



## ***Educate Together / Plan Resource Project -- Case Studies***

Cut out the stories and give one to each of the groups

### **Aniya's Story**

Hello, my name is Aniya. I come from Sudan, a country in Africa. My family and I came to Ireland because there was a war in our country and our lives were in danger. We had to leave our home in a hurry in the middle of the night. We had to leave everything behind except some clothes, some cooking dishes and a little money. When we arrived in Ireland, everything seemed very strange. It was very cold, people wore different clothes and spoke a different language. We were all very frightened and worried about our future. We have to stay in a refugee centre until we can find our own place to live.

### **Edeline's Story**

My name is Edeline. I live in a city called Port-au-Prince in Haiti. During the 12 January 2011 earthquake, three of my fingers were "ecrasé net," which means crushed, when my house collapsed. I didn't know what was happening during the quake. It was very scary, there were lots of buildings shaking and crashing down. After the quake there was nothing left of my house. My neighbours pulled my family and me out of our house. It was not safe for us to stay where our house was so we had to walk over all the rubble and bodies to safety. I now live with my family in a camp in Port-au-Prince. We all live in one tent. There is not much room for us all. There are many families living in the camp who have lost their homes.

## Alberto's story

My name is Alberto. I live in Brazil. I used to live with my family but not any more. My parents are very poor and we were always hungry. I tried to help by looking for ways of getting money. Each day I searched in the dustbins looking for metal, cardboard and scraps of wood. When I had a bundle collected I would sell it to Miguel, the scrap dealer. The money he gave me helped me to buy some food for the family. It was never enough for all of us.

One day I met Jose at the city dump. It was a bad day. I had been searching since early morning but I had found very little scrap. I couldn't face another hungry night at home. 'I have an idea', Jose said, 'I know some older boys who earn money by cleaning car windows and polishing shoes. Let's find them and see if they'll help.' Off we went to look for the boys. We found them under one of the bridges, sitting on cardboard boxes. 'We'll help alright', said Marcus, the oldest boy. 'You can borrow our brushes and polish tomorrow but you must give us half of what you earn. If you work hard you will be able to buy your own brushes soon.' That night we slept under the bridge. It was cold. I missed my brothers and sisters but at least there was now one less mouth to feed at home.

I spent one year living on the streets. I didn't like it. Sometimes I was frightened. The people living in the area complained that we were making too much noise. They were worried that we would steal their things. The police would often come when we were sleeping and move us on.

## Charles's story

Hi! My name is Charles Senyange and I am 12, nearly 13. I live with about twenty other boys in an old wagon in the railway yard in Kampala, a city in Uganda. I have to live there because my parents were killed by soldiers three years ago and I ran away and hid here. We sleep on the floor of the wagon on newspapers, but I also have some empty cardboard boxes and a bed sheet which I have to keep hidden in a safe place during the day or they would be stolen.

I do have a very good friend and we help to look after each other. His name is Musa Umani and we keep each other warm at night when it gets very cold in the wagon.

In the morning I usually go straight to the city market about 10 minutes walk away. It is here that all the lorries arrive with loads of goods to sell. I often pick up loose bananas from the floor where they have fallen and sell them. Sometimes I sell soap which I buy cheaply from one of the lorry drivers.

For my breakfast, which I buy from the hot food stalls in the market, I have black coffee with sugar, and some cassava with beans. For lunch I may have matoke and rice. When I have earned a lot I may buy some meat.

I have one pair of shorts and one shirt which I wash once a week in the river with a bit of soap. I also have a pair of shoes. I found them on the rubbish pile.

The police don't like boys like me working in the market. They think we're going to make trouble. Sometimes they come and chase us away so we have to be on the lookout for them. If they catch us they sometimes take us to the police station and beat us, or they may send us to Naguru, a boys' home. I don't like Naguru because we are treated just like prisoners; we can't walk or go out, and besides, I don't like the food there.

### **Aniba's Story,**

Hello my name is Aniba and I live in Ethiopia. Me and my family used have a hut and a small plot of land to keep our cow and chickens. We used to grow food there too. But during the high season the weather got so hot that our crops wouldn't grow and all the rivers dried up. We had a drought for many months. We had no choice but to try and find a place to grow our food and feed our animals. We packed up as much as we could carry. We walked for miles, stopping only to sleep. We sleep under a make shift canopy and try to find berries to eat. We are walking to a camp that helps people like us. I hope to get there soon.

### **Saakaar's Story**

Hello, my name is Saakaar. I lived in Lakeview, New Orleans, in America. I lost my house in Hurricane Katrina on August 29, 2005. My family didn't realise how big the hurricane would be and we didn't have time to pack. We left our home for safety with just the clothes on our backs and that was it. We stayed in the football stadium with hundreds of other families until the storm passed. When we went back to our street there was nothing left. The hurricane had flattened everything. There were cars and boats from the harbor on top of houses. My Dad's restaurant was destroyed and there was no way for us to make any money. We had to move away and live with my cousins until we could build everything again. My Mum, Dad and my little sister all stayed in one room. It was very hard for many years.

## **Mary's Story**

Hello my name is Mary. I live in Sligo. My Mum, my sister and me lived in Dublin, Ireland. My mum had a cleaning job in a big company. The company lost all its money and my Mum lost her job. She tried very hard to get a new job but couldn't. Soon the bills started piling up and soon we couldn't live in our flat anymore. When we lost our home, I was 12. I thought we were just moving to a different place. The next thing we were on the streets. I hadn't a clue what was going to happen. We went with my mother to England. We didn't like it and came home and me and my sister ended up on the streets. My mother stayed in England and sent us money when she could. We used to ring her and pretend everything was ok. She was out of her mind... up the wall with worry. We used to get £27 a week to live on, we were starving, we'd rob stuff and everything just to feed ourselves. Once I was robbed of all my clothes and my shoes. We used to be filthy and our clothes were in bits from sleeping out. I felt other people were looking down on us.

## **Rayan's Story**

Hello my name is Rayan, I live in Nowshera District in Pakistan. Our home was flattened in the 2010 flooding. My Dad took my family to mosque before the water reached our home. It was really hard climbing hills to find dry land, moving any possessions we could, and roaming and sleeping on the streets. Imagine looking around the village or town you live in and seeing nothing but water and mud for miles around. Fields and crops have been ruined, not only for this year but for next year as the people will not be able to sow the coming year's crops. This means that there will be a shortage of food, leaving many families starving. We lost all our cattle, our house collapsed. Not even a needle was spared. We lived in a camp in Charsadda District for three months before returning to Nowshera and we are now living in a tent and trying to rebuild our house.

Group Number \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Questions	Your Answers
1. How did they become homeless?	
2. How did they feel when they lost their home, do you think?	
3. What do you think they miss about their home?	
4. Have they lost any rights?	
5. Do you think their homelessness is permanent?	