**Transcription of Diary**

Pseudonym: Sandra

Time during which the diary was held: 02 - 24Feb 2023

Additional notes:Sandra writes her personal details in front of the notebook, and uses it as a record of thoughts, memories and reflections. She separates the entries by numbers, which she writes at the top of each page.

TRANSCRIPTION

“Fragments of my childhood”

**1**

"When the individual need is combined with many others....

An indestructible force is formed, where there is no room for a No for an answer".

Sandra [signs with her name and not the pseudonym].

**2**

"I grew up like all the children in my community, without malice, without social, cultural or language traits, with innocence, with frustrations, with frustrations, despair, anger, hunger, thirst (we were always thirsty). The volcanic rocks in which we lived infremented the heat (hellish) or the cold at night where it hurt to the bone.

Our mothers would work miracles with a gallon jug of water and if we were lucky we would get to

**3**

Having a bucket or a jar of water was cared for as the most precious treasure. Covered with plastic, boards and stones giving us at least for that day a comfort in our poverty.

Now I think and feel that the lack of water is more noticeable in places where the middle to low social status predominates where the people themselves "WILL NEVER BE TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT" unless they make a lot of noise in terms of sit-ins, marches ...

[on the next page this reflection is introduced and continued on the following page, which is already number 4].

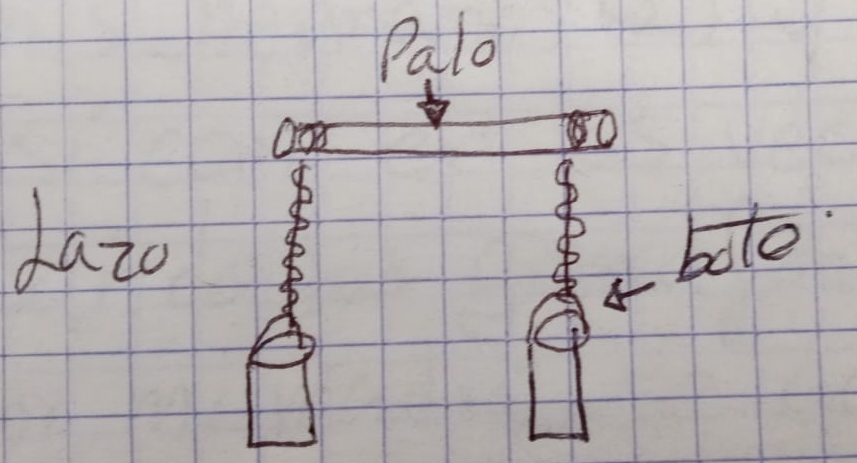
I go back to my childhood, I visualise my mother laying hoses that go from the 200 litre drum that previously filled the water truck with the cooperation of $10 (this was 40 years ago) to the hose with one end inside the drum and the other end through which my mother sucked so that the vital liquid would begin to flow and fill the tubs, jars and buckets inside my home.

When there was no hose or the hoses were broken, it was impossible to keep on supplying them with plastic.

**4**

To prevent the water from leaking out of them. We used to carry the water with a water holder... that is to say, a stick, usually round, to which a loop was attached and which was tied to a boat at the end.

[below is a drawing of the water holder].



The stick is put across the shoulder (command picture)

**5**

I remember with a feeling of desolation (at that time I did not know the exact word), now that I am older I find in the words and lines as well as in my memories, the grief that I perceived in my siblings (2) and my mother as well as in the neighbours.

When the jugs brought by my mother run out, it is at that precise moment when the despair invades us, because there is nothing to eat or drink to quench the thirst that burns our throats and what to say not even to wash our hands or clean a plate with a spoon.

**6**

When the water pipe arrived (which my mother hired) asking for cooperation from the community as well as its 200 litre drums per family, these drums were painted bottle green to distinguish them from other stops, it was an afternoon or night of pilgrimage, It was music to our ears to hear the sound of the water falling into the cans, we all carried the liquid to our little cardboard houses, the most daring put pots under the pipe collecting the water that escaped from the container of the truck.

The coming and going of all those people, all with their utensils, happy and alive, the street, not being paved, became a muddy mess.

**7**

My brother was always very visionary (I don't know if that's how you spell it) and like my mother very intelligent, giving quick solutions.

When the water truck arrived, my mother or my brothers used to put the submerged hose tied with a rope, which also had a stone tied to the other end of the rope so that it would not come out. This solution was copied by many

Perhaps I am very repetitive in my comments, but for many years it was our bread and butter that whenever there was water this was done.

In times of low water they only left us 100 litres (half of the 200 litre drum) so that more families would have more water. Even if the water was scarce

In poverty and without water, flies, dirt, poverty, innocence and joy prevailed.

**8**

Today, as on many occasions, my mother took us to the public baths, each of us arrived with a backpack in which we brought dirty clothes.

The employee who assigned us to the shower.

My mother washed the floor with clear water and then put plastic sheeting on the floor and there she washed her clothes on her knees with hot water and a brush.

We came out bathed in clean clothes. Heavy backpacks with wet but clean clothes, everyone was happy. I emphasize that mum would also bring us refried bean sandwiches. 1 or 2 pieces for each one of us (3 children and the mother). DOUBLE HAPPINESS

We would arrive at our cardboard palace with washed clothes, bathed and changed into clean clothes. We smelled of theatrical cream

**9**

After shovelling wagons of earth to make roads, which eventually became flat streets (these became a minefield in rainy weather because of the many holes that were dug), land was prepared for schools to be built there.

A good drink of water served in a clay jug simply became the nectar of the Gods in the mouths of my mother and brothers and sisters.

**10**

Water was and still is very important to put out fires in the little houses of cardboard and stone that each family had (my mother painted ours with lime paint) and we were also different from the others. We all lit ourselves with candles, oil lamps, the same kind used for oil cookers.

For this reason it was enough with a carelessness for the little houses to light up.

**11**

As the years went by and the thousands of children grew into adults

Even with the neighbourhood urbanised

Even with public services

Even so, we still have the same lack of water. Those great women who clung on to not let themselves die in misery are almost non-existent.

**12**

Today it is more difficult for governments or parties to meet the water shortages because the population has tripled.

**13**

Now we children who are now grandparents know that when you wash in the washing machine you throw away the soapy water and use the rinse water for washing patios, watering plants and flushing toilets.

- \* -

When it rains we have a pipe that collects the water from a roof and it falls into a barrel. Water used for the toilets on the ground floor of my home.

**14**

In the recesses of my memory I realise that I have not spoken of the basic fundamental importance of how important water was and still is for the development of entire communities and countries, if they do not have riches, such as oil, lithium, mines, to name a few.

Water is essential for human survival.

**15**

Now there are wells around our neighbourhood, but not all that water is for our neighbourhoods. The governments distribute it to big concessions, rich people's neighbourhoods, shopping malls, buildings like Mitikah tower, which bought government leaders in order to achieve their goal and they didn't care and don't care about the population around them.

**16**

Another big governmental fraud is the land of Aztecas 215 where when digging in the subsoil, they find a water spring which they cover instead of extracting that water for the distribution of the surrounding communities.

**17**

I come to the conclusion that it is in the interest of the rulers to keep the population subdued by promising in their election campaigns the solution that we will have water in all our houses.

Great strategy!

Giving atole with the finger! (popular saying)

**18**

And now, being 60 years old, together with 220 people, following our particular needs, making this particularity a community need. All together arm in arm with face-to-face support, with signatures with determination, with conviction, we achieved our well.

**19**

(Without water there would be no development of countries!)

**20**

My family was and still is together around water.

Before with the existing obstacles (abandonment of the government and leaders of our city), now with the nepotism of our mayor and paid henchmen leaders giving orders both in the mayor's office and where the pipes are filled, in this case in the neighbourhood Huayamilpas. Where they have you on a list (waiting list) with number and date and where the leaders attend to the distribution of the water trucks to their people. Forgetting and not respecting the list.

So much frustration!

So much impotence!

So much disappointment!

Even if time goes by and governments pass, whatever the party they are (and for whom we voted). We continue with the same problem

**2**1

Today my struggle and the struggle of the Committee in Defence of Water. It is that there should be an equitable distribution of water for the community.

I am giving a life lesson to our children and grandchildren that to have rights you must fight for them.

You already have the NO, look for the YES!

22

Having seriously ill people at home and caring for them requires water, at least for the basic necessities such as washing hands, but not for bathing or cleaning a wound or taking medicine. And when you don't have water, the sensation you have in your being as a person is indescribable, ranging from anger, frustration, disappointment, impotence and more but... you are forced to solve the problem in whatever way you can to achieve the desired objective (buying bottles of water) is one of them.

The problem is how long you can sustain your need without depleting your economy, especially when one bottle of water is no longer enough and you have to buy a water truck ranging from $800 to $1,200 to last you 4 or 5 days.

**23**

Today our Committee representatives continue to do a lot for the community and this is appreciated.

They... do not receive any kind of financial support or remuneration, only our recognition but more our thanks.

I am honoured to be part of your project.

I hope, I have been useful for your needs

I wish you **the best of luck** and may life reward you with what you long for the most.

Sincerely yours,

Sandra