

We moved back to the village after that. My mum had two sons. We might all still have been living there now...



But in 1988 there were huge floods. People lost all that they had, crops were destroyed in the fields.



So my dad decided to leave and seek work again

So I became a Maid-servant to a family for several months. (I missed my own family terribly.)



Finally my mum came to Dhaka and took charge. She moved us all together to an open field, where we constructed a shelter that could be dismantled and hidden during the day.

This time he took me and my older sister with him to the capital Dhaka. It was noisy, full of cars, swarming with mosquitoes. And once again, we lived near the railway tracks.



You OK  
You too short, come back in a year

I tried my best to find employment in a garment factory but I was turned away wherever I went because I was still too small for the work.



And aged 13 I finally grew big enough for a factory job. For three years I was a thread cutter, paid 250 taka\* per month. At 16, I was promoted to an operator position, paid 1100 taka\*\*

\*£2.23 \*\*£9.82



When I got the promotion, my mother sold her gold nose-ring and bought the family a room in Godown Bosti. I lived there eight years and we own it still.