



**GOOD MORNING  
SHER/SHERNIYO !**

AAJ TUESDAY HAI !!  
YOU ONLY HAVE 96 HOURS BEFORE SUNDAY !  
AND,40 HOURS OF STUDYING (IF YOU STUDY 8Hrs.  
EVERYDAY)  
SO,SHALL WE START RIGHT AWAY ?

**Title:**

## **The Stable That Understood Time**

Behind a row of uneven houses in a quiet village stood a large, weathered **stable** where animals had, over the years, become silent observers of human life. They watched without judgment, but they understood more than most humans realised. Patterns, habits, failures, and quiet victories—nothing escaped their attention.

Every evening, when the last light faded and the village retreated indoors, the animals gathered near the wooden fence. It was their time to speak.

Among them was **Sheru**, an old dog whose years had granted him a kind of quiet wisdom. There was **Gauri**, a patient cow who noticed details others overlooked. **Mithu**, the restless parrot, repeated not just words but human tendencies. And then there was **Badal**, a strong bull who rarely spoke, but when he did, his words carried weight.

That evening, the air was colder than usual. A faint fog had begun to settle, and the distant sounds of the village softened into silence.

Mithu broke it first.

“There is something profoundly confusing about humans,” he said, shifting uneasily. “The boy in the big house—he has everything. Space, silence, books, time. Yet, year after year, he fails.”

Sheru lifted his head slowly, as if the question had been asked before.

“He begins well, doesn’t he?” Sheru asked.

“Yes,” Mithu replied immediately.

“Every few weeks, there is a new timetable, a new strategy, a new declaration. He speaks of discipline, of long hours, of success. But nothing sustains.”

Gauri nodded with quiet **observation**.

“I have seen it too,” she said. “His effort lacks **continuity**. His

motivation is intense, but temporary. It rises quickly and disappears just as fast.”

Sheru exhaled slowly.

“Inconsistency,” he said. “The most underestimated weakness.”

For a moment, no one spoke.

Then Badal shifted.

“My owner is different,” he said.

The others turned toward him.

Badal rarely participated in these discussions. His silence itself was a form of presence.

“How?” Mithu asked, curiosity evident in his tone.

Badal looked toward the smaller house across the field.

“My owner does not have what that boy has,” he said. “He does not have

space. He does not have silence. He does not have time.”

Mithu seemed puzzled.

“Then how does he prepare?” he asked.

Badal spoke slowly, each word deliberate.

“In the morning, before the sun rises, he comes here. He feeds us, cleans the shed, arranges everything. He does not rush, but he does not waste time either. There is a certain **discipline** in his movements.”

Gauri listened carefully.

“And after that?” she asked.

“He goes home briefly,” Badal continued, “then spends his afternoon teaching children. Small tuitions. That is how the household sustains itself.”

Mithu grew quieter.

“And the evening?” he asked.

Badal paused.

“In the evening, he helps his parents. His mother works outside, his father returns exhausted. So he cleans the house, arranges things, finishes whatever is pending.”

The silence deepened.

Sheru was no longer lying down. He was sitting upright now.

“And then?” he asked.

Badal looked at the ground.

“After dinner,” he said, “he studies.”

“How long?” Mithu asked, almost hesitantly.

“Two hours.”

The words lingered in the cold air.

Two hours.

Gauri repeated it softly, as if trying to measure its weight.

“Only two hours...”

Mithu seemed unsettled.

“That is insufficient,” he said quickly.

“Everyone says long hours are necessary. Eight, ten, twelve hours.”

Sheru’s eyes narrowed slightly.

“Everyone says many things,” he replied. “Few understand them.”

Badal continued,

“My owner does not chase hours. He chases **clarity**. He studies the same topics repeatedly. He revises. He reflects. He writes his mistakes down. He corrects them.”

Gauri added thoughtfully,

“I have seen him sit even when his body is exhausted. His effort is not dramatic. It is steady.”

Mithu turned toward the big house again.

“And that boy?” he asked.

Sheru responded calmly,

“He possesses time, but he does not possess control over it. His effort is scattered. His preparation lacks **coherence**. He confuses activity with progress.”

Mithu fell silent.

Badal spoke again, his voice quieter now.

“My owner does not speak about success. He prepares for it.”

The distinction was subtle, yet profound.

The wind moved gently through the stable, carrying with it a stillness that felt almost reflective.

After a long pause, Mithu asked the question that had been forming in his mind.

“So who will succeed?”

Sheru did not answer immediately.

He looked at both houses—the larger one with its quiet rooms and abundant resources, and the smaller one where responsibilities never seemed to end.

Then he spoke.

“The one who respects time,” he said.

“Not the one who merely has it.”

Gauri lowered her head slightly, as if acknowledging a truth that required no further explanation.

Mithu shifted again, but this time without restlessness.

Inside the large house, the boy sat at his desk, watching another lecture on

strategy. He paused frequently, taking notes on plans he might never follow. His table was organised, his environment ideal, yet his mind lacked **consistency**.

Inside the smaller house, another boy sat on the floor after completing all his responsibilities. His books were worn, his surroundings imperfect, but his attention was unwavering. He revised the same chapter again, not because he had no alternatives, but because he understood its importance.

The animals watched both. They did not need results to anticipate the outcome.

Because they had observed something that humans often fail to recognise.

Time is not distributed equally.  
Opportunities are not identical.  
Circumstances are rarely fair.  
But discipline has the ability to  
redefine all three.

And consistency—quiet, repetitive,  
almost invisible consistency—has the  
power to transform even two hours  
into something far greater.

The night grew deeper.

The village fell completely silent.

And in the stable, the animals finally  
rested, knowing that somewhere, in  
the quiet contrast between  
abundance and scarcity, one life was  
preparing to change.

— Kinjal Ma'am ✨