

# SOMEONE like ME



# SOMEONE like ME

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MEET RAMON, MARIAM, AHMED, PAUL,  
AISHA, SAMUEL, GRACE & LUCIA

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STORIES FROM AROUND THE WORLD  
BROUGHT TO YOU BY CONCERN WORLDWIDE

WRITTEN BY FIONNAGH NALLY



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THE STORY OF

# RAMON

FROM  
PHILIPPINES

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My name is Ramon and I am 7 years old. I live in Igbon, Concepcion, on Panay island in the Philippines. My father is a fisherman. Everybody on these islands relies on fishing. When I grow up I want to be a fisherman just like my dad. My dad used to bring me out with him in his boat so I could help him and learn how to lay the nets to catch the fish. He taught me about the coral in the sea. The coral is alive he tells me and our sea is full of fish that come to feed in the coral. I love to swim and dive down to the coral. It is full of colours and sea creatures. My dad tells me to be careful not to break the coral as it is very delicate.

We get lots of storms where we live. My little sister gets a bit scared sometimes but I take care of her because I am the big brother. We stay indoors and wait until the storm is over. Last year a storm came but it was different from all the rest.



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This storm was a very bad storm. We were all together in our house and the wind started to get louder and louder. We could see the waves getting really high. Then we heard a giant crash and it was a coconut tree that had fallen. My dad said that we had to leave and he shouted that we had to go now! My mother grabbed my baby brother up in her arms and my dad took mine and my sister's hands and we all ran out of the house.

The wind blew really strong in my face and took my breath away. My eyes were stinging and it was really hard to run from the house even with my dad pulling us along. He shouted that we should hold very tight and not let go. My sister was crying and then my dad took her up and carried her and I held on to his shirt very tightly. We all ran away from the sea towards the hill and then up the hill to the top. There were lots of other people from the village running too. We took shelter crouching down in the ground. I didn't let go of my father even after the storm started to ease. We all huddled together and my sister and I went to sleep for a little while once it was calmer. I was very tired after running up the hill.

When we went back in the morning to our village I couldn't believe what I saw. Most of our village was gone. It was like a giant had stomped on the ground. Lots of coconut trees had fallen. In other storms, sometimes my father would have to make repairs to the roof. This time there was no roof to repair. A big tree had fallen on our house and it had broken it to pieces.

My father went to look for his boat but it had been smashed apart. When he saw his boat all broken, my dad got very sad. My dad's boat is very important. Without it we would have no way to fish and make money for the family. My father said he didn't know what to do. My mother told us that it would be ok and that we would just have to find a way to start again.

The worst part after the storm was trying to find water to drink. We had very little food and my tummy hurt. Everybody was helping to clean up and clear away what we could. Even little children like my sister helped carry broken branches away from the beach.

Then help came. We were very happy to see them and we jumped up and down. They wore t-shirts with Concern on them. They came to see the damage and talk to us. They talked to my father and he showed them our smashed house and his broken boats. The next day they came again with some supplies that helped people to fix their houses. A big group from the village helped my father to pull the tree away from our house so he could start repairs.

The people from Concern helped in lots of ways. Some of them looked for men that could go diving. They gave them equipment and trained them to fix the pipes so that we could get clean water. My mother was very happy to hear this. We often had to row to another island before for clean water. It was a far journey and difficult if the sea was rough. Now we don't have to.

They also helped to fix the coral. A lot of the coral was broken and damaged in the storm. This is bad because we want all the different fish to live here. They put down big concrete blocks beside the coral so hopefully it will grow up around these blocks. Coral grows very slowly but this should help it.

**THE PEOPLE FROM CONCERN HELPED IN LOTS OF WAYS. SOME OF THEM LOOKED FOR MEN THAT COULD GO DIVING. THEY GAVE THEM EQUIPMENT AND TRAINED THEM TO FIX PIPES ON THE BED OF THE SEA TO LINK TO THE NEXT ISLANDS THAT WOULD PIPE CLEAN WATER.**





They also helped us with the mangroves. Mangroves are very important here. They grow on the edge of the water and without them storms would be worse. My mum says they also make more oxygen for our planet to breathe. She is helping in a nursery to grow baby mangroves to plant. I think it's funny that they are babies in a nursery. It is just like my baby brother in a nursery except we won't plant him in the ground!

My father went to work in a big shed to repair and build boats. Concern showed him how to do some carpentry so he can fix boats. Many men are working there. My dad shows me some of his tools and he shows me how to use some of them. I can practice on some pieces of wood but I have to be careful and I have to ask my dad first so he can watch what I'm doing. He is very happy that his boat is fixed and he can start catching fish again. This will help us to get enough money for food and clothes and fixing our house up nice again.

The people from Concern also helped our village to build a temporary school. Our school was badly damaged and it will take a long time to fix it all up. Now we all go together in one classroom until the new school is ready. My mother says it is very good that we do not miss lots of our lessons. She says we do not want to fall behind and that it is good to go back to normal. My sister had nightmares for a long time after the storm. If she heard a loud noise she would get scared. I hug my sister when she gets scared. I tell her it is ok because now we are getting everything fixed and we stayed together and we are ok.



**WHEN I GROW UP I WANT TO BE  
A FISHERMAN JUST LIKE MY DAD.**

## PROFILE

# PHILIPPINES

**POPULATION: 100 MILLION**

**CAPITAL: MANILA**

The Philippines are a collection of islands or archipelago, in South East Asia, east of Vietnam. There are over 7,000 islands in the archipelago. They lie between the South China Sea and the Philippine Sea. It lies on a typhoon belt and typically experiences five or six cyclonic storms every year. It is in the Pacific Ring of Fire and so is affected by volcanic activity and tsunamis.

In November 2013, a typhoon struck the Philippines. A typhoon is a tropical storm, which is called a cyclone, hurricane or typhoon in different parts of the world. These storms usually start out in the sea and can do a lot of damage when they reach land. The typhoon called Haiyan was a category 5 typhoon which is the strongest level of typhoon. This typhoon killed thousands of people and did severe damage to the land. More than fourteen million people were affected by this typhoon.

## CONCERN'S WORK IN THE PHILIPPINES

Concern came to work in the Philippines in 2013, in the immediate aftermath of Typhoon Haiyan. This is an example of an emergency programme. Concern has responded to many emergencies around the world over the years. They respond when the country involved is poor and in need of support. Concern has a team of staff who are specially trained to respond to emergencies.

In response to Typhoon Haiyan Concern focussed on some of the most badly affected islands, working to fix or lay water pipes so people had supplies of clean water. They started workshops to repair fishing boats or bought new boats so fishermen could get back out to the sea and make a living again. They started temporary schools so children wouldn't lose out while waiting for schools to be repaired. They are also helping to repair damaged coral reefs and damaged mangroves. They will stay as long as it takes to help the people affected to start to rebuild their lives.

THE STORY OF

# MARIAM

FROM  
SOMALIA

My name is Mariam and I live in Somalia. I am 10 years old. I live in a tent with my family in a very large camp outside Mogadishu. We have come from the Lower Shabelle region in Somalia which is on the coast. The camp we live in is called an IDP camp. IDP stands for Internally Displaced People. These are people like us, who have to flee from their homes to a safer part of the country. We still live in Somalia but just in a different part now. We were scared because we heard that there was going to be more fighting. There is always fighting in Somalia.

Our village was called Bullo-Sidow. It was a hard life in our village because lots of times the rains wouldn't come and the ground would become really dry. Then seeds in the ground wouldn't grow and the cattle didn't have anything to eat. During these bad times we would have very little food to eat. Three years ago it was the worst I can remember. My brother Jamal who was just two years old, got very sick. There was nowhere we could go to get help for him and he died. I was very sad and I still remember my brother all the time.





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**IT WAS HARD TO LEAVE OUR VILLAGE.  
I WAS CRYING BECAUSE I WAS LEAVING BEHIND  
MY BEST FRIEND. SHE IS TEN LIKE ME. WE WOULD  
GO TO COLLECT WATER FROM THE BOREHOLE  
TOGETHER. I MISS HER.**

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It was hard to leave our village. I was crying because I was leaving behind my best friend. She is ten like me. We would go to collect water from the borehole together. I miss her. The journey to this camp took a long time. We had to walk and it was very hot. We couldn't go very fast because my mother had to carry my sister who is just three and can't walk so far. It was hard for my father too. He was wounded in an attack on his village some years ago. He has a lot of pain in his leg and he needs to use sticks to walk.

Back home it was difficult for him to find any work. Some young men from our village travelled right down to the coast. Some of them become fishermen if they can. Others look to join up with dangerous gangs that would try to capture boats for ransom. They hope that they will make lots of money. Sometimes they are drowned because their boats are not strong and they can't swim.

Our place in Mogadishu is called K7. It is near the airport. When we arrived here, we could see rows and rows of tents for miles and miles. We found a spot to put up some sheeting that we had brought to shelter from the sun. Some people that we talked to said that they had been there for years and years. They told us that we had to go and register so we could receive some help.

We found the place to register and we waited in line. They wrote down all about our family. My father received some cash payment to help our family. The people that were helping us were from Concern Worldwide. They have built latrines and brought clean drinking water for the camp. I go in the morning and carry back water to our tent. When we arrived in the camp, my little sister Amala was very sick from the long journey. My mother was very worried about her. She heard that there was a health centre where she could take Amala. The health worker weighed her. She gave her some polio medicine, some vitamins and some special food to help her. After some time Amala started to get better. I am so happy that they were able to help my sister.

More people arrive every day. I am not allowed go too far from our tent because my mother worries that it is not safe or that I might get lost. It was very boring here at first.

Then we found out that I could go to school. I was very nervous. I had never gone to school before. There have been no schools near my village for a very long time. The first time my mother walked me to the big tent. I was scared to go in but my mother told me that I should just try and I could see if I liked coming here. Maybe I could find some new friends. It was very nice in the tent. There were lots of children there. They explained to my mother that they would help get me ready for school. They called this school ABE which stands for alternative basic education. The teacher explained to me that this was a special school for children who hadn't been to school before to help them to catch up.

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**WE FOUND OUT THAT I COULD GO TO SCHOOL.  
I WAS VERY NERVOUS. I HAD NEVER GONE TO  
SCHOOL BEFORE. THERE HAVE BEEN NO SCHOOLS  
NEAR MY VILLAGE FOR A VERY LONG TIME.**

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Now I go nearly every day. I have learnt lots of new things. I know my letters now and I am starting to read. When I go home I tell my parents about what I am learning and they are very happy. I hope that I can go to formal school soon. I have made new friends. There is space for us so we can play too. I like this because there is nowhere else in the camp we can go so this place is for us.

It is hard to live in a tent but I am happy that I am learning. I think that I would like to become a teacher someday. Then I would like to teach girls so lots more girls can learn like me.

**THE PEOPLE THAT WERE HELPING US WERE FROM CONCERN WORLDWIDE. THEY HAVE BUILT LATRINES AND BROUGHT CLEAN DRINKING WATER FOR THIS CAMP. I GO IN THE MORNING AND CARRY BACK WATER TO OUR TENT.**



## PROFILE

# SOMALIA

**POPULATION: 9.3 MILLION**  
**CAPITAL: MOGADISHU**

Somalia is a country in an area known as the Horn of Africa. On a map of the African continent, this region sticks out like a rhino's horn into the Arabian Sea and is the most easterly point.

The population of Somalia is 9.3 million and its capital is Mogadishu. Somalia is a Muslim country and Arabic is one of its official languages.

Somalia is one of the poorest countries in the world. 60 per cent of people live on less than a euro a day. The average life expectancy is just 50 years. Somalia has experienced decades of fighting. From 1991 to 2012 Somalia did not have a parliament or a working government.

As well as suffering through years of conflict, Somalia has also been devastated by droughts and flooding in the region which has led to food shortages there. 70 per cent of people are living without access to clean water.

## CONCERN'S WORK IN SOMALIA

In Somalia only 25 per cent of girls are enrolled in education. Concern is working to give more girls a chance to go to school. Our education programmes train teachers, build and repair schools, provide schools with equipment for learning and provide toilets for girls and boys. Concern also provides education centres for children living in displacement camps in Mogadishu, through Alternative Basic Education or ABE, which helps children who have been out of school.

Concern also works to provide health care and nutrition programmes. Children who are malnourished are given food and medical care to help them to get well again.

In the camps in Mogadishu, Concern is helping people in different ways; with money so people can access health care, as well as distributing food vouchers and providing clean water and safe latrines.

THE STORY OF

# AHMED

FROM  
LEBANON

My name is Ahmed and I am from Syria. I am 12 years old. Before the war I lived with my brothers and sisters in a big house in a nice neighbourhood. I had lots of friends. Some of them lived on my street. I played with them in the evenings after school. We played soccer in the nearby park. Sometimes we would go and play FIFA soccer on my Xbox. I also played as a striker for my local club. I love soccer. I want to be a famous soccer player when I'm older. I like Messi and Ronaldo best of all.

Before the war it was peaceful in Syria. My father had a good job as an engineer. My mother stayed at home. I rode my bicycle to school. My younger sisters went to another school for girls nearby. My older brother Josef was nearly finished when the war started. He was hoping to go to University to study engineering like my father. In school we learnt all our subjects through Arabic. My favourite subjects are math and science.



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**BEFORE THE WAR IT WAS PEACEFUL IN SYRIA.  
MY FATHER HAD A GOOD JOB AS AN ENGINEER.  
MY MOTHER STAYED AT HOME.  
I RODE MY BICYCLE TO SCHOOL.**

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In March 2011 there were some street protests against the government. People were angry at President Bashar al-Assad. They wanted changes. We were not allowed go near to where the protests were. At first they were peaceful protests but then government soldiers were sent in to stop the protests. The government forces killed some of the protesters. Thousands of people took to the streets after that. The protests became more and more violent with fighting between the people who were for the government and the people who were against the government. In our house my father was very unhappy with the trouble the protesters were causing. He thought that they were causing problems for Syria. My brother would argue with him. He thought that it was time for change to come to Syria. I didn't know what to think but I hated to see them arguing.

Over time, the fighting got worse and worse in Syria. The protesters began to get weapons and our country ended up in a war against each other. On one side were the rebels and on the other side were the government forces. The fighting spread across the country from Deraa at the start, south into the capital Damascus and then north into the second city of Aleppo.

Our lives started to change after the war began. It got more dangerous to go out into the streets. My parents decided to keep my two sisters home from school. They were very upset because they missed their friends. My mother would send me for messages. It got harder to find food to buy. It was dangerous to go out. At night we could hear bombing and shooting and sometimes it was very close to our home. We would sometimes have to lie underneath our beds. My sisters would cry. My older brother told me that I had to be brave. He said that he was going to join the rebels and someday I would have to choose and become a fighter too. He said that young boys were fighting for their country. I was scared to think about fighting but I didn't want my brother to know I was scared.

One morning when we got up, my brother had left in the night. I don't know where he is now or if he is ok. We don't know where he went. My father tried to find out but he couldn't get any answers on where Josef had gone. I had to stop going to school then because our school building was taken over by rebels and the government soldiers bombed part of it. My parents decided to leave our home and go stay with our cousins in the country where they hoped it would be safer. We had to pack our belongings into our car. I was allowed to bring just one small bag. I took my Xbox, my FIFA games and my football.

We travelled south into the countryside. For a while we stayed with our cousins but then there was news that the fighting was coming our way again. I heard my parents talking late at night. They decided we should travel over the border into Lebanon. Our uncle brought us part of the way in our car but then we had to walk. We could only bring what we could carry. We walked for a very long time. When we got across the border we arrived in a town in the north of Lebanon, in the Akkar region. It was not like where we lived before. My father found a room for us to stay in. It was very cramped and we all had to stay in the one room.

My father left to go back and see if our house was ok. He was gone a long time. The rent was very expensive and my mother said that we hadn't much saving left so we moved into a large garage with several other families. I was very sad because I couldn't use my Xbox anymore. It was very crowded and there was nowhere we could play. Some people got sick because there wasn't clean water and it was so cramped and dirty. During the winter it was so cold. My youngest sister got a bad cold but we had no money to go to a doctor.

People in the town were angry with the Syrians because they said there were too many of us. They said we were taking their jobs and they didn't want us here. There were so many people arriving all the time from Syria and it was hard for people to find places to stay or work. Some fights broke out between Lebanese and Syrian men over work. It was very difficult then and my mother was very worried.

Then we heard that we could get some help. Some people from a group called Concern Worldwide came to talk to us. They helped us move into a centre and helped us with the rent. It was still small but it was much nicer and much safer than the garage. My mother had somewhere to cook once again. We were told too that we could go to



school. It was a long time since we had been to school but my mother wanted us to go so we would not be hanging around the house all day.

I went to my class but it was very difficult. The other children didn't want to play with us because they said that we were poor and stupid. They said we had lice and that we were smelly. It was hard. We couldn't keep very clean where we were staying. Then the people from Concern started to help fix up the water pipes in the town. This was good for everyone. Not so many people were sick anymore. The Lebanese people were very happy to get their water pipes fixed as they had been in need of repair.

I hadn't been to school in a long time so I was far behind in my lessons. All the lessons were in French not Arabic and I only know a little bit of French so I couldn't understand the teachers. Then the teachers were given some science and maths text books in Arabic. There were special places in the school we could go to play and to talk. Some other children who had left Syria had seen bad fighting and even had family members who were killed. Some children still jump and look really scared when they hear loud noises.

Now life is starting to get better. I have started to play soccer again. I made some friends who I could play football with. I miss my old friends. I don't know what happened any of them or if they are ok. I think about them and I get very sad for my old life. I miss my home. I miss my brother. When my father came back, he said that a lot of damage was done to our neighbourhood and our house. He goes back over the border sometimes to see if our house and things are ok. Each time I am scared that he won't come back. I hope someday all the fighting will end and we can all just go back home.

**NOW LIFE IS STARTING TO  
GET BETTER. I HAVE STARTED  
TO PLAY SOCCER AGAIN.**



## PROFILE

# LEBANON

**POPULATION: 5.8 MILLION**

**CAPITAL: BEIRUT**

Lebanon is a small country in the Middle East region of the world. It is situated between Syria and Israel. It is a small country- much smaller than Ireland. In fact it is smaller than the size of Munster. Lebanon has a population of 5.8 million people. There was a civil war in Lebanon from 1975 to 1990. There has also been fighting between their neighbours Syria in the north and with Israel in the south. Irish peacekeepers were based in the Lebanon between 1978 and 2001 in the southern region where there was trouble with Israel.

While it is now more peaceful in Lebanon there is still poverty as a result of years of fighting.

Since the war broke out in Syria many people have fled Syria and travelled south into Lebanon. It is estimated that more than a million Syrian refugees have fled into Lebanon.

## CONCERN'S WORK IN LEBANON

When Concern began working with the refugees in Lebanon they decided to focus on water, sanitation and hygiene. The refugees are not staying in camps. Instead they are staying in rented accommodation or disused buildings or on the streets. Concern is constructing shelters for families and offering rent support for others. They have been providing support to families during the winter providing items such as thick blankets.

Concern has been providing clean, safe water to people in some of the poorest districts with the greatest number of Syrian refugees. This is helping to ease the tension in communities that have been receiving large numbers of refugees.

Concern is also starting education programmes to support refugee children who have been out of school because of the war.

THE STORY OF

# PAUL

FROM  
LIBERIA

My name is Paul and I live in Liberia. I live in Grand Bassa county with my family. I am nine years old and I am the oldest in my family. I am in grade 3 at school. In school we learn all about my country. Liberia was founded by freed slaves from America and is the oldest republic in Africa. Liberia used to be a wealthy country with good universities.

Then, before I was born, there was war in Liberia for many years. Lots of rebel groups fought each other. Liberia was a very dangerous country to live in. Many people were killed. There was civil war for eleven years before it ended in 2003. My father and mother lived during this time. They told me many stories. Sometimes they would hear that rebels were coming their way. They would have to run out of the houses and go and hide in the forest. The rebels would kill anyone they found. They would steal the food and sometimes they burnt villages. My father said that sometimes rebels would come to a village at night and would take any children they found and make them fight in their army. Sometimes they were as young as I am now. He said that when he was younger, all the children from the area would travel to one building at night and they would all sleep together to stay safe.



During all the years of war, people became very poor. It was difficult to grow their crops because they could be burnt or stolen or they might have to run and hide. Many roads and building were destroyed. Most of the schools were used by soldiers for fighting and many were destroyed. Children didn't get a chance to get an education. He tells me that I am a lucky boy.

I like going to school but it is very far from where I live. I have to get up early because I have to walk for more than an hour to get to the school. This is because there were not so many new schools built and there is no school nearer for me to go to. Our school is very nice. It used to be very dusty and we sat on the floor. Then we heard that some people from Concern Worldwide were going to repair our school. During the school holidays they fixed the roof and put in concrete floors so now our classroom is not dusty like before. We also got new desks. Then they put in some new latrines. There are latrines for the boys and other latrines for the girls. Each class takes turns in making sure they are kept clean and swept out.

My sister used not come to school because there was no toilet and she hated to go into the bushes. She is also very happy because there is a big new water tank at our school. Before they put in the tank it was the job of the girls to collect water for the class. My sister would get cross because she would miss her lessons when she went for water. The new tank collects rainwater during the rainy season and now there is water for cleaning. We use the tap for washing our hands. We learnt that it is very important to wash our hands after the toilet and also before we eat. Now not so many children get sick or get diarrhea.

**I LIKE GOING TO SCHOOL BUT IT IS VERY  
FAR FROM WHERE I LIVE. I HAVE TO GET UP EARLY  
BECAUSE I HAVE TO WALK FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR  
TO GET TO THE SCHOOL. I WANT TO BE  
A DOCTOR WHEN I AM OLDER.**

There is also a new water pump in our village that Concern has helped to build. They came and asked the village leaders and there was a big meeting. My father went and they talked about where to put the pump. They also made a committee to look after the pump. My father helped with the building and he learnt about how to make any repairs. Now my sister doesn't have to go so far to collect water and my mother can go when my sister is in school. The water is clean and we don't get sick now.

In school our teacher teaches us our letters and how to read in the Bassa language which is the language that I speak at home. First when I was at school we learnt in English but that was difficult to learn. Now in Bassa, I can read very well. My teacher had to go to lessons too. My teacher had not been able to go to school for long because of the war so some people from Concern are showing him ways to teach us. Our class has many students and some are a lot older than me. They couldn't come to school before and now they want to come and learn.

I want to be a doctor when I am older. I met a doctor when my mother was having my baby sister. She had to go to a clinic to make sure she was healthy. The doctor told her that it was very important that she ate lots of healthy food to make the baby strong. He told my mother that small babies must get lots of nutrition to help them grow up tall and healthy. The community health workers also showed my mother and all of the other mother's lots of healthy recipes they could cook. We eat lots of maize porridge but now my mother also gives us food like beans or small fish too.

When I am a doctor I want to help people in my community. All the doctors have been very busy because of the Ebola disease that came to Liberia. All the doctors and nurses and community health workers that we see now wear lots of protective clothing. People started becoming sick from Ebola last year. Community Health workers came to the village to talk to everyone about Ebola. We were very scared. We heard that this disease was very dangerous and killed most people who got it. We heard it was very infectious and easy for people to catch. This news made people want to stay at home and not go out of their houses. My mother was scared to go to the market and nobody wanted to shake hands anymore.



We got more news about Ebola on the radio. We heard it was very bad in Sierra Leone the country beside us. The news said that we should not go on journeys if we didn't have to. My parents didn't want us to go to school. After the summer holidays the schools stayed closed. Some schools were used instead as hospitals for people sick with Ebola. My mother was glad that my baby sister was already born because mothers couldn't go to hospital to have babies now. The health centres were too busy with Ebola and it wasn't safe for babies.

For a long time we had no school and I was worried that I would fall behind in my lessons and that I would not pass my school exams. Then we heard that the people from Concern were helping with a plan to put our lessons on the radio! After that, we had school in our own home. We would listen for our lessons. It was fun because my father would pretend that he was a school boy too. I would try to learn the lessons before him if I could. He said that he wished there was school on the radio when he was younger. He said that he is very proud of his clever children and that we are fine students.

Now that is it the new year and there is not as much Ebola here now, we will be going back to school. Having school in our home was fun but I missed my friends.



**IN SCHOOL OUR TEACHER TEACHES US OUR LETTERS AND HOW TO READ IN THE BASSA LANGUAGE WHICH IS THE LANGUAGE THAT I SPEAK AT HOME. FIRST WHEN I WAS AT SCHOOL WE LEARNT IN ENGLISH BUT THAT WAS DIFFICULT TO LEARN. NOW IN BASSA, I CAN READ VERY WELL.**

## PROFILE

# LIBERIA

**POPULATION: 4.2 MILLION**

**CAPITAL: MONROVIA**

Liberia is a country on the west coast of Africa, between Sierra Leone and Cote d'Ivoire. Liberia is the oldest republic in Africa. It started as a settlement for freed slaves from the United States. The capital Monrovia is named after a former US president - James Monroe.

Liberia suffered 14 years of brutal civil war. The rebel fighting in Liberia spilled over into neighbouring Sierra Leone. Charles Taylor, former president of Liberia is now in prison for war crimes. Many children were caught up in the war. Young boys were often recruited as child soldiers. Finally, a group of women banded together to force all the leaders of all the rebel groups to come together for peace talks.

After the war ended, Liberia elected the first woman president in Africa, Ellen Johnson Sirleaf. The long years of conflict has left Liberia in ruins. Efforts are being made to rebuild and help people out of poverty. The recent outbreak of Ebola has meant that people are facing more suffering now from loss of education and a shortage of health care for problems other than Ebola such as malaria.

## CONCERN IN LIBERIA

Concern is working in Liberia since 1996. Concern has gone from providing emergency aid to working towards long term development. They work in four areas of the countries in healthcare, livelihoods and education.

Concern helped to provide better education by repairing schools destroyed during the years of war, by training teachers as many people has missed out on any education and by helping children to learn in their own language.

Recently doctors said my country was now Ebola free which made us all very happy and we sang songs that said 'bye bye Ebola', but we have to be very careful to make sure it never comes back again.

THE STORY OF

# AISHA

FROM  
BANGLADESH

My name is Aisha and I am from Bangladesh. I am 8 years old. I live with my mother and two younger brothers in Dhaka. We don't have a home but now we stay in a centre. We stay there with other families just like mine. I like it very much. I have two best friends now, Sita and Fahima. We sit together in class. I go to school in the centre. My teacher is very nice. She teaches us songs too which I love. I like to sing them for my mother in the evening.

The name of the centre is called Amrao Manush. This means "We are people too". Before we came to this centre, we stayed on the streets. It was a bad time. We slept all together at the railway station at night-time. Lots of other people like us without homes slept there too. Everywhere you go at night-time there are people sleeping on the pavements or in parks or anywhere they can. There are lots of children living on the streets with no mothers. They sleep together huddled close to stay safe.



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**WE DON'T HAVE A HOME BUT NOW WE STAY IN  
A CENTRE. THE NAME OF THE CENTRE IS CALLED  
AMRAO MANUSH. THIS MEANS "WE ARE PEOPLE  
TOO". BEFORE WE CAME TO THIS CENTRE, WE  
STAYED ON THE STREETS. IT WAS A BAD TIME.**

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Sometimes the police would come to the station and chase us away or beat us with sticks. Sometimes gangs would come looking to take children away with them. This scared me very much. My mother tied string around our wrists and her wrists at night so she would know if somebody tried to take one of us while we were all sleeping. During the day we would hide our belongings away so nobody could see them or take them. We would get up very early before the trains started. We didn't have much. Mostly we just had our mats to sleep on. It was hard to get some money for food. My mother would go sometimes during the day to try and find some work so we could buy some food. She didn't like to leave us for long because it was not safe. Sometimes my brothers would stay with my mother and I would go with some of the other children. We would beg for money in the traffic. It was dangerous. Traffic in Dhaka is very, very busy. My father was killed in a traffic accident. He used to drive a taxi when he came here first with my mother. We had a place to stay then but I don't remember it well because I was very little.



My mother and father came to Dhaka after they were married. The village that they lived in was very poor and they hoped that there would be a better life in the city. There were many floods in the villages my mother told me. Everything would get swept up-people, animals and even houses. After one bad flood many people in their village were killed and my parents lost all their belongings so they came here instead.

After my father died that was when we came to live on the streets. People don't like us. They call us names or shout things at us. Sometimes they chase us away. They say we are a nuisance. Other people would ignore us or pretend not to see. That is why I like the name of our centre very much. Now I can say that we are people too.

The centre is run by some people from Concern Worldwide. My teacher says that they work all around the world helping people and that money comes from people in Ireland. She showed us Ireland on the big map of the world on the wall. I traced a line all the way from there to here. Ireland is a very little place. It is very far from here. I don't know how they know about me all the way over here. My teacher is from Dhaka like me. She says that she loves to come and teach here in this centre because of our happy faces.

My younger brothers are too small for school. They are looked after along with all the other younger children during the day. This gives my mother a chance for work. She is learning sewing at the centre and they have given her a machine to work on. She is hoping that she will be able to start a business making and repairing clothes for people. They help my mother with the money she gets. They show her how to save money and I help her with the numbers now that I am learning in school. My mother never went to school and she can't write but I showed her my writing and she is very happy. She says now she is filled with hope for my future.

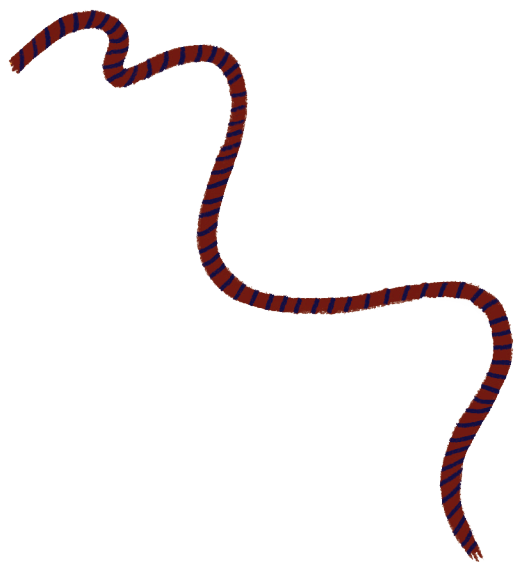
After school we have playtime. I play games with my best friends. Before we moved here I had nowhere to play that was safe. I love skipping games the best. In the evenings we eat together with my mother. The ladies in the centre cook some hot meals. They are very good. I like spicy food. I eat dhal and rice. We eat every day now. My mother says we are all growing up very fast. She takes turns helping with cooking and we all help to clean our dishes.



At night-time we sleep very well now because we feel safe. There is a big room to sleep in where we all have space to lay out our sleeping mats. My mother doesn't need to tie the string now. We have a safe place for our belongings too. It is a locker where we put our things. Everybody here has one. There is also a washing room so we can clean ourselves and wash up our clothes. My mother washes my hair and helps me to brush it. I have a clean sari to wear for school.

When I grow up I think I want to be a teacher in a centre like this one. Then I can help other children who used to live on the street like me.

**AFTER SCHOOL WE HAVE PLAYTIME. I PLAY GAMES WITH MY BEST FRIENDS. BEFORE HERE I HAD NOWHERE TO PLAY THAT WAS SAFE. I LOVE SKIPPING GAMES THE BEST.**



## PROFILE

# BANGLADESH

**POPULATION: 152.4 MILLION**

**CAPITAL: DHAKA**

Bangladesh is a country in South Asia. It is one of the most densely populated countries in the world- meaning there are a lot of people for the size of the country. Bangladesh is home to 152.4 million people. The capital city is Dhaka.

Bangladesh was formerly known as East Pakistan. It became Bangladesh in 1971 when the two parts of Pakistan split after a bitter war.

Bangladesh lies in the Bay of Bengal. Much of Bangladesh is low lying and vulnerable to flooding and cyclones.

## CONCERN'S WORK IN BANGLADESH

Concern has been working in Bangladesh since 1972.

As Bangladesh is a low-lying country, it experiences many floods some of them causing severe damage to the coastal lands where many of the poorer communities live. Concern responds when needed and works with these vulnerable communities.

## AMRAO MANUSH — 'WE ARE PEOPLE TOO.'

Concern also works with people living on the streets in Dhaka. These people are sometimes called pavement dwellers. Concern has a number of centres across the city where street children can get hot meals and have somewhere safe to stay. They also work with women, offering day care and learning centres for children so mothers can try to earn a living during the day, knowing their children are safe and cared for.

THE STORY OF

# SAMUEL

FROM  
KENYA

My name is Samuel and I am from Kenya. I am 11 years old. I live with my family in Mathare slum in Nairobi city. Nairobi is the capital city. Before we came to Nairobi, we used to live in the south in the countryside. We lived in a village near the town of Loitoktok. I loved living in the countryside. Sometimes I would go to Loitoktok with my father. My father would meet with other men in the town. Loitoktok is very near the border with Tanzania. You can see Mount Kilimanjaro from the town. It rises up into the clouds. The top of the mountain always has some white snow at the top. Kilimanjaro is the highest mountain in Africa.

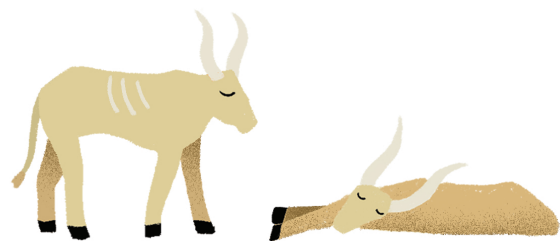
My father is from the Maasai tribe. Maasai men like to dress in purple or red robes. They say that these colours will scare away lions from their cattle. Cattle are very important to the Maasai. When we had cattle, we would travel far to find grass and water for them. My older brother and I would help to guard the cattle. My father had a long spear that he carried with him. We would often travel far from our village. My mother would stay with my sisters. She kept some goats for milk.



One year it was a very bad time for my family. The rains didn't come like they should. Instead of green shoots and grass, the land stayed red and dusty. My mother and sisters had to travel very far to collect firewood and water. We took the cattle to find watering holes for them but there was very little water for the cattle. We could see zebra at the watering holes as the rivers were so low. We heard that some of the elephants in nearby Tsavo National Park had died.

We tried very hard to look after our cattle but many of them died. My father wept. When we went back to the village there was sadness there too. The goats had become very skinny and my mother and sisters had just black tea to drink and they had very little food. My mother took us to the hospital because my baby brother Lambert was sick. She heard that she could find help for him there.

**ONE YEAR IT WAS A VERY BAD TIME FOR MY FAMILY. THE RAINS DIDN'T COME LIKE THEY SHOULD. INSTEAD OF GREEN SHOOTS AND GRASS, THE LAND STAYED RED AND DUSTY. MY MOTHER AND SISTERS HAD TO TRAVEL VERY FAR TO COLLECT FIREWOOD AND WATER. WE TOOK THE CATTLE TO FIND WATERING HOLES FOR THEM BUT THERE WAS VERY LITTLE WATER FOR THE CATTLE.**



It was a long walk. At the hospital, doctors measured my brother. They put a band around the top of his arm. It had colours on it. The doctors explained that green was ok, orange was bad but red meant danger. The band on my brother's arm was red so we knew he was very sick from not having enough to eat. The doctor showed my mother some special food for my brother. He explained that the food was just for him as he was so sick but that my brothers and sisters and I would be given rice. My mother was happy that we didn't have to stay in the hospital away from home. She was worried about the rest of my brothers and sisters.

My brother got better. But we had lost too many cattle so my parents decided we were going to move. We moved to Nairobi. We travelled in a van called a Matatu. It was full with people. We carried our belongings. We moved to Mathare slum and we have lived there ever since.

It was a big change from the countryside. I couldn't believe that so many people could live in one place. The streets were packed high with rubbish and there were smelly drains that you had to jump over sometimes. It was very noisy all the time with people going places and sometimes shouting and fighting.

We could only afford a small place. There is just one room for all of us. Our hut has a tin roof. There are not many toilets in the slums so some people use the drains and this is why my mother has warned us not to play near them.

There was also very little water for us there too. There were some taps but everyone had to pay for the water. My mother would get up at 5am when it was still dark and take a large container. She would wait in the queue for her turn to fill the container and then she would carry it back to the house. This water would have to do for cooking and cleaning and washing. There was never enough. My mother would then travel out of the slum to the nicer neighbourhoods to see if anyone would pay her to do some laundry. Sometimes there was work but some days she came home with no money.

At first I didn't go to school. My parents had no money for uniforms and school fees. We all had to find ways to get some money for the household so we could pay the rent and buy some food. Food in the slums was expensive so we only eat one meal in the evening. I would feel so hungry during the day. I would go with my sister to the rubbish dump. There was an enormous dump on the corner of the slum. We would spend



DOCTORS MEASURED MY BROTHER. THEY  
PUT A BAND AROUND THE TOP OF HIS ARM.  
IT HAD COLOURS ON IT. THE DOCTORS  
EXPLAINED THAT GREEN WAS OK, ORANGE  
WAS BAD BUT RED MEANT DANGER.



the day searching for anything that could be used or sold. It was horrible but lots of children would be there too. My father would travel to the factories to try and get some work. Then one day a community worker from Concern Worldwide called to our house. They talked to my older brother. They were helping young people to set up small businesses. He trained as a barber and soon he was making some money.

They also spoke to my mother and gave her some money for our family. They gave her a mobile phone with cash credit on it and she could bring it to a mobile bank and take out some cash when she needed it. This was a safe way for her to have money. Only she had the codes for the phone so she could keep her money safe. She also got a solar powered mobile charger because there is not always electricity here. She was able to buy some pots and start a stall selling food. She cooks beans and chapatti bread which people here love to eat. My mother is a good cook and she gets lots of customers.

With this money, we could stop working on the dump and my sister and I started school. I much prefer working at my lessons than working on the dump. I want to work in my brother's barbershop when I'm older. He sometimes lets me help with sweeping in his shop. He says when I get good at my numbers I can become a businessman like him.

## PROFILE KENYA

POPULATION: 44 MILLION  
CAPITAL: NAIROBI

Kenya is a country in East Africa. It was a former British colony. In 1963 Kenya became an independent country. Kenya is famous for its wildlife. The Great Migration of wildebeests and zebra, make their way from the Masai Mara, in the southeast of Kenya to the Serengeti in Tanzania. This area is considered one of the best wildlife reserves in Africa. People travel to this region to go on safari. It is home to all large Africa animals such as elephants, rhino, hippos and lions.

The capital city of Kenya is Nairobi. Nairobi is home to some 200 settlements where 60 per cent of the people in the city live on just 6 per cent of the land. These crowded settlements are called slums. One of the slums, Kibera, is the largest slum in Africa.

Slums are not only crowded, they can be dangerous places. Violence and crime can be part of life here. There is no proper water system or sanitation with few toilets available. Diseases are common and there is no waste removal so the streets and alleys are thick with rubbish. Many people in the slums have come to the city seeking employment.

## CONCERN IN KENYA

Concern has been working in Kenya since 2002. Concern focuses on improving healthcare, education and livelihoods. Concern has also responded to emergencies in Kenya. Kenya has suffered from a number of severe droughts including one in 2009 and a very severe regional drought in 2011. Many refugees came to Kenya from Somalia and South Sudan during that time.

Concern is also working to improve education. Although free primary education is provided by the Kenyan government, children in the slums miss out because the settlements they live in are not official sites. Concern is working to both support education in the slums and encourage the government to support them too.

THE STORY OF

# GRACE

FROM  
MALAWI

My name is Grace and I am 9 years old. I live in Malawi, in Nsanje District. This is in the south of Malawi. I live with my family on a small farm. All of our friends and neighbours live on small farms too. We grow maize and rice. After the harvest, we go and sell some of the rice and maize at the market.

I love market days. The market is held in a town that is two hours walk from here. We dress in our nice clothes and it is exciting to see all the stalls and food. There is so much noise and hustle and bustle about. When we go now, my mother lays out food to sell on a large cloth. At the end of the day, she uses the money she makes to buy other food such as oil for cooking and sometimes small fish that come from Lake Malawi. Lake Malawi is a very large lake.



My mother says growing food is very hard work. All the women in our village do the farming. This is the women's work. When girls get married they go to live with their husband's family and they are expected to grow the food on their husband's farm, as well as taking care of the household, doing the cooking and cleaning, collecting water and taking care of the children. There is always lots of work to do.

Girls here get married when they are quite young. Sometimes they are just teenagers. Girls that are going to school have to stop when they get married because they are expected to stay at home and start having babies.

In the morning, I would get up early with my mother to start the fire and would then go and collect water. I used to hate this job. I would have to walk for almost an hour down to the river. Then I had to climb down a bank to the river to gather water in a big bucket. It was hard to get back up the bank. I had to watch out for wild animals too. There can be snakes in the grass near to water. I had to stamp my feet so I wouldn't surprise one and get bitten. I was also scared there might be crocodiles. Sometimes there would be stories of children who were snatched from beside the river by crocodiles but my father says it wasn't true. He said the river was too small. Still, during the rainy season, we would go in pairs and keep watch.



**WHEN GIRLS GET MARRIED THEY GO TO LIVE WITH THEIR HUSBAND'S FAMILY AND THEY ARE EXPECTED TO GROW THE FOOD ON THEIR HUSBAND'S FARM, AS WELL AS TAKING CARE OF THE HOUSEHOLD, DOING THE COOKING AND CLEANING, COLLECTING WATER AND TAKING CARE OF THE CHILDREN.**

My brother does not have to help with the chores. He just gets up and goes to school. My father used to say that spending money on a girl going to school was a waste because she was just going to get married so there was no point.

Then one day there was a big meeting in our village. All the people went to listen. Some people from a group called Concern Worldwide wanted to work with the village to put in some water holes. These are deep holes that bring the water up so we can have clean water in our village. They asked for some of the women to say where the bore hole should go so that the women would feel safe going to fetch water. Some men from the village helped with the digging. They also had talks about how we should use the water to stay healthy and not become sick. Sometimes small children would die because the water in the river was not clean enough to drink.

Some women were asked to join a group where they could learn about better ways to farm. My mother was one of these women. At first she was not very sure. She and my father talked together about joining this group. They decided that they should try it because our harvest has been very poor and usually we don't have enough to eat. This new way is called Conservation Agriculture. The teachers there told her that she should stop ploughing up her field. She used to dig the whole field up before and it was very hard work. I had to help her. It would take a very long time. Now, she has only to dig small holes for the seeds. She puts some fertilizer into the holes with the seeds. Then she covers the ground. She uses old plants from the last harvest or straw or old vegetation- dead leaves and plants from the forest- whatever she can find. This stops the ground from getting too hot from the sun. The seeds are shaded and this helps them to grow better. The new boreholes mean it is easier to fetch water for the crops too.

The group that taught my mother these new ways also gave her some seeds and fertilizer at the start to help her. She was not very sure at first but then the harvest came and it was very good. The harvest was so much bigger than before. Now my mother is a teacher for other women who want to learn to farm like this. She is called a model farmer. She also grows other crops now. She has learnt that it is good for the land if she grows more than just rice and maize.



She now grows more legumes which are beans and peas – which I love! They need less water than maize. My mother has more time now to spend at home. This also means that I don't have to stay at home with the younger children. I don't have to spend so much time collecting water or helping in the fields so there is time for school now. There is also some money so I can get a school uniform. Before, I went to school a few times but I was ashamed because my clothes are old. Also I was very hungry and it was hard to concentrate on my lessons. I always had to stay home to help with the ploughing. Now I can go all the time.

My favourite subject is English. We also learn about staying healthy. We learnt a song about washing our hands. I sang the song for my parents and my brothers and sisters. We use soap now to wash our hands after the latrine and before we eat. When I grow up I want to be a community health worker and help people to stay healthy.

**MY FAVOURITE SUBJECT  
IS ENGLISH. WE ALSO LEARN  
ABOUT STAYING HEALTHY.  
WE LEARNT A SONG ABOUT  
WASHING OUR HANDS.**



## PROFILE

# MALAWI

**POPULATION: 16 MILLION**  
**CAPITAL: LILONGWE**

Malawi is a country in Southern Africa. It is in a part of Africa known as sub Saharan Africa. Sub Saharan Africa countries are those countries which are south of the Sahara desert. The other countries at the top are known as North Africa.

Malawi is known as 'the warm heart of Africa.' It has a population of 16 million. Its capital city is Lilongwe. It is landlocked- surrounded by other countries. It is bordered by Zambia to the northwest, Tanzania to the northeast, and Mozambique on the east, south and west. Lake Malawi, also known as Lake Nyasa is the third largest lake in Africa.

Malawi is one of the poorest countries in the world. 22 per cent of people there are ranked as extremely poor. This means that in many cases they live on less than a euro a day. Life expectancy is 55 years. Most people get an average of only 4 years education.

## CONCERN IN MALAWI

Concern has been working in Malawi since 2002. Concern's work in Malawi focuses primarily on improving healthcare and education. Concern also works on Livelihoods. This means finding ways that people can make a living for themselves. This can mean helping people to learn more effective ways of farming such as the Conversation Farming in Malawi and Zambia. Women farmers are taught new ways of farming that are better for the environment and produce more crops. Because there is less ploughing, mothers have more time for their families and children are freed up to go to school. Better harvests means more income and also more food for families.

Women farmers are given some seeds and fertilizer to help them get started. Farmers who have been trained, then go on to show other farmers in their community how to use conservation farming. They are called Model Farmers.

THE STORY OF

# LUCIA

FROM  
HAITI

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46

My name is Lucia and I am from Haiti. I am twelve years old. I live with my family in the San Martin neighbourhood of Port-au-Prince. For me, the 12<sup>th</sup> of January 2010 is a day that will live in my memory for all of my life. I was in my home with my mother and my baby sister. My brother and my father were out for the day. My brother is two years older than me. They were looking for work. My brother would shine shoes on the street. He was helping to make money because my mother had a new baby so she could not go out and work.

I had come back from the market with some food to cook for our supper. I was preparing the corn when all of a sudden everything started to shake and crack. I knew it was an earthquake because there are lots of earthquakes here. Usually they are just little rumbles but this was a massive roar. It was like a giant was trying to break through the ground and swallow us all.



47



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**THERE ARE LOTS OF EARTHQUAKES HERE. USUALLY  
THEY ARE JUST LITTLE RUMBLES BUT THIS WAS A  
MASSIVE ROAR. IT WAS LIKE A GIANT WAS TRYING TO  
BREAK THROUGH THE GROUND AND SWALLOW US ALL.**

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Everything started falling and breaking and cracking. The walls were waving back and forth. My mother grabbed my baby sister and we ran out onto the street. Our whole neighbourhood started to fall to pieces. Buildings were falling on top of each like dominoes. Everywhere people were screaming and running. I saw lots of people were hurt. Some were lying on the street and some had blood on them. It seemed to go on forever. I fell over on the ground and banged my arm very badly. I found out later than I had broken my arm. It was very painful but at the time I was too worried about my mother and baby sister.

After what seemed like a very long time, the earthquake stopped. It was only a few minutes but afterwards everything was changed. Our home had collapsed completely. It was just a pile of rubble and stones. Everywhere I looked it was the same. People were all covered in dust. We started looking through the rubble to see if we could find any of our belongings. We managed to get some blankets and I found one pot and that was all we were left with.

We had to leave our street then and find a place that we could spend the night. We decided to go to the football pitch. It was a short walk from our place. On the way, we could see all the damage everywhere. Some houses had not fallen but people were gathering their belongings. I think they were frightened that more shocks might come and they didn't want to be indoors. When we got to the football pitch it was already full of people making tents and shelters. I had been to this pitch before with my brother to watch soccer. His favourite team, The Black Eagles, play here. We would sneak in to watch their matches. Now I couldn't see the ground. We looked around for a while and eventually we found a patch for ourselves. I made a tent out of a blanket and some sticks, we used another blanket to keep us warm at night.

All the time, I worried about my father and my brother. I didn't know what happened them or if they were ok. In the next few days I went out searching for them. I also went to try and find water. It was very difficult. Everybody needed help everywhere. But then help started to arrive. Large tankers with clean water were brought into Port-au-Prince. We saw people with Concern Worldwide on their clothes helping to get water to people. I knew these people. They had worked in our neighbourhood already with some of the gangs. There are many gangs in Port-au-Prince, especially in San Martin. San Martin is full of violence but my father says it was getting better because they were starting to come together to build peace.

For the water distribution some community leaders were helping to make sure that fighting didn't break out over the water. I waited to collect water. I recognized some of the men giving out the water. One of the men made sure I could lift the full container. It was heavy but I could manage. I knew we badly needed this water. He asked about my family. I told him that my father and brother were missing and he told me to check with the hospitals. He said my mother should come with the baby for help. He told me where there was a special tent for mothers and babies.

I took my mother to the tent. There were lots of mothers with babies. The community health workers checked my baby sister to make sure she was ok. They also talked to my mother. One of the ladies had a look at my arm and said I needed to go to a hospital. When I arrived there were so many injured people everywhere. Just as I was leaving the hospital an amazing thing happened- I found my brother! He was badly injured but he was alive. They told me that he would have to stay in the hospital for a while but that I could come and visit him anytime.

I ran back to tell my mother the news and she hugged me so hard it hurt. She asked me if I had found out anything about my father but then my heart was heavy again because nobody had heard anything about him.

Slowly, very slowly life started to return to Port-au-Prince. While my mother was in the baby tent, I went to a big tent nearby where there was a place to play and draw and sing. At first I didn't want to join in. I was sad because I knew my father was gone and I would not see him again. I hated our small cramped tent. It was so noisy with so many people crowded in together. There were many fights with people getting cross about food and lots of other things. I missed my home. I wanted to go home but there was no home to go back too.



Then we were moved to another camp. This one was much nicer than before. There was space and latrines and a water tap. My brother was able to come home. It was a long time before he could walk but he is better now. I kept going to the tent with the games. They called it a child friendly space- which meant it was our special place to come and be safe. I started drawing pictures of my dad and I talked about him to the leaders. One day I joined in the singing and later the games and although my heart was still sad, I made some new friends and I was glad to come to that place. Now I go to school again. Concern helped to build some schools that are stronger than the old schools. They say they will be safe and ready for earthquakes. Before I could start school I did some preparation lessons to help me get ready. I am twelve years old but this is my first time going to a proper school and I love it. I want to study very hard and become a doctor so I can help people.

When my sister got a bit bigger, my mother went to learn about starting a business. She was given a small grant of money to start up a shop. It is small but it sells lots of everything. She loves her shop. Lots of people come to talk and laugh with her because my mother is full of warmth. People were sad for a long time but we are starting to find our joy again.

Then last year we got the best news. We were going to live in a house again. We were given a grant to help pay the rent at first but with my mother's shop we have enough money now to keep living here. It has taken a long time to rebuild our city and there is still a lot of work to do. I am grateful that we had people to help us along the way. It has also taken a long time to rebuild our lives but I have hope in my heart, we will be stronger than ever.



**IT HAS TAKEN A LONG TIME  
TO REBUILD OUR CITY AND  
THERE IS STILL A LOT OF  
WORK TO DO. I AM GRATEFUL  
THAT WE HAD PEOPLE TO  
HELP US ALONG THE WAY.**

## PROFILE

# HAITI

**POPULATION: 10 MILLION**  
**CAPITAL: PORT-AU-PRINCE**

Haiti is a country on the island of Hispaniola in the Caribbean Sea. It shares the island with the Dominican Republic. Haiti takes up the Western third of the island.

Haiti is the poorest country in the Western Hemisphere. More than 40 per cent of people in Haiti live on less than two euro a day.

Because of its location in the Caribbean, Haiti often experiences tropical storms and other natural disasters. On the 12<sup>th</sup> of January 2010, Haiti was struck with a 7.0-magnitude earthquake. That is a super strong earthquake and it struck close to the capital city, Port-au-Prince. About 316,000 people were killed and another 1.5 million people were left homeless. The poorly constructed buildings easily collapsed adding to the disaster.

## CONCERN'S WORK IN HAITI

Concern has been working in Haiti since 1994. Prior to the earthquake, Concern worked with communities in peacebuilding between gangs in violent neighbourhoods. They also responded to previous emergencies including hurricanes and worked with rural communities by providing seeds and tools.

After the earthquake Concern launched a massive emergency response providing clean water, shelter, education and health care. They provided baby tents to give women a safe place to bring their babies to. They provided temporary learning spaces so children had a safe place to come and play and return to education.

Concern has continued working in Haiti, helping people rebuild their lives. Currently Concern is working toward a long term plan to rehouse people and construct stronger and safe schools for children.

RAMON  
 MARIAM  
 AHMED  
 PAUL  
 AISHA  
 SAMUEL  
 GRACE  
 LUCIA

## GLOSSARY

### MALNUTRITION:

When a person is not getting enough food or not getting the right sort of food, malnutrition is just around the corner.

Even if people get enough to eat, they will become malnourished if the food they eat does not provide the proper amounts of micronutrients – vitamins and minerals – to meet daily nutritional requirements (Source World Food Programme)

### DEVELOPING COUNTRY:

A developing country is one in which the majority of people live on far less money—with far fewer basic public services—than the population in so called 'Developed' countries. Over 30per cent of the world's 7 billion people live in developing countries where incomes are usually under \$2 per day (Source: World Bank)

### REFUGEE:

A person who flees their country because it is not safe for them to live there and who travels to another country.

### IDP [INTERNALLY DISPLACED PERSON]:

A person who leaves one part of the country where they feel unsafe and moves to another part of the same country. They don't cross any borders.

### LATRINES:

A latrine is like a toilet but there is no running water so there is no flush. Instead of a toilet bowl or a seat, there is a hole in the ground. All the waste goes into a pit below.

**Concern Worldwide is an International humanitarian organization dedicated to reducing suffering and working towards an end to extreme poverty in the world's poorest countries.**

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## SEND ONE SHIP [S.O.S]

Concern was founded in 1968 in response to a crisis in the Biafra region of Nigeria. Fighting there resulted in severe food shortages. A group of citizens came together in a living room in Dublin to find a way to help those affected. Their appeal to the public resulted in a ship of supplies being sent to that region. From those humble origins, Concern Worldwide was born.

Now we are working in 27 countries in Africa, Asia and the Caribbean, working in both emergency response and long-term development. This work concentrates on education; food, income and markets and health.

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## OUR VISION

A world where no-one lives in poverty, fear or oppression; where all have access to a decent standard of living and the opportunities and choices essential to a long, healthy and creative life; a world where everyone is treated with dignity and respect,

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## OUR MISSION

Our mission is to help people living in extreme poverty achieve major improvements in their lives which last and spread without ongoing support from Concern.

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[WWW.CONCERN.NET](http://WWW.CONCERN.NET)

A vibrant, stylized illustration featuring four children reading books. At the top center, a girl in a pink dress and a headscarf with yellow stars sits cross-legged on an orange and yellow striped mound, reading an open book. To her right, a boy in red shorts stands on a similar striped mound, holding a large book that covers his face; the book has illustrations of two fish. On the left, a girl in a pink dress with orange polka dots stands on a green and blue patterned mound, holding a book up to her face. At the bottom right, a boy in a green shirt and blue pants sits on a blue and white checkered mound, reading a book. The background is a bright blue sky with white, cloud-like patterns. The landscape is composed of various colorful, stylized mounds and plants, including two tall, thin trees with green and pink foliage on the left and several smaller, colorful plants at the bottom. The overall style is flat and graphic with a rich color palette.

**MEET EIGHT REMARKABLE CHILDREN; RAMON,  
MARIAM, AHMED, PAUL, AISHA, SAMUEL,  
GRACE AND LUCIA, WHO SHARE WITH US THEIR  
STORIES OF BRAVERY, COURAGE AND HOPE.**

They have faced many difficult challenges  
in their young lives including typhoons,  
earthquakes, conflict and drought, but as they  
each discovered help is always near at hand...

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**CONCERN**  
worldwide