

## REFUGEE

Hello, my name is Leila Alabi, I have sixteen years old and I was living in the suburbs of Siria, my family and I met obliged to leave our country.

One day my brothers and I were playing and my parents had gone away to the shopping, when suddenly a strong uproar was heard, we go out of the house and in the distance we saw a cloud of smoke, which was going out of the downtown, we did not know that to do, we went to call to the house of our neighbours, that the are friends of my family. They have a daughter, who is very special for me, i don't know if I feel something for her.

Feel something for a person of the opposite sex is impossible in my religion, one time I tries to tell it to my parents but they said to me that it should never return to comment nothing similar to them because this is illegal in my country and my parents don't accept it.

Our neighbours didn't open de door, we didn't know if it was for fear or they weren't inside the house.

I said to my little brothers that it should shut in itself in the house and that it should not go out until I was coming, ran continuing folowing the cloud of smoke praying in order that it had not been in the supermarket, whenever I am approaching more, there is more smoke and it is difficult to me to breathe, until I saw what was waiting for me, it was in the supermarket, I saw people shouting, crying, to go out running of there since they could, I looked for my parents and it did not see them, I look for a policeman in order but they all were so oppressed extracting to people of there like they could, until at last saw my mother going out helped by a policeman, she ran to hold me and crying she said if i had saw my father, who was next to her until the explosion, he disappeared. We gave his name, our telephone number for if they were finding him or he was in a hospital, nobody called and we hear no more from him.

My mother had a time that it did not want to eat, to go out, shocked by the death of my father.

I went to see my friend, our neighbor, I try to say to her what I was feeling I was thinking that she was feeling the same thing, but it reacted of very rare form, she insulted me said to me that it was going in opposition to our religion I said to him that it did not want to return to see

One day my mother decided to go out from house to give a walk towards the downtown, my brothers and I accompany her. When we walked away of there, we listen an explosion that permission wherefrom of behind of us whenever we were approaching the cloud of smoke it was more near our house, but when we come the bomb had exploited in the house of our neighbours, the house was destroyed evidently nobody was going to survive, my friend had died, and the last thing that i said her its that i didn't want to return to know anything any more from her, I couldn't

believe that, I felt so bad.

Since then my mother was collecting money, because a lot of people tell her if the sufficient money was assembling, we could go out of this hell to a site where they would help us, the people calling it the paradise.

When my mother got the money, we could do our long journey, we took the necessary things and put it in backs we met with a big group that they wanted to go of here too.

We were more than one day walking until we come to the coast where we took the boat that would take us to another continent, Europe.

The boat was small enough for all that we were, forty and the boat had capacity for twenty, the boat started, the tides started moving, there were waves and the boat was very unstable, suddenly I heard a shout of a woman, who was sat behind of the force of the waves his son had rushed to the sea, the woman with his baby in the hands could not be going to save him, the child not wise to swim, and nobody could jump to saving it for that if it was jumping of the boat it might not return to rise, the child was moving away hearing the shouts of pain of his mother.

We were approaching the coast of Macedonia, when we arrived we go out of the boat, only I could think about the mother of before, but i had to go away. In Gevgelija's city, in the border with Greece we were expecting to take the train with destination to Serbia. We come exhausted, without clothes or food and debilitated by the hardness of the trip the volunteers gave to us water and food in a camp of reception, not since they could be there all these people, not as being grateful to them for everything what they do for people that they do not know, for the first time in many years I saw to respect the human rights and the equality between people of other countries.

We took the train towards Serbia, there were so many people who was finding it hard to breathe, even the mother of the child was listened to cry.

We go down of the train, we were just in the border, but there was a fence with many people as us, beginning we said that they would be waiting to mas people to open her but with the passage of time we realized that they were not leaving us to pass, my mother went to see that it was happening, in front of the fence there were two policemen, until we saw that on one hand where there had no policemen they were doing a hole, call my mother and we traversed running all that we could, many people still has behind because they took them, but they could not stop to so many people, when I realized I do not find Samir, my brother, call my mother running and to my another brother, they do not know this where, we have lost it, my mother and I search driven to despair looking at all sides to seeing if we saw it we were asking the people, we think of returning to the site where we had fled, Probably we might not return and if it was not there and we were returning for nothing, did not know that to do until suddenly we hear the shouts of a child, my

mother and I look and go out running following the shout of this child. When we come he was not my brother, but I look at the side and it was there, Samir, I ran towards, I was thinking that I had lost him forever, that was not going to return to see it, since it could not turn my father to feeling the same thing.

We follow our long way towards Croatia where we would take a bus that would take Austria.

When we come there was a site with volunteers who were giving food and beds in order that we could rest from our long trip, I thought if the whole world in this continent is like that, it is indeed a paradise. I knew many people, that they accompanied us during all the way, we took the bus towards Austria, that serious our penultimate destination up to Germany where we would request help. When we come there was the triple one of people that the last time in the border. I am opposite to one go that not if they will open some day, I hope that they do not deport again to Syrian series a direct trip to the death. Ask a policeman him because they were not leaving us to go out, begging him to open this fence, and he said to me that if it was for the door would open but that cannot for orders of his bosses. But then the doors were opened and received us people who was giving us a few leaves in order that we were putting all our information, to be able to give us a site of reception,

My family and many other people who was accompanying us took us to a student residence and others to hotels, for the first time I found people who did not see rare what I was feeling, in this continent, you have more freedom of expression and don't condemn anybody for loving anybody being all the same his sex or nationality.