










<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Mohammed</b> <i>Syrian in Jordan</i></p> <p>I am 18 years old and I fled to Amman, Jordan after many of my family and friends were killed in the civil war. In Syria, I had just finished secondary school. I have always dreamed of going to college but I have been unable to gain entry into University in Jordan. I don't know anyone here and now I can't even continue my education.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>GOVERNMENT OF R.C.O</b> REGISTRATION CARD</p> <p>Card No. _____</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Date of Issue _____ Sex _____</p> <p>Nationality _____</p> 
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Matilda</b> <i>Colombian in Panama</i></p> <p>I am a 34 year old woman with a family of eight. During the Colombian conflict, a group of guerilla rebels tried to extort my family for money, and when I refused, they burned down my home and killed my children. My husband and I are now living across the border in Panama, where we rely upon the limited food assistance provided by the Catholic Church.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>GOVERNMENT OF R.C.O</b> REGISTRATION CARD</p> <p>Card No. _____</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Date of Issue _____ Sex _____</p> <p>Nationality _____</p> 
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Nader</b> <i>Syria, Internally Displaced Person</i></p> <p>I am 42 years old and I am currently living in Damascus, Syria. Although my home was destroyed, I have found shelter with other displaced persons in an abandoned school building. There aren't many safe areas in Damascus, a mortar can land at anytime, anywhere. Every morning when I leave my house to go to work, I know it could be the last time I see my daughter. But life goes on. We do what we can, when we can. Death has become our daily reality.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>GOVERNMENT OF R.C.O</b> REGISTRATION CARD</p> <p>Card No. _____</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Date of Issue _____ Sex _____</p> <p>Nationality _____</p> 

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Jaime</b> <i>Colombian in Ecuador</i></p> <p>I go out every day looking for a job. I have my refugee card, but employers say they do not understand what it means. I have been called a dirty Colombian more times than I can count! I think of returning home, where I will die by a bullet rather than dying here on the street.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>GOVERNMENT OF R.C.O</b> <b>REGISTRATION CARD</b></p> <p>Card No. _____</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Date of Issue _____ Sex _____</p> <p>Nationality _____</p> 
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Augustus</b> <i>Cameroonian in Australia</i></p> <p>My name is Augustus and I grew up in Douala, Cameroon. After studying accountancy at university, I was worked for many years in wine import business. Eventually, me and my wife set up a business, importing champagne to our country. Aside of being a businessman, I was a member of one of the main political parties in Cameroon. When my party won the election, my life took a turn to worst. Once in power, my political party asked me to assess the situation of the prisons in my country. After delivering an honest report denouncing the lack of rehabilitation opportunities in prison services, I was expelled from my political party and received many threats of poisoning. One day, the police arrest and told me to leave the country or be prepared to be imprison indefinitely. I took the first fly out of Africa that I could find and I escape to Australia where I am currently seeking asylum. My wife and children are still in Cameroon and I fear for their life. I hope to I could bring to a safer place.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>GOVERNMENT OF R.C.O</b> <b>REGISTRATION CARD</b></p> <p>Card No. _____</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Date of Issue _____ Sex _____</p> <p>Nationality _____</p> 
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Katia</b> <i>Colombian in Ecuador</i></p> <p>I fled my country after paramilitary troops took over my farm, killed my animals, and terrorized my family. When I arrived in Ecuador at the age of 18, I was taken advantage of by the local Ecuadorian police. They abused me daily until I finally escaped from my prison cell a few months later. Every day I return to the resettlement office to check on the status of my asylum application.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>GOVERNMENT OF R.C.O</b> <b>REGISTRATION CARD</b></p> <p>Card No. _____</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Date of Issue _____ Sex _____</p> <p>Nationality _____</p> 

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Matilde</b> <i>Sudanese in Kenya</i></p> <p>I became a refugee during Sudan’s civil war. I left my home and ran for safety when I heard gunshots around me, when I saw the dead bodies of people around me. I lost my father and my brother to the war, as well as other relatives and friends. People just left their homes, running in different directions, all seeking shelter. Some saw others leaving, panicked and also ran away. I reached Kenya on foot after trekking for three days. Now I live in Kakuma camp. I feel very, very lonely, worried, and afraid. During a war like the one in Sudan, a woman is often left alone. Her husband is gone. Either he is fighting in the bush, or he has run away, or he has been killed...I am always worried about members of my family who are fighting, and about the war, wondering when it will finally be over.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>GOVERNMENT OF R.C.O</b> <b>REGISTRATION CARD</b></p> <p>Card No. _____</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Date of Issue _____ Sex _____</p> <p>Nationality _____</p> 
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Malek</b> <i>South Sudanese in Kenya</i></p> <p>I am a 24 year old man living in Kakuma Refugee Camp. I decided to move from the shelter of the family I was staying with at the camp to a common reception area for refugees. Here, both sexes sleep in the same place, in houses that have dusty floors, and doors that do not shut. The walls have holes that leak if it rains, so that the floor soaks water, which takes ages to dry. The life of a refugee is not easy. What I would say to people who work with refugees is that they should be patient enough to listen with care to what we have to say. Many refugees feel their needs and views are not considered.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>GOVERNMENT OF R.C.O</b> <b>REGISTRATION CARD</b></p> <p>Card No. _____</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Date of Issue _____ Sex _____</p> <p>Nationality _____</p> 
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Thomas</b> <i>Somalian in Kenya</i></p> <p>I am a 32 year old man who fled my home due to the rapidly increasing violence in my town. After a 5 day journey, I ended up in the <i>Dadaab</i>, a refugee camp in Kenya hosting over 160,000 people. Since the conditions in Somalia have become so dire, 1,000 new people show up at the camp every day, and resources are becoming even scarcer. My greatest concern is watching out for my family, and I’m still struggling to recover from the death of my youngest son due to a sickness.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>GOVERNMENT OF R.C.O</b> <b>REGISTRATION CARD</b></p> <p>Card No. _____</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Date of Issue _____ Sex _____</p> <p>Nationality _____</p> 

**Jorge**  
*Colombian in Panama*

I'm a 32 year old Colombian man. I arrived in Panama with my wife, children, and 3 other people who fled our town after the paramilitary stole our food and gas and demanded that people leave the area. I'm extremely frustrated that my ID card won't allow me to move freely in Panama. Sometimes I feel: "This area is our prison. They told us that in 10 years we would have received citizenship or permanent residency. We cannot even work, because here there is an American company which will not employ us without an identity card. We cannot go back home because we have lost everything we had in Colombia. Nothing of what we left remains."

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**Charles**  
*Sudanese in Kenya*

I am 32 years old and fled from my home in Kajo Keji, Sudan several years ago. The Sudan People's Liberation Army was causing trouble in my town, and I was very careful during my travels to stay hidden in the bush, avoiding what looked like government or SPLA soldiers. I made the 200 mile journey alone because my entire family was killed during the Sudanese Civil War. I often wondered why I was spared. Life in the camps is rough for me, but I find strength in my new community. They help me share my grief and believe in a peaceful future.

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**Virigilio**  
*Sudanese in Uganda*

I never expected to reach here. In our flight from Juba, I was captured by the government army, tortured, received no medical care, and then escaped and rejoined my family. One of my children was delivered on the way and lived; we were cold in our travels, but God cared for us and got us here – somehow." I am now settled in the Adjumani camp, and although I understand the daily frustrations of an empty stomach, various illnesses, and long lines with endless waiting, I believe that I will make it through these hard times and will eventually return to my homeland.

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**Adroa**  
*Ugandan in Chad*

I am 18 years old and fled my home two years ago after my brother was kidnapped by the Lord's Resistance Army (LRA) to be used as a child soldier. I don't know if he's still alive and I miss him very much. My family now lives in a refugee camp in Chad, but the camp isn't very safe. Sometimes the LRA comes to terrorize us at night, and we have a hard time finding enough food. I love going to school everyday and playing soccer with my friends whenever I can.

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**Srey Pot**  
*Cambodian in Thailand*

I am Srey Pot, which means 'the girl who was born on Wednesday'. I am 14 years, the sixth of 8 brothers and sisters. I was born in Chumrum Ampil, a refugee camp along the Thai-Cambodia border. Shortly after my birth, the camp was bombed and destroyed. My family – what was left of it, two of my elder brothers died during the Pol Pot regime, one 'disappeared', the other killed by a landmine – fled with all the other refugees to Thailand. We were placed in a camp which has been my 'home town' for almost 10 years. My 2 younger brothers were born here. These are hard years for us, a large family with little means to earn money. My father now works in the camp offices but there was no work for my mother, a seamstress. We survive thanks to donations of rice and the help of humanitarian organizations.

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**Amanthi**  
*Sri Lankan Internally Displaced Person*

I came to this camp for displaced people after fleeing from a church I'd been staying at for safety. I'd been staying there for 2 years, but we had to leave with thousands of others. On November 20th, the church was shelled. My daughter Jude was killed. She was 25 years old. But she was not the only one; there were others. Now I live with my surviving daughter and my husband, Nicholas. Nicholas is sick but cannot get medicine as it is embargoed by the government. To leave the camp to get medicine, a pass is needed. This is difficult to get, and since only one-day passes are given, he would have to be back by the evening. Long hours of travel by road are needed to reach the hospital. Although Nicholas retired last year, they haven't given him the government pension he is entitled to. We don't receive dry rations either.

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**Bayya**  
*Sri Lankan Internally Displaced Person*

I am an internally displaced person living in the Vanni region. When I was eight, an artillery shell fell on my home. When the shelling started, I ran outside of the house only to see my parents, grandparents, and 10-year old brother all get killed. I was injured by the blast, and my leg was amputated in the hospital. I received prosthesis from the local Red Cross and now live with my mother's sister. I love school and am able to get there by walking or on a bicycle.  
My hope is to one day help orphans who are in the same situation as me.

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**Tun**  
*Cambodian in Cambodia*

I was born in Kandal Stung, Cambodia as the eldest of 10 brothers and sisters. During the Pol Pot era, my parents fled with me to a refugee camp in Battambang where we struggled to survive. In 1979, we returned home, and my family resumed working. One day when I was 12, I went to collect water for my family. Boom! I felt as if lightening had struck right inside me. I'd stepped on a landmine and both my legs were gone. My parents helped me, but I had lost hope. Slowly I learned to walk with prosthetics, and today I work to help others who have been affected by landmines. I'll never forget the time I spent in the refugee camp, and hope to one day find an end to the war.

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**Mariam**  
*Sudanese in Chad*

I am 14 years old and fled my village in Darfur when I was 6 years old. One night when my family was sleeping, we were woken by many gunshots, and when I looked outside, I saw people running around in all directions and screaming. There were men upon horses that were setting fire to our homes, and my parents knew that we had to leave immediately. We were able to bribe our way into Chad, and now we live in a refugee camp here. Times are hard, but I am glad to have my friends around me. They make me happy and bring me hope. My mom sells firewood here in the camp to feed all of us, and sometimes we get deliveries from humanitarian groups. I hope I can go home someday.

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**Charles**  
*Congolese in Rwanda*

I am 32 years old and from the Democratic Republic of Congo. In 2005, I fled my home with my wife and 3 children because of the civil war. We walked for a week before we were able to make it to the Kiziba camp in Rwanda. Sometimes life in the camps can be hard; when the storms come we especially have trouble. But I also find hope here. My sons are learning how to repair bicycles with one of the projects here, and I am a camp leader. I like to help people to find their way here in Kiziba when they first arrive. I hope to continue doing this until I one day return to the DRC.

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**Neema**  
*Burundian in Malawi*

I am 28 years old, and for the first time since I can remember, I am happy. I have found work as a community counselor in the camp where I'm living in Malawi. Before, I used to constantly worry about what would happen to me. Would someone kill me? How would I feed myself? When could I return home? For now, my home is not safe, and I know I will not be returning home soon. I am grateful for what I have in this new life, and I hope that someday I will be allowed to settle outside of the camp.

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**Pema**  
*Bhutanese in Nepal*

I am 26 years old and have been living in a refugee camp in Nepal for the last 15 years. My family and I moved here because violence against people in my ethnic group was rising. Our family friends were beaten to death, and we did not want to be next. Next year, my family is supposed to be resettled in America, a country with very big buildings! I will miss my friends here in the camp, but I am happy to leave too. We had a fire here a few weeks ago that destroyed many people's homes, and food is becoming more scarce.

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<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Aung</b> <i>Burmese in Thailand</i></p> <p>I am 42 years old, and I am in exile in Thailand, having fled from the killing fields in the jungle near the Thai-Burma border. All I could bring with me was my personal belongings in a bundle on my back. I still face much adversity in Thailand: refugee camps along the border are frequently attacked, and admission is difficult to gain.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>GOVERNMENT OF R.C.O</b> <b>REGISTRATION CARD</b></p> <p>Card No. _____</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Date of Issue _____ Sex _____</p> <p>Nationality _____</p> 
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Pauline</b> <i>Rwandan in South Africa</i></p> <p>I am 38 years old and am living as a refugee in South Africa. I fled Rwanda during the 1994 genocide. I had to leave all of my belongings behind in Rwanda, and now I must struggle to make ends meet. I was able to receive a loan in order to start a business selling food items. While my business has been a success, I still experience sadness when I think about what happened in my home country.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>GOVERNMENT OF R.C.O</b> <b>REGISTRATION CARD</b></p> <p>Card No. _____</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Date of Issue _____ Sex _____</p> <p>Nationality _____</p> 
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Christine</b> <i>Sudanese in Kenya</i></p> <p>I am 19 and fled Sudan when the country became gripped by civil war. I lost many family members during the conflict, but I had to move forward, trekking to Kenya on foot. My life in the refugee camp in Kenya is not easy; the walls have holes.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>GOVERNMENT OF R.C.O</b> <b>REGISTRATION CARD</b></p> <p>Card No. _____</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Date of Issue _____ Sex _____</p> <p>Nationality _____</p> 



<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Rosalie</b> <i>Burundian in Tanzania</i></p> <p>I am a 68 year old refugee living in Tanzania after first passing through Congo. I originally fled from Burundi because of violence, and I had to leave Congo for the same reason. All of this traveling caused my family to be separated: my husband was killed in Burundi while I was in Congo. My children are believed to be dead, and I am raising their children at the age of 68. I worry about the safety of my remaining family members, but I am also concerned for myself: I am losing my eyesight and suffer from hypertension.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>GOVERNMENT OF R.C.O</b> REGISTRATION CARD</p> <p>Card No. _____</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Date of Issue _____ Sex _____</p> <p>Nationality _____</p> 
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Perpetue</b> <i>Congolese in Rwanda</i></p> <p>I am 34 years old, and I fled the Democratic Republic of Congo in 1996 to seek refuge in Rwanda. My husband and two of my children were killed in the Congo during the 'liberation' war. The refugee camp where I lived in Rwanda was attacked. I eventually remarried only to have my second husband abandon me; he never sends any money to support the children.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>GOVERNMENT OF R.C.O</b> REGISTRATION CARD</p> <p>Card No. _____</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Date of Issue _____ Sex _____</p> <p>Nationality _____</p> 
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Marie Noel</b> <i>Congolese in South Africa</i></p> <p>I am a 25 year old refugee living in South Africa. I fled the Democratic Republic of Congo as a result of the persecution my family experienced under the Mobutu regime. I originally fled to Namibia, but the camp there was shut down, so I went to South Africa where my husband was able to find work. My husband was shot, and the government forced me to return to Congo despite the fact that I was in poor health.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>GOVERNMENT OF R.C.O</b> REGISTRATION CARD</p> <p>Card No. _____</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Date of Issue _____ Sex _____</p> <p>Nationality _____</p> 

**Rose**  
*Somalian in Malawi*

I am a 33 year old refugee living in Malawi. My husband died of TB; I, too, am suffering from this disease. Life in a camp is difficult enough, but the burden of an illness makes it nearly intolerable. I fear for what will happen to my three-year old son if I die. The only source of strength that I have is my faith in God.

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**Ara**  
*Afghan in Pakistan*

I am 14 years old and am living in a refugee camp in Pakistan. My family fled our country when I was very young due to the war. I don't remember it well, but I am told it was a very long journey. We don't have much here in Pakistan, and we recently lost our home to flooding. I don't like it here, and I want to move somewhere else. My family wants to go back home to be with their friends and family. I like that idea too. My favorite thing to do is go to school once a week.

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**Roshani**  
*Cambodian Victim of Human Trafficking & Asylum-Seeker*

I was a teacher but decided to leave Cambodia after being raped by military troops. I decided to leave to see my brother in Germany, who had a contact arrange my travel. I flew to the Ukraine and met my brother's contacts, who took my travel documents. They imprisoned me with 5 other women and forced us into prostitution. I wasn't able to contact my brother.

Months later, I was put into a vehicle at night and left in Berlin. I was picked up by the police, who placed me in a detention center because I had no proof of my story. I applied for asylum and a lawyer helped me get released from the detention center after 3 months.

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**Juan**  
*Dominican, Currently Stateless*

I live in the Batey, a shanty town near a sugar plantation in the Dominican Republic. One day, an official came and asked to see my papers. He took my papers and told me to collect them from the Migration Office.

When I went to collect them, I was arrested and taken to the border to be sent forcibly to Haiti. I asked if I could go home to get some clothes, but they ignored me and loudly told me to shut up. When we came to the border, they left us there, they opened the gate, and we crossed. Once in Haiti, a friend helped me hide and cross the border back into the Dominican Republic. I was born and grew up in the Dominican Republic. I do not know much about laws, but I should not have been taken away. I do not know why they took me away, maybe because of the color of my face...

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**Laila**  
*Syrian in Lebanon*

I was born in Al-Zabadani, a beautiful and popular hill town in southwestern Syria not far from the Lebanon border. I'm married with two young children and my passions are painting, drawing and creative writing. But the outbreak of the war changed everything. For several years, my family has been on the move – desperately seeking places where we can be safe and secure. We now live in Baalbek, Lebanon where my children are enrolled in a JRS school and I take computer classes. I'm writing a book that tells the story of the suffering and deprivation that she and her family went through, and which many others in Syria are going through.

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**Eureka**  
*Congolese in Malawi*

I left the Democratic Republic of the Congo with my son after my husband, a journalist, was killed for political reasons. I understood that DRC was not a safe place for me and my son anymore. Fleeing was not easy. With no money, we had to travel by any means we could find. We walked, got a lift from different people, and traveled in trucks. I was sexually abused. I was burned all over my body, including my head and face when my abusers threw hot coffee on me during the assault. I'm now a refugee in Dzaleka camp taking a JRS training course in auto mechanics. It gives me hope to have a good job in the future. The training is giving me new energy and a place where I can socialize and somehow forget about my past and my condition as a refugee.

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