

Being Alive Every Moment

One night a large Dictionary, lying on a study table, found a small novel sleeping comfortably on the other side of the table. The little book had already earned immortality because of its universal appeal though the massive dictionary could never realize as to why everyone was amazed by that tiny book.

At the dead of the night it asked the novel, "There is no word in you that I do not have in me but there are thousands of words in me that you have never heard of. You know, I was here much before you were born. Besides, do you know to create you your author had consulted me several times? Now you must now I am more important than you."

And replied the novel, "Did teardrops fall from your readers' eyes on your pages ever? Has anyone ever broken into a roar of laughter while reading you? Has anyone ever kissed your pages while consulting you? Has anyone ever felt inspired going through your pages?"

In reply, the confounded dictionary could hardly utter a 'No'.

Remarked the novel then, "You are mightier than me, my friend, but the words in me can play music in human heart, can evoke hundreds of emotions there. Every page of mine is alive, breathing with life in a way. Had a teardrop of a reader ever fallen on you, you would have know the joy of being alive every moment."

∞ *Ratnadip* ∞

A Pair of Crutches

A great adventurer had one of his legs amputated after an accident and since then using a pair of crutches. One day after a long journey once he returned home he felt deeply grateful to his life support.

“Without you I could not have seen so much beauty of the world. Through such a long trip never did you give up or fail me. How can you thank you my friends,” he said to the pair of crutches lovingly.

And replied the pair of crutches in a language understood by only those who acknowledge its help, “Dear friend of mine, your words have filled my heart with immense joy. I know soon you are going to get prosthetic leg and will not need me anymore. But if you are grateful to my giving you support for last many years please do me a favour. Once you do not need me anymore please don't leave me at a corner of your room. Rather donate me to someone who needs me. My life is useful and complete so long as I keep helping others.”

Listening to the words of the crutches the man was speechless. He wished everyone could hear the words of the crutches.

∞ *Ratnadip* ∞

The Dream-maker

When a bright-eyed middle-aged man with receding hairline was talking over phone, parking his by the road a young stray urchin of barely 10 walked to him. He was carrying a few strings and from each string hanging were a few green chillies and a lemon. It is generally believed that hanging such a string to your car or vehicle or home wards off evil spirit and brings fortune. The little boy waited until the man finished talking on phone.

“Why should I take it from you?” asked the man, indicating the strings, looking at the little boy’s face, beads of sweat were glistening there.

“It will bring you good luck and no bad things in life can touch you,” said the boy confidently.

“Really?” asked the man amusedly, “Do you have any proof anyway?”

“Yes,” replied the boy confidently. “Since the woman who used to look after me died four years back, I have been selling this stuff near the traffic signal every day. Never had I begged to anyone. Never had I accepted any extra money from anyone. Yet I am happy for last four years and beyond all want. I can afford myself two regular meals and sometimes roadside tea as well. Yet you think this string with green chills and lemon doesn’t bring fortune to anyone?”

“What is your name?” asked the man to the boy with melting eyes.

“I don’t know but I call everyone my name is *Dreamer*,” replied the boy with a natural pride.

“Next time if anyone asks your name, do tell him or her that you are Dream-maker,” suggested the man and bought all the strings from the little boy.

The Butterfly's Wisdom

After flitting from one flower to another since early in the morning, at last, a butterfly sat on the prettiest flower of the garden.

"I Knew, I will be the last one for you come to spend time with," remarked the prettiest flower.

"How did you know?" asked the butterfly.

"For I am the prettiest; I knew once you are bored of the ordinariness of other flowers you will come to me," said the flower with an air of confidence and asked the butterfly, "By the way how do you smell so good?"

And replied the butterfly, "You know once I come to play in this garden in the morning I search for the most fragrant flower. Then sitting on it I allow my being to soak its fragrance. And then whenever I go other flowers they all welcome me because of that beautiful perfume. After all, fragrance can be carried away far away by the wind where beauty can never reach."

"Which is the most perfumed flower in this garden?" gasped the prettiest flower.

The butterfly indicated the most nondescript and small flower of the garden.

So far the prettiest flower had always look down at it. And now for the first time it cast the tiny flower an envious look.

A young boy was studying, sitting by a candle. He was poring over his study material with intense concentration and after a while he felt himself wondrously relieved and relaxed as just a moment ago he had understood one of the most difficult logics of science. He looked around his room joyously and then his attention was drawn by the candle. Its wax was constantly melting as its steady flame was throwing light around, offering him an opportunity to study. "How beautiful the candle was once I got it. Its body was smooth and long and its wick white. And now melting constantly it has become like a lump of wax and even its wick turned black just to give me light so that I can read, learn and grow," thought the boy and felt immensely grateful to the candle.

"I can read and learn only because you are burning yourself to offer me light," he told the candle.

And replied the candle, "That is the way of life, my friend. If you want to show light to others so that they can learn and grow in life, you have to sacrifice yourself relentlessly. But remember your flame will always remain as a part of their growth and that's how you will remain immortal."

The boy wanted to ask something more to the candle but its wax exhausted by that time and after shivering for a moment the flame extinguished.

As the darkness filled the room the boy looked outside. Up there, the dark sky was lit with innumerable stars.