Every morning, at exactly 8:00 AM, **Ramesh** would dress up in his only clean shirt, polish his old shoes, comb his hair neatly, and leave his small rented room in Mumbai's Sion area.

But he had nowhere to go.

He had lost his job seven months ago—laid off from the textile warehouse when the company shut down during downsizing. At first, he thought it would be temporary. But days turned into weeks, and weeks blurred into empty months.

Still, he left home every morning. Not because he had an interview. But because he **didn't want his mother to worry**. She lived back in the village and believed her son was still working hard in the "big city."

Ramesh would sit at the railway station or a garden nearby. He carried an old, broken wristwatch—its time frozen at 3:42. People often asked why he wore a watch that didn't work.

He would smile and say, "It reminds me that **not all things that stop are worthless**. They just need time."

Each day, he looked at job boards, handed out resumes, and smiled even when rejected. Not because he didn't feel pain—but because he believed that if he gave up smiling, something inside him would give up too.

One afternoon, while sitting on the park bench, he saw a boy trying to sell homemade sandwiches to uninterested strangers. The boy's hands were trembling—rejection after rejection.

Ramesh got up, bought one sandwich even though he wasn't hungry, and said, "You're doing something brave. Keep showing up. People will notice."

The boy nodded, barely holding back tears.

A week later, the same boy returned, this time with a man in a black kurta. He walked up to Ramesh and said, "Sir, I run a food startup. My nephew told me what you said. I like people who believe in others."

He handed him a card.

"I don't have a fancy job, but I need someone to manage our distribution. Salary isn't much, but it's honest work."

Ramesh paused. He looked at his broken watch. Still frozen. Still waiting.

But this time, he smiled differently and said, "Maybe it's finally 3:43."

♥ Moral:

Sometimes, the world doesn't need to see your success to value you. Sometimes, your **kindness**, even in your lowest phase, plants seeds where you least expect them to grow.