**Transcription of Diary**

Pseudonym: Alma

Time during which the diary was held: 16 Jan - 23 Feb 2023

TRANSCRIPTION

**January 16th**

Today in the morning I woke up with a worrying feeling: Will we have water today like we have had the last few days? Thanks to "our" well we have not lacked it, I go to the tap in my house and with happiness, I realise that it does fall and with very good pressure.

So today we are going to clean up, wash our house and clothes without fear of running out of water, and wash dishes with totally clean water.

I like this new life with water, plus I feel proud because I also fought hard for this achievement.

It is time to begin...

**January 18th**

Another day... We have water, how nice, I'm still afraid it will go away. I go out to the shop and a lady asks if we have water I tell her yes and she answers "Me too". She says thanks to all the people who fought and made it happen for the benefit of everyone. I didn't want to tell her that I was also there as part of the struggle. I don't think she needs to know.

**January 20**

Today we had a meeting of our electricity committee, it was my turn to attend. With great joy, I met neighbours that I had not seen, because they were sick, because of the pandemic, or because of different situations. I saw them again, we talked about their health, their family and about our progress in the struggle over electrical bills. I could not stop telling them all that there was already a water well, and they were all happy and thanked us. How good it feels to be with so many grown-up people, but also ´people with a lot of experience about everyday life...

**January 25th**

Surprise, today we have no water, who would have thought? Days and days with enough water and now nothing, the same question as every day: what happens now? I have to prioritise and choose between my chores again. Later they tell me that the water has arrived and it is time to fill up our cistern tank again, so as not to run out of water.

**February 7th**

This day will be a bit strange and difficult. A neighbour I have known for more than 40 years died. It is sad to see that all those people who struggle in the streets to have electricity, water, drainage, and better streets, are dying and now only their relatives, children, and grandchildren are left. A new generation who do not commit themselves to anything and do not want to continue fighting because they are already comfortable. One of the best generations is leaving, the one that suffered, and worked, but struggled...