

## SSSSB Story 044bN – "Pardesie Daju Visited Nepal for 3 Weeks" [For ages 10 and up]



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Pardesie Daju was a young man. He spoke a strange language that no one could understand. He came to Panauti, Nepal, for three weeks.

**The First Week:** The first week passed quietly. As always, the friendly Nepali people greeted him warmly.

**The Second Week:** In the second week, something remarkable happened. Since the age of 14, Pardesie Daju had a special gift: everything he touched – or that touched his arms – would double!

Each person was allowed to give him one item per day to be doubled. Soon, news of his gift spread across Nepal. People came not only from nearby towns, but also from Dang, Biratnagar, and even from abroad.

They brought valuable items like money, jewelry, mobile phones, laptops, bicycles, scooters, and more. Children came with toys, notebooks, colored pencils, school bags, candy, and all sorts of things. As soon as Pardesie Daju touched something, it doubled!

Question 1 for today: What would you like Pardesie Daju to touch so that it gets doubled?

This continued throughout the second week. But no one seemed to think about Pardesie Daju himself. He hadn't been able to rest, eat, or drink for the entire second week. He was tired, weak, and became ill...

People only thought about their own things – not how he was doing. Except for one SSSSB student – Zoya – who quietly watched everything from a distance.

**The Third Week:** In the third week, Pardesie Daju tried to explain with gestures (since no one understood his language) that his power had changed.

But no one listened. They kept pushing their things against his arms... And then it happened: Everything he touched – or that touched him – was now cut in half or became less!

People got angry and started shouting. Their valuable items suddenly shrank or were reduced by half! Some, who had been thankful just days before, now became furious.

On the first day of the third week, they took him to the largest garbage dump in Panauti. They built a fence around him and put up a sign:

**"DEMONIC TOURIST – VERY DANGEROUS! DO NOT APPROACH!"**

Zoya, the girl who lived right across from the dump, had seen everything from her window. She saw that Pardesie Daju was sick, weak, and completely alone.

Her father warned her strictly: *"If you go to school tomorrow, take the other road. Don't go near that demonic tourist."*

At dinner, Zoya sat at the table, but had no appetite. She said, "Mama, I'll eat in my room," and took her plate with her. From her window, she gestured to Pardesie Daju: "Hold on, I'm coming." She packed her food into a box and after five minutes, she went back to her mother and said: "Mother, may I have some more food?" She packed that food too and hid both boxes in her wardrobe.

Then she said: "I have an important exam tomorrow. I'll go to bed early so I can revise in the morning. Would you please all go to bed early too?"

Her family agreed and went to sleep. When everyone started snoring, Zoya knew: it was time. She took the food, a bottle of water, and a warm blanket, tiptoed downstairs, quietly opened the front door, and walked silently to Pardesie Daju.

She gave him the food and the blanket. He immediately wrapped himself in the blanket – he was freezing and exhausted. He became emotional.

With gestures, he said: "You are so kind and caring. You must be a true SSSSB student. But this is your food – you must be hungry too. How can I take it from you?"

Only after Zoya ate a little herself, did he begin to eat. After that, Zoya called the hospital. An ambulance arrived quickly. When she heard the siren, she ran back home and continued watching from her window.

She saw the medical team take him away. But since his power still worked, the ambulance... became half! Luckily, the driver was experienced and managed to get him safely to the hospital – even in a half ambulance. The siren had woken up the entire neighborhood. Once her family was asleep again, Zoya quietly slipped out to the hospital to check if he was being properly cared for.

At the hospital, panic broke out. Everything Pardesie Daju touched became half – beds, chairs, medicine...

Doctors and nurses ran around in confusion. Until Zoya shouted:

"Sairam, Sairam, everyone please calm down! Don't panic! We should be grateful for Pardesie Daju!"

Everyone looked at her with hope. Zoya calmly explained everything that had happened.

People let out a deep sigh of relief.

She said: "The largest garbage dump in our city has been halved. Isn't that special?"

Let's think: what else could we make smaller?"

A doctor said: "I have so many patients, it's overwhelming. If their illnesses could be halved, that would be such a help."

Zoya replied: "Sairam, Doctor Saheb. Please make a list of your patients' names and ask Pardesie Daju to touch it. Believe me – it will work."

The doctor tried it – and it worked! Everyone became a fan of Pardesie Daju. Hospital staff even brought their family and friends, hoping to reduce their problems and worries too.

All week long, he helped people in this way.

Question 2 for today: *What would you like Pardesie Daju to touch, so that it becomes smaller or is halved?*

The Fourth Week: When the third week ended, so did his vacation. It was time for him to go home. The hospital brought him to Tribhuvan International Airport for his flight.

And guess who was waiting there to thank him and sing him a song? Zoya, the dedicated SSSSB student.

Zoya was sad, but she sang: *♪ Pardesie, Pardesie, don't go away... don't leave me/us alone. ♪*

Heart-Work for this week: What do you think of this story?

Create a drawing, a song, a poem, or something beautiful for Pardesie Daju!

Om Sairam  25 May 2025, The Hague – Holland, Guru Daju – Sunil Marapin