

My climate story

My name is Bobita

I'm 12 years old. After our home was destroyed by a flood we searched and searched for somewhere good to live. Now we are living close to a dam in Titma village. At first we had no shelter but some people helped us build a small shed, made of bamboo and tin. It's not very strong and it can't protect us from the heat and strong wind.

When my father got ill and had to become a beggar, my mother became a maidservant but she didn't earn enough to even feed us two meals a day. So I'm a maidservant as well now; I work all day washing their clothes, cleaning pots and pans and looking after the children.

Before the floods, I was in Class 4 at school and my oldest brother also went to school, the others were too small. My father's dream had been for us to be educated, but now this dream has gone.

My grandfather says the floods are getting worse day by day. The river is becoming shallow and overflows when the rains come. Forty years ago, life for families like ours was different; there was plenty of good land to cultivate, and we could eat fish, vegetables and meat. People felt they had enough to live on and relationships were good.

If I could only go back to school I would study to become a doctor. I would provide medical facilities for people in need and try to get rid of different health problems.

