

# A refugee more.

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This that I'm going to say "it's not a tale, " because the tale are stories that always end well and if it were a tale would not be a reality, unfortunately, it is a crude and harsh reality.

My name is Layam, I am 14 years old and, I am the oldest of 3 brothers and until a few years ago, my life was the most normal. I lived in a big house with a garden, where I played with my brothers and especially with my friends. My father was an engineer and he had a good salary in his company and that allowed us to lead a comfortable and happy life without lacking anything. Now when I am feel sad, I dream that nothing has changed that I am there leading the same life, that I had before and with my friends I trace beautiful henna flowers on my hands and feet. I'm not sure how it all started because I was very young but I heard my father talking to the neighbors in the living room of the house for the men, about the discontent of the people who were against for the lack of democracy and the no job. There was, they talked about arab spring ... I do not know what! The issue is that the discontent ended in revolt and you are followed by repressions by the army in which people died and led to a civil war in which other countries also intervened with interests in the area. Soon there was a shortage of food that sent the bombs that destroyed our homes schools that killed our friends and other loved ones, life was impossible in those circumstances that's why my father bought with all the money that my family had A few tickets on a bus that turned out to be a ramshackle truck, that pulled us out of Syria ,took us to the border with Lebanon and there, by bus we moved to the coast where after several days of waiting, the sea calmed down, To all of us who were on the coast we their up piled on an old ship that was very whippe by great waves, ,praying to Alá, that the boat will not sink, was full of women and children mostly.

We hugged the whole family because when we put our foot on the beach of Greece, we had arrived in Europe and this supposed the end of our suffering, at least, that's what we thought.

We were drenched we were very cold and very hungry, the Red Cross came in our help ,we were brought blankets and they gave us hot food which comformed us, then moved us to the refugee camp in Ritsona, located about 400 miles from Athens, away from Any town.

There we were housed in a kind of metal containers enabled as homes. In a few days we met the reality of the field, many children some of them without family,

disabled pregnant women, elderly and chronically ill, all Syrians, Iraqis and Afghans, whom the war had become indigent.

Here, my family and I have left behind fear because our lives were no longer in jeopardy, and miraculously we are all together, as other families tell us that some are scattered in various refugee camps, which have disappeared or what is worse dead during the voyage.

So we feel fortunate, that's why we pray daily giving thanks to the magnanimous and kind of Allah, but here life is hard, there is no electricity or heating, health care, the transportation is non-existent and scarce food. All the days are the same and they become eternal without having activities to do.

We all dream that peace, that Russia, Iran, and Turkey will not impede a peace agreement in the region and we can soon return to our beloved homeland our cities our homes embrace friends and neighbors and pray in our mosques. But while this does not come we need the support of the European Union, its economic resources and humanitarian support.

Before a catering company distributed three meals a day but now the whole family receives a monthly allowance of the European Union funds according to the number of family members who are and use it primarily to buy food on their own as they have been installed Small kitchens in the countryside the difficulty of this system lies in that the nearest supermarkets are to tens of kilometers and the transport is limitadísimo with that amount they have to eat all and only arrives to cover the minimum indispensable just a little bit of meat or eggs I miss when the table was full of strong and tasty dishes and I despised them because I thought I was fat I wanted to look like the models of magazines. Now I see with envy products in the shop that I can hardly buy, maybe someday

The life in Ritsona is tremendously hard, in summer is reached 50 degrees and in winter there are sub-zero temperatures, and floods due to the bad channel of rainwater.

Here there are only sad faces only children occasionally release some laughter when playing kicking a simple stone they are able to be happy with anything else we carry in the face reflected the grief that lets see the suffering and trauma that drag We stray from the experience but there is no specialized psychological attention, some people are in your store. Or container in a state similar to the chock without motivation to live, and the suicide rate in the field is very high. In the field you can only expect to wait to know yes affirmative response for your transfer to any receiving country. Many in this situation have decided to leave the country and try to illegally enter any country in the European Union, others instead decide to return to Turkey and even their country of origin at war to meet with the relatives who left behind any of These two actions are illegals and supposed to endanger their lives and pay the

traffickers of people who enrich themselves in and out of Europe with immigrants.

I dream that all my family can have the document Asylee and get out of here, go to any country that wants to welcome us, a small house, earning the bread, be able to learn in school ....

While states are debating the percentage of refugees they want or do not want to host, our stark reality is sometimes enhanced by the individual and generous contributions of many European citizens who through ONGs, whether of small Groups of solidarity volunteers who give their resources and time or large as Red Cross, ACNUR, Doctors Without Borders, who provide food material school, utensils clothes. This makes me continue to trust and believe in the kindness of the human being.

To give way to this exodus of refugees, the European Union prepared agreements involving a system of quota-sharing for refugees that each country had to assume. Only five countries have hosted 75% of the refugees. There has been a lack of solidarity and willingness to share responsibilities and for this the commission has proposed rules for, among other things, to welcome many more refugees in the EU (about 120,000), with a better distribution between countries, and in a non-voluntary way but Compulsory.

As well as to tackle the conflicts that originate them, because in these countries there are political problems, which are the cause of so many migrants. Countries that are the causes of the problem must be identified, and see what can be done, to help them politically in their transition to a better, more stable situation.

In some countries there has been a demonstration that this is possible, thanks to the political leadership, that has expressed the positive values of migrations. In Germany, public opinion has remained essentially constructive, and the country hosts many more refugees than others.

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