

## CASE STUDY

1. **FATIMAH**, a 7 yr old girl was at school felt breathless and I feel so tired climbing the stairs in the school building and I suddenly black out. I think I hit my head against the wall when I fainted. For many years I find it difficult to stay awake in the classes. I have to work hard at home fetching water and cooking. I have to look after my younger siblings. I can hardly find time to revise my school work. Life is difficult as my father is a manual laborer and sometimes he has no work. He spends a lot of time with his friends and sometimes come home drunk. We get beatings when we make too much noise at home. I have no toilet in the house and have to go the fields early in the morning to defecate. My soles are also painful with walking because I have no money to buy slippers or shoes. In the class I sit in front due to my short height.
  
2. I am **Fatimah brother, ALI**. I rushed to the school to look for Fatimah when I heard about that the school Fatimah attended had collapsed. Fatimah, the youngest child in the family of seven siblings, was studying in the school. Our father work hard to be able to sent her to school, at times there is not enough food for all of us especially when our father is out of work. Food on table given to the males of the families first. The left over are for Fatimah and our mother which is really not much. When we found Fatimah little body, she was bleeding from her head wound, barely breathing and she was not responding to us when we called her name. We went immediately to the nearby hospital hoping the health workers could help Fatimah. A doctor attended to Fatimah, and told us she had loss massive blood due to the head injury and she was critically ill but there was no blood supply for her. There was little they can do and we cannot afford transport or medical costs in the nearest bigger hospital. The workers in the hospital seem to be lackadaisical since there were so many patients lying at corridors, outside the hospital, everywhere. Hours later, Fatimah dies due to her injuries.
  
3. **MOHD, the school headmaster**. I have been headmaster in Fatimah school for about 6 years, since the school was build. We cannot afford to build a first aid room or hire a nurse to look after the sick. There are so many children in the school running around and I have warned them not to run up or down the stairs. Most children come from the poor families around this area and do not have proper food at home. I have requested for supplementary feeding for these poor children but this is not a priority for the Education officials. The officials and politician came and made many promises during elections but nothing happened after that. My written reminders to the Education ministry received no replies
  
4. **ASIF, the town hospital superintendent**. I heard about a young school girl who fell in the school. I went to the wards to see how she was doing. My doctors and nurses were attending to many patients and we do not have enough medication, bandages or antiseptics.

We are trying to do their best to help ease the people's pain. Some were too ill for us to do anything. We don't have proper equipment to do surgery; we are out of blood supplies for people who have lost lots of blood due to the injury. We don't have clean water to clean the wounds. This little girl was brought in by her family. She was unconscious with a bad head injury and bleeding. She looked pale, barely breathing, had a weak pulse and her hands were cold. We tried to stop her bleeding but she was too weak, we think she might have bled in her brain. She needed surgery but we don't have any more blood supplies, and we didn't have the equipment to perform the surgery. The nearest bigger hospital is hours away. The girl, I was told, Fatimah, died later due to massive blood loss due to the injury she sustained.

5. **MIRIAM, Fatimah mother.** Fatimah went to school yesterday morning. She went to school after a glass of water, as my husband was out of work for the last 2 days. We had no money left to buy food. Even when there was food, it would be given to the males of the family, what was left over will be for our consumption. I heard the neighbors calling me saying that Fatimah had fallen in school and was bleeding badly. I got worried and started running towards the school which was in a chaotic situation. I didn't know what to do. In the midst of chaos I heard a familiar voice calling out to me. Turning towards it I saw my son Ali was carrying my daughter Fatimah, she was unconscious, blood flowing from her head. My son carried her small little body to our town hospital. We were told that Fatimah may have bled in her brain and she had lost lots of blood. They were out of blood and we could not afford the transport costs and treatment in the hospital in the capital. Fatimah's breathing became weaker and weaker, and finally she stopped breathing, and the doctor announced that she had passed away.
  
6. **MOHD, Fatimah's father.** I was born in a poor family. I dropped out of school early to work. I married at the age of sixteen to Miriam who was of the same age. I am not able to get any jobs because of my low educational background. To forget my troubles I meet my friends to smoke and drink. We enjoy ourselves in the shop. I get depressed when I am at home. They are always hungry but I have no money. I was drunk when someone told me that Fatimah fell in school. By the time I reached the hospital Fatimah was dead.

### **QUESTION: WHY DID FATIMAH DIE?**