

An initiative by Trinayani



# A-Z of a Usual Day

An Alphabet Story in  
Indian Sign Language (ISL)

Written By

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## A-Z of a Usual Day



**A**rvind wheeled out of his apartment in Delhi, his bag on his lap.



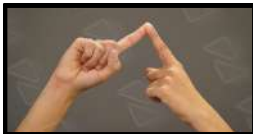
**B**eeping autos and honking cars filled the street, as usual.



**C**ollecting himself at the curb, he waited for the pedestrian light.



**D**elhi's chaos didn't bother him anymore; he had learned its rhythms.



**E**xchanging a nod with the paanwala across the road, he moved forward.



**F**riends from college had texted in the morning, asking if he wanted to meet at Connaught Place for this public holiday.



**G**rabbing his phone now, he replied back: "On my way."



**H**opping onto the metro ramp, he noticed it was unusually crowded.





Indian public transport always had its surprises, especially during rush hour.



Jostling through the crowd, he found a designated spot near the door.



Kiran, his old friend, waved from a bench outside the café when he reached.



Laughing at a memory from their hostel days, Arvind joined him.



Mango lassi and samosas, ordered without fuss, appeared on the table.



Nobody gave it a second thought seeing Arvind in his wheelchair; it was simply normal here.

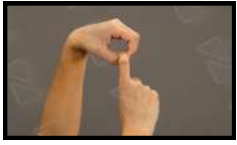


Overhearing a group argue about cricket, he chuckled silently.



Playing with his phone while sipping lassi, he scrolled through messages.





**Q**uestions about weekend plans popped up, maybe a trip to Hauz Khas Village.



**R**eminiscing, Kiran mentioned the street food festival last month.



**S**uddenly, a gust of wind blew the menu-card off the table and Arvind caught it mid-air.



**T**hey laughed together, Kiran teasing him about his “superhuman reflexes”.



**U**nder the setting sun, the chaos of the roads seemed distant.



**V**endors called out, selling fruit and street food, adding color to the street.



**W**heeling through the crowd back home, Arvind felt satisfied with the day.



**X**-rays at the nearby clinic reminded him of his doctor’s appointment tomorrow - meh, not so exciting.





Yawning, he pushed open his apartment door.



Zippering up a light jacket around him, he settled in to catch up on the day's news, Delhi life humming quietly around him.

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