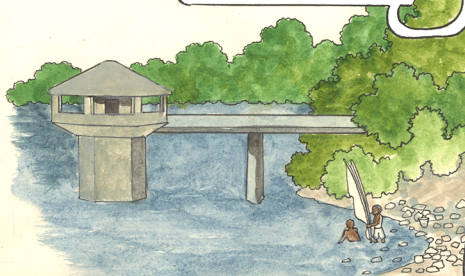


We would fish in pairs, because we feared being robbed or drowning. Such things happen...



...But my luck held. And in time I was able to build us a brick house.



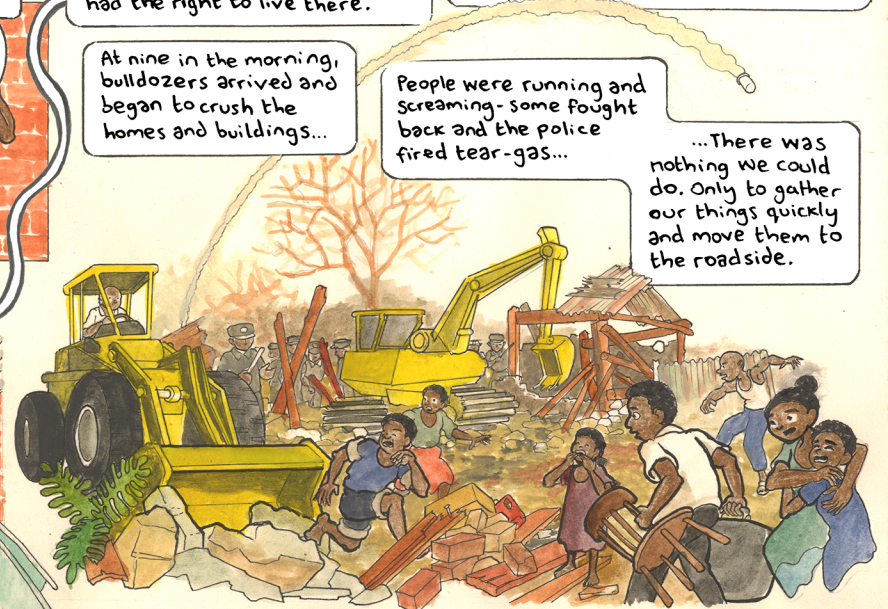
There were over 5000 people in Porta Farm and we all believed we had the right to live there.

Then, in 2005, the government mounted Operation Murambatsvina

At nine in the morning, bulldozers arrived and began to crush the homes and buildings...

People were running and screaming- some fought back and the police fired tear-gas...

...There was nothing we could do. Only to gather our things quickly and move them to the roadside.



The bricks were moulded but not baked, and we had no cement floor. But it was the best we could afford and things seemed to be stable.



For two months we lived in the open



They sent us to my uncle's rural home in Murehwa. The family made room for us in their barn. But I had no means to support us.



For three days I tried to fish in the local river

But there was nothing to catch. I had no choice except to leave my family and return to Porta Farm



Then in June we were brought to Caledonia holding camp where they examined our papers and sorted us by home-district

