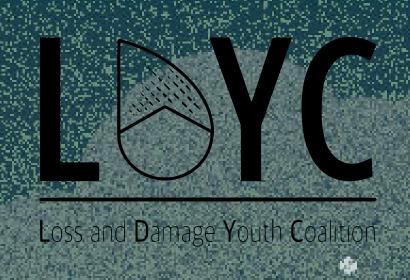


By Ahsan Habib Saimon



A story on Lived Impact of The Climate Crisis in Bangladesh



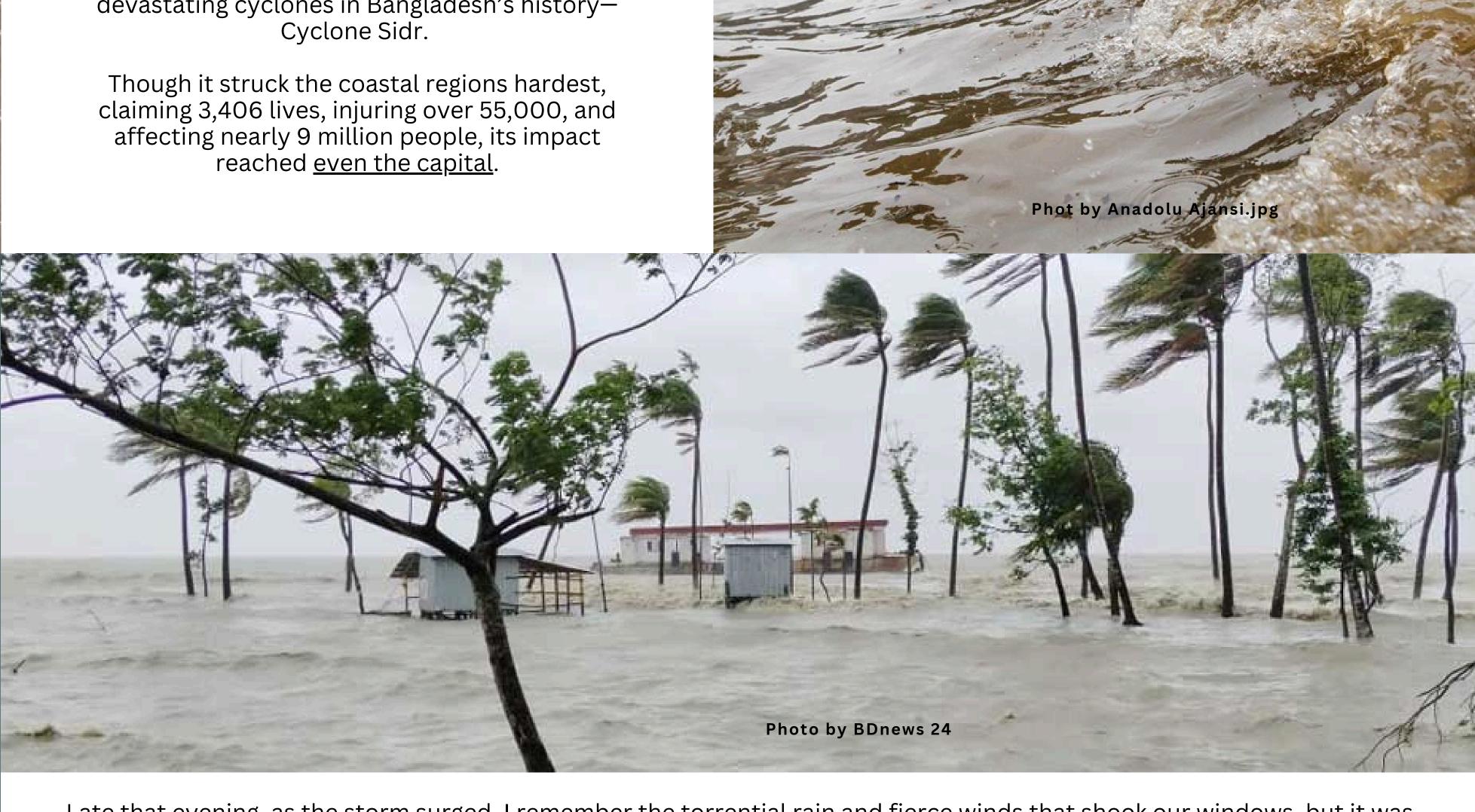
I was born in 1998 in Lakshmipur, Chattogram division of Bangladesh—a region at the forefront of the effects of climate change. That same year, a massive flood swept through the country, submerging over 75% of Bangladesh, claiming more than a thousand lives, and affecting over 30 million people. Our family, like many others, felt the brunt of nature's wrath—forced to leave behind our ancestral home. That flood drove us to seek refuge in Dhaka, the capital, where my parents hoped we might find stability, safety, and better opportunities.

Our move to Dhaka marked the beginning of a life constantly shaped by climate-induced loss. Growing up in Dhaka, I encountered an environment that seemed to be deteriorating daily. Pollution choked the air, heat waves became an unwavering pattern, and extreme weather oscillated unpredictably.

Every summer was hotter than the last, and every monsoon was heavier, every day filled with the suffocating noise and dust of an overcrowded city.

Intense rainfall strained the city's fragile infrastructure, flooding streets and bringing our lives to a standstill. For my family and me, every monsoon brought fear of disease, damage, and sometimes even losing what little belongings we had.

When I was nine years old, living in Dhaka, I witnessed the aftermath of one of the most devastating cyclones in Bangladesh's history—Cyclone Sidr.



Late that evening, as the storm surged, I remember the torrential rain and fierce winds that shook our windows, but it was the aftermath that left an indelible mark on me. The next morning, the city was submerged. The receding flood waters reached above my waist and remained for nearly a month, contaminated with sewage, plastics, household debris, and rotting waste. Among the chaos, I vividly recall seeing a large dead snake floating nearby—a sight that filled me with both fear and fascination as I stood just a few feet away. Wading through the dirty water, I experienced a fungal infection on my feet, while many others in my neighborhood suffered from waterborne illnesses like diarrhea.

Schools were closed indefinitely, and my life came to a standstill. With no place to play or even step outside, we were stuck at home. My mother constantly reminded me to stay indoors for safety, her voice filled with worry as she tried to shield me from the dangers beyond our doors. Yet, the flood seemed inescapable, seeping into every corner of life and leaving behind a trail of destruction and despair. Even as a child, I could feel the weight of the tragedy—not just in the physical damage but in the lives that were forever altered.











