

# The Soldier's Honor

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Arjun stood tall at the snow-covered mountain border, his eyes scanning the horizon as the cold wind swept past his uniform. Despite the freezing weather, his heart was warm with a deep sense of duty toward his country.



During his evening patrol along a rocky, deserted path, Arjun noticed a heavy leather bag half-buried in the fresh snow. He knelt down carefully, brushing away the frost to reveal a worn but sturdy bag that seemed out of place in the wilderness.



Opening the bag to check for security threats, Arjun was surprised to find thick stacks of cash neatly bundled together. Alongside the money lay an old, laminated identification card showing the face of a kind, elderly man named Ram Saran.



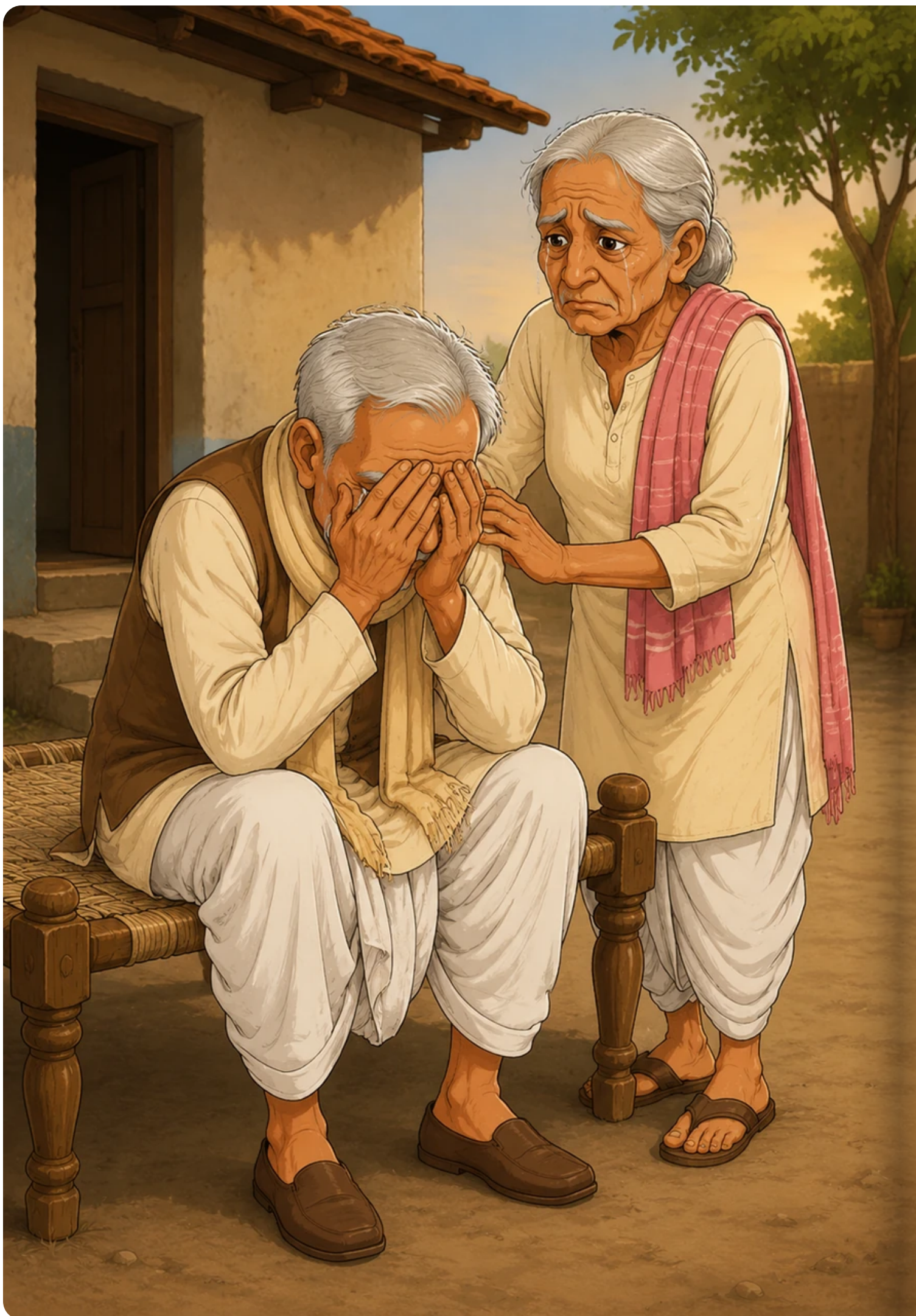
Holding the ID card, Arjun realized this money likely represented the elderly man's life savings or urgent medical funds. He looked back at the empty, darkening trail, knowing he had to find a way to return this precious belonging to its rightful owner.



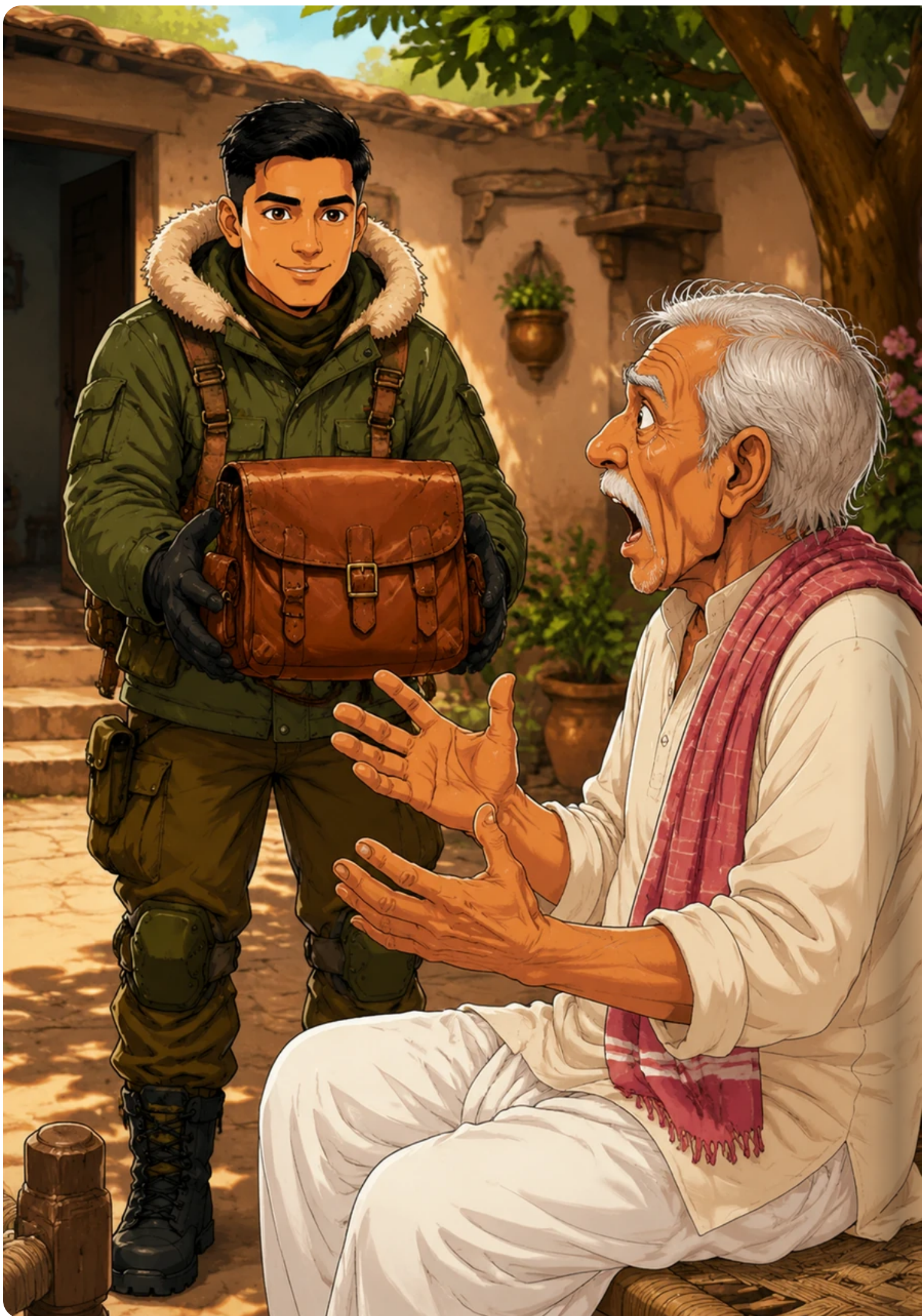
After finishing his grueling shift, Arjun requested special permission from his commanding officer to visit the nearby valley village listed on the old man's identification card. His captain smiled warmly and granted the leave, proud of the young soldier's integrity.



Arjun walked through the narrow, winding lanes of the mountain village, asking local shopkeepers and elders if they knew where Ram Saran lived. The villagers pointed him toward a small, modest mud house at the very edge of the valley.



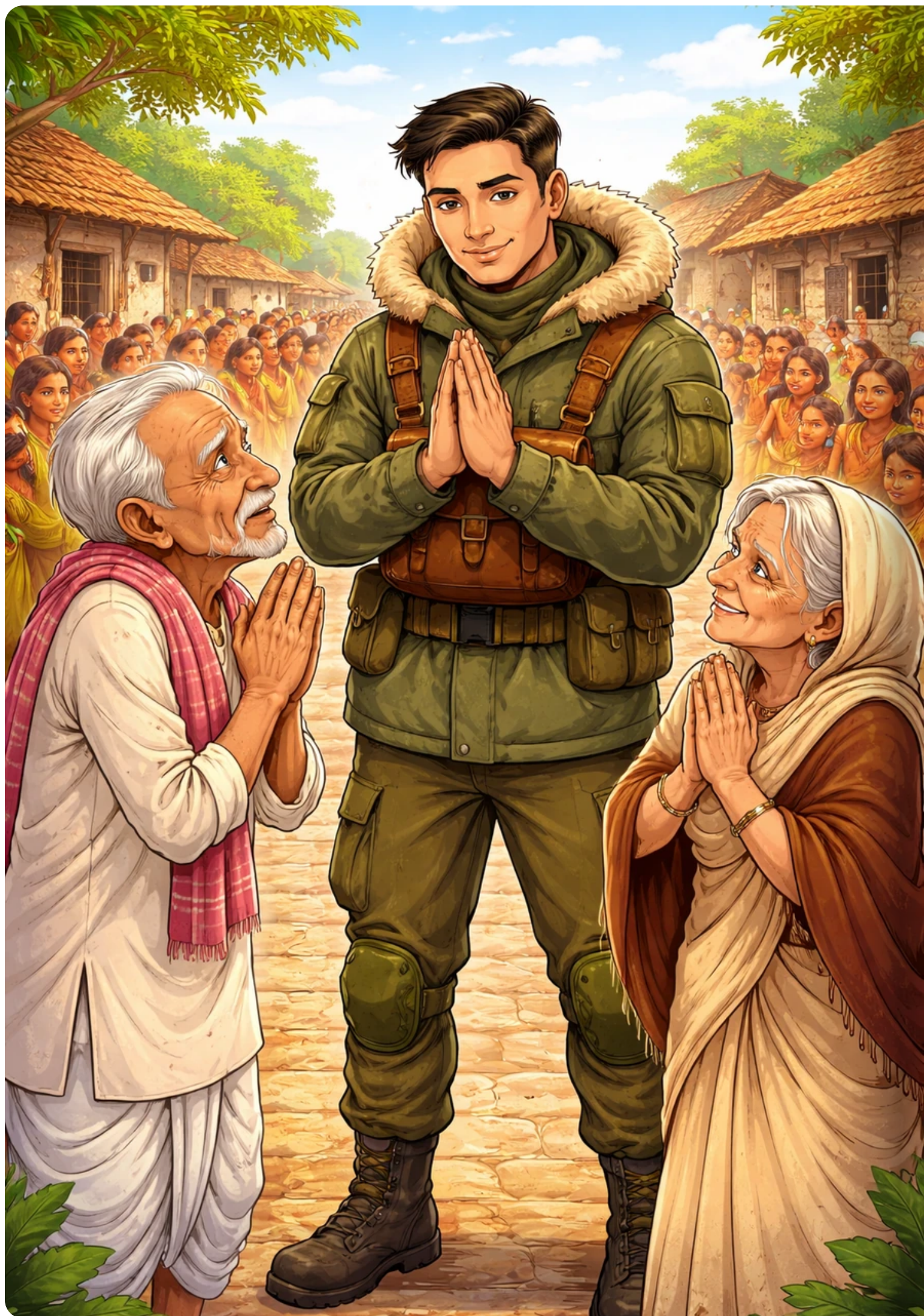
Outside the quiet house, an elderly man sat on a wooden cot, his head buried in his hands as tears trickled down his wrinkled cheeks. His wife stood beside him, trying comfort him, both looking completely heartbroken over their devastating loss.



Arjun stepped into the courtyard with a respectful smile, gently calling out to the elderly couple and holding up the leather bag. Ram Saran looked up, his eyes widening in disbelief and absolute shock as he recognized his missing treasure.



With trembling hands, the old man hugged the bag close to his chest, weeping tears of pure joy and profound relief. He looked up at Arjun, calling him a guardian angel and offering him a portion of the money as a token of his immense gratitude.



Arjun gently folded his hands and declined the money, stating that serving the citizens was his truest reward as a soldier. The entire village gathered around, cheering for Arjun's honesty, while the elderly couple blessed him from the bottom of their hearts.