

Sowing the Seeds of Change

Have you ever wondered what it's like to wake up at dawn to go to work in the excruciating heat and get home exhausted just to get enough money to put food on your plate? How about working to the point where you can barely move a muscle or have enough energy to other activities like spending time with your friends and family? Well that's the life of a migrant family like mine. Many people think we chose to live this life but they don't know that working in the fields is the only available job for my family right now. Most people don't know what working in the fields is all about. They have the wrong ideas and think it's not a real job, but they don't know that they're wrong. I know the truth of this crazy life because my family and I are migrants and we have been working in the fields ever since I can remember. You may know the basic ideas of working in the fields but if you want to know the truth then I would advise you to follow me on a journey of discovery that will amaze you.

Working in the fields has been a very difficult job for my family and me especially for my parents since they were the ones that first started working. I remember they left to work early in the morning leaving me in a daycare. I saw when my parents got home there were always tired and didn't have strength to do anything else. In some places there weren't any daycares so they took me with them to work and left me under a tree which put me in danger. When I finally experienced the life of having a job like that I understood why my parents got home exhausted. Being outside in the heat picking fruit off trees was definitely hard work. We couldn't rest because the job had to be done. We got dehydrated easily so it was essential having plenty of water. I also remember the owner of where we worked treating us like slaves. She didn't provide

us with restroom, drinks, or anything important that could help us complete our daily tasks.

When we needed to go to the restroom she told us to go behind some trees. I personally think she wasn't qualified to hire workers or supervise us. Lunch break was just a few minutes long. It didn't give us enough time to eat. We had to hurry up and finish our duties if we wanted to go home soon. It seemed as if we walked a hundred miles non stop. There was no time to rest. It was the worst experience ever.

If I was in charge there would be many modifications to this job. For starters, I would increase the worker's salary. Working in the fields is one of the hardest jobs so the people working deserve to get paid more. I would also increase the minutes the workers get to rest. This would provide time for them to hydrate and regain energy so they can do a better job. I would also provide fresh water to the employees and a clean restroom.

Increasing the security would be my number one priority. The fields are not a safe place to work right now. I still remember when I was small, I was standing in front of a huge ladder. It was a windy day and the ladder wasn't strong enough to keep from falling down. It came crashing down and by some miracle it missed me by a few inches. It could have severely injured me or worse. Many workers are in risk of something like that happening to them but they might not be as lucky.

The most effective way to ensure that this job can improve is getting the government involved. The government should go to the fields and see what we need to make work more effective because they don't know what it's like to be working in the fields since they've never worked there. They should also be stricter to the owners of the fields.

I think that an effective way to make this job better is to encourage workers to work and cooperate with each other. Also owners should care about us and respect us so they can earn our respect. They can't just treat us like slaves because we're humans and like all human we have rights. If we all work together we can make this a better job that's safe and prosperous.