

## A refugee's journey

My name is Muslu Cicek, and I survived the nerve-racking journey from Damascus to Austria.

Our hometown had been bombed for months when I made the decision to leave Syria. Days of planning followed. I had to plan the route very precisely. Finally, on the 14<sup>th</sup> of June, I left my family behind and made my way through countless battle-scarred towns. When I arrived at the Turkish border, I was relieved as well as scared, because the people-smuggler I had paid to get me across the border didn't show up. After a wait of what seemed like hours, he finally arrived and got me all the way to Greece. From there on, I felt safe again. All I had to do was take trains and wait.

The second I crossed the Austrian border I was taken care of. I live in a refugee camp in Vienna and get 50€ a week. My plan for now is to save my money until I become a state resident of Austria.