



# Amina's Thread of Hope

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Before the sun rises, Amina quietly wakes in the dim room she shares with her brother. She moves carefully to avoid waking him, her small frame silhouetted against the pale light of dawn as she prepares for the day.



The morning air is chilly as Amina walks through the grey, narrow streets toward the garment workshop. The city is just beginning to stir, but for Amina, the long day of work is already calling as she approaches the heavy doors.



Inside the factory, the deafening roar of sewing machines fills the air, drowning out every other sound. Amina takes her place in a long row of workers, surrounded by piles of colorful fabric that feel heavier than they look.



Her hands move with a practiced, mechanical rhythm: stitch, cut, fold, and repeat. Each movement is precise, but her fingers begin to ache as the hours stretch on and the endless fabric seems to mock her with its weight.



The supervisor's shadow looms over Amina as he paces the rows, his presence a constant reminder to work faster. She keeps her head down, focusing all her energy on the needle to avoid any mistakes that would result in a loss of pay.



During the brief midday break, Amina sits in silence with her coworkers, eating a simple meal of bread and water. No one speaks, as every ounce of energy must be saved for the long afternoon of labor ahead.



In a quiet moment of daydreaming, Amina remembers the bright blue walls of her old classroom and the warmth of her teacher's voice. She misses the feeling of a pencil in her hand and the magic of letters turning into stories that felt like keys to another world.



A woman wearing a bright vest enters the workshop, her presence bringing a sudden burst of color to the grey, dusty room. She speaks softly to the supervisor and leaves a stack of pamphlets on a desk before departing under his watchful eye.



Under the cover of darkness that night, Amina shares a hidden pamphlet with her brother, showing him the picture of a school filled with light. Their eyes meet in the dim room, a shared spark of wonder passing between them as they imagine a life beyond the machines.



Amina drifts off to sleep, clutching the dream of a different life close to her heart. For the first time in a long time, her mind is filled not with the count of stitches, but with the bright possibilities of a world where she can finally learn again.