We **don't** need permission to make the world a **better** place!

Five inspirational stories of children saying **I CAN!**

The stories of change in this book are fictionalised accounts of some of the most inspirational real-life stories received in the **Design for Change** School Challenge, India.

Design for Change is a global movement of children putting their ideas for a better world into action. Design for Change begins with the simple and powerful premise - "**I CAN**". More specifically, children can.

All around the world, children are stepping up and learning that the power to create change lies in them as much as with the adults who educate them and influence their lives. This feeling of agency and advocacy is fuelled by passion, belief and a compelling sense of purpose.

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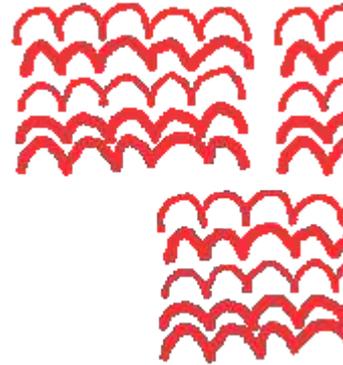
Illustrations & Book Layout by Renu Riswadkar.

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Krishi High School, Hyderabad, India.
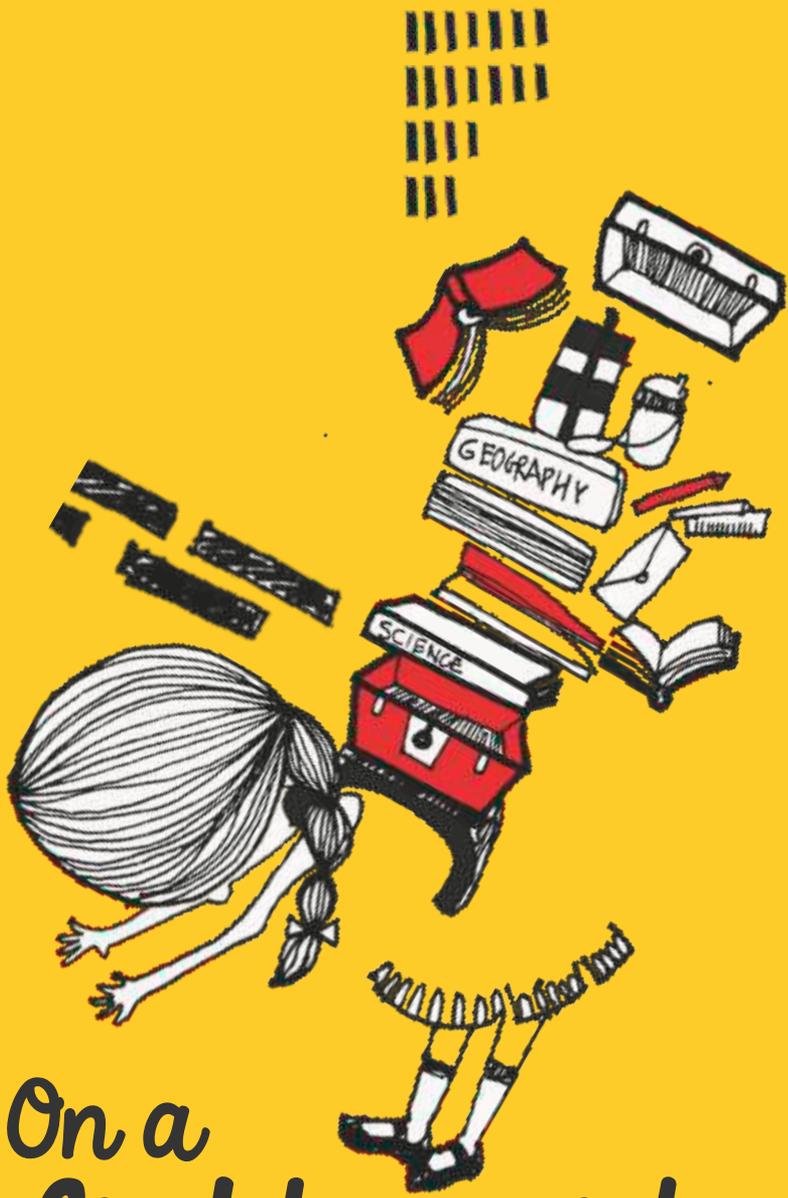
On a
lighter side

When the bell rang at Krishi High School, Balan's friends noticed he hadn't brought lunch.

"You can share mine," said Prenana.

"No thanks! I guess I should get used to this."

"Used to what?" asked Akhil.

"To not having lunch. I'm going to stop carrying my lunch to school," he explained to the puzzled faces around him, "because I just can't put it in my backpack without falling over under the weight it adds to all the books and homework we have to carry anyway."

Whatever mystery was behind Balan's absent lunch was cleared up by this: everyone understood what it was to carry a heavy backpack to and from school every single day.

"But this can't be the only solution," said Manisha. "We have to think of something."

"We can't stop bringing in the homework or the textbooks- we'll just have to talk to a teacher."

They decided the best people to guide them would be their teachers, Ms. Rukmini and Mr. Balakrishnan, and their principal, Mr. Prakash Rao would oversee their plan of action.
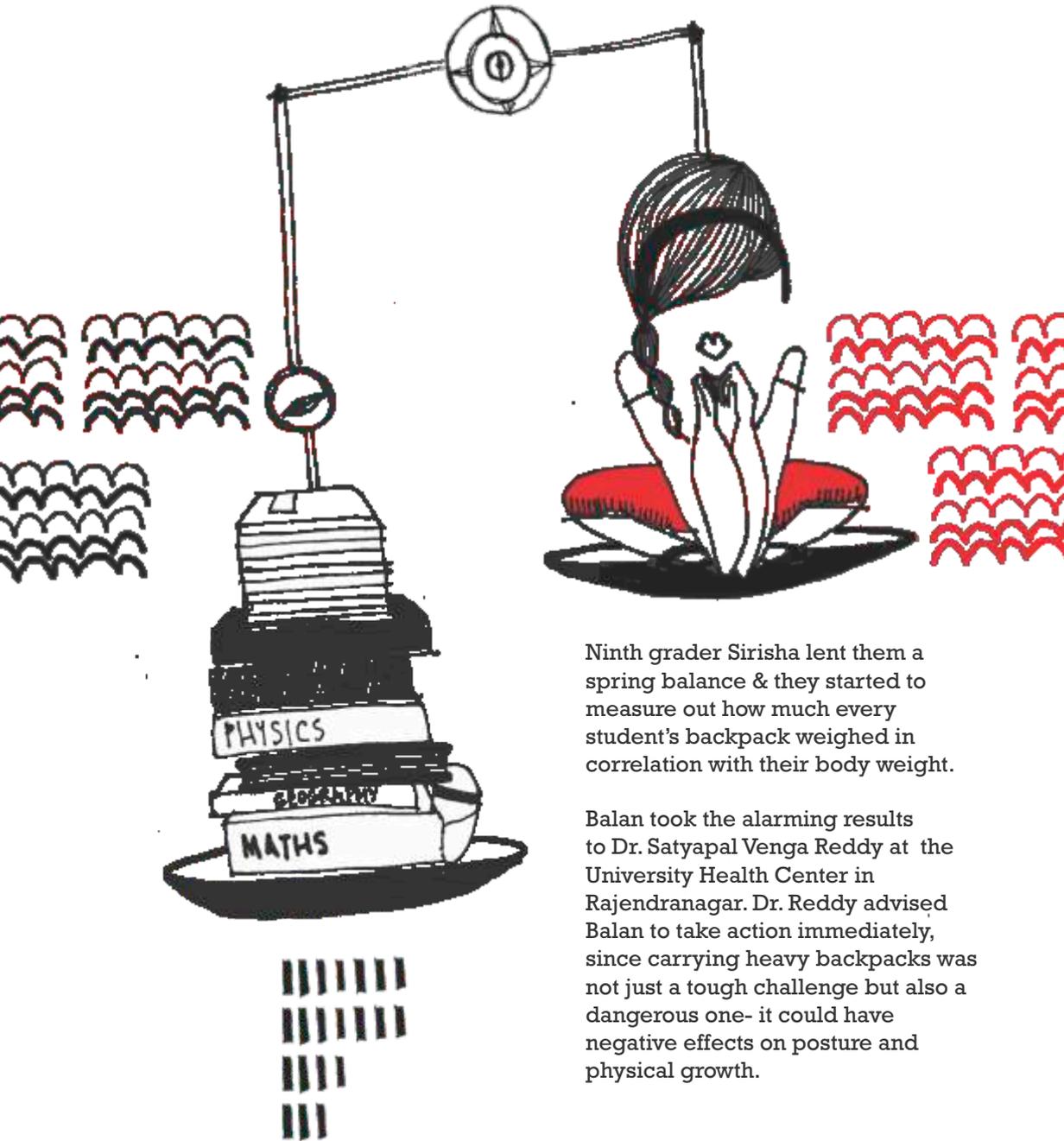
Ninth grader Sirisha lent them a spring balance & they started to measure out how much every student's backpack weighed in correlation with their body weight.

Balan took the alarming results to Dr. Satyapal Venga Reddy at the University Health Center in Rajendranagar. Dr. Reddy advised Balan to take action immediately, since carrying heavy backpacks was not just a tough challenge but also a dangerous one- it could have negative effects on posture and physical growth.

Over the next week, Balan and his friends met up with teachers, parents, and even a few government officials to brainstorm ideas .

The schedule for grades one to five were reworked to include only three subjects a day. The kids did not let even the hard work of separating textbooks and workbooks by semester and stitching them accordingly deter them.

After all this was done, Balan decided to measure the backpack–student weight ratio again. This time, the backpack weight had considerably decreased.

The next day at lunch, Balan opened his backpack and pulled out not just one, but two lunch boxes. "Are you making up for the day you didn't have anything, Balan?" asked his friend Gopi , smiling.

"Oh no," said Balan casually, "I had some extra room in my backpack so I thought I'd bring some stuff to share with you guys." "The plan did work, didn't it?" said Deepthi, laughing.

It had. The school had changed: the students walked taller. The only thing that puzzled the teachers was whether they walked tall because the backpacks were lighter, or because of the pride inspired within them by being able to make a change.

Payakoi Primary School, Vadodara, India.

A school for all

My friends and I study together in Payakoi Primary School in Chametha, a village close to Vadodara in Gujarat. Every day, the bell rings and our classes begin. I like studying all the subjects but my favourites are Math and Science... At noon, we eat our lunch, and as soon as the evening bell rings for us to go home, we push our way out of school, banging out tunes on our tiffin boxes with rulers.

Everyday, on our way to and from school, we pass Kamlesh's house. Kamlesh would usually be sitting on the verandah of his house...sometimes unbathed, sometimes distractedly munching on a snack. Whenever we would go by, he would gaze at us longingly, wishing he could join us.

Kamlesh cannot walk; he has not been able to stand on his feet ever since he was a baby.

When we were younger and played in the courtyard, we would take him with us and include him in our games, but how could we take him all the way to school?

One day, as we passed Kamlesh on our way home from school, he waved at us wistfully from the verandah, as he usually does. We waved back, a little uncomfortable. Yogesh suddenly spoke up, "Look, Kamlesh is our friend. If we get to go to school, he should too."

"I agree," said Chakudi, "Everyone has the right to study in school."

Maali said, "If he comes to school, at least he'll be able to sit at the table and teach like Masterji. "

"That's all right, but the question is how will he come to school?" said Rakesh. We all turned to Chakudi.

She was the smartest one amongst us. Coming up with new games, planning for festivals, or even thinking up excuses, she would always have the best ideas.

We said to her, "Chakudi, think of something please, how can we get Kamlesh to school?
" She paused for a moment, pursed her lips and closed her eyes. Then suddenly, she snapped her fingers.
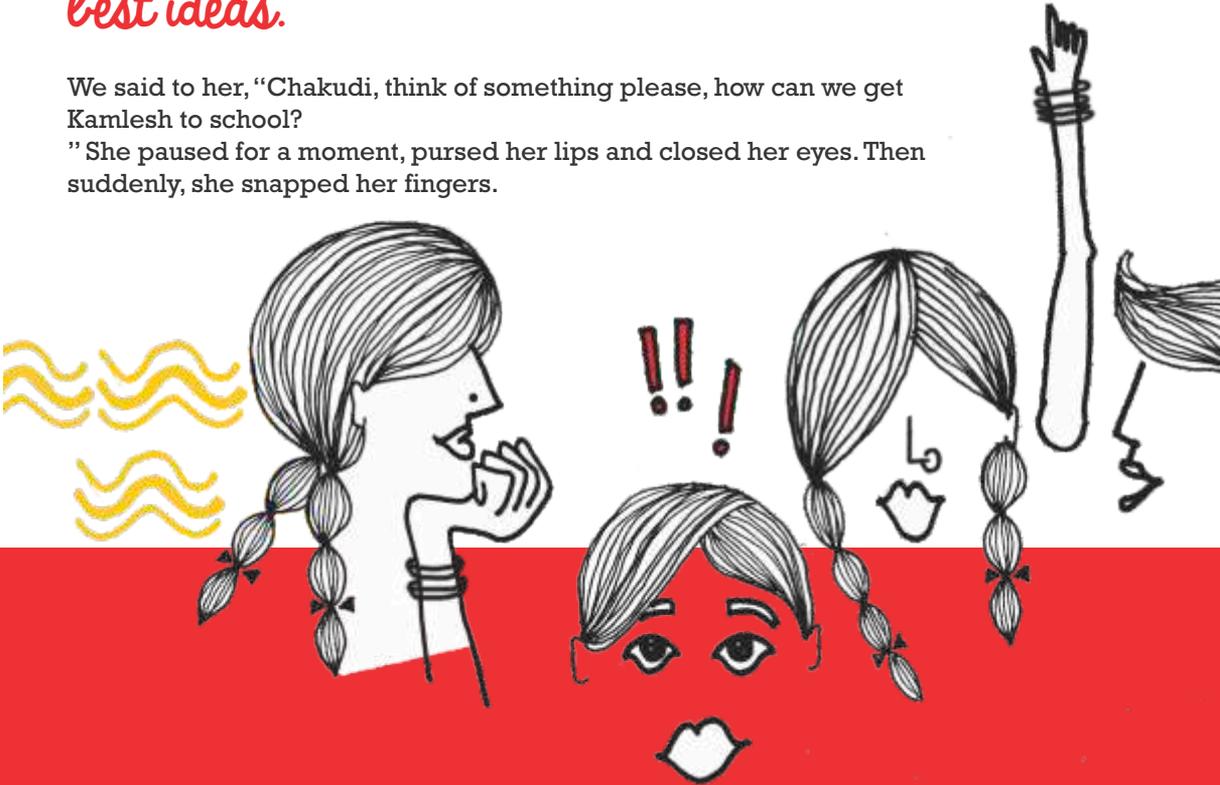
"I've got it!" she said. "We'll use Rakesh's cycle!"

We looked at each other excitedly. Chakudi had come up with a great idea again! We ran to Kamlesh's house as fast as we could and told him of our plan to take him to school with us. "I don't want to come," he said. We tried to reason with him.

"What will you do if you don't come to school, Kamlesh? It'll be so much fun to come with us, rather than sitting here all day."

"I want to come, but…" Kamlesh hesitated, "But… how can I?"

"You don't have to worry about that. We will take you with us on Rakesh's cycle!" declared Yogesh.
Kamlesh looked at us apprehensively. "Everyday?" he asked, unsure. "Yes, everyday!" we chorused.

"Really?" exclaimed Kamlesh in excitement. "Wait here, let me ask my family." He went inside his house as quickly as he could and spoke to his family.
His father came out and looked at us gravely. "No," he said in a firm voice, "How can I allow that? He can't manage on his own. What if he gets hurt?"

We all tried our best to convince Kamlesh's father. We told him that we will take care of Kamlesh and make sure that he is safe on the bicycle.

Before his father could say anything, Kamlesh's mother cut in.
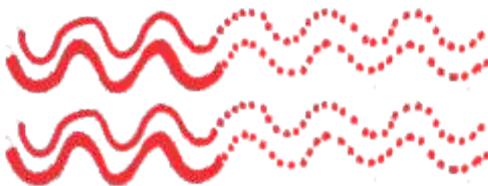
"You may be able to take him to school on your cycle, but how will he use the bathroom? At home, I take him. Who will take him to the bathroom in school?"

We were silent for a few seconds. Then I spoke up.

"I will," I said. "I'll take Kamlesh to the bathroom and help him."

Kamlesh and I have been friends since we were babies, so there's no question of being shy.

Though hesitant, Kamlesh's parents finally had to give in.

The next morning, we took Rakesh's cycle and went to Kamlesh's house.
We were so excited that we helped Kamlesh get ready for school too. He wore a freshly washed shirt and a new pair of shorts. Then he oiled and neatly combed his hair. We picked him up carefully, as one would pick up a baby, and hoisted him up to the seat of the cycle. Kamlesh's enthusiasm outdid us all. He grasped the seat on his own and sat himself down. Kamlesh's parents waved goodbye, still a little worried, and we were off!

When we reached school, we helped Kamlesh register himself at the school office, and got him his stationery. He had a new slate and a new pen, but most importantly, he had a fresh start.

Kamlesh was overjoyed to be in school and could not contain his excitement. He kept running his hands over his new slate and pen and looked eagerly around the school's courtyard, as if unable to believe he was in school.

In recess time, we lifted him up and took him to eat lunch with us. After we had eaten, Chakudi took Kamlesh's plate and washed it for him.

After recess, we had a Math class, and our teacher made us recite multiplication tables loudly. When it was Kalmesh's turn, even though he didn't know the correct numbers, he shouted out random numbers at the top of his voice. Everyone looked at him and giggled, and Kamlesh laughed with us in glee.

When the school bell rang for us to go home in the evening, we hoisted him up on the cycle again. Our little procession made its way through the streets of our village and to Kamlesh's house.

When we dropped Kamlesh back home, his mother had tears in her eyes.

"God bless you all. If one is to have friends, one should be lucky to have friends like you," she said.

From that day onwards, Kamlesh came to school everyday. He worked very hard to catch up with us in his studies, and passed the exams for the first standard.

Ramesh and Manu are two boys from our neighbouring village who have difficulty walking. When they heard about Kamlesh, they started going to school too. Like us, their friends would also carefully sit them on a cycle and take them to school everyday.

Nowadays, all of us sing songs and dance together on our way to and back from school, and Kamlesh joins us. It's a happy procession. We all try to help each other as well. If one of us falls sick and can't make it to school, the rest of us note down the schoolwork so that it's easy to catch up on the day's work. When we have a holiday, we all get together to do our homework, recite poems, read our lessons and often, we even enact our lessons.

When we enact our history lessons, we always make Kamlesh the king. He doesn't have to get up then - once he sits on his throne, he's sitting throughout! Sometimes, when we're racing, one of us lifts Kamlesh up and becomes his legs! If the one who is carrying Kamlesh wins the race, everyone congratulates Kamlesh, and he gets the winning chocolate.

Kamlesh may not be able to play cricket or football, but he plays cards, snakes and ladders and ludo with us... It's great fun to have him play with us again!
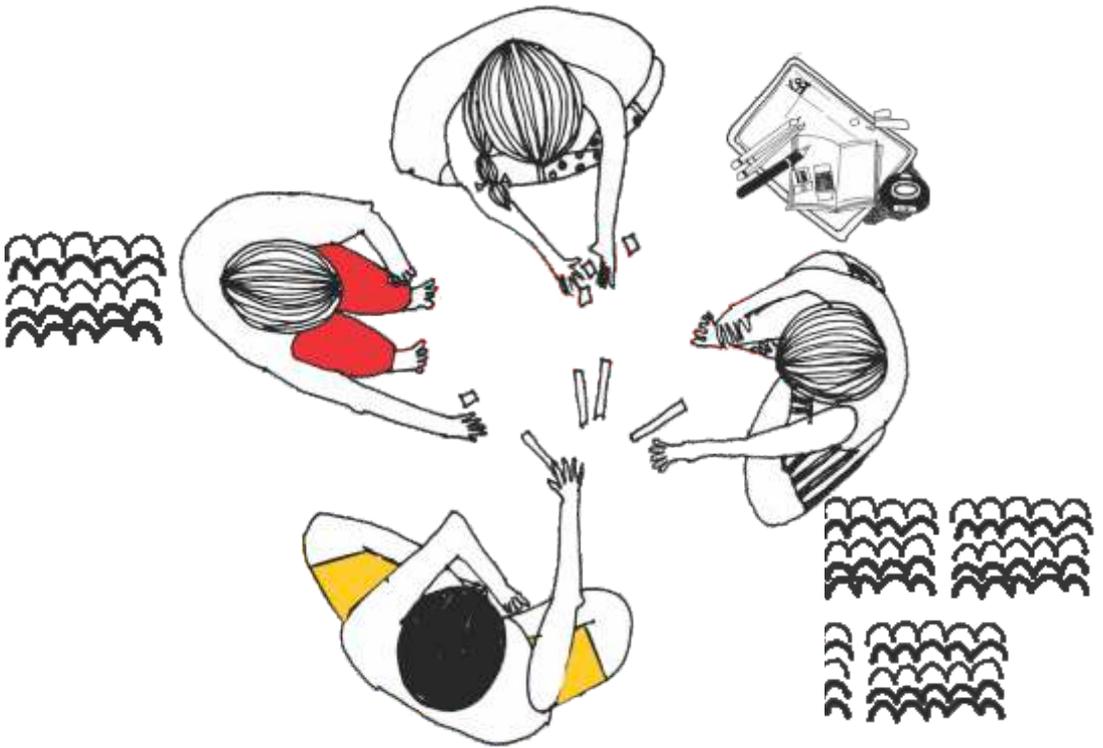
We're all happy because our friend Kamlesh is happy, and we were able to make a difference to him.

Chakudi was right. Everyone has the right to study. Those who study are bound to progress, right? And now, so will Kamlesh.

APL Global School, Chennai, India.

Sai finds her voice

Vignesh leaned forward in his chair to catch a better glimpse of what his English teacher was writing on the board. When Lyola Ma'am turned he saw that she had written a saying he had often heard but never really understood: "Before you judge someone, you should stand in their shoes."

"Do you all know this saying?" Ma'am asked.
A couple of people raised their hands.
"Okay, does anyone know what it means?"
Vignesh saw the girl who always sat at the back of the class, Sai, raise her hand but quickly lower it before it caught anyone's notice.

"It means," Ma'am continued, seeing no one raise their hand, "that you need to understand someone's perspective before you can understand them. Sometimes this is a very easy thing to do, especially when the person's perspective is similar to yours. But when it's different, when the shoes don't fit- that's when it's tough."

Ma'am moved on to their next quote of the day, but the first was the one that made most sense to Vignesh. It was plain that Sai was terribly diffident.

But feeling shy in a classroom full of kids your own age and a friendly teacher was an alien concept to Vignesh. He wondered if he would ever be able to understand such a strange problem.

The next day he decided to discuss this with his friends.
"I've noticed this, too," said Sanjana, "There's always at least one kid in a class who doesn't join in."
"Usually it's someone who's really shy," said Nomita, "or someone like Thomas, who is hearing impaired- he can't join in even if he wants to."
"Even talking amongst people they've known for a long time, people they like, is a challenge for them," said Abiramy.

a world of quietness
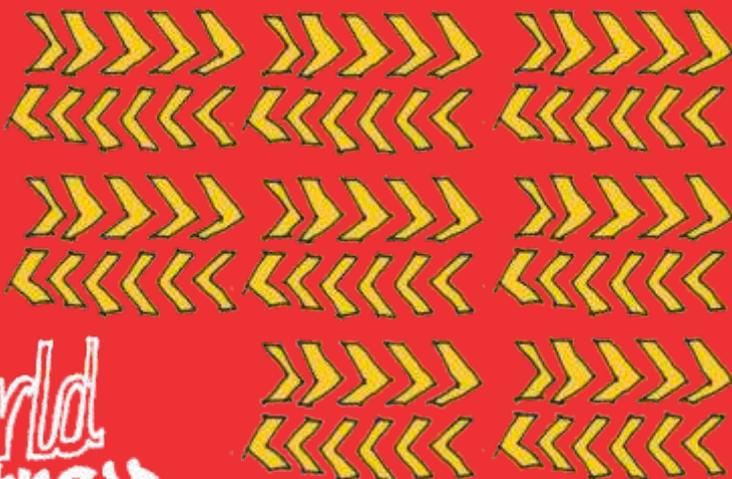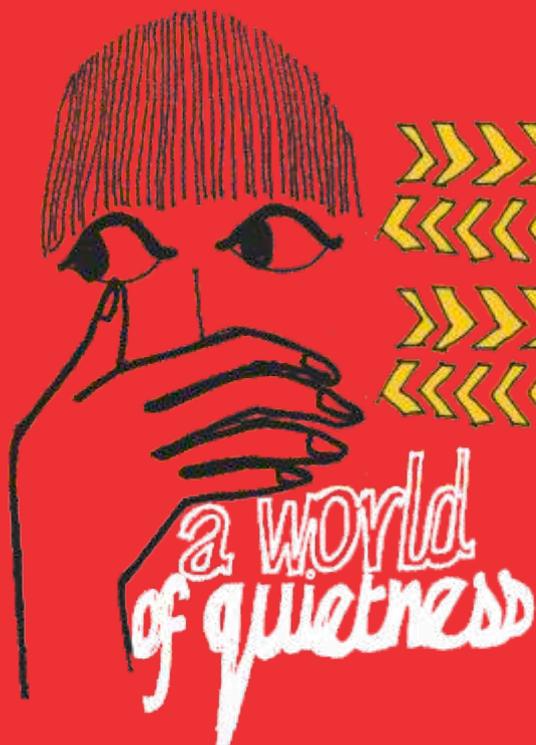
The little group realized they needed a mentor to help and unanimously selected Lyola Ma'am.

So, with the help of their English teacher, they put their plan into action. Each day, they decreed a silent hour to help the other students realise how tough it was to live in a world of quietness as Thomas did. The silent hour caught on quickly, and some students even wore blue tape over their mouths to experience how someone like Sai, who never spoke up in class, felt.

After two days of this, Vignesh and his friends decided to organize a program that was far less somber, but as important: the students were to give one another "You are my friend because…" cards. Vignesh was a bit unsure of this at first, till he saw Sai smiling down at a card.

"What does it say?" he asked. She faltered at first, but then read out as clearly as Vignesh had ever heard her:

"It says 'I like the way you smile or react when you're listening to someone, without interrupting them or putting the spotlight on yourself- but I wish you would give someone a chance to listen to you.' Is that true?"

"Of course," said Vignesh.

Sai looked like she had just made a discovery. But she didn't say anything. A few days later, in English class, Lyola Ma'am put up another quote on the blackboard: "All anything takes, really, is confidence."

At the very back of class, someone raised their hand. It was Sai.
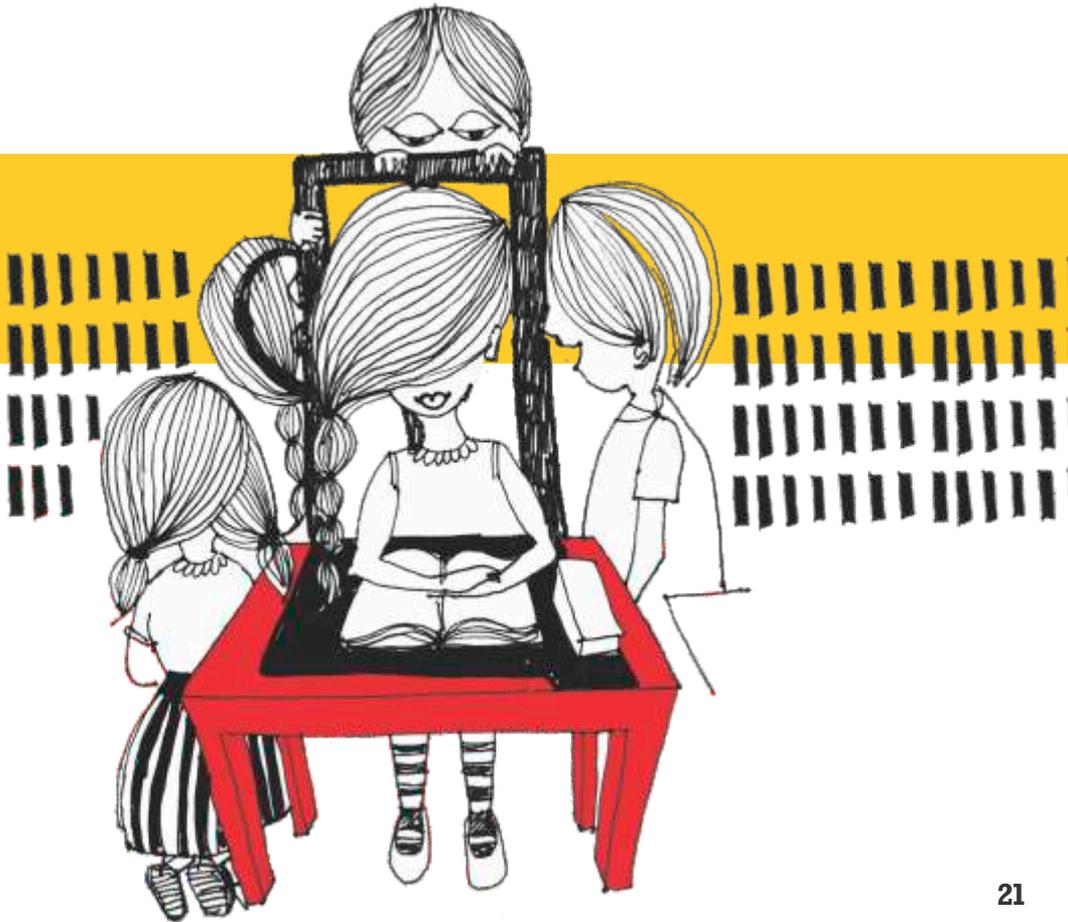
The class turned to her as if they had been unaware of her existence till now - which was not far from the truth. Through no one's fault but through everyone's fear- her fear of talking and their being oblivious of her fear- Sai had almost become a ghost student in the class.

But not anymore.

"Uh… it means…" Vignesh looked at her encouragingly, and realized everyone was doing so too. "It means…that knowing you have something to say is maybe as important as having something to say."

As she went on to explain the quote, Vignesh realized that he could almost feel the way she felt as she overcame her fear- the dread, then the recklessness of taking the plunge and raising her hand, then the unexpected joy that was brought by defeating so intimidating an obstacle.

"This is what it means to truly stand in someone's shoes," he thought. "You can always make them fit- you just have to wear them in a little."
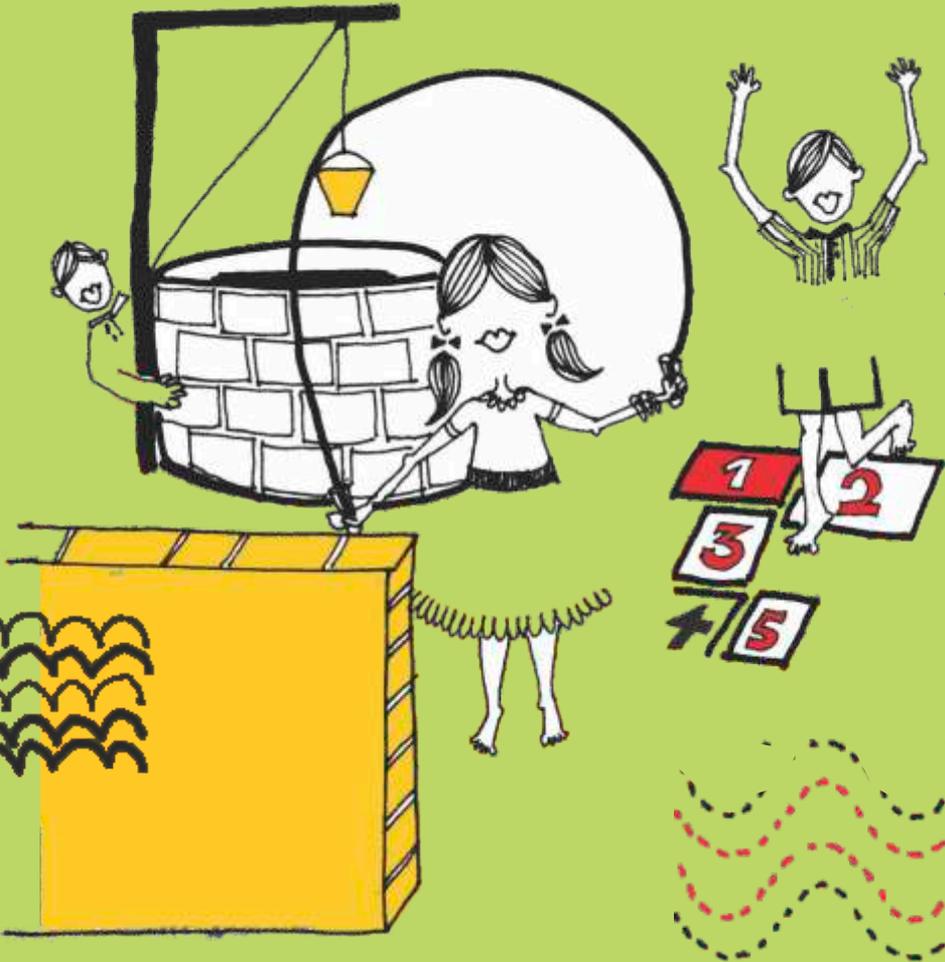
Bhadiyad Primary School, Surendranagar, India.

All's Well
That Ends Well

During school recess one afternoon, after we had polished off our lunch boxes, all of us set off to play in our school playground, as we usually do.

We decided to play Hide 'n Seek. On Madhu's turn to seek, she closed her eyes to count, and we all hid in the playground. Within no time, all of us had been caught, except Manjula. Madhu searched everywhere for her – behind the school, around every tree in the playground, and even looked in all the classrooms, but could not find her.

We were beginning to get worried. Where could she have gone, we thought? Surely she wouldn't have gone outside the school premises – she knew she would be in for a scolding from the teachers if she did.

Suddenly, Mukesh said, "I think I saw her go in the direction of the old well! Do you think she…" he faltered, looking scared.

"… what if she fell into it?" he finished in a whisper.

All of us immediately set off running towards the old well behind our school, our scared hearts beating as loud as drums.

The well in the school backyard was used by all the villagers to draw water from. It was quite deep and a part of its cover was broken. Despite the broken cover, we would often play around the well since it was in our school ground.

Since it was not covered, debris kept falling into it- leaves from surrounding trees and creepers, dirt, mud, and even creepy crawly insects. Many children had slipped and fallen in the mud and slush surrounding it, and had hurt themselves seriously.

Once, Magan kaka's little calf fell into the well. It was only because of the ruckus she made with her yelps that everyone found and rescued her. After that, two of our classmates had also fallen into the well. Fortunately, they knew how to swim and managed to keep afloat while shouting loudly till some villagers came to their rescue.

We reached the well out of breath and peered inside. We saw one of Manjula's shoes and her dupatta floating in the dark water below. Now I was truly frightened. I started to shout loudly for help. Hearing my panicked shouts, one of our teachers and our school Principal came running. Mathur kaka, who stayed in the house adjoining our school wall, also heard our screams and came out running. All of us started calling out Manjula's name loudly into the well, but there was no response.

Mathur kaka then took a rope lying nearby, tied its one end to a tree, the other around his waist and bravely climbed down into the well. He found Manjula in the water and carried her out using the rope. The dirty water was dripping from her body and she was unconscious.

"She didn't know how to swim! She must have swallowed a lot of water!" cried Madhu.

We had been taught in school how to provide first aid to someone who had nearly drowned. We turned Manjula on her back, pressed her stomach and pumped out the water she had swallowed. In the meanwhile, Sanjay ran as fast as his legs could carry him to call the doctor who lived nearby. The doctor came within minutes, and gave her an injection. Three hours later, back in her house, she regained consciousness, and we all breathed a huge sigh of relief.
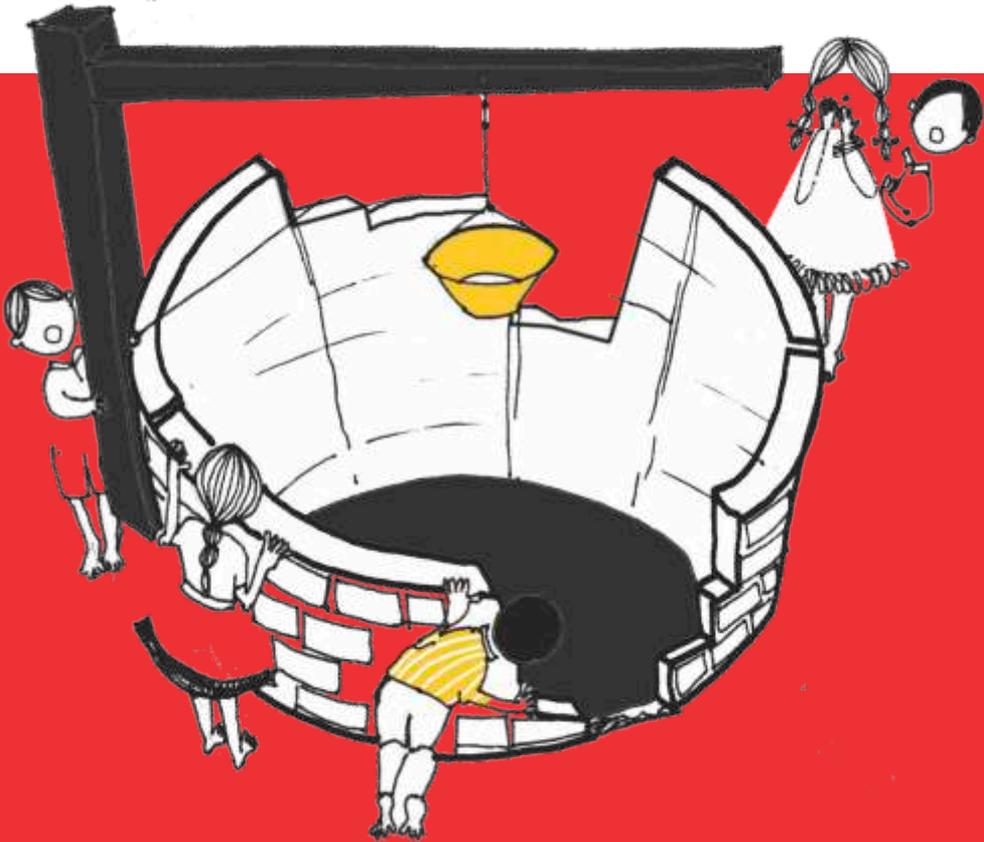
The next day in school, our teacher told us sternly, "Nobody will go near the old well to play…" From that day onwards, we obediently played only in the front yard of the school, but it wasn't as much fun because the front yard was much smaller than the backyard.

A week later, Manjula returned to the school. While she had recovered physically, it was clear that her experience at the old well still haunted her.

That day, our teacher told us a story of the broken runway that needed to be rebuilt urgently in Bhuj, a town in north of Gujarat, during the war of 1971. The contractor told the army that it would take his men a month to do it. While everyone was struggling to find a solution to the problem, all the women of Bhuj came together and rebuilt the runway in a week. It wasn't made as well as a team of engineers would have made it, but it was good enough for planes to land on and take off from, and it did the job for the Army. Our teacher said, "If we all work together, we can accomplish even the biggest of tasks with ease." She also pointed out that the story taught us that "Self-help is the best help." When some of us looked puzzled, she explained that it is always better to do something yourself instead of counting on others to do it for you.

As soon as our teacher finished, Manjula raised her hand and said "Ma'am, the old well in the school playground is a serious danger to all of us, why doesn't anybody repair the well, just as the women of Bhuj built the runway? I was lucky to be saved, but what if somebody else gets hurt, or worse, dies?"

Our teacher smiled and said, "True, Manjula. Well, if nobody else is repairing the well, why don't you kids think about it?"

Manjula slowly turned to the class and said, "Why not? Maybe if we all get together and work, we could repair the cover of the well."

We all liked Manjula's idea. If we fixed the well, we could play anywhere in the playground without any fear.

Our teacher organised a meeting with children from all classes to discuss ideas on how to accomplish this task. We found out that the cover of the well was made of RCC (reinforced cement concrete) and to repair it, we would need to insert metal rods in the RCC cover and fill in the cement, but this task would require an engineer and be costly.

Since repairing the cover seemed impractical without a large sum of money, we discussed alternative ways to make the well safe. After a long brainstorming session, we all agreed that the next best plan was to build a small wall in the middle of the path leading to the well. This wall would prevent children from straying too close to the well, and would work as a safeguard for animals too.

We decided to kickstart our plan on the 15th of August, when we invited members of the Gram Panchayat and other village elders to our school for an Independence Day program. After the program, we explained our plan and appealed to them to donate whatever they could for our cause. Some gave Rs. 500, while some gave Rs. 1000, others contributed Rs. 100 or Rs. 50. For us, every rupee counted. At the end of our program, we had managed to collect a sizeable amount of money, but it wasn't enough. We then divided ourselves into groups and went to each house in the village to explain our cause and request donations. When we calculated the total at the end of our collection drive, we were overjoyed to discover that we had managed to collect enough to build the wall!

We also received help of other kinds from our well-wishers: Sunil kaka, a mason from our village, lent us a mixer to mix cement and Mathur kaka lent us a cycle-rickshaw to carry the bricks for the wall. We bought pre-cast RCC bricks for our wall, which Sanjay and Mukesh ferried using Mathur kaka's cycle rickshaw.

Then we got down to the task of building the wall. First, we all got together and dug a deep pit and laid the foundation bricks. It is important to have a deep and solid foundation to build a strong wall.

Next, we organized ourselves into groups to perform different tasks while building: Nita, Manjula and I stood in a line, at short distances from each other. Nita would pick one brick out from the pile of bricks and pass it to me, and I would rhythmically pass it on to Manjula. She, in turn, would go and arrange the brick in a pile near the wall.

Prakash and Mayur would bring the cement in turns by carrying the tubs of cement on their heads. Lalu and Kamlesh would take the cement from the tubs and plaster it on the bricks using a flat tool, and then Bholu and Suresh would neatly place a layer of bricks on top of each layer.

Before we realized it, the wall was ready. We could not contain our excitement! We attached a big red ribbon to the wall and invited our community leader to inaugurate the wall. Mathur kaka cracked a coconut at its base to mark our success. Sunil kaka came all the way from the city for the special occasion, and brought *gaathiya* and *jalebi* for all of us! Then we had a grand school celebration – Sanjay sang, Lalu played the dhol loudly, and all of us girls danced together!

Our teacher allowed us to paint pictures and write messages on the wall.

Remembering our inspiration from the women of Bhuj, we wrote, 'Self-help is the best help.' We also wrote, 'Many hands make light work.'

After thinking about what we learned from our own experience, we wrote, 'Where there is a will, there is a way.'

Finally, Sunil kaka wrote, 'All's well that ends well.' We all cheered and shouted ''All's well that ends well!'' happy that all did indeed end well for our ''well''.

SAI International School, Bhubaneshwar, India.

Video Story : bit.ly/dfc-readingrainbow
Written by Simran Dhir

Reading Rainbow

As she ate her tiffin, Shruti noticed a crowd of students gathering in the corner of her grade ten classroom. Curious, she edged closer to the group and saw Arnab in the centre, holding a copy of the book 'The Mystery of Mount Manjaro'. It was the new book in the 'Kartik Kaul' adventure series, and Shruti had been waiting for months for it to be released.

Almost all the children in class took turns to borrow it from the library after Arnab. Shruti was thrilled when, after a few weeks, her turn to read it finally arrived.
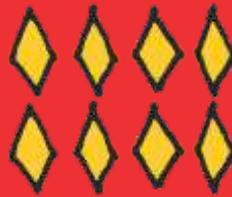
Later that same week, the students in Shruti's class went on a visit to Patia Government School, where they regularly helped the students with projects and activities. The school was smaller than her own, and did not have as many classrooms and sports fields. Shruti and her friends were talking to the students when Uma, a 10-year old student from Patia School, spied the copy of 'The Mystery of Mount Manjaro' in Shruti's bag.

"That book in your bag – what is it about?" she asked Shruti.

"Here, why don't you have a look? It's about Karthik Kaul, a young adventurer who solves mysteries in far corners of India," said Shruti, handing the book to Uma, "this one is about a treasure atop a dark mountain in the Shivalik Hills."

"How exciting! I would love to read these stories," said Uma, as she looked at the pictures and the stories in the book.

All the way home from school, Shruti found herself thinking of how lucky she was to have a library in her school so she could read the books she wanted. At lunch, she told her mother about Uma wanting to read 'The Mystery of Mount Manjaro.'
"I wish I could lend Uma the book Mummy, but I have to return it to the school library tomorrow."
"Why don't you talk to your friends in class and see if you can help the students of Patia School to get books to read? Maybe you and your friends can contribute some of your old books," said Shruti's mother.
Shruti thought for a minute and said, "Why didn't I think of that before?"
Maybe we could ask our neighbours as well – so many of them have old books that they no longer need."

The more Shruti thought about her scheme, the more excited she became.
The next day, Shruti couldn't wait to get to school. She told her friends about her idea of collecting old books and setting up a library at Patia School.
The children thought it was a great plan.

Mohan said, "If we do this, our friends there will be able to read all kinds of books!"
"Shruti, that's a wonderful plan, and not very difficult!" said Priti.

The students brainstormed ideas on how to implement their plan. They approached their English teacher, Mrs. Biswas and their headmaster, who were eager to help. The next day, the headmaster came to Shruti's classroom and told them he had arranged to have a bookrack kept at Patia School for the books that the children would collect.

The children started with a book drive in their neighborhoods. They collected all sorts of books – storybooks, novels, encyclopedias, and many more. They gave a beautiful badge made of paper and ribbons to every person who donated books as a token of appreciation. They also designed and sold cards to raise funds for new books. At the end of the drive, the children had collected so many books that one bookrack was not enough, and the school agreed to let them convert the store room into a library!

Realizing the need to furnish the storeroom, the students rounded up old furniture and helped repair and paint the room to make a cheerful space for the library.

Finally, when the books had been stocked in the new library, Mrs. Biswas took the class for the opening of the library. Uma found Shruti in the crowd of students and pressed her hand gently.

"Thank you, Shruti. Do you know we even have a copy of the Karthik Kaul series here? I will read them all within a week!" she said happily.
"You inspired me to do this, Uma. In fact, now, maybe I'll borrow the next book from you!" laughed Shruti.

Shruti felt elated at the change she had made. Looking back to the day she talked with Uma about 'The Mystery of Mount Manjaro' and of the work her friends did to make the library, Shruti thought to herself that it really was possible to make a difference.

As the headmaster of Patia School cut the ribbon at the door of the library, all the students cheered loudly and clapped, the pride evident on their faces.
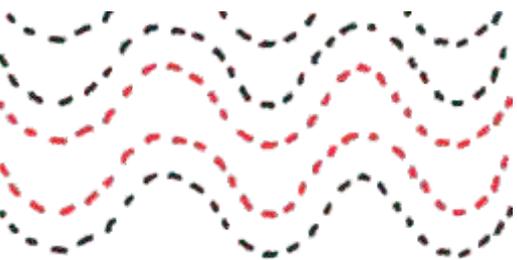
It's your turn now to *Inspire* others! »

Children around the world are telling us that they don't have to be rich, strong or 18 to make the world a better place and changing what bothers them. Design for Change is the global movement of these children sharing their amazing stories of change. Join them!

Using the simple four step process of **Feel, Imagine, Do** and **Share**, you can put your ideas to action.

Feel

SENSITIZE
In groups of 5, ask your children to draw a map of their school/community to identify areas that they would like to see changed.

VOTE
Get the children to share their maps, discuss their observations and vote for that one area that they would all like to work on.

ENGAGE
To understand better, ask the children to speak with other people who are affected, or/and are a part of the problem and ask them why the situation is the way it is.

Imagine

IDEATE : Get the children to look at ways in which the situation can be changed for the better.

VOTE : Choose the idea that has potential to effect significant change in ONE week!

CRITERIA FOR SELECTION
- Potential to be replicated EASILY
- Potential to impact MAXIMUM number of people
- Potential for LONG LASTING change
- Potential for QUICK impact

Message from the DFC jury!

"Do not get bogged down by big problems just because they sound important. Choose something that is closer to your heart and ask yourself what change you can bring to that situation. Using the Design for Change framework, you will be able to realise your ideas and make a difference."

Poonam Bir Kasturi
Compostwali

Log on to **challenge.dfcworld.com**

to register your story and submit to share it with the world.

Do

PLAN:
Get the children to plan for implementation:
- What resources will be required?
- What is the budget, how will they get the money?
- How many people will be required?
- How much time will it take?

Help the children to get into teams and take up the responsibility of their choice.

IMPLEMENT: This is the most exciting part. Give it your best shot!

REFLECT: Get children to reflect on their act of change.
- What 3 things did I learn about the situation?
- What 2 things did I learn that I could do now?
- What 1 thing did I learn about my self?

CONTINUE: Change takes time. You may open a discussion with the children on how to continue the act of change for a long-term impact.

Share

SUBMIT: We encourage you to share your story with us at challenge.dfcworld.com

If you don't have internet access, send in your submission form to us by post.
You may include:
- Photo & text documents (max 4 photos for each step)
- Video/YouTube link (max 3 min long)

INSPIRE
You could use these ideas to expand your circle of influence
- Share your story at your morning assembly
- Organise a parent meeting
- Spread awareness through a newsletter
- Get support from local media
- Run a community campaign to mobilise people

" Design for Change gives you the power to use your imagination and ideas and make it matter. Like you have taken inspiration from these stories, your story could also inspire someone in some part of this world to believe that they too CAN! "

Christian Long,
Cannon Design

"A good designer always designs with the people. Remember, being empathetic will allow you to understand people involved in the problem better and come up with an effective solution."

M. P. Ranjan,
Design Thinker

A group of 14-years-olds turn bullying into inclusion; fifth graders reduce the weight of school bags by 50 percent; children in a remote village in Gujarat remove barriers to education...

You Don't Need Permission to Change the World is a collection of short stories based on the real accomplishments of children across India. Balan, Yogesh, Shruti, Manjula and Vignesh show the world that no one is too young to make a change.

Now it's your turn!

Rs. 170/-

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