

Chibub and the Diwali Light Sprite



— When a tiny, hyper little diya-sprite launches harmless golden light-blasts across the balconies, a festive chase teaches a glowing lesson. —



Chibub and the Diwali Light Sprite
A Soft Weirds Desi Festival Adventure



Diwali Condo Night

It was Diwali night inside the tall apartment tower.

Every single balcony was decorated with strings of marigold flowers and twinkling golden fairy lights. Chibub floated by his living room window, his halo reflecting on the glass like a tiny holiday lamp.



The Hyper Flame

Suddenly, a tiny golden spark shot up from a clay diya on the balcony railing.

Pop, pop, wheee!

Out jumped Jwala, a hyper little light-sprite with a blazing flame head and big, excited cartoon eyes.



Light-Blast Chaos

Jwala was too excited to sit still. She spun around three times and clapped her ember hands.

Zzzap-boom!

She launched a trail of harmless golden light-blasts straight across the balcony, making the flower garlands dance. Mochimop barked in surprise, his mop-strings bouncing wildly.



Cousin Cousin Commotion

“Nice shot!” giggled Chibub.

Jwala zoomed straight through the living room door, right past all the cousins playing board games.

Luluma looked up from her starry purple pillow, her braided pigtails shaking as a golden blast zipped right over her head.



The Rangoli Highway

Jwala zoomed down the long hallway toward the front door.
He found a beautiful, giant rangoli powder pattern of a peacock on the floorboards.
She skated along the colored lines, leaving a bright trail of glowing footprints in the pink and green dust.



Up the Stairs!

“Wait for us, Jwala!” Chibub called, flapping his wings.

The little light-sprite shot straight out into the stairwell, climbing upward like a golden bottle rocket.

Mochimop scrambled up the steps, his cap slipping sideways as he tried to keep up.



Rooftop Runway

The stairs led right out onto the grand terrace rooftop.
Thousands of real clay diyas lined the roof ledge under the dark sky.
Jwala leaped from one ledge to another, launching harmless light-blasts at the stars. *Pop! Blast!
Hooray!*



The Overheated Sprite

But Jwala was moving too fast. Her golden-orange flame head grew too large and too bright. She tried to launch one more blast, but instead, she gave a tiny *wheeze* and sat down on a brick. Her light began to flicker and look very hot and tired.



Chibub's Gentle Shade

Chibub hovered down gently beside the flicker-
sprite.

He held his small hands around her blazing head
like a soft shield to block the wind.

“You are a very bright light, Jwala,” Chibub
whispered softly. “But even the prettiest fire needs
a little quiet to stay strong.”



A Cozy Drink

Luluma walked out onto the rooftop, holding a tiny clay cup filled with sweet, cool mango lassi. She set it down right next to the little diya-sprite. “You don't need to blast the whole sky to show your sparkle,” Luluma said, her ribbons twinkling.



The Steady Glow

Jwala sat quietly and let her flame settle into a calm, steady, warm amber glow.
She didn't launch any more blasts.
In the quiet night, her little clay body shone so beautifully that the festive lights below seemed to wave back.



About the Author

Vijay Kukreja



Vijay is a creative writer, technologist, and storyteller who enjoys turning simple ideas into imaginative stories for young readers. His stories are shaped by his own experiences, observations, family life, and curiosity about how technology can support human creativity.

With the help of AI tools, Vijay explores characters, scenes, visuals, and story worlds in new ways. He uses these tools not as a replacement for imagination, but as a creative partner to help bring playful ideas to life.

His goal is to create fun, warm, and engaging stories that children can enjoy, parents can share, and families can read together.



The End

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