

## I'm a foreigner and this my experience

Here is my experience: I was born in a small country of Albania called Hajdare. My birth was not much desired by both mine but especially by my mother because then she was alone, my father lived in Italy for some years. January 1999, after the death of his brother in 1997 my father was not supposed to maintain not only his family but also his wife and three sons of his brother, and this he does so far in fact my cousins respect him not as an uncle, but as a second father. The death of their father is regretted so far, by me first because all my brothers have been named after him (in his place I put his son). They were raised by him, despite being severe. while my father was working in Italy, my mother and her sister-in-law, among whom is her sister, went to work from morning to night, only came home to lunch, I know this because it is still so in Albania. While you have my brothers and cousins, my grandmother thought about it, not only had to keep her grandchildren but she had to cook for everyone. Above all she had to sew what she found, All the vegetables were planted by my mother and my aunt or fruit my grandfather had thought about it (who died in April 1999, because he still did not accept the death of his son). He had planted cherry trees, apples, grapes, etc. throughout the garden but, above all, a tree that had planted several times that is the fig tree, In fact every time I go to Albania I convince my aunt to go to the old houses to pick fruit, but the garden is abandoned and covered with bushes. So it is difficult to enter in that house. I do not have many memories because at the age of two we have made a new and bigger house where for a few years we have lived together until my aunt also made her home. Her son also went to work in Italy in Genoa with the help of his father's cousin, who convinces my father after my aunt but especially his father who gave us the land to make the house, even if he did not want to give and the poor son gave us his share of land. We have returned the favor by giving them another piece of land in another part. But my mother did not feel well . she was sick, working all day without stopping and got sick, she had stones in her liver and they were corruptible stones because in 2009 we all came to Italy, that is me, my mother, my sister and my brother, while the other sister was already in Italy with her husband. But they lived in the south instead we had to leave for the north, in the clear province of Brescia, we went to the airport for the first time, with all the emotion of starting a different life, going towards the best and the beautiful. As I left the house my father's uncle told my mother: "you are leaving but do not think that you will have a happy life, you will be different from here but your life will be difficult anyway." He was a prophet: he believed a lot about religion and on his culture and he was very strict with them that he did not respected religion, advised everyone not to undress (in the sense not to be sleeved many shorts or shorts). All the people listening to her said "he did not dress his family and advice to us" but they gave only advice and just say things like they were at there had to be. I remember that: one scold me because I was walking in a strange way in Italy there is not the precise term but in Albanian we say "**bësdridhet**" but I was small and I did not understand well. Now wherever I go as they hear my surname they immediately tell me they were kin with them. However, concern at the departure we went to the airport we were all ready to leave but when we arrived we were told that the ticket office was wrong to book and we came back, after my mother adjusted tickets leave after two days precisely on March 8. We went down at the Milan airport where my father was waiting for us.in Brescia we lived for a year, I attended the first year of elementary school and it was easier for me to learn although in class I also had an Albanian boy who was very helpful to me at school. after that we went to live with my sister in Rutigliano, even there we lived for a year where we attended the second year of elementary school. Then we all went to live in the house in Albania except my father who was in Italy, I was then the third year, that year was difficult for me because for two years I was used to

writing and reading in Italian and with the Albanian language. I was just trying to draw but precisely for this I always have two guys who were the best in the class even if the class in Albania are made by a maximum of 9-10 pupils, my class was formed by 7 students as we were little in a classroom c' they were and still do so, two classes and a teacher made us all the lessons. Despite this we were all convinced that in that year we would be back in Italy and so it was useless to buy the books, In fact I did not take them except some that I tell them the school, Here I made a huge mistake because for everything I had to go to a company class including the best of the class because since kindergarten we were in good relations but that my mother did not want because then the others said that she goes to the houses of the others. After a year everything was fine except for the fact that we returned to Italy again in Rutigliano but no longer in the same school where I already had friends but in another that was closer to home I remember that the first day I went to I started to cry, I went with my mother at school but my mother did not know. Even today she can speak in Italian and then to enter and go in my class I had to talk but the doorman did not calculate me until a teacher took me and I bring in class but despite that I do not I remembered more to write and to read only and to speak it I had to start everything from scratch and in fact I did not feel well in school or with classmates. That year like all the others, the beautiful thing was that we were convinced that we had to go back to Albania. I sincerely hoped because at least I had some friends ...but it was not like that we were still in Italy indeed from what year we did not go to live in Albania except for summer holidays, In fact from the fourth elementary I always went to Albania the first day that school ended, so I helped my aunt in Albania and so it was up in the media must.

While when in the fifth grade I was starting to make friends you had to change school, there were two schools (central - branch) all the girls went to the central I always begged my mother to let me go to that school but obviously did not let me go, I register in the other. in that class I did not know anyone and the girls were so different from me. I sometimes tried to talk but I could not, I was ashamed to open my mouth still I said things that did not interest him but the last months of the school I told myself " I have to take courage and speak as if I were at home as if I were talking to my sister, what to say my thought." In fact he begins to speak, saying and close to them. Then in September we change house, we took a bigger one that was next to the other school and as I changed house I also changed school, I remember that I went even without saying goodbye because I told myself that nobody would have noticed maybe I hurt but it went like that. in the new class I already knew a bit 'of people for my previous class, say that now I had put in my head that I had to make friends and still welcomed me well and I'm good in that class perhaps the only class in which I was fine I had a good relationship with everyone. and then come the superiors where the first week was difficult despite some I already knew them but then I get a girl, with her I had attended the second grade and the last years of middle school. And she gave me courage to make friends.