

# MY MOTHER

A STORY OF EVERY MOTHER



A TRIBUTE TO  
LOVE, SACRIFICE  
AND UNCONDITIONAL  
STRENGTH

*Behind every  
successful child is a  
mother who believed  
when no one else did.*



MY MOTHER

A STORY OF EVERY MOTHER



DEVANSSH MEHTA



A STORY THAT LIVES IN EVERY HEART



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A Story of Every Mother

**By**  
**Devanssh Mehta**

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# ***MY MOTHER***

## ***A Story of Every Mother***

***By Devanssh Mehta***

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### **PREFACE**

Every human being carries two homes within life.  
One is built by walls.  
The other is built by a mother.

This book is not the story of one woman.  
It is the story of millions.  
It is a story of silent sacrifices that never appear in history books, invisible victories that receive no awards, and ordinary women who quietly become extraordinary every single day.

A mother does not announce her struggles.  
She transforms them into meals, advice, warmth, and courage.

This story belongs to every child who once believed their mother was invincible—until one day they discovered she had simply been brave.

*My Mother* is not written to glorify perfection.  
It is written to honor humanity.

Because every mother carries storms behind her smile.

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### **WHY THIS BOOK**

Modern society celebrates achievement, success, innovation, and public recognition.

Yet among all professions, responsibilities, and identities—there exists one role that silently shapes civilizations.

Motherhood.

This book was written to remind readers that behind every doctor, soldier, scientist, entrepreneur, artist, teacher, and dreamer—there is often an unseen woman who stood quietly in the background and refused to let hope disappear.

This is not merely a tribute.

It is remembrance.

And perhaps—  
an apology for all the times children noticed too late.

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## **CHAPTER 1**

### **The Woman Who Woke Before the Sun**

Before the world opened its eyes, she had already begun living.

Tea prepared.  
Lunch packed.  
Uniform ironed.

Nobody noticed.

Because people rarely notice the people who make life possible.

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## **CHAPTER 2**

### **Her Hands Never Rested**

Her hands cooked.

Her hands healed.

Her hands protected.

Years later the child realized—

those hands had grown old while building everyone else's future.

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## **CHAPTER 3**

### **The Mathematics of Sacrifice**

Children learn addition.

Mothers learn subtraction.

She subtracted sleep.

Subtracted comfort.

Subtracted dreams.

So her family could multiply possibilities.

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## **CHAPTER 4**

### **The Language Without Words**

A mother knows.

She knows silence.

She knows disappointment.

She knows fake smiles.

She reads emotions before language.

Her intelligence was never measured—  
yet it shaped generations.

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## **CHAPTER 5**

### **The Invisible Warrior**

She fought battles nobody applauded.

Financial stress.

Family pressure.

Personal grief.

And somehow—  
she still asked:

“Have you eaten?”

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## **CHAPTER 6**

### **The House Was Never the Walls**

One day the child grew older.

The same house remained.

But something felt missing.

Then he understood—

home had never been the building.

Home was her presence.

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## **CHAPTER 7**

### **The Day Children Begin to Understand**

Understanding mothers comes late.

Usually after adulthood.

Usually after responsibilities.

Usually after becoming tired enough to recognize the person who never stopped.

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## **CHAPTER 8**

### **Her Forgotten Dreams**

Before becoming someone's mother—

she was someone's daughter.

Someone with ambitions.

Someone with unfinished plans.

The child wondered—

who would she have become if she had chosen herself?

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## **CHAPTER 9**

### **Illness Changes Everything**

One day she became weak.

The child became strong.

Roles reversed.

And suddenly—

love looked different.

Not protection.

Reciprocation.

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## **CHAPTER 10**

### **Conversations Never Spoken**

Children remember words.

Mothers remember moments.

She never asked for greatness.

Only kindness.

Only values.

Only that her children remain human.

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## **CHAPTER 11**

## **Every Mother Leaves a Philosophy**

Years pass.

Children move.

Time changes.

But mothers remain—

inside habits.

Inside values.

Inside decisions.

Their teachings become invisible architecture.

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## **CHAPTER 12**

### **The Day We Become Our Mothers**

One day the child noticed something strange.

The same advice.

The same concern.

The same patience.

And realized—

we do not lose our mothers.

We continue them.

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## **CHAPTER 13**

### **A Story of Every Mother**

This story ends.

But motherhood does not.

Right now—

some mother is waiting for her child.

Some mother is praying.

Some mother is sacrificing.

Some mother is smiling while carrying pain.

And somewhere—

someone will realize too late—

that the greatest person they ever met lived quietly in their own home.

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## **EPILOGUE**

If your mother is beside you—

sit with her.

If she is far away—

call her.

If she is gone—

live in a way that would make her proud.

Because life changes.

Time moves.

But a mother—

never truly leaves.

**THE END**

# CHAPTER 1

## The Woman Who Woke Before the Sun

Morning never arrived at her house.

She created it.

Long before the clocks began their official work and before the city stretched itself awake, there existed another rhythm—a quieter one, older than schedules and more disciplined than ambition.

It belonged to her.

The woman of the house.

The mother.

Outside, darkness still held the streets in silence.

The birds had not yet negotiated with the sky.

The milkman had not arrived.

The world remained wrapped inside unfinished dreams.

But she was already awake.

Not dramatically.

Not heroically.

No audience.

No applause.

Just the sound of careful footsteps that had repeated themselves for years until they became invisible.

She rose quietly.

Not because she preferred silence.

But because she protected everyone else's sleep.

Her feet touched the floor and another day began.

There was no ceremony in it.

No announcement.

No medal for attendance.

Only responsibility.

She folded her blanket.

Adjusted her sari.

Tied her hair.

And walked toward the kitchen.

The kitchen light appeared before sunrise.

A small sun inside the house.

That light became the first signal that life would continue.

Water boiled.

Tea leaves released fragrance.

Steel utensils produced familiar music.

The gas stove ignited.

Breakfast entered existence.

Lunch started taking shape.

The day had not yet started—

but she was already halfway through it.

She measured spices without measuring cups.

Remembered preferences without written notes.

Less sugar for one.

More salt for another.

Extra vegetables for growing children.

Different lunch because someone had an important meeting.

She remembered details the way oceans remember rivers.

Naturally.

Quietly.

Endlessly.

Nobody asked her how she remembered.

Nobody asked whether she forgot things for herself.

People only noticed when something was missing.

That was motherhood.

Perfection became visible.

Effort became invisible.

Her child slept peacefully.

School uniform waited neatly.

Shoes cleaned.

Bag prepared.

Water bottle filled.

Homework checked.

Lunch packed.

Nobody called this strategy.

Nobody called this leadership.

But it was.

Entire households operate because someone becomes an unseen chief executive of daily survival.

And in millions of homes—

that person is a mother.

She moved through the house like someone carrying responsibility in one hand and tenderness in the other.

The father woke later.

Children later.

Guests later.

The world later.

But she had already negotiated with time itself.

Sometimes she sat for a moment with her tea.

Sometimes she never finished it.

Sometimes she reheated it three times.

Sometimes she forgot where she placed it.

Her tea became cold because everyone else's morning needed to remain warm.

Years passed.

Nobody counted.

Children grew.

School became college.

College became careers.

Uniforms disappeared.

Lunch boxes changed.

Schedules changed.

But she remained.

Still waking before everyone.

Still creating order.

Still beginning mornings.

One day her son asked her casually—

“Why do you wake up so early?”

She smiled.

“Habit.”

Children often mistake sacrifice for habit.

But habits are simply sacrifices repeated long enough.

The answer sounded small.

The reality was enormous.

Because waking early was never the difficult part.

The difficult part was waking every day carrying invisible responsibilities.

Knowing no day could be skipped.

Knowing others depended upon consistency.

Knowing that tiredness could not become an excuse.

She did not wake because she loved mornings.

She woke because love required action.

Years earlier—

she had been someone else.

A young girl.

Someone who also slept late.

Someone who had dreams unrelated to households.

Someone who imagined futures.

Someone who laughed without calculating groceries.

Someone who had ambitions not yet translated into family duties.

Then life changed.

Marriage.

Responsibilities.

Children.

Expectations.

Nobody formally announced the transition.

No graduation ceremony existed for becoming a mother.

Yet overnight—

society expected mastery.

Cooking.

Planning.

Budgeting.

Caregiving.

Emotional management.

Scheduling.

Conflict resolution.

Health monitoring.

Education.

Culture.

Values.

All silently added into her identity.

No training.

No orientation.

Only adaptation.

And she adapted.

People often describe mothers as naturally caring.

But perhaps motherhood is not nature alone.

Perhaps it is courage trained through repetition.

She learned.

Improvised.

Failed.

Improved.

Continued.

Some mornings she was tired.

Some mornings she was worried.

Some mornings she carried financial concerns.

Some mornings she carried emotional pain.

Some mornings she carried illnesses nobody knew.

Yet breakfast still appeared.

Clothes still got ironed.

Life still moved.

That was her invisible discipline.

Her child remembered childhood differently.

The child remembered warm food.

The child remembered being dropped at school.

The child remembered celebrations.

The child remembered comfort.

The child did not remember logistics.

Because childhood is designed to feel effortless.

Parents absorb the complexity.

Children receive the experience.

And mothers—

they become professional absorbers of difficulty.

One winter morning, years later, the son woke unusually early.

The house was cold.

Everyone slept.

Except her.

She stood in the kitchen preparing food.

Her hands moved automatically.

Her eyes looked tired.

Her shoulders looked heavier than memory had ever recorded.

For the first time—

he saw effort.

Not motherhood.

Effort.

The ordinary labor hidden inside love.

He stood quietly.

She noticed him.

“You woke early today?”

He nodded.

Then asked—

“Do you always do this?”

She laughed.

“What else would happen if I didn’t?”

Simple sentence.

Extraordinary truth.

What else would happen if she didn’t?

That question followed him for years.

What happens when mothers stop?

The answer frightened him.

Because households are not held together by architecture.

They are held together by people.

And among those people—

someone wakes before the sun.

As years moved forward—

he began noticing more.

She never ate first.

She checked everyone's plates.

She remembered medicine schedules.

She remembered birthdays.

She remembered lost objects.

She remembered emotions.

She remembered things people themselves forgot.

Her memory became family infrastructure.

No salary.

No annual appraisal.

No retirement award.

Only continuity.

Yet she never described herself as extraordinary.

When praised—

she dismissed it.

When thanked—

she smiled.

When appreciated—

she redirected attention.

Perhaps because mothers rarely believe they deserve recognition.

They redefine duty until sacrifice feels normal.

But normal is not ordinary.

Normal can also be extraordinary repeated quietly.

Then time happened.

As it always does.

Children grew.

Responsibilities shifted.

Technology changed.

Phones entered homes.

Online deliveries appeared.

Machines reduced physical labor.

But no machine replaced anticipation.

No app replaced concern.

No technology replaced emotional presence.

Her work evolved—

but never disappeared.

Then came the day he noticed something painful.

She no longer moved as fast.

She took breaks.

She sat more.

She forgot small things.

Not because she became careless.

Because years had finally collected interest.

Bodies remember effort.

Hands remember work.

Backs remember years.

One morning—

he woke before her.

Prepared tea.

Made breakfast.

Packed lunch.

Simple tasks.

Yet by mid-morning—

he was exhausted.

She watched quietly.

Then smiled.

“Tiring?”

He smiled back.

“Yes.”

She said nothing.

She didn't need to.

Some truths are understood only through experience.

That day he understood something difficult.

Children often think parents raised them naturally.

As if care appeared automatically.

But care is work.

Repeated daily.

For years.

Without guaranteed recognition.

Without applause.

Without certainty.

He remembered all the mornings he never noticed.

Thousands of them.

Thousands.

How many breakfasts?

How many uniforms?

How many lunches?

How many invisible decisions?

How many times had she protected everyone from inconvenience?

The number became impossible.

That realization changed him.

He began watching more carefully.

She no longer rushed.

But she still woke early.

Still prepared tea.