

My life as a refugee

In 1997 [...] the war was horrible. At night I heard shooting outside and nobody could go out. For that reason my family and I had to leave the country.

My mum, my little sister and me went to the Uruguay border with more people. We had to cross Uruguay's river by boat. When we arrived, we stayed in a refugees' camp for two weeks. In that place there wasn't much food, so we had to eat only biscuits, soup, water and milk, because there were many people. One day, we met an old friend of my mum, so he carried us to Brazil by bus. But we couldn't adapt, so with some money that my mother had, we went to Spain by ship.

Now we are lucky because we can stay in Madrid and my mum has a job and my little sister goes to school. I am a social worker, so I help people who underwent the same situation than me. I like Madrid very much, I have many friends and we could adapt very well.

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