My item is pictures of my home in Bangladesh, it has been in my family for generations and the land itself has been my family's since the time of the Bengal Princes. After the British had conquered the region my family tore down the fortress there and replaced it with an administration building to administer the local area of east bengal. After the British left and Pakistan had started to commit genocide against the native Bengalis my family turned their administration home into a home for the Mooktheechudaa. This turned our home into a sort base and transportation hub that later would help my family come to America.

March 25th 1971 is offically recognized as when the Pakistani Genocide of Bengalis began. Pakistan had began a systematic crackdown on bengali groups lobbying for independence. Paki soilders had slaughtered millions who had spoeken Bengali and began systematically raping women across the country with the government offically recgonizeing them as public property for certain islamic groups. Paki soldiers had also began executing any native bengali intellectuals in a manner akin to the holocaust rouding up large number, forcing them to dig mass graves and killing each of them while making them bury there fellow bengalis. The Genocide was so brutal that the number of people that died is still unknown today and the number of women raped is still being decided. While all this was occuring few nations had acknoeleged the genocide so it was up to the locals to try and find a way to protect the people with adminstaors hindering the army and police in near open revolt while others sabotaged the effectiveness of the brutal genocide the world ignored.

My mother recalls how my Grandfather was so disgusted by the Paki government he began to train all of the people that lived in the villages in his property to fight properly. He also began to use his influence to pull guns and ammo into his grasp and arm rebels. He had turned his old administrative home into a base for the rebellion. Due to him speaking Urdu, a common Pakistani language, the home would also house paki soldier who he get adequately drunk, gather info from, and order killed. He would also hide entire villages in his home using the connections my family gathered to have british officials take families and even help transport some over to America. He would have armed sentries across the property to warn of incoming patrols often hiding the women in the basement and under floorboards hoping that the paki soldiers were too drunk to notice. He had been doing this long before the genoicde had officially began and thus was able to continue with some effectivity when so many others had failed. My grandfather for his service was officially declared along with his proerty true Mooktheechudas(freedom fighters) by the bengali government.

The house itself is a historical landmark but not officially recognized as one. It had been one of many to send bengali refugess to an america that had funded the genocide of Bengalis. The House itself still stands today and is the reason my family was able to migrate to America. My

grandfather had used the connections he made during the war to send my mother away to America with my father to start a new life separate from the war torn Bangladesh.

I had always known about how my grandfather and this house played a role in the war for independence and how my family came here from it. But it still amazes me how this peice of history can; t be saved yet due to the fact that bangladesh can't yet maintain it and that western nations still refuse to accept the genocide even occured and that they had nothing to do with it evem when the U.S funded the Paki army. My artifact was a part of the large pull of bengali migrants we see today yet sooner or later it will fade away.

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