papa gave him a spoon. "And stir the *dal*—gently!"

Shaan giggled as his roti turned out a funny shape. "Oops! It looks like a cloud."



Mumma laughed. "That's okay! Cooking isn't about being perfect. It's about learning."

Finally, dinner was ready. As they sat down to eat, Shaan took a big bite.

"Mmm! This dal is yummy!" he said. Then he grinned. "Wait, does this mean I'm a cook now?"

Papa ruffled his hair. "Absolutely!"

From that day on, Shaan didn't just love eating food—he loved making it too.

Because cooking is for everyone!

CHAPTER 4



Mumma Says: Wear What Makes You Happy



One sunny afternoon, Shaan and Sara were getting ready to go to the park. Shaan quickly put on his favorite blue shorts and a t-shirt.

Just then, he noticed Sara picking out a pair of shorts too. He frowned. "But Sara, shorts are for boys! Girls wear dresses."

Sara crossed her arms. "Says who?"

Mumma, who was listening, smiled. "Shaan, clothes don't have rules. Boys and girls can wear whatever makes them comfortable."

Shaan looked confused. "But I always see more boys wearing shorts."

Mumma nodded. "That's because sometimes, people follow old ideas. But that doesn't mean they're right. Clothes don't decide who we are—we do."

Sara grinned. "I wear shorts because they help me run fast. Just like you!"

Shaan thought for a moment, then smiled. "I guess you're right. Shorts are for everyone!"

At the park, they ran, jumped, and played without a worry. On the way home, Shaan held Mumma's hand and said, "Mumma, you are right—we should wear what makes us happy!"

Sara nodded and grinned. "And I love my shorts!"

Shaan laughed. "Me too!"



CHAPTER 5



Mumma Says: Eat Your Fruits and Vegetables



It was lunchtime, and the dining table was filled with colourful dishes—steamed broccoli, sliced carrots, dal, chapati, and a bowl of freshly cut fruits.

Shaan poked at the broccoli with his fork, frowning. "Do I have to eat this, Mumma? It tastes like a tree."

Mumma smiled as she placed a spoonful of dal on his plate. "That little tree is full of strength. Want to run faster on the playground? Broccoli helps."

Shaan raised an eyebrow. "Really?"

Sara, sitting in her booster chair, was busy picking out only the grapes from the fruit bowl. "I don't want banana, only grapes!" she declared.

Mumma leaned over and handed her a tiny piece of banana. "Bananas give you energy, dear. You need that to jump around all day, don't you?"

Sara thought for a moment, then took a small bite. "Yum," she said softly.

Shaan chewed on a carrot stick. "So if I eat my vegetables, I'll get super-fast?"

Mumma nodded. "And strong, and smart too. Fruits and veggies are like nature's magic."

By the end of lunch, Shaan had finished his broccoli, and Sara had even asked for a second banana slice.

Later that afternoon, the kids were playing in the park. Shaan zoomed down the path, shouting, "I'm so fast now!"

Sara bounced on the grass nearby, arms in the air. "Banana power!"

Mumma sat on a bench under the shade, watching them with a soft smile.

"See?" she called out. "Mumma says: Eat your fruits and vegetables—and watch the magic happen."

CHAPTER 6



**Mumma Says:
Saved is Earned!**



It was a lazy Sunday afternoon when little Sara spotted a crisp 10-rupee note lying on the side table.

Her eyes lit up. "Mumma, can I buy candy with this?"

Before Mumma could reply, Shaan chimed in from the sofa, "Candy again? You just had some yesterday!"

Sara frowned. "But this is my lucky find!"

Mumma walked over, sat beside them, and held out Sara's piggy bank. "You can buy candy, dear," she said gently, "but remember—saved is earned."

Shaan tilted his head. "What does that mean, Mumma?"

Mumma smiled. "It means when you save money, it's like earning for your future self. A small saving today could turn into something special tomorrow."

Sara paused, thinking. "Like...my cousin Raha's pink polka-dot dress?"

Mumma nodded. "Exactly. If you keep saving, maybe one day you'll have enough for something like that."

Sara looked at the note, then at her piggy bank—and gently folded it before sliding it in.



Shaan grinned. "I've been saving too. Maybe I'll get that puzzle I saw last week."

Days went by. Whenever they found coins around the house or received small amounts, Shaan and Sara added them to their piggy banks.

One evening, Mumma called them to the dining table. On it sat a wrapped box for Shaan and a tiny dress box for Sara.

Sara gasped. "Is that—?"

Mumma nodded. "You both saved so wisely, I added a little to reward you."

Shaan opened his gift—a new puzzle. Sara opened hers—the polka-dot dress she had dreamed of.

Sara twirled with joy. "You were right, Mumma! Saved is earned!"

Mumma smiled, pulling them in for a hug. "See? A little patience and a little saving can go a long way."

CHAPTER 7



**Mumma Says:
Boys Can, Girls Can,
Everyone Can!**



Sara came home from school looking curious. "Mumma, my friend Aarav's parents have such different jobs!"

Mumma smiled. "Oh? What do they do?"

"Aarav's Papa is a chef, and his Mumma is a police officer!" Sara said. "I thought only women cooked and men became police officers."

Papa, who was reading a newspaper, looked up and chuckled. "That's not true, Sara. Anyone can do any job if they work hard."

Sara thought for a moment. "So, can a boy be a teacher and a girl be an engineer?"

"Of course!" Mumma said. "Jobs aren't about being a boy or a girl—they're about what you love to do."

Papa smiled. "In fact, I have a friend who is a fashion designer and his wife is a pilot. They both love their jobs!"

Sara grinned. "Then I can be anything I want!"

Mumma hugged her. "That's right, my darling because
"Boys Can, Girls Can, Everyone Can!"



CHAPTER 8



Mumma Says: Find Joy in the Small Things



It was a rainy Sunday evening. Shaan stood at the window, frowning. "Our ice cream walk is cancelled."

Sara sighed. "And I wanted to wear my new rainbow dress..."

Papa looked up from the couch. "We could still do something fun indoors."

"Like what?" Shaan muttered. "It's just boring rain."

Mumma came in, holding a tray of popcorn. "Only boring if you let it be," she smiled.

Soon, she spread a thick blanket on the living room floor. Papa dimmed the lights. Sara brought her stuffed toys, and Shaan grabbed the storybooks.

They snuggled under the blanket, rain tapping on the windows, while Papa read funny voices and Mumma handed out warm popcorn.

Sara giggled. "This is like a picnic, but inside!"

"And no mosquitoes," added Papa.

Shaan leaned back, munching happily. "You know... this is kind of perfect."

Sara nodded, her eyes sleepy but smiling.

"Mumma says—little things make the biggest smiles."



CHAPTER 9



Mumma Says: Anger Breaks, Patience Builds



Shaan was building a tall tower with his blocks. Just as he placed the last piece, Sara reached out to touch it—**CRASH!** The whole tower tumbled down.

"Sara!" Shaan shouted, his face turning red. "You ruined it!"

Sara's eyes filled with tears. "I just wanted to help."

Mumma, who had been watching, sat beside them. "Shaan, what do we do when things go wrong?"

Shaan crossed his arms. "Get angry?"

Mumma shook her head. "No, dear. Anger only makes things worse. When we are patient, we can fix anything."

Shaan looked at the fallen blocks. He took a deep breath and sighed. "Okay, Sara, let's build it again—together this time."

Sara's face lit up. "Really?"

Mumma smiled as the two of them carefully rebuilt the tower, taller and stronger than before.

"See?" Mumma said. "With patience, we don't just fix things—we make them even better."



CHAPTER 10



**Mumma Says:
Let's Play and Stay Strong!**



One sunny afternoon, Shaan was watching cartoons while Sara was busy playing with her dolls.

Mumma walked in and smiled. "Shaan, Sara, let's go outside and play!"

"But Mumma, I'm tired," Shaan said, stretching on the sofa.

"I want to play here," Sara added, balancing another block.

Mumma sat beside them. "Did you know playing is like magic? It makes you strong, fast, and super happy!"

Shaan's eyes lit up. "Like a superhero?"

"Exactly!" Mumma said. "Even superheroes run, jump, and play to stay strong."

Excited, Shaan and Sara put on their shoes and ran to the park with Mumma. They played tag, jumped in puddles, and raced each other on the grass.

After a while, Sara clapped her hands. "Mumma, I'm not tired anymore!"

Shaan grinned. "I feel like I have super energy!"

Mumma laughed. "That's the magic of playing!"

Shaan and Sara high-fived. "Mumma says running, jumping, and playing makes us super—and she's absolutely right!"



CHAPTER 11



Mumma Says:

**Please, Sorry, and Excuse Me are
Magic Words!**



One morning, Shaan and Sara were playing with their toy train. Sara picked up the red engine, but Shaan wanted it too.

"That's mine!" Shaan said, grabbing it.

Sara frowned. "Mumma! Shaan took my train!"

Mumma walked in and said, "Shaan, what should you say?"

Shaan looked down. "Umm... sorry, Sara."

Sara smiled and gave him the train. "It's okay! You can play with it."

Later at lunch, Sara wanted more juice. She held out her cup and said, "Give me more!"

Mumma raised her eyebrows. "Hmm... what's the magic word?"

Sara giggled. "Please!"

Mumma poured the juice. "That's right! 'Please' makes everything nicer."

In the evening, Shaan was running and accidentally bumped into Dadu.

"Oops! Excuse me, Dadu!" Shaan said quickly.

Dadu smiled. "Such good manners! Mumma is teaching you well."

Mumma hugged them both. "See? 'Please,' 'Sorry,' and 'Excuse Me' are magic words—they make everyone happy!"

Shaan and Sara grinned. "Mumma says always use please, sorry, and excuse me—because good words bring big smiles!"



CHAPTER 12



Mumma Says: India is a Big, Beautiful Family



Shaan loved his school, especially lunchtime! Every day, he and his friends opened their tiffins, excited to see what was inside.

One day, Shaan noticed his new classmate, Bala, opening his lunchbox. Inside was something round and white with a bowl of sambar.

"What's that?" Shaan asked, curious.

"It's idli," Bala said, smiling. "I'm from Chennai, and we eat this for breakfast!"

Shaan wrinkled his nose. "It looks different. I've never had it before."

Bala looked at Shaan's lunchbox. "What do you have?"

Shaan grinned. "Paratha with paneer! My Dadi makes the best ones."

Bala's eyes widened. "I love parathas too! My mom makes idli at home. Want to try one?"

Shaan hesitated but took a small bite. It was soft and tasted really good with the sambar! "Wow! This is yummy!"

That evening, at home, Shaan told Mumma about his lunch. "Mumma, Bala and I ate such different food, but both were tasty!"

Mumma smiled. "That's because India is like a big family, Shaan. We all have different traditions, but we still belong together."

Shaan thought about it and nodded. "So even if we eat, speak, or dress differently, we are still one?"



Mumma hugged him. "Exactly, dear. Our differences make India more beautiful."

The next day, Shaan took an extra paratha for Bala—and Bala brought an extra idli for Shaan. Because sharing made everything even better!

CHAPTER 13



**Mumma Says:
Smart Kids Use Time Wisely!**



One Sunday morning, Shaan and Sara were playing with their toys when Mumma called out, "Kids, time to clean up and get ready for breakfast!"

"Five more minutes, Mumma!" Shaan said, pushing his toy truck.

Sara nodded. "Yes, five more!"

Mumma smiled and sat beside them. "Okay, but look at Papa."

They turned to see Papa. He had already taken a bath, read the newspaper, and was now setting the table for breakfast. He wasn't rushing at all!

"How does Papa finish everything so fast?" Shaan asked.

Mumma laughed. "Because he plans his time well! If we do things on time, we don't have to hurry or miss out on fun."

Shaan and Sara thought for a moment.

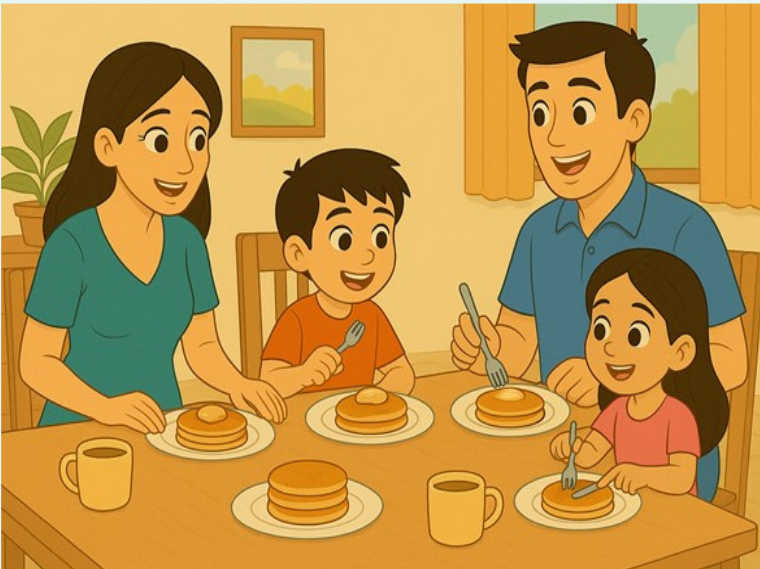
"So if we clean up quickly, we can eat breakfast sooner?" Shaan asked.

"And then play more later?" Sara added.

"Exactly!" Mumma said.

Excited, Shaan and Sara quickly put away their toys, washed their hands, and sat at the table just as Papa brought their favorite pancakes.

Papa smiled. "Wow! You two are ready on time today."



Shaan grinned. "Mumma says time is like a treasure—if we use it well, we get more time for fun!"

Sara clapped. "And more pancakes too!"

Mumma and Papa laughed as the family enjoyed their breakfast—on time and without any rush!

CHAPTER 14



Mumma Says: Plants Have Feelings Too



One afternoon, Shaan and Sara were playing in the garden. Sara plucked a flower to decorate their mud fort.

Mumma saw her and said, "Sara, why did you pluck the flower?"

"It's so pretty, Mumma!" Sara said.

Mumma smiled. "Flowers are alive, just like us. They feel things too."

Shaan frowned. "But they don't talk or move!"

"They do in their own way," Mumma explained. "When plants are thirsty, their leaves droop. When they get sunlight, they stand tall. And trees even help each other through their roots!"

Sara's eyes widened. "Really?"

"Yes! When one tree is sick, others send food to help it."

Shaan gently touched a plant. "I didn't know that, Mumma. I won't pluck leaves or flowers again."

Sara picked up the watering can. "Plants need love too."

Mumma smiled. "That's my good girl! Plants may not speak, but they feel our care."

CHAPTER 15



**Mumma Says:
Be polite to Everyone!**



One day, Shaan and his Mumma went to the market. Shaan was excited because Mumma promised him a treat!

As they walked, a man selling flowers smiled at them. "Fresh flowers, madam?" he asked.

Mumma smiled back. "They look beautiful!"

Shaan tugged her hand. "Why are you talking to him so nicely, Mumma? He's just a flower seller."

Mumma knelt beside Shaan and held his hand. "Shaan, what do I always say?"

Shaan thought for a moment. "Mumma says—be polite to everyone, rich or poor!"

Mumma nodded. "Kind words cost nothing but mean everything."

Shaan looked at the flower seller. "Your flowers are really pretty!" he said.

The man's face lit up. "Thank you, little one!" He picked a small rose and gave it to Shaan.

Shaan smiled and held the rose close. It smelled wonderful.

As they walked away, he looked up at Mumma. "Being polite makes people happy, doesn't it?"

Mom smiled. "Yes, and it makes you a kind person too."

From that day on, Shaan remembered: Kind words are for everyone!



CHAPTER 16



Mumma Says:

Open a Book, Unlock a New World



It was raining outside, and Shaan and Sara sat by the window, sighing loudly.

"Mumma, we're so bored!" Shaan groaned.

"There's nothing fun to do!" Sara added, pressing her face against the glass.

Mumma smiled and picked up a book. "Then let's go on an adventure."

Shaan frowned. "But we're stuck inside."

Mumma opened the book. "Are you sure?" She began reading, and suddenly, Shaan and Sara weren't in their living room anymore.

They raced through a jungle, dodging logs and chasing colorful birds. In a blink, they were on a pirate ship, searching for treasure—then floating in space, reaching for the stars.

"Mumma! How is this happening?" Shaan asked, eyes wide.

Mumma pulled them close. "Because, my darlings, when you open a book, you unlock a new world."

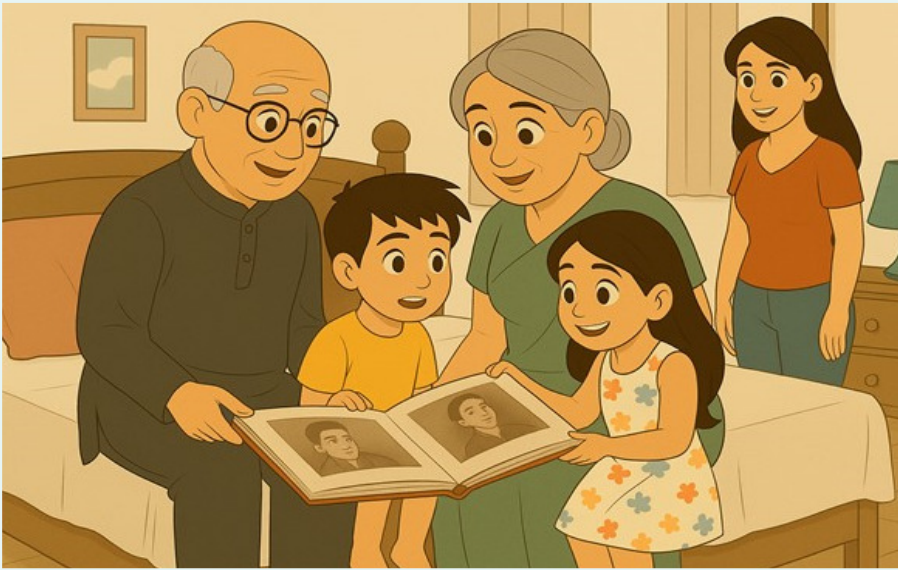
Sara clapped. "Again, Mumma!"



CHAPTER 17



Mumma Says: Spending Time with Grandparents is Fun



One Sunday morning, Shaan was busy playing with his toy cars when Mumma sat beside him.

"Shaan, let's go to Dadu and Dadi's room," she said.

"But I'm playing, Mumma!" Shaan said.

Mumma smiled. "Dadu and Dadi have something even more fun waiting for you."

Curious, Shaan ran to their room. Dadu was holding a big, old photo album. "Come, Shaan! Let's take a trip to the past!"

"A trip? But we're not going anywhere!" Shaan said, confused.

Dadi chuckled. "Memories take us places, too!"

As they flipped through the pages, Shaan saw a picture of a little boy. "Who's this?"

"That's your Papa when he was your age!" Dadu said.

Shaan giggled. "Papa had funny hair!"

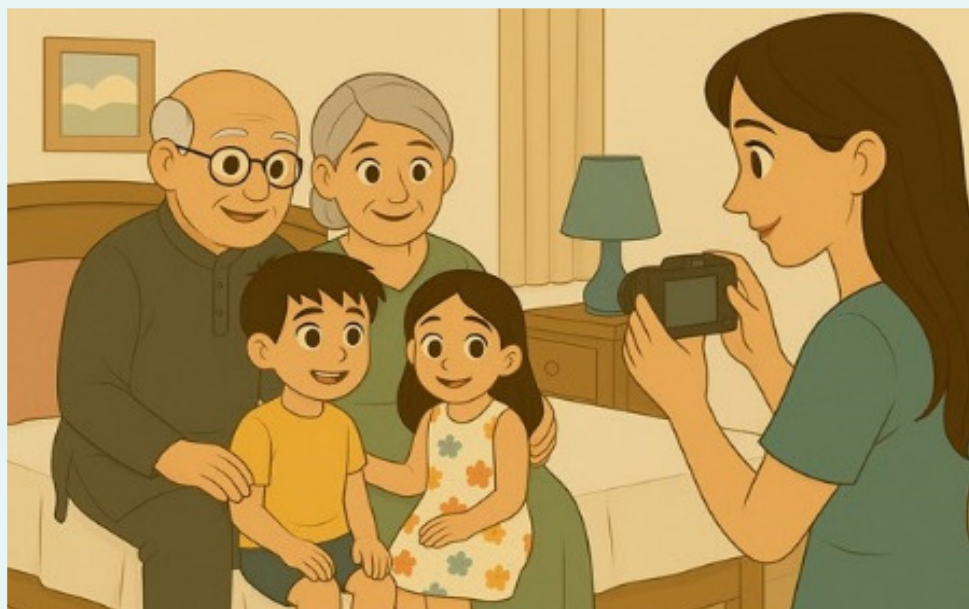
They saw pictures of old family picnics, birthdays, and even a tiny Mumma as a baby! Shaan loved hearing the stories behind each photo.

When they reached the last page, Shaan looked up and said, "Dadu, Dadi, can we take a new picture together?"

Dadi clapped her hands. "That's a wonderful idea!"

Mumma took a photo of them all, laughing and cuddled up together. Shaan looked at the picture and grinned.

"Mumma says spending time with grandparents is fun," he said. "But now I know—it's also the best kind of love!"



CHAPTER 18



Mumma Says: A Clean Place Is a Better Place



Shaan and Sara were playing in the living room, but their toys were scattered everywhere. Blocks, cars, and crayons covered the floor.

Just then, Papa walked in and almost tripped over a teddy bear. "Whoa! Looks like a toy tornado passed through here!" he said, laughing.

Mumma walked in too and raised an eyebrow. "Oh dear, what happened here?"

"We were playing!" Shaan grinned.

Sara nodded. "It was so much fun!"

Mumma smiled. "I'm glad! But tell me, would you like to play in a park covered in trash?"

Shaan made a face. "No! That would be yucky."

Papa nodded. "Just like we love clean parks, we should keep our home clean too. A clean place is a happy place!"

Shaan and Sara looked around. Their fun game had left behind a big mess.

"Come on, Sara," Shaan said, picking up a toy. "Let's clean up!"

Sara giggled and started putting crayons back in the box.



Papa joined in, picking up blocks, while Mumma folded a blanket. Soon, the room was neat and tidy again.

Papa patted Shaan's back. "See cleaning together makes it quick and fun."

Sara twirled around happily. "Now we can play again!"

Mumma nodded. "Yes, my darlings! But remember "A clean place is a better place."

CHAPTER 19



**Mumma Says:
Sharing is Caring!**



One afternoon, little Sara was happily munching on her favourite chocolate when her friend Aarav came over to play.

Aarav looked at the chocolate and smiled. "That looks yummy!"

Sara hesitated. She loved chocolate, and there was only one piece left. She looked at Mumma, unsure.

Mumma smiled. "Remember, Sara—*sharing is caring!*"

"What does that mean?" Sara asked.

Mumma sat beside her. "When we share, we make others happy, and happiness always comes back to us!"

Sara thought for a moment, then broke her chocolate in half and gave a piece to Aarav.

Aarav grinned. "Thank you, Sara!"

The next day, Aarav brought a big box of crayons. "Let's colour together!" he said, handing some to Sara.

Sara beamed. Mumma was right—sharing made everything more fun!

She hugged Mumma. "You were right, Mumma! *Sharing is caring!*"

Mumma laughed. "Mumma always knows best."



CHAPTER 20



Mumma Says: Everything Will Be Okay



One afternoon, Shaan came home from school looking upset. He dropped his bag on the floor and sat on the sofa with a big frown.

Mumma walked over. "What happened, Shaan?"

He crossed his arms. "I didn't get picked for the school play. I really wanted to be the lion. I even practiced the roar!"

Mumma sat beside him and brushed his hair back. "I know you worked hard, Shaanu. But sometimes, even when we try our best, things don't go the way we want."

"It's not fair," he muttered.

Mumma nodded. "I understand. It hurts when things don't work out. But you know what Mumma always says?"

Shaan looked up. "What?"

Mumma smiled gently. "Everything will be okay. Just because this didn't work out doesn't mean something better isn't waiting for you."

"Like what?" he asked quietly.

"Well," Mumma said, "maybe there's another role you'll enjoy even more. Or maybe this gives you time to try something new—like that art competition you skipped last time?"

Shaan thought for a moment. "Hmm... maybe I could paint a jungle. With a big lion in it!"

That evening, Shaan sat at the table, drawing trees, birds, and—of course—a big, roaring lion.

He glanced at Mumma and smiled.

"I'm okay now," he said.

Mumma smiled back.

"I know," she whispered. "Because Mumma says... everything will be okay."



CHAPTER 21



Mumma Says: Girls Are As Strong As Boys



It was a sunny Sunday morning, and Papa had just brought out the picnic mat in the garden.

Shaan and Sara were racing around the lawn. "Let's play tug-of-war!" Shaan shouted, grabbing a long skipping rope.

"I want to play too!" Sara said, running over.

Shaan looked at her. "But you're smaller. I'll win in one second."

Sara crossed her arms. "That's not fair!"

Before they could argue more, Mumma stepped in. "Shaan, being strong isn't just about size. Girls can be just as strong as boys—in so many ways."

Shaan looked unsure. "Really?"

Mumma smiled. "Let's find out. Boys versus girls?"

Shaan and Papa took one side. Mumma and Sara grabbed the other.

"One... two... three... pull!"

The rope stretched tight. Feet dug in. Faces scrunched up. And with one big tug, Mumma and Sara fell back—with the rope in their hands.

"We won!" Sara laughed.

Shaan stared, surprised. Then he grinned. "Okay, okay—you're strong!"

Sara turned to Mumma, glowing with pride.

Mumma gave her a wink and said,

"Mumma says—girls are as strong as boys."



CHAPTER 22



Mumma Says:
Save Water, Every Drop Counts



One warm afternoon, Shaan and Sara were playing in the garden, running through the sprinkler. The cool water felt good on their skin as they laughed and splashed.

Shaan turned the nozzle up higher. "Look, Sara! More water, more fun!" he said, watching the water shoot higher into the air.

Mumma walked by and noticed the water spraying everywhere, even on the grass.

She knelt down beside them. "Shaan, Sara, do you know how important water is?"

Shaan stopped, confused. "Important? It's just water."

Mumma nodded. "Yes, it's just water, but it's also a precious resource. There are many places in the world where people don't have enough clean water to drink, and they can't waste it like we do."

Sara's eyes widened. "They don't have enough water? But we have lots!"

Mumma smiled. "Yes, we do. But it's important to use it wisely, so we don't run out. Every drop counts."

Shaan thought for a moment and turned the nozzle down a little. "We should save some water for tomorrow, too."

Sara nodded. "And I can help by turning off the tap when I brush my teeth!"

Mumma hugged them both. "That's the spirit. Mumma says—every drop of water is valuable. Let's not waste it."



CHAPTER 23



Mumma Says:

Not Every Stranger is a Friend



One sunny afternoon, Sara and Shaan were playing in the park. Shaan was on the swings, pumping his legs high into the air, while Sara was running around, pretending to be a superhero.

A man walked up to them, smiling. "Hey there! I have a new kite. Would you like to come see it? I can show you how it flies!"

Shaan stopped swinging and looked at him. "Hmm, a kite sounds cool."

Sara, who had been listening closely, ran over to Mumma, who was sitting on a bench nearby.

Mumma looked at the man and then turned to Sara. "Remember what we've talked about, sweetie?"

Sara nodded. "Not every stranger is a friend!"

Mumma smiled and walked over to Shaan. She gently took his hand. "Shaan, it's great to meet new people, but we always need to be careful about who we trust, especially when we don't know them."

Shaan nodded, looking at the man again. "But his kite looks fun..."

"I know," Mumma said softly. "But if you want to play with kites, it's always best to ask someone you know, like me or Papa. We can have fun together!"

The man smiled and waved goodbye. "Have a nice day, then!" he said, walking away.



Shaan and Sara looked up at Mumma. "Thanks, Mumma!" they said in unison.

Mumma gave them both a hug. "Mumma says—not every stranger is a friend, but those you know are the safest to trust."

Shaan and Sara ran back to their play, feeling good and safe in the park.

CHAPTER 24



Mumma Says:

No Food Should Go to Waste!



Little Shaan loved eating his favourite dishes, but sometimes, he left food on his plate.

One evening, Mumma made yummy *paneer paratha* for dinner. Shaan ate a few bites and pushed his plate away. "I don't want more," he said.

Mumma smiled but picked up his plate. "Shaan, remember—*no food should go to waste!*"

"What does that mean?" Shaan asked.

Mumma sat beside him. "Every grain of food is precious. Many people don't get enough to eat. If we take only what we can finish, we don't waste food."

Shaan thought for a moment. He remembered seeing a hungry boy outside the bakery last week. He felt bad.

The next day, when Mumma served food, Shaan took only what he could eat. He finished every bite and smiled. "Mumma, I didn't waste any food!"

Mumma hugged him. "That's my smart boy!"

That evening, while walking home, Shaan saw the same hungry boy. He gave him a banana from his tiffin.

The boy smiled. "Thank you!"

Shaan beamed. "You were right, Mumma! *No food should go to waste!*"

Mumma laughed. "Mumma always knows best."



CHAPTER 25



Mumma Says: Some Touches Are Not Okay



Sara and Shaan were playing in the park, climbing the jungle gym while Mumma and Papa watched from a bench nearby.

A little boy fell near the slide and started crying. His uncle came running and hugged him tight.

Sara turned to Shaan. "Why do grown-ups always hug when someone cries?"

Shaan made a face. "I don't like hugs when I'm upset. I just want space."

Later that evening, as Mumma helped Sara change into her night clothes, Sara paused.

"Mumma... what if someone gives me a hug I don't like?"

Mumma looked at her gently. "Then you say no, and you walk away. You never have to let anyone touch you if it doesn't feel right—even if they're being 'nice.'"

Shaan joined in from the doorway. "Like how I told Rishi not to pat my head every day."

Mumma smiled. "Exactly. Your body is yours, and you always have a choice."

Sara thought for a moment, then snuggled into bed.

"Mumma says... some touches are not okay. And it's okay to say no."



CHAPTER 26



Mumma Says: Don't Judge a Book by Its Cover



Shaan smiled at his reflection, adjusting the shiny brooch on his kurta.

"Mumma, don't I look royal?" he asked, twirling around.

"You look like a little prince," Mumma smiled, brushing his hair neatly.

It was Annual Day at school, and the auditorium buzzed with excitement. Shaan held Mumma's hand tightly as they walked to the front row.

Just then, a boy walked past them—his shirt untucked, sandals worn, and hair all messy.

Shaan raised an eyebrow. "Why didn't he dress up? Doesn't he know it's Annual Day?"

Mumma glanced at the boy and then at Shaan. "Dear, sometimes people shine in ways you can't see right away. Don't judge a book by its cover."

Shaan nodded, still unsure.

The show started—dances, songs, plays. Shaan performed with a big smile, twirling to his favorite Bollywood tune. Mumma clapped proudly.

Then, the lights dimmed.

"Next, we have Kabir from Class 2C," the teacher announced.

Shaan blinked. The messy boy? What's he going to do on stage?



Kabir sat down at the piano, took a deep breath—and began to play.

Soft, beautiful notes filled the room. The melody was gentle, yet strong. Shaan's eyes widened. He had never heard such music before.

The room was silent, listening to the magic of Kabir's piano. When he finished, the audience erupted in applause.

Mumma looked at Shaan. "What did you think, dear?"

Shaan stared at Kabir, his mind racing. "I thought he didn't fit in. But he... he's amazing."

Mumma smiled warmly. "That's why we never judge anyone by how they look, dear. True talent, kindness, and strength are always on the inside."

That night, Shaan lay in bed, thinking about Kabir's music. He turned to Mumma and said, "Mumma says, 'Don't judge a book by its cover.' Now, I know exactly what she meant."

CHAPTER 27



Mumma Says: Do Your Own Chores



It was a bright Saturday morning. Sunlight poured into the kitchen, and the sweet smell of pancakes filled the air.

Shaan flopped into a chair at the dining table. "Mumma, I can't find my red socks!"

Sara shuffled in, holding her dress with sleepy eyes. "Mumma, can you button this?"

Mumma was flipping pancakes at the stove. She turned with a gentle smile. "How about trying it on your own today?"

Shaan groaned. "But it's easier when you help."

Mumma stacked the pancakes on a plate. "I know, dear. But doing things yourself helps you grow."

Sara sat down with determination, fumbling with her buttons. Shaan disappeared back into his room. The

kitchen was quiet for a moment—just the soft clink of plates and the warm hum of the morning.

Soon, Sara returned, her dress buttoned—slightly uneven, but her eyes were glowing. “I did it!”

Shaan followed, holding up his socks. “Found them! And I even folded my T-shirt.”

Mumma smiled, setting the last glass of juice on the table. “Now that’s what I call growing up.”

Just then, Papa walked into the kitchen, stretching. “Tea, anyone? Can someone make me a cup?”

Before Mumma could reply, Shaan and Sara looked at each other, grinning.

“Mumma says—do your own chores!”



CHAPTER 28



Mumma Says: A Cleaner World Starts with You



It was a sunny afternoon, and Shaan and Sara were walking with Mumma after a trip to the market. Shaan opened a packet of chips and, without thinking, tossed the empty bag on the sidewalk.

Mumma stopped in her tracks. "Shaan," she said gently, "what did we talk about?"

Shaan looked around, unsure. "What do you mean, Mumma?"

Mumma pointed to the trash on the ground. "When we leave trash here, it makes the world messy. We all share this space, and it's important to take care of it."

Sara, who had been quietly watching, nodded. "I always put my wrappers in the bin, Shaan."

Shaan sighed. "But everyone throws things on the ground."

Mumma crouched down to his level. "It's not about what everyone does. It's about what you do. You have the power to make a difference, even with something small."

Shaan looked down at the bag, then back at Mumma. He sighed again and picked it up.

Sara smiled. "Good job, Shaan! Now we can keep the world clean together."

Shaan grinned and walked over to the nearest bin, dropping the bag inside. "You're right, Mumma. A cleaner world starts with me."

Mumma smiled proudly as they continued their walk. "Exactly. And when we all do our part, the world becomes a better place."

Shaan and Sara looked at each other, and in unison, said, "A cleaner world starts with you."

CHAPTER 29



**Mumma Says:
Don't Lie, Be Honest**



Shaan walked in from school, unusually quiet. He took off his shoes slowly and went straight to his room.

Sara came in behind him, cheerfully chatting about her drawing class.

Mumma noticed the silence. Later, while slicing apples in the kitchen, she asked gently, "Shaan, is something bothering you?"

He looked up, hesitated, then said, "Mumma... I lied to Ma'am today."

Mumma turned to him, patient and calm.

"I told her I forgot my notebook at home. But... I just didn't do the homework," he admitted softly.

Mumma nodded slowly. "And how did that feel?"

"Bad," he sighed. "I thought it would be easier, but it wasn't."

She smiled gently. "Telling the truth may be hard, but it always feels lighter. A lie only makes the guilt grow."

Sara chimed in, "Remember when I spilled paint last week? I told Ma'am right away. She didn't even scold me—she helped me clean it."

Shaan gave a small smile. "I'll tell Ma'am the truth tomorrow. And I'll finish the homework."

Later that evening, as Papa sat reading the newspaper, Mumma called out, "Shaan, Sara—did you clean your room?"

"Yes, we did!" they shouted.

Papa went in to check—and found the beds made, toys in place, even the books arranged.

He turned to Mumma with a smile. "They're telling the truth today!"

Shaan and Sara grinned proudly and said together, "Mumma says—don't lie, be honest!"



CHAPTER 30



Mumma Says: Love Your Family



One afternoon, Shaan and Sara were racing around the house. "I'm faster!" Shaan shouted.

"No way! I'm the fastest!" Sara giggled, running right past him.

Just then—BUMP!

Sara crashed into Papa, who was carrying a basket of laundry. WHOOSH! The clothes went flying everywhere! Papa sighed. "Well... that was unexpected."

Mumma walked in, raising an eyebrow. "What's going on here?" Sara pointed at Shaan. "He was chasing me!"

Shaan pointed at Sara. "She ran into Papa!"

Papa chuckled. "And I lost a battle against the laundry."

Mumma smiled. "Looks like we have a little problem... and a big mess."

Sara looked at the clothes. "Oops... should we help?". Mumma nodded. "That's what family does—we help, we care, and we fix things together."

Shaan and Sara quickly picked up the clothes. Papa held up a sock. "Now, who's going to find the missing pair?"

Sara giggled. "Race you, Shaan!"

As they ran off, Mumma smiled. "Love isn't just words—it's in all the little things we do for each other."

Shaan and Sara came running back with the missing sock. Laughing, Mumma pulled them all into a warm hug because family means love—ALWAYS.



About the Author



Roshi Malhotra is a storyteller who believes that the most valuable lessons often come from the simplest everyday moments. A mother to two beautiful twin girls, she finds inspiration in the curious questions, honest emotions, and small joys that fill a child's world.

With a background in interior design, Roshi brings warmth, creativity, and thoughtful detail to everything she creates. "Mumma Says" is her debut collection — a gentle celebration of family life, emotional growth, and the timeless voice of a Mumma who always knows just what to say.

Roshi can be contacted at: roshimal77@yahoo.co.in; or Instagram @roshi.malhotra