

“ *It is hard being the head of the home.* ”

ARUAL MAGOR DENG, 17

▶ FEMALE HOUSEHOLD HEAD

I left Bor in January 2014 because of the war. We escaped by boat and it was really bad. I remember when the boat was in the water and they were shooting at us. I was with my three sisters and brothers because my mother remarried and moved to the village. My father was stabbed with a spear during a tribal fight and they took him to Kenya. So I am the head of our family.

We spent one day in Juba then we travelled to Elegu and arrived empty handed. Life in the camp is good because they serve us food. Sometimes when the food gets finished early we get help from relatives and other times we sleep on empty stomachs. It is hard being the head of a home.

“ *I want to become
a doctor...
i hope to get a
scholarship* ”

KUEI DENG ANYANG, 13

► EDUCATION

We left Malakal in April 2014 and walked for weeks before we reached the airport in Paloich. It was my mother, stepmother, father, four stepbrothers and I. You needed money to use the planes and we had no money so we waited for the free one. There were many people so you had to fight to enter the free UN planes. They let us in but our parents stayed behind. When we arrived in Juba, we called our elder brother and he gave us the phone number of a relative who let us stay in his house.

We waited for our parents for one month without going to school because we did not have the money for school fees. My father died soon after they arrived in Juba due to illness. So I started the trip to Uganda with my mother and two relatives. In the settlement they offered us food and shelter but after some time, my mother moved back to Juba. It is not so easy now that food rations are not enough; so if my mother does not send money it is hard to beg relatives since everyone is getting less. I want to become a doctor. I completed primary seven but my mother's business does not give her enough to pay for food and school fees. So I hope I can get a scholarship.



I want to go to secondary school if i get someone to help pay my school fees.

REGINA JOKROUT, 16

▶ EDUCATION

I came to Uganda in 2012. When the war started, I was separated from my mother and father. I was in Malakal but my father was in Juba and my mother was in Khartoum. So I was with my uncle's wife and she took my siblings and I along with her children to Kampala. In 2013 we moved to the Kiryandongo settlement but paying school fees became hard for her and she started mistreating me because I am from a different tribe.

When I heard that my sister had gone to Boroli settlement, I decided to move there and live a better life. I have not heard from my father and do not know if he is alive or not. My sister's husband who works as a driver in South Sudan has been sending her money and she paid for my school fees and buys me the things girls need. I finished primary seven this year and if I get good grades I want to go to secondary school if I can get someone to help pay my school fees.

REGINA JOK

“ *It is true that they rape girls within the camps* ”

SAFA WALID, 15

► SEXUAL VIOLENCE

I left Sudan in 2013 because of the fighting in Kadugli. When we arrived in South Sudan, it was peaceful until 22nd December 2013. I lost my father and my uncle because of the fighting. My mother started taking care of five of us, including two of my cousins aged 12 and 5 years. We were scared. The day we left we only carried some clothes and left everything at home.

We walked for three days from Juba to Nimule. So many people were killed while we were walking. I would hear shooting out of nowhere but we never saw them and we would find people who had been slaughtered. We had carried some food and water but it got finished on the second day.

We arrived in Eleguand they brought us to the settlement. I am now in primary 7 and I like the school. It is more secure here but it is also true that they rape girls within the camps. So we do not move around at night because young men admire you.

“When we were running she was shot in the leg.”

SADIA AMOS, 15

► PHYSICAL TRAUMA

When the war began, my parents ran in different directions and we were separated. I fled with my sister to Labarab and the UN team took us to Boma, gave us food and other necessities. While we were there, war broke out again and this time we ran to Kapoeta. My sister left me and travelled to Uganda because when we were running away from Bibor, she was shot in the leg. So someone took her to Kampala for treatment but no one was able to heal her and after some time there was no money to help her.

I arrived at the Boroli settlement in February 2016. When my sister joined me she went to the health centre but was advised to go back where she was first treated. Now she stays inside, her leg is painful and she has developed ulcers.

“ *I will not go back even if the war stops, if i go back, who will help me?* ”

YOM MAKOL ALUONG, 15

▶ FEMALE HOUSEHOLD HEAD

We started running away at night when we heard the guns and people fighting. My father is old, over 70 years so we did not carry anything. Those who did not have children could carry bags. My mother was 15 when she got married and it was a forced marriage. So when she turned 35 she left our home and married another man.

We left Bor and struggled to get onto a boat. From Juba we got a car to Nimule and arrived in Elegu on 4th February 2014. They put us under the mango tree, we stayed in some rooms for 16 days and they gave us food and medicine because we all had diarrhoea.

On 20th February we moved to Nyumazi settlement. My sisters and I started school and in 2015 I completed senior 4. My father went back to Bor because he is more used to that climate. Now I am the head of the family. I explained to the camp leaders and I hope they told the UN people. I do not get time to see the opportunities on the board because I am always at home taking care of the children. I want to pursue my A level education in Uganda since here I have food and a house. If I cannot continue with school, I will find something to do to help my family. I will not go back even if the war stops because if I go back who will help me?

“ *I lack things like sanitary pads*

TABISA ANGER MACHAR, 16

▶ GIRLS' REPRODUCTIVE HEALTH NEEDS

I left my home in Bor, Jonglei state at 3:00 am. We were sleeping and there was fighting right near our home so we ran to the bush. My mother, my three brothers, two sisters and I stayed in the bush for three days. My brother then sent us a boat from Juba. When it arrived people were fighting to enter the boat because if you stayed behind they would shoot you.

We arrived in Bahr el ghazal at 1:00am and waited for one day before my father picked us to go to Juba. From Juba we moved to Nimule and then ended up at Elegu. We spent three days there and it was very cold, had many mosquitoes and we slept on the floor. When we moved to Nyumazi settlement we got things like blankets and tarpaulin and I started going to primary school.

In 2015 my father went back to take food to soldiers, he was abducted and no one knows whether or not he was killed. Life is okay in the settlement but not completely safe for me because I lack things like sanitary pads. I have now finished my primary level exams and I believe I am going to pass.

“ *Sometimes at night i remember the sound of gunshots and i get scared.* ”

AMALIA STEPHEN, 17

► PSYCHOLOGICAL TRAUMA

We ran away from the fighting in Malakal in 2013. It took us three days to reach Poloch and from there it took us two hours to reach Juba. From Juba we used a vehicle to reach Uganda. We spent nine days in Elegu and were taken to Nyumazi. I am here with my mother, father, four sisters and three brothers.

When we were running away we would meet people and they stole our food, our water and even clothes. So for the two days before we reached Poloch we had no food or water.

I prefer it here because there is no shooting, you do not see guns or anything related to guns. I miss home but I hate so much that they are fighting and killing people. I lost some friends who were shot when they were running away. Sometimes at night I remember the sound of gunshots and I get scared.