



Alice Iacan.

I am Alice Iacan, and I am 40 years old. I have been hitting stones in the quarry for seven years. Two of my son's wives have left them, so I am taking care of three of their children who are under the age of five. I raise them, along with my five children. My last child is thirteen years old and is in school.

I have no shelter, so I have my makeshift cover, which protects me from sunshine but not heavy rain. Sometimes we run to the shops when the rain starts, sometimes it rains on me. As for the hot sun, I no longer mind it; it's the rains that really makes my work so difficult.

This job isn't easy. You must have serious needs to do it. I have nowhere to turn. This is my job until I find something easier to do. I have been hoping for a long time to save some money so I can start a second-hand clothes business, but the problem of the stomach (hunger) must be solved first, and then there are school fees, and then there are daily needs, and then I just keep working here for years.

My children sometimes come to assist me with my work. They are not allowed here. The rules don't accept that. They come during the holidays, and we work together. It's better when I get some help. I need it. I constantly have chest pains, and each time I explain to the medical personnel, they tell me, "it's the work that I do that causes chest pain," yet no one offers to me long term solutions. I want to heal. I don't want to have any pain, but my work, for now, comes along with bodily harm. A friend of mine, some gravel hit her eye, and she needs surgery, but she doesn't have the money. This is how sometimes it is. You get hit, and you can't find a cure for your pain.