While grazing was abundant, we would stay in one place. When the pasture ran out, we would move on to a new place on the plain.

There were no fields or crops to till. We had no connection to the government of Swaziland, and we didn't consider ourselves as 'Swazi.' Instead, we were just our clan.

We were living near Marapong, where the war began. We had to flee towards Eswatini...

But for a year, we were alone. At the camp in Ramapo, the pasture ran out. Finally, we lost every last animal...

When we finally returned to Swaziland, the border area was full of bandits. My parents gave up being pastoralists.

By 1988, we had sixty goats, and 5 cattle, and 5 donkeys. Oh, and four children too. But most of the time I was away tending to the herd. The benefits were our future. So I paid most attention to the animals.

And they ignored us!... Then the drought began...

Instead, they opened a coffee shop. But I didn't want to leave the land. I just met my husband and returned to the plain with him.