



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.



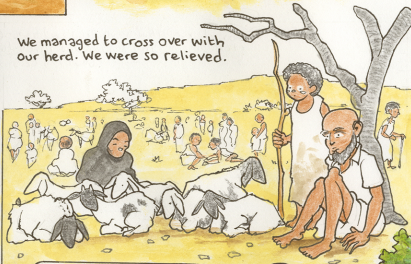
There were no records of births, deaths or marriages. We had no connection to the government of Somaliland. And we didn't consider ourselves as "Somalilanders" — we were just our clan.

We were living near Hargeisa, when the war began. We had to flee towards Ethiopia.

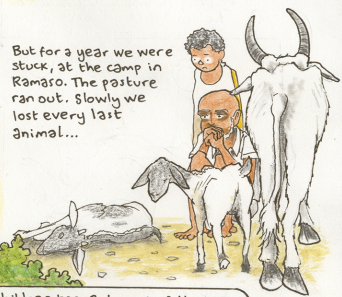


Along the border, villages were burning

1988



We managed to cross over with our herd. We were so relieved.



But for a year we were stuck, at the camp in Ramaso. The pasture ran out. Slowly we lost every last animal...



When we finally returned to Somaliland, the border area was full of landmines. My parents gave up being pastoralists —

By 2011 we had sixty goats. And a camel. And a donkey. Oh —

— and four children too. But most of the time I was only thinking of the herd. The animals were our future. So I paid most attention to the animals.

It's true! she ignored us —!



Then the drought began



— instead, they opened a coffee-shop. But I didn't want to leave the land! Age 15 I met my husband and returned to the plain with him.