**STORY**

Everything was arranged and the journey of death,as they called it, would begin the next day.The route was perfectly planned out, they would go from their home in Afghanistan to Iran, to Turkey and finally to Greece. From there on, they would choose a welcoming European country to begin their new life. Even though the family was aware of all the hardships, they would get through them together, they had big dreams. Anisha, her little brother, Matek, and their parents had packed the most important things or at least what had been left of them. The last night was a difficult one, bombings, shootings, screams, but they were used to it. Anisha's parents had gone out to buy some food for the trip.  
A bomb going off woke Anisha up as the sun was rising, and that was when she realised that her parents weren't home yet. It was clear to her that they hadn’t survived the night and she immediately burst into tears waking up her brother. He was 5 years younger but he understood the reason his older, stronger sister was sad, so he joined her and they cried their hearts out.  
They couldn't go and look for them. They had to leave right then. This is what their parents would want. It was now or never. The 17-year-old girl hardly managed to get a hold of herself and prepared Matek for the “deadly” trip.   
Three months went by and they were half way to Greece. So far it had been difficult, Matek had got thinner and Anisha fatter. It was obvious to them and their co-survivors that Anisha had to take care of three people now. Matek didn’t understand much but she knew the disgusting truth.She never trusted that uncle however, she hadn’t said anything. Besides, he was the one that had provided them with all the papers they needed for the journey. During that time they were robbed several times, as they usually slept in the street or at a bus station if they were lucky. Anisha will never forget when Kolb, a man in their group, had to steal a loaf of bread because her little brother didn’t have the strength to even get up.  
Eight weeks had gone by and it was time for the most dangerous part of that impossible race. Time to cross the sea.  
Anisha and Matek learned how to swim during their stay in the last Turkish city, even though they hadn’t had much time to improve. They were put in an inflatable white boat and fortunately they were given orange vests, to prevent them from drowning. It was a small boat with a capacity of about forty people and the" ticket" was too expensive but they had no other option. The person in charge told them this trip would take days and they wouldn't be making any stops on the islands in between.  
Anisha woke up wet. She didnt know anything she only remembered they had left on a Tuesday. She lifted half of her body and realised she had been lying on some beach peddles. She heard people shouting and realised the boat had capsized and locals were trying to save her group. She instantly got up and started searching for her brother. She was walking and crying until some people informed her that she had to follow them in order to take her to a camp for the refugees. She learned she had arrived on a Monday, she  
was in Leros, a Greek island and because of her advanced pregnancy she would be moved to Athens shortly. She gave them all the papers needed even though they were worn out because she had hidden them in her underwear before the boat travel.  
A day went by and she went back to the seashore in order to keep looking for her brother. There he was, lying facing down the sand, wearing his favourite red shirt and short jeans,-the only clothes he had been left with - and the sea was gently hitting him with every wave. She couldn't hold her tears back, so she fell down and started crying this time more intensely. Now she was alone with her baby.  
She arrived in Athens. The new shelter was as awful as the first one. Waters leaking in the tents as it was the middle of autumn, food she hadn’t seen before and could hardly swallow and of course the weird looks from the Greeks. She was told she would need to acquire some papers in order to leave the country.  
Thanks to her luck after almost three weeks, Anisha was found by an organisation which helps refugees with their paperwork. However, she didn’t hear from them until a month later, when she was about to give birth. She finally had her baby at a camp's small medical room as no hospital would accept her. He was a beautiful healthy boy, which gave Anisha more strength and patience. She named him in honour of her lost brother, Matek. It was hard for her and the baby to leave Greece as baby Matek didn’t have any papers whatsoever. The organisation helped take care of her and the baby and also after months of trying, she acquired a birth certificate for Matek. After almost two years since her arrival in Greece Anisha managed to find a place in Germany where she would spend the rest of her life. The new life was still very hard as she had to learn the language, she had to find a job, she had to take care of little Matek, she had to get over the constant looks of judgement, fear and anger from the people there. And she would do all that for the sake of her family.

POEMS

1.

We are not murderers  
Nor thieves  
We are people with families  
Hoping to find a new home  
In this journey of death  
  
  
2.

I had a lot of dreams  
When I left the warzone  
To arrive at the land that redeems.  
Find a job and a hobby  
But instead, I watch my soul  
Leave my lifeless body  
  
  
3.

There is no choice.  
Staying there and dying  
Or leave and again, risk my life?  
  
We gave up everything,  
we battled through the sea,  
we were treated with no care  
So as to be called, the people of nowhere?  
  
4.

We once had a neighbourhood  
Just like you  
We once had a family  
Just like you   
We are humans  
Just like you  
Stop treating us like monsters  
We only long for peace  
  
  
5.

He lost everything   
And now he finds himself  
In this scavenger hunt.  
He searches for a new life  
And a new heart.

6.

Searching in the ruins of the house  
For her dad  
And in the ruins of her heart  
For courage   
To continue fighting