



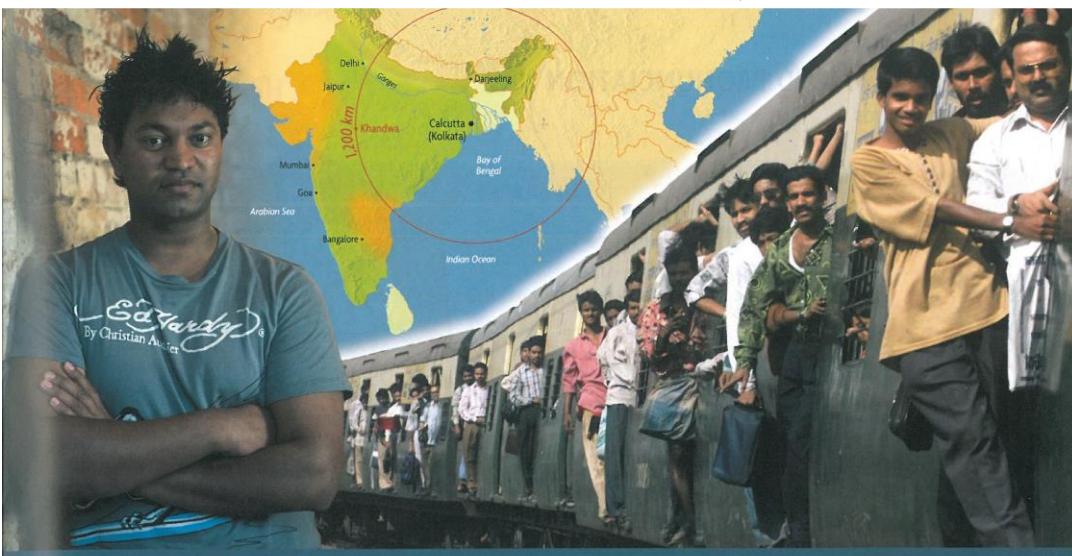
اسم المادة : اللغة الانكليزية

اسم التدريسي : م. د. رضوان امين حسين

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## اسم المحاضرة : قصة قصيرة-جزء ٢



### Lost Indian boy finds his mother 25 years later!

Saroo settled down well in his new home. But as he got older the desire to find his birth family became increasingly strong. The problem was that as an illiterate five-year-old he had not known the name of his hometown. All he had to go on were his vivid memories. So he began using Google Earth to search for where he might have been born.

It was difficult but eventually Saroo hit on an effective strategy.

*"I multiplied the time I was on the train, about 14 hours, with the speed of Indian trains and I came up with a rough distance, about 1,200km."*

He drew a circle on a map with its centre in Calcutta, with its radius about the distance he thought he had travelled. Incredibly, he soon discovered what he was looking for: the town of Khandwa.

*"When I found it, I zoomed down and bang – the waterfall where I used to play."*

He journeyed to Khandwa. He found his way around the town with his childhood memories. Eventually he found his home. But it was not what he had hoped for. It looked old and shabby, as if nobody had lived there for a long time. A neighbour said that his family had moved. Then he struck gold, another neighbour said he knew where his mother lived now. The man guided Saroo to where three women stood waiting. He stared at them blankly. Only the woman in the middle seemed remotely familiar. The man gestured towards her. 'This is your mother', he said.

She had been young, in her thirties, the last time he saw her. She looked so much older now. But behind the weathered face, there was something unmistakable, unforgettable, his mother, Fatima.

*"The last time I saw her she was 34 years old and a pretty lady. I had forgotten that age would get the better of her. But then I recognised her and I said, 'Yes, you are my mother'. She grabbed my hand and took me into her house. She couldn't say anything to me. She had a bit of trouble grasping that her son, after 25 years, had returned. She had long feared I was dead."*

Fatima had searched the train stations for her missing son but she had never ventured as far as Calcutta. She couldn't imagine he had gone so far. However, she had never lost hope – a fortune teller had told her that one day she would see her son again.

And what of the brother with whom Saroo had originally gone travelling? Unfortunately, the news was not good.

*"You see, a month after I'd disappeared my brother was found in two pieces on a railway track. We were extremely close and when I left my mother, I was heartbroken knowing that my older brother had passed away."*

His mother had never known whether foul play was involved or whether the boy had simply slipped and fallen under a train.

Saroo Brierley's lifelong wish had been to see his birthmother again. He feels incredibly grateful that this wish was granted. He has kept in touch with his newly found family. And now Hollywood studios are eager to make a film of his amazing story.



Saroo's mother, Fatima

