Many nights we worked for them. Sometimes they drove by our farm sheds and sprang our windows with a crowbar. We lived for them. Sometimes they became the next质押 of our fields. Lived, shared, suffered, and withstood, we had no choice but to accept the price of commodities far below what we paid. Our lives were molded to the rhythm of their needs.

Other years we lost everything to illnesses or widow of a money that we had saved up over the years. We were good and the pieces were well fitted and made more of them. We lived with the knowledge that we had once had a chance to be free from the burden of debt. We were living in a world where a small child could be found in a new village, a new franchise.

Over the years we worked in the fields and walked the roads. We made enough to cover our needs and a little more. We made dresses for our children and our neighbors. We made beds for our beds. We made tables for our tables.

We worked, we worked, we worked. We worked in the fields, in the mills, in the workshops. We worked to earn a living, to earn a future, to earn a better life for our children. We worked without stopping for supper. We worked in the fields, we worked in the workshops. We worked to earn, to survive.

Now we live. We live with the knowledge that we have lived. We live with the knowledge that we have earned. We live with the knowledge that we have made our own future. We live with the knowledge that we have worked hard to earn a better life for ourselves and our children.