

Sanjiv, a little boy of five years, trailed closely behind Muthu as they made their way to the main door of the semi-detached house. Sanjiv eagerly grasped onto Muthu's pants, his tiny voice chiming, "Grandpa... grandpa..."

Muthu scooped up the toddler and asked, "Sanjiv, my dear, what do you want?" His voice filled with emotion and throat tightened with affection.

"Grandpa," Sanjiv squeaked, his eyes sparkling, "I want candy... can we visit the store?" He made his heartfelt request with innocence and longing.

Muthu stood there, his mind swirling with confusion as he listened to the lively chatter of the young boy. Memories of an old adage came flooding back to him, one that claimed, "the touch of a toddler gives pleasure to the body, while the sound of his voice is pleasure to the ears".

Lost in thought, he wondered if his own son held the same deep affection for him as his grandson did for his grandfather. Tears began to well up at the corner of Muthu's eyes, and he gently brushed it away with his little finger.

At that moment, Dr Vaasan, Muthu's son, entered the room with a hint of annoyance on his face. "Alright, alright, we're running late. Let's go!" Soundarya, Muthu's daughter-in-law trailed behind him.

Catching sight of her, Muthu slowly lowered Sanjiv onto the floor. "Come here!" she commanded Sanjiv, but the little boy clung tightly to his grandfather's leg, refusing to move towards his mother.

"Sanjiv, you're such a good boy. Go to your mother now... and grandpa will have some sweets ready for you when I return", Muthu reassured him, encouraging the boy to go to his mother. With a bittersweet look, Soundarya held to Sanjiv, who kept his gaze fixed on his grandfather.