

BRIGHTER DAYS

*Inspiring Stories for
everyday moments*



SUTEJ VORA

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I am deeply grateful to Yesha and our little Veer, Papa, and Ma for being my constant source of joy. A heartfelt thank you to the Dolphin AD World team for helping make this dream come true. Together, they have filled my life with warmth, simplicity, and happiness.



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BRIGHTER DAYS

There's something very special about firsts—whether it's the first steps of a baby, the first day of school, or that first hug from a mother. Those moments stay with us forever. And now, here's my first book, filled with simple, happy experiences I usually tell people over a cup of tea.

We often forget what we wore or what we ate, but it's the stories we shared that stay with us. This book is like one of those stories—easy, simple, and kind. It doesn't ask for much, just a little time to remind you of the joys we sometimes overlook. So, sit back and enjoy; it's a little piece of happiness, just for you.

Thank you for making it this far. Now, let's see what's next—who knows, the next page might just surprise you!

S.A. Voss





Bees would Approve

Dubrovnik was as enchanting as we'd hoped—cool breezes, open skies, and fountains splashing in the sun. We wandered down cobbled streets, popping into quirky shops and sampling local treats. Every corner seemed to offer something new: open-air cafes, ice cream stands, and curiosities we couldn't fully take in..

Then, we spotted it: a honey shop under an impressive old monument. The shelves were stacked with jars in shades from pale gold to deep amber, along with honey soaps, moisturizers, candies, and even candles. The jars gleamed in the afternoon light, practically calling to us.

I glanced at Yesha, who's always been wary of honey, the process.
convinced that the bees suffered too much in the process.

Inside, a young salesgirl greeted us with a bright smile. She looked like she was new at this, maybe an intern, but she had a friendly, easy charm.



“Would you like to try some samples of our best honey?” she asked, holding out a little spoon towards Yesha.

Yesha smiled but shook her head politely. “Thank you, but I don’t eat honey. I think the bees work too hard for it,” she explained.

The girl blinked, clearly surprised, but a hint of admiration softened her gaze. “Oh! I haven’t heard that one before,” she said, laughing softly. “The bees would probably be quite touched!”

We were about to leave, giving her a friendly nod, when the girl spoke up, “Could I give you a hug?” she asked, almost shyly. “I think the bees would approve.”

Yesha laughed and leaned in for a warm embrace, filling the shop with kindness. As we stepped outside, I grinned at Yesha. “You may not have sampled the honey, but you definitely sweetened her day.”

Dubrovnik felt even brighter now, as if that warmth had seeped into the air. And somewhere, I’m sure the bees were buzzing proudly, quite pleased with their new friend.

In a world of
honey,
kindness
tastes best.





A hand is shown holding a book on the left side of the page. A curtain is visible in the upper left corner, partially covering the text area.

Confessions of a Fan-atic

I bought the ceiling fan for 7,000 rupees after researching more than I'd like to admit. It came with a little notice tucked inside the box, promising quiet nights ahead. For the price, I was sure it would hum like a breeze. But no—there it was, making its presence known with an irritating little whir.

Of course, I thought, maybe it's not the fan that's the problem. Maybe it's me. After all, it's right above my head, and when something costs this much, you start hearing things that aren't there. If I'd bought a cheaper fan, I probably wouldn't have cared. But now, with every spin, I found myself focusing on it more and more.

I called the service man, convinced the noise was real. He gave it a listen, shrugged, and said, "No noise here."

That only made things worse. I went to my dad's room, stared up at his fan, which, unsurprisingly, was silent as a cloud. And then the comparisons began. I wondered if this was just a battle between me and my wallet, rather



than me and the fan.

In the end, I gave up and switched on the air conditioner. But as I laid there, I started hearing a faint hum from that too. That's when it hit me—the noise wasn't coming from the fan or the AC. It was coming from my brain. And with that, I drifted off to sleep, accompanied by the loudest noise of all: my overthinking.



Sometimes,
the loudest
noise is just

{ overthinking. }



The Kacha Nimbu Chronicles

There's something special about being the kacha nimbu—the one left out from the game. At first glance, it might seem like a sad affair, but I think the kacha nimbu has the best of both worlds. They get to watch the thrill of winning and the drama of losing, all without lifting a finger. No pressure, no expectations. Just a front-row seat to the chaos.

In fact, I believe the kacha nimbu might just be the happiest of the lot.

Maybe that's the secret. Life's like lemonade, and the kacha nimbu adds that extra tang to make it interesting. After all, who wants things too sweet when a little tang can make it much more fun? If I had the choice, I think I'd happily stay the kacha nimbu—a little on the sidelines, but making everything just a bit zestier.



The Fifty-Rupee Regret

I visited Landour, a charming hill town where it felt like Ruskin Bond's stories were floating down from his little balcony, carried by the soft mountain breeze. We stayed at a cozy Airbnb, run by a caretaker in his 50s—a peculiar man with a Hitler mustache and Gandhi glasses. The combination was so odd, it almost felt artistic. He cooked the finest meals and pampered us like a long-lost uncle, always making sure we were comfortable.

When it was time to leave, I noticed a glimmer of hope in his eyes—a silent anticipation, waiting for that final gesture of appreciation. I reached into my pocket and pulled out 500 rupees. But as I withdrew the note, a stray 50 rupee bill peeked out from the corner.

I handed him the 500, and he smiled. It was a good smile, but not the one he was hoping for. I waved goodbye, feeling content enough but about 50 kilometers down the road, a strange feeling crept in. “Why didn't I just give him the extra 50?” I thought.



I could almost hear the conversation if I'd gone back.

“Babuji, what happened to the other 50? Were you planning to buy the Taj Mahal with it?”

I would've laughed and said, “Ah, uncle, it's my rainy-day fund. Who knows when I'll need a whole palace?”

He would've chuckled at my absurdity, and perhaps given me a friendly slap on the back. But now, that crumpled 50 rupees sits useless in my pocket, while he's probably wondering how that small addition could've sweetened his day just a little more.

Funny, isn't it? It's not the money you miss, but the warmth of that shared moment—the kind of thing you wish you could return, even when it's too late.



The kindness
we hold back
can often
weigh heavier
than we
realize





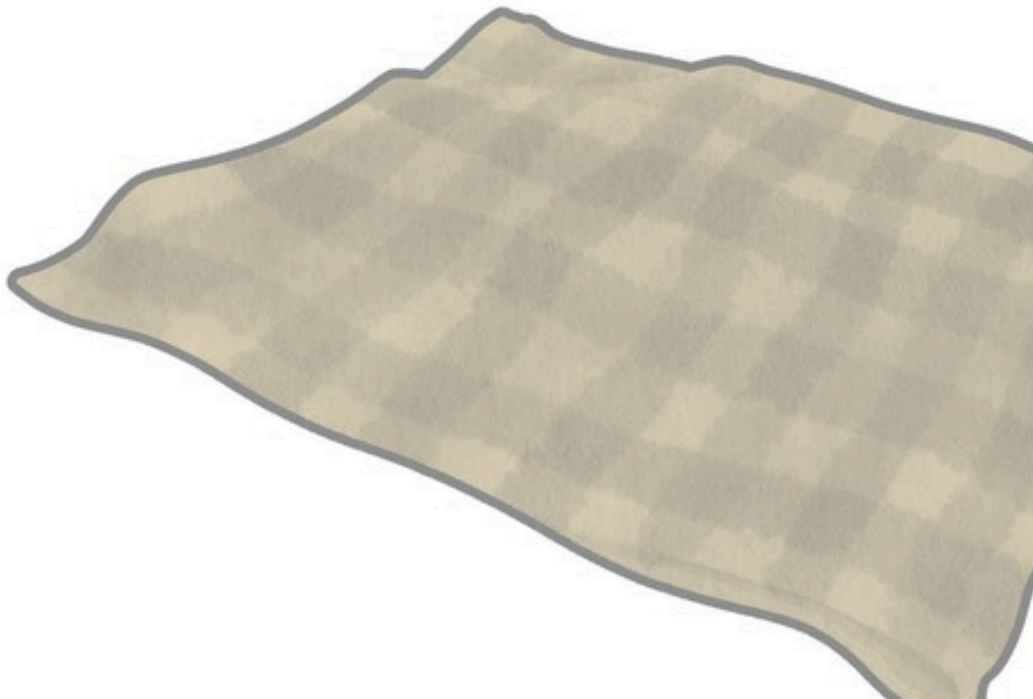
warming hearts

Grandfather had this cute habit of handing out thick blankets on the chilly nights of Mumbai. Though let's be honest, calling them chilly was a bit of a stretch. Mumbai's version of cold was hardly worthy of a thick quilt. But Grandfather just didn't want anyone to feel cold, no matter how imaginary the chill was. A man of simple beliefs and solid intentions, he made warmth an art form.

One evening, I watched as he approached an elderly man shivering by the roadside. The old man had wrapped himself in what looked like an old bedsheet, which, quite honestly, had about the same warmth as a paper napkin. Without a second thought, Grandfather draped one of his thick blankets over the man's shoulders. With his signature kindness, he asked, "Sir, are you feeling alright?" The old man looked at him, a glint of humor in his eyes. He tucked the blanket tighter around himself, grinned, and replied, "Now I'm feeling alright."

They shared a smile. It wasn't just a blanket; it was a moment of understanding, a brief, but powerful connection.

I couldn't help but think, "There he goes again, solving the world's problems, one blanket at a time." It wasn't grand or dramatic, but it mattered. That simple act of kindness—unnoticed by most but deeply felt by one person—is something I carry with me. Like Grandfather, I've learned that even the smallest gestures, the ones that seem inconsequential, can make someone feel a little more at home. And maybe, just maybe, one day I'll find myself handing out blankets too—convinced that the chilly nights of Mumbai deserve a little warmth, even if only in the form of a smile.



A simple gesture
can make
someone feel at
home, no
matter where
they are.



Lost Roads, Found Kindness

As we cruised through a breathtaking valley, green hills rolled endlessly on either side, glowing under the sun. The air smelled of wildflowers, fresh and alive, carried on a gentle breeze that seemed to whisper secrets of the land. I turned to Yesha and grinned, “This must be Kashmir.” After six days of exploring, we felt as if we were missing out on something. We wanted to see Kashmir from a different side. The man we’d rented a scooter from suggested Gurez Valley. “It’s only 80 kilometers away,” he said, with a suspiciously encouraging smile. We hopped on our little Activa, chasing the promise of untouched landscapes and tranquility—our favorite kind of adventure.

Our journey to Gurez started like a scene from a film. We passed through tiny villages, waved at strangers, and saw all kinds of people going about their day. By the time night started creeping in, we decided to stop at a hotel midway, hoping for a warm meal and a cozy bed.

But when we got there, it felt like a scene out of a horror movie. It was empty, covered with an eerie silence, not a soul in sight

With darkness spreading faster than ink in water. Yesha looked at me, her wide eyes mirroring my unease. “This feels... wrong,” she whispered. That was all it took. We both agreed to head back to Srinagar, our safe haven. The idea of staying in that hotel gave us chills, and we’d seen enough movies to know it was time to leave. So, we started the journey back, riding on pitch-dark roads with only our Activa’s headlight carving a path through blackness. I tried to calm my nerves by listening to a meditation track, which helped a little.

After hours of dodging shadows and potholes, we finally reached Dal Lake around midnight. Exhausted and feeling like dry leaves ready to crumble, we decided to spend the night on a houseboat. But, of course, the lake was empty. Not a shikara in sight—until a young boy appeared with one. We asked if he could ferry us across. Surprisingly, he paddled faster than anyone I’d ever seen. His movements were so swift and fluid it felt like the boat was flying across the water. When we reached the houseboat, we offered him a tip. He shook his head, smiling. “No, thank you,” he said. “I practice here for the Olympics. This is my training ground.”

He smiled one last time, a smile that hit right at the heart, then paddled off into the dark, his figure disappearing into the lake. Some encounters are brief, yet they linger forever. His kindness, his quiet determination—it all stayed with us, like a gentle reminder that even in the darkest of nights, there's always light.



Ratan Tata

The news of Ratan Tata's passing hit me like a wave, and I knew immediately that I had to pay my respects to a man whose quiet influence had touched so many lives. When I arrived at the venue, the atmosphere was heavy with grief, but there was also an undeniable respect in the air.

I noticed two lines forming—one for the employees who had worked directly with him, and another for ordinary citizens like me who had admired him from afar.

Finally, the moment came. I walked up to where he lay, and there, even in his final moments, I was struck by his calm expression. His face held a gentle brightness, as though he was still here with us, reminding us of the quiet power he carried throughout his life. It was as though he was whispering, "There's still so much to be done. So much each of you can do for this country."

Standing there, a wave of realization washed over me. In that fleeting moment, I understood just how different Ratan Tata was from most of us. While we often find ourselves asking, "How can I improve my own life?". He has spent his entire life asking, "How can I make the world a better place?" His legacy wasn't one of personal wealth or success—it was a legacy built on lifting others, empowering them to dream bigger and achieve more.





The Karate Belt

Debacle

When I was about eight, my mom decided I had the potential to be a fighter. Maybe it was my “special talent” for scuffling with the neighborhood kids, or perhaps she just liked the idea of me being tough. Either way, she was convinced I needed karate in my life. And, well, if she thought it was a good idea, then I thought so too. So, off I went to karate class, dreaming of belts changing with my expertise, from the simple white to the heroic yellow.

I trained, or at least tried, and by the end of the term, it was time to show off our skills. All the other kids were punching the air with their right hands, looking fierce. And there I was, doing my own thing with my left hand, probably looking like I was auditioning for a comedy show rather than taking a karate exam. But in my heart, I thought I was already a master. I even taught my little sister a few moves, thinking, “Why keep this talent to myself?”

Finally, the big moment came. The instructor handed out yellow belts to everyone—even to kids three years younger than me

My mom, who'd saved 400 rupees for my karate dreams, was not amused. She marched up to the instructor, hands on her hips, and declared, "I paid the fee. My son deserves a yellow belt!". The poor man, fearing he'd lose a paying student, handed me a yellow belt, though his face looked like I'd just taken his last cookie.


I knew I hadn't earned that yellow belt. My dad took one look at me and said, "You should return it." So, after a bit of an internal wrestling, I walked up to the instructor and handed it back. My mom, looking a little irritated, sighed, "Maybe you're not a karate kid. But you might be good at skating." I nodded, relieved.

Meanwhile, my little sister announced she was going to join karate next. To everyone's surprise, she got her yellow belt without a hitch.

"Shouldn't you be proud of me?" she teased, waving her new belt at me. "After all, you taught me!" I grinned. "Oh, I am. But I'm much better at games where I get to sit down and watch everything. I think I'll stick to those."

As for that white belt, it quickly found a new life. First, it was used to tie up old clothes and bags that were spilling out of closets. Then one day, when I lost the key to my cycle, my mom whipped out the belt and tied it around my bike like some kind of makeshift lock. Now, every time I see that white belt—being used as anything but a symbol of martial arts prowess, I can't help but chuckle. Maybe it didn't hold up my honor, but it sure does hold up a lot of other things.





Shirt Happens, Right?

I walked into the function wearing my favorite Korean shirt, fully convinced it was going to be a laid-back event. To my horror, everyone else was dressed in kurta pajamas, looking like they had just stepped off the sets of a Bollywood movie. And there I was, looking like I'd come from another planet. My shirt wasn't Indian, it wasn't ethnic—it was just... weird. Naturally, I became the evening's topic of conversation, while I dealt with a wave of anxiety that only intensified as each dosa was served nearby.

“Next time, I'll be prepared,” I promised myself.

So when the next function rolled around, I was ready. I ditched the Korean experiment and picked out a nice, safe kurta. But just as we were getting ready, Yesha looked at her wardrobe and frowned. “What did I wear to the last function?” she asked, clearly struggling to remember. I grinned, seizing the moment. “Do you remember what I wore last time?”

Without missing a beat, she shot back, “That weird shirt.”

I couldn't help but burst out laughing. She'd completely forgotten her own outfit but remembered my fashion disaster perfectly. So, what did I do for the next event? I wore that Korean shirt again. After all, if you're going to be remembered for something, you might as well own it—because what's more fun than turning a fashion mishap into a signature style?





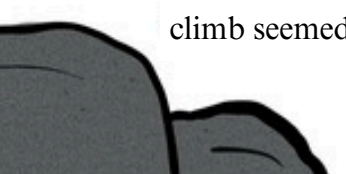
Dates and Determination

Manali to Ladakh on a cycle—that was the dream I had painted in my mind. I'd imagined it a hundred times, thinking I'd finally do it after leaving my startup job, which, to be honest, didn't just fizzle out—it crashed. With time on my hands and a burning desire to reconnect with life, I set out to find my passion, and hopefully, a little love for life in the misty valleys of the Himalayas.

In the spirit of budget travel, I scavenged for the cheapest gear I could find—shorts, shirts, everything that screamed "Sunday neighborhood ride" rather than "serious cyclist going for the Himalayas." Armed with gear that was absolutely ill-suited for the high altitudes ahead, I set off, feeling like a brave explorer trudging through a freezer, unsure of what lay beyond the next curve.

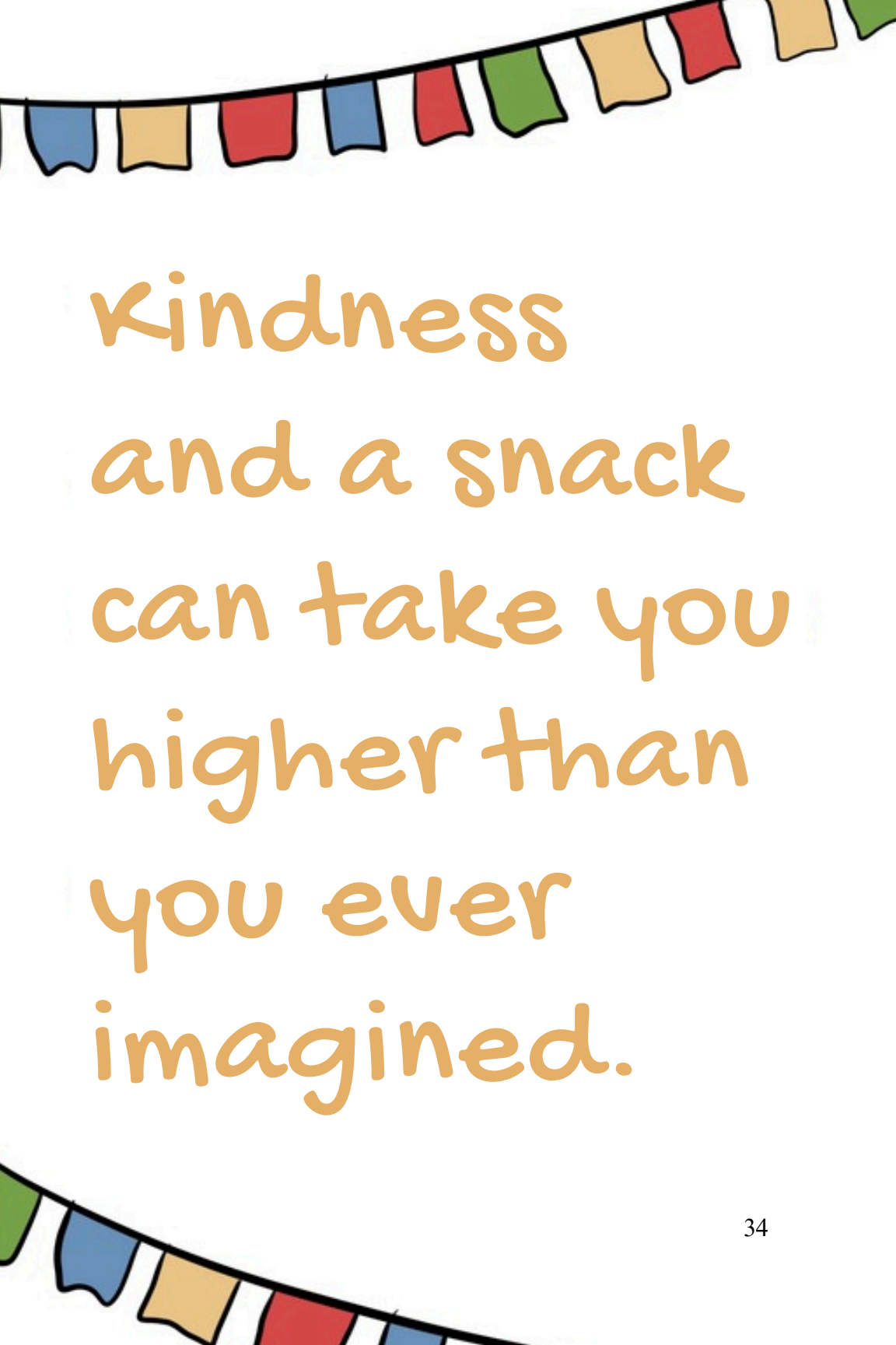
By the final stretch, I had reached Khardung La—the legendary high-altitude pass that's the nightmare of even the most seasoned cyclists. Every rider I knew had shared stories about the grueling climb, how it could push you to the edge of exhaustion and beyond. And then there was me, the little ant, with my head filled with determination and my heart set on conquering it.

I started pedaling, but the dizzying altitude and my rumbling stomach had taken their toll. After a few grueling hours, the climb seemed endless.



My stomach growled louder than my bike tires, and my legs screamed for rest. I had nothing left in me.

Then, as if by miracle, a little Maruti van pulled over beside me, and two small hands reached out, holding a handful of khajoor (dates). “Would you like some?” came the sweetest, most angelic voice from inside the van. And before I could even say thank you, I was munching on those dates like they were the most gourmet meal in the world. With that burst of energy, I pushed myself onward, and somehow—I made it to the top. Khardung La was behind me. It made me think—how many times do we pass by people who might just need a little lift, a simple gesture that could change everything? Those two small hands gave me more than just dates. They gave me the hope to keep going when I had nothing left to give. So, do you offer your little hands without being asked? Sometimes, that’s all it takes to make someone’s day—or to help them climb a mountain.



Kindness
and a snack
can take you
higher than
you ever
imagined.





Vadapav: 1, Heaven: 0

I was in the hospital with my mom when I met the aunty in the bed next to us. We got to chatting, and casually, she mentioned that her husband had passed away in the very same bed where she was now admitted. At first, I found it oddly amusing—here she was, lying in the same spot where her husband had taken his last breath, yet she seemed perfectly cheerful about it. Maybe, in her own way, she found comfort in the thought that they’d be on the same route to heaven.

A few days later, I returned to visit, half-expecting her to have ascended to heaven already, floating above us and smiling down from the clouds, looking healthier than ever. But there she was, still very much alive, chatting away like she had just returned from a date with her late husband—only, this time, it was the same old earth she was back to.

Then, one day, I saw her on the streets, munching on a vadapav. I couldn’t help but laugh. Maybe they don’t serve vadapav in heaven. I joined her, and we shared a snack. Between bites, she casually said, “It’s a bit dull ‘up there.’” I wasn’t sure if she meant heaven or just the hospital floor.

Either way, she was back, grounded on earth, enjoying life in her own quirky way. Heaven, I imagined, could wait a little longer for her. And for now, she was living her best life, one vadapav at a time.



Heaven can
wait when
you're too
busy enjoying
life's simple
joys.







Tuffy Tales

I was ten when I first saw him—a small, snow-white dog wandering near our street, looking like a little swan that had somehow gotten lost on land. He seemed kind, and after a lot of careful thought, I decided he was mine to take care of. I named him Tuffy, and with a mix of pride and courage, I brought him home.

After all, if I took baths, I reasoned, why shouldn't Tuffy? So began our friendship, sealed through clumsy baths, shared meals, and whispered secrets. Whenever I called his name, "Tuffy!" he would come dashing toward me, his tiny paws pattering with all the urgency of a devoted friend.

But as vacations ended and school started again, life became busier. Classes, exams, and the usual hustle crept in, leaving less and less time for everything—including Tuffy. Our meals together grew fewer, and soon I was only giving him a small cup of milk in the mornings. Eventually, even that cup sometimes slipped my mind.

As the years passed, Tuffy grew older, too. He no longer came running at the sound of my voice, though he'd still give a subtle sign—a flick of his ear or the lazy opening of one eye, like he was saying, “I’m listening.” But one day, I called, “Hey, Tuffy!” and the street stayed silent. I called again, louder this time, but there was no reply, just a silence that felt heavier than usual.

Weeks turned into months, and though I knew deep down he was gone, I'd find myself glancing at his old haunts, half-expecting to see him there, waiting with that soft, knowing look. One evening, sitting on the porch, I whispered, “Tuffy, where'd you go, buddy?” In that quiet moment, it was as if I could hear his paws, feel him saying, “I waited, you know. For years, I waited for you to call, just one more time.”

One evening, sitting on the porch, I whispered, “Tuffy, where'd you go, buddy?”

And then it hit me—Tuffy hadn't just been a pet. He had been a friend, one I had taken for granted, and in his silent loyalty, he had waited until he couldn't anymore.

True friends
wait, even
when we
forget to
call.







Flight to Freedom

When you're new to business, you learn patience—and I'd certainly learned it after waiting twelve long months for a particularly picky customer to settle his dues. Finally, tired of polite reminders and empty promises, I decided to take matters into my own hands. I traveled over 1,000 kilometers to Tirupur, determined to collect what was owed.

On my way to his office, I passed a pet shop with rows of pigeons in small cages. Each bird pecked out, tilting its head as if to say, "What's got you down, friend?"

A thought struck me right then: "If I get my payment today, I'll set you all free." The idea lightened my step as I imagined those pigeons soaring into the sky, no longer confined to their small cages.

But as soon as I reached his office, my spirits shattered. My customer greeted me with a casual shrug, as if the past year had meant nothing. "Next time," he said, half-heartedly waving me off. I noticed the glint of a luxury car in his garage, mocking me.

Frustrated, I turned around, feeling empty-handed. But then, my thoughts went back to the pigeons—trapped, unlucky creatures, through no fault of their own. Why should they suffer? So, I turned on my heel and walked back to the pet shop.

So, I turned on my heel and walked back to the pet shop..

“How much to release all the pigeons?” I asked the shopkeeper. He blinked at me, clearly taken aback.

“All of them?” he asked.

“All of them?” he asked. “Yes,” I replied, handing him the money. As he opened each cage, he leaned down and whispered something into the birds’ ears. By the third bird, I couldn’t resist. “What are you telling them?” I asked. The shopkeeper straightened and looked at me seriously.

“A mantra,” he said. “So they fly higher and straighter.”

I watched as the birds soared, one by one, leaving their cages behind and filling the sky with their wings. Strangely, I felt lighter too, as if I’d gained something intangible by setting them free.

That evening, as I returned to my hotel, resigned to a long trip back, the front desk handed me an unexpected note: my check had arrived. I looked out the window, almost expecting to see one of the pigeons hovering there, as if they'd carried my wish to the heavens. And somehow, their freedom had brought me mine.



The Audio Seller and the Standing Ovation

The night had been electric, charged with the kind of energy that only live theater can create. The legendary Padma Shri awardee had just finished his performance — a play that took the audience on a journey through complex poems, intricate emotions, and masterful acting. As the final lines were spoken and the curtain descended, the crowd erupted into applause. It wasn't just a clapping of hands, but a standing ovation — an outpouring of admiration for a man whose art had touched the hearts of everyone present.

But once the theater emptied and the applause faded, the world outside continued its usual rhythm, indifferent to the magic that had just taken place. Among the crowd, there was a man in his 40s, standing quietly by the entrance. He wasn't in a tuxedo, nor did he have the elegance of a performer. Instead, he carried a small suitcase and a set of audio pen drives. Not video recordings of the play—just audio. His products were recordings of the very performance that had just captivated the audience. The plays, the poems, the spoken word, all captured in the most intimate form possible: sound.

At first, I found it strange that someone would still be selling audio pen drives in an era when streaming services and digital media had almost completely replaced physical media. But the more I thought about it, the more I realized that for some, the experience of art was too precious to be digitized in a cold, impersonal way. A voice, a poem, a memory—those things mattered. And in a way, the man with the pen drives was carrying a piece of that performance into the world, preserving it in a way that couldn't be replicated by the sterile nature of a video.

Just as I was lost in thought, an elderly man in his 60s, wearing a suit that had clearly seen better days, approached the seller. With a tone that was a mix of irritation and indifference, he asked, "Where's the toilet?"

Without skipping a beat, the seller grinned and replied, "It's in Punjab."

The older man blinked, confused. Before he could respond, I couldn't help but ask the seller, "Why did you say that?"

The seller's eyes twinkled as he shrugged. "Because we're in Mumbai," he said, a slight laugh in his voice, as if to say, "What's the point of taking life too seriously?"

I chuckled, appreciating the humor. But my curiosity didn't end there. "How many of these USBs do you have?" I asked, gesturing to the small pile of pen drives.

"Four," he said, counting them off on his fingers. "All by my dad."

I blinked. "Your dad?"

"Yeah," he said, his smile softening, "The one who just got the standing ovation inside." He paused, glancing back toward the theater with a mix of affection and quiet pride. "People are all back there, meeting him. But me? I'm out here, selling his recordings. Not trying to use this moment to network or chase after connections. Just doing my part."

A strange feeling washed over me. I was standing in front of the son of the man whose performance had just earned a standing ovation. But this son wasn't chasing the spotlight. He wasn't asking for applause. He was content to stay in the background, humbly offering the world a small piece of his father's art — not through grand displays or videos, but through simple, unassuming audio recordings.

Then, as if the world was trying to make some cosmic connection, the people who had given that standing ovation to his father were now beginning to file out of the theater, eagerly heading toward the backstage to meet the artist.

Meanwhile, the son stood there, quietly doing his job — selling his father’s art, preserving it for those who wanted a piece to take with them.

I couldn't help but think how fitting it was that, in his own way, the son had earned his own standing ovation — not from the crowd, but from me, in that moment of understanding. It wasn't the applause or the recognition that mattered to him; it was the quiet dedication to preserving something of value. His father had earned the admiration of the world, but this man, standing humbly by his pen drives, had earned something far rarer: the respect of someone who truly understood that sometimes, the greatest art is found not in the spotlight, but in the moments when we do what must be done without expectation of reward.

I left that evening, my mind buzzing with thoughts of the father and son — two artists in their own right, both in their own quiet ways. The standing ovation for the father was deserved, but the one I had silently given the son stayed with me. In a world that constantly rushes forward, he had found peace in the simple, unacknowledged task of sharing his father’s legacy, one audio pen drive at a time. And in that, I realized, was an art of its own





A Prayer outside the Temple

There was a slight drizzle in the air, I stood by the temple steps when an old woman walked up to me. Her face was etched with years, her clothes clinging to her thin frame, wet from the rain. In her hands, she held a small packet of raw tea. “Will you buy this?” she asked, her voice soft yet hopeful. I smiled politely and said, “After my prayers.” She nodded, the faintest smile crossing her lips, and walked away.

But when I finished praying and looked for her, she was nowhere to be found. The street was empty, except for the quiet patter of rain. I waited, hoping for her to return, but it seemed as though she had simply disappeared into the thin air. And then I wondered—was it my imagination? Or had she come to remind me of something deeper, something greater than any prayer I could offer inside the temple?

Perhaps, the real test of faith wasn't in the rituals but in how we responded to the small fleeting moments of kindness life presents.



