



In the camp I don't usually see the horizon. Here I can see a long, long way

When I collect wood, I look out there and remember my old life. I do miss it. So does my husband.

But he got used to it. Like we all had to.

He bought a car and began work as a taxi driver. He made amends, so I took him back.

Things are hard. But better at least, since they rehoused us here at Digaale Camp.

The structures are not great but we do have water. And the children go to school!

Yeah but it's a long way

In the dark!

AND last week I stumbled on a HYENA!

They startled one-another!

But I never dreamed of going to school. For my parents, the animals were their fortune, and their future. For me, the children are my survival

They can read and write. They help me manage my official papers.

It's true. They leave at 5:30 in the morning and walk many miles

There are 830 families here in the camp. I see many who are disabled or traumatised from the war. But I feel lucky, somehow...

Here in Hargeisa I have conversations every day

When I lived on the land I didn't know any different

I didn't realise at that time - that pastoral life is so

lonely