

ASSU THE SURVIVOR



THE STORY OF A HOPE FOR HOPE BOY

SURVIVORS DREAM

My name is Assu and I survived.

I believe we cross paths for a reason and after the warm welcome into Hope for Hope my life as never been the same.

I have been to places I never thought I would be,

I ate food I didn't know existed but most importantly I was loved. I was gifted with a family, and with the family came a community that has shown so much support.

Though we face so much challenges, I know if the project has positively changed the community, then I too can change it.





Am not old enough, but I can't help notice how we as a community cannot have fresh water or enough food. I want to change all these.

From the science classes I have been able to see people harvest rainwater and filter it to get clean drinking water or rather we could use wind energy to pump water from boreholes. Even though my past was tough I always remember how my brother and I used to farm in Kwale, the feeling is my reminder of my dream to become a farmer and help those who saved my life.

You see, water is life and the touch of the soil in my palm feels like part of me sometimes I feel like it's talking to me, the soil blown by the wind, whispers. If we have the two we can grow food of different varieties and feed those who do not have enough.



After getting the chance to learn how to read and write, I have been able to read on farming during my free time and I have gained so much knowledge on it. Luckily, I have people in the project older than me who know a few things and I always ask them and learn from them.

There is no reason for people in my community to suffer if I can help. I remember helping Najim grow tomatoes last year, how every morning during the weekends and holidays I would get up early and rush to the farm to water the crops. I love farming, that is why at the moment am working on how I can use the wind to get water that will be used by people and also will be used for drip irrigation since it is my favorite method and easy to apply. I am thinking of how I can get so many pipes, connect them together and then drill holes that will pour water into the crops. Once I am done with the research I will go stand on top of the Hills of Mbuguni and say:

**“THE
FARMER IS HERE, IF I SURVIVED THEN MY COMMUNITY WILL LIVE.
BECAUSE I AM ASSU BABU KIDARI.”**

