

# My Diary of Migration

## Day One (Tuesday 17<sup>th</sup> May)

Dear Diary, today has been a tough day for everybody in the village, a child has recently died as we have just passed through the summer season and drought has been terrible, all the family are so upset because he had a dreadful suffering death of a lack of water. This is the 12 death we have had this month because of drought and I really hate living here, I just wish I could move away to a luxury apartment in the centre of Rio De Janeiro where my life could be fantastic as it is only 10 miles south from where we live. It's unbearable seeing people having a life of high wages.



## Day Two (Wednesday 18<sup>th</sup> May)

Dear Diary, Because of the drought and the poor services here, me and my family have decided to move out into the centre of Rio De Janeiro where we can live a marvellous life of better housing and an education for my 13 year old child so he can become a teacher that's always wanted to be in his future job. We have decided to take the bus there, but we have to be early because it only comes one time a day and holds 26 people and normally there are over 60 people from the village from the village trying to leave. So today I have told my children Ronaldinho and Stella have been saying goodbye to all their friends.

## Day Three (Thursday 19<sup>th</sup> May)

Dear Diary, It's 9 O'clock here and I'm on the bus to 3 hour bus trip to Rio. Me and my family have decided to go to a place called Rocinha where apparently we can build a small house till we get jobs and move into an apartment. At the moment we are walking along the white sand beach with a lovely atmosphere, can't wait till we arrive at Rocinha to build our accommodation.

We have just arrived at Rocinha and I'm disgusted on how the place looks, it's dirty, smells appalling and there is a lack of water, I really wish I never moved. We have looked around and quality of life looks terrible, I moved here thinking that I'm going to make a better life for my children but no, I'm not going to find a job with better wages and I doubt my children are going to get education.

## Day Four (Friday 20<sup>th</sup> May)

Last night was tough, it was a cold night and we could not sleep at all. I really wish we never moved, I know life is tough where we lived before but it's defiantly not as much of a struggle as we are having now. We built a very small shack yesterday, just big enough for all us four to sleep in. Today Santos my husband has gone out looking for a full time job so we can get enough money to rebuild our life over again. Also Stella and Ronaldinho have gone to the town centre to earn money by looking



after people's cars so they can contribute to giving money to me and there father to buy equipment to go in our house.

#### Day Five (Saturday 21<sup>st</sup> May)

Today the community said they would be happy to help us out by extending our shack to make sure that it can fit all of us in. ▲Also last night I really needed the toilet, so then I went to the local ones in the centre of Rocinha and I have never seen some toilets as unpleasant, they are absolutely filthy and there is the worst smell ever in there and I would really like to invest in building our own toilets in our shack because I refused to go there again. ▲Another good point of having that toilet is that I don't have walk up that steep hill to them.

#### Day Six (Sunday 22<sup>nd</sup> May)

Well I got to admit there is a lot of community sprit here but on the other hand it is still a terrible place to live. Stella woke up today with a terrible flu and there is no free health care and if you want to be seen by a doctor it's too expensive so people from the Rocinha say a flu is going round and they have supplied cheap traditional herbs to her and said she will get better over the next few days.

