MADE WITH LITTLE STORYBOOK

The Lamps That Lit the Way Home



So Many Lamps

On Diwali evening, Nani lit a long row of diyas on the garden wall. Mei counted them. "Why so many lamps?" she asked. Nani smiled. "Come and sit. I will tell you the story many Hindu families tell."





A Prince Goes Away

Long, long ago, in the city of Ayodhya, lived a kind prince called Rama. One day Rama had to go away to live in the forest for fourteen years. Princess Sita and his brother Lakshmana went with him. The whole city missed them.

Fourteen Pebbles

In Ayodhya lived a girl called Roshni, the potter's granddaughter. Every year she dropped one pebble into a jar. Plink! When there were fourteen pebbles, Rama would come home.





Coming Home Tonight!

One day a messenger ran through the streets. "Rama, Sita and Lakshmana are coming home tonight!" Everyone cheered. But Roshni looked up at the sky. "Tonight is the darkest night, with no moon at all. How will they find the way?"

littlestorybook.ai

Roshni's Idea

Roshni looked at the little clay pots drying in the sun. Then she had an idea. "Dada! We can make lamps. Lots and lots of lamps, enough to light the whole way home!" Dada laughed and rolled up his sleeves.





Everyone Helps

Squish, press, pinch! Dada made the lamps, and Roshni smoothed every one. Soon the whole street came to help. The weaver brought cotton for the wicks. The oil seller brought oil. And the children carried trays of little lamps.

Light by Light

They set the lamps everywhere: along the road, on the rooftops and down the long river steps. As the sun went down, the grown-ups lit them, one little flame at a time.





The City Shines

Soon the whole city of Ayodhya was shining. Lamps glowed on every roof and every step. Even the river shone, like a river full of stars. It was the darkest night, but no one was in the dark.

Welcome Home!

Far down the road, three travellers walked toward the lights. Rama, Sita and Lakshmana followed the lamps all the way home! The people threw flower petals and called, "Welcome home!" Roshni squeezed Dada's hand and smiled.





Welcome Home, Light

"And that is why many families light diyas at Diwali," said Nani. "To say welcome home, and to show that light always wins over the dark." Asha looked at their row of lamps. "So our lamps are saying welcome home too," she whispered.

littlestorybook.ai

THE END

Put your child in this story

Free to try. Scan the code or visit

littlestorybook.ai/stories/en/story-of-diwali-for-kids

Hear this storybook read aloud

Scan, and it performs itself: voice, music and sound words. Free, no account.

littlestorybook.ai/l/story-of-diwali-for-kids

LITTLE STORYBOOK
littlestorybook.ai