

An initiative by Trinayani



# A-Z of a Usual Day

An Alphabet Story in  
Indian Sign Language (ISL)

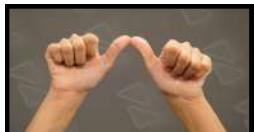
Written By

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## A-Z of a Usual Day



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



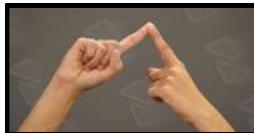
**B**eeping autos and honking cars filled the street, as usual.



**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.





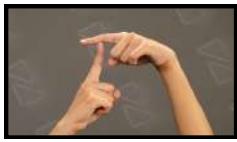
Questions about weekend plans popped up, maybe a trip to Hauz Khas Village.



Reminiscing, Kiran mentioned the street food festival last month.



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



They laughed together, Kiran teasing him about his “superhuman reflexes”.



Under the setting sun, the chaos of the roads seemed distant.



Vendors called out, selling fruit and street food, adding color to the street.



Wheeling 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.



Zipping 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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