



Lagadikia, (IHA) 7 December 2021



Mzuri Sardar, 46

I am a Kurd from Iraq, from Mosul.

I left Mosul in 2013. I went to Faydieh, a small town on the Iraqi border with Turkey. Later, I moved to Turkey and then here.

Mosul was very bad in 2013. Before we left the city, lots of different armed groups and organisations were fighting there. There was nothing but hatred and violence. Nothing good between each other, or anywhere in the city.

In the mosques, the 'Arabs' were calling to say 'you can kill all the Kurdish people' and people believed it. They believed 'we can kill all the people.'

I think it was because at one stage there were many Americans coming, and Israelis, because of the war and occupation of Iraq, and maybe the Arab people felt Kurdish people were favoured. That's why Arabs said 'kill the Kurdish people'.

It wasn't about IS. It was all the people in the city. The Muslim Arab community didn't like our community.

A lot of people close to me were killed. One of my cousins was shot dead. They were cutting people's heads off, and filming it, filming the bodies to show it. They were killing people. It was put on the news, so everybody saw it.

It was terrifying. When we left our houses in the morning, to go to work or school or the shops, we did not know if we would ever return. Maybe, we would be killed that day.

I owned a shop in the city. I worked there. It sold make up, perfumes, things for women.

I had to leave the city and when I did, I lost everything.

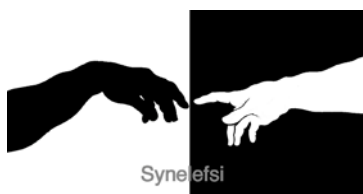
I stayed in Faiediah for three years. I left in 2016, and went to Turkey, where I stayed for 12 days.

I left because Da'esh were advancing on the city. They were almost inside when I left, and we knew what that meant for us: death.

I don't have parents. I was with my brother. I didn't have any future or life.

I went to Chios, where I stayed for a year. I didn't pay too much to get there. Just €50.

Then I was sent to Athens, then they sent us all to different cities.





I was moved to the Synatex camp and I was there about four months, when they closed the camp. They transferred me to Lagadikia, where I stayed for around four months. I got identification here, and then moved to Germany.

I moved to Germany because I didn't see any difference between Greece and Iraq really. It seemed there was no life or future here. I love Greece for some things and I love the Greek community, the people, and the life, but in Germany it's much easier to live, to get a job.

I lived in a small village near to the border with the Czech Republic. I stayed for four and a bit years.

I came back here on 17 March 2018, because I was told I had to leave because I had a Greek passport.

They had transferred me to the village, but there it was hard to find a job. I spoke to lots of people. I really wanted to work. But they said 'you can't work'.

I got sick and had to go to hospital, and it was hard. For three years, in Germany, I really just lived in one room. I had to travel five km to the nearest market.

Eventually, they came to force me back to Greece. Three police officers forced themselves into my house. They bound my hands and feet and were very rough. I can still feel the pain they caused in my arm.

They took me to Athens. When I got there, I was just left on the streets. I didn't know anyone.

The police did a COVID test for me. I went in the bus station and showed them my test, and took a coach for €36 to Thessaloniki and Lagadikia.

I came here again by myself, because I had been before in Lagadikia, and I thought they would accept me. I had nowhere else to go. I had no money and no people I could stay with.

But they didn't accept me. There is a rule that if you have received an ID no-one will take care of you. So I had to sleep in the street.

I have no money, no food. I can't get anything.

Some people in the camp give me some food, if they have any left over, but that's all. I don't know anything at all about what will happen to me now.

I have Greek ID but it has expired. I have to try to renew it. My passport will run out in one year.

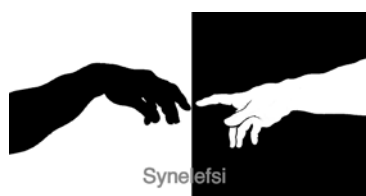
IHA is talking with a lawyer but I don't know what will happen.

In the meantime, I have nothing.

I cannot live inside the camp. I have to sleep on the streets. I can't get anything.

They told me I cannot sleep in the camp, so I found an abandoned building. I was seeing some friends in the camp, but now they have told me I must not even enter. I can't even see these people who are my friends.

I can't enter the system to get accommodation. I don't even know how to get into it.





For 20 days I have been trying to do the vaccine, so at least I will be allowed to sit inside in the warmth of the **IHA** Community Centre, and get a job.

But I can't even do that.

I found a job, gardening – looking after flowers and trees – but they said I need a vaccination certificate and I can't get one.

I don't know anything about the lawyer yet. We sent my ID picture. But the lawyer says we need my case number and it's from 2016, and I don't know that number.



I am sleeping outside now for two months. Winter is coming and it's getting colder. In the night the cold makes it feel like someone is cutting my stomach.

In the room in the building I found a very small electric cooker and I turn that on to try to get heat. But it doesn't make any difference.

I'm 46 years old. For how long can I stay like this? I am old. I can't do it.

I'm 46. I'm living on the streets. How can I do this?

I don't need something special, lots of money. I just need to feel like I am also human, like everyone else.

In my life I never expected this to happen. I had a shop. A life. A TV. I never saw this happening.

Life in Iraq was much better than this until the fighting.

I have holes in my shoes. A friend gave me them, so I didn't want to complain. But in the rain they let the water in. My feet are wet and cold.

I don't like to say it but in my soul I am so sad. I am old. I can't live like this.

Maybe if I went to Germany if I came here to live like a normal human, to be in the rules, just live my life.

I paid €55 to come to Greece by boat. I know some people paid €12,000-15,000.

I didn't come here for money.

I don't have enough food to eat.

But in the camp, if they give me any, I take it of course.

But it's so irregular. Sometimes there is too much for me to eat. But I have no way to store it, so if some goes bad I have to throw it away even though I know I will not have more for some time. This makes me sad.

Today, I have no food, for example. I can't ask anyone for food.

I have a friend who lives on his own and he sometimes cooks. Then I can eat some food with him. We eat together.

He's my only friend here.

