

The
Invisible Man's

Family Photo Album

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The Invisible Man, as we are aware, had an exciting life. But what was he as a husband, a father, a grandfather? This book is an attempt to understand the Invisible Man as a person. We are forever grateful to each of his invisible family member for allowing us to share some of the personal photos of the great man from their family album.



Here, as you can see, he is holding our first child for the first time. Look at that smile on his face. That's the smile of a man whose prayers are answered. He was happy to learn from the doctors, who were still not sure of the baby's gender, that his child was born invisible.

Dad is acting angry here. He acted angry only when mom refused to entertain his ideas. This time he wanted to be a part of a freak show which had just arrived in our town. Years later, I remember asking mom why she didn't let dad do what he wanted. She said, "Child, he wasn't asking for himself but you, his 2-year-old son!"





Look at that smirk on his face. Daddy says this was taken on my granddad's insistence, right after he was fined by the state government for the third time. Whenever he got really bored, he would sneak into the space research lab and make some weird noises, talk in gibberish, or draw some patterns on walls and floors. Naturally, it would get the asrtrobiologists very excited, which would never fail to tickle his funny bone.

This was clicked by me, right after dad stepped out of a pool as a new record holder. He had stayed underwater for more than 25 minutes. No one knew that for the most part of that time he was sitting by the pool, sipping champagne with me.





The chair that he is sitting on is the very first thing that we had bought after our marriage. It was very special to him. He won't allow anyone to sit on it, not even for a second. Now you know why our little baby in the picture is wailing on the floor.

This was taken by my wife when dad came to my house for the first time after I got married. I remember he gifted us a wall clock which he had got it customised from a clock engineer, especially for us. Every single time the minute hand passed the hour hand the clock clapped.





This was taken a day before his death. The smile on his face was not for the camera. He had been smiling all throughout his last days. Not sure why. I still remember his final words:

A ghost of an invisible man should be visible, right?

The End



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