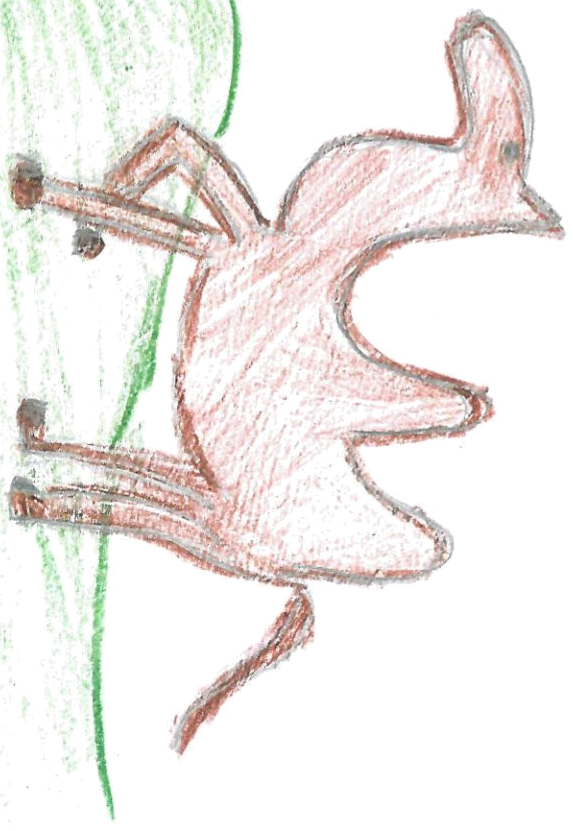


Multicultural

Story



~ Hello, my name is André's and I am from the Canary Islands. Last week a new classmate appeared in my class. He is from Sahara and he is living with a Spanish family who has taken him in. He told us how his life in Sahara is and it is so different from here. They start working at the age of five and they must work twelve hours a day. Besides, they don't have enough time, food or water to live. Because of that, they don't have enough strength and they are exhausted at the end of the day. I was very surprised so when I got home I told it to my family. My grandfather asked me a lot of questions. At the beginning I didn't know why but afterwards I asked him and he told me his story. In that time, there was not so many years, life was harder and here, in the Canary Islands, there wasn't everything we needed and it was difficult to find supplies to pass the day. I am the eldest brother and because of the fact that my father had died not too long ago, I had to go to work to another place. A Spanish Company, which was placed in Sahara, hired me so I moved to Sahara to work in a mine. It was hard to be away from my family but I had no choice. I was the last hope for my family. While I was living there I met a lot of people who were working with me. They earned much less than me and they barely had enough to pass the day. They had ten children and just a salary to maintain them because women aren't allowed to work. They didn't have free days or holidays and not even a break. Because of the wars me and my friends had to live to survive, living many of our friends and habits. By that time I had saved enough money and I could come back but many of them had to kept living in the middle of the desert, far away from their civilisation. I have lost contact with them but the last thing I knew was that most of them had lost their families. Your new classmate must be their son or grandson. Now I have realized that I have many classmates from other countries and I have never talk to them, it is time to change that.



~ When you grow up in a country that does not have a healthy economy you can end up migrating to another country so your children can have more chances to have a better life, a future, and this is exactly what happened to me. My parents, twenty years ago left Ecuador and went to Spain leaving me with my grandmother. At first, they phoned me but as they started working more hours they phoned less. They had to save 500 dollars every month for the household and my studies. We all made big sacrifices because my grandmother fell ill. I had to stop going to school to look after her and study at home. After a year of studying and hardly had any news from my parents, I finally became a nurse. I never gave up. I wanted my grandmother to be proud of me. Suddenly my grandmother died and I wanted to find my parents so I worked for a year and saved enough money to be able to fly to Spain and begin the search or even start a new life...

I arrived in Spain and the first question I asked myself, what do I do now! I didn't know anyone, I was alone and I didn't know where were my parents. I didn't have a place to sleep. I didn't have any money and the first day I slept next to a container among cartons like a vagabond and cried till I fell asleep. The next day I woke up thinking that everything was a dream, unfortunately it wasn't, but even so I didn't give up. I didn't cry again. I got up, dressed and washed in a public toilet. My goal now was to find a work and not to return to the place where I slept. I got on my feet and began to ask everywhere but no one gave me an answer. I felt disappointed and very sad but I continued, finding a job as a clerk in a Colombian clothing store. Now there was only one more problem to solve and that was where to live. I asked my new boss very nervously if she knew of any place to stay even if it was only for that night. To my surprise I got a fixed place to stay. It seemed like a dream, I started to cry but this time it was of joy and I thanked Silvia, my boss, for being such a wonderful human being. I spent 3 months working and living with her, and I never paid for the rent or food.

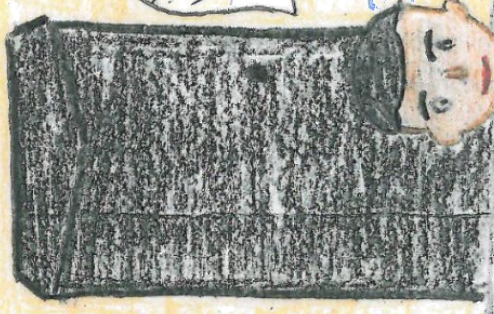
~ The day came when Silvia told me that I had to leave because her niece from Colombia needed work. I never got angry with her for it because thanks to her I did not go back to sleep to the street. I simply thanked her for everything she had done for me. The same afternoon I picked up my things and once again I did not know where to go but I had saved a bit money so I went to Murcia. I decided to go to a cheap hotel. The next day the first thing I did was to start again to look for work but nobody needed anybody. Finally I found work in a field. I paid 2 nights in the hotel and the third day I found a flat to rent. My job was to cut lettuce in the field, I have to get up at 5am and it was terribly cold. I worked four months and every day that passed I was wondering why I was there. I decided to get out of that hard work and find the job that I really wanted to do, nursing. I did a course and studied so hard with dedication. The teachers were so happy with me that they recommended me in clinics and hospitals and fortunately gave me a position in one of them and here I am. After nine years very happy to devote myself to what I like and have two children on my own.



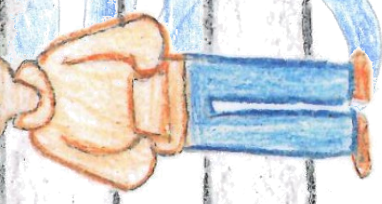




Who is that new boy?



Hello! My name is Nikolos. I'm new here. My name is Dasi.

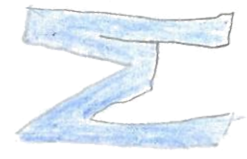
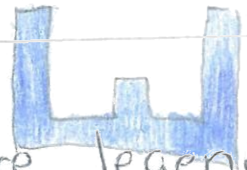
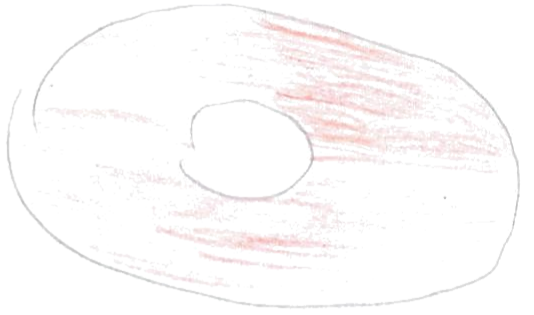
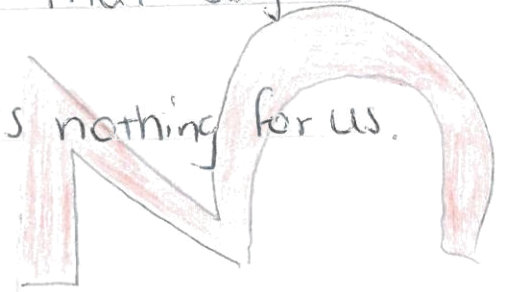
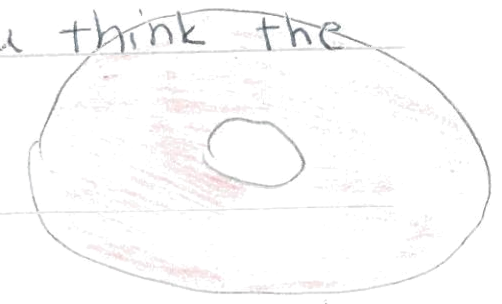
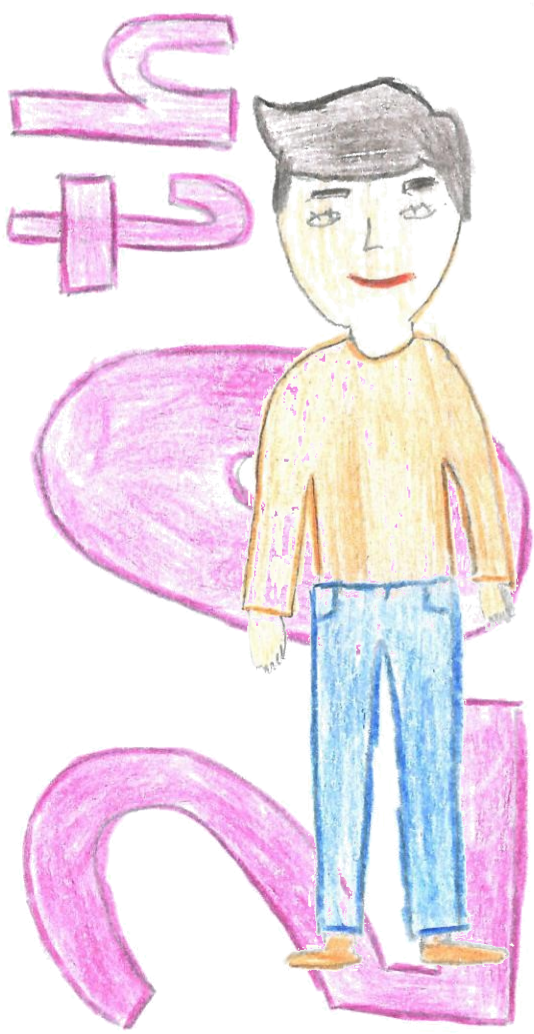


Hello! My name is Nikolos. Would you like to be my friend?



- Daughter: How much do you think the wall measures?

- Father: There are legends that say it can touch the clouds, but that's nothing for us.



20 december 2030

I look up, to my right and finally, to my left. No, there is no way out.

-Daughter: How much do you think the wall measures?

-Father: There are legends that say it can touch the clouds, but that's nothing for us.

-Daughter: So, why have not we crossed it before?

-Father: I needed you to get older. So, you could help me with your mega-strength. You know I'm too weak and I could not do it without your help.

5 years planning this moment. Eventually, the day has come.

Venezuela has fallen into the Donald Trump's hands, and his wishes, which seemed never to be fulfilled, they are now a terrible reality. In my family we have always been fighting for our rights. On January 8, 2025 there was a demonstration so that once and for all, the bad conditions that we were facing every day would end. 2,500 people attended it. Among them, my wife. There were 5 deaths and my wife was one of them.

I should have attended that demonstration instead of her. She insisted that I had to stay looking after our 6-months-old daughter. She always said that she would prefer to die with dignity than living without being free. And that's what she did. Since then, Venezuela has been invaded by a terror wave. All the rebels has been murdered, and as I have already said before, I had to be quiet not to end up as the rest of my family. I had my daughter's life in my hands, and against that, everything else doesn't seem so important.

5 years living in a basement and devising a plan to leave this country. Now it is the final decision: I can fulfill it and face everything that can happen, or I can give up and keep on living afraid of going out because it could be the last time. There is no time. This decision will mark the end of the hardest stage we have been going through. I can remain idle dreaming of my daughter playing in the park without living a lie.

-Daughter: What is behind this big wall?

-Father: I don't know, but... we can check by ourselves? What do you think?

-Daughter: Ok, although I'm a little tired. When are we going to sleep?

-Father: There isn't much left, darling. We just have to make the last effort.

Okey, we are going to play a game, do you remember when we imagined at home that we were at the Olympic Games and we had to run as fast as possible to win the prize?

The police started to approach and we had less and less time to get our freedom.

-Daughter: And this time, what is the prize?

-Father: The best thing you can imagine. Now, when you hear a shot exactly like the one in the Olympics, run without looking back. We'll have our own Olympics Games.

BANG

Marín Sirvent.

Raquel Lario López and Paula

Youssef left his parents, a brother and 3 sisters in Afghanistan, only to leave for Iran, to find an opportunity to escape. Youssef thought it was a safe idea heading to Europe travelling by sea, but unforeseen events did not lack. He met a man and embarked on a boat; it was something lived a life, so unsafe and insecure. Most of the passengers couldn't swim and he prepared himself to face the trip with absolute recklessness, only knowing that was the only way to save himself and to be able to finally get freedom...

~~Family~~

Freedom?



Greta Sbraticco
Laura Giudici - Lucia Prandi
Youssef

On that day, in the middle of the sea and with his new friend, had a feeling of certainty. A feeling destined not to last long. In fact, the night of the third day of trip the calm sea was shaken by a sudden storm. The boat began to swing at that point Joussef understood what makes people panic. They seemed like crazy ants trapped on that boat and he didn't know what to do: shouting, screaming, waiting lifeless. He hardly succeeded in seeing Mohamed washed away by the waves. That fear was to remain printed in his eyes for the rest of his life. His only support had been brutal taken away and now he was alone again. The light of dawn, over that calm sea brought help, only a point on the horizon slowly becoming bigger and bigger, closer and closer and it meant salvation for all those people...

It should not
be me

Why him?



In the blink of the eye they returned the shore and we finally landed on mainland. The weeks passed lazy and step by step the boy started to get used to the warm air, Lampedusa. The welcoming centre was full of people ~~waiting~~ with the same stories but he wanted to escape, he wanted to get free. He soon kind of an empty ment, even if not home his life was boring but he knew that was not worthy to be called life. Perhaps it was for this that, when the other gang came to the park that night and shot Jif Achraf, a 12 years old boy remitted for selling drugs, just like him, Jusset with a jump got in the way of the bullet. Jusset slowly felt to slip out life and finally thought

"I am free".

finally freedom
at least



bullet

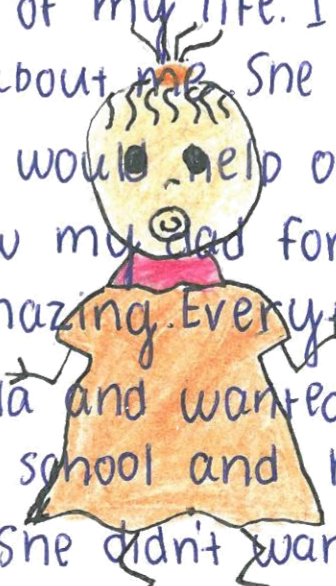
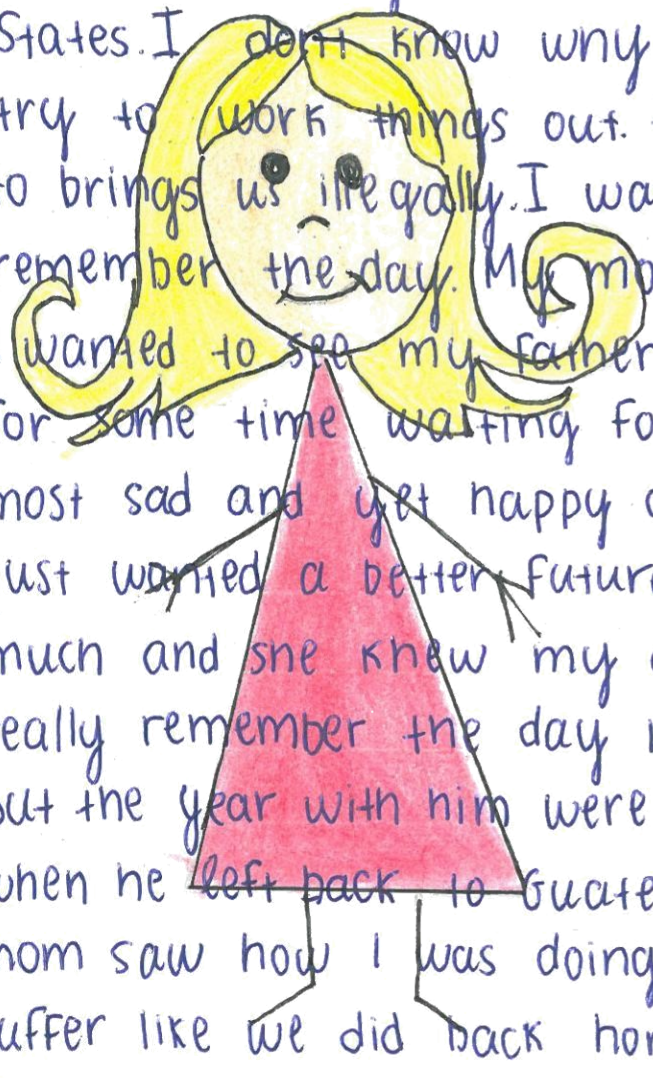


- Greta Spafico
- Laura Giudici
- Lucia Pradoni

The copy of did it's treat My mother way. Incredibly did she was scared and worried of her new life, found so two save I don't want to go more. In the time we were here + they moved over. I think now that us had is from her own, she is a woman and and he is the best mom. After talk with him in a focus is just doing well in school and going to college. It is the main goal to finish college and to look my film and things. Her food staying and making boys dreams come true of being someone in life. My father at the time was having dreams about me.

Anonymous.

He wanted my mom and I to come to the United States. I don't know why he didn't go to a lawyer and try to work things out. He is citizen, and yet he decided to bring us illegally. I was five years old at the time. I remember the day. My mother just told me to be quiet if I wanted to see my father. I remember holding my breathe for some time waiting for the car to cross. It was the most sad and yet happy day of my life. I think my mom just wanted a better future about me. She wasn't making much and she knew my dad would help out. I don't really remember the day I saw my dad for the first time, but the year with him were amazing. Everything changed when he left back to Guatemala and wanted us to go back. My mom saw how I was doing in school and how we didn't suffer like we did back home. She didn't want to go back. She later on went to Chicago. Her sister let her stay with her, and it was awful. My aunt was really selfish and mean. My mom didn't like that at all. We later on moved to California and she met a guy. It was the worst five years old of my life.



Irene Savidou