

"To leave is a bit like to die"

Nowadays a vast majority of people leave their countries and immigrate in order to have a better life or due to political reasons like war etc. They are forced to turn their backs on their families for a better future. Very often however, they never find it.

First of all, they have to leave almost barefoot and sometimes illegal as well without even knowing if they are ever coming back. "Shall i see them again?", "Am i coming back eventually?", "Will i make it?" are some of the questions that keep busy their minds. They are stucked in piles like trashes in sheeps, vans and boats and travel from one country to another. Then, when they finally make it to a country new problems await, with that of racism being first of all. People are looking them in disgust, they are making fun of them, refusing to give the slightest of help. Immigrantw now have to start over. They have to built a new life but without the descency of their life in past. A large sizable number is homeless and a great number lives in shelters or destructed buildings. Only a small amount can afford for a small house. Furthermore, there is the need of work. Most of them can't find a descent job as a result they end up working like slaves for pennits.

Suddenly, memories from their old life come to their minds. Their homes, their famelies their land...Everything that they used to have there no matter if they had lot or few, maybe wasn't enoygh but provided them with a descent life close to the people they love.

Now, these memories faid away. They have to live within a society that barely tolarates them. They have to live with all the pain for the life they lost. They have to live... but maybe they are already dead. They might have diaed from the moment they left. Becayse afterall, to leave is abit like to die.