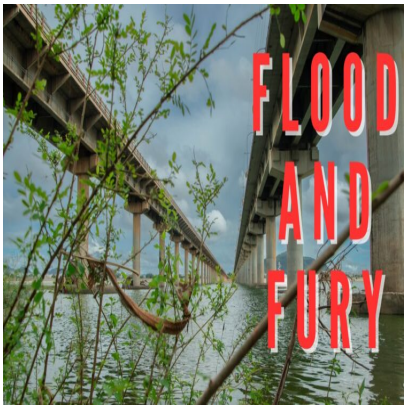


FLOOD AND FURY

Description

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(***Torrential rains followed by floods, the Vijayawada city had witnessed the scale of suffering never seen before. It took months to see the lives return to their routine pace, but fragments of fear and emotional scars remained)***

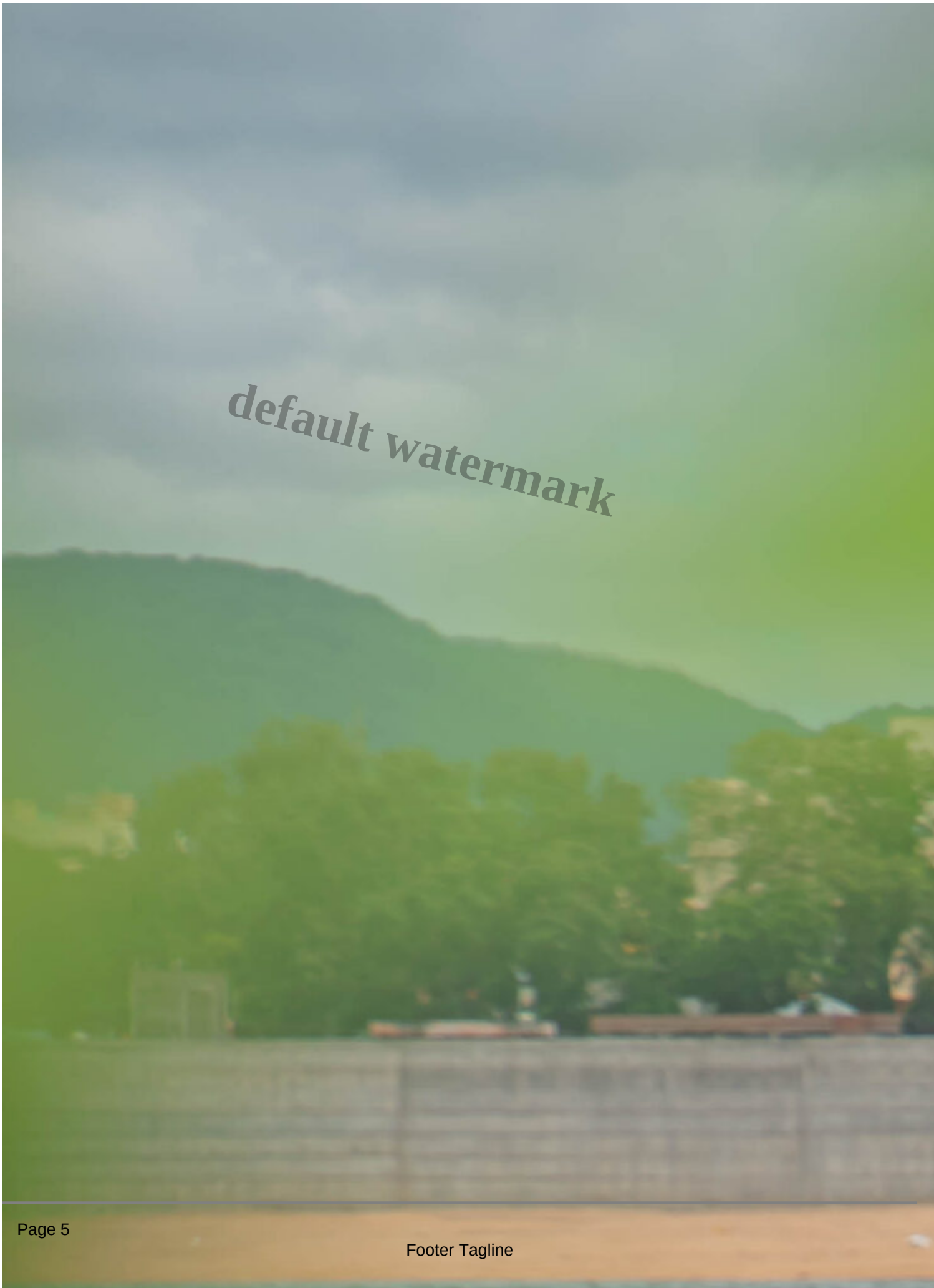
The rage of the storm shocked me. The scale of the destructive aftermath was startling and beyond belief. Natureâ??s hysteria was so forceful that it caught me off-guard as the torrent unfolded on that day as if possessed by a demon.

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Raindrops hammered against the windows and doors. The downpour was heavy and continuous, and it looked, against the darkened skies, like a white translucent fabric falling from some hidden spheres. Bright electric lightning threatened like giant forks ready to stab you. The booming shudders in the skies, the cold and piercing wind, and the cloudburst continued their onslaught for two days.

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I remained awake and, like a crazy, confused spook, stared at the pellets of rain unleashing their power of anger. I couldnâ??t determine whether it was a day or night â?? the dark gloominess descended on everything my eye could catch. I felt awe and anxiety at this unstoppable, unearthly ordeal. I saw water pooling in the streets, transforming familiar surroundings into unfamiliar, distressed landscapes.

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Venturing out seemed too risky, and I was desperate to find out the situation beyond my house. The TV network was dead long ago. I intuited a warning, a bad omen, and an anxious sense that something unpleasant might strike.

The omniscient cell phone suddenly came to my rescue and became a source of details I sought, but the news I got was frightfully bleak. I received several anxious calls from those who knew I lived alone, enquiring about my whereabouts.

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Gathering the information, picturing the widespread misery and the raging tide rushing to affect lakhs of people, I couldnâ??t help but wonder how many lives might be left submerged in the aggressive flood waters. One prayer stayed on my lips: â??Let all the people find safety amidst natureâ??s overwhelming harmful intentions.â?•

The last week of August â??24 would remain the most devastating, scary moments I never would want to recollect again.

Vijayawada, my hometown for over six decades, experienced devastating floods after relentless rainfall. The Krishna River overflowed its banks, inundating neighborhoods and many villages on the outskirts and turning streets into rivers. Homes were submerged, and water levels rose to an unprecedented scale, trapping families in their houses and forcing many to seek refuge on rooftops.

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Days later, on the TV, I witnessed the scenes of desperation unfolding as people waded through chest-deep water, carrying children and salvaging whatever belongings they could. The emotional toll was palpable; anguished cries filled the air as loved ones were separated, and the uncertainty of rescue loomed heavily. Essential services became scarce, with power outages and water contamination exacerbating the crisis.

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In the following days, the emergency responders worked tirelessly but were stretched thin, navigating treacherous flooded conditions to reach those in need. The suffering was profoundâ??loss of homes, livelihoods, and, tragically, lives. Communities rallied together, sharing food and supplies. But the psychological scars of fear and loss lingered long after the waters receded, leaving residents grappling with the aftermath of the disaster that changed their lives forever.

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MORE SLEEP
MORE SUNSETS
MORE ROAD TRIP

After two months, I trekked along the Krishna River, which indiscriminately threatened the city a few weeks ago. For over a decade, I enjoyed its rhythmic tides, spreading a visual canvas for my digital snapshots. It was a welcoming sunny day when I noticed the restful waters â?? the long, friendly sandy coast â?? a caring bosom supporting the sustenance of many marginal lives.

Category

1. Places
2. Uncategorized

Tags

1. flood
2. fury

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