I am a Rohingya refugee. I want to thank Doctors without Borders for helping the Rohingya. My people have nothing. Your help is so important.

I escaped Myanmar when I was 14. I was kidnapped by the military. I ran through the jungle to save my life. My father sold his market to pay people to get me to Malaysia. I lived there for $\mathbf{2 0}$ years.

I came to the United States in 2013. I started the Rohingya Culture Center of Chicago in 2016 so I can help my people.

We love living in the United States. Here we are free. Our kids go to school. We have jobs. We have rights. It is very hard but it is good.

I have 10 brothers, 1 sister, mom and dad. They are in Myanmar. They aren't allowed to work, to go to school, to go to hospital. They have no money for food or medicine. They are not allowed to pray.

It is a danger for my father to use the phone. When we talk I know today they are alive. No guarantee for tomorrow. They have no hope. They are waiting to die.
Always my heart is breaking.

Many thousands of Rohingya families are the same. Rohingya who are not free, they call us. They beg for help. They send pictures of dead children floating in water. There is little we can do. We cry for them. We pray for them.

Rohingya die because of the military. Their villages are burned. Their children have no future. A million live in camps in Bangladesh. The Rohingya have no hope.

The Myanmar government tells lies to their people, to the world. They say Rohingya are terrorists.
We are not.
This is an excuse to kill us and take our land.

My people are rice farmers and fishermen. We live in villages and live in harmony. We are not doing anything wrong. Why are they doing like this to us?

We have no voice. The world must speak for us. The world has said Never Again. Yet the Rohingya genocide is happening now. It must stop.

I humbly beg the people of the United States to raise their voices for the Rohingya.

