

Media Challenges

Reporting violence in PNG

Looking for perspective in a vast, complicated land





Hellen's husband chopped off her leg with a bushknife during a domestic dispute in 2005 – the event witnessed by their children. He was arrested and she went into hiding. He later died in jail.



A 23-year-old woman, 5 months pregnant and severely beaten by her husband is advised by a nurse at Port Moresby General Hospital that she has lost her baby



Linda grieves for her daughter Amanda, 25. She was taken to Port Moresby General Hospital Emergency after being raped and stabbed by raskols. She died.



Early in April 2012 6-year-old Julie was kidnapped and assaulted by four men in Nawae block, Lae. The men raped the young girl for eight hours and then left her in the street. Julie spent more than three weeks in the hospital, and is now receiving psychological treatment. Because of the injuries inflicted on her, Julie can barely walk and can never have children. Her tormentors were arrested by the police and are awaiting trial in custody – VLAD SOKHIN.



Witch trial – Mendi

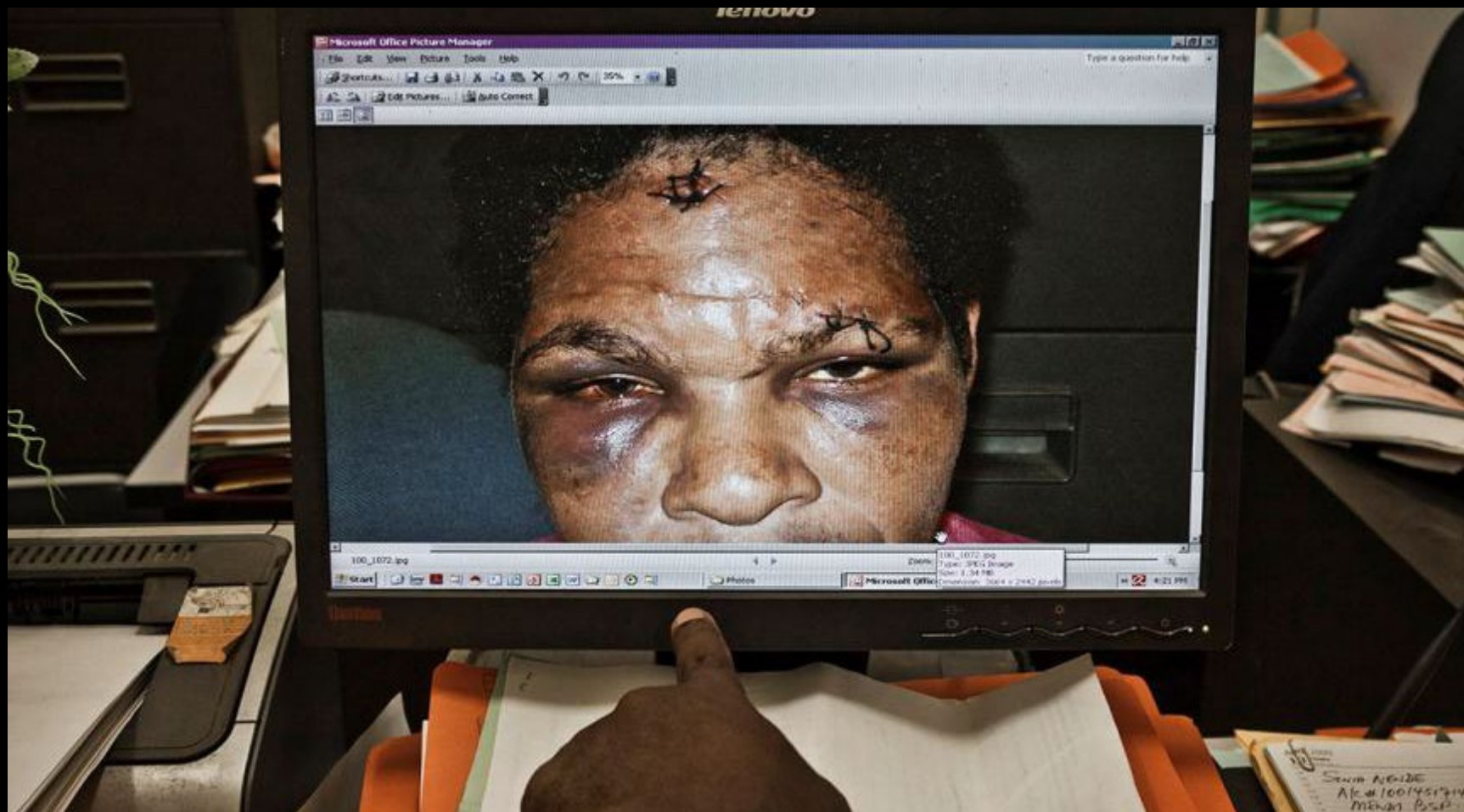


Dini, a victim of sorcery attack, accused of causing the death of her grown son. His friends cut her with knives and burned her with irons. – Vlad Sokhin





Police processing a domestic report at Boroko Police Station – they record at least 3 similar reports per day.



Catholic Church, Daru, December 2012



THE FIREWOOD CARRIER OF DARU TOWN

I get up in the early hours of the morning.
before the sun. The others are still sleeping
as I blow life into the fire and prepare food
for their breakfast.

Looking out of the door, across the darkness,
I can see the red glow and white grey smoke
coming from the hut where other women are
starting their day.
My husband, who has slept with the other
men, comes to join the children for a simple
breakfast of sago.

I get my ropes. I gather the firewood. I
make three or four bundles. I need help to
lift my load onto my head. The rope cuts
into my head as I walk. My daughter drags
along my side with a load of her own.

It is just getting light. I walk along the side
of the road. Speeding trucks frighten me and
push me aside. Dust covers me. I walk from
house to house.

People call me  fire truck.

At people's houses I get one Kina or a packet
of rice in exchange for the bundle of
firewood. I must continue my work to earn
my living even when it rains, and even if my
child is sick. All the time the rope that holds
the firewood is biting into my head.

I walk on until the sun is up and over, and
going down. I walk the whole day. If the load
is finished, I go back and re-load again. When
the sun goes down I must go home. It's
dark. I must prepare dinner. If I have coins
I count them. Then I sleep.

When the new day comes, once again, I
continue my labour.