

WE

By Deewa

We usually talk about family and how great and blessed it is to live with our families and have a good loving childhood or to some us who are grown ups some beautiful childhood memories.

Life is not fair to some of us, we who never had an amazing childhood even though we were in a family. We who were always scared of being killed today or tomorrow or the day after. We who lost some family members in front of our eyes and couldn't even stop it from happening.

We ran away on a journey for a better secure life from war and poverty, we run away from people who didn't value our lives and were willing to kill us, for no reason other than their conflicts with the government. We left the place where we were born and had our best and worst days of our lives. we all came illegally by smugglers through wild forests and crossed oceans and slept on the ground and were afraid to complain about being hungry or thirsty because, we were afraid we might get killed if we asked for too much.

Some of the ones who were lucky ended up in one or different places called asylum centers, and the ones that were unfortunate either died on the way or lost our family members or lost contact with them. Finally, when we arrived, we were named asylum seekers. We had no idea what was happening all of us were traumatized and scared of this new place new culture new society we didn't understand what they were speaking what they were saying about us. We would wake up every morning thinking about the day ahead of us, some us were depressed and isolated others had suicidal thoughts. Some us would cry every night thinking about the journey and its difficulties. Some of us had smaller siblings to take care of. All of us were lost and had lost a lot in our lives. But we all had one thing in common and that was hope. For a better future, hope for a better and secure life and hope for fighting to live every single day. We all struggled, some of us were fighting with the world others were fighting with their faith in humanity. some of us even lost the battle. But none of us give up because we believed that we deserved better, that we were stronger than people gave us credit for. That we had no fear, because we had all gone through far worse than

that situation of living in an asylum center and waiting for an answer on whether our lives were worth living. We were criticized for who we were, but we were also loved by some amazing human beings. Some of us did win, some of us lost. But we all made it through one way or the other, for we are not victims, we are survivors.