

South  
Africa

Dar e  
Salaam

Barundi

# Journey



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## A story by the children of Addington

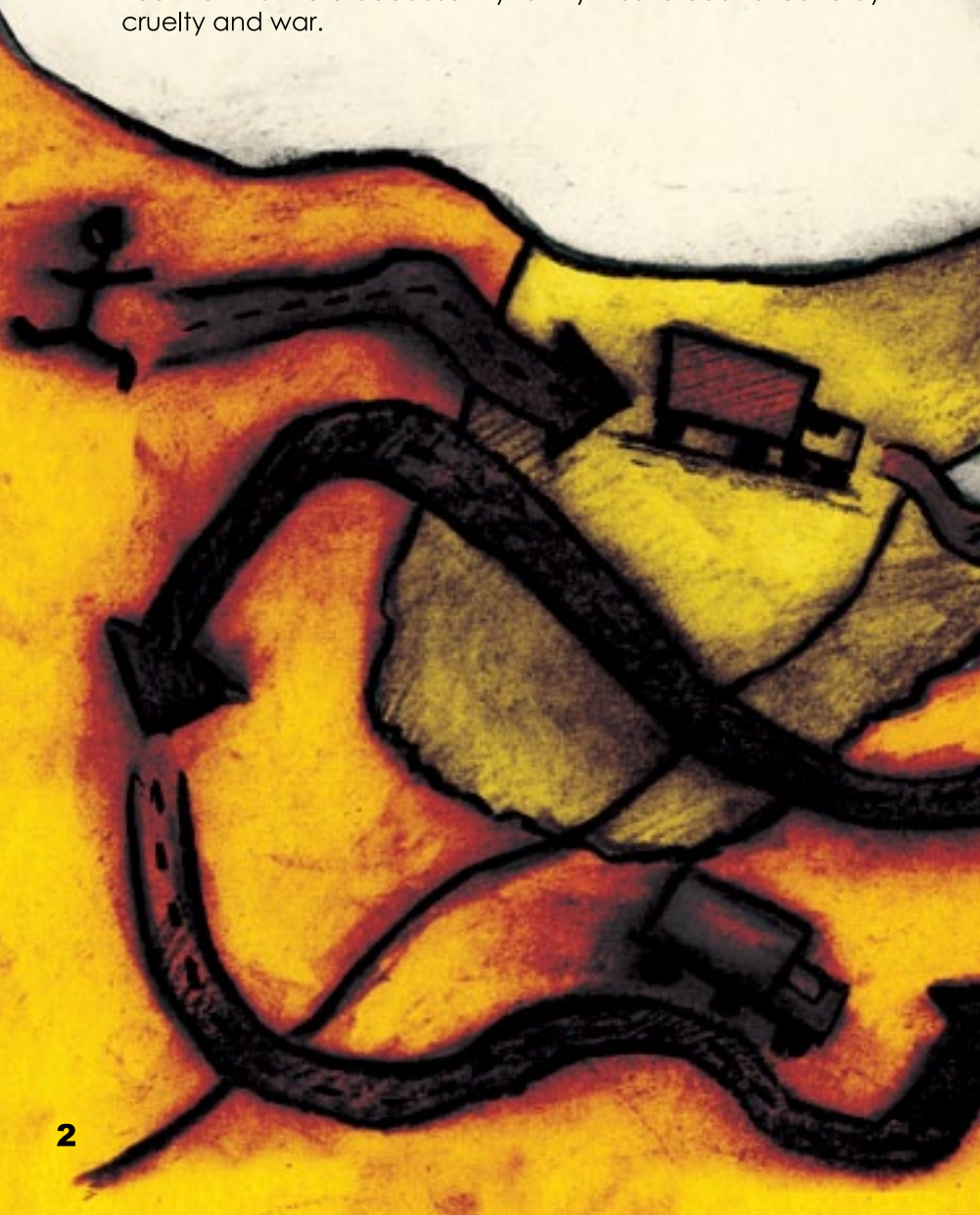
Marie-Jeanne, Jean Claude, Shalom, Priscilla, Tabita, Rehema, Idriss, Eden,  
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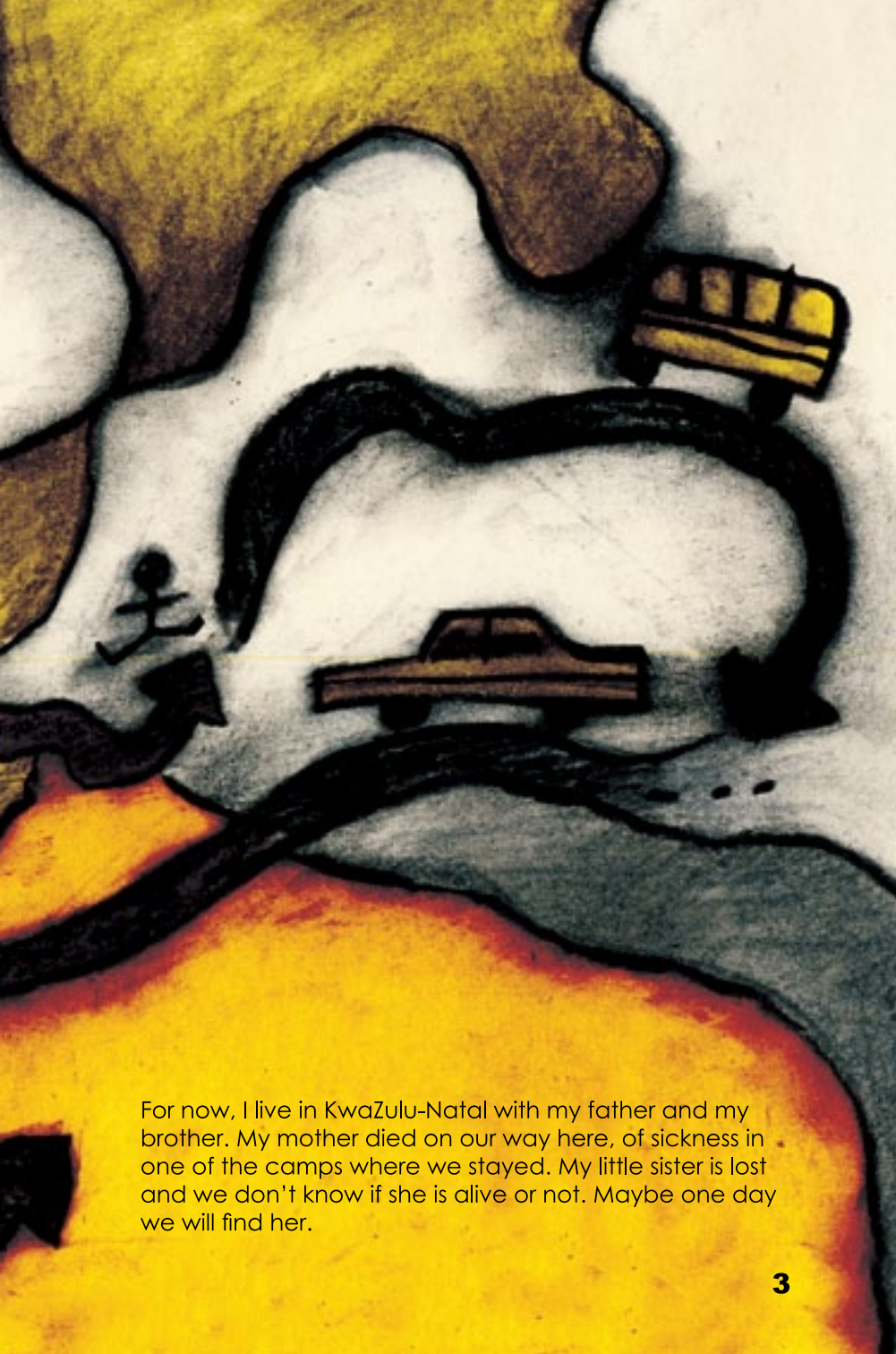
Story compiled by Lesley Beake. Art direction by Hybrid.

Please note: Cover artwork (including spelling of countries) supplied by learners  
Correct spelling: Dar-es-Salaam and Burundi

My journey began when I was born. It is still going on.

The beginning was in Rwanda, which is a country I have not seen for many years and which I may not see again. I cannot live there because my family was forced to leave by cruelty and war.





For now, I live in KwaZulu-Natal with my father and my brother. My mother died on our way here, of sickness in one of the camps where we stayed. My little sister is lost and we don't know if she is alive or not. Maybe one day we will find her.



Things were lovely when I was born. My father was a busy man. We lived in a big house with three security guards paid for by my father's company. Life was very, very good.

Then things began to change in my country. There was no petrol, no food ... no soap. People began to say that war was coming. We were afraid.



My sister was born at that time. She was lucky that she was a girl because they were killing boy babies then. I didn't get to know her very well, because she was always around my mom. Mom used to carry her a lot, as if she was afraid, even then, that we would lose her.

When the war started, people cried. Soldiers came and there was fighting and fear everywhere.

They killed my grandfather. We heard a noise, and then my mother and father took me, and my brother and baby sister, and we ran.

It was hard to escape from the war. We travelled through many countries looking for somewhere to stop. Sometimes we had no food or water. Sometimes people were kind to us, sometimes they were not.

Our journey was made more difficult by wars. We ran away from three wars – wars in Rwanda, Burundi and Congo. We saw dead people lying in a field like leaves fallen from a tree.



We came to South Africa by bus and trains, and sometimes we walked. We had such pain and problems. We did not really intend to come here, but we wanted to get as far away from the wars – and our money ran out.

There are many people in Africa who have been forced to leave their own place. Always there are people moving and moving, looking for a place to be safe; looking for work.

There were no jobs for my father, so we came to South Africa. When we got to South Africa, people called us names and used bad language. We just coped and we survived.





Everywhere people speak different languages. It is very hard to go to school and learn when you don't know the language. Now I have to learn in English, which is my third language. But I will work hard and one day I will have a good job – and maybe I can go back to my country and make a difference there.

I hope that dream comes true. I hope that one day love will fill the world.