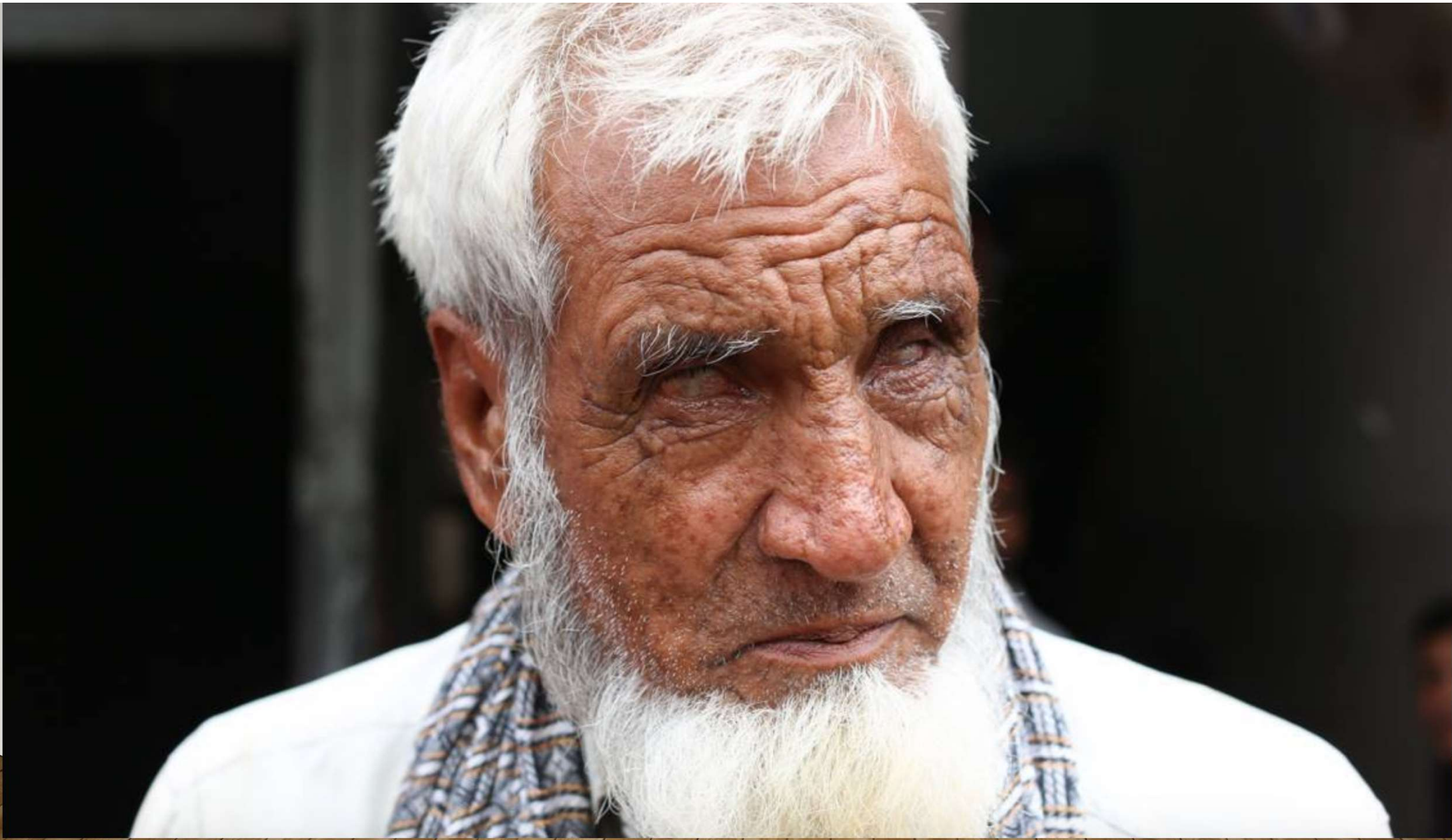


HUMANS OF NEW YORK



-
- You are going to see a series of images.
 - Write down the first thing that comes to mind when you see the image.
 - After, we will discuss what you think the story behind the image is
 - Next, we will hear what the real story is
 - Lastly, we will discuss whether or not your thoughts related to reality



-
- “When I was ten years old, I had a bad disease that caused me to lose consciousness and when I woke up, I was blind. I screamed: ‘Mom, I can’t see anymore!’ And we both started crying. It’s been a very hard life for me. Nobody would give his daughter to a blind man. If I dwelled on how lonely I am, I’d have died a long time ago. My only friend is the radio.”(Karachi, Pakistan)



تونس

بلدني فردي

٢٠١٥/٠٧ ٩:٣٠:٠٠ ويرقم

الرقم الوطني:

الجنس: ذكر

تاريخ القيد: ١٩٩٢/١٢/٣٠

الوضع العائلي: عازب

متسلسل الاسم:

- “A friend called me at work and told me that a sniper had shot my youngest brother. I rushed to the clinic and he was lying there with a bandage on his head. I unwrapped the bandage to help treat the wound with alcohol, and small pieces of brain were stuck to it. The doctor told me: ‘Unless you get him to Damascus, he will die.’ I panicked. The road to Damascus went straight through Raqqa and was very dangerous. It took ten hours, because we could only take back roads and we had to drive very far out of the way. My brother was in the back seat, and after a very short time he started to vomit bile. Water was pouring from his eyes. I didn’t know what to do. I was so scared. I thought for sure he was dying. But somehow I got him to the hospital. He’s paralyzed now and his speech is slow. His memory is OK. He can remember old things. He needs an operation in his eye. We used to do everything together, and now he can’t do anything. He can only move his hand. I’m trying to get him to Germany because I hear that maybe the doctors there can help him.” (Lesvos, Greece)





-
- “My husband passed away eight years ago. His death ruined my life. I couldn’t pay rent anymore. The people in the neighborhood tried to help me at first. Every day they would arrange two or three hundred rupees to pay my bills and send groceries to my house. But eventually their charity ran out and they told me it was time to seek help from God. Now I sleep on the floor of a relative’s house, and during the day I sit here and beg to pass the time. This is the fate God has chosen for me. When I talk about these things, my heart begins to sink. If I stay quiet, I feel OK.” (Karachi, Pakistan)

-



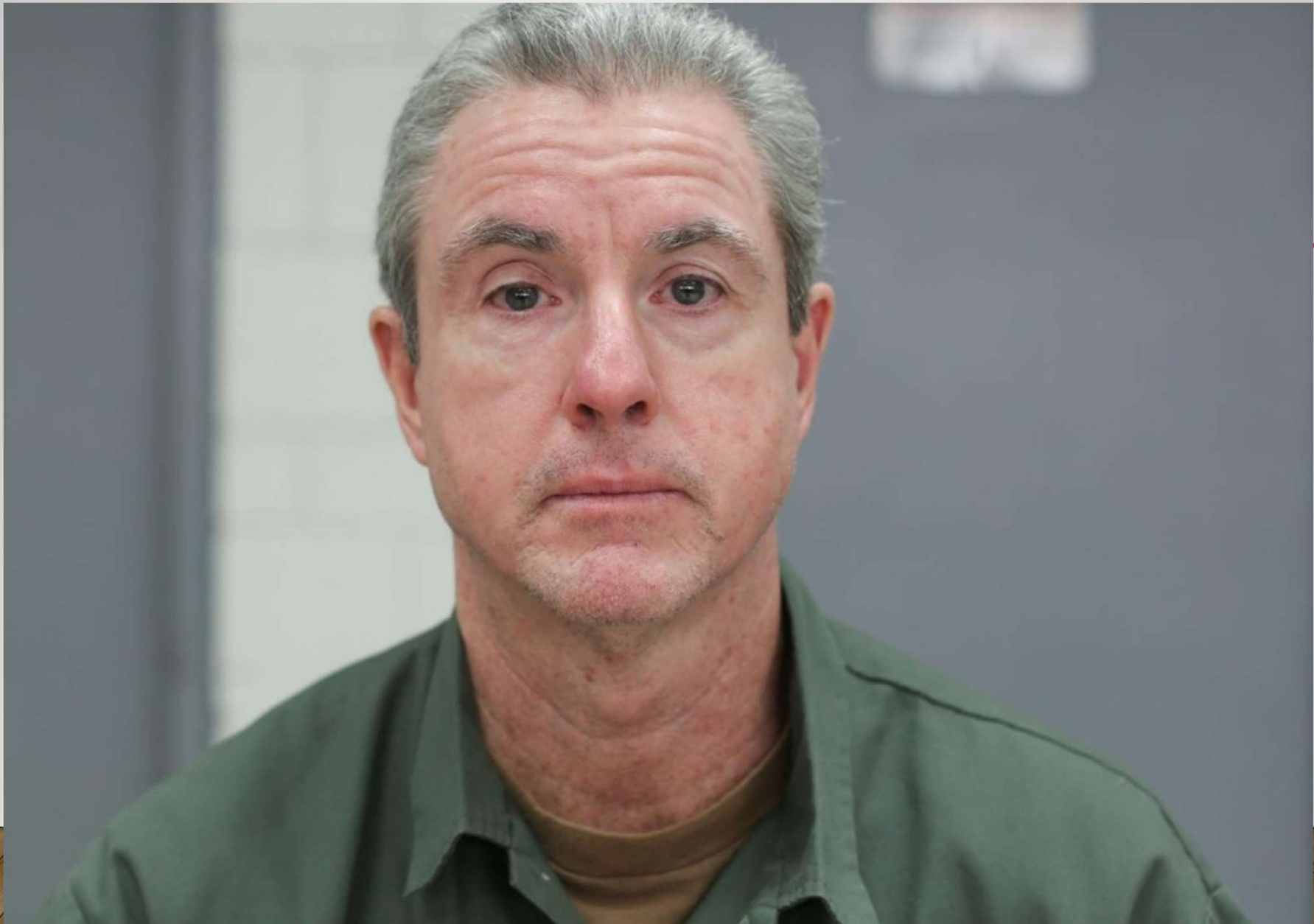
“My sister fell ill and her medical bills cost 30,000 rupees. My father wasn’t getting his salary on time, so we had no options. I took a loan from the brick kiln and agreed to work for them until it was paid off. Other members of my family did the same. We thought it would only take three months. But when I went to leave, they told me I owed them 90,000 rupees. I couldn’t believe it. They told me I couldn’t leave. It’s like quicksand. They only pay you 200 rupees per 1000 bricks, and it all goes to them, and the debt keeps growing. We are supposed to work from dawn to dusk for six days a week, but we never get the 7th day off. They tell me I owe them 900,000 rupees now. There is no hope for me. Every year they have a market. The brick kiln owners get together and they sell us to each other. Just ten days ago my entire family was sold for 2.2 million rupees.”

*1,000 rupees = \$3.83

(Lahore, Pakistan)



-
- “I’m studying law. My dream is to be a judge one day. Too many people in this country are only in prison because they were too poor to defend themselves. When I’m a judge, I’ll look only at the facts, and not at the person.”
 - (Kinshasa, Democratic Republic of Congo)



- “I thought it was a bomb at first. It pushed the building, so I was thrown against the wall. Nobody screamed. It was silent except for the sound of ringing phones. There was no announcement or anything, everyone just started walking toward the exits. I remember the stairs were wet. Fuel had poured down through the elevator shafts so it smelled like a really strong cleaning product. I still smell it when I’m dreaming. Everyone was calm and quiet in the stairwell. A lot of people were out of shape, so we were moving slowly. Occasionally we’d move out of the way to let a fireman run past. People didn’t begin to panic until we reached the ground floor because there was broken glass everywhere and bodies on the ground. That’s the first time we started running. The police actually tried to keep us inside the lobby because bodies were falling outside, but we pushed past them. I remember being shocked by all the people who were standing around, looking up. I couldn’t understand why a person would do that. I walked thirty blocks, then I caught a ride to midtown. I tried walking down into a subway station to see if the trains were running. An attendant was sitting in the booth, watching the television, and she said: ‘They’re gone.’ And that was when I finally felt fear. Until then, it had only been survival.” (Metropolitan Correctional Center, New York)



- “My husband and I sold everything we had to afford the journey. We worked 15 hours a day in Turkey until we had enough money to leave. The smuggler put 152 of us on a boat. Once we saw the boat, many of us wanted to go back, but he told us that anyone who turned back would not get a refund. We had no choice. Both the lower compartment and the deck were filled with people. Waves began to come into the boat so the captain told everyone to throw their baggage into the sea. In the ocean we hit a rock, but the captain told us not to worry. Water began to come into the boat, but again he told us not to worry. We were in the lower compartment and it began to fill with water. It was too tight to move. Everyone began to scream. We were the last ones to get out alive. My husband pulled me out of the window. In the ocean, he took off his life jacket and gave it to a woman. We swam for as long as possible. After several hours he told me he that he was too tired to swim and that he was going to float on his back and rest. It was so dark we could not see. The waves were high. I could hear him calling me but he got further and further away. Eventually a boat found me. They never found my husband.” (Kos, Greece)

