

I am Yusuf, a refugee from Pakistan. I am deprest due to being alone but also not alone. Beside me are a lot of shuffling people, which I don't know I am afraid for my life. The only sounds that I hear are the footsteps of the the thousand strangers and some screams.



I came here due to a war. So one day I woke up like a normal morning. I brushed my teeth and I putted my clothes and I was ready, my friend picked me from home and we were going to school until ... . We heard 5 bombs and gunshots. I was looking my whole city destroing house to house with my own eyes weeping. At the first we started panicking, with no other choice I flee my country.



Now I live in a refugee status in Oman, with other people. I live in fear and I work hard every day because if I don't I don't know what will happen the next morning.

 I miss so much my family and my friends. I wish I could say to them that I love them and hug them tighly. I wish I could tell them the last goodbye!

