

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

...we could not eat them because they were not killed in halal...

...and we never killed them because we wanted the herd to survive...

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

... And leave them out, for the foxes and vultures...



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

We would sing to the sick ones



And came here, to Hargeisa. The camp was full of southern Somalilanders - refugees and failed pastoralists... people like us. We were issued pots, pans and blankets - but we had to pay rent of 15,000 shillings* each month



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



This is the desert on the outskirts of camp. I come here to collect firewood



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

But my husband became depressed. He only chewed khat all day. So finally I told him to go - leave me.

*Approx £19