

Rohan's Guiding Light

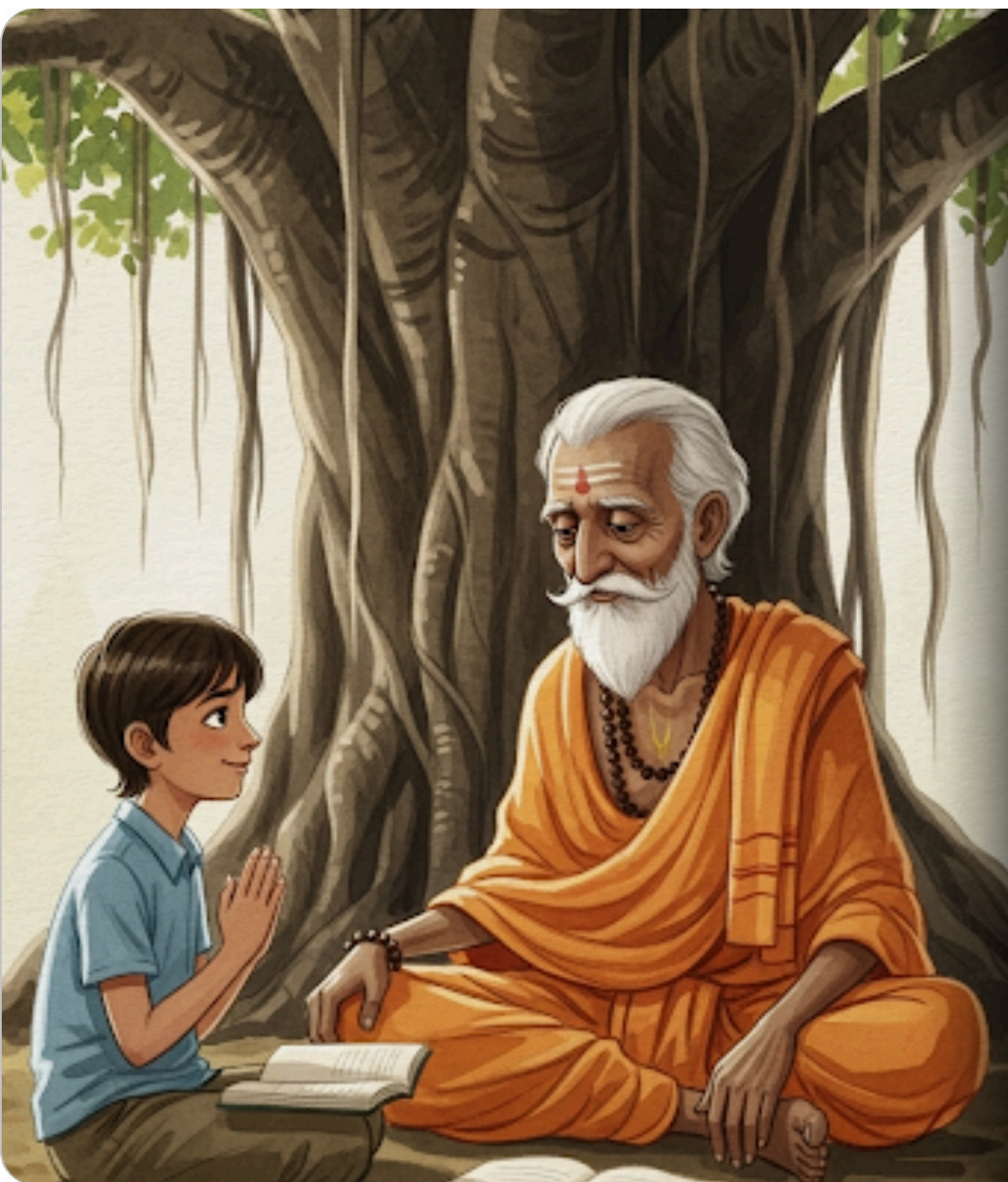
By Dharmendra Sahu



In a small, bustling village, lived a gentle boy named Rohan. His home was tiny, shared with his three lively siblings, Priya, Anil, and Tara, and his hardworking parents, Anand and Asha. Though their days were often tough, their home was always filled with the warmth of love and laughter.



Rohan loved to play. With a worn-out bat and a makeshift ball, he would weave magic on the dusty fields, imagining grand cricket matches. He dreamt of soaring shuttlecocks in badminton, his movements swift and graceful, even with simple equipment. A wise elder, Guru ji, often watched him, seeing not just his talent, but also his quiet dedication to his studies.



One evening, Guru ji called Rohan. "Son," he said, "your hands are skilled for sport, but your mind, Rohan, holds the key to a different strength. True strength lies not just in the body, but in the mind that can build a better future for many." Rohan listened, understanding the deeper wisdom in his words.



His parents, Anand and Asha, worked tirelessly, their hands rough from labour, to provide for the family. Rohan understood their sacrifices. He studied with a quiet determination, knowing that every lesson learned was a step towards a brighter future for everyone he loved, a future built on the foundation of their hard work.



Years passed, filled with countless late nights and early mornings of study. There were times when the worn books and dim lamp felt overwhelming, but the thought of his siblings and the hopeful, trusting eyes of his parents kept him going. He pushed through every challenge, his gentle spirit fueled by an unwavering resolve.



His dedication bore fruit when he secured a scholarship for engineering college. It was a moment of immense pride and relief for Anand and Rohan. The entire village rejoiced, seeing Rohan's success as a shared triumph, a testament to community support and his unwavering spirit.

Finally, the day came! Rohan, with a heart full of pride and gratitude, held his engineering degree. It was a testament to his hard work, a symbol of the dreams he had nurtured under the dim lamplight. His mother, Asha, cheered, her eyes shining with joy and tears of happiness.



Soon after, Rohan secured a good job in a bustling city. He worked diligently, applying the same focus and dedication he had shown in his studies.

Remembering Guru ji's words about giving back, his first priority was his family. He ensured Priya had access to better schools and all the books she needed.



With his steady progress, Rohan helped his family move from their small village home to a comfortable house in a town nearby. It wasn't a mansion, but it was a place where Anil and Tara had their own space, a place filled with light and new possibilities, where their dreams could also take flight.



Rohan often looked back at his journey, remembering the dusty fields, the dim lamp, and Guru ji's wisdom. He knew that hard work, kindness, and a loving family could build bridges over any challenge. As the sun set over their new home, he stood with his father, Anand, a guiding light for his family and an inspiration to his community, ready for whatever new adventures lay ahead.