

Title: Arnav: the man, the myth, the legend

Arnav was the richest man in Sangli, so wealthy that people joked he practically *owned* the city. With mansions dotting every corner and enough cars to have his own traffic jam, he was a local legend. Yet, despite his fortune, Arnav had one quirk that set him apart: he was shockingly down-to-earth.

One afternoon, he strolled through Sangli's main bazaar, and when a vendor tried to charge him triple, Arnav didn't bat an eye. Instead, he pulled out a calculator, haggled the price down to market rate, and left the vendor scratching his head. Everyone laughed; here was a man who could buy the whole bazaar if he wanted, but he still loved a good deal.

His friends constantly teased him, too. "Arnav, you could just build a private road instead of sitting in Sangli traffic." But he'd just shrug and say, "What's the fun in that? I'd miss all the honking and chaos!"

Despite his riches, Arnav was happiest grabbing chai at the roadside stall, chatting with locals who'd known him since he was a kid. For all his fortune, he was just *Arnav from Sangli*, a regular guy who liked his tea hot and his prices fair.