



# Dadi's Highway Helper

kartik



Officer Vikram, with his impressive uniform and serious face, was having a long, dusty afternoon on Highway 42. He spotted a small, silver car weaving just a little and knew he had to investigate. He adjusted his cap, ready for his professional duties.



With his clipboard tucked under his arm, Officer Vikram marched confidently towards the driver's side window. His most official law enforcement scowl was firmly in place. He was prepared for any situation the highway might throw at him.



To his surprise, instead of a nervous driver, he found Dadi Shanti. She wore a crisp cotton sari, her silver hair neatly tied in a bun, and she peered at him through thick, wise glasses. Her expression was calm and unwavering.



"License and registration, please," Vikram stated firmly, his voice echoing his authority. He expected the usual fumbling for documents. The dusty highway stretched out behind them, silent except for the hum of distant traffic.



Dadi Shanti didn't reach for her purse. Instead, with a gentle smile, she pulled out a gleaming, heavy stainless steel tiffin box from the passenger seat. "Beta," she said, her voice warm, "you look like you haven't had a glass of water in four hours. Your face is as red as a tomato."



Vikram blinked, momentarily stunned by the unexpected offering. Dadi calmly popped open the lid of the tiffin box, and instantly, the air filled with the delicious aroma of ghee, spiced potatoes, and tangy mango pickle. Vikram's stomach, betraying his professionalism, let out a loud, rumbling growl.



"See?" Dadi tutted, a knowing twinkle in her eye. "Even your stomach is arguing with you. Sit. The documents are in the glove box, but they aren't going anywhere. Neither am I until you've had a bite." Her gentle authority was undeniable.



Ten minutes later, the scene was completely transformed. Officer Vikram leaned against the hood of his patrol car, happily munching on a warm aloo paratha. Dadi stood beside him, not scolding, but kindly lecturing him on staying hydrated and calling his mother more often.



Dadi's papers were, of course, perfectly in order. Vikram, with a soft smile, gave her a "verbal warning" to pull over next time before enjoying her meal. He felt energized and surprisingly warm inside, a feeling far better than his earlier dusty fatigue.



As Dadi Shanti drove away, she waved a hand out the window with a cheerful smile. Vikram waved back, a new understanding dawning on him. He realized that while he might run the road, Dadi Shanti, with her kindness and wisdom, truly ran the world.