Unfair Play in the Paddy field

Bangladesch: Regen, Reis & Rikschas!

Ich zeige Euch meine Welt

Spiel’ mit im Internet
http://www.kinderfastenaktion.de

Children’s Lenten Campaign 2013
in Bangladesh with Baggy Wanderlust
Hi there, it's me again, Baggy Wanderlust. This time I'm in Bangladesh, where it sometimes rains for a week on the trot. The people here love the rain; it helps their rice grow. I don't love it; I'm not waterproof, you see ...

But I am! Splashing around in puddles is my favourite pastime, and the rainy season is my favourite season! By the way, I'm Rekha, and these are my best friends Runa and Muslima.

Hi, I'm Anamul, and this is my father, Udin. Recently, our crops failed twice in a row, which meant that my father had to borrow from a moneylender. It almost went horribly wrong. This is our story ...

My name is Sayed; I'm Rekha’s father. I usually have a good harvest because I often meet with other farmers to talk and swap ideas. I was able to help Anamul’s father out of a pickle.

... and I helped! My name is Alam and I work for BARCIK. We help farming families and always lend a hand when someone is in trouble.

I'm Partha. ‘Help, help, help!’ That's all I ever hear! If you're poor, it’s your own fault; you deserve what you get.
Rain! Nothing but rain!
It might help rice grow, but it can also make rucksacks shrink!

I really hope the harvest will be good this time. If it is, I'll pay my debts straight away.

I'm sure it will, Father. The seedlings look strong. We'll be able to sell lots of rice at the market.

I'd rather be dry for a change!

Later, after work:

Hey, Baggy, come and join us!

Hadodo, hadodo, hadodo... *

At last! Time to hang around and dry out!

Hadodo? You'll find the rules of the game at www.kinderfastenaktion.de/hadodo
Oh Anamul, look what’s happened!

No! Every one of them is dying!

If all our plants die, I won’t be able to repay the money I borrowed from Partha …

Two weeks later …

… and if I can’t repay the money I owe him, we’ll have to sell our home.

Then we’ll end up in a slum* in the big city.

I won’t be able to go to school any more. I’ll have to work instead.

* Slums are areas where poor people live in the cities of Asia, Africa, and Latin America.
What's up, Anamul? Is something wrong?

Hey, Anamul, come and join us!

Come on, we'll lose without you.

Leave me alone ...

What's happened?

Our rice seedlings have died ...

Let's talk to my father. He's full of good ideas. Maybe he can help.

... and then Udin will have to sell his land, and the family will be homeless!

Children, I have an idea! Come with me!

At Rekha's house ...
My new strain of rice is growing so well that I hadn't enough room for all the seedlings in the paddy field. I had thought about turning them into compost.

But now I have a much better idea: I'll give you these seedlings, Anamul. Wow! Really? Thanks, Sayed!

Father, Father, Sayed is giving us all these seedlings! And the children are going to help us plant them!

How can I ever repay you? Nonsense! I'm just happy that I'll be able to see these seedlings grow after all!

It would be best to plant them in your paddy field immediately. Kids, you can all come and help.

What on earth do we do now? Partha will demand his money back. We can only hope for a miracle ...

This is where Sayed breeds rice seedlings.

Udin knows nothing about his good fortune yet!
You can see from the seedlings that this is going to be a good harvest. Where did you get them?

Who needs more seedlings?

I cultivated them myself. It was Alam’s idea. He works for BARCIK and organises meetings for all the farmers in our region.

Who would have thought it, Father? We haven’t had such a good harvest in years.

That evening ...

We have Sayed and BARCIK to thank for it all.

Goodness! How can they work in such searing heat?

Three months later.

That is the seed for next year, and this is the rice I’m going to sell at the market. We’re saved!
Look, Father! Do you think this is enough to pay our debts?

Yes, and we'll even have some money left over.

Tomorrow, I will go straight to Partha and pay our debts.

A few days later at the market ...

Here's the money I owe you. It's all there: 10,000 Taka.

What do you mean it's all there? I want the full sum! Where's the rest?

Next morning, Udin goes to the moneylender.

What do you mean? What "rest"?

Look at the contract. It's all there in black and white: you owe me 100,000 Taka. You signed it.

I know for a fact that it was only 10,000.
If you don't pay up within a week, your land belongs to me!

It's my signature on the contract alright. But I don't have any witnesses!

That Partha is a swindler! I'll bet you anything that he forged the contract!

But how are you going to prove it?

Partha has to show us the contract.

How will we manage that?

We'll leave him no choice!

It's my signature on the contract alright. But I don't have any witnesses!

Luckily, Anamul is not so easily discouraged.

Swindler! Swindler! Swindler! Swindler!

At Partha's house.
Bloody kids! What’s all this racket about, eh?

Swindler! Swindler! Swindler! Swindler! Swindler!

Give them a good thrashing, ok?

What’s going on here?

Partha is trying to swindle my father!

Silence these little rats right now!

First of all, show me the contract!

Mind your own business!

No, I won’t. Udin asked me to look at it!

Swindler! Swindler!

He did the same thing to me!

Cheat! Swindler!

And to me too!

Thief! Cut-throat!

Swindler!
It's so unfair!
Whenever things get interesting, we have to wait outside!

You changed the sum after Udin signed the contract.

Oh yeah? Go on, prove it! I'm waiting!

I've seen plenty of these contracts in my time. We at BARCIK can make sure that people like you end up behind bars. So you might as well admit it.

Behind bars? Me???

Yeah, and it's not very nice there either. There are rats and cockroaches, and the cells flood in the rainy season.

Just admit it. If you take the money I owe you and leave the village, I won't take the matter any further.
We never want to set eyes on you again.

Everything’s ok, Anamul. Your father has paid his debts.

Horraay!

Rekha, look over there.

He’s sure making a quick getaway!

You could almost feel sorry for him.

In fact, you could help others too by telling them all about what Partha tried to do to you.

BARCIK is there for all farmers, Udin. You can always come to us for help.

Soon after ...

You’re right! There are lots of other swindlers out there. You can help others by warning them.

I’m so glad that Partha is gone and we don’t have to sell up and move out. Everything’s going to be fine.

I’m so happy for you!

Yep, they have every reason to be happy! Once again, everything has turned out well in the end.

Good. Count me in.