

My climate story

I'm Jorina

and I'm 14. My sister and I live with our grandmother and uncle in Char Harikesh village, because my mother is so sick. To help her I started working as a maidservant but that was poorly paid. Now my sister and I have been given the chance to bind cigarettes. This pays really well and I'm now going to school in the mornings. In the afternoon we collect vegetable leaves and cow dung from the nearby field and bind the cigarette sticks in our yard. In the evening we help our mother prepare food.

I will never forget how our lives were devastated by the floods. The riverbanks of the Dhorola River got eroded and the water worked its way across our land. My family left there and looked for a secure place to live... we moved many times. For a while my father worked as a rickshaw driver, life was hard and he still couldn't provide for us. In the end he left my mother to care for us four children alone. She had no way to feed us and so became a maidservant, but even this wasn't enough to buy three meals a day for everyone, so she worked as a labourer as well. Gradually she became sick due to the hard work.

Our house is still not strong enough to protect us from the weather. It's made of tin, the walls are bamboo fence and the floor is made of mud.

My aim is to complete my education and become self-sufficient.

