

Letter to the World from Moria (No. 3)

October 27, 2019

I AM A MINOR WITHOUT A GUARDIAN

See what our problems are...

In Moria we have no place to stay. We are without shelter among thousands of adults and strangers. We sleep on the floor, in tents and anywhere we can find until we may get a place in an overcrowded container.

We are alone and there is no love. I feel I am the most lonely person in the world. We have no relative, no family to be with. We have no one to talk to and to protect us or give us advice. It is the main reason why we think of suicide and why many of us end up with addictions.

We have nothing useful to do. Oh, I became tired of life. It is boring to just wait not knowing why. There are no activities for us. There is no variety in our days but always the same rhythm. Every day is the same in Moria. There is no difference between yesterday and today. I am a teenager full of energy. I should get rid of this energy like a snake empties its poison. I want to learn things, do things, grow.

This situation destroys me. It is changing my thoughts.

I am thinking to leave this camp and this island any way I can – legal or illegal. I would even climb under a truck to get on the ferry to Athens. I cannot be here anymore.

I am thinking, what should I do? I am desperate because I have no money. I started smoking today, maybe I will take drugs tomorrow so I do not feel hungry, so I do not feel that time has stopped, so that I can be far from this

bad world.

I am thinking, should I wait four months for a medical age test to correct my age or should I just run?

I am feeling hurt, seeing the others who have their mothers next to them and a shoulder to cry on, someone to trust.

I have become a lost child, who doesn't know what to do or where to go. I need guidance.

I am thinking that every person I see in front of me is a wolf looking for a goat. I am scared.

I am thinking, why is there is no candle to light my dark path?

I am bothering girls to make them feel weak and me strong.

I have become afraid of losing everything, losing my beliefs, loosing myself, loosing my way.

How long am I going to be here in Moria?

How am I going to survive this?

Who can I trust?

Hundreds of us are in this situation here. We are more than 1.000 on this island, in this hell, I heard. Together we could have the power to build a city, to improve a country's economy, to change big things. Instead we don't even know how not to destroy ourselves. We just need someone to hold our hand and lead us the right way, to tell us about good and bad, right and wrong. To tell us how to use our power in a positive way, a way that will make us proud of ourselves and our families and society proud of us too, someone to remind us who we are.

Parwana

P.S. Special thanks to Yaser. I hope you will find your way my friend!