

## My personal experiences as a refugee in The Netherlands

I arrived tired after a long commute to reach the refugee registration center, it was a long journey interspersed with snowfall that made the journey worse, and the worst thing was that I stopped at the wrong station to continue my way on foot for 45 minutes, and after a long struggle I reached the registration center, I was impressed by the good reception frankly, and the advice they gave me, to be careful about my personal belongings ... After completing the registration, and giving me food and a cup of coffee, I was transferred to a refugee camp, when I arrived at the camp and listened to its rules, I wondered if I am in a refugee camp where humanity should be, or if I am in a prison and I am a person who has done something wrong against society so I have to spend time in this prison, I was told ( take care of your personal belongings if anything stolen from you, we are not responsible, it is your fault) It was a bad period for me that I spent and I am still shocked how I spent it, the rooms had no ceiling, and you could hear the conversation of the person living in the next room to the point that you could not sleep peacefully, the smell of cigarettes was all over the place and the sound of PUBG and conversations that resembled a fight, were interspersed with the sound of the game.

Not to mention the smell of the bathrooms, which are often full of residents, so you must take a turn to use the bathroom that makes you wish you did not want to use it next time, also I do not forget some people who try to provoke you again and again, I expected that if I was transferred to another kamp it would be better than this, but unfortunately it turned out that each kamp has the same qualities as the previous one, a small room in which four or five people live, and you can imagine the amount of noise that will inhabit this room, if you are a late sleeper you will be happy because everyone starts partying at midnight , not to mention who uses the live broadcast of the TikTok app, who enjoys and starts his story about his daily heroics with his family and friends with a video call, who practices his hobbies by smoking a cigarette, who likes to watch movies and enjoys listening to it with speakers, who does not know bathing unless he has an interview, and months remain that he does not know bathing. ... All this and more you will find in a refugee camp, not to mention its administrators, when you ask them about something, they treat you like a prison inmate.

I started telling myself that I am wrong and they are right, that I am wrong because I read a book until 10 pm, sleep at 10 pm and wake up at 6 am. All this caused me insomnia, I can't sleep for hours...

I wish the people in charge of the refugee camps, before distributing refugees to the camps, should give each refugee a paper with some questions, for example, are you a smoker? When do you usually sleep? What are your daily habits, do you read books? This is just a small thing, so that they distribute the right people together, but mixing water with oil is what complicates things, and the person becomes psychologically tired. ....

A refugee is a person who was forced to leave his country in search of safety, security, peace and psychological stability.....