**Kelushetina, Pulka transit camp, November 2019**

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I arrived here nine months ago from Kirawa. I left my home because Boko Haram burned it, and stole my belongings. First I planned to go to Cameroon, but I came here when I heard it was safe.

When I arrived, they gave me a food registration card, but because I arrived in a car (and they think that anyone who can pay for a ride in a car has money), nobody gave me any bedding or anything – just two bars of soap. I only have the clothes I’m wearing – everything else was either stolen or destroyed in my house. I had a sister in Kirawa, but she’s dead now. I have another sister who lives here in the host community, and she lives here with her son. They call this the transit camp, but no-one has said anything about me moving somewhere else, it’s very crowded. I live in a big tent, with about 16 other families.

Every day I take my jerry can to fill it from the water pumping points – I need to use this water for me and my niece, I cook for her every day. I go and queue for food when they’re giving it out. I cook my food into porridge – that makes it last longer. I can buy salt and wood for 50 Naira each. I make this money by selling the food the NGOs give me.

Getting firewood is the biggest problem. I’m too old to go into the bush and get it myself and I have no way to make money. I can’t go out to farm by myself either – Boko Haram either cut your ears off as a warning or shoot you for that.

I wish there was some kind of work I could do to be self-sufficient – I would be able to be proud of myself.