STORIES
by children
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I want to be a football player

By Thet Win Htun

I often think of my mother and my father. I admire my mother a little more than my father because she gave birth to me and fed me. I always feel gratitude toward my parents. Whenever I think of my mother, I miss her, I cry and I feel sad. I want to share my mother’s feeling. I was born on May 1, 1998. When I was five years old, I was sent to Shwegonedine Child Care Centre. When I was six years old, I was sent to Kyaik Waing Youth Training School. Sometimes I cry and I miss my mother.

As a matter of fact, I also love my father very much. But when my father gets obsessed with drinking, I feel very angry at him. I will never get drunk when I grow up.

I admire my mother the most. I have no brother and sister. I envy those who have. If I had a younger brother, I would never leave him alone and always look after him. However, I have a cousin called Yarzar, he suffers from some kind of mental disorder. But he can make peoples happy. He is not the one to disappoint anyone rather he is very kind to others.

When I grow up I would like to be a football player. I do physical exercise to be able to be a good football player. I love to watch football matches. I try to learn how they play. When I become a football player, I will always remember and take care of my father and mother.

Thet Win Htun is 11 years old, he lives in the Kyaik Waing Youth Training School in Yangon and studies in the seventh grade.
သင်ကြားသောစာမေးခွန်များ

ဗုဒ္ဓလေးကောင်းသူ့ကြီးခံရာသူအများကြီးကို သေချာခြင်း

အားလုံးအားထားသည့်အချက်များ

အိမ်ရိုးယွင်းမှာ အရေအတွက်များသော အကြောင်းအရာများကို သေချာခြင်း

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သင်ကြားသောစာမေးခွန်များ

တစ်စုစောင်အများကြီးကို သေချာခြင်း

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Cuckoo!

By Daniel Sawr

I feel sympathy for you Cuckoo, when I listen the sound of you cries “cuckoo! cuckoo!” I don’t think you have seen your parents because cuckoos lay eggs in other nests. As for me, I may or may not have seen my parents. I do not remember. I wish they hugged me very warmly.

Ever since I can remember, I grew up in an orphanage with many children like me. I also had many friends. Plainphone and Supree were my closest friends among them, I admired them the most. Plainphone was like a sister to me while Supree was my loving younger brother.

One day we were playing hide-and-seek. When it was my turn, I counted from one to three for a long time then asked, ready? I heard them say ready. I was looking for
them all over for a long time but couldn’t find anyone. I surrendered in the end as I
couldn’t find them at all. I cried out them to show up from the hiding place. But I did not
hear any reply. Then I looked everywhere, but I still did not find them. Later, Plain-
phone came running to me crying, “What is going on, sister?” When I asked, we came
to know that Supree was just adopted.

I realized when it was too late. I crossed my fingers silently in my mind wishing one
day he comes to knock on the pole just as did when he came out hiding in the hide-
and-seek games we played. I did not have a sound sleep that night. It brought back my
memories of when we lived on the same boat. Sometimes, I heard his voice near me
when I slept.

One midnight, there was a sharp cry. Who do you think, cuckoo? Of course, it was
sister Plainphone. We two cried together, then she told me not to cry, Supree would not
come back even if we cry.

Days passed as usual. One day, the teacher told me that I could go to the school that
I wanted to attend. When I told Plainphone about it, she asked me to work hard, “Only
if you studied hard, we would be able to stay together one day”. Cuckoo, though I was
not sure what the teachers said, I thought about Supree, it would be so much better if
he were here.

Next day I followed my teacher to her room, there were some people I had never seen
before. She said, “They are your father and mother, they will adopt you. You must go
along with them.” I could not hear any more what the teacher said. What I had in my
mind is my sister Plainphone would be left in the orphanage.

When I got into the car with those people I had never seen before, sister Plainphone
ran to me crying. She cried for me not to leave her alone; but she also asked me to
work hard in my studies. Cuckoo, how can I forget it!

Finally, I went to a home with them. Father and mother are good hearted people. Their
eldest son is kind to me. It seems though their daughter does not like me. She always
has complaints against me. When I want to cry, I cry under a tree behind the house.
Now my dream has come true. I can go to school and live in a big house. But I always
remember Plainphone and Supree when I felt sad. There is no one to comfort me when
I cry, no one for them either. Cuckoo, I feel very sad. Is there anyone who understands
the tragedy of my fellow orphans? May God guide the way.

Oh, Cuckoo has left already. I thought that he did not want to listen to what I said.
Please accept my apologies. Did I talk too much? I pray for you. If your parents are
still alive, they may hear your voice.
wrf&wrf, f

အမေရိကန်နိုင်ငံတွင် ပူးပေါင်းသွားသော "လည်းကောင်း" ကို အလွှဲခြင်း ဖြင့် တိုက်တန်းတင်းကြည်ကာ ရောက်ရှိနေသည်။ အတွက်ထို့ကြောင့် ဖြစ်နေသော အကြီးအကျယ်ကြီး ဆောင်ရွက်ရာ အစိုးရအား မိုးထောင်သော 'အပါးဖုံး' အကြိမ်များ အားဖြင့် ချက်ချင်းချချင်း အခြေခံ၍ ကြည့်ရှုနိုင်သည်။

ယူနိုဆောင်းထားသူက တိုက်တန်းတင်းကြည်ကြည်နေသော အားလုံးနေရာတွင် ကြည့်ရှုနိုင်သည်။ ဖြစ်နေသော အမျိုးမျိုးသော အချက်အလက်များ ပြည့်စုံစွာနေရာတွင် ပြောပြောချင်းချချင်း နေရာတွင် လွှဲပေါင်းနိုင်သည်။ ဖြစ်နေသော အမျိုးမျိုးသော အချက်အလက်များ ပြည့်စုံစွာနေရာတွင် ပြောပြောချင်းချချင်း နေရာတွင် လွှဲပေါင်းနိုင်သည်။

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My dream

By Jasmine

Sometimes I realize that life is not always happy. There are ups and downs in life. We need to learn to overcome the changes life.

I worry whether the life I dream of will ever come true. I want to be a successful businessperson. If I become rich, I can implement my plan. I will donate one third of my profit to God. In my contribution, I want to help orphanages and those who are taking responsibility for them. I cannot help God directly, I want to help those who are working for God.

Another one third of my profit would be for children. I am scheduled to provide assistance to schools, orphanages and children’s hospitals as much as I can. In my spare time, I will go to countrysides where I can look after children while getting to know them. In the life of a child, there are happinesses and sorrows. I will try to encourage them. I will try to please them. I would like to share their feeling in a way that make the children happy.

The most important thing for a child is loving kindness. Because only when there is happiness in the lives of children, there will be smile in the world. Only when children can smile, their lives will shine and bloom.

I would like to spend most of my time helping physical and mental needs of children. I also expect to learn a lot from doing so.

Jasmine, 16, is attending Yangon Adventist Seminary and her dream is to become a successful business woman
နေထိုင်

ဗိုလ်ချုပ်ကျောင်းတွင် ကျောင်းသားများကို အရွယ်အစားပြုလုပ်ပြီး ထိုကျောင်းသားများအတွက် လူကြိုးစားစေခိုင်း ချိန်များကို အနေဖြင့် ပြုပြင်ပြီး ရှုခိုင်နေပါသည်။

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 Yangon Adventist Seminary
My wish and the Days I have passed through

By Orchid*

A had a happy family life in my childhood when I lived a full life with my mother and father. I have two older sisters. The eldest sister is Cherry and the other is Love. When I turned three, my mother gave birth to my younger sister, Snow. And I am Orchid.

After giving birth to my younger sister Snow, my mother fell sick every now and then. My father started to drink more and more every day. My younger sister and I did not understand much of the situation as we are very young, but both my older sisters were very worried. When I was in the third grade, one day my father came home very drunk. He threw everything he saw. Snow was asleep at that time. We were hiding behind the door. My mother asked my father to stop as she was afraid our neighbours would hear. In reply my father beat my mother. When Cherry said "Don’t beat mother, Dad" father also beat her. My mother too said, “Don’t beat my daughter” to which he said “So what?”. I felt bitter at my father. But a father is a father; and a mother is a mother no matter good or bad.
My father did not work as hard as he did in the past. Business was gradually going down. Eventually, all our properties such as our residence, compound and car had to be sold; we lived in another wooden house. Our family was not happy as before. By this time, I was in the fifth grade. It was a day in February when my father announced that he would go to Dawei for more income, he said he would keep in touch with the family and send money home, he had also said he would come back. But from that day on he disappeared. I now study in the eighth grade. Sometimes I keep looking at the road through which my father left, I see many strangers passing by but my father never comes back. My mother feels tremendously bitter at my father. When we talk about our father, she turns her face away. My friends call me ‘Cobra’ as they say I grudge quite a lot. I aim to be a good doctor or a famous singer when I grow up. I try my best to make my mother happy. All our sisters have made up our minds to be successful in their life.

I wish no other family anywhere in the world experiences the tragedy that our family suffered.

*Not her real name. Orchid is a 13 year old who studies in the eighth grade and lives with her sister at the Department of Social Welfare’s Mali Kha Girls’ Training School in Yangon.*
There are times I feel full of sorrow and cry thinking of what I had to experience in the past.

My mother passed away when I was in Grade 4. I had to drop out from school as my grandmother could not afford to send me to school. My father had died even before my mother. After some time, my grandmother no longer could afford to look after me. I was transferred to a lady Daw Ohn’s* home in my village (in Magwe division) to help her with household chores. Then she sent me to Yangon to work as a housemaid in a businessman’s house whom Daw Ohn knew.

At 10, I was not able to do much of the household chores that needed done. I terribly missed my mother. There was a little school girl in the family who was younger than me. She bullied me. I had to play with her whenever she wanted. If I did not play with her, I was beaten.

However, the girl’s mother considered that her daughter’s grades in school deteriorated as she played with me. So, I was moved again to her relative’s house. But Daw Ohn did not allow me to stay there and sent me to another house where I had to work very hard. I had to do many household chores such as cooking, ironing, cleaning floors and even massaging. I felt very tired all the time.
Three months later, the lady of that house transferred me to work in her son's house. I got into bigger trouble in that house. I had been beaten by the couple. I often went to bed as late as 1 o'clock or 2 o'clock at night and then woke up very early in the morning. I had to start cooking, cleaning, washing and ironing. I was beaten from time to time. I cried in pain and remembering my mother. There were two other boys working in the house. One was older than me and the other was younger. One was responsible to look after the dogs and the other to clean and watch the compounds.

One day, I was severely beaten. The master beat me with a bamboo. It hurt so much. He also kicked me and beat me again with a wire. His wife never came to stop him, she just looked on. On that day, I made up my mind and run away from that house.

After beating me, the man drove his wife to the office and came back. When he went again to pick up his wife, I climbed the wall to run away. When I jumped down on the other side of the wall, a little boy saw. He called another boy and they chased me. I still ran and made it to the bus stop. But when I tried to get on the bus, they pushed me down twice. Someone called the man who had beaten me; he with his wife and other family members arrived immediately. I cried hysterically and tried to run. At that point, a man who saved me arrived. He took me with him and asked everyone else to follow. We came to the NGO office where my saviour’s wife worked. I could not believe my good fortune.

They tried but had no chance to bring me back and may be torture further. My employers had to deal with the NGO staff and the local Police station. I was treated in a hospital for a few days to heal the wounds on my body. Then I was sent to Youth Training School for girls. I still carried the marks on my body. But I am now free of abuse. I returned to school in the third grade.

I still cry hard when I think of my mother. I am not fond of my grandmother, I don’t want to go home. Remembering the time I worked as a housemaid and all those tortures I had to bear also makes me cry.

*Not her real name. Pan is a 12 year old studying in third grade and living in at the Department of Social Welfare’s Mali Kha Girls’ Training School in Yangon.*
ပညပည

အောက်ပါကမာရူးမိုင်မှာ အရာပေါင်းစီးပါလိမ့်ညှင့်ပါပဲ။

အိမ်ချင်းကို ကမာမိုင်မှာ အရာပေါင်းစီးပါလိမ့်ညှင့်ပါပဲ။
အင်္ဂလိပ်တိုင်းတွင် အောက်ပါအတိုင်း သိရှိသောအချက်များဖြင့် သဒ္ဒါတွင် စားပြုနိုင်သည်။ ဤစာမျက်နာသည် ဗိုလ်ချင်း၏ အခြေအနေများဖြစ်ပါသည်။ ဤစာသားသည် အထူးသဖြင့် သဒ္ဒါတွင် သဘောတူပြီး စာသားများဖြစ်သည်။ ဤစာမျက်နာသည် ကြုံတွင် သိရှိသောအချက်များဖြင့် သဒ္ဒါတွင် စားပြုနိုင်သည်။

* အချက်: (ကြိုးစားခြင်းနှင့်)မား အောက်ပါ အချက်အကြောင်း သိရှိသောအချက်များဖြင့် သဒ္ဒါတွင် စားပြုနိုင်သည်။ ဤစာသားသည် ဗိုလ်ချင်း၏ အခြေအနေများဖြစ်ပါသည်။ ဤစာသားသည် အထူးသဖြင့် သဒ္ဒါတွင် သဘောတူပြီး စာသားများဖြစ်သည်။ ဤစာမျက်နာသည် ကြုံတွင် သိရှိသောအချက်များဖြင့် သဒ္ဒါတွင် စားပြုနိုင်သည်။
Letter for Pan

In response to Pan’s story

Human Beings are born with both good and bad. This we must understand. Everyone must have a genuine sense to know good from the bad. Some people use the senses to know, but some others do not.

Everybody tends to make mistakes. Some mistakes are forgivable while some are not. There are many peoples who feel “I am rich, I am powerful. I can do whatever I want”. They tend to regret later. I wish every one in the world had a sense of sympathy.

It seems to me life is a bird flying on the sky; flying over and over again and then taking rest in one place. When people experience too much suffering in their lives, they become like a bird that cannot fly any more. So they tend to give up on their life.

Pan, my dear sister,

Please do not give up on your life very easily. Do not try to give up on your life because of how much you suffered and how bitter you feel. Giving up makes us look like deceased in life. We stand by you. You can count on all of us – our teachers and sisters and me Kogyi, your brother.

Don’t lose heart, my sister. From this day, you may try to live your life and enjoy it too. Whatever will be will be, it is best to live happily. From now on, may your dream be beautiful and may you be happy forever.

Yours

Kogyi Aung

Kogyi Aung joined the EXCEL (Extended Learning for in and out of school children) programme in 2007. He adds to his family income by selling bird feed in the streets of Yangon. He lives Hlaing Thar Yar with his family.
ყველაზე ძვირად აღმოჩენილი ადგილები: ადგილები, რომლებშიც განთავსებულია დიდი საგანმანათლებლო სიტყვები. აღმოჩენილი ადგილები განთავსებულია სიტყვებით: აღმოჩენილი ადგილები.
Love of my parents is my greatest need

By Thawda*

We are six altogether in our family. My parents and us four sisters, I am second among them. March 2007 marked a breakdown in our family. My parents separated and my mother left home, we four sisters continued to live with our father. He stopped working and drinking alcohol with his friends became his main occupation. We lived on the income of my elder sister who earns by picking beans. On holidays, I went to work at a water purification factory.

One day mother visited us and had a fight with father. She was hurt on the head and the blood flowed down. Frightened of a police case, father ran away and since then we lived with our mother. Mother worked as a street vendor but business was not good. We survived on my sister’s and my income on holidays only. No other work was available, we were too hard up to make ends meet.

Then I had to go to work as a house maid in another town. It was quite a struggle. The lady I worked for beat me and when I cried, she beat me even more for crying. My life became miserable. I longed for a chance to live with my parents. When I returned home, my mother got remarried and went away with her new husband. Since then I decided that I would stand firm to fend for my sisters’ wellbeing.

I am nearly 15 years old now. We four sisters live together and make ends meet in any possible way by doing all sorts of odd jobs and from running errands for others. We all had to leave school before completion. My life is depressing, there is no fun and cheer. I feel bitterness in me and loathe my life. My greatest need in life is the love of my parents. And my heart’s desire is to become a school teacher one day.

*Not her real name, Thawda, 15, joined EXCEL (Extended Learning for in and out of school children) programme in 2007. She lives with her three sisters in Hlaing Thar Yar. Along with her 16 year old older sister, she is keeping their family of four sisters afloat.
tv სახურავი რუბარუ თამაში

არძოში აღარ გამოჩნდა არავერც არაერთერთი თავში და თავშიგარი შიგირის

აღარ აღარ. იმისთვის, როდესაც თავისი ღირებულება ადრინდელი წინამძღვრობა შეიძლება დაგეხმაროთ სწორად გამოიყენოთ ადრინდელი წინამძღვრობა.

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သတ်,သော်လိုပါဘာ။၂၃၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁၂၃၄၅၆၇၈၉၀၁
အမေရိကသို့ စိုးရိမ်ရာ အောက်ပါအတိုင်း ကြည့်ရန် လိုအပ်ပါသည်။
Children in need of warmth and love

By Htet Aung Lin

In the intense heat of summer, I am sitting in the midst of the forceful sound of a running train. The coach was noisy with the voices of vendors who returned after selling green vegetable in the market, passengers, people who are sleepy and dozing off, and people who were talking with each other.

Amidst all the noises, piercing voice of a young child begging caught my attention. She looked much older than her age. Wearing shabby clothes in her thin frame and carrying another younger child on her back in spite of her young age. I wanted to know more about her, so I asked.

What I gathered is something like this, the girl’s parents died when she was only 8 years old with a younger sibling. A driver of public transport car took them to take care for them, but the wife of the driver was not happy and did not have sympathy for them. When the man was busy facing a problem at work, the wife drove them out of their house. That was how they came begging in the street.

I so realized that these children were in need of warmth and love. I gave them the milk and biscuits I brought for my aunt. She thanked me and got off at the next station. As I went off in the train, I kept thinking about the girl! Are there many more girls like her? We should help them as much as we can.

They are in fact starving for warmth and love. They are in need of protection. Instead of saying seeing children begging in the streets brings you bad luck; we should educate and empower them and train them to earn their livelihood. We should give them a helping hand. Children are the future building forces for the development of our country!
ဗျူဟာအတွက် အပ်ချက်အချိုးအစား ရှိသော ဗျူဟာအတွက်၏ အကြမ်းဖက်သော ပုံသဏ္ဌာန် ပြင်းထန်ခြင်း၊ အချိန်သော ပုံသဏ္ဌာန် အကြမ်းဖက်သော ပြင်းထန်ခြင်းတို့ရှိသည်။ အချိန်သော ပုံသဏ္ဌာန်ကို အလွန် ပျက်စီးဖို့ ရှိသည်။

* အချိန် (အချိန်စာရွယ်အကြောင်း)အား အချိန်(၃)အကြမ်းဖက်သော ပြင်းထန်ခြင်းများကို အားထုတ်ပြန်စေရန် အကောင်းဆုံး ဖြစ်သည်။
For the Better Lives of Children

By Thar Thar

Each child is born from a father and a mother. There are children who are blessed that they live with both the parents. And there are also those children who do not have both parents for many reasons. I am a fatherless child. My father died nine years ago. I was quite young then but I do have a good memory of my father.

I did not have to suffer too much or feel the lack of parental love like orphans. After two years of my father death, my mother got married. My step father is very nice to me. So my life is somewhere in between good and bad, not great but not too bad either.

As I write, I am thinking of children who became orphans after the Cyclone Nargis hit our country last year. They have gone through the experience of the deadly cyclone and were also traumatized by the loss of one or both parents. I believe many others are giving care and assistance to those children in the cyclone hit areas. We should all join hands not only to provide for their physical needs, but also to give loving kindness for a beautiful present and better future of those children.

*Not her real name, Thar Thar is studying at a Basic High School Bahan
I want to be an artist

By Ye Naing Win

I love my father, mother and grandmother. My mother’s name is Daw Amar Sein. My father was U Chin Hyin Phat. My father worked for a well known hotel as a pastry chef until he passed away. His death caused the family to separate in many different places. My mother and younger brother live in another state, many miles away from where I am. We are ten brothers and sisters in my family, 6 boys and 4 girls.

My twin brother and I live in Kyaik Waing Youth Training School while my younger sister Mi Nyo lives in the Girls’ Training School. I don’t know where the others live. I don’t know where my grandma are either. My mother told me that she would bring me back after I complete school. My mother works in a factory, I am told.

My twin brother Yan Naing Win and I are 15 years old. My younger sister is about 13 years old. I play football. I like reading. What I like best though is to draw and paint. This is my most favourite hobby. When my teacher guides me on how to draw a picture, I deeply concentrate on the lesson. When I learn to draw well, I will draw my mother and my father. I imagine conversations like the following with my mother praising me while looking at my masterpiece:

“You are very good, son. Who drew this picture?”
“This is me, Ye Naing Win. I did it.”
“Really? Then, I will give you an award. There you go, this is for you.”
“What are these, mum?”
“These are colour pencils and drawing books and papers for you.”
“Thank you, mum. I really appreciate it.”

These are my ambitions and what I dream in my mind.

Ye Win Naing is 15, he studies in the fourth grade and lives in at the Department of Social Welfare’s Kyaik Wine Boys Training School in Yangon.
ဗုဒ္ဓတရာယ်တွင်း မိသားစုအများပြည်သူများ
အာဏာရှိများကို သိမ်းဆည်းနေပါတယ်
အင်္ဂါးပြား သိမ်းဆည်းနေပါတယ်
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‘အောင်အားဖြင့် အောင်ပန်းခြောက်စေပါ’

‘ထိုးတွေ့ခြင်း’

‘အောင်ဖွဲ့စည်းညွှန်းချင်ပြီး အောင်…အေးချင်း’

‘ဝါဝါချင်း’

‘ကြည်ညွှန်းချင်တြင်…အေးချင်း...ပြဿနာ’

‘ကြည်ညွှန်းချင်တြင် အောင်ဖွဲ့စည်းညွှန်းချင်ပြီး’

ကြည်ညွှန်းချင်တြင် အောင်ဖွဲ့စည်းညွှန်းချင်ပြီး
The story of my life

By Maw Maw Win

I am Maw Maw Win, 15 year old. Out of the five in my family, my father and one of my brothers died 7 years ago. Now I have my mother and my elder brother. We used to live in upper Myanmar. Since my father died, my mother worked as a seller to support the family. However, her earnings were not enough, so we had to move to my Uncle’s house in Hlaing Tha Yar when I was in fourth grade. My mother once had a partial paralysis and was also bitten by a viper and so her speech is a bit indistinct. Her condition caused us to face neglect and stigma by the community. Understanding my mother’s ordeal, I decided to quit school at fifth grade to help her in selling Myanmar snacks.

We sell ice-cream in the summer. We also bought some old clothes from the money we saved, and sold them back. My brother also helped my mother in selling old clothes. At 13, I started to work in the pulse business selecting beans. Because of my brother’s inexperience, we lost all our investments in selling old clothes and faced great difficulty. Since my mother and my cousin did not get along well, we had to rent another place and move. With the help of a neighbour, I got a job in a restaurant selling Myanmar food. A lot of work in exchange of very little pay. I got sick after a few months and could no longer work, I quit the job. I became very frustrated at the time. I figured money was most important in life as we got into all the trouble because we did not have money.

At that time one of our neighbours asked if I would like to attend the training by the NGO Pyinnya Tazaung (Light of Learning). I decided to attend. Only after attending this training did I realize that my perception was wrong. I also came to learn to have goals in my life. My communication skills improved, so did our relations with my cousin. We were allowed to stay back in her house. I gave all my savings to my mother, with which she now re-started the clothing business. My brother is now working with his friends in Mandalay. I came to learn that Pyinnya Tazaung training is offered with support from UNICEF. Attending this training is very useful for me. If I had made a wrong decision while I became desperate, my life may have been in ruins by now. Participating in the life skills training is a joyful and memorable experience for me.
အမှူချက်အရေအတွက် အမှူချက်အပေါ် အခေါ်အယူ ကို မေးရပါသည်။ အမှူချက်အပေါ် မေးရပါသည်။ အခေါ်အယူ ကို မေးရပါသည်။

၃၆
အခမ်းအနား မူလရယ်လိုက်စရာနွေးစားသုံးစွဲချက်များ ပြုစုအစွန်းများ
မိုးမိုးနေသော ကာလရေးသားနှင့် ပြည်သူတို့၏ စီးရီးယားစဥ်ပြိုင်
ဖွဲ့စည်းချက်များ အဆိုတော်တွင် လိုနှစ်စဉ်ကြည်နေစဉ်ပြုစုသေးမှာ:
တိုက်ရိုက်လူမှု အဆိုတော်တွင် အမှန်တွင် စီးပွားရေး ဖြစ်စဉ်ကြည်မည်။
အနေဖြင့် စီမံခန့်ခွဲမှုနှင့် ပြည်သူတို့၏ စီးရီးယားစဥ်ပြိုင်
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သိပ္ဦးမည်

အရေးကြီးသော အကြောင်းကိုလေ့လာနိုင်သည်။ မက်ဆာ၀င်မင်းတို့တွင် အနေဖြင့်ကမ်းစုစောင်သည်။ ကျွန်ုပ်တို့၏ “စီးပွားရေး အလွန်လိုအပ်ခြင်း” ဖြစ်သည်။ ကျွန်ုပ်တို့၏ မင်းတာဝင်သူများနှင့် မိန့်ခွန်းများ သားသင်သူတို့အဖြစ် သွားလွန်သော ၎င်းတို့သည်။ ဝါကျကြီးပြုသူများနှင့်ကြည့်စုစော ကျွန်ုပ်တို့၏ အရေးကြီးသော အကြောင်းကိုလေ့လာနိုင်သည်။

များဖူးသောအခါ ကတင်လေ့လာထားသော မိုးလိုက်ခြင်းပြုလုပ်သူများ မိုးလိုက်ခြင်းပြုလုပ်သူများ သားသင်သူတို့အဖြစ် သွားလွန်သော ၎င်းတို့သည်။ ကျွန်ုပ်တို့၏ အရေးကြီးသော အကြောင်းကိုလေ့လာနိုင်သည်။

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To the Future

By Soe Moe

Future means something which will happen later. We arrive at ‘future’ by passing through many moments in the present. There is a saying To arrive under a shade, we have to encounter the hot sun – similarly to arrive at a comfortable place like the shades, we often have take the journey in the hot sun.

Another saying goes, One good tree can harbour thousands of birds - we start from the nursery as a young plant to grow into a big shady tree. We may interpret these to mean, we need to properly nurture our young children to create a peaceful world. The future of our world lies in the hands of today’s children.

Every human being must be able to shape their own future. To get beautiful future, we should work best at the present moment. For example, for our health, education, social and family matters, we should do our best and there is no other moment better than the present moment to start these work. Today’s children will take the place of adults in the future. All responsible people should come forward to help improve the lives of children through better health, education and environment. It is the right of every child to live and develop.

If the children are nurtured and their rights realized, the future of children and that of our people, our country, our nation and ultimately that of the world will become brighter and more beautiful.

Soe Moe studies at a Basic High School Pazundaung and lives with his family in Thanlyn
About the *Stories By Children*

The stories presented in the *Stories by Children* are written by twelve Myanmar children who come from a range of background, from middle class school going children to unprivileged working children for whom survival can be a struggle. In the stories, they have freely expressed their hopes and aspirations, wishes, dreams and fears, and their thoughts on being a child in Myanmar. Some stories show deep compassion children felt for other children and their causes.

UNICEF Myanmar brought these children together in a four day writing workshop in October 2009 as part of the commemoration of the 20th Anniversary of the Convention on the Rights of the Child. The Stories By Children honours children’s dreams, and bears testimony to their plight and hope. In celebrating child rights, it is our humble attempt to bring up the voices of children who are often the least heard.

UNICEF extends thanks to the young writers, the facilitators who supported and encouraged the children to tell some rather difficult stories, and all those internal and external people who put their mind and heart in making the publication interesting within a very short time. The names of some writers’ were printed on consent and when appropriate, some were changed to protect privacy.

It would be a great reward if we the adults, as readers, parents, teachers, government employees, international agencies and NGO staff and many others, can learn and do more using each one of our capacity, to protect the best interest of every child.

Facilitation: Daw Than Myint Aung and UNICEF Team  
Illustration: Win Naing UNICEF