

Sabina ERSHADNAGOR, Dhaka Bangladesh

Thanks for going to the market for me

Think nothing of it, little sister!

My name is Sabina. This is Ershadnagor - but I started out in Laipura, east of Dhaka. It was so pretty - I miss it...

Sorry there was no work at the factory. I will ask for you again. Do you need -

Money? No! Don't worry about me

I was the middle child of three, all girls. My dad was a day-labourer, and my mum worked processing paddy into rice.

We were poor...

We all lived with my grandparents. We were always hungry. Grandma would stir us little ones her own food.

Me and my little sister worked in a big rice store. Our job was to sweep up any rice that fell from the stacked sacks. We were allowed to keep any rice that we found. We had to brush the dust off.

When I was nine, our family took a trawler boat up-river to Bhairab in search of work. We had little to bring with us - just pillows and a couple of khatas.

We lived near the railway tracks. Dad laboured; mum made money by drying cow dung. My older sister found work cooking for a family.

One day a stack of sacks collapsed on my sister. Her leg broke and it never fully healed

