

Little Prapti 's Little Stories

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From the Misty Hills to the Royal City

Prapti was eleven years old, with a heart full of dreams. She lived in the beautiful hill station of **Munnar**, in the state of **Kerala**. Every morning, she would wake up to the sight of green tea plantations covered in mist. The air was cool and fresh, and the chirping of birds felt like nature's own alarm clock.

Her house stood on a small hill, surrounded by tea gardens. From her window, she could see workers plucking tea leaves, carefully filling their baskets. Her father worked in a nearby tea estate office. He would wave to her every morning before leaving for work. Prapti loved walking to school through the

narrow winding roads, breathing in the scent of eucalyptus trees.

Life in Munnar was peaceful and beautiful. Prapti had many friends in her school. They would play hide-and-seek among the bushes and laugh loudly during lunch breaks. After school, she would sit with her mother on the veranda, sipping warm milk while she told her about her experiences and the fun she had during her day.

But one evening, everything changed.

Her mother sat beside her and gently said, “Prapti, we are going to move to Mysore, in the state of Karnataka. It is for your good and for your education that we are making this decision. You and I will move there for some time. Papa will stay here for his work.”

Prapti's heart felt heavy. Move? Leave Munnar?
Leave Papa?

That night, she couldn't sleep and wondered how life would be in a new city. She was excited but also scared. She had never lived away from her father before.

A New Beginning

A month later, Prapti and her mother packed their bags. The journey from Munnar to Mysore felt long. As they left the hills behind, Prapti watched the scenery slowly change. The cool misty air gave way to warmer plains.

When they finally reached Mysore, Prapti noticed how different it was. Instead of tea plantations, she saw wide roads, markets, parks, and beautiful old buildings. Her mother pointed to the grand **Mysore Palace** shining in the sunlight. "This is one of the most famous places here," her mother said.

Their new home was an apartment. At night, instead of crickets and soft wind, Prapti heard the sound of vehicles. She missed the quiet hills of Munnar.

The next week, she joined her new school.

The First Day at School

Prapti felt nervous as she wore her new school uniform. What if no one talked to her? What if she didn't understand the lessons?

Her classroom was bright and colorful. The teacher introduced her to the class. "Students, this is Prapti. She has come from Munnar."

Some students smiled warmly. A girl named Deeksha waved at her and offered her a seat. Slowly, Prapti began to feel a little comfortable.

The subjects were interesting. She learned about Karnataka's history and She was fascinated to know that Mysore had such a rich cultural heritage.

During lunch break, she shared stories about Munnar's tea gardens. Her classmates listened with wide eyes. In return, they told her about Dasara celebrations in Mysore. They described how the city lights up during the grand Mysuru Dasara festival, with decorated elephants and cultural performances.

Prapti began to feel curious and excited about exploring her new city.

Discovering New Joys

On weekends, her mother encouraged her to try new activities. Prapti started learning swimming at a nearby pool. At first, she was scared to enter the

deep water, but slowly she gained confidence and learned to float and swim on her own.

She also began cycling around her apartment area in the evenings. The cool breeze against her face made her feel happy.

Soon, she joined a karate class as well. She learned discipline, balance, and self-defense. Each new activity made her stronger — not just physically, but mentally too.

Prapti also discovered something new about herself — she was braver than she had ever imagined. Even though she missed her father deeply, she learned how to adjust and grow. Every night, she would video call him and tell him about her swimming lessons, her cycling practice, and her karate achievements.

Her father would listen proudly and say, “I am so proud of you. You are becoming stronger every day.”

Feelings of Missing and Growing

There were moments when Prapti felt lonely. Sometimes, when she saw fathers dropping their children at school, her eyes would fill with tears. She missed the cool breeze of Munnar and the warm family moments.

But she also realized something important — change is a part of life. Just like the seasons change in the hills, life also moves forward.

She started writing a small diary. In it, she wrote about her feelings, her fears, and her achievements. Writing made her feel lighter.

A Visit Back Home

After six months, Prapti and her mother visited Munnar during the holidays. As their car climbed the hills, she felt a rush of happiness. The mist welcomed her like an old friend.

Her father hugged her tightly. “You have grown taller!” he laughed.

She realized something beautiful — Munnar would always be her first home, but Mysore had become her second home.

A Girl Who Blossomed

By the end of the year, Prapti had changed. She was no longer the scared little girl who feared moving to a new city. She had become confident, brave, and open to new experiences.

She learned:

- That change can be scary but also exciting.
- That new friendships can bloom anywhere.
- That trying new activities makes you stronger.
- That she could adapt, learn, and grow.

Standing on the balcony of her apartment in Mysore one evening, she looked at the sunset. It wasn't the misty sunset of Munnar, but it was beautiful in its own way.

Prapti smiled.

She knew that wherever life would take her next, she would carry both **Munnar** and **Mysore** in her heart forever. 🌸



Prapti's Dream Takes Flight

Prapti was not like other girls her age. While many children loved playing games or watching cartoons, Prapti loved writing stories.

One day, something unbelievable happened. She got an E-mail reading that her book would be displayed at the **World Book Fair** held at **Pragati Maidan** in **New Delhi!**

This journey felt special because she was flying to Delhi for her own book. At the airport, she walked excitedly with her family. As the airplane rose into the sky, she looked out at the floating clouds and smiled, thinking about her big day.

When they reached Delhi, Prapti was thrilled because it was her first time visiting the capital city. Before attending the book fair, her family explored many famous places.

She stood proudly in front of **India Gate**, learning about the brave soldiers it honours. She looked up in wonder at the tall **Qutub Minar**, amazed by its beautiful carvings. She also visited the peaceful **Lotus Temple**, where the calm atmosphere filled her mind with new story ideas.

During their trip, her family also travelled to Agra to see the magnificent **Taj Mahal**. When Prapti saw the white marble monument shining brightly under the sun, she felt amazed. It looked like something straight out of a fairy tale.

Finally, they reached Pragati Maidan for the World Book Fair. The halls were buzzing with excitement,

filled with colourful stalls and thousands of books from around the world.

As they walked through the aisles, Prapti's heart beat faster. And then she saw it — her book, placed neatly on a tall bookshelf among many other wonderful books. Her name was printed proudly on the spine and cover. Seeing it standing there made her eyes sparkle with joy.

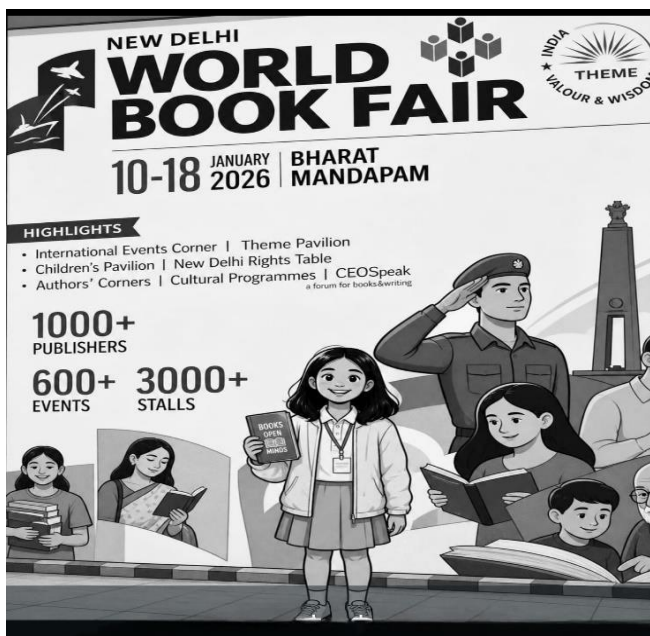
Visitors stopped near the shelf, picked up her book, and flipped through its pages. Some even asked her to sign their copies. Though she felt a little nervous, she signed them with a bright smile.

On the flight back home, Prapti looked out at the clouds once again. She thought about Delhi, the monuments, and the unforgettable moment of seeing her book displayed at the fair. She realized

that this journey was not just about visiting new places — it was about believing in her dreams.

And as the plane soared high above the clouds, Prapti knew this was only the beginning of her wonderful journey as a young author. ✈️📖🌟





The Warmth of a Lost Village



Little Prapti loved bedtime stories. Not fairy tales of castles and dragons, but the real stories her mother told — stories of a little girl who once lived in a quiet village surrounded by paddy fields and coffee estates.

That little girl was her mother.

Her mother would often speak about her childhood in a small village (Kumbaladal) where mornings smelled of wet soil and fresh coffee blossoms. She would tell Prapti how she ran barefoot along the narrow paths between paddy fields, how she followed her father into the coffee estate, and how evenings meant fire-cooked meals that tasted of smoke and love.

But when she was still very young, she had to leave all that behind.

For seven long years, she stayed with her aunt in town so she could go to school. The house was bigger, the streets were busier, and there were electric lights everywhere. Yet, her heart longed for her village. She missed her parents deeply. She missed the sound of crickets at night, the soft glow of a kerosene lamp lighting up a tiny room, and most

of all, she missed her daddy, Subramani's gentle lullabies.

"Those were hard days," her mother would say softly. "I learned to be brave. But I never stopped missing home."

Prapti had heard this story many times. She knew every detail — how her mother would close her eyes and imagine the smell of the paddy fields, and sing her father's lullabies to make Prapti sleep.

Though Prapti's maternal grandparents (Subramani and Vani) were no more, her mother's stories made them feel alive. In her imagination, they were smiling in the fields, waiting near the coffee plants, calling her mother home for dinner.

One evening, Prapti quietly planned something.

That night, when her mother finished her work and sat down to rest, Prapti switched off every light in

the house. The rooms suddenly went dark. For a moment, her mother was surprised.

Then, one by one, tiny flames began to glow.

Prapti had lit candles across the room. Their soft golden light flickered gently on the walls, just like the kerosene lamp her mother had once known. The house felt warmer, calmer — almost like a small village home.

“Amma,” Prapti whispered, “let’s sit like this today.”

Her mother looked around, her eyes filled with tears, she hugged Prapti tightly and thanked her for such a beautiful gesture.

And that night, under the soft glow of candles, her mother felt a piece of her lost village return home and Prapti was sooo glad.

My Dream

**“At the very beginning, the trees whispered
softly as I walked past them”**

The forest felt alive, as if it had been waiting just for me. The glowing path slowly led me forward until the trees began to open up, showing a breathtaking sight.

In front of me lay a wide meadow filled with bloomed lilies. Their petals shinned in a soft shade of white and pink, swaying gently as a cool breeze passed through. I couldn't help but smile as I walked through them, my fingers brushing lightly against the flowers.

As I walked deeper into the meadow of lilies, I soon reached a giant tree which stood brighter than the moon. Its light spread across the entire meadow.

Hanging from its branches were glowing memories in the shape of yellow bubbles where I could see the —moments from my life. I stepped closer.....

I saw laughter.

I saw tears.

I saw people I missed... and even things I had long forgotten.

One memory glowed brighter than the others.

Slowly, I reached out and touched it.

The moment I did, I felt warmth spread through me.

It wasn't just a memory—it was a reminder of who I am and who I could be.

A soft voice seemed to whisper, “*Come...*”

For a moment, I just stood there, feeling peaceful, as if everything made sense.

Then, beyond the meadow, I heard the sound of rushing water.

Curious, I followed it and stopped in amazement.

A huge, sparkling river flowed endlessly, its water shining. Suddenly, something splashed playfully.

“Prapti!” a cheerful voice called.

I laughed in surprise as my magical fish friend jumped out of the water, its scales glowing in shades of blue and gold. Soon, more fish gathered, circling happily.

Little Prapti sat by the riverbank, dipping her feet into the cool water. She opened her lunch box and shared her chapathies and the yummy gravy her mother had made.

“This is the best!” one of the fish said joyfully.

Prapti giggled. “I’ll bring more next time!”

After spending time with her fish friends, she wandered back into the meadow where her other besties were waiting.

A graceful peacock stood there, its feathers shimmering like jewels in the soft light.

Prapti stepped closer, amazed.

“You’re so beautiful,” she said softly.

The peacock tilted its head proudly. “Beauty is not just in feathers,” it replied gently. “It is in how you see the world.”

Prapti thought for a moment. “Then... is this place beautiful because of me too?”

The peacock smiled. “Yes. This forest shows what is already inside your heart.”

Prapti's eyes widened. "So... all this magic... it's a part of me?"

"In a way," the peacock said. "And you can carry it with you, even when you wake."

Prapti smiled, feeling warm inside.

Nearby, a friendly dragon lowered its great head, its eyes gentle and kind.

"Ready?" the dragon asked.

Prapti nodded.

"Do you have to go?" one of them asked softly.

Prapti smiled, though her heart felt heavy.

"I'll come back," she promised. "I'll visit you often."

The fishes were comforted by her words.

The dragon lifted her onto its back and soared high into the sky. The wind rushed past as they flew above

the glowing forest, above the lilies, above everything. She laughed with pure joy, feeling free like never before.

But slowly, the sky began to change.

She waved goodbye to the river, the meadow of lilies, the peacock, fishes and the dragon.

And as the night faded, the forest began to disappear.



