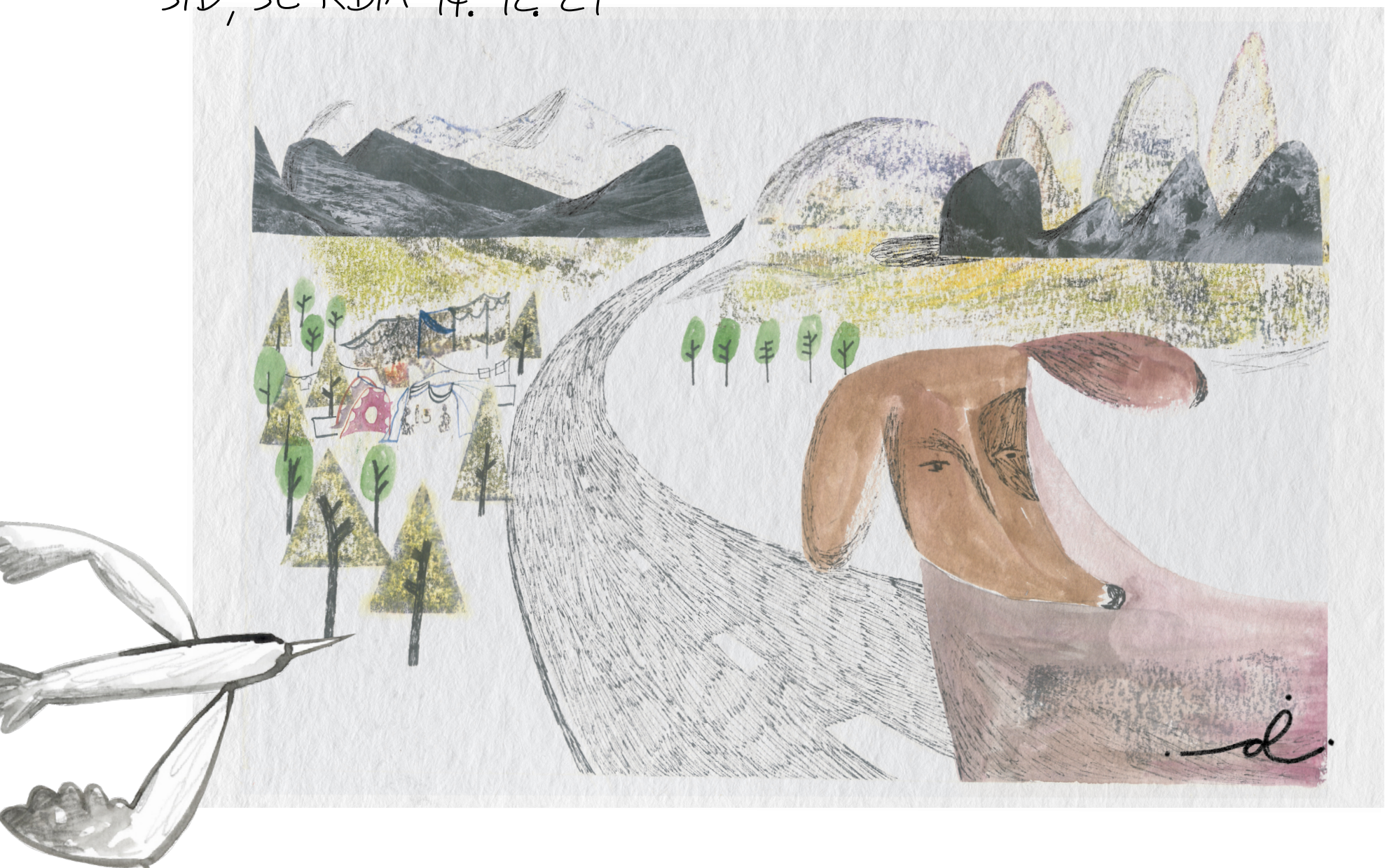


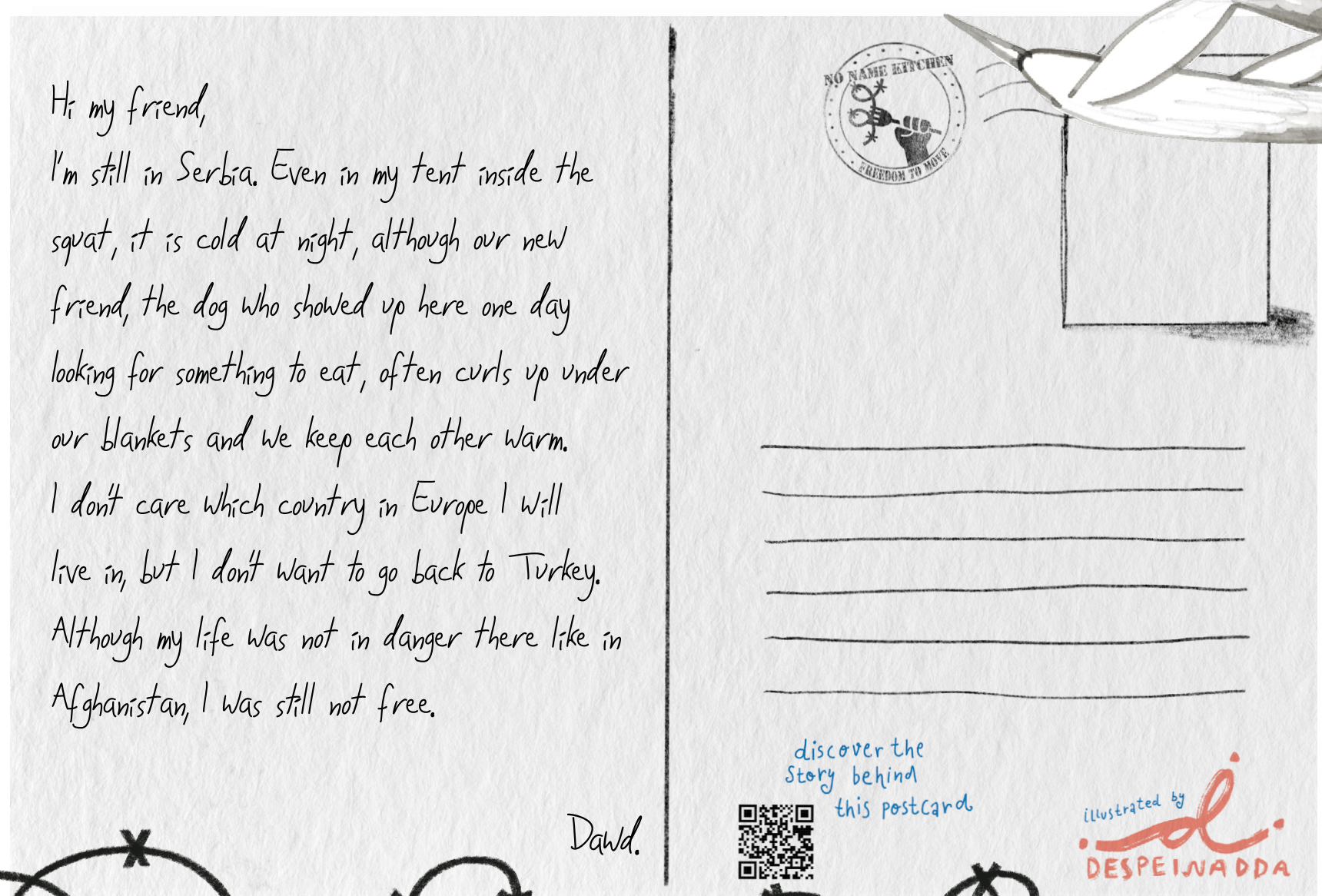
ŠID, SERBIA 14. 12. 21



There are about twenty people travelling with me on the border between Serbia and Croatia. Near the town of Sid, in northern Serbia, I met Dawd, a young man of just over 23 years old, who, along with other companions, managed to get food and clothes thanks to the help of No Name Kitchen.

Dawd lives in a camp on the Serbian side of the border. He managed to escape from his home country, Afghanistan, and found asylum in Turkey “where however, I was not free,” he tells me, as we walk along the roadside towards the Croatian border, together with a dog that has found refuge with them.

“It’s enough for me to be in Europe, it doesn’t matter in which country,” he answers my question about the direction of his journey. He shows me a shack in the middle of the forest, behind some bushes at the edge of the road, where several people have found shelter on their way to a better future. “Our camp in Croatia is made up of several shelters like this one, inside a building,” Dawd tells me. The shelter is made of bricks “but even inside, we need the tents because of the cold.”



Hi my friend,
I'm still in Serbia. Even in my tent inside the squat, it is cold at night, although our new friend, the dog who showed up here one day looking for something to eat, often curls up under our blankets and we keep each other warm. I don't care which country in Europe I will live in, but I don't want to go back to Turkey. Although my life was not in danger there like in Afghanistan, I was still not free.

Dawd.

discover the story behind this postcard

illustrated by
DESPEINADDA

