

## **Rickshaw Puller Paragraph**

Mohammed wakes up every morning before the break of dawn in his shanty slum dwelling made up of rags, plastic and bamboo. As the first lights emerge, he sets out to the rickshaw garage, paying 50 taka to rent the vehicle for the full day. This is his lifeline for survival, enabling him to earn income for his family back in the village. As the sun starts beating down, Mohammed begins his daily ritual of plying the city streets - pedalling over 12 hours through narrow alleys, desperately hunting for customers while trying to avoid collisions with cars, cows and carts. Under the open skies he ferries passengers, straining and struggling with the heavy steel load testing the limits of human endurance. He briefly pauses once or twice to eat cheap roadside food before continuing again. At dusk, he returns the rickshaw, his body depleted and exhausted. But after handing over a major share to the owner and spending on bare essentials, he is left with less than 100 taka for an entire day that has drained every ounce of his being. Back in his dwelling, Mohammed collapses from fatigue, unsure if tomorrow will bring more fortune. Yet as soon as first light emerges again the next day, he is up on his feet pedalling - such is his relentless existence, bonded by the hope of supporting loved ones and the promise of survival that every new dawn brings.