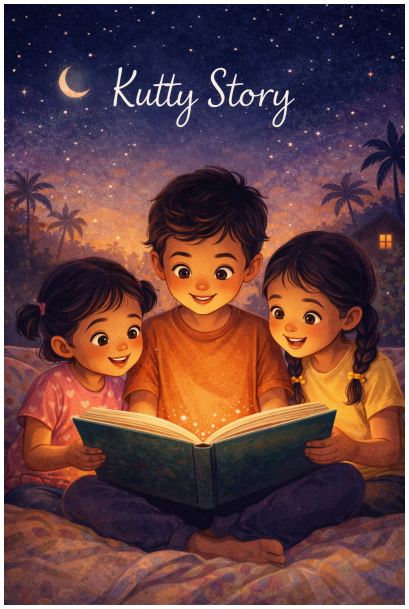
Kutty Story - The Little Lamp That Never Gave Up

A gentle Tamil folk tale told the way grandmothers have always told stories—slowly, softly, and with heart. Through the glow of a small oil lamp, this visual storyboard captures the warmth of tradition, the wisdom passed through generations, and the quiet truth that even the smallest light can guide many. Each frame reflects love, resilience, and the simple values that shaped village life—stories that stay long after the lamp is blown out.

By Uma | December 26, 2025



Blue Circle Living

“Come, kanna… sit close,” Paati said, adjusting her saree and lighting a small oil lamp near the window.

Long ago, in a quiet village, there lived a tiny oil lamp in a big temple. It stood in the corner—not near the deity, not where people noticed it. Bigger lamps shone brightly in the front, receiving flowers and praise.

The little lamp felt sad.

“One day, the wind blew strong,” Paati continued.
“One by one, the big lamps flickered and went out.”

But the tiny lamp stayed lit.

It had learned to burn steadily, not brightly.

When darkness filled the temple, people noticed the small lamp glowing calmly. They gathered around it, used its light to relight the others, and the temple shone again.

Paati smiled and said,

> “Kanna, don’t worry if you feel small.
> The world doesn’t need the brightest light—
> it needs the one that stays on.”

She gently blew out the lamp and whispered,
“Now sleep… even small hearts can light big worlds.”

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