

Firstly I would like to thank each and every one of you, who have donated money, so that I could get operations on my leg, as I was born with deformed legs, and after the age of 8, I started to get a lot of pain in one leg, and it became very swollen, because the blood could not circulate.

Please let me tell you about my life up until now.



My name is Zar Ni Win and I am 19 years old and I would like to tell you, how I grew up and how I had a hard time.

When I was born my mother died, and I was brought up by my grandparents, until I was 5. They sold their land and moved to another village, where my aunt lived. As my grandparents were old, they could not look after me all the time, so they decided to move near my aunt as they thought my aunt could take care of me. My aunt had a son aged 3 years old. One day

my grandmother was seriously sick and could not get any medication, even though there was a small clinic, because we didn't have enough money. She was suffering from a heart attack and it took 2 days to get to the general hospital and we didn't have enough time, so sadly she passed away. Shortly after my grandmother's death, my aunt's son became very ill and died. During the rainy season we had a very difficult time, and we were so hungry as we had no food most of the time. My aunt worked in a paddy field and planted rice, but sometimes she was very ill. Her husband didn't do anything, and we could not eat for days at a

time. I wanted so much to have the love of my parents. While the other children were enjoying the time with their parents, I had to live with sadness.

As my grandfather felt very sorry for me, he took me to his friend's house, and they prepared food for us. At that time, I was really happy and ate too much. After we thanked them and came back home. We had no words to express our gratitude to them. After the rainy season we moved to another village, where my aunt's husband's relatives lived. They weren't rich but they owned some paddy fields and cows, and they built a small house for us to live. One day my aunt's husband went fishing and caught a lot of fish, but as my aunt was ill, I decided to sell them and went around the village. Some people took pity on me as I was very young. On my way back home, I saw some students going to school, and felt very sad, because instead of attending school at my age, I had to go around the village to sell fish. Sometimes I was beaten by my aunt's husband although I helped him.

My grandfather decided to send me to my father. It was hard to travel from one place to another at that time as there were no cars but we could get ships. We had our tickets and started our journey to get to my father. On the way we ran out of money, so he decided to leave me with my uncle. A few days later my uncle contacted my father, and he came to take me. At that time I was 8 years old. He had a new family, 5 members and they were all very kind to me. Finally I had a warm family and could go to school regularly.

While my dream did come true, I had another problem with my leg. Suddenly my leg was very swollen and I was unable to attend school regularly.

One day a lady came to our house, who was the founder of the Vera Thomson English School, and she said they would help me. The organization helped me and sent me to hospital to have an operation.

After that I got better again and could attend the school regularly. I went to English classes and there were so many activities to do at this school. The teachers were very good at teaching and were all

kind and patient. I studied well and worked very hard, but suddenly I had pain again in my leg which was very swollen, and yet again had to go to hospital for another operation. I took medication but still felt so much pain. Over the years I had so many operations.

When I was in my final year at high school, I had to drop out to have yet another operation, but finally completed my education. Thanks to my sponsors who donated to the Vera Thomson English School.

I was then able to get a job as a receptionist in a hotel. However I had to resign as I had the same problem yet again with my leg.

Eventually I heard really bad news from my doctor, which was to remove part of my leg and foot. When I heard that news, I couldn't say anything and my tears dropped from my eyes. I came back from hospital without talking and could not sleep for days.

The operation has been successful and now I have no more pain, and am waiting to get a false leg and foot. At last I have a great future and will be able to get a good job.

**I CANNOT THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR GIVING ME THIS CHANCE, OF
LIVING A NORMAL LIFE.**