



**GOOD MORNING
SHER/SHERNIYO !**

11TH MAY 2026

GOOD MORNING EVERYONE !!

AAJ KHOOB BEHTAREEN TARIKE SE PADHENG

BAHUT FODNA HAI JEEVAN MEIN !!

**DO YOU THINK YOUR
MOTHER ALWAYS KNOWS
WHAT IS WRONG AND
RIGHT ? READ TODAY'S
STORY**



A MOTHER'S LOVE...
STRONGER THAN ANY EARTHQUAKE

BENEATH THE RUINS,
SHE WAS HIS WORLD.
IN HER ARMS,
HE FOUND LIFE.

MEERA
— PROTECTING —
VISHWA

A STORY OF SACRIFICE, COURAGE & UNCONDITIONAL LOVE

GUJARAT EARTHQUAKE 2001

REAL STORIES. REAL HEROES.

A MOTHER ALWAYS KNOWS

The morning of 26 January 2001 had arrived gently over Bhuj, Gujarat, wrapped in pale winter sunlight and the distant sound of patriotic songs floating from old radios. Republic Day always brought a strange happiness to the town. Schoolchildren polished their shoes carefully, shopkeepers hung tiny tricolour flags outside their shutters, and mothers woke up early to prepare breakfast before the ceremonies began. In a narrow lane lined with old cement houses lived Meera with her two children—thirteen-year-old Kavya and six-year-old Vishwa. If the neighborhood had one child everyone recognized instantly, it was Vishwa. He was impossible to ignore. From sunrise till night, his voice echoed through the lane like a restless sparrow. He shouted

while playing cricket, screamed while laughing, imitated film actors loudly, and made bizarre drum sounds on steel utensils whenever his mother tried to rest. Even the vegetable vendors smiled helplessly whenever he ran past them making motorcycle noises with his mouth. “This boy will one day shake the whole colony with his voice,” Jayanti Kaka often joked while sitting outside his house. Meera would scold him constantly, yet deep inside she adored that noisy chaos. Silence, she believed, did not suit children.

That morning, Vishwa had been unusually energetic. He wore his white school uniform half-buttoned and marched around the courtyard pretending to lead a military parade. “Jai Hind!” he shouted repeatedly while Kavya covered her ears in irritation. Meera laughed while making tea near

the stove. “At least let the country wake up properly before you start your parade,” she teased.

“Maa, today I will shout louder than everyone in school,” Vishwa declared proudly.

His father, Harish, had returned from Ahmedabad the previous night after nearly two weeks of factory work. He sat quietly near the doorway sipping tea, exhausted but content. Poverty had hollowed parts of his life, but moments like these—his son’s loud laughter, his daughter’s complaints, Meera’s tired smile—made him believe he still possessed something precious.

At 8:46 a.m., the earth exploded beneath them.

The first tremor felt like a heavy truck passing nearby. Then came a monstrous roar from underground, a sound so terrifying that people later struggled to

describe it. The floor jolted violently. Steel utensils crashed from shelves. Windows shattered instantly.

“Maa!” Kavya screamed.

Before anyone could react properly, the entire house began shaking with catastrophic force. Walls cracked open like dry paper. The ceiling fan swung madly overhead. Outside, the lane erupted into panic. Dogs barked hysterically. People stumbled into the streets crying the names of their loved ones.

“Run outside!” Harish shouted. But the earthquake intensified mercilessly.

The house convulsed like a dying creature. Meera grabbed Vishwa instinctively while Kavya and Harish rushed toward the main door. Then came the deafening collapse.

The roof caved in.

Concrete slabs crashed downward with horrifying violence. Dust engulfed everything instantly. Harish barely escaped into the lane with Kavya before half the structure imploded behind them.

“MEERA!” he screamed.

The earth continued shaking.

Entire buildings around them collapsed within seconds. The lane transformed into a nightmare of dust, screams, broken electric poles, and shattered homes. Somewhere nearby, a child cried for help before the sound vanished abruptly beneath rubble. The air itself seemed filled with terror.

Harish tried rushing back toward the ruins of his house, but neighbors restrained him. Another portion of the wall collapsed violently.

“My wife! My son!” he shouted desperately.

Kavya stood frozen, trembling uncontrollably. “Papa... Maa...”

Then suddenly Harish realized something horrifying.

There was no sound from Vishwa.

No crying.

No shouting.

Nothing.

That realization shattered him more brutally than the earthquake itself.

This was the same child who could never remain silent even for five minutes. The same boy whose voice echoed through the neighborhood every day. If he were alive, surely he would scream. Surely he would shout for help.

But the ruins remained terrifyingly silent.

Minutes passed like centuries.

Dust continued floating through the broken lane while survivors searched

frantically for trapped relatives using bare hands. Harish kept screaming Vishwa's name until his throat burned raw.

“VISHWAAA!”

Nothing answered back.

Jayanti Kaka placed a trembling hand on his shoulder. “Harish... rescue teams will come...”

But Harish suddenly collapsed to his knees beside the rubble.

Tears streamed down his dust-covered face.

He looked at Jayanti Kaka with unbearable helplessness and cried loudly, “Jayanti Kaka... agar mera bachaa andar hota na... ab tak awaaz bahar aa jati... woh chup reh hi nahi sakta... I think I lost him...”

Even the neighbors began crying.

Because everyone knew he was right.

Vishwa was noise itself.

And silence felt like death.

Hours passed before rescue workers reached their lane. The devastation across Bhuj was unimaginable. Entire neighborhoods had flattened into mountains of debris. Hospitals overflowed. Cries for help echoed from countless collapsed structures. Yet the rescue teams moved tirelessly through destruction.

One volunteer noticed that beneath the remains of Harish's house there appeared to be a partially intact hollow space. But the concrete slabs were too massive for manual lifting.

"We'll need a crane," one rescuer said.

The operation began cautiously.

By evening, a large crane arrived and positioned itself beside the destroyed lane. Neighbors gathered silently while floodlights illuminated the ruins. Harish

stood there numb, clutching Kavya's hand so tightly that her fingers hurt. Inside the collapsed structure, however, another world existed.

When the roof had fallen, Meera had instinctively thrown herself over Vishwa near a narrow corner beside a broken beam. A large slab trapped her legs completely, but it also created a small pocket of survival around them.

For hours they remained buried beneath darkness and suffocating dust.

At first Vishwa cried loudly in terror. But another aftershock shook the debris violently, causing more rubble to fall nearby. The sound horrified him so deeply that he became silent afterward. Completely silent.

Meera herself was terrified beyond words. Every breath caused unbearable pain. Blood trickled from her forehead, and the crushing weight on her lower

body felt like fire tearing through her bones. Yet she kept holding Vishwa tightly against her chest.

“Maa...” he whispered after a long time.

“I’m here.”

“Are we going to die?”

The question pierced her soul.

She wanted to answer bravely, but fear had already entered her own heart. The darkness felt endless. The air smelled of cement, blood, and broken earth.

Somewhere above them they occasionally heard faint crashing sounds as buildings continued collapsing in distant aftershocks.

“Don’t speak loudly,” Meera whispered gently.

“Why?”

“Because if more rubble falls... it will hurt you.”

After that, both became quiet.

Not because they had lost hope.
But because fear itself had stolen their voices.

Hours later, when rescue workers finally arrived outside, Meera heard distant sounds. Metal scraping. Men shouting instructions. The vibration of heavy machinery.

Hope flickered weakly inside her.
But she was too exhausted to scream loudly anymore.

Outside, the crane slowly lifted enormous slabs from the ruins while rescuers searched desperately for survivors. Harish stood trembling nearby, unable to breathe properly.

Then suddenly—

A rescuer shouted.

“There’s movement inside!”

Everyone froze.

The crane operator carefully lifted another broken concrete section. Dust erupted into the floodlights. Rescue workers crawled deeper into the narrow opening with torches.

And then one of them saw it.

A woman curled protectively around a child.

Alive.

“THEY’RE ALIVE!”

The lane exploded into shocked cries.

Harish staggered backward in disbelief before rushing toward the rescuers.

Kavya began sobbing uncontrollably.

Inside the darkness, Vishwa squinted weakly at the flashlight. He looked terrified, dusty, and dehydrated—but alive.

A rescuer smiled emotionally. “Arre hero... you scared everyone outside.”

But Vishwa said nothing.

The noisy child who once shouted through entire streets now clung silently to his mother's torn saree.

Fear had transformed him.

When rescuers carefully pulled him out first, the crowd outside burst into tears.

Harish grabbed him immediately, kissing his forehead repeatedly while crying like a broken man.

“Vishwa! Say something!”

The boy finally whispered weakly, “Papa...”

That single word shattered whatever composure remained in the lane.

Jayanti Kaka turned away wiping his eyes.

Then came the difficult part.

Meera remained trapped beneath the slab.

The crane had to lift another massive concrete section carefully without

crushing her further. Every second felt agonizing. She drifted in and out of consciousness while rescuers worked frantically.

Before she was finally taken out, her eyes searched desperately through the crowd.

“Vishwa...” she whispered faintly.

Harish brought him near immediately.

The little boy touched her dusty face carefully. “Maa... I didn’t shout because I got scared...”

Meera smiled weakly despite unbearable pain.

For a moment, the entire devastation around them disappeared.

There was only a mother looking at her child.

Only relief.

Only love.

When rescuers finally freed her completely, the entire lane applauded through tears. Even hardened workers who had witnessed death throughout the day stood emotionally shattered by the sight of that mother and son emerging alive from beneath a collapsed building after remaining trapped for nearly twelve hours.

Years later, people in Bhuj still remembered that day.

Not only because of the earthquake.

But because a noisy little boy had remained silent for the first time in his life—not because he had died, but because fear had temporarily buried even his voice beneath the ruins.

And because a mother, despite unimaginable pain, had continued protecting him till the very end beneath a fallen world.

VOCAB WORDS :

- Convulse – shake violently – जोर से हिलना
- Catastrophic – disastrous – विनाशकारी
- Resilience – ability to recover – सहनशीलता
- Obliterate – destroy completely – मिटा देना
- Tremble – shake with fear – कांपना
- Suffocating – difficult to breathe – दम घुटने वाला
- Devastation – massive destruction – तबाही
- Intermittently – at intervals – बीच-बीच में
- Sacred – holy/respected – पवित्र
- Persistence – continuous effort – निरंतरता
- Agony – extreme pain – पीड़ा

- Endurance – tolerance of hardship – सहन शक्ति
- Fragile – delicate/weak – नाजुक
- Bewilderment – confusion – हैरानी
- Eternal – everlasting – शाश्व

