



Lila's Little School

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A small village lay nestled between dusty hills, its houses simple and worn. Children, with patches on their clothes and bare feet, wandered aimlessly, their laughter quieted by the absence of play and purpose. The narrator's voice echoed softly: "In this village, there was no school, no books... only poverty and silence."



Among them was Lila, a girl with eyes as bright as morning stars, despite her own simple attire. She often watched the horizon, her heart filled with unspoken questions about the world beyond their quiet village. A deep yearning for stories and knowledge flickered within her.



One sunny afternoon, while exploring near the old banyan tree, Lila's gaze fell upon something extraordinary. Half-buried in the dust was a single, tattered page, its edges frayed, adorned with mysterious symbols and a colorful drawing. It was a page from a book, a treasure she had never seen before.



Lila carefully picked up the page, her brow furrowed in concentration as she traced the unfamiliar letters with her finger. She showed it to an old woman weaving a basket, but the woman just smiled sadly, shaking her head gently, too busy with her work to understand Lila's curiosity.



Undeterred, Lila sat in the shade, using a stick to draw her own pictures in the soft earth. She imagined stories for the symbols on her page, sharing her whimsical tales with a small group of wide-eyed children who gathered around her, captivated by her animated expressions.



One day, a kind-faced traveler named Rohan, with a long, flowing beard and a gentle smile, arrived in the village. He noticed Lila, surrounded by eager children, drawing and talking with such passion. He paused, intrigued by the vibrant spark in her eyes amidst the quiet village.



Rohan approached Lila and the children, his voice warm and friendly. He saw her tattered book page and offered to teach them what the symbols meant. Using pebbles for numbers and leaves for letters, he began to sketch shapes in the dirt, making learning feel like a fun game.



Lila and her friends absorbed every word, their faces beaming with excitement. They quickly learned to recognize a few letters and count simple objects. Their makeshift classroom under the banyan tree buzzed with happy chatter and the joy of discovery, a new sound in the once-silent village.



Word of Rohan's lessons spread, and soon, more children joined, along with a few curious parents. The villagers, seeing the children's newfound enthusiasm, started contributing small things – a mat for sitting, some chalk made from limestone, a few pieces of fruit for snacks. The village slowly began to awaken.



Eventually, with everyone's help, a small, colorful shelter was built near the banyan tree, adorned with cheerful drawings. It wasn't fancy, but it was their school, filled with books Rohan had brought and the sound of children learning and laughing. Lila, now older, proudly helped Rohan teach the youngest ones, a bright beacon of hope for the entire village.