

Why?

Going to school, hanging out with friends, and being able to speak up were things I took for granted. The book Boys Without Names, by Kashmiri Sheth, opened up my eyes to the evils that kids my age are facing these days.

In this book, the boys were tricked into working in a sweatshop for an abusive boss. The boys worked for days and nights manufacturing goods that were to be sold in other places. They were barely fed and were beaten often. My heart ached after reading this book, but then it dawned on me that this happened in real life to millions of kids around the world. *Why?*

I never realized that living in a developed country is a privilege that many kids don't have. In many countries all around the world, children labor day and night and survive on the bare minimum it takes to stay alive. Many times, these children are abused in cruel, inhumane ways. Why should they not have the same rights that I have?

When I go to India, I see many children working in tea stalls, docks, and even on trains selling goods. I would always give whatever loose change I had, though the people around us strongly discouraged it. I never really thought about what their life was like. Before, the countries on the tags of the shirts I bought were just places to me. Now, they are regions where children suffer because of greed.

After reading Boys Without Names, I felt a certain sympathy and compassion towards the children in the book and in the world. I would never be able to withstand the pain that these kids receive, but I could always show as much kindness as I could towards them. These children deserve to get affection and love from the people around them. They have been snatched of their fun filled and joyful childhood; they don't deserve to work to their death. That's why I accepted the responsibility of being aware of this cruel fact and trying my best to help children who really need it.