I had to leave. But I didn’t want to leave. If I did, I would have to leave everything behind me, my family, my friends, my home, my roots. But I had no other choice. The war in my homeland was getting worse and worse as the days went by. I saw too many of my people suffer. In order to save my life I had to leave. The hardest part was saying goodbye to my family without knowing if I would ever see them again or if I would actually survive from this journey. I had to take a boat and cross the other side. The boat was loaded with people, too many people. This journey was something that I don’t even want to remember, I had lost any hopes that I had been left with, I was not sure about anything anymore. Unfortunately, not all of those people made it to the other side. We eventually reached our destination. I can’t describe how thankful I was for still being alive after all the hardships that we had just gone through in the sea. We had arrived on an island of Greece, Mitilini. When we got there, we met some people who helped us and took us to a refugee camp. Even though at that camp there were so many people just like me, forced to leave their country, I felt very lonely, especially in the beginning. Luckily, most of the locals were very friendly and helpful. Gradually, I learned the language and I was able to communicate with no difficulty and after a while I started going to school, which I had missed a lot and even better I was able to make new friends and started to feel like myself again. I had retained my faith in life and had hopes for my future after a very long time.