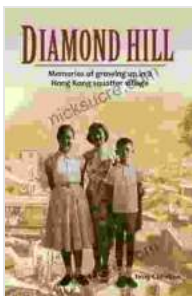


# A Trip Down Memory Lane: My Childhood in a Hong Kong Squatter Village

Growing up in a squatter village in Hong Kong was an experience unlike any other. It was a world of its own, with its own unique set of rules and traditions. It was a place where community was everything, and where everyone knew each other's business. It was a place where I learned the value of hard work, perseverance, and resilience.

I was born in a squatter village in the New Territories in 1960. My family was poor, and we lived in a small, wooden shack with no running water or electricity. We shared a communal toilet and bathroom with the other families in the village. It was a simple life, but we were happy.



## Diamond Hill: Memories of Growing Up in a Hong Kong Squatter Village by Oliver Kent

★★★★☆ 4 out of 5

Language : English  
File size : 1250 KB  
Text-to-Speech : Enabled  
Screen Reader : Supported  
Enhanced typesetting : Enabled  
Word Wise : Enabled  
Print length : 196 pages



My parents worked long hours to provide for our family. My father was a construction worker, and my mother was a seamstress. I helped out around

the house as much as I could. I would fetch water from the well, help my mother with the laundry, and take care of my younger siblings.

Despite our poverty, I have many fond memories of my childhood in the squatter village. I loved playing with my friends in the streets. We would play hide-and-seek, tag, and other traditional games. We would also go swimming in the nearby river. It was a carefree time, and I made many lifelong friends.

I also learned a lot about life in the squatter village. I learned the importance of community. Everyone in the village helped each other out. If someone was sick, the neighbors would bring them food and medicine. If someone needed help with their housework, the neighbors would pitch in. It was a close-knit community, and I felt like I belonged.

I also learned the value of hard work. My parents worked long hours, and they taught me the importance of perseverance. They taught me that nothing is impossible if you work hard enough. I took that lesson to heart, and it has served me well throughout my life.

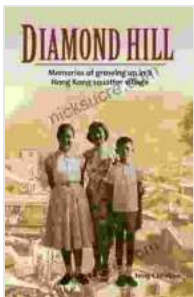
In 1973, the government cleared the squatter village where I grew up. My family was relocated to a public housing estate. It was a big change, but we eventually adjusted. I went on to finish school and get a good job. I am now married with children of my own.

I am grateful for the experience of growing up in a squatter village. It taught me the value of hard work, perseverance, and resilience. It also taught me the importance of community. I am proud of my roots, and I will never forget the people and the place that helped to shape me into the person I am today.

Here are some photos of my childhood in the squatter village:







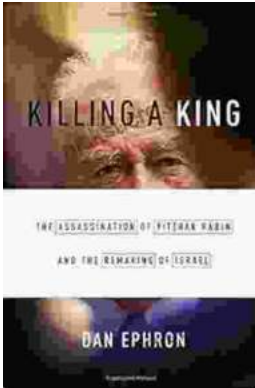
## Diamond Hill: Memories of Growing Up in a Hong Kong Squatter Village by Oliver Kent

★★★★☆ 4 out of 5

Language : English  
File size : 1250 KB  
Text-to-Speech : Enabled  
Screen Reader : Supported  
Enhanced typesetting : Enabled  
Word Wise : Enabled  
Print length : 196 pages

FREE

DOWNLOAD E-BOOK



## Killing A King: The Assassination Of Yitzhak Rabin And The Remaking Of Israel

## The Assassination Of Yitzhak Rabin And The Remaking Of Israel ## \*\*  
An Event That Reshaped a Nation's Destiny \*\* On an autumn evening in 1995, a single shot shattered...



## Death in Benin: Where Science Meets Voodoo

In the West African nation of Benin, death is not simply the end of life. It is a complex and mysterious process that is believed to involve both the physical and spiritual...