

#AI Can AI Tell a Story Like Grandma Did?

Exploring the heartbeat behind Human Storytelling in the age of Artificial Intelligence!

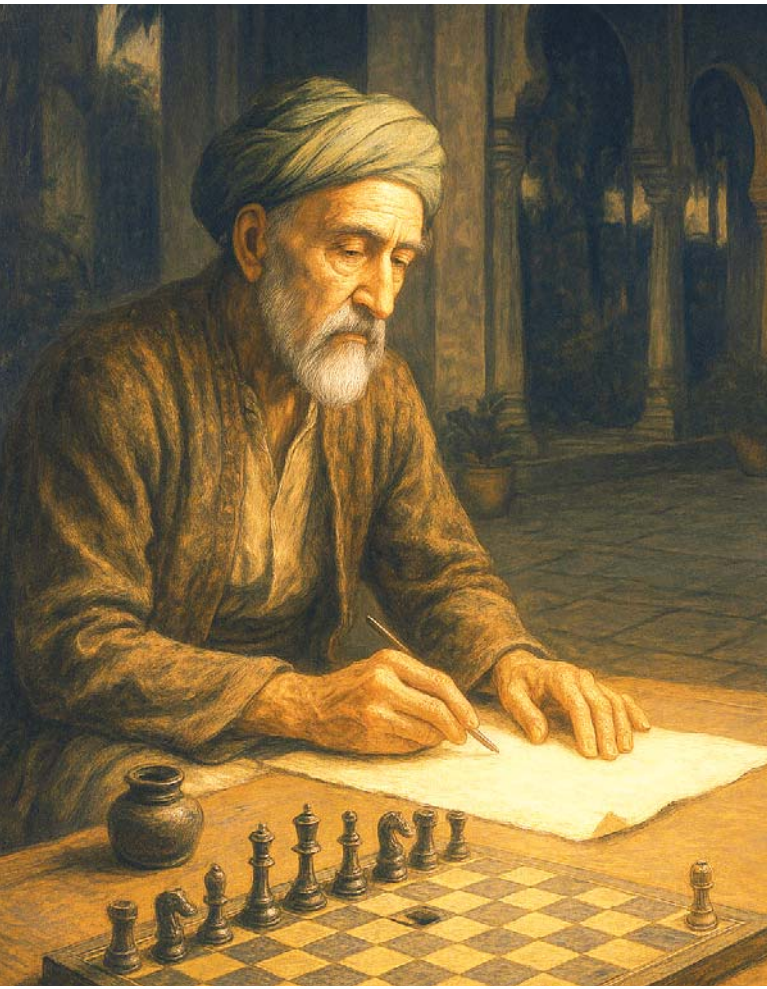


Long before bedtime routines included tablets and Spotify playlists, stories were passed down in the warm glow of a grandmother's voice. Tales of clever jackals, magical mangoes, and moral mischiefs filled sleepy ears. These weren't just narratives; they were experiences, layered with pauses, eye twinks, and the occasional nudge on the arm. Fast forward to today's hyper-digital world, and a new storyteller has entered the chat: Artificial Intelligence.

Yes, AI can now spin a tale in milliseconds. It can mimic Shakespeare, channel Rowling, or generate a new Panchatantra with the click of a button. But here's the question: can it capture the magic? AI storytelling tools like ChatGPT (hi there!) and Sudowrite are becoming popular not just among writers but also in classrooms, therapy sessions, and content studios. Children's story apps now feature AI-narrated adventures where a child's name becomes the hero's. On paper, it sounds like a dream come true. Personalised stories? Check. Speed? Check. Endless ideas? Double check.

But ask anyone who's grown up clutching their dad's or nan's dupatta during a ghost story, and you'll hear a different kind of tale, one where feeling trumps flawless syntax.

Grandma didn't just tell stories. She lived them. She added a chuckle at the funny



#COULD HAVE BEEN



Maldeo who spoke first. "Then let us do what we've never done. Let us decide who we are."

That day, the Sabha did not argue. They spoke. They listened. Each king stood, one by one, and declared not their allegiance, but their fear. Of irrelevance. Of betrayal. Of losing sons to wars that never end. When Amar rose, his voice was quieter than usual. "I once thought strength was silence," he said. "But silence makes orphans of men who are still alive."

He turned to Sanga. "I'm not asking for your command. I'm asking to stand where I am not half-seen," Sanga nodded. Not as ruler, but as kin. Then, he turned to the hall. "This is not about Babur," he said. "This is about whether we can remain Rajputs when no one is watching. Whether we can hold each other up without needing an enemy to justify our union." He raised the ivory king in his hand. "We were not carved to kneel." And he shattered the piece against the marble.

That night, the Rajput Sangh signed a new pact. Not written in scrolls. Written in presence. And across the desert, Babur received no reply. Only the silence of gates that no longer waited for visitors.



THE WALL



PART:7

They stood not to conquer, but to remember who they were. Not a single sword rose in haste, yet an empire halted in doubt. This is the story of the day the Rajputs didn't win the war, but made history flinch.

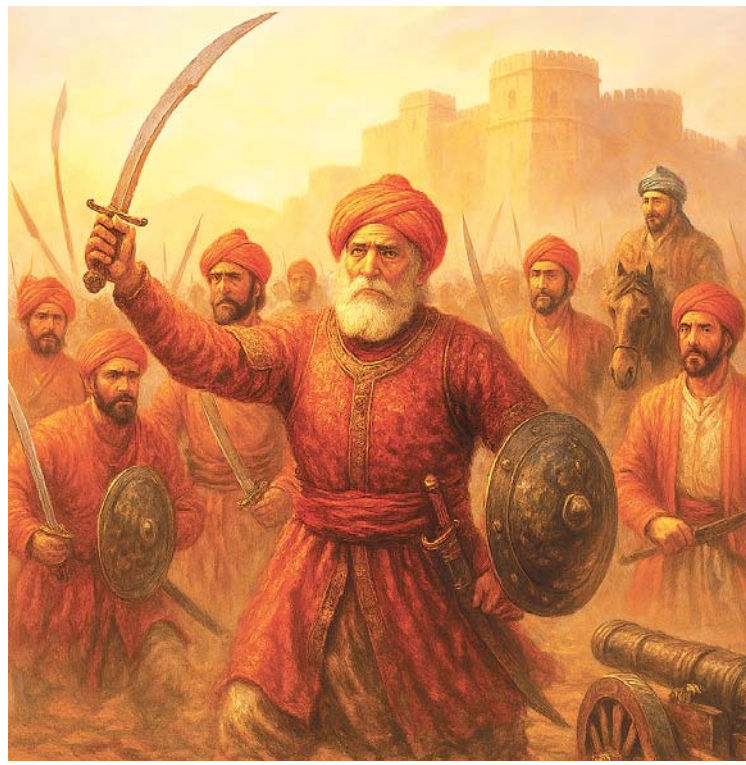
If Rajput Held...

Historical Anchoring

In early 1527, in real history, the Mughal emperor Babur prepared for a decisive confrontation with Rana Sanga of Mewar. Babur had already captured Delhi after defeating Ibrahim Lodi at the First Battle of Panipat in 1526, and Sanga had emerged as the foremost Rajput leader uniting over thirty Rajput kings to challenge Babur's claim to northern India. The two forces met at the Battle of Khanwa on March 17, 1527, a fierce and pivotal encounter. Despite the numerical strength of the Rajput army, Babur's superior use of artillery, mobile cavalry tactics, and strategic positioning led to a Mughal victory. Sanga was wounded in battle and the Rajput confederacy began to disintegrate. He died the following year in 1528, under mysterious circumstances, possibly poisoned by his own nobles who feared renewed war. Sanga's death, whether from war wounds or from betrayal within, remains one of the great tragedies of Rajput valour, proof that even lions fall when their own lose faith. The defeat at Khanwa marked the end of large-scale Rajput resistance to the Mughals and cemented Babur's hold over north India.

This article reflects a pivotal emotional possibility, an India where the Rajputs chose unity not through fear, but through confession and shared humanity. Babur's diplomatic messaging often walked a fine line between threat and invitation. The image of Babur's chess-piece ultimatum in this article is fictional, but drawn from the psychological strategies he often employed. Symbolic messages, indirect warnings, and emotional manipulation were tools of statecraft in that era, used to provoke surrender without engaging in immediate bloodshed. This alternate outcome isn't based on fantasy, it's based on the one thing that history never gave enough room for: what if they had stayed together just a little longer?

The reality that could have been



The Mughals came before sunrise. No fanfare. No elephants. Just silence broken by hoofbeats and cannon wheels dragged over rock and sand. Babur was tired. The years had begun to lean into his bones. But failure, he knew, aged a man faster than time. He was not here for conquest. He was here to end the one place that would not kneel.

The Rajputs met them outside Chittorgarh, beneath the orange sky of early March. It was not a siege. It was a warning. Rao Maldeo held the western flank, Prithviraj guarded the rear, Amar rode with the front guard, eyes steeled and unreadable. And Sanga? He did not sit behind walls. He stood before his army in blood-red rajputi armour, scars on full display. He did not roar. He did not threaten. He simply raised a sword he had not drawn since the day he shattered the ivory king.

Babur watched them from the ridge. "They are not scattered," he murmured. "They are waiting." His general asked, "Do we attack?" Babur, facing an unfamiliar



death, Babur wrote one last line in his memoir: "Of all the lands I walked, it was Rajputana that did not bend. I did not defeat them. And perhaps, that is why their silence still stings."

In classrooms across Rajasthan, that silence would become a song. In courtyards and kitchens, grandmothers would whisper of a time when kings knelt only to each other. And every time the desert wind moved without warning, someone would look east and say, "That was the day the Rajputs held. Not with swords. But with each other."

**Historical Anchoring**

In real history, Babur defeated Rana Sanga at the Battle of Khanwa in 1527, using advanced artillery and disciplined cavalry formations. It marked the turning point in Mughal consolidation of power in North India. Sanga died a year later, and Rajput unity dissolved in the wake of defeat.

This alternate article imagines what might have happened if the Rajput confederacy had not fractured, if they had held their position, not through aggression, but resilience. Babur's strategic mind often avoided wasteful war when outcomes were uncertain. A united, battle-ready Rajputana may have forced him to retreat.

History remembers conquest. But sometimes, survival itself is rebellion.

This alternate series was not written to replace history, but to imagine its breath held for a moment longer. To wonder what if valour had been matched by vision?

**Concluded.**

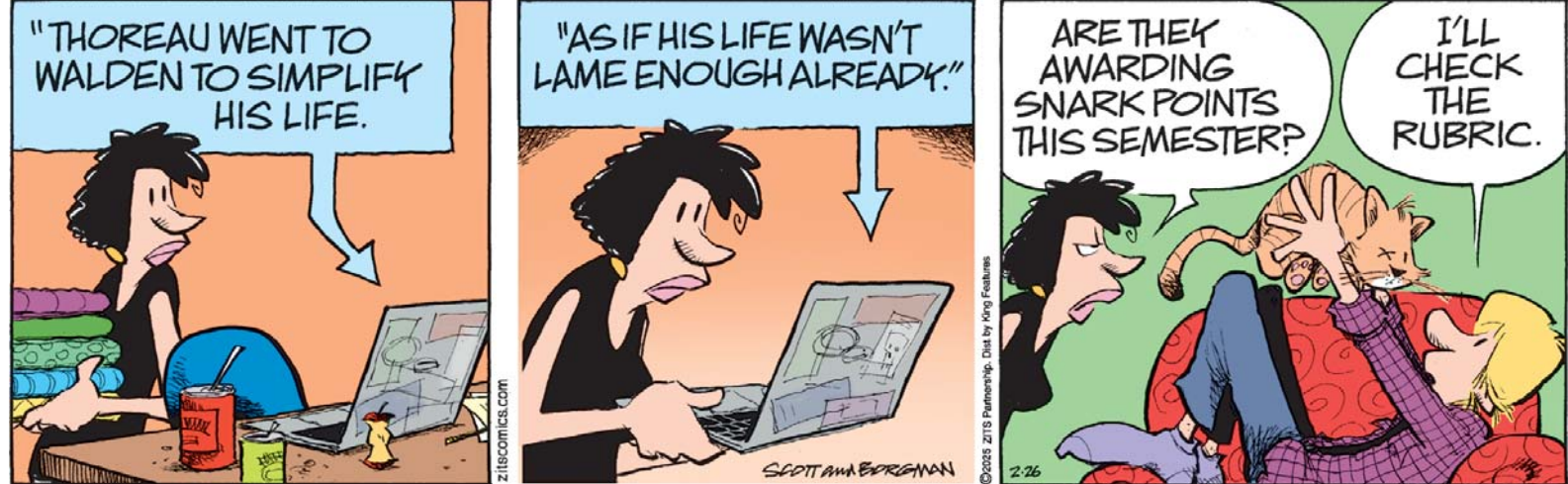
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By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

ZITS



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