Two brothers and two worlds

Silence. It is silence in the room. That was the first day after a long time that it is so quiet. I´m unaccustomed to this silence. I live in New York since ten years, by my aunt Cindy. Now he stands there, my brother. I am now here in this “terrible country”, I´m here to help him. We look at each other but we can´t say anything. He looks so thin, dirty, sad and afraid. He is fourteen years old, but he looks like ten. A tragedy I always say is it what happened with us. In this tragedy I pulled the lucky card and my five year younger brother, he pulled the black card. For ten years, my brother and I lived together with my parents in Africa in a middle class house. We weren´t rich but also not poor. Then the shock message, my father has cancer, he was the only one, who broke the money home. Mums sister Cindy lived in America, so my aunt comes one day and said: “I only can get, one child with me to America and this is you Georg.” From that day I never see my young brother again, until today. He always sends me letters from his experiences or should I better say from his abuses? With just six years, an old African man took him away from my parents and brought him, like he say “to the terrible place Bangladesh.” This man he tells me is his chief since eight years. Also my brother works hard since he is six. He always sends me letters to America. When I was read the letters, I always cried, but I know, I can´t help him, I was to young, too. He works really hard, he tells me that he hasn´t a bed where he can sleep. He and all of the hundred other children sleep in small houses on the floor. My brother works in a factory, in which cigarettes are made. In one letter he tells me under what circumstances they work. They are dirty, they haven´t protective masks or work wear. They wear every day the same clothes and work with them. The hands are dirty, and they become as wage something to eat. In another letter, he tells me that they also become beating from the chief and his assistances, when they work to slowly or not good enough. Another punishment is also they don´t get something to eat. The last letter I became is a half year ago, this letter woke me up and I know now it is the time to help my brother and I have to get him out of there. He wrote that he is now sixteen years old and his biggest wish is to have the chance to go to school, like I have been gone. He wants only this chance, to go to school, to be a normal young boy and when he grows up he wants to be a doctor. I asked me always why he wants just to be a doctor. I planned it a half year, this travel to Bangladesh and now I stands here in another world for me, in the world in which my brother live and my first question I ask him: “Why you want be a doctor?” – “ I want be a doctor to help people, people like Dad who has cancer, no one helped dad, but I want to help the people. I embrace my brother and I know I did the right thing. You have to fight against child labor we must not just sit and listen to it.