

Journey from Eritrea to Scotland (Glasgow)

My life has been a mixture of emotional and physical journeys from being separated from family and friends and from my country. We are still brothers and sisters, not enemies. I also lost my father, this was the first time my heart was broken. My mother and I had to fight against the hunger. She started to sell vegetables in the street as it is difficult to survive without a man in the house. For 17 years it was a struggle and after advice from my aunt I travelled to Sudan.

Living in Sudan..... it was like freedom for a couple of months but the government sent spies to look after us and to deport us to Eritrea. That was a headache for us. We started to run away from those spies. Staying in the house for 7 days and nights without anything, just sleeping and eating. Finally I met some Sudanese people and my cousin. I start working as a cook to help my mother.

On a sunny I had the day off from work and I was in a hurry to get to church. On the bus I met a beautiful girl. This was the first time I spoke to her, my hand is shaking and my face is red. She asked me if the seat was free and I said Ok, please be my guest and she sat down. Her smile and perfume I still remember. I fight with myself. "My name is Biruk, what is yours?". Ohhh, with a smile she replied "my name is Betty". We start a conversation and fortunately she is going to church like me. We go together, sit together and we travel back together. I take her phone number and we start calling each other. We fall in love. She lived alone and had a story that was worse than mine. After discussion I moved to her house. We start a life together and life is fantastic. She changed me, I am a happy guy in this world because I met her. Suddenly my aunt called me and it was urgent. She needs money because my mother is sick. They take her to the health centre but they don't help her. There is one private clinic but it is very expensive. I had no money, it is not enough. When I speak to my girl she gave me more money than I needed. "Your mother is my mother". I don't forget those words. But it is too late. My mother passed away. I was depressed. I run, I wanted to work for my mother to return back what she did for me, but I can't. I am lonely. Then after that for me life is nothing. I am a useless person in this world.

I moved from Sudan to Libya. ~Starting from Omdurman to Ezlbya. We travelled through desert. I was taken from Ezlbya to Benghazi. I had to work for gangsters, retrieving metal from demolished building just to receive a small amount of food and a floor to sleep on. I managed to run away and lost many friends that were shot by the gangsters while the war raged on. I moved to Tripoli and heard other people talk of a better life in better cities but it is dangerous and difficult. I asked “Where is that place”? I would have to travel over an ocean. I didn’t feel anything but I only I saw my freedom. They told me to pay and I paid. We travelled in a small boat 200-300 people. Luckily we survived compared to others. We arrived at Italy’s border and a big boat came and took us. I spent 2-3 days on the boat and then we arrived in Sicily. The agents came there and took us immediately to France. We stayed in Calais jungle and finally I made it to the UK.

I am now living in Glasgow but I have visited Aberdeen, Dundee, Stirling, Edinburgh and London

My journey is now starting again.....

**Biruk Teklu
Move On**

