2 Do we all live in the same world?



1. Watch a video by the UNHCR (United Nations High Commission for Refugees) on YouTube and answer the questions.

a. What did you see?
b. Who has created the video?
c. What is the message?
d. How did you feel when you watched it?



http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-Nnloq4zy14

LIVEWORKSHEETS

2. Now compare the photos on the left with the ones on the right and discuss in groups, keeping notes. Then report to the class.















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3. Do you know what a *refugee* is? Are you familiar with the terms: *migrant* and *asylum seeker*? Talk about their meaning in class.

4. Some more words: match them with their meanings.

a. Unaccompanied minor	1. The process of moving people to a different place to live, because they are no longer allowed to stay in the area where they used to live (*Collins English Dictionary*).
b. Deportation	2. A person who is not considered as a national by any State under the operation of its law (*"1954 Convention" 360 UNTS 117*).
c. Settlement	3. The removal from a country of an alien whose presence is unlawful or prejudicial (*Merriam-Webster Dictionary*).
d. Stateless person	4. A child without the presence of a legal guardian.
e. Human trafficking	5. A business transaction between two willing parties involving movement across borders, usually by illegal means.
f. Smuggling	6. A form of slavery involving the illegal trade of people for exploitation or commercial gain.

LIVEWORKSHEETS

5. Go through the quotations below and decide whether you agree or disagree. Mark your answer in the left column.

BEFORE READING AGREE/DISAGREE	Quotations	AFTER READING AGREE/DISAGREE
	Education is the armour that will protect you in life.	
	No matter what obstacles I face in life, they can be overcome.	
	If you get married before finishing your education, you won't be able to solve your own problems or educate your own children.	
	Being a refugee doesn't have to ruin your life. Many successful people have gone through hard times.	
	In a refugee's life, all tomorrows are the same.	
	Tolerance is the rule of the game and it is the way to sanity.	
	Tomorrow is just another miserable day.	

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6. Before reading the two texts that follow, have a look at the photos, the titles and the subtitles below. Then answer the following questions:

a. What is the genre of each text?
b. Where can you find it?
c. Who is the writer?
d. Who might be the reader?
e. Can you guess the content of each article from the title and the photos?



TEXT 1

UNHCR Stories of refugees and aid workers -Muzon's Story. A Teenage Refugee Champions Girls' Education



TEXT 2

Misganaw Worknehe Ethiopia. All tomorrows are the same from Tilting Cages: An Anthology of Refugee Writings. Edited by Naomi Flutter and Carl Solomon. Sydney, 1995

LIVEWORKSHEETS

7. Scan the texts and underline the words which are related to the refugees' lives. Write down the words you are not familiar with on a post-it note. The teacher will help you with the meaning of the new words. Stick your notes to create a "word wall".

UNHCR Stories of refugees and aid workers -Muzon's Story. A Teenage Refugee Champions Girls' Education

A passionate advocate for the education of girls and young women in Jordan's refugee camps, Muzon has been hailed as Syria's answer to Malala.

When Muzon's family fled the war in Syria in early 2013, they briefly considered leaving her behind. The bright 14-year-old had been studying hard all year for her grade-nine school exams, which were just a month away, and her aunt urged the family to let her stay and continue her education.

In the end, her father decided the risks were too great, and so she fled with him and her siblings across the border to Jordan. "I knew she could make up for lost schooling, but if you lose your life there's no way to make up for that" Abu Mohammed, 45, told me when I met the family in Jordan's Azraq refugee camp.



Muzon and her classmates at Azraq camp work on their computer skills. UNHCR/Ed Ou

Education has always played a big part in Muzon's life. Both of her parents were teachers back in Syria's southern Dara'a province, and her aunt and uncle were head teachers at local schools. "I didn't need them to tell me that education is important. I always just felt it," she explains. "Our house was built by an engineer. When I was sick I went to a doctor. Education is everything in life."

Now 17, her deeply held conviction of the importance of education has become a defining feature of Muzon's life in exile. Not only has she continued her studies in Jordan, but she has also become a forceful and increasingly high-profile advocate for education among Syrian refugees, particularly young women and girls.

Her campaigning has drawn comparisons with Malala, Pakistan's Nobel Prize-winning education advocate, whom Muzon has met several times and considers a personal friend. "She taught me that no matter what obstacles I face in life, they can be overcome."

Before the crisis began, Muzon remembers a normal, middle-class life surrounded by friendly neighbours and relatives. "I'm not saying I was a queen back in Syria. We had problems, good things and bad things, but it was like any normal life," she says.

The family's main home in Izra was close to a military base that regularly came under attack, leaving them trapped in the crossfire. Unable to endure the fighting any longer, they made their way to Jordan and settled initially in Za'atari refugee camp.

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Before arriving they had little idea what to expect, and the transition was tough. Back home, Muzon and her three younger siblings each had their own room, and now the whole family was forced to share a single tent where they slept, cooked and washed.



"Being a refugee doesn't have to ruin your life. Many successful people have gone through hard times," Muzon says. UNHCR/Ed Ou

Thankfully, Muzon's biggest fear – that there would be no schools in the camp – was quickly dispelled. She enrolled in summer classes to get to grips with the new Jordanian curriculum before passing her grade-nine exams.

As she continued her schooling, she noticed that many of her fellow pupils stopped attending classes, often girls around her own age. She heard about one girl who had dropped out and was trying to sell her schoolbooks. Muzon sought her out and convinced her to change her mind. A campaigner was born.

"After that I began advocating for education any time and any place. To my friends, their parents, neighbours or even just girls I met in the street," she says. She has also fought against the widely held belief within the camps that early marriage is the best way to secure the future of young female refugees.

"When I hear of people not letting their daughters go to school or marrying them off early, it makes me angry," she says. "Education is the armour that will protect you in life. If you get married before finishing your education, you won't be able to solve your own problems or educate your own children."

When I first meet Muzon in Azraq, where the family moved a little over a year ago, it's hard to imagine this neat, polite young woman going door-to-door to cajole parents into letting their daughters attend school. But as our interview starts, her gaze becomes intense and the pitch of her voice begins to rise with the passion of her argument. "Indomitable" was the description used by award-winning author and UNHCR Goodwill Ambassador Khaled Hosseini when he met Muzon on a visit to the camp, and it's easy to see why.

She says she has encountered opposition along the way: "some people refuse to listen from the start. They think, 'Why should we listen to her? She's my children's age.' But I don't let it discourage me. The opposite, in fact; it makes me want to talk to more people and try again and again."

Her friendship with Malala has provided Muzon with a role model for her campaigning cause, as well as raising her profile within the camp and beyond. She has met several other high-profile visitors to Azraq, and understands the importance of spreading her message through them to a wider audience.

"As an individual, I can convince people I meet to go to school but I can't build the schools or provide the teachers," she acknowledges. "We need the help of the international community to do that, so I need to get the message out to those who have the resources to help."

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Muzon studies in her home at Azraq camp. "Our house was built by an engineer. When I was sick I went to a doctor. Education is everything in life," she says. UNHCR/Ed Ou

When I express admiration at what she has achieved despite her age and difficult circumstances, she brushes off the compliment. "Of course I have tried to turn this experience into a positive one," she says. "Being a refugee doesn't have to ruin your life. Many successful people have gone through hard times."

Education has given Muzon's life in exile a newfound purpose, and her simple message to the world is that the same can and should be true for every young refugee.

http://tracks.unhcr.org/2015/11/a-teenage-refugee-champions-girls-education/

Misganaw Worknehe Ethiopia: "All tomorrows are the same", extract from Tilting Cages: An Anthology of Refugee Writings. Edited by Naomi Flutter and Carl, Solomon. Sydney, 1995

Kakuma is found in Turkana district which is situated in the north-western part of Kenya, bordering Ethiopia, Uganda and the Sudan. The area where the refugee camp is located is dry, dusty and sunny. Sometimes you feel the heat as if the sun is only kilometers away. The air is full of dust particles.

At the far end of the refugee camp stands a lone plastic make-shift hut, as if it has no care for what exists in the world. The owner is also lonely; he lives by himself in an alien land. The shabby shelter is neither a house nor a pen. But it partially protects its owner from the sun and the big grains of sand and it is the only worldly thing which relates Mesfin with property. He says "It is my house", but deep inside he knows that he does not deserve it.



When Mesfin feels the stress from the combined forces of loneliness, lack of love and hunger he usually loiters in the forest. Moreover, when there is a shortage of firewood, which is more often than not, he walks for about twenty kilometers to fetch twigs. The wood is essential to provide the energy required to boil the beans which are hard to cook. The firewood rationed is hardly enough to make a day's meals, so fetching wood is one of Mesfin's main activities.

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Buying charcoal is out of the question since money is hard to come across; collecting from around the camp is illegal and it would invite confrontation with the uncompromising local Turkana people. But having a piece of wood is the difference between eating and going without food. So, to cook and eat a decent meal, he has to rise with the sun and go in search of firewood.

Once he almost lost his life because of a bundle of firewood. Shame. On this occasion he walked very far from the camp. He collected fallen trees and branches, tied the pieces together with the rope he had carried with him and started his journey back to the camp. He braved the scorching sun from above and the burning heat of the sand under his feet. He took strength from the hope that he would reach home safely with his bundle, to cook and to eat his fill.

After travelling much of the distance back to the camp, sweating and panting under the load of the bundle, the unexpected happened. Unfortunately he met an aggressive local Turkana armed with knives and arrows and was asked to throw the bundle he was carrying down. Poor chap! He tried to reason with the Turkana forgetting that neither of them could understand the other. He tried to win his heart by showing submissiveness and bowing repeatedly, but in vain. He even tried to cry to evoke sympathy, but to no avail. The local was determined and uncompromising. He threatened Mesfin with his armaments and indicated the place where Mesfin should place the bundle of wood. Finally, when Mesfin understood his position and when he knew that he was beaten, he abandoned the bundle and restarted the interrupted journey back home. He doesn't know how he covered the remaining distance, since he finished it moving as a corpse, cursing the star under which he had been born.



Back at home he lay on his mat. He forgot that he had eaten nothing the whole day and that his stomach was empty. He crouched with his head and knees together as a hungry dog and cried for peace. He wondered if it was proper to cry at the age of 40 or so, but it was the only way to keep his sanity; all he could do to keep himself from self-destruction.

When he sits and ponders what he is doing with his life or what is being done to him, Mesfin always ends up confused. He first fled his home country to the Sudan when the Marxist junta – which had stood for the down-trodden – won state power and started to eliminate the so-called reactionaries. He returned to Ethiopia when President Mengistu took his turn to flee the country and to join the refugees in Harare,

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