

DOABLE GENIUS

Turning Ordinary
into Extraordinary



UTTIO PUTATUNDA



A Story About Unlocking the Genius Within

“Genius isn’t born. Genius is doable”

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Dedication

To every child (and parent) who ever doubted their spark — this is for you.
Believe me, after reading this book till the end, the myth will be broken. It’s a guarantee.

Preface

When I first set out to write this book, I wanted to answer a question that haunts so many of us:

Are geniuses born, or can genius be built?

Too often, children grow up comparing themselves to others, believing they lack the “gift.” Parents unknowingly fuel this myth by measuring their child against cousins, classmates, or neighbors. The result? A cycle of frustration, fear, and giving up before even trying.

Doable Genius was born out of a need to break this myth. It is not a textbook on learning. It is a story — a journey of Aarav, his struggles, his safe spaces, his tiny wins, his laughter, his mistakes, his anchors, and his eventual transformation.

This book is for parents who want to nurture growth, for teachers who want to spark confidence, and for young learners who feel they’re “not enough.”

If by the end of these pages, one child picks up their sketchbook, ball, guitar, or math book with a lighter heart — then the purpose of this book is complete.



Introduction

Meet Aarav. Fourteen, unsure of himself, weighed down by comparisons, always convinced he isn't "talented."

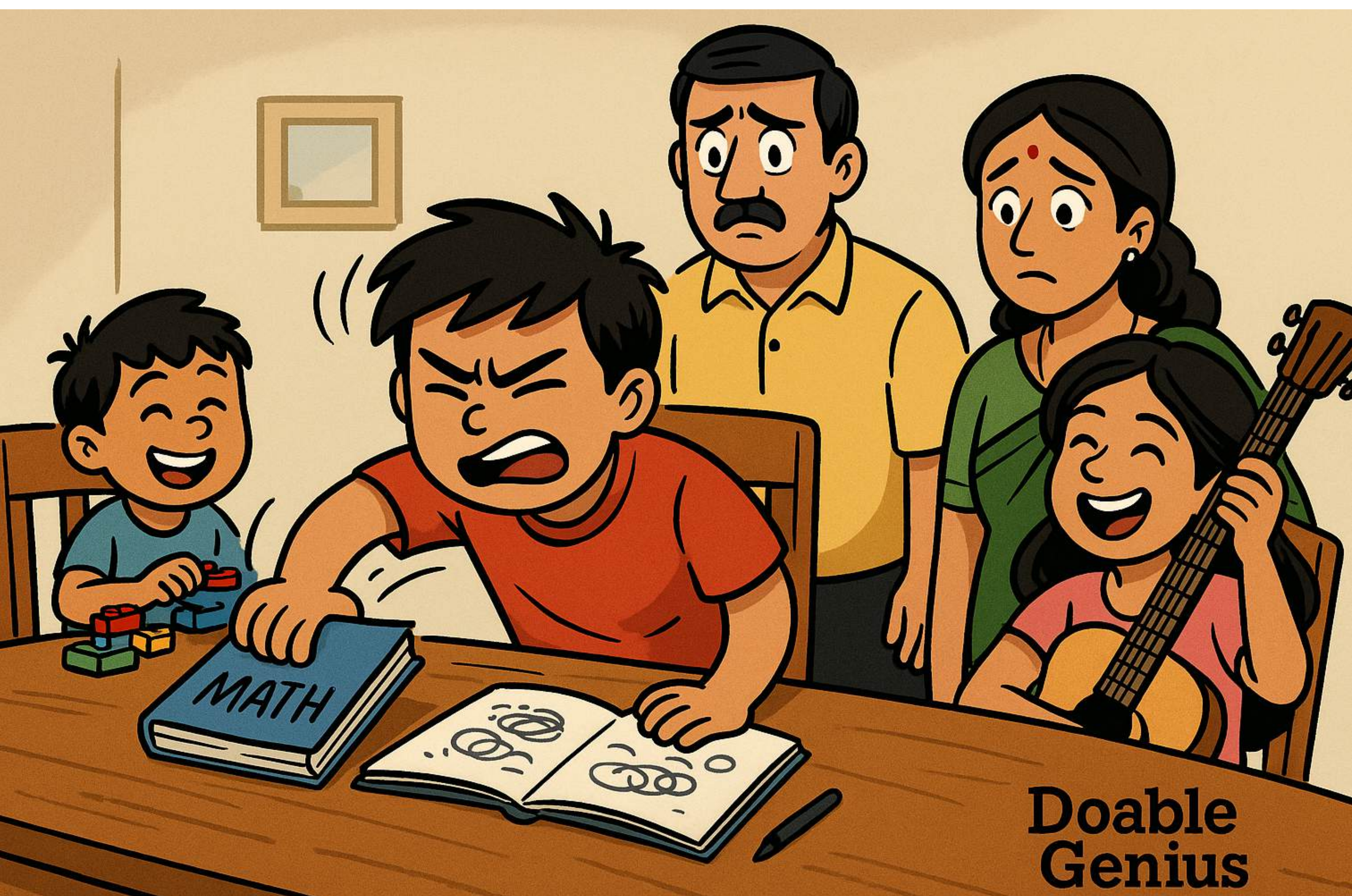
But this book isn't really about Aarav. It's about all of us. It's about every child who has ever felt "ordinary." Every parent who has wondered if their child will ever "catch up." Every teacher who has seen potential buried under fear.

Through Aarav's story, you'll explore the **nine stepping stones to Doable Genius**:

1. **Safe Zone** — where mistakes are allowed.
2. **Tiny Wins, Big Shifts** — small steps that snowball into progress.
3. **Mistakes as Maps** — failures that guide growth.
4. **Energy Matters** — stopping on a high note.
5. **Skill Stacking** — learning across, not just deep.
6. **Confidence Anchors** — creating reminders of past success.
7. **Joy Hack** — fueling learning with play.
8. **Teaching to Learn** — learning twice by sharing once.
9. **Sharing the Journey** — because genius spreads when passed on.

This is not a shortcut. It's not about becoming a prodigy overnight.

It's about realizing that **Genius isn't born. Genius is doable.**



LET'S BREAK THE MYTH NOW

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THE TALENT TRAP

Why comparing kills growth — and how to break free

“Comparison is the thief of joy — and the killer of growth.”



The Frustration

The ceiling fan whirled lazily as Aarav sat hunched over his math book at the dining table. The numbers looked like ants crawling across the page. He pressed his pencil so hard it snapped in half.

“This is useless,” he muttered, shutting the book with a loud thump.

His father, Rajesh, glanced up from his laptop. “Again? Aarav, you need to stop giving up so easily. Look at Neel, your cousin. Same age, and he’s already topping his class in math competitions.”

Aarav winced. Neel again. Neel the genius. Neel the golden boy.

Anita, his mother, put a hand on his shoulder. Her voice was gentler, but the words stung all the same. “Beta, don’t be too hard on yourself. Some kids are born with a gift. You’ll find yours eventually.”

Aarav’s face burned. Born with a gift? Did that mean he wasn’t?

On the floor, his younger brother Ishaan let out a delighted squeal as his LEGO tower collapsed and he began rebuilding it, humming happily. Aarav felt a surge of irritation. How could Ishaan laugh at failure while he felt crushed by it?

He opened his sketchbook — his secret place — and scribbled furiously: “I’ll never be good at anything.”

Riya's Entrance

Later that evening, the doorbell rang. Riya bounced in, a guitar slung casually over her shoulder. She strummed a few chords as she walked into the living room.

"Check this out," she said, eyes sparkling. "I learned this song in two days!"

Aarav groaned. "Of course you did."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Riya asked, plopping down beside him.

"It means you're talented. You pick up everything so fast. Music, coding, even your dumb robot project."

Riya laughed. "Dumb robot? Excuse me, that robot could follow a black line across the classroom!"

Aarav buried his face in his arms. "See? You can do everything. And me? I can't even survive math homework. I'm just not talented."

Riya's smile faded. She leaned closer. "Who told you that?"

"Everyone," Aarav muttered. "Parents. Teachers. Even you."

"Not me," Riya said firmly. "Don't you dare put me in that list. You're just scared to try."

Her words lingered like a tiny spark in the gloom.



Doable Genius

The Workshop

That weekend, Anita came into Aarav's room holding a flyer. "There's a new workshop at the community center. It's about learning differently. Why don't you give it a try?"

"I don't want another lecture," Aarav muttered.

"It's not a lecture," Anita insisted. "It might help you... find your thing."

Against his will, Aarav found himself sitting cross-legged in a circle of kids at the community center two days later. The room smelled faintly of chalk and old books.

And then she walked in — **Mira**.

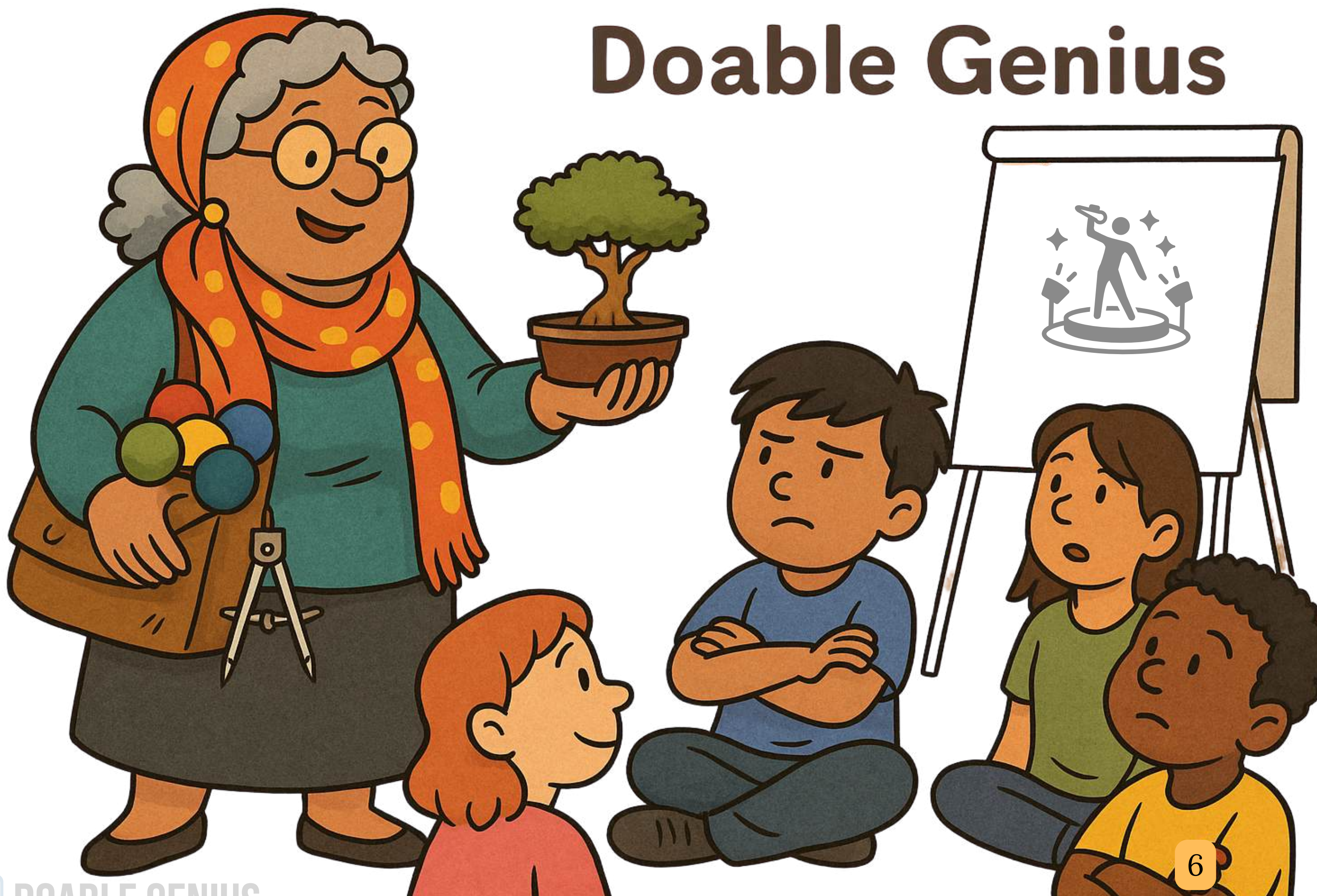
She was older than his parents, with short silver-streaked hair and a bright scarf. She carried a satchel so full of odd items that things poked out at angles: juggling balls, a tiny bonsai tree, even what looked like a broken compass.

"Welcome," Mira said warmly, her eyes twinkling as she looked around at the kids. "I bet some of you think you're talented. And some of you think you're not. But let me tell you a secret: there's no such thing as being born talented."

The words hit Aarav like a slap.

No such thing? He looked around to see if anyone else reacted. A few kids giggled nervously. One boy whispered, "Of course there is. My sister was born playing piano."

Mira chuckled. "Was she? Or did she practice for hours while you were busy watching cartoons? Let me tell you something — talent is just practice wearing a fancy costume."



The Doubt

Aarav frowned. This couldn't be true. If talent wasn't real, what about Neel? What about Riya? They didn't practice endlessly — they just *had* it.

As if reading his thoughts, Mira picked up the broken compass from her bag.

“Do you see this? When I was your age, I couldn't draw a straight line. My art teacher told me I was hopeless. Years later, I practiced every day — circles, lines, messy sketches. Now, I can draw anything. Not because I was born gifted, but because I learned how to learn. That's what this workshop is about.”

Aarav sat back, skeptical but curious. Could it be true? Could someone like him learn to be good at something?

The Spark

Mira's voice softened. “Genius isn't unreachable. It's not about trophies or medals. It's about safe spaces, small steps, and joy. And anyone — yes, anyone — can grow into what I call *Doable Genius*.”

Aarav's heart thudded. For the first time, the heavy stone in his chest felt a little lighter. Maybe — just maybe — there was hope.

He glanced down at his sketchbook. For the first time, he didn't feel like scribbling angry lines. Instead, he drew a small question mark.

🌟 Chapter 1 Takeaways: The Talent Trap

1. The belief that “some are born talented” is a **trap** that creates fear and comparison.
2. Real growth begins when you question that belief.
3. Talent = practice + safe environment + persistence (not a lottery).



EVERYONE IS TALENTED

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THE SAFE ZONE

The space where mistakes are welcome

“Every genius begins in a space where failure is allowed”

The Exercise Nobody Expected

The next afternoon, Aarav found himself back in the community hall, still skeptical about Mira’s big claim: “*There’s no such thing as talent*”

Mira clapped her hands. “Today, we’re going to start with... mistakes.”

The room fell silent. Mistakes? Aarav felt his stomach tighten. Weren’t mistakes the very things teachers scolded you for, the very things parents sighed about when they saw your report card?

Mira picked up three juggling balls from her satchel. “Who wants to try juggling?”

Hands shot up. Ishaan, who had tagged along just for fun, bounced excitedly. “Me, me, me!”

Mira grinned and tossed him the balls. Ishaan immediately dropped two on the floor and laughed.

“Again!” he shouted, picking them up.

Mira turned to the group. “See what just happened? He failed. Twice. And he’s still smiling.”

Aarav folded his arms. “That’s because he doesn’t care.”

Mira tilted her head. “Or maybe because he feels safe here. Nobody laughed at him. Nobody scolded him. That’s what I call a **Safe Zone** — a place where you can fail without fear.”

Aarav’s Turn

Mira held out the juggling balls. “Aarav, want to try?”
Aarav’s face turned hot. “No thanks. I’ll just embarrass myself.”

“Exactly,” Mira said gently. “That fear is what kills learning. If you never try because you’re afraid of looking foolish, you stay stuck. But if you give yourself permission to fail safely, you grow.”

The other kids were watching. Aarav’s heart pounded. Slowly, he stood, took the balls, and tossed one up. It slipped through his fingers and rolled away. A couple of kids chuckled, but Mira held up her hand.

“Wait. What just happened?”

“I messed up,” Aarav muttered.

“You **learned**,” Mira corrected. “You learned that throwing too high makes it harder to catch. That’s progress. Safe Zone means every mistake is just feedback.”

Aarav blinked. Nobody had ever called a mistake “progress” before.

