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.