



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Haija

NAME

23

AGE

I was four months pregnant when my family and I were forced to leave our home because of fighting in the Darfur region of Sudan. After walking over 35 miles through the hot desert, we finally reached the internal refugee camp at Kalma, where a women's clinic supported by Doctors Without Borders provided me with urgent prenatal care to protect my health and that of my unborn child. A midwife at the same clinic helped me to deliver my healthy baby girl. I named her Hope. We have lived here for two years. Everyday we hope that we can go home again.



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Ismail

NAME

19

AGE

We were sleeping. It was the early morning, about five o' clock when we were attacked by aircrafts and awoke to see that there was bombing happening all over the village. Many people had been killed. We were attacked by the Janjaweed and the last attack was a massive bombing supported by the Sudanese Air Forces.

The bombs came and my house was destroyed. Bodies were lying underneath the bricks and all the stuff...and the thing is the number of killings is really high so it's very hard to get all of the bodies out and stuff so it took us about two days to just take all of the bodies out and grieve them.

I lost my father. I'll never forget this. And the nightmare is never gone.



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Tahir

NAME

18

AGE

The government with the Janjaweed...with horses they came and attacked our village. They took everything from us. There were some trees in our village and that is where we ran to hide. When we went down there, there was some stuff like needles - burning holes in my legs. Even some of the children were raped. One was 11, another was 15. They beat me and left me for dead. I came to the camp in Chad with people who are from my village but were not my family. I heard from someone in the camp who knew my family, that my mother and father were both killed but that my sister is still alive. I am looking everywhere for my sister Fatima.



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Ibrahim

NAME

14

AGE

They kill everybody in the village if you aren't running. It didn't matter if you were children, elder, woman, man. Everyone they found. My brother, my best friend, who is like a father to me - they shot five bullets in his back. Nobody was helping me. Nobody was there. Everything was destroyed. If I have a chance to say something for my brother: I'm praying all days for you and asking God, just let him into heaven and rest in peace. I am all alone here. I don't want to stay in this camp but I am too scared to ever return home.



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Halima

NAME

18

AGE

There were five - five different men, they attacked me and raped me. The rape was a very, very difficult thing for me.

The militia attacked a school of girls in North Darfur. They raped 40 girls...with their teachers. They were bleeding. I saw them. They were tortured. Why did they rape them? They were children. Just children.

I cannot sleep at night. I do not feel safe at this camp. I keep thinking about those soldiers - thinking they will come back and kill me.



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Abdo

NAME

24

AGE

It was 16th of February 2004, it was Monday, I went to the forest to find firewood. After I left the village, it was six o'clock when they attacked.

I know I have my father, my family, everything I have in the village but I can't come back. So, everybody was running to survive so I hid somewhere. I stayed outside the village. When I came back nobody was there. I found my child with my mother and my wife who was seven months pregnant. She died that day.

And my sister Toma and my father, they are missing. I don't know where they are still now. I don't know where they are.



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Moussa

NAME

16

AGE

I remember the houses burning, smoking, everything was smoking. You know some people were dead and some people were there looking for their families, their parent or their friends. Some people running like me.

Soldiers caught me. They asked me questions, they beat me. They said you have to tell us, if you don't tell us we will kill you. I said I don't know, I don't know anything. They have powder of peppers. Chili powder they put in my eyes. They say you have to tell us. I don't want to tell you, I can't tell you. And one of the soldiers kicked me. With his boot he kicked me here. All of my face, it was swollen, everything was swollen. There were too many people and you know we can't bury them separately, you know sometimes we bury five or six or ten together.



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Fatima

NAME

23

AGE

It started with attacks between the Janjaweed, the militia, supported by the government and the government troops. They will attack villages at night time when people are asleep. Set fire because most of the houses are usually built of grass and wood.

They will shoot the people who are coming out running. They also take people and throw them back in the fire. If that's not enough, if they face any simple resistance, they will call the government.... They have cell phones and connections. The government groups would back them up by helicopters and bomb the villages and erase it from earth.

I have a half sibling, my father's young child was six years old, they attacked the village and he ran. They followed him like 20 or 30 miles inside the bushes and he was lucky that he went behind a bush and he was able to escape from them. So it's a plan that they would not leave anyone.



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Montagne

NAME

30

AGE

Well, to live here in this camp, it's people that have left their villages, and they go to these gatherings looking for safety and security. The huts, they are not exactly the same ones that they have in their villages. They are smaller, built with wood and sticks that they can find around the camp. They are covered normally with plastic sheeting given by the humanitarian organizations. Women, normally, are in charge of going to collect the firewood and the water. The kids can go to the schools, but the schools, they are overcrowded in the camps. And the men, we try to find some labor, or, otherwise, we help with the animals.



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Jem

NAME

11

AGE

At first when the fighting happened we did not come to Chad, we ran to the mountain [near Farawiya] and hid there but we had to go back to Farawiya to get water. It was very dangerous... it was when people were at the waterhole that the army bombed. Animals were hurt and the people with them. I saw two people killed. We were only trying to get water. We are just trying to survive.



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Yousif

NAME

15

AGE



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Taha

NAME

13

AGE

For the first four years of the crisis, refugees were discouraged from creating any kind of permanent housing or shelter in the camps; we were told that we would return home soon, so the survivors from Darfur used sticks and plastic sheeting to create huts. The sheeting – made of thin plastic – is now in tatters, shredded by time, sand, wind and torrential rains. These “temporary” shelters, now in place for four years, serve as permanent housing.

When the sheeting failed to provide shelter in Oure Cassoni camp, we used mud and water to build huts. But since water is in short supply in the camp, humanitarian and UN workers have discouraged mud structures; water needs to be saved for drinking and cooking. Now, in year five of the crisis, we are urged to build permanent homes. Materials to build, however, are nowhere to be found – areas surrounding the camp have been deforested in the search for firewood.

In the afternoon we returned from school and saw the planes. We were all looking, not imagining about bombing. Then they began the bombing. The first bomb [landed] in our garden, then four bombs at once in the garden. The bombs killed six people, including a young boy, a boy carried by his mother, and a girl. In another place in the garden a women was carrying her baby son; she was killed, not him. Now my nights are hard because I feel frightened. We became homeless. I cannot forget the bad images of the burning houses and fleeing at night because our village was burned...



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Mohammed

NAME

14

AGE

I was in a valley near the mountains. I saw many Janjaweed and soldiers coming. They shot me from that far (gesturing to a tree about twenty yards away) and I fell down. They saw me and aimed at me. I was hiding behind that tree with three other children - Yassin (twelve), Manyo (nine) and Fatima (seven). I saw them all fall down [injured] ...I saw three people dead in that valley, including a woman I knew named, Gaisma. I made it into Chad and into this camp with Yassin and Manyo. We were separated from Fatima at the boarder and have not seen her since we arrived. I hope the soldiers did not kill her.



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Garelnabi

NAME

25

AGE

I come from the Zaghawa tribe. Our homeland is North Darfur. My father was the chief of our village, Karnoi. My village was attacked early one morning in September 2003. The adults were still home, not in the field or at work, and the children had not left for school. I saw Janjawid ("evil horsemen") and Sudanese soldiers enter our village. My brother, my younger sister, my grand-mother, and my uncle were killed. I escaped with my mother and my other sister to El Fasher, but my father stayed behind because he was the leader of our village. He was killed in another Janjawid attack in 2005. I escaped to Cairo and applied for refugee status with the U.N. Commissioner for Refugees. It can take a long time for them to process your application. The government arrested my mother and sister, and beat my mother and shaved my sister's head bald. She said if I stopped talking, how would people learn about what was going on in Darfur? More people would die. My mother and sister fled to Iridimi refugee camp in eastern Chad. They are just existing, as opposed to living, in an environment that has eroded the human spirit and compromised values. The camp fosters the ongoing deprivation of human rights, disease, and hunger. I have not spoken with them in a long time. Thousands of people I knew, grew up with, and went to school with, are dead. I vow to be the voice for those who never had a chance to tell what happened.



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Daoud

NAME

16

AGE

We have been in the camp for nine months. In all that time, the toughest part was when we were forced out of our area to come here. The hardest day was when we became refugees. I think about my school and my relatives who were killed by the Janjaweed. I think about my possessions. I lost them. I remember too many things. I want to make myself forget about everything. It is easier that way.



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Isac

NAME

22

AGE

When we caught up with our people we men stayed mostly together with the wounded defenders, going back and forth to the women for the food and for the traditional medicine and teas they would prepare. In this way our village, though now a moving line in the desert, was still the same people helping one another. The people of other villages joined us here and there until we were a great mass of people moving across the land.

Every morning we would have to bury several of the wounded who died in the night. It was good for some of them to die, since there was no morphine or medicine. You can usually see in a man's eyes if he will be blessed to die before morning. On the fifth day we came to a remote and grassy valley, and some of those with animals to sustain them decided they would hide there and make a temporary life. Those with no animals had no choice but to continue on to Chad. My mother and sister were among these who stayed - she would go no farther. My father would keep moving with some of the animals and the other people while they needed him. The camels provided wonderful milk and rides for the children who were suffering. He would come back to mother with our animals when he could. In this way, my mother and sister became what the world calls IDPs, which means internally displaced persons - refugees who are still within their home country.

DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE	
 <p><b>NATIONALITY: N SUDAN</b></p>	
<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 150px; height: 120px; margin-bottom: 5px;"></div> <p>THUMBPRINT</p>	<p><b>Yahya</b></p> <hr/> <p>NAME</p> <p><b>24</b></p> <hr/> <p>AGE</p>

They took our animals. They took our things. They chased us out of the village. We traveled by donkey through the desert. I came here to the camp with my husband and nine of my children. My baby was ten days old when we left. She is 39 days old now. I am so hungry. I have no milk to feed my baby. We have no food. We have no shelter. No plastic sheeting. We made it to safety but there are not enough supplies for us at this camp.

DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE	
 <p><b>NATIONALITY: N SUDAN</b></p>	
<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 150px; height: 120px; margin-bottom: 5px;"></div> <p>THUMBPRINT</p>	<p><b>Osman</b></p> <hr/> <p>NAME</p> <p><b>20</b></p> <hr/> <p>AGE</p>

We have traveled for 14 days from our village to cross into Chad and get to the refugee camp. We barely had any food and my baby brother died because he had nothing to eat for too long. When we tried to cross into Chad, the soldiers demanded money, which we did not have. We convinced them to let us cross anyway but my father lost his passport in the fire when our village was burned. The soldiers would not let him cross without the proper papers and we were forced to leave him behind.



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Moussa

NAME

15

AGE

We traveled through a terrible sandstorms in the heat to reach the camps in Chad. Some of our family separated from us and went to Nairobi because they heard they had a better chance of getting a job there. We will probably never see them again. We only want shelter until it is safe to return. We are not here to cause any trouble.



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Issa

NAME

20

AGE

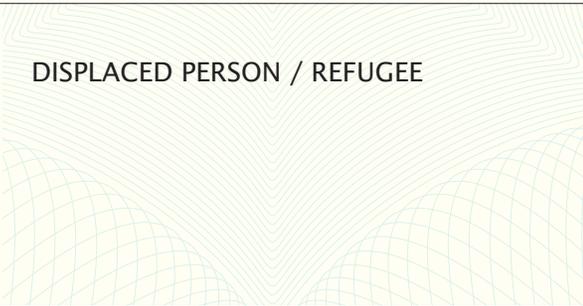
We had to leave my grandparents behind in the desert because they were too weak to carry on. We buried many people along the way here. I have never felt more sad and exhausted in my life. I was scared that the soldiers would try to rape me and the other women when we crossed the border into Chad. Now we are here but we have no plastic sheeting to make a shelter. There is barely enough food to go around and water is very scarce. I keep thinking about my grandparents alone in the sandstorms. I think we should try to go back and get them.

DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE	
	
NATIONALITY: SYRIA	
<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 100px; height: 100px; margin: 0 auto;"></div>	<p><b>Damia</b></p> <hr/> <small>NAME</small>
<small>THUMBPRINT</small>	<p><b>7</b></p> <hr/> <small>AGE</small>

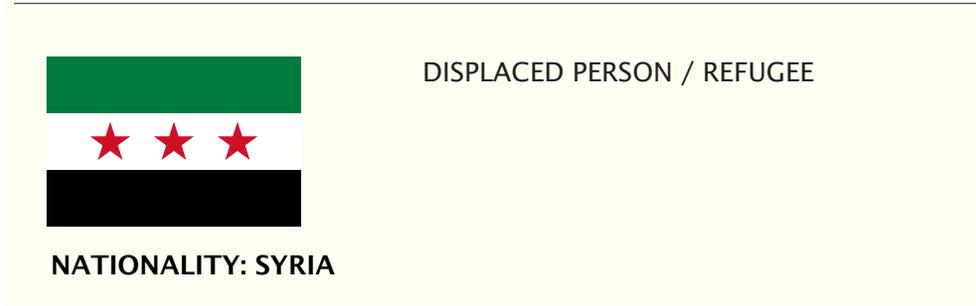
My name is Damia Amroosh. I am a Syrian refugee. Five months ago I was at home in Aleppo with my family when a bomb dropped from the sky. My grandmother, aunt, uncle and two cousins died instantly. Another of my cousins lost his leg. My right leg and hand both broke in the bombing and I still can't walk or move my hands. We managed to flee Syria and move to Turkey where I have been recovering from my wounds. My father says that when I get better we will stay in Turkey, joining nearly 700,000 other Syrians who have taken shelter in the country. "This is our home now," he tells us.

DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE	
	
NATIONALITY: SYRIA	
<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 100px; height: 100px; margin: 0 auto;"></div>	<p><b>Adnan</b></p> <hr/> <small>NAME</small>
<small>THUMBPRINT</small>	<p><b>11</b></p> <hr/> <small>AGE</small>

I came to Turkey from Aleppo with my parents, three sisters and brother two months ago. We live in a tiny garage in the outskirts of the city with 20 other refugees. Even though my father works six days a week shoveling coal into delivery trucks, he doesn't make enough to feed the seven of us and pay the rent for the garage. My little sister is hungry a lot of the time. I decided to help my family by selling packets of tissues to the other 100,000 Syrians who have fled Syria and live here like me. I buy 30 packets of tissues for \$4 and manage to sell them in around 3 to 4 days. I accept whatever price people can afford. Some give me pennies, while others manage to offer me a few dollars. Since I started doing this a month ago, I've managed to make \$25 which I give to my mother to buy food. Sometimes I give my little sister some money to buy herself something so she isn't hungry anymore.

DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE	
 <p><b>NATIONALITY: SYRIA</b></p>	
 <p>THUMBPRINT</p>	<p><b>Liliane</b></p> <hr/> <p>NAME</p> <p><b>10</b></p> <hr/> <p>AGE</p>

I'm Liliane, a ten year old Syrian girl. I'm currently living at a SOS Children's Villages interim care centre in Lebanon with my brother. Our mother is in Syria recuperating from a lost kidney. She came back to Syria to find us after a bomb hit our home in Aleppo. When the bomb hit, she thought she had lost us all. She came back when she found out we were alive, but the strenuous trip put her back in the hospital. While she gets better we're being looked after here in Lebanon. When I'm older, I want to be an interior designer and go back to Syria, I miss it.

DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE	
 <p><b>NATIONALITY: SYRIA</b></p>	
 <p>THUMBPRINT</p>	<p><b>Omar</b></p> <hr/> <p>NAME</p> <p><b>21</b></p> <hr/> <p>AGE</p>

I am Omar. I grew up in Aleppo where all of my family and relatives lived close to one another. Today we are spread across five different continents. Some of my uncles have remained in Syria, others are in Europe. My parents, siblings and I have been stuck in Turkey for three years. Before we fled I was detained by the government and tortured for six days. When I managed to escape my parents gave me a fake passport which said I was two years younger than my real age and allowed me to escape the military draft. I recently heard that my girlfriend died in a bombing, but what can you do? This is what war is like. Despite all of this I have not lost hope. I look forward to being reunited with my uncles in Northern Europe and to return to school so that I can finish my studies and become an engineer.

DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE	
 <p><b>NATIONALITY: SYRIA</b></p>	
<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 150px; height: 120px; margin: 0 auto;"></div> <p>THUMBPRINT</p>	<p><b>Hussein</b></p> <hr/> <p>NAME</p> <p><b>19</b></p> <hr/> <p>AGE</p>

I recently paid traffickers \$800 to get to Greece from Turkey. This isn't a fixed price. It changes based on a variety of factors. For example, if the weather is bad the price drops to half. But I didn't want to risk dying out at sea. I left my parents behind in Syria to join other relatives who have fled towards Europe. I know that Europe is going to be my new home, but foreign lands feel like your father has married another woman. She will never be your mother. Syria will always be my home.

DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE	
 <p><b>NATIONALITY: SYRIA</b></p>	
<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 150px; height: 120px; margin: 0 auto;"></div> <p>THUMBPRINT</p>	<p><b>Mohammed</b></p> <hr/> <p>NAME</p> <p><b>20</b></p> <hr/> <p>AGE</p>

My name is Mohammed. I just paid \$1,200 to get to Greece. My parents thought I should have stayed in Turkey but I want to get to Europe. I only have €100 left and I don't know if this will be enough to get me there. I don't want to go back to Syria. Everyone is against everyone else. If you were out at night and a car came by, you would hide. If you encountered someone from ISIS and wore short sleeves, you were in trouble. One of my cousins worked in a poultry farm, they dropped a bomb and he was killed. You can't live in that place. If things were like before nobody would leave. Things were good five years ago.



**NATIONALITY: SYRIA**

DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE



THUMBPRINT

**Bitsaiah**

NAME

**9**

AGE

My name is Bitsaiah and I am nine years old. A year ago, I made the journey to Šid, a small town in Serbia - but my parents and younger brother were left stuck in Greece. I couldn't speak any Serbian, so my foster family had to use Google translate to communicate with me. My guardian suggested my foster parents take me to the UNICEF-supported child-friendly space in Adaševci so I could play with other children and speak with them in our native language. I forgot how much I had enjoyed playing with children my age, and speaking in my own language. After two weeks, my family finally reached Šid too and we were reunited. Now we can focus on continuing our journey to a better future.



**NATIONALITY: IRAQ**

DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE



THUMBPRINT

**Farah**

NAME

**8**

AGE

Hello, my name is Farah and I am eight years old. I am from Mosul, Iraq. I am in second grade and would like to be a doctor when I grow up. My parents and siblings, Saif, Noal, Malak, Ali, and I fled our country due to its political instability. We traveled to Greece and then through the former Yugoslav Republic of Macedonia to Serbia. We did not know where we wanted to go. We just knew we wanted to be somewhere safe. UNICEF representatives found us in the boat, and brought us back to a refugee center. We now live in a safe place, where our necessities are met. I hope to someday fulfill my dreams of becoming a doctor and helping others.



**NATIONALITY: SYRIA**

DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE



THUMBPRINT

**Tarek**

NAME

**4**

AGE

Hello, my name is Tarek and I am four years old. I am from Kameshli, Syria. When my home was destroyed, my family fled to Lebanon in order to find a new home. My brother, my father and I lived in Beirut in a cardboard box for a while. We relied on strangers walking on the street in order to have money to buy food and our most basic necessities. One day, we were transported to an interim care center in Lebanon. Here, my brother and I attend school, my father has a job, and we have a home. I would like to become a doctor one day. I know my education here will prepare me to fulfill this dream one day.



**NATIONALITY: MOROCCO**

DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE



THUMBPRINT

**Anouar**

NAME

**11**

AGE

My name is Anouar. I knew from a young age I was gay, and I spent my teenage life escaping persecution in my home country of Morocco, where homosexual acts are punishable by law. My life at home was difficult and it was hard to hold down a job. When I was 19, I left for Spain and then France - but it was still hard to be open about my sexuality because they both have large North African communities. I eventually got to the UK, thinking I would be free there. However, when I arrived to claim asylum, I was immediately detained, and spent the next four months in three different detention centers. After I was released, life on the outside was no better. There was nothing. My asylum was denied, and I soon became homeless. Then I met Ilyas at a homeless hostel. His journey was very different. He fled Tunisia during the Arab Spring, and no-one knew he was gay. He was still afraid to say it for fear of persecution. He applied for asylum on the grounds of political activities and not his sexuality. After hearing our story, Refugee Action found us a temporary shelter, and they are helping me apply for longer term accommodation so Ilyas and I can live together without fear of being sent to different cities by the Home Office. We are still young and we try to be positive. We're studying English and taking other free courses at a local college. Now all we want is to get our papers sorted out, get jobs, and stay together in England.



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: ERITREA



THUMBPRINT

Seble

NAME

28

AGE

My name is Seble and I am from Eritrea. I left when I was 17 due to religious persecution. As a Christian, I was not allowed to follow my faith. Since 2002, the Eritrean government has jailed and physically abused citizens for practicing religions other than Sunni Islam, Ethiopian Orthodox, Catholicism, and Lutheranism. I feared conscription into the military, but I also fear imprisonment, or something worse. I fled my home. I first traveled to Sudan where I worked as a housemaid for a Saudi Arabian family. I rarely left the house, as I knew the Eritrean authorities oft searched for military dissidents in neighboring countries. Hoping to find sanctuary, I paid a trafficker to smuggle me into Greece. When I reached Greece, I was forced to leave by authorities. Hidden under Christmas trees in a lorry, I made it to England. I immediately claimed asylum and was relocated to a hostel in Liverpool. The people living around me were very different to me, different religion, different nationality, and different backgrounds. I struggled to prove my nationality in order to request asylum, and was thrown to the streets- homeless. I didn't sleep for days. One day, I was taken into Refugee Action where I learned about my rights as an asylum seeker and hope to submit a fresh claim for asylum. It's been tough, everyone knows Eritrea has problems, but to get evidence on my individual case is almost impossible.



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: CONGO



THUMBPRINT

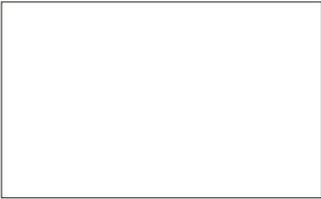
Patricia

NAME

30

AGE

My name is Patricia and I am from Congo. I left my country in 2003 after my family was targeted and killed for our political beliefs. Being an asylum seeker is not an easy life. I was a pediatric nurse in Congo Brazzaville, working in the local hospital where my mother was a chemist. She was killed by the government because she refused to support them. In 1998, my husband fled the country because he was part of the opposition party. After my husband left, people began to search after me, so in 2003, I fled. It's very frustrating because as an asylum seeker, you're not allowed to work, or take full time classes. After spending a few years in the UK, I moved to Glasgow where I joined the Refugee Women's Strategy group. We help women transition and find asylum. As a part of the group, I have gained strength and have seen my impact on society. My time here has helped me realize I am not the only one.

		DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE	
<b>NATIONALITY: NIGERIA</b>			
	<b>Daniel</b>		
THUMBPRINT	NAME		
	<b>24</b>		
	AGE		

My name is Daniel, and I am from West Africa. I arrived in the UK at 16 when I was abandoned by an agent who sent me to the Scottish Refugee Council. Ever since I left home, I have not heard from my family.

My father was from a political party that was in opposition to the government. They wanted to kill him, so he ran away. The government forces came to our flat to find him – they set the house on fire, arrested my mum, me and my brother. They put us in jail, and then my mum was moved. We never saw her again. I don't know what happened to my brother either. I managed to get out of jail because my uncle knew one of the guards.

When I got to Glasgow, the agent put me in a taxi at the station and told the driver to drop me at Scottish Refugee Council. Then he disappeared. From there I got transferred to the social work department and then to one of the hostels in Glasgow. It was a place for homeless adults. I was there for eight months. After four months they took me to the Home Office to do the asylum process. I didn't really understand what was going on, I'd never had any counseling – I just went there. I didn't understand how important the asylum process was – asylum was a strange word to me. I was a child. Now I've moved on with my life, and have academic and professional qualifications. But I think about the trauma I went through every day.



DISPLACED PERSON / REFUGEE

NATIONALITY: N SUDAN



THUMBPRINT

Bakit

NAME

17

AGE

We returned to our village and the first thing that greeted us was decomposing flesh. And then, as we walked further up the hill, we saw, almost blending into the sand, the bodies of men who appeared to have been executed. Most of the bullet holes seemed to have entered from the back of the head or the back itself. But the thing that I found the most haunting was that one of them had clearly made a run for it. And he almost looked like he was pleading for mercy. When we realized there was nothing left we made our way to the refugee camp.



CAMP VOLUNTEER

NATIONALITY: UNITED STATES



THUMBPRINT

Carol

NAME

42

AGE

I am a volunteer refugee camp rescue worker from the US. The camp where I work has about 19,000 refugees, but in the entire region, there are 189,000 refugees, and the United Nations is planning for another 100,000 on top of that. One camp is the farthest north, which means it's in the driest part of the Sahara. Walking around it, you are struck by one thing. If this is better than where they came from, imagine what they are fleeing.



**DOCTORS WITHOUT BORDERS**

**NATIONALITY: UNITED STATES**



THUMBPRINT

**Robert**

NAME

**52**

AGE

I am a doctor working with a relief organization here in Africa. The African Union now has monitors in Darfur, trying to police an area the size of Texas. Meanwhile, the World Health Organization estimates another 7,000 people die every month in Darfur. "Fifty thousand people have died so far. That's 50,000 too many. But when we know there are between a million and two million who can yet be saved, what is our excuse for watching this happen in slow motion?"



**ASSOCIATED PRESS**

**NATIONALITY: UNITED STATES**



THUMBPRINT

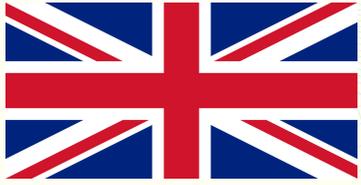
**Chris**

NAME

**35**

AGE

I am a photojournalist from Chicago. I have been in Africa documenting what is going on here so that people in the United States understand the seriousness of this terrible situation. Every day I meet wonderful people who are living through this nightmare. It is important that people become aware of the atrocities and ways that they can help these people.



**HUMANITARIAN AID WORKER  
IN HUMAN RESOURCES**

**NATIONALITY: UNITED KINGDOM**



THUMBPRINT

**Carol**

NAME

**35**

AGE

I do this work because I share the same sense of hope for a better future that keeps the people in South Sudan going. I also want to contribute to a better life for others. This is based on a strong sense of equality: we are all humans and have the same basic ideas about our lives - we all want a home, a safe place to live, and to live in harmony with our neighbors and nature around us. We all shed tears when we experience sadness or intense joy; when the drums play the beat of our heart, we want to dance. If I can contribute in my own way to create a better future for my fellow humans, I feel human, I feel part of our world, and that more than justifies the intense changes, and sometimes feeling a little bit lost.



**HUMANITARIAN AID WORKER  
IN FOOD SECURITY**

**NATIONALITY: ERITREA**



THUMBPRINT

**Theodros**

NAME

**33**

AGE

I know what means to be hungry! I know the weakness and desperation you feel when you are hungry. I studied agriculture, crop and livestock production, to support my fellow brothers and sisters to produce food on their own and be self-sufficient. I feel contented in my heart when I see farmers at the field harvesting their crops, enjoying the fruits after months of cultivation, or people milking cows they have been caring for for over many months or even an entire lifetime.



**HUMANITARIAN AID WORKER**

**NATIONALITY: S SUDAN**



THUMBPRINT

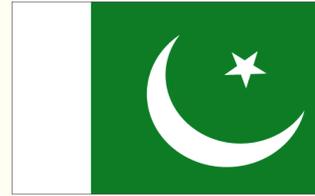
**Daniel**

NAME

**52**

AGE

I have experienced war - in 1991 and more recently during the fighting in December 2013. My wife, relatives and I fled from our home town in Bor (Jonglei State) when the fighting started in December 2013. We hid in the bush for ten days, sneaking back into the town to see if the fighting had ended. There were dead bodies everywhere. We could not go back home. We decided to cross the river Nile and come here to Minkaman. We had a whole life in Bor- I was just finishing my degree in the university; my wife had her own duties. Life was good. Then we had to start all over again in a new place. Many people came to Minkaman from Bor. They were suffering. I had suffered too. I felt part of them as I understood what they had experienced and what they needed. I soon started working with Oxfam, helping in distributing food to the community. I help because these people are my community; they are human beings. You can't run away from this. You have to be brave and go through it. People here call me 'man of food'. They know I'm in a similar position as they are, and I am helping.



**HUMANITARIAN AID WORKER  
PROGRAM MANAGER**

**NATIONALITY: PAKISTAN**



THUMBPRINT

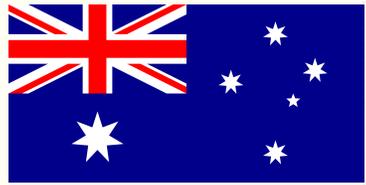
**Naser**

NAME

**35**

AGE

I am proud to be a Humanitarian Worker as I have a Billion Dollar satisfaction of using all my knowledge and skills to reduce the suffering of people in great distress, and to protect their dignity in times of crisis.



**NATIONALITY: AUSTRALIA**

**HUMANITARIAN AID WORKER  
PROGRAM MANAGER**



THUMBPRINT

Emma

NAME

27

AGE

I wanted to make a difference in people's lives. Working in the private sector in Australia got me thinking, there must be more to work than this. I started exploring how my daily work could have a positive effect on others. Not to say that I wanted to save the world, but make some small influence people's lives. This work helps me to evaluate my own purpose and contribution to the greater good. This is why I enjoy it even now after more than 10 years in humanitarian work getting out to the field and being with the people we support. They are the ones who remind me why I do this work.



**NATIONALITY: PORTUGAL**

**HUMANITRIAN AID WORKER  
PROJECT COORDINATOR**



THUMBPRINT

Isabel

NAME

60

AGE

Our work serves a purpose and makes a difference by helping people to claim their right to a dignified and fulfilling life. Rights that are very much taken for granted in Portugal, where I come from. No matter the challenges and often-hard conditions we live under, humanitarians have the privilege to be regularly inspired by the tenacity and spirit of the people we serve.



NATIONALITY: S SUDAN

HUMANITRIAN AID WORKER  
PUBLIC HEALTH PROMOTOR



THUMBPRINT

Lisa

NAME

45

AGE



NATIONALITY: S SUDAN

HUMANITRIAN AID WORKER  
PUBLIC HEALTH ENGINEER



THUMBPRINT

Khan

NAME

42

AGE

This morning I did a vacuum-assisted vaginal delivery on woman having her eighth baby. She'd been pushing for one and a half hours. She was exhausted and when she saw me she asked for a Cesarean section. I assessed her pelvis and contractions and felt confident that the baby could deliver vaginally. So I applied a small cup to the baby's head, which was low by now, and suction was added. I gently pulled as the mother pushed with her next contraction and out came the 3.7 kg boy with a big head. The woman herself must have weight about 110 lbs. She got off the delivery table, walked to the postpartum room, and started eating breakfast while nursing her newborn. It was routine to her. As I said, tough women!

I became a humanitarian because I know what it feels like to be in need in South Sudan. I felt it when I was working in Juba at the UN base where many like me ran to for safety. And I feel it now in Lankien where many are still suffering. I do what I do because I want to help people in times when they need it the most.



DOCTOR'S WITHOUT BORDERS

NATIONALITY: UNITED STATES



THUMBPRINT

Jeremy

NAME

52

AGE

My association with MSF began in 2004. I had worked occasionally with another medical humanitarian organization and was looking for a way to work in a different country.

A typical day would start at 6:30 am, when I would awaken, shower, and eat breakfast in the MSF house with my associates. I would walk 10 or 15 minutes through a residential neighborhood to arrive at the hospital before 8:00. Rounds with the surgeon and gynecologist were held from 8:00 to 9:00 am. We rounded together or split up rounds if the census was high.

About 8:30 I would leave rounds to get things started in the operating room. Usually we had a list of cases: patients who had come to the emergency department overnight or had problems that were identified on rounds.

Surgery started around 9:00. We operated until about 1:00 and then went home for lunch. We returned at 2:00 and operated until we were done, or until 7:00 pm, when we returned to the house for dinner.

I was usually in bed by 9:00 or 10:00 pm.



DOCTOR'S WITHOUT BORDERS

NATIONALITY: CANADA



THUMBPRINT

Sarah

NAME

28

AGE

There is an intimacy about living on the boat with the people you have rescued that isn't present in other projects or jobs. We live with, feed, care for, and hang out with our passengers and patients. When something terrible happens, it hurts all the more.

As an ER doctor, I am regularly visited by death. I don't have an adversarial role with death - some deaths are timely and beautiful but others are tragic. I accept that I will see both types of deaths in the ER. When working with MSF, I expect to see death in its most heinous form because MSF goes where many others refuse to, or cannot, go.



**PHOTOJOURNALIST**

**NATIONALITY: UNITED STATES**



THUMBPRINT

**David**

NAME

**43**

AGE

When I decided to try to report on the Syrian crisis, I knew that many fine photographers were already covering the story from many angles. I felt it was too dangerous for me to go into Syria to cover the fighting. While we were in Turkey, two colleagues were kidnapped just across the border. And I wasn't convinced I'd be able to show anything new and compelling. However, the refugee crisis was easy to photograph, and I felt reporting on their situation might do some good. I wanted to try something different, an approach that might shift the public from sympathy to empathy.



**ASSOCIATED PRESS**

**NATIONALITY: UNITED STATES**



THUMBPRINT

**Chris**

NAME

**35**

AGE

I was approached to cover the Syrian refugee crisis in the Middle East. It was a topic I was already interested in, so it was not a hard decision to say yes.

There's a lot of talk and fear about refugees and so it's critical that people can see for themselves what's happening

The UNHCR chooses photographers who can show that this refugee is a regular person who has run out of options and is being forced to do something desperate to protect his or her family