

It was a cold night, it was just me and my three brothers, cuddled up on the floor of our mud hut like we always did on these types of nights. My story is simple, but is also not a fairy tale. My name is Lehlohonolo, and I will most likely live in poverty for the rest of my life.

Here is some of my background information. I live in Lesotho, South Africa with my three brothers. Together we live in a mud hut, we sleep on the ground. I do not have a father and have not seen my mother in a long time. My father died of aids, and some people think that my mother did as well. I refuse to believe it. I cannot remember the last time that we ate meat. I'm pretty sure we all can't remember. We get rations of food every month that include: cereal, pulses and oil.

Today we still get the same rations of food. As a result we normally search the streets and garbage dumps for any food that we can find. My brothers are still looking for jobs, I can't give up hope that they will find one soon. As for me, I just stay home for the most part... when I'm not looking for food. There isn't much that I can do, I'm still really young and no one is gonna hire such a young boy.

That's my story. I told you simple. I wish that me and my brothers had a better one. But there isn't anything that we can do about that. Although... someone told me about a company or an organization or whatever called UNICEF. They supposedly help kids like me. If you get this message please help me. Please. Me and my brothers are trying everything that we can. But anyway that's my story. I hope someone will get this message. Please. Help.