

SIERRA LEONE



Bibi, the IMATT Dog

You know in a country where humans die because they cannot get to hospitals because the roads blown up in war have not been repaired, or because hospitals are ill-equipped, or because hospital staff

MiMW (MJoTA Institute of Medical Writing) Certificate in Medical Writing.

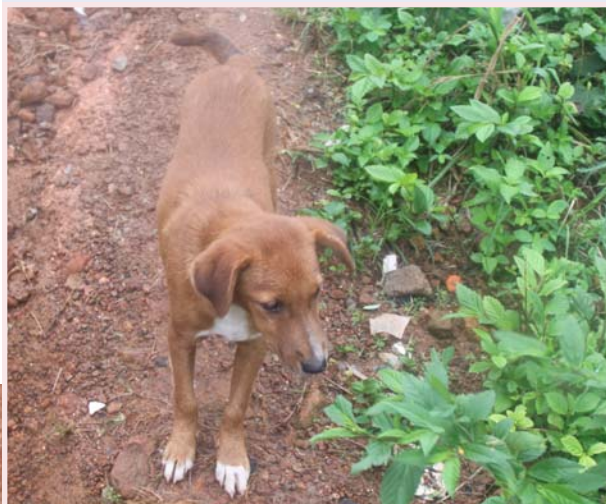
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IMATT: THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH INTERNATIONAL MILITARY ADVISORY AND TRAINING TEAM ARE ON A HILL NEAR THE US EMBASSY IN FREETOWN. THEY HAVE BEEN THERE SINCE 1999, BY UNITED NATIONS RESOLUTION, 2 YEARS BEFORE THE END OF THE 11-YEAR CIVIL WAR.



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are under-trained and too few, you know life is tough for dogs. They are on their own and don't last long living near roads.

Bibi is in all pictures on these pages, in some he is seen in the background, quietly waiting. In one, Bibi is watching Zain executive Hawa Turay-Bah cook breakfast for her 3 sons. In another he is quietly waiting while Amuloma Development Foundation Executive Director Zainab Wai-Lansana buys telephone minutes and chocolate for her son Cecil from a shop on the side of the main road to Freetown.

Bibi was the color of the earth that took him back. I met him my first day in Sierra Leone, the first day I walked down the steep hill to a huge green house where Ms Hawa lives, on the hill opposite from the new fortified United States Embassy.

Bibi's job was to be a friend to the 3 sons of Ms Hawa, bark at intruders, and to take care of himself. He was never tied up or told to stay inside the compound, he had free rein of the hill beyond that led to the Embassy, the valley, and his own hill that led from IMATT to the main road to Freetown.

Every day when Ms Zain and I went into Freetown, Bibi climbed the hill with us and whoever accompanied us. Stones were thrown at him, he was screamed at, pushed, told to get back down the hill. He usually did.

One day he would not go back, but ran down the



road. Ms Zain and I walked towards him, willing him to come with us. He came to me, I picked him up in my arms, cradled him like a baby, and he sat there, happily letting me carry him all the way down to the compound to be locked up inside the house.

The boys immediately locked him outside, told him he was a stupid dog, so he lay down in the sun and I stroked him, begged him to stay where he was. He did. That day.

The next day Ms Zain and I and her son went away for a few days, and when we returned, we were told that Bibi was dead. Killed by a car. Back to the earth. I loved you Bibi.

By MJoTA Publisher