

## Well-being in Bangladesh

"I do not know the meaning of well-being, I have lost my life in living", 35 year-old Bangladeshi woman Momena sighed & cried. These are the most striking words that hurt me a lot when I took her interview. Her husband worked in a brick field and earned a small amount of money. But he had the habit of gambling & taking drugs. "On holiday other women used to pass time with their husbands and family but he remained outside, playing gambling, and drinking a lot", she cried.

Her husband returned home every day with an almost empty hand, so they couldn't eat most of the time. If she told him to buy groceries, he beat her up. Most of the time, she had to boil only rice to feed her three children. Her childhood was not easy either. Her father was a day laborer & mother was a housewife. They were five sisters, and she was the eldest one. When she was 15, she was married off for dowry. Her poor father spent all of his savings on her wedding. Her study was also discontinued after her marriage. She said, " He didn't love me or our child at all. He also taunted me that I was ugly." She always tolerated everything silently & tried to save her marriage at her best. One day she caught him with another lady.

"I divorced him". I looked at the eyes of the lady, it was full of tears. Her hands were giving evidence of her hard work. It was very difficult for her to make this decision because she had no degree, not enough money, and no roof to stay. Sometimes she makes sweets & sells them in local markets. To her, the meaning of her life is feeding her children a full stomach. She struggled, still struggling, and perhaps will struggle in the future. But her willingness for survival is praiseworthy. She fell down several times, still stumbling but she is always ready to face the reality of life. Her well-being is fighting with life.