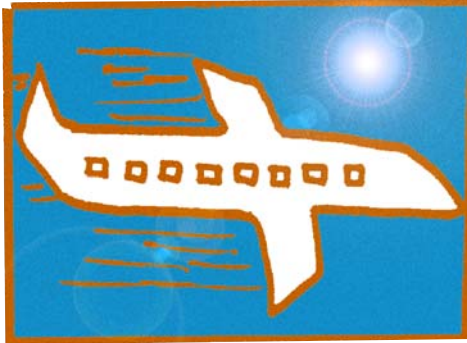


home away

Getting from there to here - stories and pictures from children and young people from all over the world now living in Salford.





**Francis
Kaikumba**
from
**Salford
Community
Network**



**Tony
Wolftenholme**



**Donna
Hewitt**
from
**Salford
RAPAR**

Salford RAPAR (Refugees and Asylum Seekers Participatory Action Research) project aims to provide services that are relevant and appropriate to Salford people, bearing in mind that the community is changing everyday. We are listening to refugee and asylum seeking communities, to help meet their needs.

Our work with parents, showed that refugee and asylum seeking children had little to do after school and did not play outside or mix with other children for many reasons. With Salford Community Network and New Deal for Communities we organised a summer school to make sure these children were not isolated during the long summer break, to help them break down social barriers and make new friends. Both local and asylum seeking children played and worked together, and gained some understanding of each others lives.

A group of teenagers thought it would be a good idea to create this comic to show how they fled their home countries and come to live in Salford. All of the drawings and true stories in Home & Away have been produced by children hoping to give others an insight into why they are here.

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cricket *MAD!*

a whole week of cricket, cricket and more cricket



Summer cricket in Salford for 30 kids and more on some days! I must be mad. These bats will only be straight if a truck runs over them!



It's the girls turn to bowl, they've had a week to train and oh boy are they good! The batsman sets himself up as his big brother looks on.



This is wicked!

The ball heads out into orbit. It's gone way off the field. The crowd is cheering madly.

THWACK!

A week of cricket and even the kids who'd never played it before were getting really good at the game - boys and girls. They had real coaches with real enthusiasm. And the weather was great - how did Francis manage that one?

Fatma, Munira and Rabia journey from war torn Somalia to the safety of Salford



Kismayo, the place the sisters called home. A village by the g r e a t Indian ocean. People fished and built boats for a living. It was p e a c e f u l .

My sisters Rukia, Fatma and I were born near the shores of Somalia in Kismayo. It was a very beautiful island with an attractive blue sea. The people who lived in that island are known as the Bajunis. We lived very peacefully and everyone was kind and helpful to each other.

In 1991 when I was 7 years old there was war in Somalia. When we heard about the war we prayed each day and night that it wouldn't reach our peaceful island. One day when my father went to work, loads of Somalis came and started burning and looting houses taking everything like money, food and clothes. We were all in our house when we heard gun shots and people screaming and crying.

My mothers took my younger sisters and me in to the bedroom and told us that nothing was going to happen to us. My grandmother was in the kitchen, my grandfather was trying to lock the outside door. We were worried about my father because we didn't know where to get him.

Suddenly we heard a very loud bang on the door and before seconds could make a minute they were all inside. We didn't know what was happening as we were hiding in the bedroom. We could hear my grandmother crying in pain and we knew something was happening but couldn't come out, as mum feared for our lives. We were crying, hoping they would go away.

Our journey

WAR

SCREAM

WORRY

GO AWAY



From
Kismayo to
Salford it's
about 6000
miles as the
crow flies.



Fighting had broken out and guerilla soldiers came to scare the villagers, steal their things and burn their homes down. Their peace was **s h a t t e r e d .**



Fishermen and boat builders and people who had peaceful, simple lives were terrified. There was much **f e a r .**



After a few minutes we heard shouts outside. The terrorists had run away. After hours of hiding we heard silence except for the sobs and cries of our people. When we came out of the room we got a shock when we saw my grandmother lying down, moaning in pain. My grandfather was in a deep sleep. My mother didn't know what to do but decided to go out and find some help.

HELP

Immediately, my mother came back with neighbours who were willing to help. They checked my grandfather and found that he was dead, so they made some herbal medicine to apply to my grandmother's leg, which was badly burned.

DEAD

The next morning when my father arrived he decided that we should leave immediately fearing the return of the bad people. We moved to the border of our neighbouring country where we got help. From then on our lives were never the same again, as we had to move from one place to another looking for a better and safer way of living, until we reach our final destination.

SAFE

I will always remember the good times we had on our beautiful island.



The soldiers killed the sisters beloved grandad. The village was destroyed. They fled.





Imran from Pakistan

In Lahore, where I was born and grew up I had to get up at 7am. There was a big field and in the evening we would play cricket because it was too hot to during the day. I went to school just like I do here. I still keep in touch with friends - we talk over the phone.

It's all right here but I think that I would like to go back to Pakistan someday because my people are there. They speak my language. I had a pet rabbit in Pakistan.


I'm at Albion High and I have made lots of friends. School is OK.



Ricardo from Lithuania

At school I like doing maths. Maths is hard sometimes. I like it, you have to use your brain.

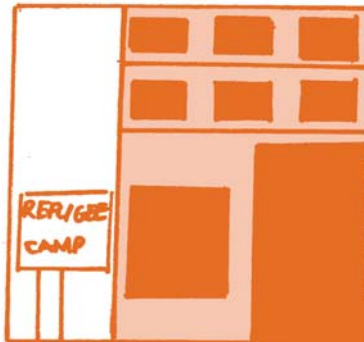
I've been here for 1 year and 2 months. I have 2 big brothers, one is 21½ and the other is 18. My big brother is married.



It's cold in Lithuania when it snows. The snow goes up to my knees. I can ski. It snows at Christmas and New Year. Everyone likes it when it snows. Everyone plays snow balls. Snow lasts for 2 months. June and July is when it's hot.

The family had to live in refugee camp for many years in Africa. There was very little fresh water. Life was hard but they made new friends, which made things a bit

e a s i e r .



After many years the family found a nice home outside of the refugee camp. They had a garden and plenty of clean

w a t e r .



Zidare from Slovakia

We used to live in a big house. I liked my home, it had 5 rooms and we had a car. We had a big garden.

I live in Manchester now, I like Manchester and I come from Slovakia. I like England and I have a friend. I like Albion High School. I am in England because it is problem in Slovakia. Big problem.

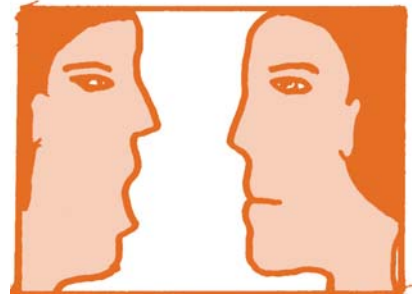


Nihal from Somalia

I live in Manchester in Salford and I miss my country Somalia. I don't remember much about it. I used to walk to my school but it was not safe. I like living in Manchester and feel safe. I have a very good friend and what I want is not to leave Manchester. I miss home. I miss my brother & sister.



But trouble was close by. They were scared. The sisters father talked with friends. He was told to get out of the country, to save his family from more persecution and possibly death.



Amina's



When we lived in Africa, Mum and grandmother cooked a rice cereal for breakfast on the open fire after my sisters and I get up. They did this every morning. My brothers got up later on after we had eaten.

We had a ten minute walk to the water pump once or twice a day to get our fresh water.

In our village there was no school but children came together to learn in a wooden building. Our aunts and uncles taught us how to read and write here.

We washed using a flower from a certain tree, using a big tub of water that we get in.

So the whole family got on a plane and flew to England.



Eventually they were sent here to Salford. The family has found peace. They are happy and can sleep at night.

story

We grew our own vegetables in the village, some to sell and some to eat. Once a month the whole village bought a goat or a sheep to eat.

War made us very unhappy because bad people came and tore down our houses and told us we had to leave. They killed my father. I was very frightened.

I would like to go home when there is peace in Somalia.



Their home is very different now. So are their lives. The sisters like living here. They feel much pain at the murder of their beloved grandfather. They have found **h a p p i n e s s .**

*favourite places:
Hagia Sophia,
Istanbul*



*me &
my
friends
at
school*



*yummy!
olives*



School days in Turkey

start early. There are two groups - one goes in the morning, the other goes in the afternoon.

The morning group starts at 7.30am and finishes at 12.30pm.

The afternoon group starts at 12.50pm and finishes at 5.50pm.

Each group has six lessons and they last for 40 minutes.

There is a ten minute break between each lesson and only 20 minutes for lunch.

The students don't change classes. They stay in the class and teachers come to them. We have to buy our own books and equipment.

For breakfast we'd have feta cheese and olives with bread, butter and jam or chocolate spread.

For tea we'd have things like pilau rice and fasulye which is a bean dish and delicious. We have many patlican dishes, pronounced *pat-le-jan*, which is Turkish for aubergine.

*favourite
places: Blue
Mosque in
Istanbul*



*favourite
sweets: turkish
delight*



*favourite
people
at school*



ART Gallery





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Compiled and designed by *As the crow flies* t: 07792 193 463

