

Grandpa Dada and the Red Bull Curse



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Sometimes, even good hands
bring strange troubles.



Grandpa Dada stood in his front yard, staring in absolute shock at his weathered hands. He had just patted a rough, ancient stone, only to watch it instantly morph into a glossy, modern can of Red Bull.



Curiosity turned to panic when Grandpa Dada reached out to steady himself on a barren tree branch. The moment his fingers brushed the dry wood, it crackled and reshaped into yet another cold energy drink.



Inside his home, things rapidly spiraled out of control as Dada touched his wooden rocking chair and his wife's old sewing machine. Both objects immediately flashed into brightly colored cans, leaving the room cluttered and bizarre.



When Dada went outside to check the water supply, his hands accidentally brushed against the massive community water tank. In a sudden burst of energy, the giant structure transformed into a colossal, towering Red Bull can that dominated the entire neighborhood.



The neighbors gathered in the streets, shaking their fists and shouting in anger at the chaotic transformation of their village. Terrified and furious, Dada's own children locked the front door from the outside, while his grandchildren hid behind the corners, trembling with fear.



The village chief stood on a wooden platform, pointing a stern finger toward the horizon as he banished the old man. With no support left, Grandpa Dada walked away in his tattered clothes, carrying nothing but a heavy heart and tears in his eyes.



Sitting alone at a rusted, deserted bus stand on the edge of town, Dada wept and pondered his bizarre fate. Suddenly, a brilliant spark of inspiration lit up his eyes, and he realized his strange curse could actually be a golden opportunity.



He eagerly gathered pebbles, broken tin cans, and scraps of rusted iron from around the old bus stop, touching each one intentionally. Within minutes, a magnificent mountain of thousands of premium Red Bull cans gleamed under the afternoon sun.



Dada transported the massive hoard to the bustling city center, setting up a vibrant street stall with a large sign offering the drinks for just ten rupees each. The city crowd swarmed his stall, buying fifty thousand cans on the very first day and a staggering one hundred thousand on the second.



By the end of the month, Dada had opened the largest, most luxurious Red Bull showroom in the city, cementing his status as a legendary billionaire. Yet, despite his incredible wealth and the viral videos documenting his journey, he sat at his grand desk, waiting for his very first subscriber.