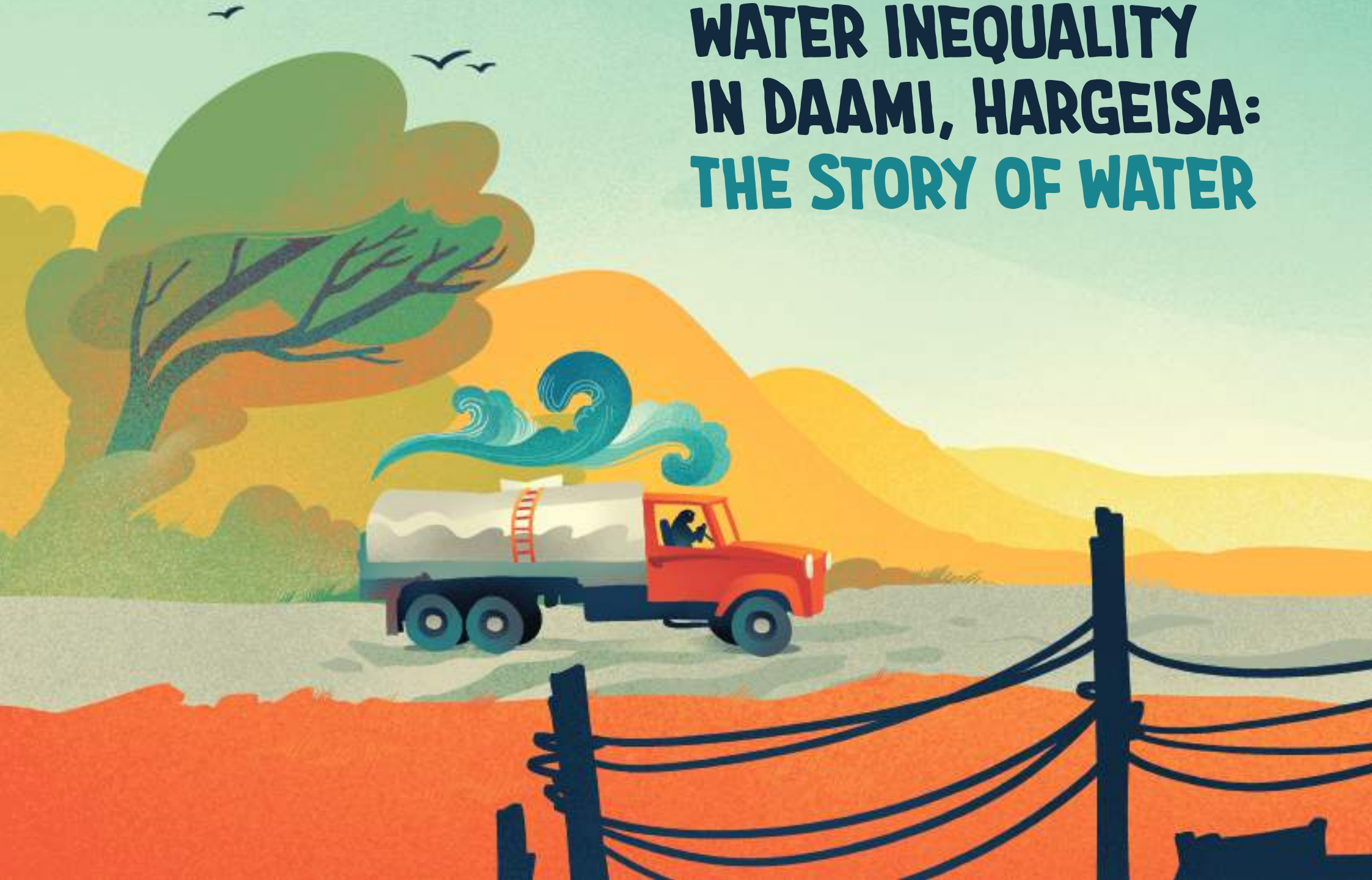


WATER INEQUALITY IN DAAMI, HARGEISA: THE STORY OF WATER





WITHOUT ME...

AND WITHIN ME...

...DEATH AWAITS.



BUT WITHIN YOU...

...I BRING LIFE.



I LIVE UNDERGROUND. DEEP
DOWN IN THE COOL DARKNESS.



UNTIL, SUDDENLY, I AM
WRENCHED UP INTO THE LIGHT.



THEY COME AND
TAKE ME.



BUT I AM NOT
THEIRS TO TAKE.



I AM TRAVELLING NOW FROM THE BASINS OF GEED-DEEBLE
TO HARGEISA, OVER BUMPY, UNCARED FOR ROADS.



MY BODY SLAPS AND
LAPS AT THE SIDES.



'CAREFUL NOW- DON'T SPILL' SAYS THE OWNERS.





BUT THE CLIENTS CANNOT WAIT.
THEIR NEED FOR ME IS URGENT.

'HURRY!' THEY
COMMAND.

I AM COMING TO YOU. I KNOW
HOW MUCH YOU NEED ME.

THIS LAND ALSO YEARNs FOR ME.



WE NEAR DAAMI.



FIRST THEY TAKE A LARGE PART OF ME
AND FILL UP THE RICH MEN'S TANKS.

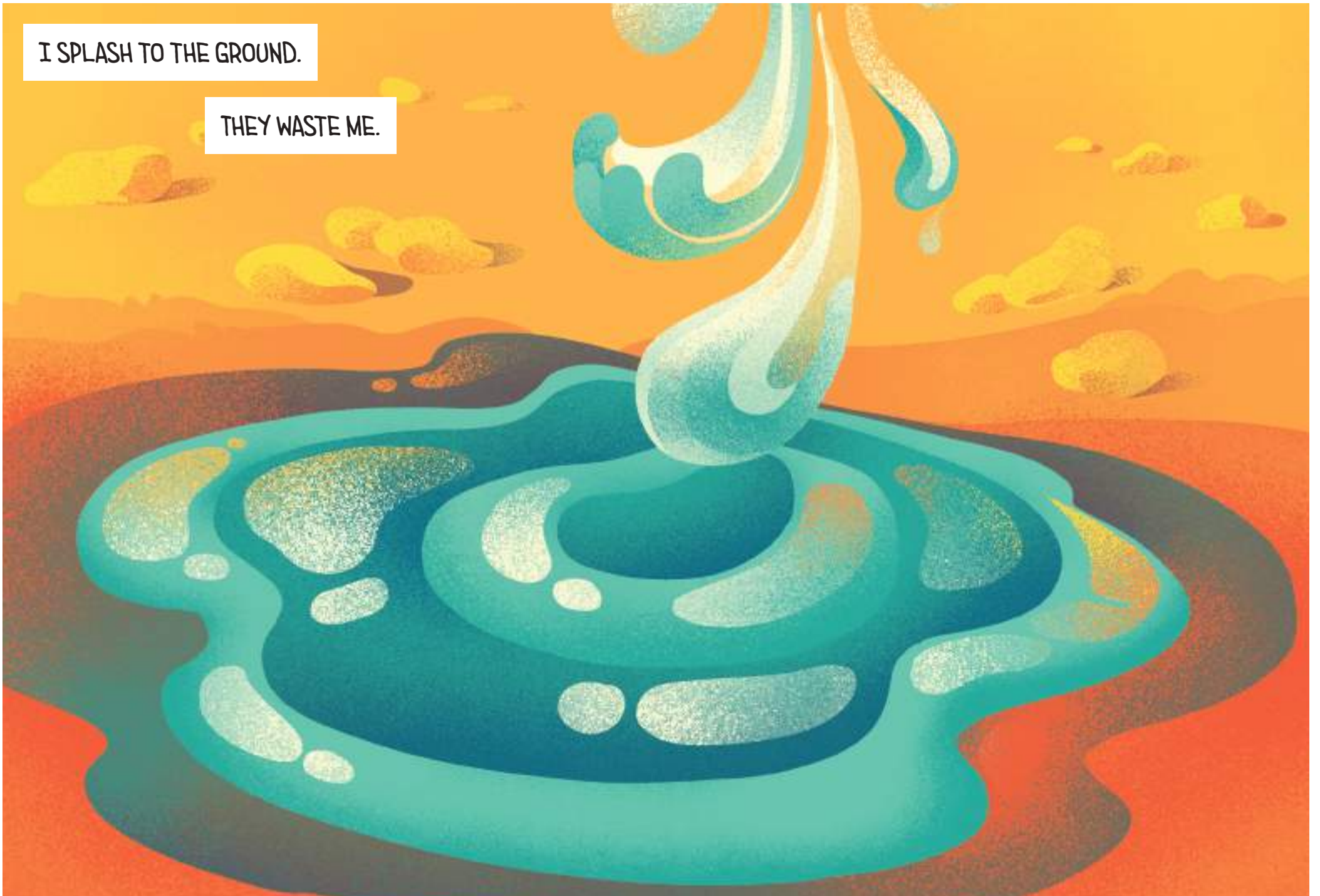


THEIR CUPS RUNNETH OVER.



I SPLASH TO THE GROUND.

THEY WASTE ME.





NO MAN OWNS ME. I AM AS
ESSENTIAL TO LIFE AS AIR.

I WANT TO REACH EVERYONE.



TO GO TO THE THIRSTY PEOPLE...

TO CLEAN AND QUENCH THEM.


...TO SLIP DOWN THEIR
THROATS AND OVER THEIR SKIN.



IN DAAMI LIVES BADRIA.

SHE NEEDS ME. HER
CHILDREN NEED ME.

BUT THEY ONLY GET A BIT OF ME-
SO DIRTY THAT I MAKE THEM SICK.

An illustration of a woman with dark skin wearing a red headscarf, shown in profile from the chest up. She is looking towards the right. The background is a stylized landscape with rolling hills in shades of orange and yellow, green trees, and a small shop with a blue and yellow striped awning. The sky is filled with large, soft, yellow and green clouds. A white speech bubble is positioned in the center-right of the image, containing text.

IF I COULD
AFFORD TO I WOULD
OF COURSE BUY ENOUGH WATER TO
LAST ME A WHILE BUT THE PRICE
FOR THAT IS TOO HIGH FOR ME AND
IT KEPT INCREASING.

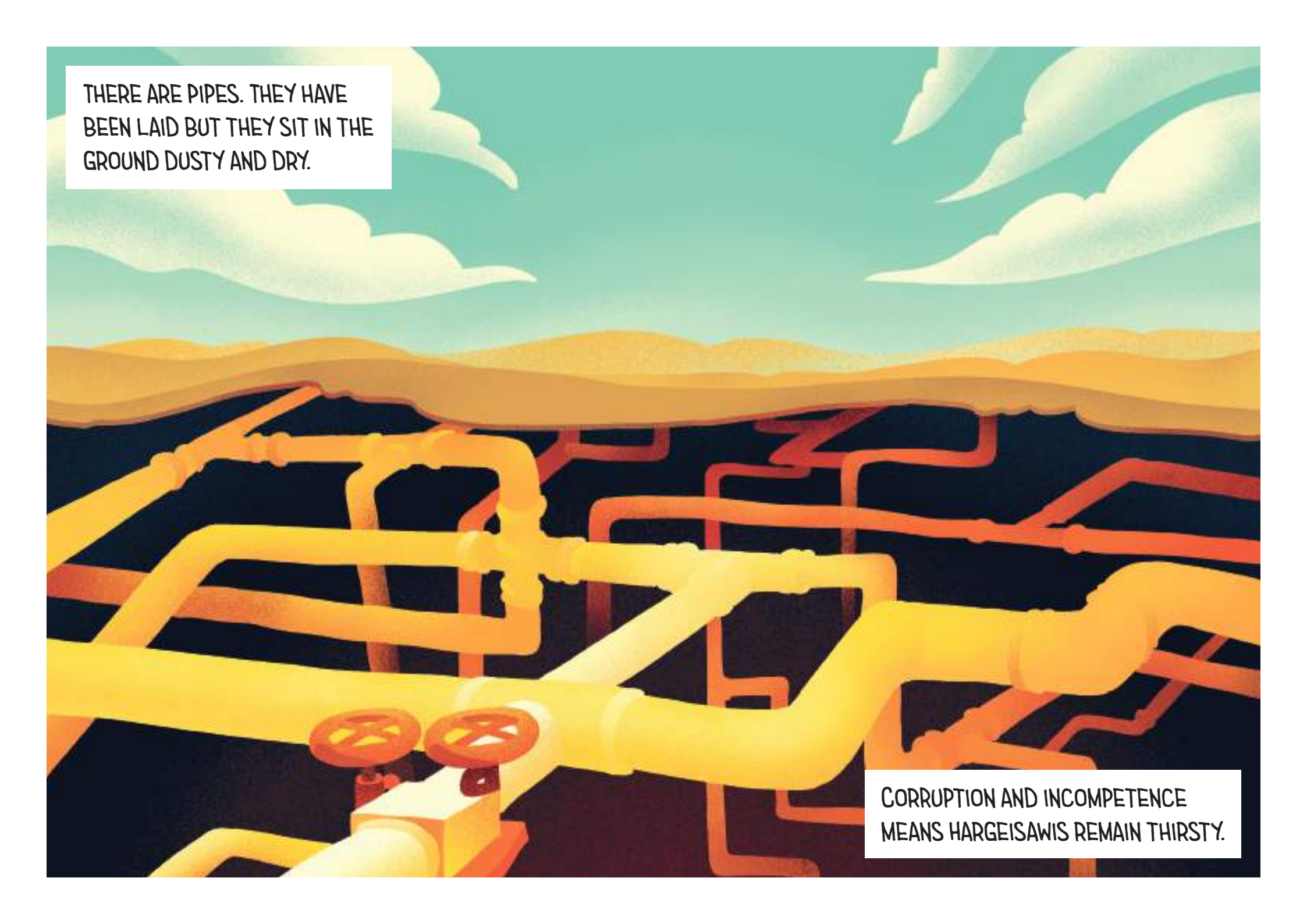
FOR NOW BADRIA AND HER FAMILY RELY ON A
KIND-HEARTED LADY WHO OWNS A SMALL SHOP.



SHE STORES ME IN A BIG TANK CLOSE TO BADRIA'S HOME.

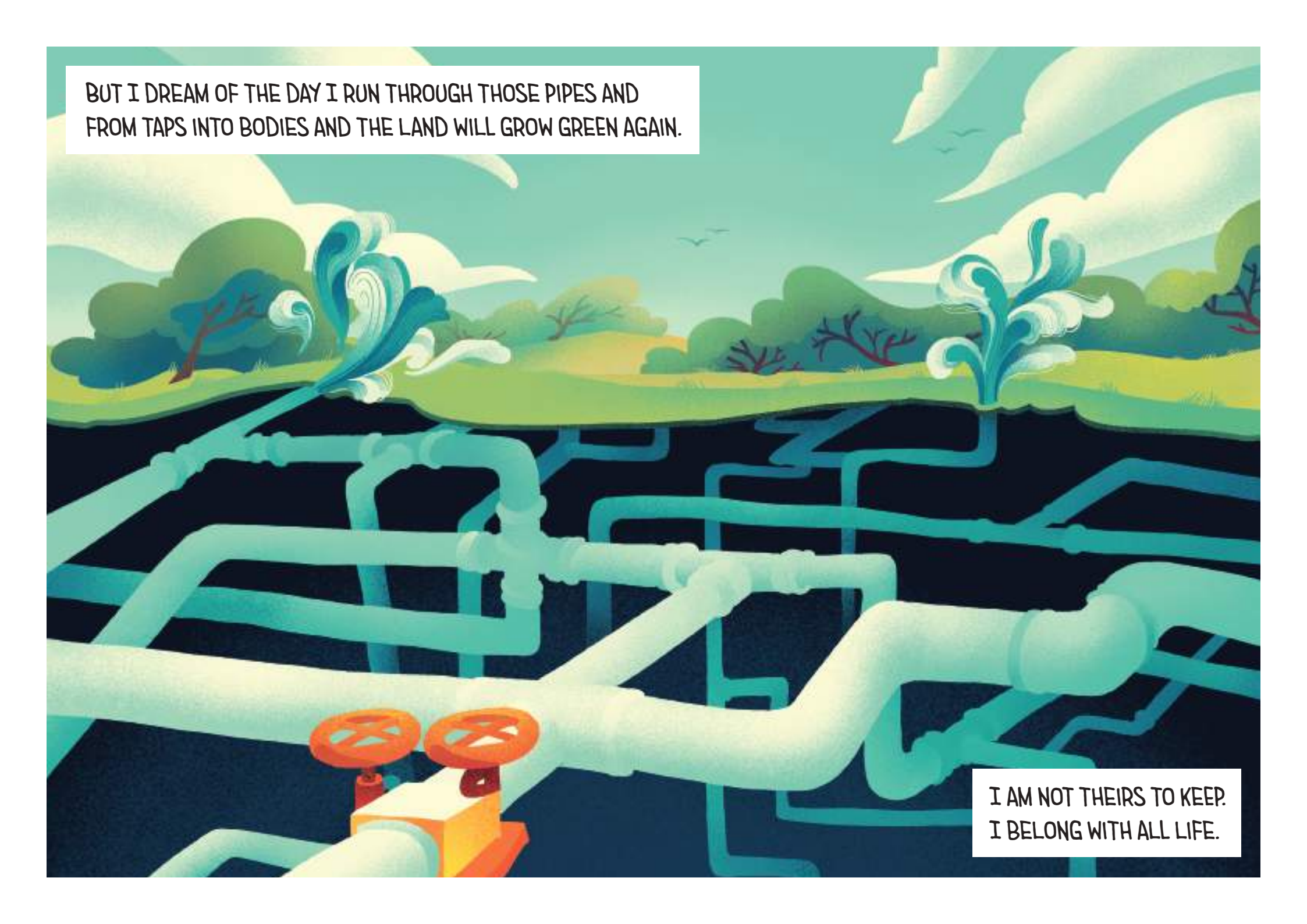
SHE USED TO SELL ME IN 20 LITRE JERRICANS FOR 2000 SHILLINGS, BUT NOW IT COSTS 2500 SHILLINGS.

THE FUEL HAS BECOME EXPENSIVE.



THERE ARE PIPES. THEY HAVE BEEN LAID BUT THEY SIT IN THE GROUND DUSTY AND DRY.

CORRUPTION AND INCOMPETENCE MEANS HARGEISAWIS REMAIN THIRSTY.



BUT I DREAM OF THE DAY I RUN THROUGH THOSE PIPES AND
FROM TAPS INTO BODIES AND THE LAND WILL GROW GREEN AGAIN.

I AM NOT THEIRS TO KEEP.
I BELONG WITH ALL LIFE.



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THE INCLUSIVE URBAN INFRASTRUCTURE RESEARCH PROJECT
EXPLORES HOW URBAN INFRASTRUCTURE IS PROVIDED IN THE
GLOBAL SOUTH AND HOW IT CAN BENEFIT THE MOST MARGINALISED.

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