

Echoes of Hunger and Hope Transcript

I remember the day everything changed. Before the Nigerian Civil War, life was simple. We had food, laughter, and plans. Then suddenly, there were air raids, fear, and silence where joy used to live.

People often talk about the bombs, but what I remember most is the hunger. It crept in slowly, then all at once. We learned to survive on almost nothing. My mother would pretend she wasn't hungry so we could eat. Even then, it was never enough.

At night, we didn't sleep deeply. Every sound could mean danger. Sometimes we ran into the bushes, barefoot, just to stay alive. I was young, but I understood enough to know that nothing was normal anymore.

Yet, somehow, there was still kindness. Neighbors shared what little they had. Strangers became family. In the middle of so much loss, people still found ways to care for each other.

When the war ended, it didn't feel like victory. It felt like survival. We came back to homes that weren't the same—or weren't there at all. But we were alive, and that had to be enough.

Even now, years later, I still carry those memories. Not just of pain, but of strength. Because if we could endure that, we could endure anything.