My head was smashed into the pavement so hard, I could hear my skull crack.

Blood dripped down my face and into my eyes, burning and stinging me, as I felt my arms ripped back.

“You no get money!? You piece of shit, you are worthless!” the gang leader screamed into my ear as his four men held me down. “We took you in as child and this is the thanks you give us?! Just a hundred rupees?! You are better off dead!”

The leader swiftly kicked me in the gut, sending my body flying acoss the concrete before slamming into a nearby brick wall.

At the time, I was only twelve years old. I had been a child beggar all my life. I was an unwanted birth, and my parents did not keep me, and after being abandoned, I was taken in by a gang who specialized in sending out child beggars to earn them money. If you came back without your daily quota, bad things happened.

“You think you deserve to live!? Your life is not even worth this pathetic amount. Come here, let me fix this problem.”

The leaders rough accent and broken English rang deep into my ears as fear pumped through me. I did not want to die. I worked hard for that money I earned that day, but as you get older, tourists are less and less likely to donate to you.

Being twelve, I was past my prime.

I felt his hand wring my neck, lifting me up against the coarse bricks at my back, skidding and tearing my exposed skin, ripping my already terribly damaged clothing.

I choked and struggled, flailing around, doing my best to escape, but it was no use.

I opened my blood smeared eyes, and I saw the leaders scowl, staring into me with a hate that transended beyond my mere inaction of collecting enough money.