


# Heart falling story

## Bhutanese Refugee girl

by Sumitra

My family were evicted my country Bhutan.  
We walked for day and night.  
Many boys were killed and many girls were rapeted  
We ate grass and sand to serive our life  
That travelled was trouble for everyone  
And we lived twenty years in Rufugee camp  
Now my family and i came to America for better fulture  
And I see the snow at the first time

A photograph of a traditional interior space, likely a bedroom, constructed from bamboo and thatch. The room is dimly lit, with light filtering through the woven walls and ceiling, creating a pattern of light and shadow. A bed with a white sheet and a red patterned blanket is visible in the foreground. A mosquito net is suspended over the bed. The overall atmosphere is rustic and traditional.

**This is my home. It made of  
banbo and thah. We don't have  
eleticity at home.**

my life in the refugee camp

I was born in refugee camp as a Bhutanese refugee. I had never seen my country even in dream.



Our Grand parents were died hoping one time we will back our country and work together but we didn't get our right to back our own country. Many youth were death saying that we want to back our country.





this is one way that we prepared our food but sometimes it doesn't work because we had to share this one solar panel with many houses and its hard to get chance and if there was no sun more difficulties.

when my family were evicted from my country Bhutan. Now also my mom told me about that situation when they were worried to run from our country unless they we were killed.





this is the only one transportation in our Refugee camp by this cycle we had to carry out our rice, material needed for home and use for to go anywhere.



For drinking water we had to line of for two hours to get five litter of water if not we had to stay thrity. Its really hard for to cook food, take bath and even for drinking water.



we lived in the forest when our homes were fired and there were nothing left for eat. Many people were died because of diseased



Our life in Refugee camp was hard with no facilities. It is always about starvation, hopelessness, and deprivation. Deprivation is the reason for so many deaths, everyone had to live in poverty, every family has sadness feeling, some of the family members were killed and lost when we were evicted from our country.

Its is important to share my feeling to other because If we know each other life will be better.

thanks for watching