

## The Lantern on the Bridge”

In a small riverside town, lived a boy named Kabir who dreamed of becoming an architect. His father was a fisherman who believed dreams were luxuries for the rich. *“Work feeds you, not dreams,”* his father often said.

Every night, Kabir studied under a dim lantern on the old wooden bridge. People mocked him — *“A bridge can’t take you to a palace, boy!”* — but Kabir kept drawing sketches, whispering to himself, *“Someday, I’ll build something beautiful.”*

Years passed. Kabir left for the city, worked days as a waiter, and studied architecture at night. He failed twice, starved often, but never stopped building the dream that lived on paper.

Ten years later, when the river flooded and washed away the old wooden bridge, the town waited for someone to rebuild it. The government sent an architect — it was Kabir. He designed a stunning stone bridge with lanterns glowing at dusk, so no child would ever have to study in darkness again.

At the opening ceremony, his father stood silently, eyes wet. Kabir smiled and whispered, **“Work does feed you, Baba... but dreams build bridges.**