***House of Sunshine***

**8 am.** We all are worn and impoverished. We have been here for 12 hours now and we work hard to earn money. I am 20 years old and I work in a factory that produces textiles like pants, shirts and dresses. The factory is in Bangladesh and works for a big wholesale in Europe. During my work, I watch this little girl who is 11 years old. She is here for one year. With her bloody and wounded hands she is still trying to sew and knit. She looks tired. All I know about her is that her name is Shirin. Although we live in the same small 32 m² room with other three peoples, she talks hardly. Preventing the silence by talking, I try to integrate this little girl.  
Suddenly I hear the foreman shouting: *“Enough for today! Go home!”*  
The factory is called “House of sunshine” but ironically you can never see the sun shining. Never.

**9 am.** We are now in our “houses”. We have to work again at 15 pm. Therefore we have no time to do a lot. If our money is sufficient we eat. Some people sleep during this time like Shirin.   
At 14.30 pm.

I try to wake her up. But Shirin is deeply in a dream. She mutters anything I cannot understand clearly and suddenly she wakes up and screams*: “Mum… Dad! ”,* and begins to cry. I hug her to comfort the little anxious girl. After questioning her about the past, she tells me her whole history. Her parents died in an earthquake, Shirin and her brother survived. A short time later her brother was sent to a foster family and she remained. I am filled with consternation. Shirin’s destiny doesn’t go out of my head.  
**15 pm.** We have arrived in time. The foreman looks at us very cruel and evil.  
After eight hours of labour, a few foremen examine the customized manufacture pants. Due to being unsatisfied with our work occasionally they blame and shout at us several times. Today they caught Shirin. The foreman roars*: “You are unfit and unable to do your work…. “*, and abuses her by slapping her in her face due to finishing only 78 pants instead of 100. Consequently she is forced to overtime. I try to help her but they send us out immediately. She must feel anxious now; lonely and helpless. I have to plan an escape for her.   
Seeing the foreman distracted, I sneak to Shirin and whispers in her ear: *“Come on, we must run away and find your brother! I don’t want you to experience the same destiny like the others. You have to go to school instead of working here. You’re only 11 years old. Here is enough money. I take care of you. Don’t worry! I wanted do this for a long time ago. Now I take the chance and you will come with me.”* Shirin stands up and whispers more to herself than to me:   
*“Thank you!”*

*470 Word*

Cansu Kanak