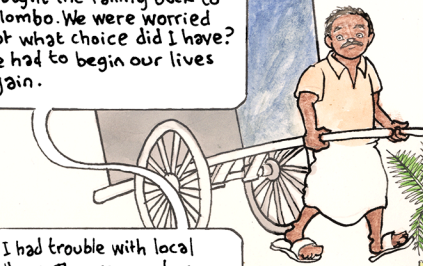


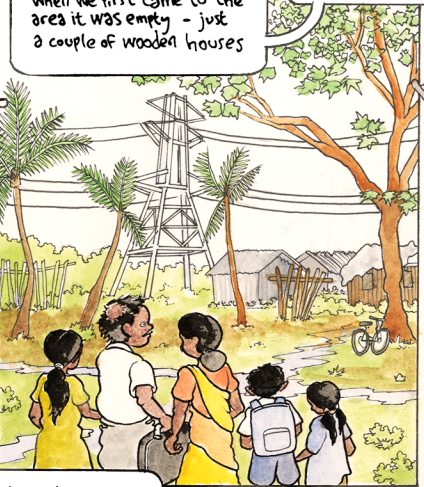
When the rioting abated I brought the family back to Colombo. We were worried but what choice did I have? We had to begin our lives again.

I had trouble with local thugs. They saw my business doing well and would try to extort money from me.



So I sold my cart and moved to Tamil Nadu neighbourhood. When we first came to the area it was empty - just a couple of wooden houses

It had no roads. There were wide drainage ditches you had to cross on rickety plank bridges.



I opened a shop selling sugar and rice. But the customers around here were troublesome!



Often they failed to pay their bills. We racked up 400,000 rupees of debt. Things were not easy. But we never gave up.

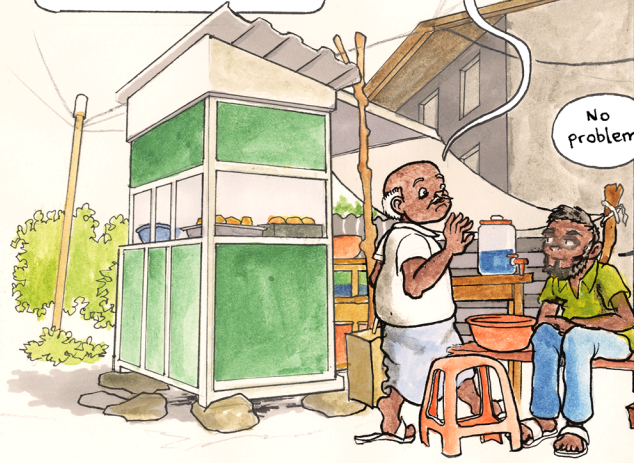
With the refreshment stand we finally found a steady income.



Ours was the only shop in the early days and the whole neighbourhood would visit

Hey, Sudheer! Sorry I'm running late this morning

Now there's several nearby, but we still have our loyal customers from the old days



No problem

a little later

Look who it is!

Grandma! Grandpa!



Now when the children visit, he behaves like a little kid himself!

I worked all my life, from when I was a small boy. I didn't really have a childhood of my own...

Just catching up on what I missed!

