



“One day my father did not return home from work. We searched him everywhere. We went to hospital, spent days knocking at police station but we found out nothing. I had two younger brothers who had no idea what was happening. After a year of his disappearance everyone started telling that he fled with another woman. My mother was changing and treating worst to us in every passing day. Once she locked me in the toilet and punished me for hours knowing how much I was afraid of darkness. Then one morning I wake up and saw she is gone. She as well escaped with someone. I was eleven years old and did not have enough time to find out anything as my brothers were crying all the time. We passed two days without food or any help. After begging to them, villagers seat in a meeting with my uncles, aunts and grandparents. My grandparents accepted my two brothers and decided to send me to work as a housemaid in Dhaka. A girl is a burden that is what my relatives told to everyone. On my way to Dhaka I discovered the woman who was accompanying me was telling my price to someone on the phone. I had no idea who was selling me to whom but I knew I need to skip. I took an enormous brick and hit with it on her head, she was bleeding heavily but I never look back. This world is a bad place but I have already learned to survive”

– NARGIS (13)

“I choose to be happy. But I was not like this in the past. I cried all my life. I suffered in every way. There was a time when every day I thought to commit suicide. I had no one to support me, no friend, no family, and neither husband, yes no one cared. When he died everyone asked me to wear white saree and leave my ornaments. I questioned myself why? For the drunk man who always spent nights with whores, who beat me all over my marriage life, who lied to me every day! I did not change anything. And that's changed everything. Villagers called meeting to give me punishment. I laughed a lot. There held no meeting when he tried to hang me with tree, no one came to console me when he tell everyone that I am Sterile. I left that village and those ill people behind me. I stop crying from that day. Now I am capable of earning and having my own child. I found my son in an abounded meadow. I embraced him and he became meaning of my life. My heart rejoices when I see him eating beside me. His love gave birth to a mother.

– SHAHEDA (35)

