



Namasvi's Helping Hands

by Mounika Potharaju



Namasvi woke up with the sun, the aroma of breakfast already filling the air. She peeked into the kitchen and saw her mother humming happily as she prepared a delicious meal. Namasvi knew she wanted to help, her heart swelling with love.



Her mother smiled, a warm and inviting light in her eyes. 'Good morning, Namasvi,' she said. 'Can you please set the table?' Namasvi, eager to assist, scurried to the cupboard and carefully placed the plates, spoons, and forks.



After breakfast, Namasvi's mother began to wash the dishes. The sink overflowed with soapy water and the clatter of the plates rang through the kitchen. Namasvi, without being asked, offered to help dry the clean dishes.



Later in the day, Namasvi's mother started sweeping the floor. Dust motes danced in the sunbeams. Namasvi, seeing her mother's work, picked up her own small broom and began to sweep beside her, mimicking her movements.



In the evening, Namasvi's mother began to prepare dinner. She began chopping vegetables at the cutting board. Namasvi, wanting to contribute, gathered all the ingredients and placed them neatly in front of her mother.



As the day drew to a close, Namasvi snuggled close to her mother. Her heart was full, and her mother's smile was the best reward. They shared a warm embrace, happy and content after a day of working together.