

LIFE IN REFUGEE CAMP

I was born in Nepal 24th July 1998, 1 o'clock in the morning. We had a house made out of bamboo, mud, plastic and concrete. The day I start remembering was the day when my neighbourhood was on fire and almost 78 houses were burned. My dad told me that the fire started because it was festival time where we light candles and put them around our house and we cook bread in the shape of a donut. The candle fall down and started the fire. But luckily the fire didn't burn my house and nobody was harmed on that day. The place where I was born was a small camp call Beldangi-2 they were all people with bad attitude. My dad worked as a plumber, he gets small amount of money to feed us and make us happy. When I was born my mum had difficult time taking care of me because she had to clean my clothes (because we didn't have nappies in our country). She had to take care of me as well as be a house wife. My sisters were at school all day when they came home they had to take care of me and help my mother. It was hard time for my sisters too. I guess I gave my mum hard time too. When I grew up it was hard life for me and my family. It was hard life living there because to get water we had to go for long walk to reach there. After we reach there we had to wait in line till our turn comes. Even on hospital and you have fever or anything like that you still

had to wait in the line? People around the place where I live were bad like robbing, kidnapping and burning people's houses. They kill people and pay money to police and they are free to go.

Now it is time for me to go to school. My dream since I was 6 years old was to do engineering when I grow up because I always liked working on electronic and metal stuff. But the dream sound like it will never come true because the school where I went and the camp I stayed was my enemy. For my job to come true it was hard because the teachers are beating up students if we did something wrong. It was hard for me to reach my destination. So my parents decided to take me out of that school and send me to Gorkha with my brother for my better education but it still wasn't the education I needed in my life. So from the day when I started to remember when camp was on fire and it was a bad start on my life. We came back to our house that day and hear that we are going to Australia. So I asked my parents why? They said for your better education and for our good life, it made me cry and I thought I will make your dream come true dad. I asked my dad how we going to afford that much money. My dad said there is this council called International Organisation for Migration (IOM), they will take us there for free because we are refugee and they

*want us to have bright future. My parents said we chose Australia among all the countries in the world because he had heard from his friends and people recently been to Australia that it is a good country. So we began to our new life (journey). It took us 18 hours to come to Albury and we settle on 11 Gordon Street. I liked Australia within 2 weeks because of the rules, facilities out of school and peoples around me. I am studying at Wodonga Middle Year College (WMYC) in year 9. I thought this is the place where I was supposed to be. Here I am sharing my life story with you. **THANKS***

well done!