

THE FISHERMAN, KYRA AND THE TURTLE

LESSON FROM A QUIET LAKE

By SANDEEP KUMAR S



BlueRose ONE .com
S t o r i e s M a t t e r

New Delhi • London

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

India | U.K.

Copyright © Sandeep Kumar S 2026

All rights reserved by author. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the author. Although every precaution has been taken to verify the accuracy of the information contained herein, the publisher assumes no responsibility for any errors or omissions. No liability is assumed for damages that may result from the use of information contained within.

BlueRose Publishers takes no responsibility for any damages, losses, or liabilities that may arise from the use or misuse of the information, products, or services provided in this publication.



BlueRose ONE
Stories Matter
New Delhi • London

For permissions requests or inquiries regarding this publication,
please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

www.BlueRoseONE.com

info@bluerosepublishers.com

+91 8882 898 898

+4407342408967

ISBN: 978-93-7825-529-8

Cover design: Ajay Dhyani

Typesetting: Sagar

First Edition: May 2026



There is no such thing as
a bad day in fishing.

Dedication

To my late father,
whose presence remains like the water
unseen, yet always nearby.

To my mother,
who taught me the tide.

To my wonderful wife,
who taught me patience.

To my dearest daughter,
who reminds me how to wonder.

To John Mathew Sir and Molly Mam,
and to my teachers and my relatives,
who shaped my steps without knowing.

To my friends Sherin and Shafi
and to all my friends from school,
from college,
and from the places I have worked.

And to all the strangers I met,
who stayed for a moment
and left a quiet footprint behind.



THE FISHERMAN, KYRA AND THE TURTLE

Sandeep Kumar S



Foreword

There are books that tell stories, and there are books that sit beside you in silence.

This is the second kind.

At first glance, you may think this is a simple tale an old fisherman, a six-year-old girl, and a turtle. But like the still surface of a lake, what appears simple often carries immeasurable depth beneath.

The fisherman has spent his life listening to the water and the fishes. The little girl listens to everything with wonder. The turtle moves slowly enough to notice what others miss. Together, they do not chase answers they allow them to arrive.

Zen philosophy does not demand that we understand the world. It invites us to experience it. It reminds us that wisdom is not always found in temples or scriptures, but in the rhythm of breath, in the sound of water touching shore, in the questions of a child, and in the patient silence of an old soul.

Within these pages, conversations unfold gently sometimes playful, sometimes profound. The old fisherman does not preach. The little girl does not pretend to know. The turtle does not hurry. And in their unspoken understanding, truths begin to bloom.

This book does not attempt to solve life. It simply sits with it.

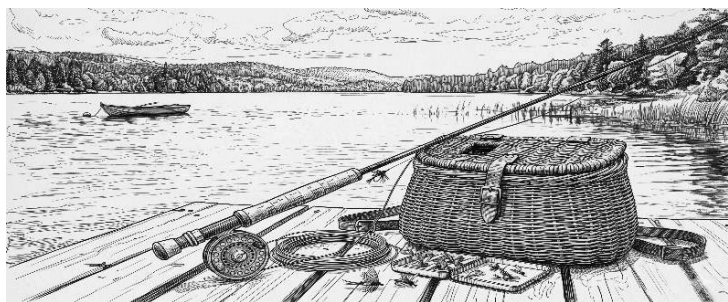
May you read it slowly.

May you pause between the lines.

May you find, somewhere in their words, the quiet voice
within your own.

And if, at the end, you close the book feeling just a little
lighter or a little more aware of the present moment then its
purpose has already been fulfilled.

— With stillness and warmth



**We often travel far
to arrive where we already are.**

Once, a rich man went on vacation to a small coastal village.

One afternoon, he noticed a fisherman returning to shore in a small wooden boat. Inside were a few large, beautiful fish fresh and shining in the sun.

Impressed, the rich man asked, “How long did it take you to catch them?”

“Only a little while,” the fisherman replied.

“Why not stay longer and catch more?” the well-dressed man asked.

The fisherman smiled. “This is enough to care for my family.”

The man looked puzzled. “And what do you do with the rest of your time?”

“I sleep late. I fish a little. I play with my children. I help my wife with the daily chores. In the evenings, I walk into the village, sip toddy, and play guitar and sing with my friends. It is a full life.”

The rich man laughed softly. “I have an MBA. I could help you. If you worked harder and caught more fish, you could buy a bigger boat. Then more boats. Eventually, you would own a fleet. You could move to the city, control production, build a company maybe even take it public.”

The fisherman listened quietly.

“How long would that take?” he asked.

“Fifteen to twenty years,” the rich man replied.

“And then?”

“Then you would be wealthy. You could retire. Move to a small coastal village. Sleep late. Fish a little. Spend time with your family. Play guitar and sing with your friends.”

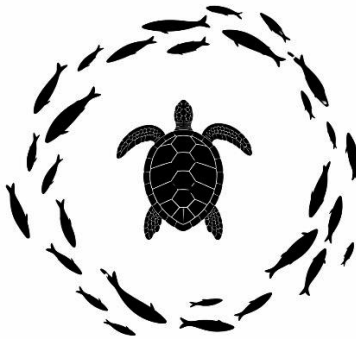
The fisherman looked at the sea, then back at the rich man.

“I am already there,” he said...

Heinrich Theodor Böll



This story grew beside quiet water.
If you have fished, the lake may feel familiar.
If you have not, come sit for a moment.
The water will show you something about waiting,
listening, and small wisdom.
The morning sun, a wide hat, and a quiet lake
are sometimes reason enough.



Contents

Chapter 1: The First Question.....	2
Chapter 2: What fishing gives	4
Chapter 3: The Best Catch	7
Chapter 4: Ripples and Calmness	12
Chapter 5: The Broken Line	16
Chapter 6: Beginning Again	18
Chapter 7: Today's Lesson.....	19
Chapter 8: What Are People Fishing For.....	22
Chapter 9: The Deeper Water	24
Chapter 10: The Crunch	28
Chapter 11: The Turtle Appears.....	30
Chapter 12: Time and Patience	34
Chapter 13: Mistakes	36
Chapter 14: Returning in Darkness	40
Chapter 15: Why We Fish.....	42
Chapter 16: The Quiet Lessons.....	44
Chapter 17: Nothing is Missing	46
Chapter 18: The Escaping Fish	47
Chapter 19: Understanding	49
Chapter 20: Letting Go of Knots	52
Chapter 21: Feeding the Lake	56

Chapter 22: Perspective.....	60
Chapter 23: Courage Without Crunch.....	64
Chapter 24: Enough	66
Chapter 25: Fishing or Feeding.....	68
Final Chapter.....	71
Author's Note	76



Chapter 1

The First Question

Hello

“Are you truly fishing or feeding the fishes” giggled little Kyra.

“Doing both,” said the fisherman.



Kyra watched him patiently,
the line resting gently on the lake.



Chapter 2

What fishing gives

“What will I get if I fish with you?” Kyra asked.

The old fisherman adjusted the line and smiled.

“Happiness,” he said.

Kyra looked at the empty basket.

“There’s nothing in it.”

The fisherman nodded toward the water.

“Happiness does not always jump into a basket,” he said.

“Sometimes it sits beside you,

quietly,

while you wait.”

Kyra sat down next to him.

The line rested in the water.

The morning rested in them. 🐸🐸



“Can I do fishing when I am grown up?” Kyra asked.

The old fisherman smiled, not looking at her,
but at the widening circles in the water.

“Yes,” he said softly.

“But you must remember the child within you.”

He turned to her then.

“Fishing is not about catching.

It is about waiting.

Watching.

Wondering.”

“If you grow up,” the fisherman continued,

“and forget how to wonder,

you will only catch fish.

But if you remember the child inside you,

you will catch mornings.”

The lake was very still.

Kyra now held the rod a little more gently. 🐸 🐸

Chapter 3

The Best Catch

Kyra watched the fishing line carefully.

“Which will be my best fishing moment?” she asked.

The old fisherman looked at the quiet lake.

“The day you release the fish happily,” he said.

Kyra frowned a little.

“But catching it should be the best part, right?”

The fisherman smiled.

“Catching shows your skill,” he said.

“Letting it go shows your heart.”

The fish did not speak.

But it smiled as if it already knew.

The lake held the line quietly. 🐟🐟

Kyra held the fishing rod for the first time.

It felt bigger than her hands.

She watched the still line for a moment and her curiosity started speaking.

It did not move.

No ripple.

No pull.

“Is something happening?” she asked.

The fisherman smiled.

“It always is.”

Kyra looked again.

The water seemed quiet,
but she did not look away this time.

Somewhere beneath,
something unseen was moving.

And for the first time,
she did not rush it. 🐢🐘



Kyra looked at the still water.

The line had not moved for a long time.

She held the rod, but not as tightly as before.

“If I don’t catch any fish...” she said slowly,
“can I still say I went fishing?”

The fisherman smiled.

He did not answer right away.

Kyra looked at him, waiting.

“Yes,” he said softly.

“If you were here.”

Kyra looked back at the lake.

The water was quiet.

But she did not feel empty.

She sat a little longer.

And that felt like enough. 🐸🐸



Chapter 4

Ripples and Calmness

After a while, Kyra grew restless again.

“Can I throw a stone and watch the ripples?” she asked.

“Can the fish see me?

Can I hold one more line?”

Her questions came like little waves.

The fisherman smiled.

“You may throw a stone,” he said softly,

“but watch what it does to the water.”

Kyra dropped a small pebble.

Circles spread and faded.

“Can the fish see me?” she whispered.

“They see what you disturb,” he said.

Kyra held her rod a little tighter.

“And can I hold another line?”

The fisherman looked at her gently.

“If you cannot stay calm for long,” he said,
“you cannot stay happy for long.”

The lake settled.

So did Kyra. 🐸🐸



Chapter 5

The Broken Line

“Beginner’s luck,”

Kyra felt a sudden tug on the line.

Her eyes widened.

“It’s biting!” she whispered.

The rod bent sharply.

The water trembled.

“It’s huge!” she cried, and began pulling with all her strength.

“Easy,” the old fisherman said calmly.

“Don’t pull the rod too hard. You will break the line.”

But excitement had already taken hold.

Kyra pulled harder.

A sharp snap cut through the air.

The line went loose.

For a moment, there was only silence.

“Oh...” Kyra said softly. “It’s broken.”

The fisherman looked at the water, still kind, still calm.

“The biggest catches,” he said gently,
“also test the strength of our patience.”

The lake returned to stillness. 🐸🐸

Chapter 6

Beginning Again

“There is so much to do in fishing more than just sitting with bait,” Kyra said, still looking at the broken line in her hands.

The old fisherman smiled and glanced at the snapped thread swaying in the wind.

“Yes,” he said.

“There is.”

He began gathering the loose ends slowly.

“There is waiting.

There is watching.

There is learning how not to pull too soon.”

Kyra sat beside him, quieter now.

“And sometimes,” he added, tying a new line, “there is learning how to begin again.”

The lake did not hurry.

Neither did they. 

Chapter 7

Today's Lesson

“Tomorrow,” Kyra said confidently,
“I will catch that big fish for sure.”

The old fisherman smiled at the quiet water.

“Each morning, we are born again,” he said softly.
“What we do today is what matters most.”

Kyra looked at the lake, now calm as if nothing had happened.

“Tomorrow has its own fish,” the fisherman added.
“But today has its own lesson.”

The day slowly folded into evening. 🐸🐸



Chapter 8

What Are People Fishing For

Kyra skipped a small stone across the water and sighed.

“I wish more older people had chosen fishing,” she said, “instead of business and busy lives.”

The old fisherman smiled, not offended, not surprised.

“Many of them are still fishing,” he said softly.

Kyra frowned. “But they don’t come to the lake.”

“Everyone is fishing for something,” the fisherman continued.

“Few stop to ask if what they are catching can truly feed them.”

Kyra looked at the quiet water.

The lake held their reflection without judgment. 



Chapter 9

The Deeper Water

The next day, the two of them rowed towards deeper waters.

The shore grew smaller.

The lake grew wider.

Kyra looked at the darker blue ahead.

“I am afraid of unknown places,” she said quietly.

The old fisherman rested the oars and let the boat drift.

“Maybe,” he said softly,

“that place will be more familiar
than we are afraid of.”

He looked at the still water stretching before them.

“And sometimes,
the best catches come
from the riskiest spots.”

Kyra, her eyes wide open, held the edge of the boat,
fear in one hand,
curiosity in the other.

The boat moved forward. 🐘🐘

The lake was very still.

She looked around, then leaned closer to the fisherman.

“Why is it so quiet?” she whispered.

The fisherman did not answer right away.

Kyra shifted, her eyes moving between the water and the sky.

“It feels like something is going to happen,” she said.

The fisherman smiled gently.

“So, we can hear better,” he said.

Kyra listened.

At first, there was nothing.

And then

a soft ripple,

a small breeze,

the quiet sound of water touching wood.

It was full. 🐸🐸



Chapter 10

The Crunch

“I know how to calm my anxiety,” Kyra said proudly.

The fisherman looked at her with curious eyes.

“How?” he asked.

“I eat something crispy,” she said.

“Something that makes a sound when I bite it.”

The fisherman smiled.

“And what if you don’t have anything to eat?”

Kyra thought for a moment.

Then she giggled.

“Then I will think about eating something crispy.”

The fisherman laughed softly.

Kyra closed her eyes for a second,
imagining the crunch.

The lake remained quiet.

Sometimes peace is not in what we hold,
but in what we imagine gently. 🐘



Chapter 11

The Turtle Appears

The water grew darker
and quieter.

Even the wind seemed to lower its voice.

A turtle began circling the boat,
slow and steady.

Kyra leaned closer for it is the first time she had seen a
turtle.

“Why is it circling us?” she whispered.

The fisherman watched with gentle eyes.

“It is very old,” he said.

“And very wise.”

The turtle rose slightly,
its shell catching the light.

“It carries thirteen lunar months on its back,” the fisherman
said.

“A quiet witness to many seasons.”

Kyra traced its patterns with her eyes.

“Is it trying to tell us something?”

The fisherman smiled.

“Perhaps.

But not everything needs to be understood.”

The turtle completed another circle.

The lake remained still.

And that was enough. 🐢🐢



Chapter 12

Time and Patience

The fisherman cast the line
and waited patiently.

The boat drifted.
The water held its breath.

After a while, the turtle surfaced with a smile and looked at them.

“There is very little difference,” it said,
“between fishing
and just standing there, waiting like a fool.”

Kyra blinked.

The turtle continued,
“Until a fish bites,
time decides
whether you were patient
or merely idle.”

The fisherman smiled.

“The wise do not argue with time,” he said softly.

The line remained still.

But the waiting had already begun to teach. 🐢🐘

Chapter 13

Mistakes

Two more times, Kyra pulled the fishing line just as the fish were nibbling at the bait.

Each time, too soon.

Nothing.

Each time she smiled —

as if she could be quicker than the lake, quicker than the fish.

The fisherman watched quietly.

“One of the best fishermen I know,” he said,

“does not try to avoid all mistakes.”

Kyra looked up.

“Then what does he do?”

“He tries not to make the same mistake twice.

Instead... he makes new ones.”

The turtle blinked slowly.

“And each time,” the fisherman said,
“he remembers what the water taught him.”

Kyra lowered the line again,
this time more gently.

“Mistakes,” he said softly,
“are lessons wearing wet clothes.”

The line rested.

And somewhere below,
a fish waited. 🐟🐟



Chapter 14

Returning in Darkness

“It’s getting dark... can we go back?” Kyra asked, watching the light slip behind the hills.

The lake had turned deep and quiet.

The fisherman gathered the line slowly.

“There are always new places to go fishing,” he said.

Kyra looked at the fading horizon.

“Tomorrow?” she asked.

The fisherman nodded.

“Tomorrow.

And the day after.”

“The water never runs out of places.

Only we run out of courage.”

Kyra said nothing.

But something in her face changed —
a small smile,
as if tomorrow had opened.

The turtle drifted beside them,
holding the last gold of the sun.

They turned towards the shore.

The night followed peacefully. 🌙 🐢

Chapter 15

Why We Fish

As they rowed the boat slowly,
Kyra trailed her fingers just above the water surface.

“How many fish have you caught?” she asked.

The fisherman smiled,
as if counting something within.

“If I fished only to capture fish,” he said,
“my fishing trips would have ended long ago.”

Kyra tilted her head.

“Then why do you fish?”

The fisherman rested the oars.

“For the mornings,” he said.

“For the waiting.

For the stillness between two thoughts.”

A breeze passed across the water.

The turtle rose beside them.

“Some things are not caught,” it said softly.

“They are received.”

Kyra looked at the line resting in the water.

And for the first time,

she did not hope for a pull. 

Chapter 16

The Quiet Lessons

The next day,
Kyra ran down the narrow path,
her new dress fluttering in the morning breeze.

“I want to go to the fishing store,” she said

“I want new rods... shiny reels... a bigger basket,” she said.

The fisherman smiled.

“There is no need for fancy things.”

Kyra looked at his simple rod,
the worn thread, the old basket.

“The fish do not care how polished your hook is,” he said.

“They care how quiet your hands are.”

Kyra looked at her bright dress,
then at the still water.

Maybe fishing was not about adding more things.

Maybe it was about removing noise.

And that was enough. 🐸 🐸



Chapter 17

Nothing is Missing

Kyra carried the rods and gear,
but kept looking back at the path.

Her steps slowed.

The fisherman noticed her silence.

“What are you searching for?” he asked.

“I don’t know,” Kyra said.

“It feels like something is missing.”

The fisherman stopped.

“When you realise nothing is lacking,” he said gently,
“the whole world belongs to you.”

Kyra looked around

the water,

the sky,

the quiet turtle beside them.

Nothing had changed.

And yet,

everything felt enough. 

Chapter 18

The Escaping Fish

Kyra felt a strong pull.

“That’s a big one!” she cried.

The rod bent.

The water splashed.

For a moment, it felt like victory.

Then

Snap.

The line broke.

The fish vanished into the deep.

Kyra stood still,
her hands empty.

The turtle rose quietly beside the boat.

“Smile,” it said.

“Breathe.

And go slowly.”

Kyra looked at the widening ripples.

The fisherman began tying a new line.

Some fish are meant to escape.

Some lessons are meant to stay.

And that was enough. 🐢🐘

Chapter 19

Understanding

Kyra felt a small sting in her heart.

Her excitement had been bright and loud just a moment ago,
and now it felt like a crumpled ribbon in her hands.

She looked down.

The turtle lifted its head beside the boat.

“Wise ones do not rush to judge,” it said softly.

“They seek to understand.”

Kyra looked at the fisherman.

“Even when someone makes a mistake?” she asked quietly.

The turtle blinked.

“Especially then.”

The fisherman did not speak.

He only adjusted the line gently.

Kyra took a breath.

The lake remained still.

Understanding, like fishing,
takes patience. 🐢🐘



Chapter 20

Letting Go of Knots

The turtle watched
as the fisherman patiently untangled the worn fishing line.
For a while,
only the soft sound of thread against the rough fingers could
be heard.

The turtle lifted its head above the water.

“There is no need to untangle every line,” it said.
“Sometimes we must let go
and tie a new one.”

The fisherman paused.

Kyra looked from the turtle to
the tangled line, as if choosing between holding on or
beginning again
then at the water.

The wind moved gently.

Some knots loosen with effort.

Some are meant to be released.

The lake remained calm. 🌅🐘



Chapter 21

Feeding the Lake

Kyra sat quietly for a while.

She opened the small cloth bag and took a piece of bread, and dropped small crumbs into the lake.

Plop.

Plop.

Plop.

Small circles widened and disappeared.

The fisherman watched.

“Why are you feeding the fish?” he asked.

“I’m not,” Kyra said.

She dropped another crumb.

“I just want the water to know we are here.”

The turtle rose beside them.

The crumbs floated for a moment before sinking.

“The fish come when they are hungry,” he said.

“I know,” Kyra nodded.

“But maybe the lake is lonely.”

The fisherman said nothing.

Somewhere below, something moved.

And the lake did not feel so big anymore. 🐬🐘



Chapter 22

Perspective

“Why aren’t the big fish biting?” Kyra asked.

The fisherman looked at the deeper water.

“They are there.”

“Then why don’t they come?”

He waited before answering.

“We are fishing for food,” he said.

“They are swimming for their life.”

Kyra watched the dark water.

“So... it isn’t a game?”

“No.” the fisherman said.

A breeze passed.

She reeled the line in.

The hook came back Empty.

But Kyra didn’t look disappointed This time,

She lowered the bait again
more gently.

Somewhere below,
a shadow moved away.

The lake does not belong to fisherman and Kyra.

They are only visitors.

And visitors must learn how

to sit gently. 🐉🐘



Chapter 23

Courage Without Crunch

The fisherman held out a murukku.

Kyra looked at it.

For a moment Her fingers almost reached it
then she shook her head.

“I’m not afraid now,” she said.

“Not even a little?” he asked.

“Maybe a little,” Kyra smiled.

“But I don’t need to crunch it.”

The turtle rose beside the boat.

Kyra dipped her hand into the water.

Cold. Real.

She let the feeling stay.

The fisherman put the murukku back in the bag.

Kyra cast her line.

Steady.

Some fears leave with noise.

Some leave with silence.

The lake did not grow smaller.

But Kyra did not try to make it smaller. 🐉🐘

Chapter 24

Enough

“How many fish are there in the lake?”

Kyra asked, peering into the water.

The fisherman watched the ripples.

“Enough,” he said calmly,
“to make everyone happy.”

Kyra looked into the water.

She did not count the fish.

The fish moved quietly beneath the boat,
some near and some far.

Then she smiled.

Maybe happiness
was not in counting the fish,

but in knowing
there was enough for all.

The lake remained calm. 



Chapter 25

Fishing or Feeding

Kyra leaned over the side of the boat,
watching the fish move beneath the water.

“I don’t want them to take my bait,” she said.

The fisherman looked at her with curiosity.

“Then why are you fishing?” he asked.

Kyra smiled.

“I just want them to come closer...
so I can touch them.”

The fisherman chuckled softly.

“So now you understand,” he said,

“Why sometimes I say I am not sure
whether I am fishing...
or feeding the fishes.”

The turtle floated beside them.

Below, the fish circled,
curious but careful. 🐢🐡



Kyra held a small piece of murukku in her hand,
her eyes fixed on the fishing line.

“I wish all the elders could rise above their fear,” she said.

She took a tiny bite.

Crunch.

She listened to the sound.

“Maybe they just need a little help from the crunch.”

The fisherman smiled quietly.

Kyra crunched again, a little louder this time.

“See?” She spoke

“It makes you feel brave.”

The turtle floated beside the boat,

watching the line with her.

The lake was very still.

And the line waited patiently in the water. 🐢🐘

Final Chapter

The Story Returns to Shore

Kyra had folded her rod.
She sat, quietly crunching.

The sun was lowering.

The lake had begun to turn gold.

The fisherman was still looking at the water,
as if it were the only place stories belonged.

Kyra watched him for a long moment.

“Do you ever tell people about the lake?” she asked.

He smiled slightly.

“The lake knows my stories.”

Kyra shook her head.

“But people don’t.”

She dipped her hand into the water.

“If you stay here forever,
who will remember the turtle?”

The fisherman did not answer.

The wind moved softly.

“Maybe,” she continued,
“some stories are not meant to stay in the water.”

He looked at her then —
not as a child,
but as someone who had just returned something important.

He nodded once.

The boat drifted.

Just then,
Kyra felt a strong pull on her line.

This time, she did not rush.

She waited.

Breathed.

Lifted.

A fish shimmered in the evening light.

She held it carefully in both hands.

It moved.

Alive.

Certain.

She felt its strength.

For a moment, she looked at the fisherman.

He said nothing.

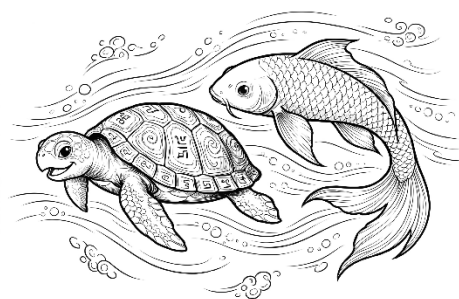
Kyra bent down
and let the fish slip back into the lake.

The fish disappeared into the deep.
And something in Kyra became lighter.
The fisherman untied the boat.
They rowed toward land.
Because some stories
are not meant to be held—
but to be shared.



“Years later, Kyra would still remember the lake.
Not for the fish she caught,
but for the one she let go.

And somewhere beneath quiet waters,
the turtle continued its slow circles—
keeping time for those who had learned to wait.”



Author's Note

From a young age, I loved fishing.

Over the years, I realized that the same quiet enthusiasm continued to flow in my blood from generations. Even while working in the busy world of hospitals, I have seen people leaving everything behind just to spend a few quiet hours fishing.

For a long time, I thought fishing was about catching fish.

Only later did I understand that it was something much deeper.

My friends used to laugh at me for buying expensive fishing gear, traveling long distances, and sometimes returning home empty-handed. But what they did not see was that I never returned empty.

Fishing was never only about the fish.

It was about silence.

About waiting.

About listening to the world without rushing it.

I wrote this book because I want my daughter to know something important.

Beyond schoolbooks and the endless race of modern life, our fathers and forefathers once paused. They stepped away from noise. They sat beside water, cast a line, and waited not just for fish, but for themselves.

Sometimes the most meaningful moments arrive when we simply stop and allow the world to breathe beside us.

Sandeep Kumar S.



There is no such thing as
a bad day in fishing.