



LL3

LIVING LEVEL-3:

IRAQ

THE STORY OF A YOUNG AID
WORKER FIGHTING HUNGER AND
FEAR ON THE FRONTLINE



wfp.org




LEVEL-3 EMERGENCY RESPONSE

An L-3 Emergency is the UN classification for the most severe, large-scale humanitarian crises. The decision to designate an L-3 Emergency is based on multiple criteria: scale, urgency, complexity of the needs, and the lack of domestic capacity to respond.

At the time of this writing WFP was responding to five simultaneous L-3s. Syria, South Sudan, C.A.R., Iraq and the West African Ebola outbreak.


Additionally, WFP is responding to emergencies in DRC, Ukraine, Boko Haram affected areas, Libya, Yemen, and the Horn of Africa. Taken as a whole, it is an incredibly taxing time for the global humanitarian community and funding shortfalls threaten a reduction of activities in several severely stressed regions.

For the populations they serve, there is no other relief.



Growing up, we had a small farm with a few humble apple trees in Upstate New York.

It gave me the impression that the world was bountiful and easy.



But it's a lottery, isn't it? Where you're born...the forces that align against your happiness. All just a roll of the dice, really.


PART 1: FEAST INTERRUPTED



I'M SO, SO PROUD OF YOU, LEILA... I ALWAYS KNEW YOU'D USE YOUR ARABIC TO HELP TIE OUR FAMILY'S TWO CULTURES TOGETHER.

AND HERE WE ARE... SENDING YOU OFF TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE. WHAT AN AMAZING TIME THIS WILL BE FOR YOU.

BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LIE, BABY...I'M NERVOUS...




My name is **Leila Helal**. I leave for Iraq in the morning.



C'MON, MOM, IT'LL BE FINE.



JUST BE SAFE, LITTLE NUT, OKAY? I LOVE YOU SO MUCH.



And this is not my story.



My name is **Khaled Bushar**...

SINJAR DISTRICT, NINEVEH PROVINCE, IRAQI KURDISTAN.



I don't want to start my story here. Please... let's go back...



And certainly we mustn't start here. Haven't we all seen enough of this?



This will come soon enough. Too soon.

Just not yet. Please.

Further back.

Here. Yes. Perfect. Let's start here. When our lives were still comprehensible.



A gathering at my brother's house outside of town.

This is my wife, **Hakima**. Obviously we're older than when we first met, but her smile is still young and lovely. As you can see.

This is my son, **Naser**, and my daughter, **Shereen**.

He's being kind today, a good big brother. Letting her kick the ball with him.



No one wishes to be understood solely by their struggle. So this is what I want the world to see first.

SAMEERA?
IS EVERYTHING
ALRIGHT?

I JUST
GOT A TEXT
FROM A FRIEND
IN TAL-AFAR...



If only for
a fleeting
moment.

DA'ESH IS
COMING.

AUGUST, 2014.



NOTE: DA'ESH IS AN ARABIC PLAY ON WORDS. AN ACRONYM FOR "ISLAMIC STATE" THAT ALSO SOUNDS LIKE DAES ("ONE WHO CRUSHES THINGS UNDERFOOT") AND DAHES ("ONE WHO CAUSES DISUNITY").

My brother and niece and most of the other young adults decide to go back to town and fight alongside the Pashmerga.

BE SAFE, BROTHER.

But I can see in Hakima's eyes. If I stay and fight for everything we've built she fears she'll never see me again.

Her eyes break my heart.

NASER, GO SEE IF YOUR AUNT HAS ANY BAGS SHE CAN SPARE. WE'LL GRAB AS MUCH FOOD AS WE CAN CARRY.

We call friends in town. Many are heading for the Sinjar Mountains, so that's where we'll go too.

But I'm worried about driving the road. I'm afraid we'll get caught up in some immovable exodus and overtaken.

I decide we should walk straight for the mountain. As the bird flies. Abandoning the car and avoiding the road.

I have never claimed to be a wise man.

DOMIZ 1 CAMP.
ESTABLISHED TWO YEARS PRIOR.
SERVING 200,000 REFUGEES
FROM SYRIA.

170 KILOMETERS EAST OF SINJAR.



I've been
on the job for
almost two
months now.



AND THE
FOOD VOUCHERS?
HOW ARE THEY
WORKING OUT
FOR YOU?

Back home I had
everything I could
want but I still felt
lost somehow, like
I needed purpose.

That's what I told
myself anyway. That
was my narrative.

MY NEW
DAUGHTER-IN-LAW HAS
MOVED IN WITH US. IT'S
NOT ENOUGH FOOD
FOR EVERYONE--

↳SQUAK↳
BREAK, BREAK,
BREAK. SECURITY
MESSAGE TO ALL
STAFF IN FIELD.
EMERGENCY
SITUATION...

I'M SORRY,
ONE MOMENT,
MA'AM.



My romantic thesis,
"the spiritually lost
comes to the aid of
the physically lost".
Turns out to have
been just a bunch
of crap.

PLEASE BE INFORMED, THERE
ARE MILITARY CONFRONTATIONS
IN AND AROUND SINJAR. ALL
STAFF IN THE AREA SHOULD
LEAVE IMMEDIATELY UNTIL
FURTHER NOTICE.





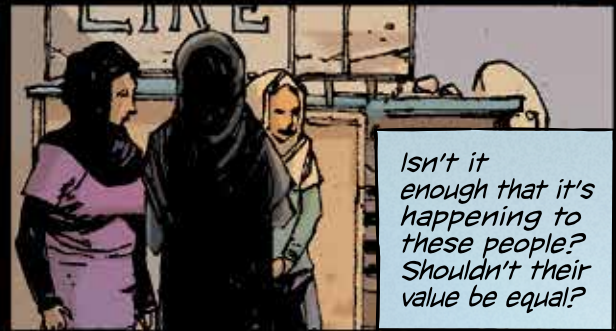
By the time I got here there were already over a million displaced people scattered across northern Iraq.

That number continues to spike. In the face of it, my youthful angst now seems embarrassing.

At first I tried to imagine it happening to me. Losing everything. Mom and dad and the house and the apple trees.

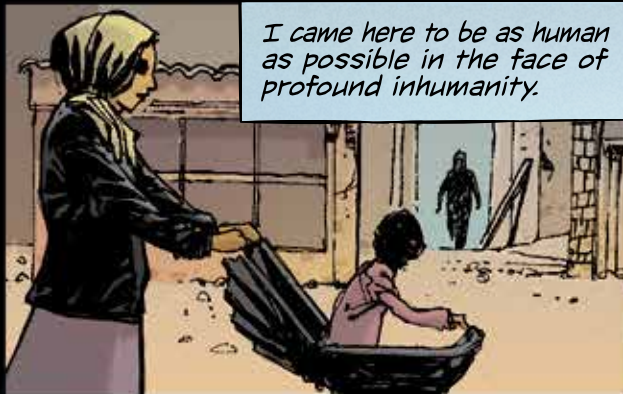


Enduring the violence. The murder. The evacuations. And worse. Far worse.



Isn't it enough that it's happening to these people? Shouldn't their value be equal?

But why do I have to imagine it happening to someone I love to give it weight?



I came here to be as human as possible in the face of profound inhumanity.



To understand. To bear witness. To help carry the burden. To seek the other in myself.



And myself in the other.

**NEXT...
A PARENT'S
NIGHTMARE**

*This is
our family
at home
in Sinjar
village.*



*No
longer.*



**SEVERAL KILOMETERS FROM SINJAR.
HEADING TOWARDS THE MOUNTAINS.**

BABA?



*There is no
home now.*



RUN!

*Even as
the word
leaves my
mouth...*



I know
it's too
late.

ON YOUR
KNEES!

SEPARATE
THEM!

NO!
DON'T TAKE
MY CHILDREN,
PLEASE!

Hakima
makes sure
to speak her
best Arabic
and avoid
her Kurdish
now.

It amounts
to nothing.

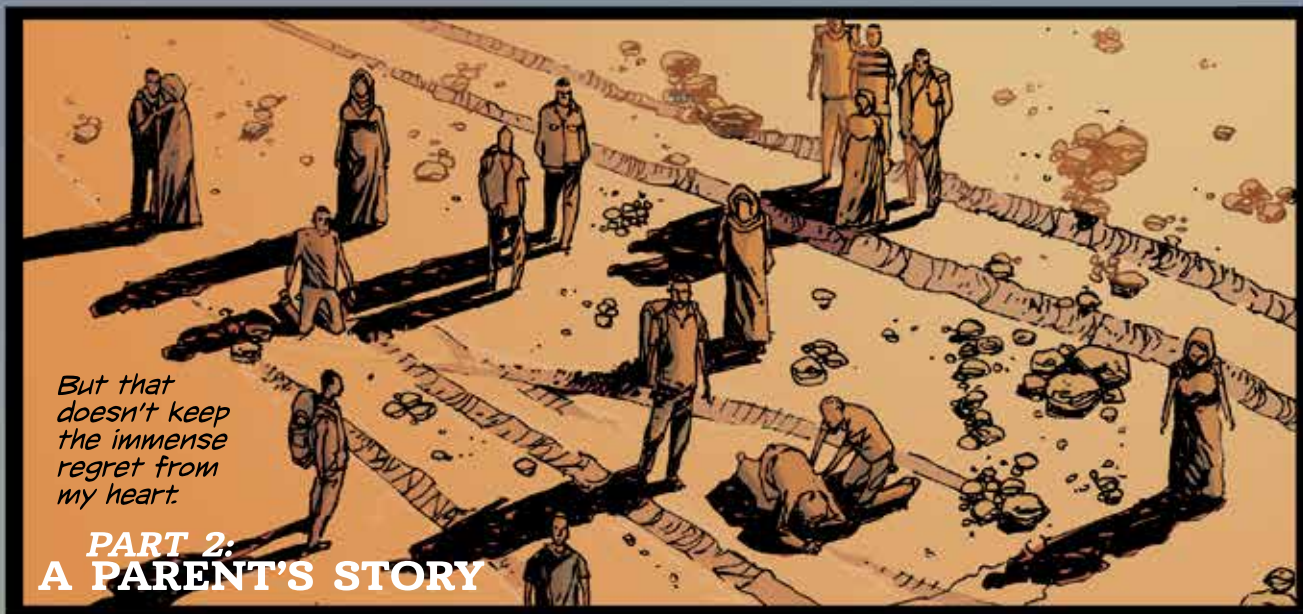
They take
everything.

NO!

NASER! BE
BRAVE, SON!
TAKE CARE
OF YOUR
SISTER!

I don't know if
staying on the
road would have
saved us or not.





But that doesn't keep the immense regret from my heart.

PART 2: A PARENT'S STORY

The next day we join the thousands fleeing up the mountain.

We don't ask one another what there is to live for now, or why we still run.



We hear the Peshmerga have retreated.

Sinjar village now belongs to Da'esh.

IT'S A MASSACRE. IF YOU'RE NOT OUT BY NOW YOU'VE NO HOPE.

I feel that my brother and niece are dead.

We are stranded on the mountain. Days pass. The heat is unimaginable. People are starving...

A few of the very old and the very young have died from the heat and injuries sustained while fleeing.



Sometimes I imagine
I see my son and
daughter amongst
the other children.

But it's just in my
mind. I'm as hungry
to see them again as
my body is for food.



Hakima and I are
burnt by the
harsh sun.

We languish.
We feel abandoned.



Then, when things are past
their worst, food begins to
fall from the sky.



The day before
they dropped
flyers telling us
to be ready for
falling objects.



We are
not forgotten.
The world does
know what's
happening to
us here.



That alone is a
sustenance, the
realization that
our lives matter.



In that moment,
full of promise,
I allow myself to
dream of seeing
our children again.

When the Peshmerga break the line and begin the evacuation of the mountain, many choose to stay and fight for our right to be on this land.



But Hakima is ill. The heat and sorrow have been too much.



She has to go. And I must go with her. We are all the certainty the other has left.



After a time in the truck, we are flown by helicopter to a military base north of the mountains.



As soon as we land we're given food packages that we can carry.



More than
a month
passes.

Hakima and I have
been moved to the
city of Dahouk.

Here we exist entirely
by the grace of the
global humanitarian
community.



We live with
several other
yazidi families
in a leaky half
constructed
compound.

Back home I
was a teacher.
Here the refugee
situation makes
finding any work
impossible.



We try to make
some kind of life.
But without our
children, there is
an emptiness at
the center of
every day.



At night we sleep in a windowless cargo container for shelter. The darkness is oppressive.



SHEREEN!!
KHALAD, IT'S
SHEREEN!!

Hakima answers the phone in Kurdish.



BABY?!
SHEREEN?!

On the other end of the line, far away, they respond in Arabic.



YOU CAN HAVE
HER BACK. FOR TEN
THOUSAND U.S. OR
YOU'LL NEVER SEE
HER AGAIN.

WHAT?
HOW?! HOW AM
I SUPPOSED TO
PAY THAT?



YOU
TELL ME
HOW?



Winter
will be
here soon.

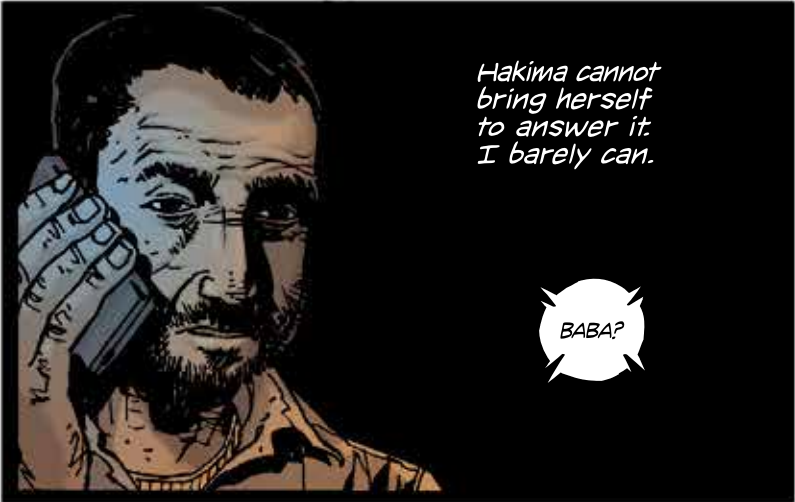


The men who took our children call often. We answer every time, just in case.

We cry less and less. Our sorrow grows more and more.



But this is the first time we've gotten a call from an unknown number.



Hakima cannot bring herself to answer it. I barely can.

BABA?



When I hear my son's voice it feels like dawn warmth after a long night.

NASER!!

I ESCAPED. I'M WITH SOME OTHER BOYS IN THE MOUNTAINS.



What is hope? What does it mean to lose it? To regain it?

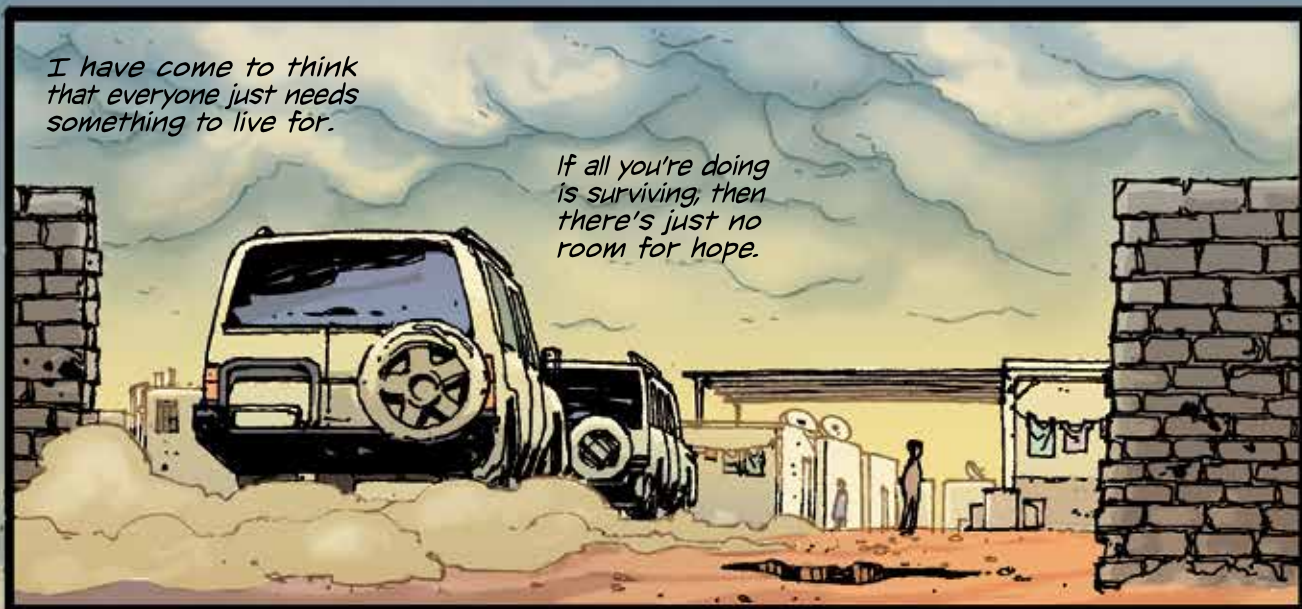
LISTEN TO ME, SAVE YOUR BATTERY! TURN YOUR PHONE OFF. STAY ALIVE...JUST FOR ONE MORE DAY.

TURN THE PHONE ON AGAIN AS SOON AS THE SUN GOES DOWN TOMORROW, SON. I'LL CALL YOU THEN!

WE WILL SEE YOU AGAIN, NASER! YOU UNDERSTAND?! WE WILL SEE YOU AGAIN!

*I have come to think
that everyone just needs
something to live for.*

*If all you're doing
is surviving, then
there's just no
room for hope.*




*But if you can get
even a little help
along the way...*

*...anything
can seem
possible.*




**NEXT...
ON THE JOB
WITH WFP**




When Mosul fell in June of 2014, I was on my first flight to Iraq.

In "Comfort class" no less...(a last minute surprise upgrade from mom and dad).




I didn't hear about Mosul until my layover in Istanbul.

Tikrit fell the next day.



I knew this airport from trips to visit family in Egypt. It was once a gateway to childhood adventure for me.

Now it felt unfamiliar.



The lights were too bright. Everything felt sterile.

Just a mall on the edge of calamity.

I needed to get out of there. I needed to be useful somehow...

PART 3:
ON THE JOB

I needed to go to work.

--MILITARY CONFRONTATIONS IN AND AROUND SINJAR. ALL STAFF IN THE AREA SHOULD LEAVE IMMEDIATELY UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.



I've been in Iraq less than two months and it's happening again. Now we're nowhere near Sinjar...



...but it's the first time I've been in the field during something like this, so I head for the cars.

HEY, JESS. WHAT DO WE DO?

WE'LL GO BACK TO THE UN COMPOUND, GET A READ ON THE SITUATION.



SUP, NASRAW?! BEST DRIVER IN IRAQ! WHAT'S GOING DOWN?

DA'ESH IS MOVING ON SINJAR. WHERE'S YOUR RADIO, ETHAN?

WHO'S THAT?

IT'S COOL. HE'S WITH US.

YOU GUYS ARE GIVING ME A LIFT BACK.

YALLA!



UNITED NATIONS COMPOUND, ERBIL.

By the time we get back to base multiple briefings are already in progress.

In one room they chase intelligence, trying to get a lock on Sinjar's ground truth.

In another, WFP security is concerned with aid workers in dangerous proximity to the action.

The guy who didn't talk to us the entire car ride back ducks into a room where they're working out food distribution strategies.

OH GOOD, ETHAN. YOU'RE HERE. CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND YOU.

I'm a junior VAM (Vulnerability Analysis and Mapping), but I'm rolling with Jess and Yousif from the Comm Team.

PRESS WILL BE LOOKING FOR STORIES, SO LET'S HELP 'EM OUT AND KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR PEGS.

It's their job to let the world know what's going on here.

**DECEMBER,
2014.**

*Four months later.
We're at **two million**
displaced Iraqis and
a **quarter million**
Syrian refugees in
northern Iraq alone.*



**HALF BUILT
MALL, ERBIL.
HOME TO 940
PEOPLE.**

*They are dentists,
architects, engineers,
housewives, laborers.
Mothers and fathers.
Sons and daughters.*



*And we're
trying to feed
every single
one of them.*



It's my job to go out in the field and engage the people. To hear their concerns and discover their needs.



*My info is then
combined with
local food prices,
nutritional surveys,
satellite weather
data and security
studies.*



*It all works
together to
help us form the
best current and
future responses
to the crises.*

But all it really means is that I listen.

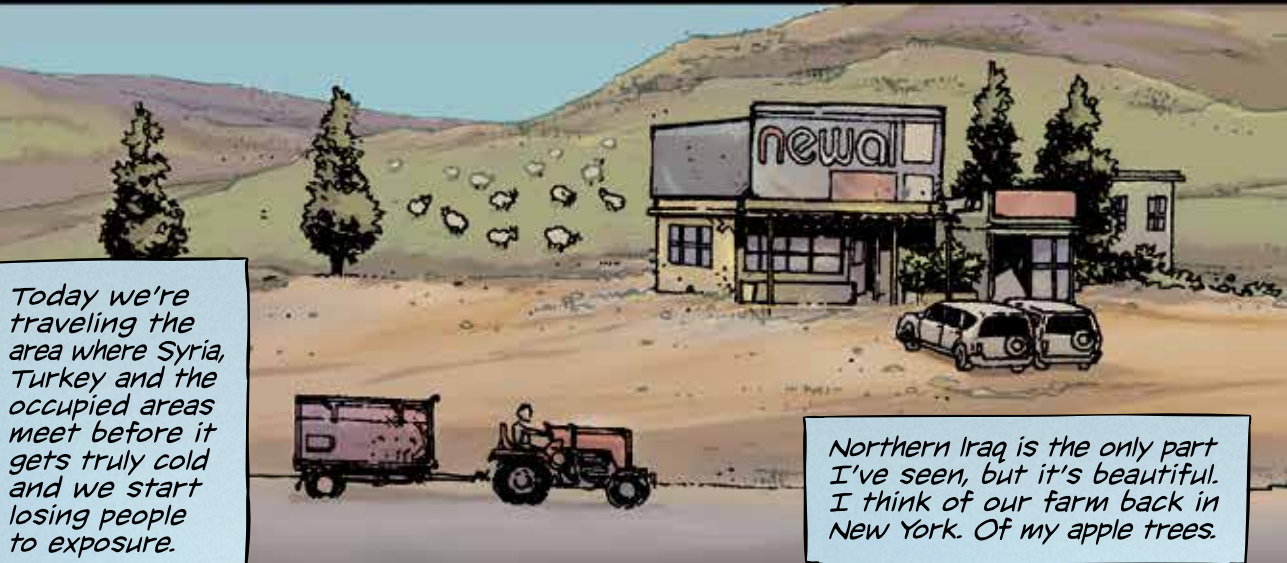
WHAT DO I DO? ALL OF MY DAUGHTERS HAVE BEEN TAKEN. I HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR, YOU UNDERSTAND?

Listen to their stories.

MOM SAYS I'M NOT AN ARAB! I'M A KURD!

OH YEAH? WELL, I'M AN ARAB. CAN WE STILL BE FRIENDS?

COME LOOK!! WE HAVE A LITTLE GARDEN AND SOME PIGEONS!



Today we're traveling the area where Syria, Turkey and the occupied areas meet before it gets truly cold and we start losing people to exposure.

Northern Iraq is the only part I've seen, but it's beautiful. I think of our farm back in New York. Of my apple trees.

Of how things that once seemed so far apart have had their distances demolished.

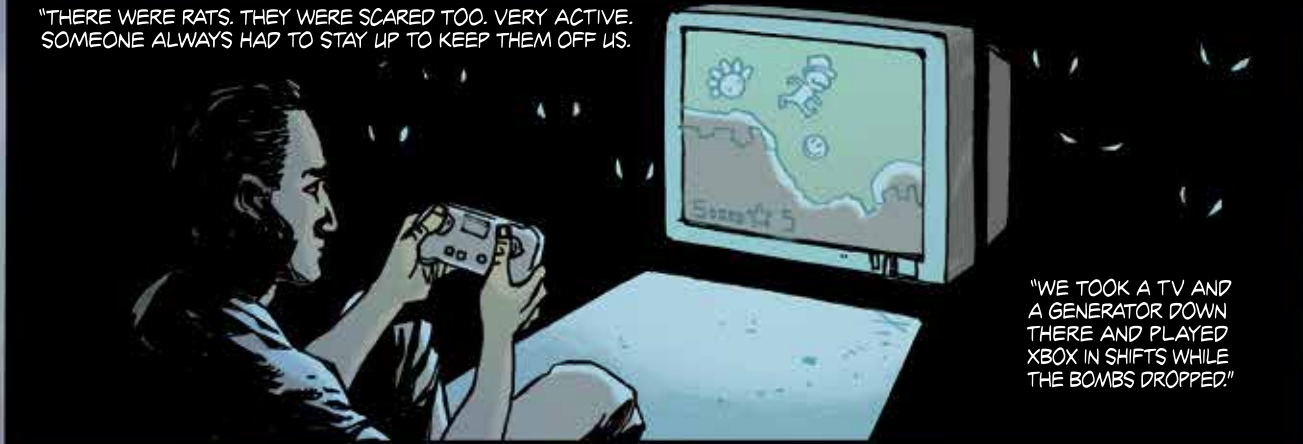
WHAT WAS IT LIKE DURING THE WAR, YOUSIF?

LUNCH STOP. TWO HUNDRED YEAR OLD ABANDONED SUNNI SHEIK HERMITAGE.



I WAS IN BAGHDAD FOR "SHOCK AND AWE". MY FAMILY AND I, WE WERE IN AN UNDERGROUND SHELTER. WE STAYED DOWN THERE FOR DAYS.

"THERE WERE RATS. THEY WERE SCARED TOO. VERY ACTIVE. SOMEONE ALWAYS HAD TO STAY UP TO KEEP THEM OFF US.



"WE TOOK A TV AND A GENERATOR DOWN THERE AND PLAYED XBOX IN SHIFTS WHILE THE BOMBS DROPPED."

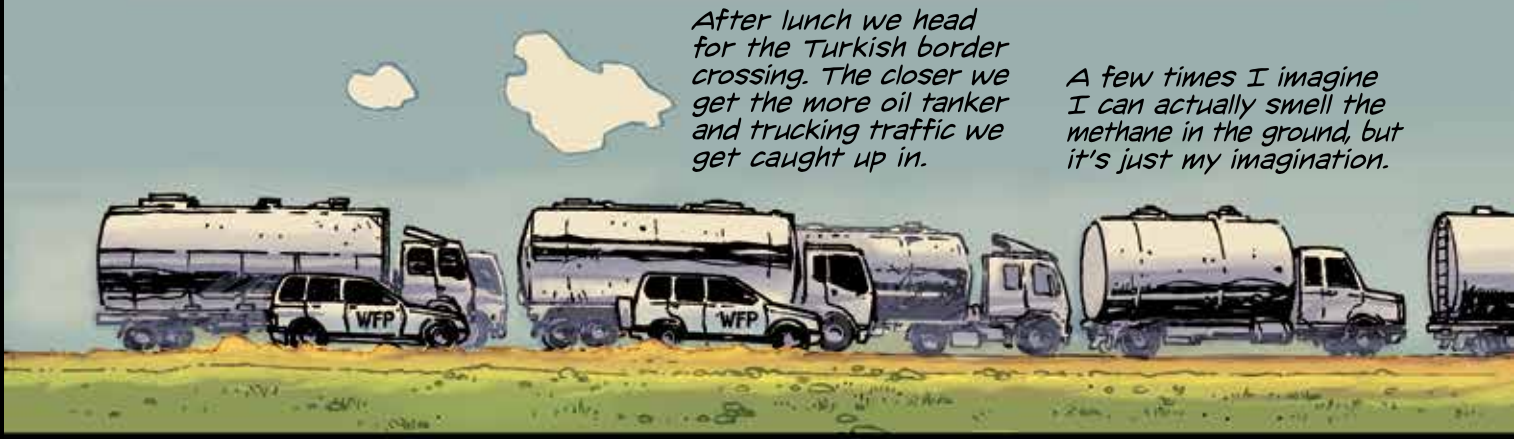


IT'S A HARD THING TO EXPLAIN. SEEING YOUR COUNTRY DISMANTLED.

WONDERING IF IT WILL EVER COME BACK. TRYING TO DO WHAT YOU CAN TO HELP.

After lunch we head for the Turkish border crossing. The closer we get the more oil tanker and trucking traffic we get caught up in.

A few times I imagine I can actually smell the methane in the ground, but it's just my imagination.



IBRAHIM KHALIL BORDER.

Here buses flow daily from Turkey into Iraqi Kurdistan carrying refugees from the besieged Syrian city of Kobane.

These people fled Syria into Turkey but now hope they'll be better off in Iraq.

Here they're given food, medicine, a bed for the night, then put on the buses.

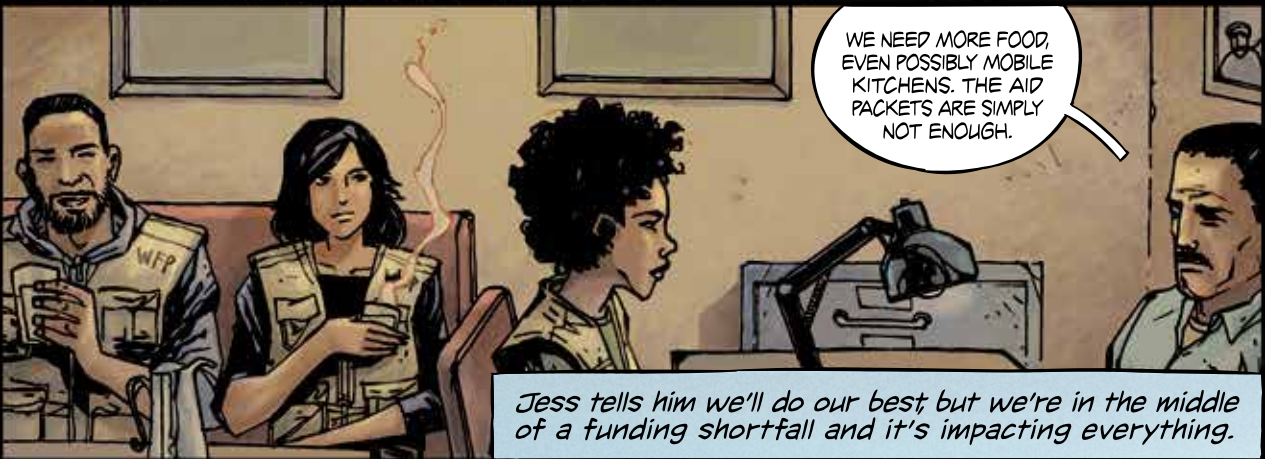


Before we leave the Iraqi Kurdish border police chief invites us to tea in his office.

On his wall is a portrait of Iraqi Kurdistan President Barzani with Bush from 2005.



WE NEED MORE FOOD, EVEN POSSIBLY MOBILE KITCHENS. THE AID PACKETS ARE SIMPLY NOT ENOUGH.



Jess tells him we'll do our best, but we're in the middle of a funding shortfall and it's impacting everything.

Today is Kurdistan's flag day and their national pride plays out across a big screen tv in front of us.



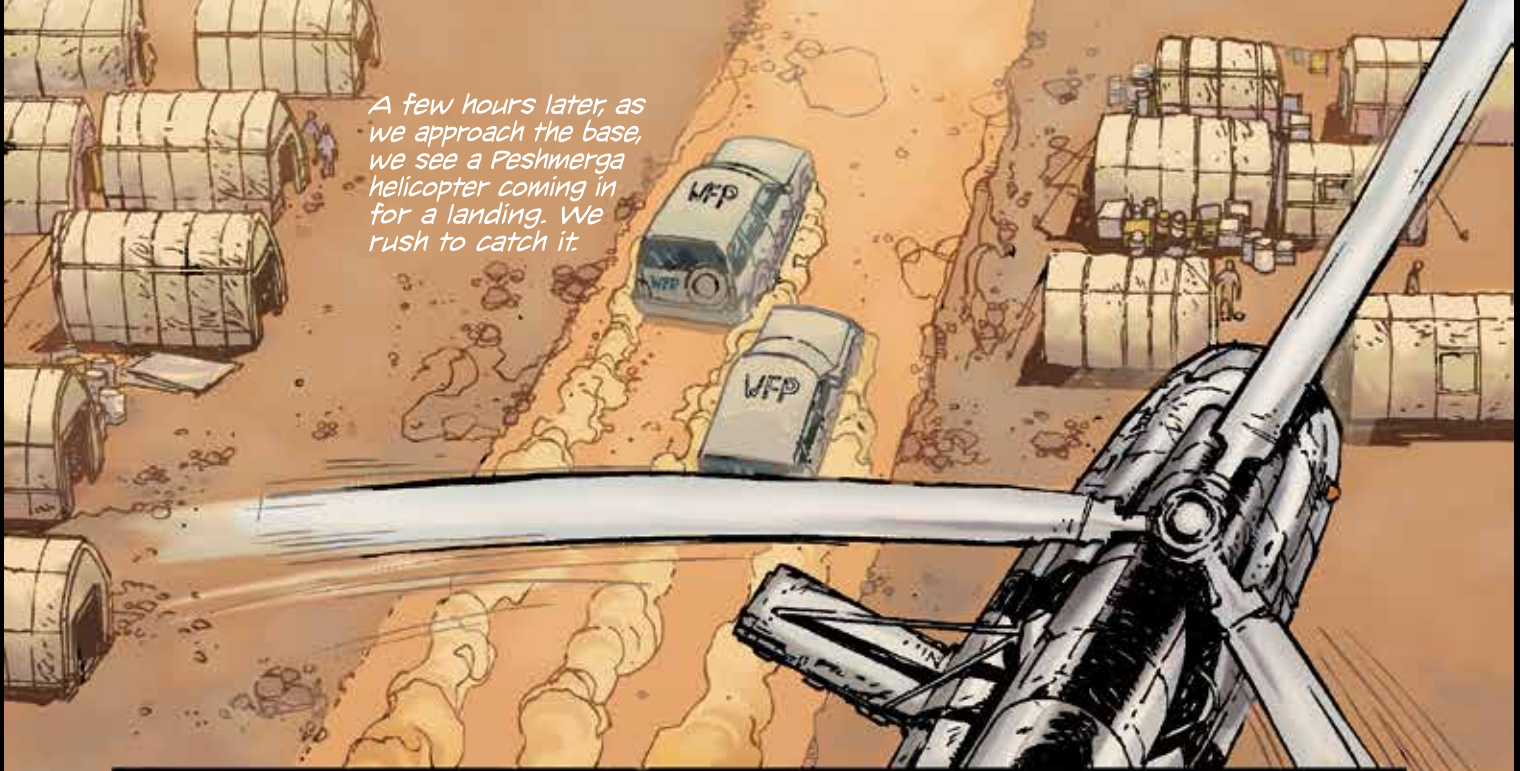
Then the chief mentions that the Peshmarga are still pulling people off of Mount Sinjar.

BY NOW IT'S MOSTLY THE OLD AND THE SICK, OR PEOPLE WHO STAYED OUT OF PRINCIPLE.

So that's where we go next.

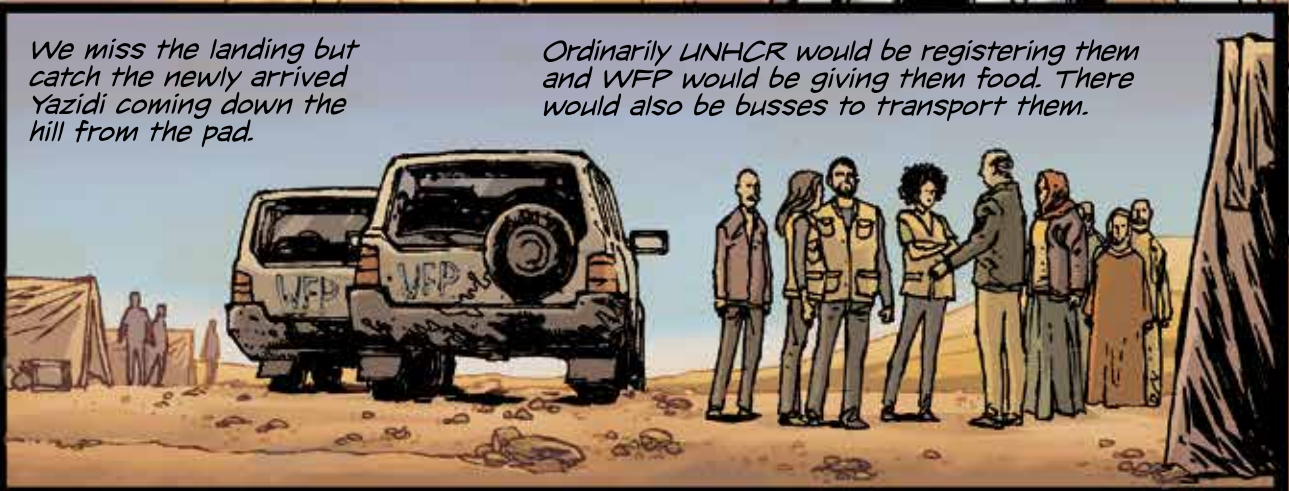


A few hours later, as we approach the base, we see a Peshmerga helicopter coming in for a landing. We rush to catch it.



We miss the landing but catch the newly arrived Yazidi coming down the hill from the pad.

Ordinarily UNHCR would be registering them and WFP would be giving them food. There would also be busses to transport them.



But when we get to the landing pad we see why we haven't been alerted.




They're in the middle of some kind of military deployment.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

FIND SOMEONE IN CHARGE, LEILA. SEE IF THEY'RE BRINGING ANY MORE PEOPLE OFF THE MOUNTAIN TODAY.





NO. NOT TODAY. BUT WE PULLED A BUNCH OF CHILDREN OUT OF ENEMY TERRITORY ABOUT A WEEK BACK.

THEY ESCAPED ON THEIR OWN. BRAVE KIDS. SOME PARENTS FROM DAHOUK WERE HERE TO MEET THEM.

People. On the move. Each one with a story.

YEAH? YOU HAVE A FAMILY NAME?

If they're registered with us, maybe I can find them through the Dahouk sub-office.

We don't know it at the time, but these men are just hours from taking part in the Sinjar offensive that will break the insurgency's hold on the mountain.

Their's will be the first truly decisive victory over Da'esh in Iraq to date. The battle will be news all over the world.

And though it is thankfully very few, some of these men won't be alive by the end of today.

DECEMBER 17, 2014.

The most fundamental thing you can do to keep a human being alive is feed them.

That mission takes many forms. Some of us fly planes, haul food, organize camps.

And some of us collect stories.



I've learned that telling your story to someone, making sure the human conversation doesn't leave you out of it...

That's also a fundamental part of staying alive.



To that end, there's over two million individual tales of suffering here in northern Iraq.



I chase them. I look for the truth.

Fueled by a desire to hear every single one.



**NEXT...
A CHILD'S
STORY**

The Yazidi boy's name is **Naser**. His parents are **Hakima** and **Khaled**.

DA'ESH TOOK **SHEREEN**, MY LITTLE SISTER, AND ME FROM MOM AND DAD...



...WHERE THE FIGHTING WAS STILL GOING ON.

WE WERE BROUGHT BACK TO OUR HOMETOWN OF **SINJAR**...



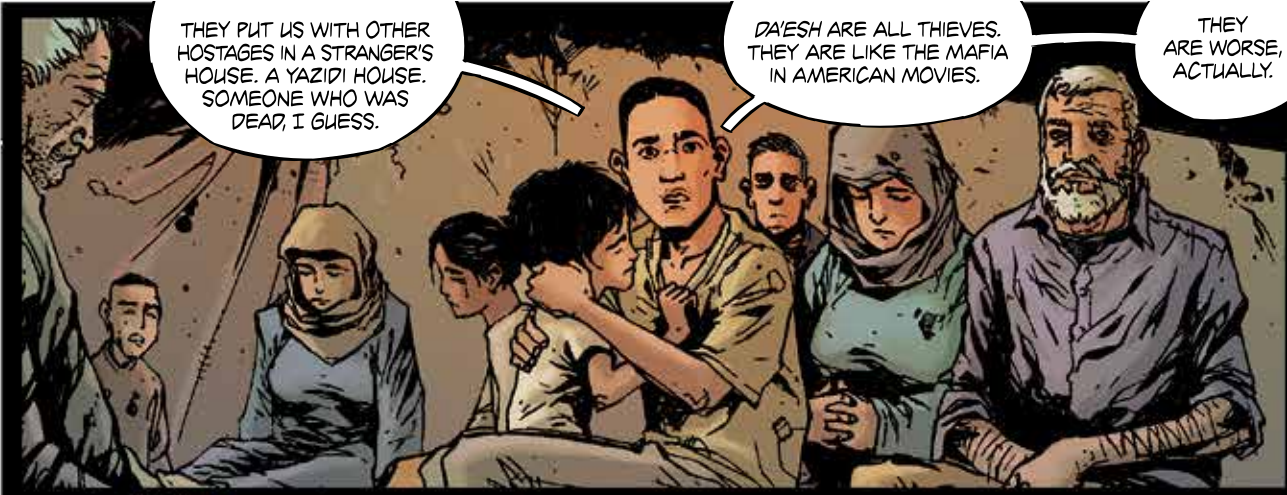
I'm **Leila**. I'm here for Naser's testimony so my org can better understand the ground truth.

With me is our Iraqi communications team and a Kurdish translator from the Dahouk office.

We're in a shipping container turned into living quarters. Naser's family home now.



PART 4: A CHILD'S STORY



THEY PUT US WITH OTHER HOSTAGES IN A STRANGER'S HOUSE. A YAZIDI HOUSE. SOMEONE WHO WAS DEAD, I GUESS.


DA'ESH ARE ALL THIEVES. THEY ARE LIKE THE MAFIA IN AMERICAN MOVIES.

THEY ARE WORSE, ACTUALLY.




THAT FIRST NIGHT DA'ESH MEN TAKE A FEW OF THE YOUNG GIRLS INTO THE BATHROOM.

NASER!! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!



WHEN *SHEREEN* COMES OUT SHE IS DIFFERENT. SHE DOESN'T SPEAK TO NASER AGAIN. NOR DOES SHE LET HIM TOUCH HER.

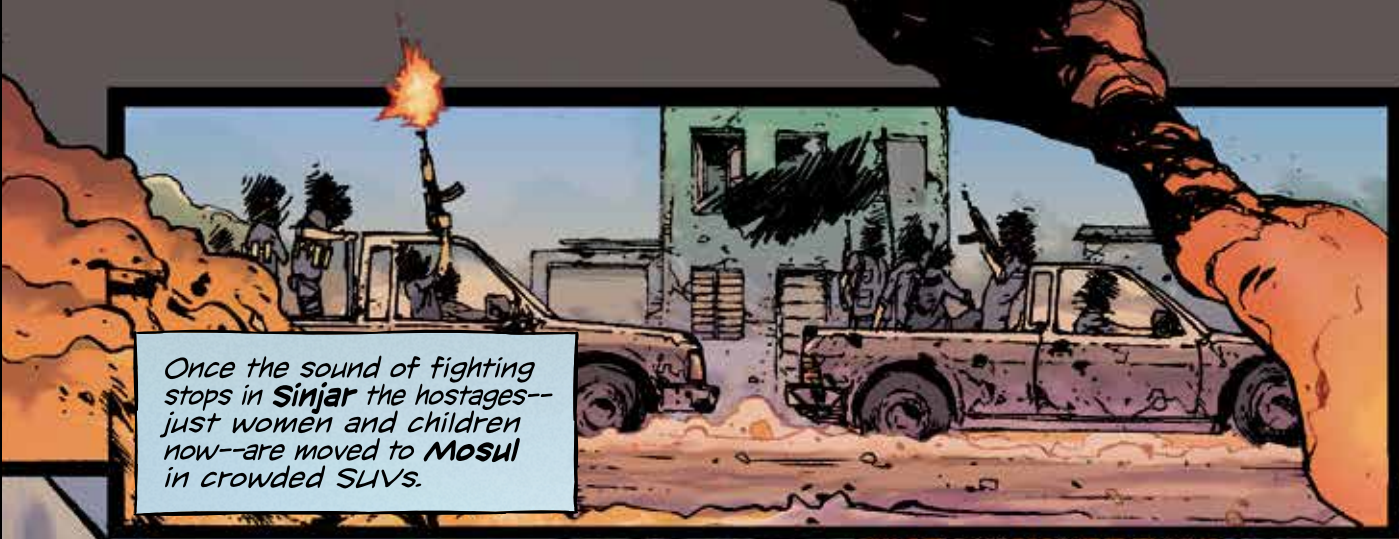


THE NEXT DAY THE ADULT MALE PRISONERS ARE TAKEN OUTSIDE, INTO THE COURTYARD.

BLAM



I WAS AFRAID THAT WE WOULD BE KILLED NEXT.



Once the sound of fighting stops in **Sinjar** the hostages-- just women and children now--are moved to **Mosul** in crowded SUVs.




IN MOSUL WE WERE BROUGHT TO A BANQUET HALL STILL DECORATED FOR A WEDDING. IT WAS VERY PRETTY.

Signs of lives interrupted are everywhere.




Here the women and girls were separated from the boys.

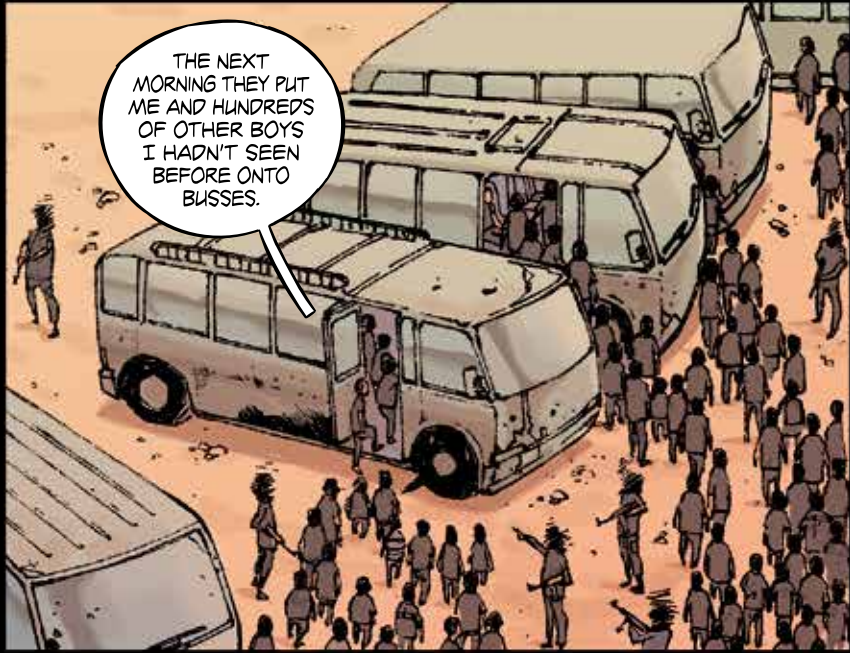
Shereen is taken away again. But this time she doesn't call out Naser's name.



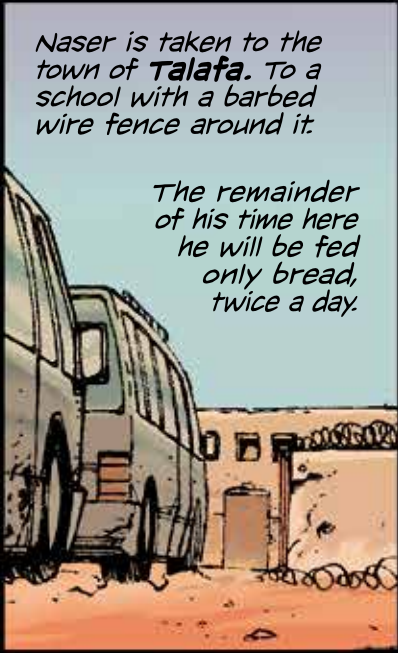
But Naser says he didn't cry.



THAT NIGHT I COULD HEAR MANY OF THE OTHER BOYS CRYING...



THE NEXT MORNING THEY PUT ME AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER BOYS I HADN'T SEEN BEFORE ONTO BUSESSES.



Naser is taken to the town of **Talafa**. To a school with a barbed wire fence around it.

The remainder of his time here he will be fed only bread, twice a day.



Here they are also given all black clothes.

SEE! I STILL HAVE THE PANTS THEY GAVE ME. THEY'RE PRETTY COOL!



THEY MADE US TAKE QUR'AN CLASSES. WE HAD TO MEMORIZE A PASSAGE A DAY. IF I DIDN'T RECITE MY PASSAGE EXACTLY RIGHT, I WAS PUNISHED.

I UNDERSTAND ARABIC...BUT I SPEAK ONLY KURDISH. SO I OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED MY PASSAGES...



As Naser tells me this, I think of my mother's mother, my Nonna, reading to me from the Qur'an during summer visits to Egypt.

...IF THE HOUR OF RECKONING FALLS UPON YOU AND YOU ARE HOLDING A SEEDLING IN YOUR HAND, PLANT THE SEEDLING...



And I think of the peace it brought to me.



SOMETIMES THEY TOOK SOME OF US OUT TO THE HIGHWAY TO TRY AND TRAIN US!

Naser likes the rifle.



It gives him a sense of power in a powerless situation.



DONKEY!

SLAP



STOP DAYDREAMING!



I OVERHEARD THEM TALKING. THERE'S NO CLASS TODAY BECAUSE OUR TEACHER, HE WAS KILLED IN THE WAR.

GOOD.

It is obvious to me that violence is a virus. Highly contagious.

YOUR CLASSES ARE STALLED FOR A TIME, NASER, BUT IF YOU CONVERT RIGHT NOW, WE WILL LET YOU REJOIN YOUR FAMILY.



COME. LET US MAKE YOUR SOUL RIGHT WITH GOD.



IF YOU TAKE MY SISTER AND ME BACK TO MY MOM AND DAD, I WILL CONVERT.



And the beatings become worse.

After his refusal to convert his military training stops (while for some others it intensifies).

Over the course of a month Naser tries to run twice. Both times they capture him.




It is the second beating that scares him the most.

During the beating Naser wonders if this is finally how and where he will die.




After the beating he can no longer stand up straight. No longer sleep through the night because of the pain.





NOW I MUST MASSAGE NASER'S BACK EVERY NIGHT JUST SO THE BOY CAN GET COMFORTABLE ENOUGH TO SLEEP.

AND HE DOESN'T REALLY SLEEP. NOT WELL. HE KICKS IN THE DARK. HE FIGHTS THINGS IN HIS SLEEP.



BUT THEN, IN NOVEMBER, ALL THE ADULTS SUDDENLY WENT OFF TO FIGHT AND LEFT JUST THE BOYS, THE ONES THEY TRAINED, TO GUARD US.

C'MON, LET'S LEAVE! IF THEY SHOOT US, THEY SHOOT US!

STOP! DON'T GO!

Things must've been going badly for Da'esh in the area at the time if they were drawn so thin.

WAIT! NASER!

TAKE THIS PHONE. THOSE OF US WHO WORK IN THE KITCHEN, WE HAVE MANY.

The group of boys walk right up to the gate.

PLEASE! THEY'LL KILL YOU AND US IF WE LET YOU ESCAPE! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY FROM THEM!

WE KEEP THEM ON OUR PERSON. IN PLACES WHERE THEY WILL NOT SEARCH A GOOD MUSLIM WOMAN.

NOW GO WITH ALLAH!

YOU ALL STOP!! OR I'LL SHOOT!

JUST KEEP WALKING!



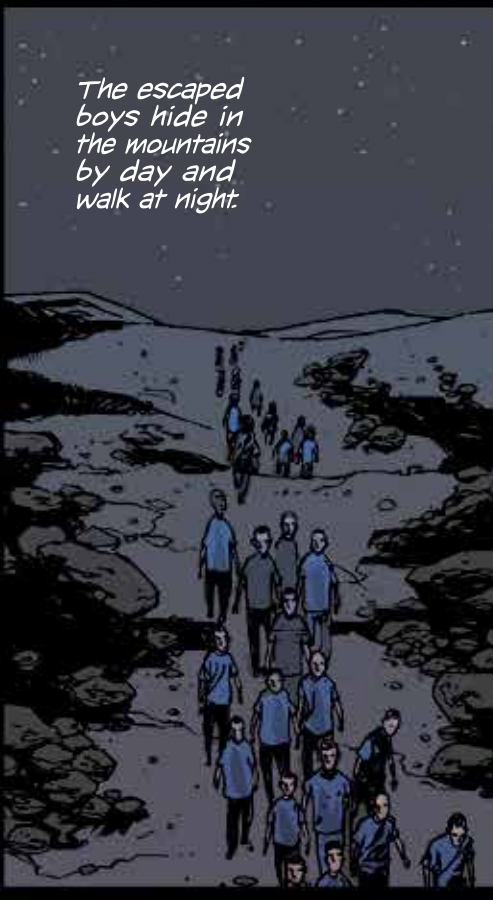
AS I WALKED AWAY, I GLANCED BACK JUST ONCE.

Perhaps he is thinking that with every step he places more space between his sister and himself.



No one in the room says what we already know. Most likely Shereen has been sold as a wife in Syria...

Or her fate is far, far worse.



The escaped boys hide in the mountains by day and walk at night.



As soon as Naser gets some kind of cell signal, he calls his father.

BABA?

NASER!



Naser's father calls the Peshmerga, Iraqi Kurdish freedom fighters.

THERE THEY ARE!

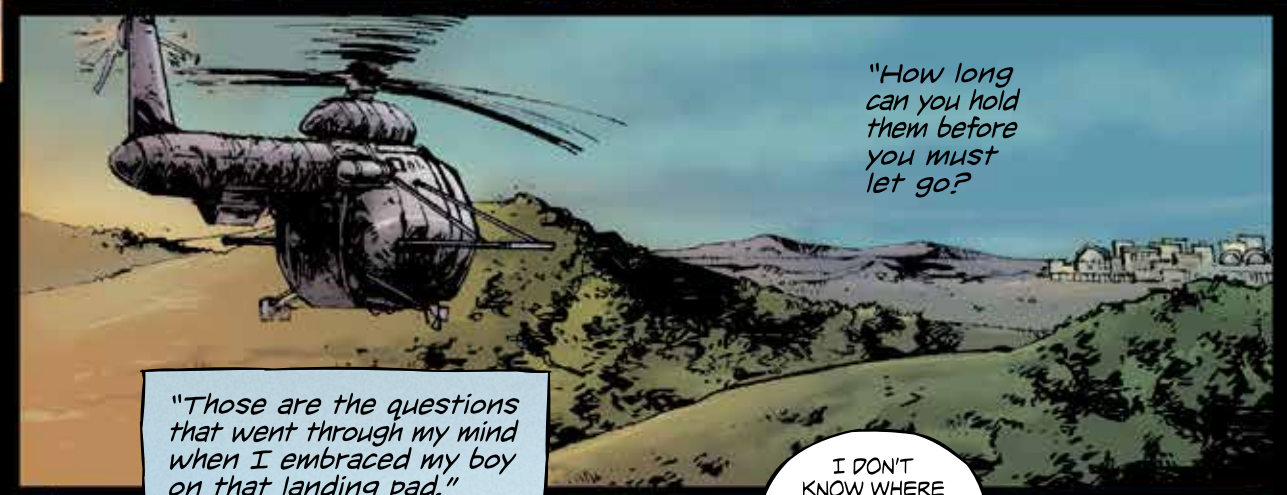
Peshmerga arrange for a pickup at an abandoned asphalt factory some twenty-five miles from the children's location.



Back in their shipping container home, Naser's father asks me...



"How tightly can you hold your child, with love, without breaking them?"



"How long can you hold them before you must let go?"

"Those are the questions that went through my mind when I embraced my boy on that landing pad."

I DON'T KNOW WHERE SHEREEN IS. I'M SO SORRY. I COULDN'T PROTECT HER.

I can't imagine the balance of heartbreak and gladness they all felt in that moment.



BUT WHEN HE CAME OFF THE HELICOPTER, HIS FACE BRUISED, LIMPING TOWARDS US, THE VERY FIRST THING I THOUGHT WAS...

WHAT HORRORS HAVE I FAILED TO KEEP FROM MY CHILDREN?



I'll try to find services to help Naser with his PTSD and physical rehab. But things are stretched so thin now. It won't be easy.



HOW DID IT FEEL, TO SEE YOUR MOM AND DAD, NASER?

IT FELT LIKE I WAS BORN AGAIN.



YESTERDAY PESHMERGA BEGAN THE HARD WORK OF BREAKING THE SIEGE IN SINJAR. ARE YOU EXCITED TO RETURN HOME?

I'M TIRED OF HOME. THE YAZIDI HAVE ALWAYS BEEN PERSECUTED HERE. WE'RE NOT WANTED.

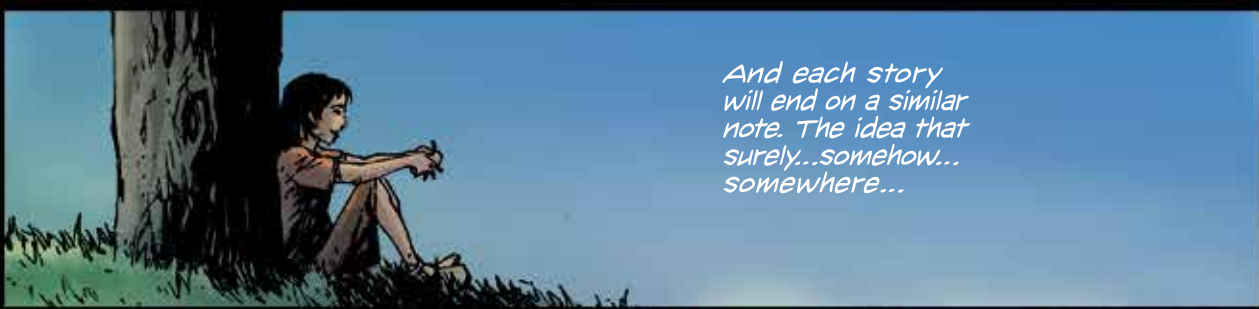


I HOPE TO TAKE MY FAMILY TO EUROPE. I WANT THEM TO GO TO SCHOOL. GO TO THE MOVIES. EAT WHEN THEY'RE HUNGRY. LIVE A NORMAL LIFE.

NOT LIKE THIS.



Tomorrow I'll hear another story...and the day after that another...and on, and on...



And each story will end on a similar note. The idea that surely...somehow... somewhere...



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**Currently there are more than 3.2 million displaced
Iraqis and 245,000 Syrian refugees in Iraq.**

All are in need of food.

One Future #ZeroHunger by 2030.

LL3 is a work of fiction created in conjunction with WFP.
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LL3

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