Refugee Tales trail - extracts

# Stop One: Fleeing

I hid in a village a hundred kilometres away from the capital. I stayed inside all of this time. No one could see me, except the relatives who kept me safe. Every day I was worried I would be discovered. Each day I felt like I was walking on a bridge made of glass. But each day also joined to the next, and the next, to become a single day that stretched away without an end. I was away from my family, and I knew I had no safe future in my country, and I did not know which country I could live in.

# Stop Two: Waiting

I have nothing to lose. When the time comes, I will paint my house. My family is the thing that makes time difficult for me. I speak to them once a week, at the weekends. My children are at school now. They do not run because in the big cities there is no space to run. They cannot see the mountains from where they are. I am waiting. I am always waiting.

# Stop Three: No escape

I cannot go to the Royal Court of Justice because I am being held in a detention centre. You cannot just...walk out of the centre! It has razor wire on its fences. It is a place designed to keep people in once they are there. The next morning, the day I am to be deported, they come to my room and tell me that I will be taken to the airport at 3pm. I am not ready for this.

[Find out more about Refugee Week at Kent.](http://www.kent.ac.uk/refugee-week)