

# When the Extreme Becomes the Norm

## Darfuri Mother Shares Her Story



**Dajhima, Djabal Refugee Camp**

When we were living in Sudan, we had so many things, like vegetables, fruit trees, and things we could prepare. We could cultivate our land.

Here is like a desert; nothing grows. Food that we are given is not enough, but there is nothing we can do but wait for monthly distribution.

Early in the morning, around four AM, they started bombing us, and we had to leave all.

During the attack, if you were strong you can carry two of your children; but if not, they were left behind.

The helicopters were bombing from the sky. The janjaweed were riding their horses, and they would surround you and kill you.

During the running, so many people were down. They were dead and injured. If you were holding your son's hand and he escaped from you, there is no way to get him again because of the masses of people running. So many were injured, and so many were killed.

My son Ibrahim escaped from me, and it was eight days before I saw him again.

If they saw that you were wearing nice clothing, they would point the gun at you and tell you to remove it all. They would take everything. If they saw a girl that was about to be mature, they would take her away.

They killed my father, and the son of another family member. From my family in-law, they killed six of their men.

No time to bury them. We had to run.

When we crossed to the border, some people from Chad helped us and gave us food. After more than a month, the humanitarians came and brought us to this camp.

I thank God for everything. It is part of life. We are still alive.