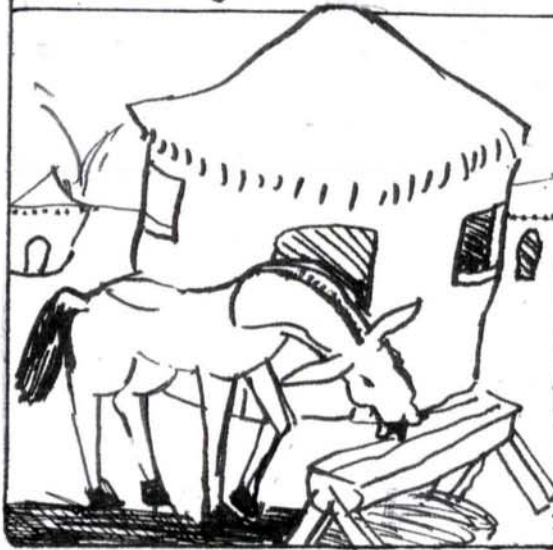


Pierre look at our children, they ride so well.



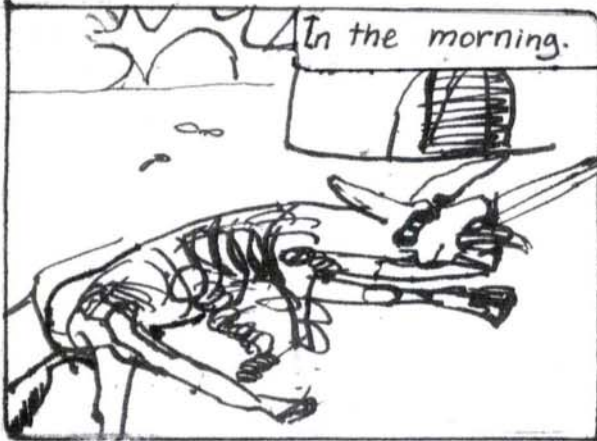
Helene's donkey was tied to a post at night...



...outside our hut.



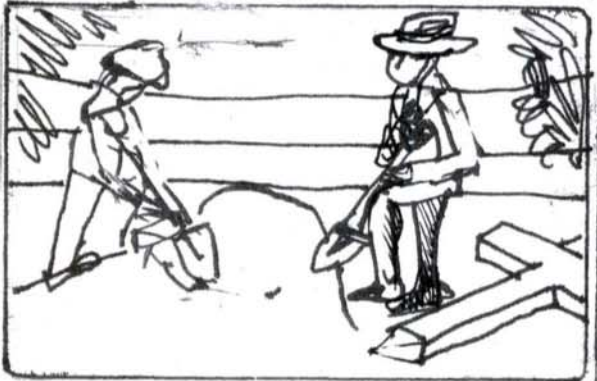
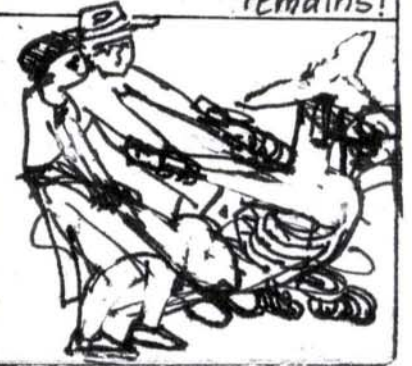
In the morning.



Don't look Diana.

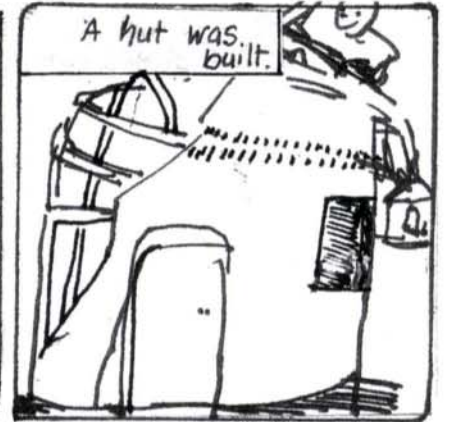


Pierre and his Tirailleur cleared away the donkey's remains!



We said good bye to the donkey.

A hut was built.



So that my pony was safe.



But I got ill.

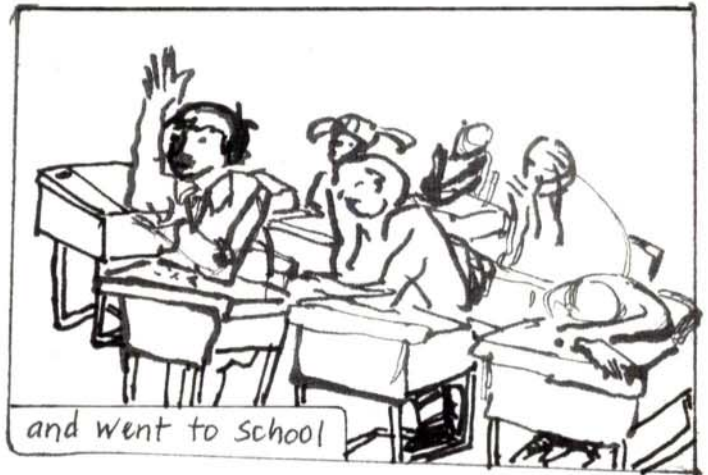


My mother did her best.

On May 12th 1943
German and Italian
forces surrendered to
The Free French and
left Africa.



I got better...



and went to school

Where I excelled at math.



But I fell sick again



My sister came.



Come and play
with
me.



My father gave me the
Fulbe sword that I
longed for.



At 11pm on the June 5th
I'm going away going
away



I fell asleep.



My mother went next
door to talk to the doctor

I died while she was
out of the room.



My father met my mother at
threshold of our
hut.

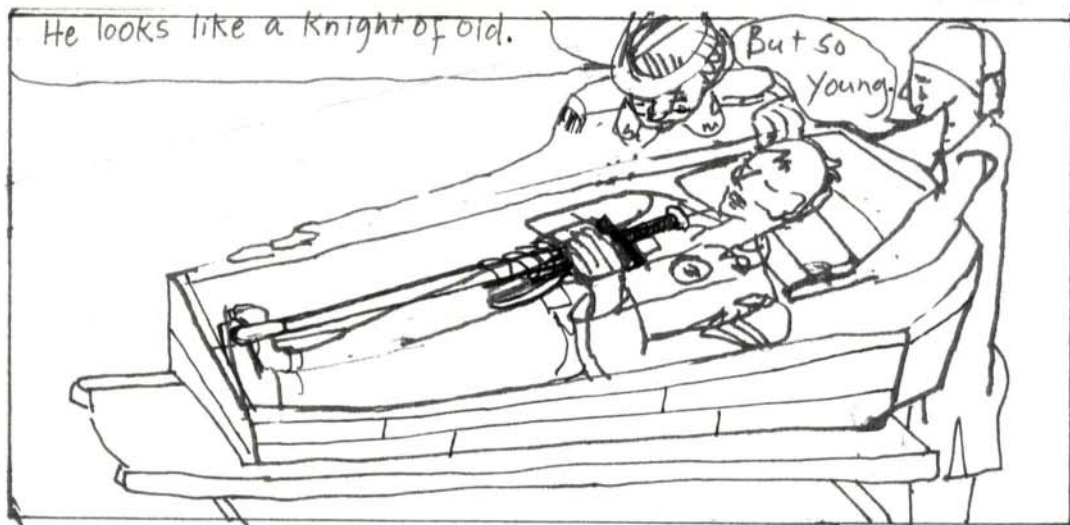
He has
gone.

Oh
No!



She never saw my dead body.

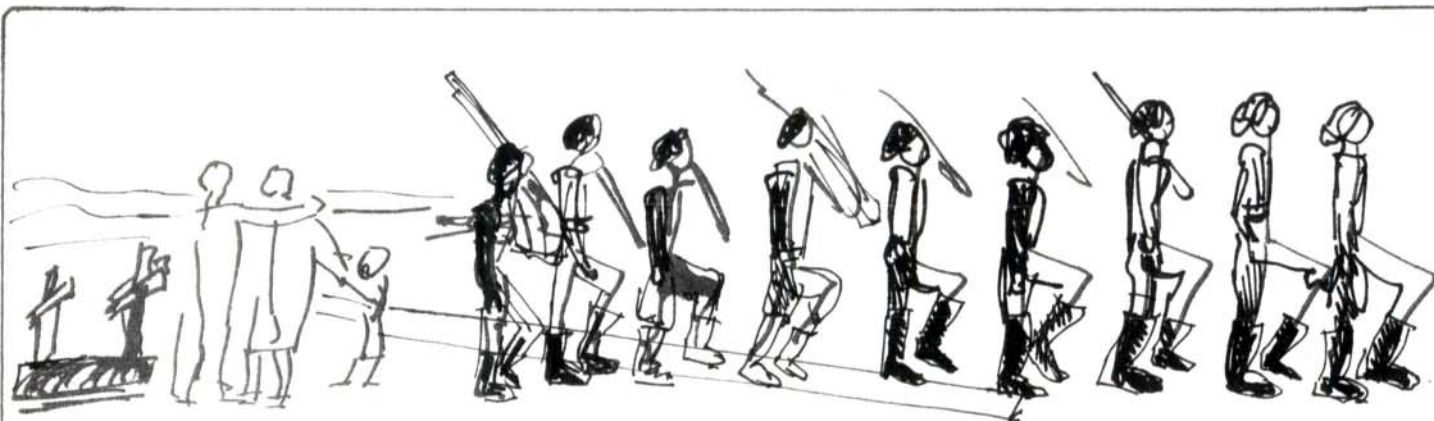
Pierre and Mkamba, his Tirailleur, pinned the Corporal badge to my pajama shirt and laid the Fulbe sword in my hands. Under my head Pierre put the "Volontaire Grannaïses."



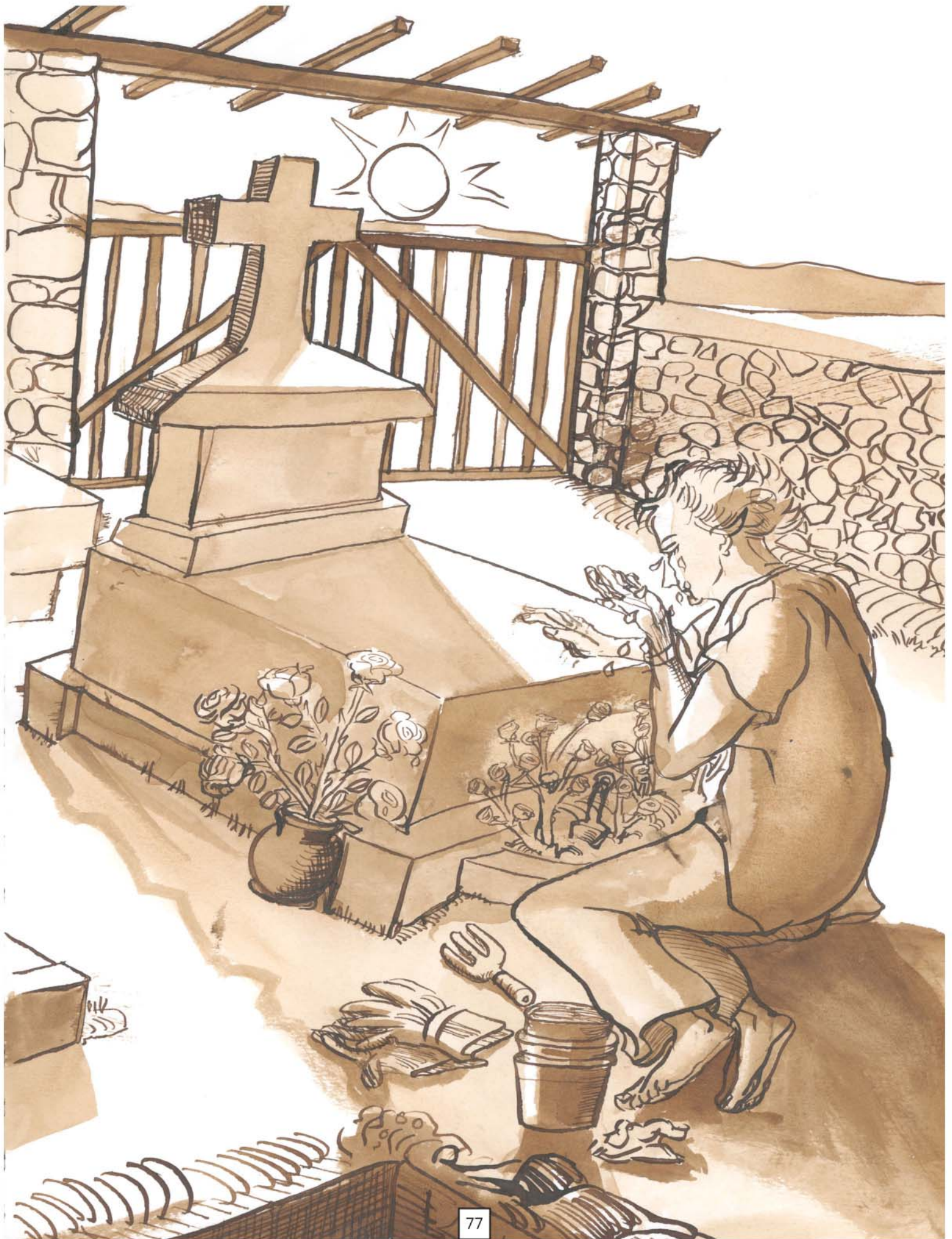
The next morning they dug my grave.



This was my funeral.



I was not yet six.



Some days later...



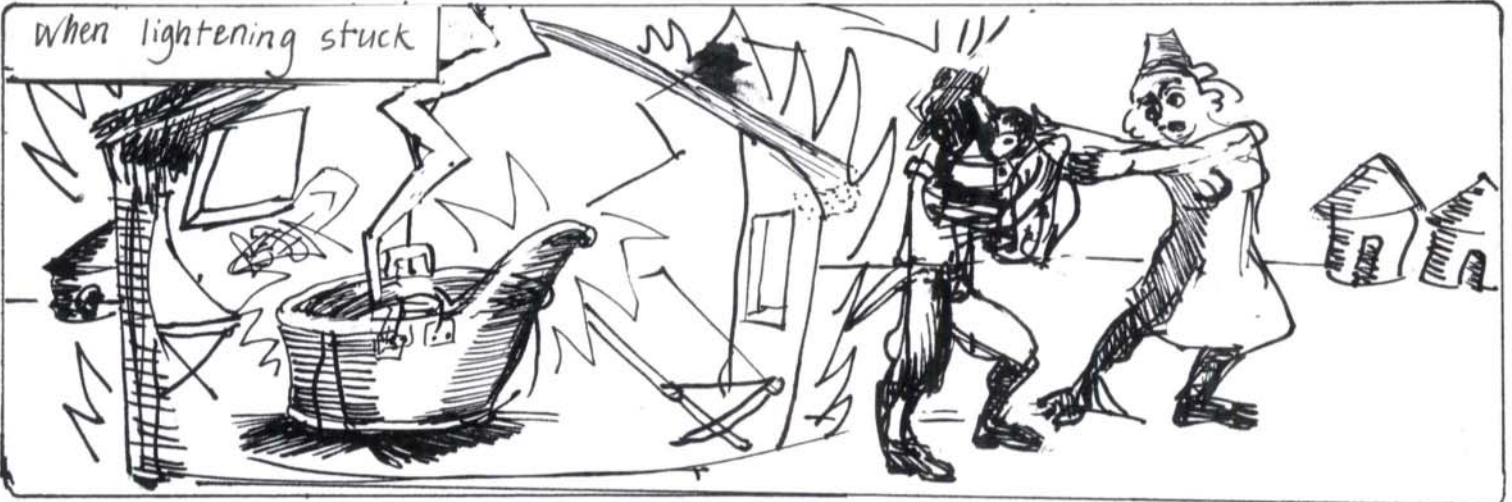
In our hut.



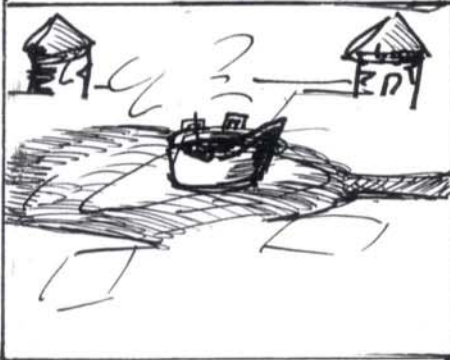
My sister was just about to be put in the bath...



When lightening struck



We were refugees again!



The Lamido's messenger...



...asked if my mother would receive him.



You will have another son.

My priest will pray that you do.

