Month by month the herd began to starve. We would wake in the morning to find another animal dead—ten, or two, or three...

We could not eat them because they were not alive in hourly...

...and we could not eat them because we wanted the herd to survive...

...so I would take the babies away from the camp...

...and leave them out, for the foxes and wolverines...

Our animals were everything, when they were, we die...

We would sing to the sick ones.

And came here to Kenya.
The land was full of sorrows.
Small farmers—refugees and failed farmers—people like us.
We were issued pots, pans and blankets—but we had to pay rent of 20,000 shillings each month.

And earned the money by collecting gravel from the mountain. The children worked beside me. Very hard work...

In one year we lost all the animals. I didn't want to be a pastoralist anymore. It's a hard and vulnerable life. So we sold, as a family, out of the countryside...

But my husband became depressed. He only showed what all day. So finally I told him to go—leave me.