



LL3

LIVING LEVEL-3:

IRAQ

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




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.



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



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



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.

预览已结束，完整报告链接和二维码如下：

https://www.yunbaogao.cn/report/index/report?reportId=5_5021



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