

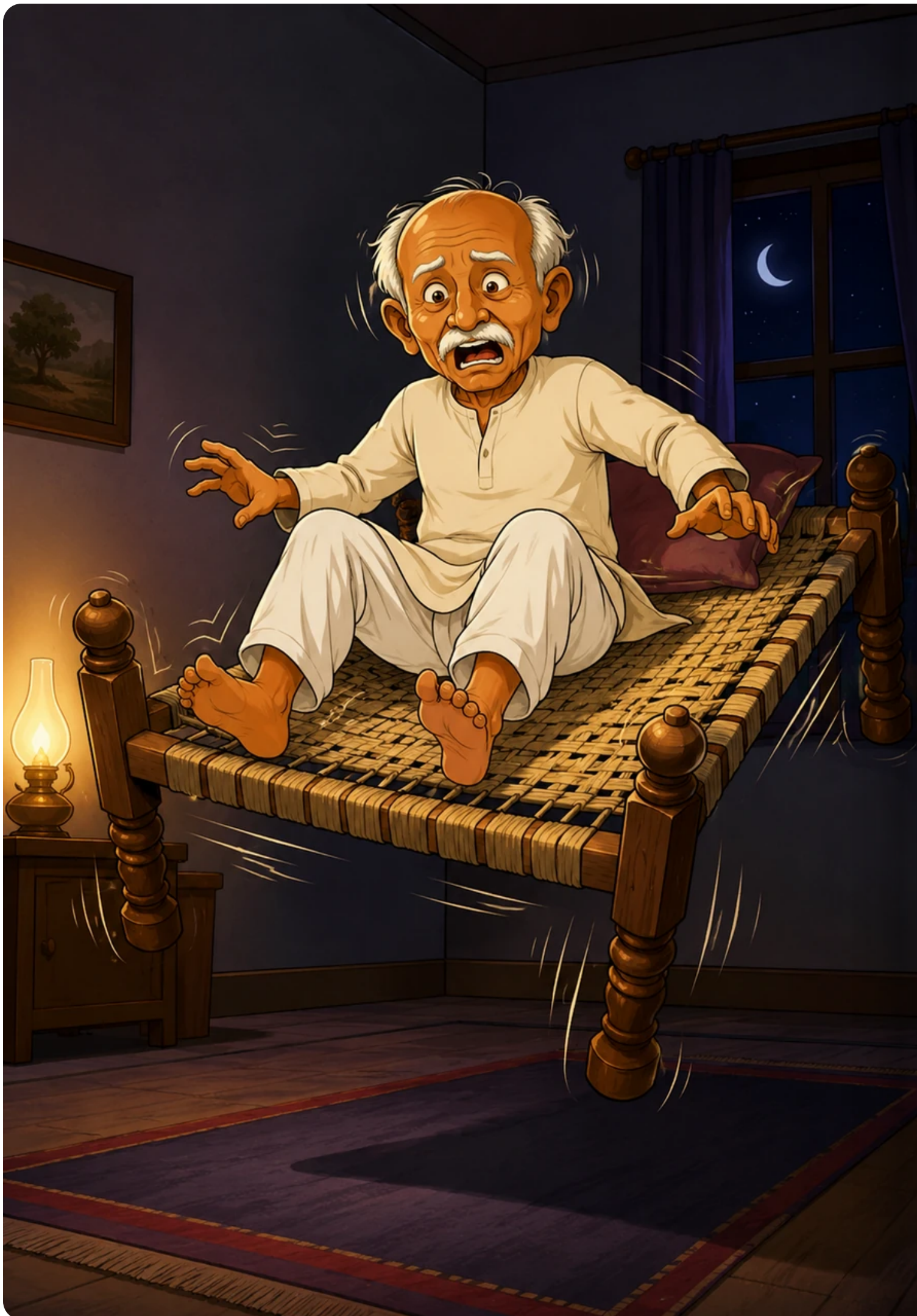


## Grandpa Dada's Flying Bed

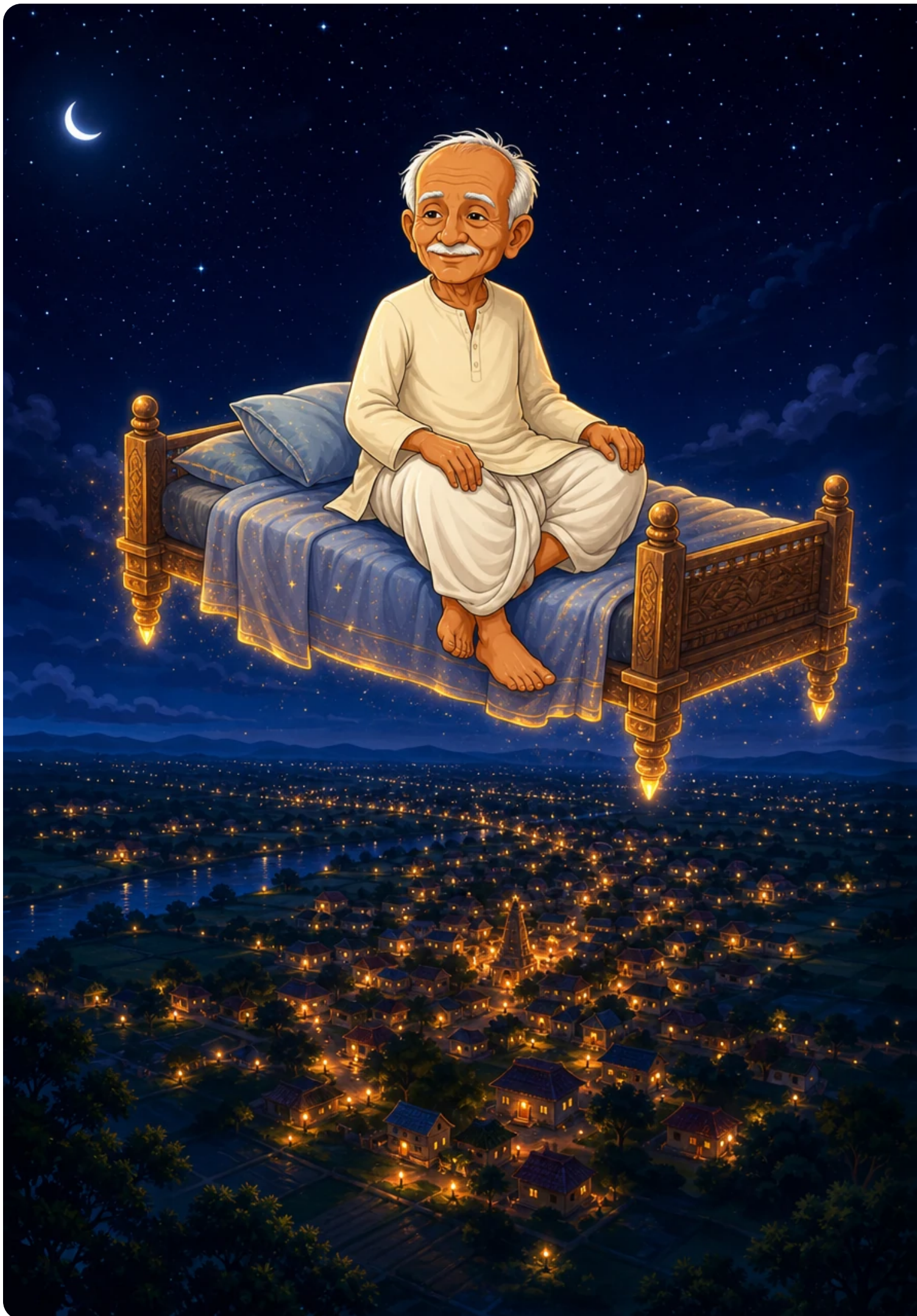
Rox Rajput



Grandpa Dada lay down on his ancient, creaky woven charpoy bed, just as he did every single evening. The ropes were loose and worn with time, and though his son constantly begged him to throw the old thing away, Dada treasured it too much to ever part with it.



As the night deepened, the old bed suddenly began to sway and vibrate beneath him. What started as a gentle wobble quickly turned into a wild, rhythmic shaking, and before Dada could even gasp, the charpoy lifted completely off the bedroom floor.



Instead of panicking, Dada calmly closed his eyes as the magical bed floated right through the ceiling and soared into the cool night air. When he opened his eyes, the entire village below looked like a scattering of tiny, twinkling oil lamps under a vast velvet shroud.



The bed climbed so high into the atmosphere that the glittering stars felt close enough to touch. Dada reached out his weathered hand and gently closed his fingers around a brilliant, glowing star, holding its warm light right in his fist.



The charpoy steered toward a strange, ethereal glow, passing through a mystical boundary into a wondrous realm where the clouds were as soft and pink as spun cotton candy. Below them, vibrant rivers shined like liquid silver, and the trees blossomed with colorful, glowing lights instead of ordinary flowers.



In the center of this magical wonderland sat a wise, elderly angel with shimmering wings and a serene smile. He welcomed Dada warmly, explaining that the old bed had brought him here because Dada's heart was pure and his dreams were always filled with wishes for other people.



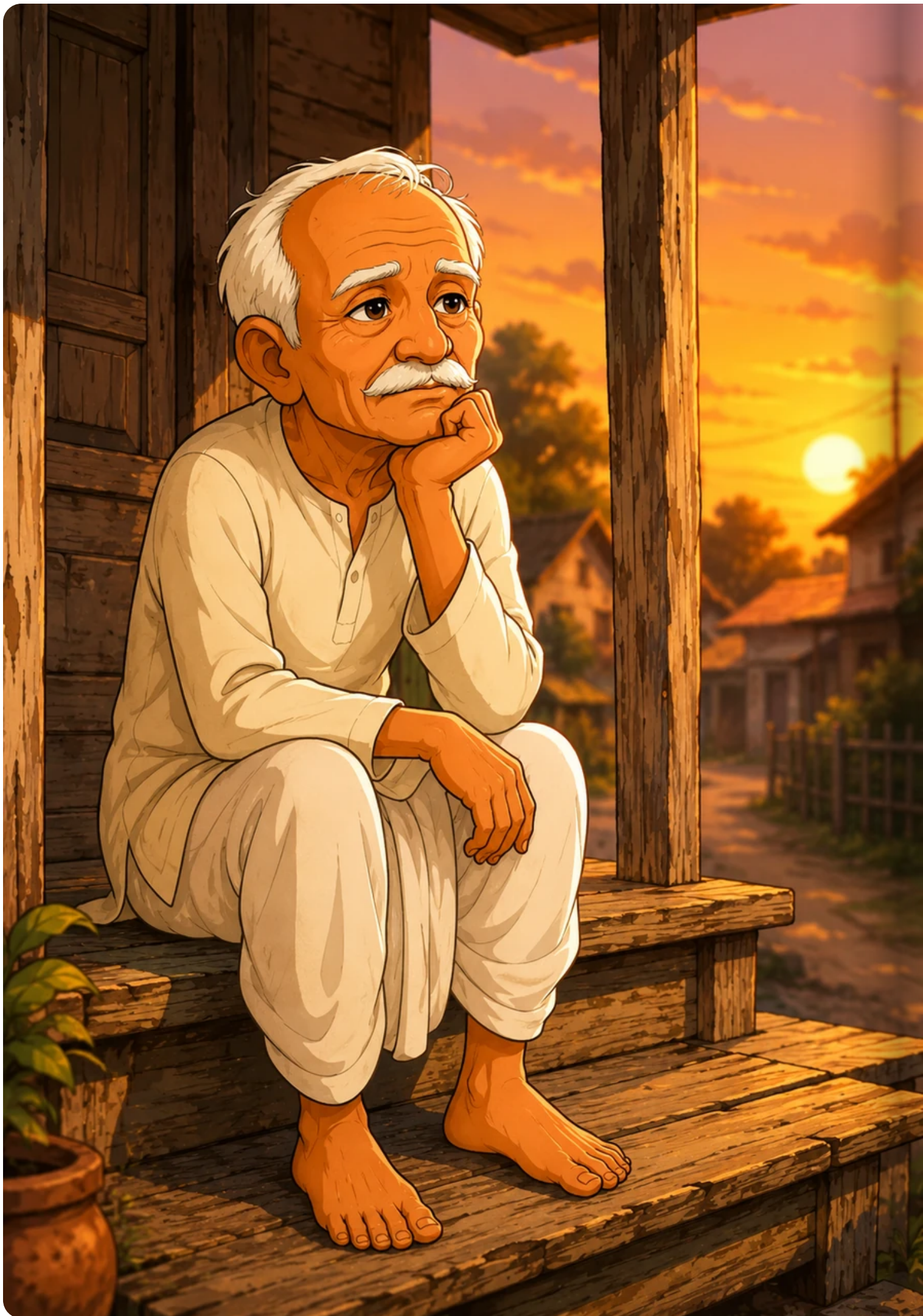
The angel handed Dada a beautiful, glowing velvet pouch, its light pulsing softly in the crisp air. When Dada softly asked what was inside, the angel replied that it contained the very blessings Dada had never asked for, but truly deserved.



With the precious gift safely in hand, Dada lay back down and closed his eyes as the faithful charpoy turned around and glided back toward the earth. The magical world faded away, replaced by the familiar, soothing breeze of his home village.



The next morning, the bright sunlight woke Dada up, and he immediately noticed the glowing pouch resting safely beneath his creaky bed. Smiling softly, he picked it up and quietly walked through the morning mist toward the poorest home in the village to share his fortune.



Despite the joy of his secret giving, Dada sat on his porch looking just a little bit wistful and sad. He couldn't help but wonder why, after such an incredible, heartwarming adventure, no one had thought to like and subscribe to his beautiful life story yet.