LIFE EVENTS/STORY

# “Dreams in Their Hands, Futures in Their Hearts: A Day of Vision, Belief, and New Beginnings”

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They say that dreams start with a spark, but sometimes all you need is a pen, scissors, and someone who believes in your abilities. That day at the Indraprastha Center of Pehchaan-The Street School, it was not just a visit , it was a symphony of colours , voices, and hopes colliding in a burst of unfiltered joy. The project’s teams had been quietly weaving something beautifully behind the scenes i.e., a collaboration with Kangaroo Stationary. Not just brands, but people who believe in the enchantment of childhood and the power of the imagination. And when they arrived, arms full of beautifully designed stationary kits and hearts wide open, it was evident that this would be a day to remember for all of the little dreamers in attendance.

Arsh, 11, was among the first to rush forward, his eyes shining with curiosity as he clutched his worn-out pencil case securely. *“Didi, will they really give us our own kits?”* he murmured to volunteer Naina, scarcely holding back his excitement. Naina grinned and dropped down to his level, *“Don’t just give, Arsh. They will help you dream with them too*”. The room, which had previously been alive with lunchtime conversation, transformed into a gallery of surprises as boxes opened to reveal gifts such as colored pens, sketchbooks, animal-shaped sharpeners, rulers with cheery patterns, high-quality scissors, and star-shaped erasers. Each object seemed to whisper to the children your ideas are essential, and your visions are valuable. The Kangaroo teams not only provided kits but also stayed engaged. No, they rolled up their sleeves, sat with their legs crossed on the ground with the kids, and joined their universe. This was beyond distribution; it was a connection.

An extraordinary Vision Board event was organized not as a standard task, but as a gateway into the thoughts of kids who frequently tucked their aspirations away like forgotten journals beneath cushions. Using glue sticks and glitter, along with magazine clippings and construction paper, aspirations soared.

“ *Main doctor banna chahta hoon,*” said Fahima, a shy boy who rarely spoke in a group, holding up a photo of a stethoscope he had found. His board had the words *“ SEVA- Healing with Hope”* written in bold. Riya, barely ten but bursting with leadership, had filled her board with images of classrooms and books. *“ I will be a teacher. I want to make sure no child misses school like I used to,*” she declared, her voice firm and eyes shining.

Everywhere one looked, children and team members were deep in conversation. *“ What does this word mean, sir? ”* asked Ruksar, pointing to the word “ entrepreneur” on a magazine clipping. Arjun, sat beside her explaining, not just the definition, but the heart behind the world. *“It means building something from your ideas. Like starting a little dream with your hands and turning it into something real,”* he said. Ruksar thought for a second, then carefully pasted the word onto her board next to a cutout of bangles. *“ Then I will open my own bangle shop,”* she said proudly. *“ I will name it RukRang, my name and colours”*.

The air was filled with stories ready to be recounted. Laughter echoed from the walls as glue bonded to fingers and dreams to paper. Even the sun appeared to linger in the sky, sending a golden glow into the chamber, as if it, too, desired to watch something pure.“ I never knew something like a scissor or a pen could be this special,” whispered Mehak to herself, as she traced over the word “ Artist” in bold colours. She had never had art supplies of her own. “ For the first time, I feel like maybe I can really be one”. The scissors, known for their precision, had found their way into the hands of a little girl happening in her future.

Volunteer Saavi, watching from a corner, couldn't help but tear up. " *You know, sometimes we underestimate what a simple gesture can do,"* she later said. " *This wasn't just a corporate visit. This was an act of planting dreams.*" And plants they did. Each vision board, bursting with images, words, and intentions, became more than art, it became a promise to the self. A declaration. A silent scream into the universe that said, " *We're here! And we are going somewhere.*"

One of the Kangaroo team members, Anuj, looked around the room and shared, " *We came thinking we did give something, but I think we are the ones walking away with gifts. These children have a light that can't be dinned* ". His colleague Pooja nodded , her hands gently adjusting the cutouts on a student's board. " *They taught us today. That resilience had a face. That joy has a voice. That potential doesn't need polish, it just needs a platform.*"

As the boards dried and the children sat back, admiring their work, a silence settled. Not the silence of fatigue, but the quiet after a storm of creation. The kind that only comes when something meaningful has just taken place. " *I want to keep this forever*," whispered Javed, hugging his board close. " *It's me on paper.*" And it truly was. From dreams of being pilots and dancers, to opening cafes and building hospitals, every square inch of those boards carried not just ambitions but identity. " *This is how we break cycles*," said Karan from the Projects Team. " By making children see themselves differently. By giving them tools, yes. But more importantly, by giving them belief."

The event ended with a photo session, but not the staged, rigid kind. It was chaotic, joyful, messy- a perfect reflection of the day. Children posed with their vision boards like artists with masterpieces. Kangaroo and Munix team members stood behind them, not as guests, but as co-dreamers. Some boards were carried home like trophies, others carefully stored at the center, to be added to over time. But all of them carried something invisible too- the feeling of being seen.

On the ride home, Shreya from the Kangaroo team reflected aloud, " *We spend so much time building brands, hitting targets. But today felt like we hit something deeper- a heart, a memory, a future."* And maybe that is what real impact looks like. Not in headlines or stats, but in how a youngster holds a scissor differently after being informed she could be greater than her circumstances.

As the sun dipped below the trees and shadows flickered gently on the center's surfaces, an unspoken presence hung in the air, quiet but impactful. The children held their vision boards tightly like precious items, grasping not just images and glue, but also pieces of their souls. Their eyes shone with unmatched clarity, as though the world had cracked open just wide enough for them to gaze through. They showed up that morning with bare hands but receptive minds, and by the day's end, they departed with far more than supplies. They departed with narratives, guidance, and something that most kids in their position seldom receive: affirmation.

This was not simply a cooperation. It was a gentle revolution in which compassion met creativity, strangers became mentors, and belief sprang like seeds in soft soil. Kangaroo and Munix did more than just provide; they listened, knelt by the children, laughed with them, and told each one that "*you matter*." Your voice matters. "*Your dreams are attainable.*" During those few hours, a transformation occurred not only in the youngsters, but in every adult present. Hearts warmed, horizons enlarged, and optimism, which is frequently frail in these situations, gained a sturdy footing. For each child who pasted a text or cut an image, it was more than just art; it was also about agency. It was ownership of a future they were now beginning to shape with their own hands. So if you ask what was truly given that day, it wasn't just stationery or smiles. It was a belief. And belief, when placed gently in the hands of a child, can build a world no statistics can measure.

And as the last giggle echoed down the hallway and a lone vision board still drying on the floor caught the warm light of dusk, it became clear something unforgettable had taken root that day. And that's when the story whispered its own ending in the form of a poem…

*In a room where silence used to stay,*

*Laughter and vision found their way*

*With pens and colours, dreams took flight,*

*On paper wings into the light.*

*A scissor cut not just a shape,*

*But threads of doubt they could escape.*

*Glue sealed more than artful boards,*

*It stitched belief with quiet chords.*

*A ruler traced what's yet to be,*

*A life beyond what eyes can see.*

*A spark, a smile, a gentle guide,*

*A hand that stayed right by their side.*

*They came with kits, they left with grace,*

*But gave each child a sacred space —*

*To dream aloud, to think, to feel,*

*To write their stories, raw and real.*

*No capes they wore, no thrones, no fame,*

*Just hearts that honored every name.*

*For Kangaroo and Munix gave*

*A gift more lasting than they'd crave.*

*And now those walls hold echoes sweet,*

*Of futures rising on young feet.*

*For every board, each dream begun,*

*Reminds the world: we all are one.*

*So if you ask what mattered most —*

*Not pens or paper, glue or post.*

*But that they saw, and heard, and stayed…*

*And helped a hundred stars be made.*

## Competing interests

The authors declare that they have no competing interests.

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