



I am a child who works as a seasonal agricultural labourer;
a child who cannot go to school for 3-4 months a year, a child
who migrates to the where the work is, Travelling and living in unhealthy and unsafe conditions.
You may not see me; but I am as close to you as the food you eat or the clothes which you wear...

I start working by the age of 5; My first job is to carry water to the field.
I also look after my siblings in our tent.

When my hands are big enough, I start to pick cotton.
I learn how to hoe and work to harvest fruits and vegetables.
The tomato which you eat, the carrots or potatoes... Your clothing. Laced with my unseen labour...

You read my name in newspapers. When the truck which takes us to the fields has an accident
Maybe you say, "how sad..." and then turn the page.
Do you ever wonder if a child has worked to produce the clothing you buy?
or if their labour was compensated? or if the labourers receive their rights?
Where do they live, how much do they earn?

Each year, after the 23 April National Children's Day celebrations
I stop going to school and we start our migration.
If you knew that these tiny calloused hands picked the fruits
which you eat, would you still buy them?
What do you know about the problems of the seasonal
and migratory agricultural labour, lasting generations?

What can we do?
We want to go to school and live in dignified conditions, just like other children.

We hope that by reading this report, you too can provide the necessary support which we need.

We wait impatiently for the day in which everyone in Turkey asks whether child labour was involved
in the production and sale of all things we eat, drink and wear.