

There were a handful of us who went back. We had to hide from the police. We could not make a fire incase it drew attention. It got very cold at night. I made myself a tiny shelter hidden in bushes.



We "poached" fish in the dam by night. We had to hide from the Park Service



If they caught us, they would arrest and fine us, break our mukore sticks and beat us up

It happened to me, five times



But fishing was my only source of income so I had to keep returning

In 2006 our luck changed. We were allocated a stand in Hopley, Zone 4. We were given tents, roofing sheets and cement by the International Organisation of Migration.



I stopped fishing and found work with NGOs. I dug sewage trenches and built latrines in the area. It felt great to do something useful.

want to help Daddy dig?



My wife was relieved that I was safe and that we could be together again. In 2007, we had another little girl.

After a year, the NGO work ended. But I had seen what was possible to achieve in our community. So I became involved in the Movement for Democratic Change.

Vote MDC for change!

MDC!



But Hopley was dominated by the Zanu PF, and in the run-up to the 2008 elections, Mugabe's loyalists gave us trouble...



People were beaten up with steel rods. Two of my MDC supporting neighbours had their houses burned down.