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“Mzungu, you’re famous now,” the group of boda boda drivers shouted at me laughing and pointing to their radios. Mzungu, a Bantu word for foreigner, became my unofficial name the month I spent reporting on HIV for the Daily Monitor, Uganda’s largest independent newspaper. [Link to the story](#)

The drivers finally had an answer why three Americans were hiking across their island after I made my debut on Radio Ssesse talking about my time reporting on the island’s HIV medication shortage.

Despite thousands of people in HIV treatment on the island, the National Medical Store shipped the local clinic medicine weeks away from expiration. I was shocked with the lack of accountability securing drugs so many depended on to survive. Later, after we used our first-hand reporting to confront the district health official who claimed shortages weren’t foreseeable, I felt a renewed sense of purpose to hold those in power accountable to the truth.

I was never meant to spend my time in Uganda on the Ssesse Islands, but I was hooked after hearing a few Daily Monitor reporters describe the people living there. I also felt compelled to cover an area that normally didn’t warrant Ugandan national coverage. The islands make up one of Uganda’s poorest and smallest district, allowing bureaucratic mistakes to go under reported. It was rewarding to cover a story I thought hadn’t been publicized enough.

If I had remained in the capital with the other interns I could have never uncovered the proof I needed for my story or found the people most affected by it. Only by being there to bare witness could I see the real story.

I try to never loose site of this when covering stories back in the States. Many of the stories I work on are data driven and it could be easy to forget the value of talking to the people actually affected by the issue. Luckily I think back to confronting a lying bureaucrat with photographic proof of my question or being thanked by a patient for traveling so far out of my way to cover her story, and I remember burning a little boot leather is always worth it.

Given the opportunity to help you team I would take this energy and dedicate it to learning as much as I could about reporting and presenting the news.

I have written mostly about my passion for reporting, but you also could say I have a budding love affair with programming. At first, I didn’t think the interest would last but now I know I could never go back. I fell in love with data journalism once I realized it is more about interviewing the data to develop story ideas than it is about plain arithmetic.