



**GOOD MORNING
SHER/SHERNIYO !**

4TH APRIL

AAJ SATURDAY HAI

KUCH CLASSES NAHI HONGI

SO,PLAN DAY ACCORDINGLY

- AMBITION TIME (SIRF AAJ K LYE) – 3PM
- 6PM MOCK
- REMEMBER, MONDAY 6PM (IMPORTANT SESSION)
- TUESDAY TEST IN AMBITION – DETERMINERS & WORD REARRANGEMENT



THE LITTLE BEE

In a quiet village surrounded by long stretches of green fields and dusty pathways that curled lazily under the afternoon sun, there lived a man named

Raghuveer who had always believed that life was meant to be endured rather than transformed, and so he moved through his days with a certain dull acceptance, waking up before sunrise not out of discipline but habit, working in his fields not with passion but compulsion, and returning home each evening with a fatigue that felt heavier than the labour itself, as if it carried within it the weight of unfulfilled possibilities he had long stopped thinking about; his crops had not been doing well for years, the soil seemed tired, the flowers did not bloom as brightly, and even the fruits, when they came, felt small and reluctant, like a promise half-kept, and though people around him spoke of better methods, new techniques, or even hope, Raghuveer remained strangely indifferent, convinced that nothing truly

changed in a man's life, that fate was something fixed and unyielding, until one afternoon in early spring, when the sky shimmered with a strange golden movement and a swarm of bees descended upon the old neem tree that stood at the edge of his courtyard, their collective hum filling the air with a sound that was at once unsettling and mesmerizing, and Raghuveer, startled and slightly afraid, instinctively reached for a stick, thinking of driving them away, but before he could act, his wife Meera placed her hand gently on his arm and said in a calm, almost knowing voice, "Let them stay, Raghu, they bring life with them," and something about her certainty made him pause, his hand slowly lowering as he watched the bees settle, cluster, and begin their quiet work as if they had always belonged there; in the days that followed,

Raghuveer found himself drawn again and again to the neem tree, watching with growing curiosity as the bees built their hive, each tiny movement part of a larger rhythm he could not fully understand but could deeply feel, the way they moved without confusion, without argument, each one contributing silently to the structure that grew stronger and more beautiful with every passing day, and for the first time in years, Raghuveer felt something stir within him—not excitement exactly, but a kind of quiet interest that made him linger longer than necessary, observe more closely than usual, and think more deeply than he was used to; one evening, as he sat outside with his old friend Karim, who had once worked as a beekeeper before giving it up when profits fell and life grew difficult, Raghuveer pointed toward the hive and

asked, “Do they ever stop working?” and Karim, with a faint smile that carried both wisdom and regret, replied, “They don’t think about stopping, Raghu, they just do what they are meant to do,” and though the sentence was simple, it echoed in Raghuveer’s mind long after Karim had left, making him uneasy in a way he could not explain, for it forced him to confront a truth he had been avoiding—that perhaps it was not fate that had kept his life stagnant, but his own lack of steady effort, his habit of giving up quietly without even realizing it; the next morning, almost without planning it, Raghuveer went to Karim and asked him to teach him about bees, and though Karim was surprised, he agreed, and so began a slow, uncertain journey in which Raghuveer learned about the delicate relationship between bees and flowers, about pollination,

about how these small creatures carried life from one plant to another, ensuring that crops grew stronger, healthier, and more abundant, and at first the learning felt awkward, even pointless, but Raghuveer persisted, partly out of curiosity and partly because something within him had begun to change, a small but steady shift that made him want to try, to understand, to not give up so easily; as the weeks passed, the presence of the bees began to show its effect in ways that could not be ignored, the flowers in his fields appeared brighter, more numerous, as if they were responding to an unseen encouragement, the fruits grew fuller and heavier, and even the air seemed richer, filled with a quiet energy that had been missing for years, and though others in the village spoke of good weather or luck, Raghuveer knew that it

was something more, something quieter but far more powerful, and as he spent more time caring for the hive, learning to handle it gently, to respect its rhythm rather than disturb it, he began to notice changes within himself as well, changes that were harder to see but impossible to deny, for the restlessness that had once defined his days began to fade, replaced by a sense of purpose that was simple yet deeply satisfying, and the fatigue he felt at the end of the day was no longer heavy and empty but light and earned, like the natural conclusion of meaningful effort; Meera noticed this change long before Raghuveer himself fully understood it, and one evening, as they sat together watching the sun set behind the fields, she said softly, "You seem different these days," and Raghuveer, after a long pause, replied, "I think I am finally doing something that

matters,” and though the words were simple, they carried within them a quiet realization that felt almost sacred, as if he had rediscovered a part of himself that had been lost for years; the honey, when it finally came, was golden and thick, glistening in the light like something precious, and as Raghuveer held it in his hands, he felt an unexpected sense of pride, not because of its value but because of what it represented—a process, a journey, a result that could not have existed without patience, consistency, and trust, and he began to understand that the bees had not just improved his crops, they had taught him how to live, how to work without constant doubt, how to find meaning in small, repeated actions, and how to believe, quietly but firmly, that change was possible; over time, his farm became known in nearby villages

for its productivity, and people began to visit, asking questions, seeking advice, hoping to replicate his success, and Raghuv​eer would always welcome them, showing them the hives, explaining what he had learned, but when they asked him what had truly changed his life, he would pause for a moment, look toward the neem tree where the bees still worked tirelessly, and say in a calm, steady voice, “I used to think I was just passing time, but they showed me how to use it,” and though the visitors often smiled politely, perhaps not fully understanding the depth of his words, Raghuv​eer knew that the truth was simple yet profound—that sometimes, the smallest creatures carry the greatest lessons, and that change does not arrive loudly or suddenly, but quietly, through the consistent effort of doing what needs to

be done, again and again, until life itself begins to transform, and as he lay in bed at night, listening to the soft hum of the hive outside, a sound that had once seemed strange but now felt comforting, almost like a lullaby, he realized with a deep sense of peace that the bees had not only changed his fields, they had changed his understanding of life itself, teaching him that growth is not about waiting for the right moment but about creating it, patiently, steadily, and with a faith that does not demand immediate results, and in that realization, Raghuveer found something he had never truly known before—not just success, but a quiet, enduring contentment that made even the simplest days feel meaningful.

1. Endured – suffered patiently

2. Reluctant – unwilling / hesitant

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- 3. Indifferent** – lacking interest
 - 4. Unyielding** – not bending / rigid
 - 5. Mesmerizing** – captivating / spellbinding
 - 6. Instinctively** – naturally / without thinking
 - 7. Cluster** – gather closely
 - 8. Curiosity** – desire to know
 - 9. Rhythm** – regular pattern
 - 10. Contributing** – adding / helping
 - 11. Uneasy** – uncomfortable
 - 12. Confront** – face directly
 - 13. Stagnant** – not progressing
 - 14. Persisted** – continued firmly
 - 15. Delicate** – fragile / sensitive
 - 16. Abundant** – plentiful
 - 17. Ignored** – neglected
 - 18. Disturb** – interrupt
 - 19. Restlessness** – inability to stay calm
 - 20. Purpose** – aim / goal
 - 21. Fatigue** – extreme tiredness
 - 22. Meaningful** – significant

- 23. Realization** – understanding
- 24. Sacred** – holy / valuable
- 25. Precious** – valuable
- 26. Consistency** – regular effort
- 27. Trust** – belief / faith
- 28. Productivity** – efficiency
- 29. Replicate** – copy / reproduce
- 30. Profound** – deep / intense

