It was Diwali! Aarav's home smelled of sweet laddoos, and Mumma was making a rangoli of bright colours by the door.

Dadi gave Aarav a little clay diya. "This one is yours to light," she said.

Aarav set his diya on the balcony. But whoosh! The wind blew the tiny flame out.

He tried again. Whoosh! Out it went. "My diya isn't brave enough," sighed Aarav.

Dadi smiled. She cupped her hands around the diya, like a little wall. "Even a small flame needs a friend," she said.

This time, the flame stayed. It flickered, then it glowed, warm and gold.

Across the street, Aarav saw Mrs. D'Souza's window. It was dark. She lived all alone.

So Aarav and Dadi carried a plate of laddoos and a new diya across the road. "Happy Diwali!" they said. Mrs. D'Souza's face lit up brighter than any lamp.

That night, the whole street sparkled, and Aarav's little diya glowed the bravest of all.

★ The End ★

Talk about the story

- Why did Aarav's diya keep going out?
- How did Dadi help the little flame?
- Who could you share a treat or a kind word with this week?

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A PICTURE STORY TO READ ALOUD

Aarav and the Brave Little Diya

On Diwali, the wind keeps blowing out Aarav's little lamp, until Dadi shows him that every small flame needs a friend.

Ages 3–4 · a fold-up mini-book

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