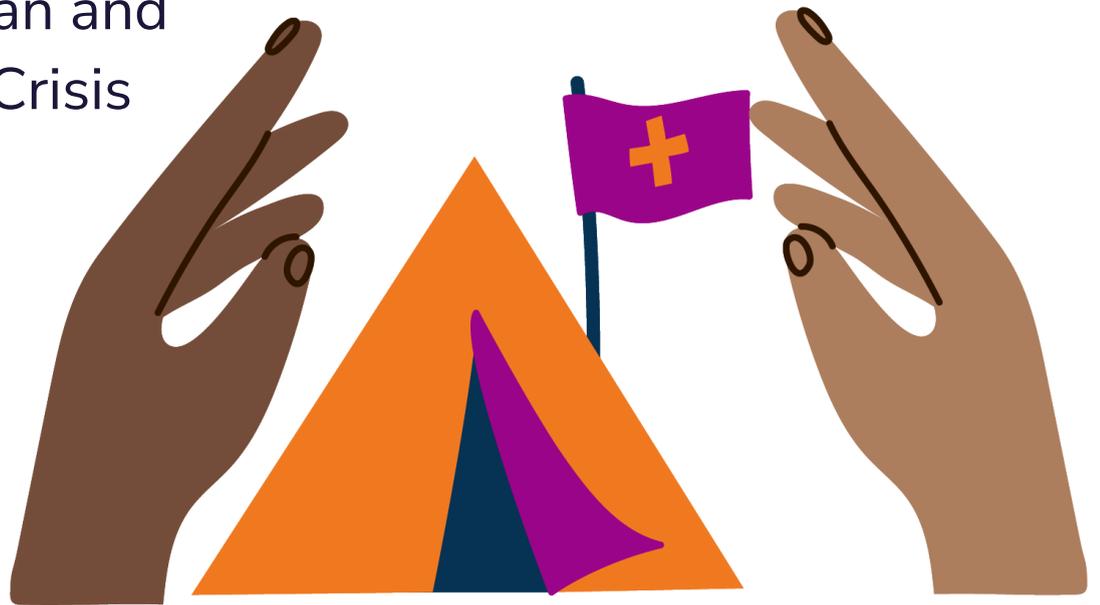


Feminist Coalition Letters

Humanitarian and
Protracted Crisis
Situations

Letter 4: Precious



In September of this year, UNGEI convened its first meeting of the Global Feminist Coalition of Transformative Education, the convening was a powerful opportunity for civil society organisations and young feminist activists to come together, learn and share evidence. During the convening, the coalition dedicated time to mapping solutions for different thematic priorities for gender equality in education and felt that the power of stories is un-matched when showcasing the need for action in each of these themes. So, after careful reflection and collaboration, the coalition put together a set of stories on children that may be hypothetical in name but are not hypothetical in experience.

Speaking on behalf of children suffering from the effects of Humanitarian and Protracted Crisis situations, here is a letter from Precious

My name is Precious, I am a 13-year-old girl in Kumba, Cameroon. My school was recently attacked, five children who used to live on my street were shot dead. Every time I think about going to school, fear grips me, this is because these children were my friends, they used to play handball with me. My village was also burned down, so now I have nowhere to go. I now live in the bush with my family, I'm scared of everything these days.

One night, men with guns broke into our house, they demanded money from my parents, and before leaving, they raped me. I was unable to access healthcare services as the hospital in my village was burned down. My father is always screaming at my mother in frustration, we now live in the bush with wild animals. We are unable to afford three square meals. My mother says that maybe the only thing to do is to marry off my two beautiful elder sisters because there is not enough food. Where will my sisters go? What will become of them? All I wish for is to go to school, a school that will never be attacked by men with guns shooting innocent children. No more running for our lives. I want to



learn and play with my friends in safe and peaceful places. I wish my sisters were allowed to go to school. I know there are colleges in other safer cities, I want to go to college away from this trauma and I want my sisters to go there too. But most of what I wish for is that my father would stop being frustrated due to poverty and insecurity. I wish he would love us again.

Let me learn.