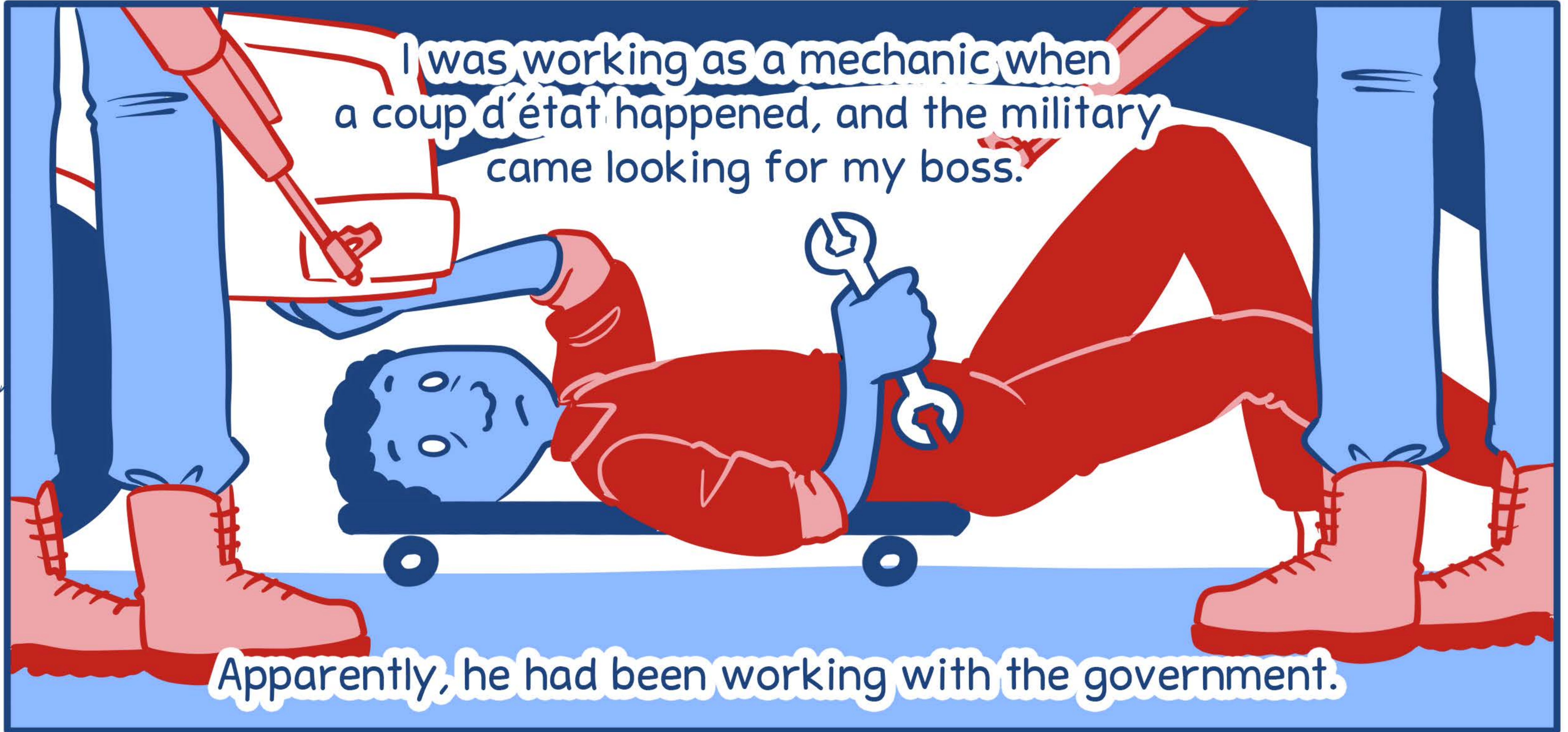


My life was in danger.

No one could protect me,
not even the police.



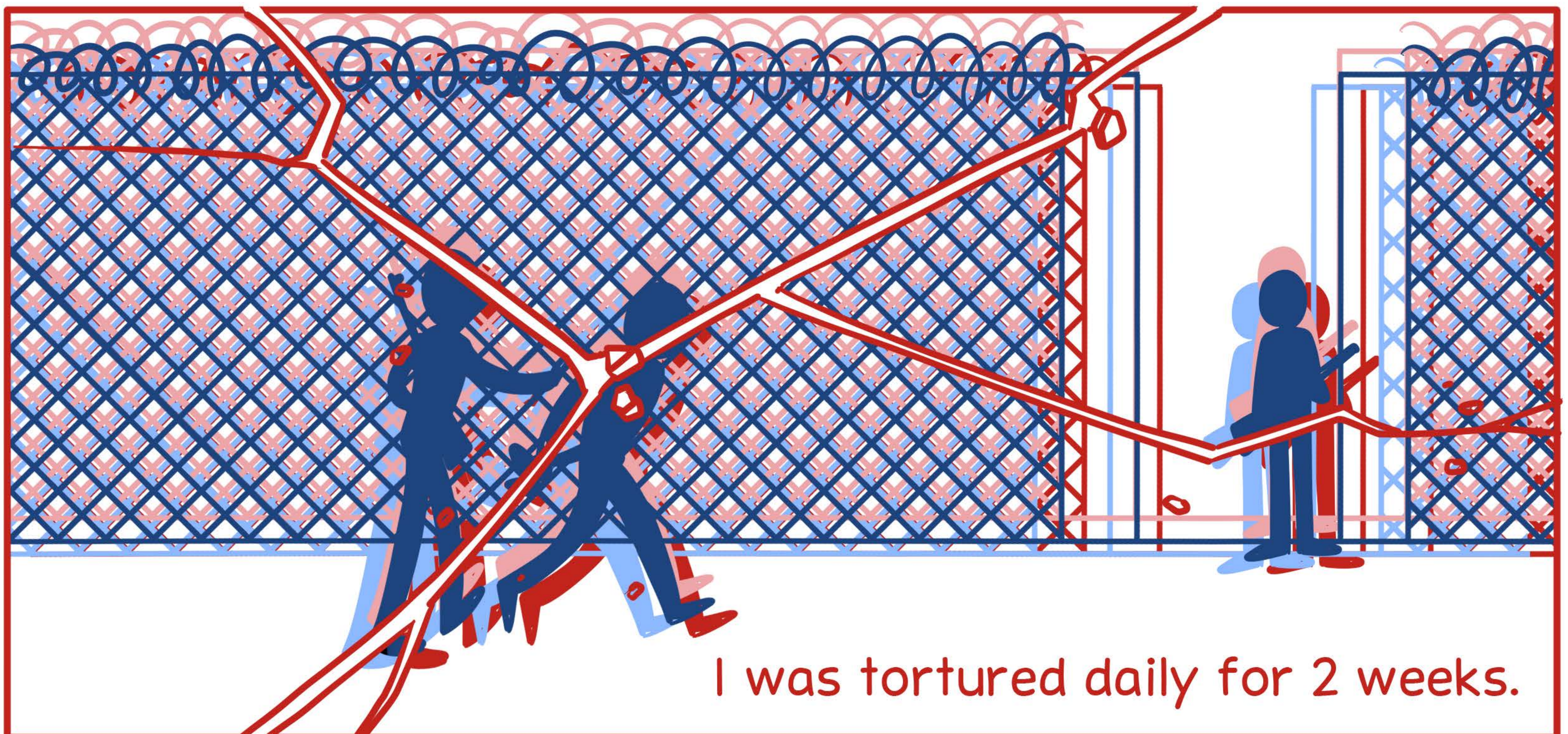


I was working as a mechanic when a coup d'état happened, and the military came looking for my boss.

Apparently, he had been working with the government.



They didn't find him so they took me and other workers to a military camp.



I was tortured daily for 2 weeks.

One day I saw an opportunity to escape and I did. I was lucky.

With some help I reached Algeria, where life was very difficult.



I trusted people who fooled me



and I ended up being sold as a slave in Libya.

I expected humanity, I expected people helping people. Instead I was fooled over and over again.

Every time I trusted someone, they deceived me.

Except my uncle.

He was the one who understood the danger I was in in Mali and helped me escape originally.



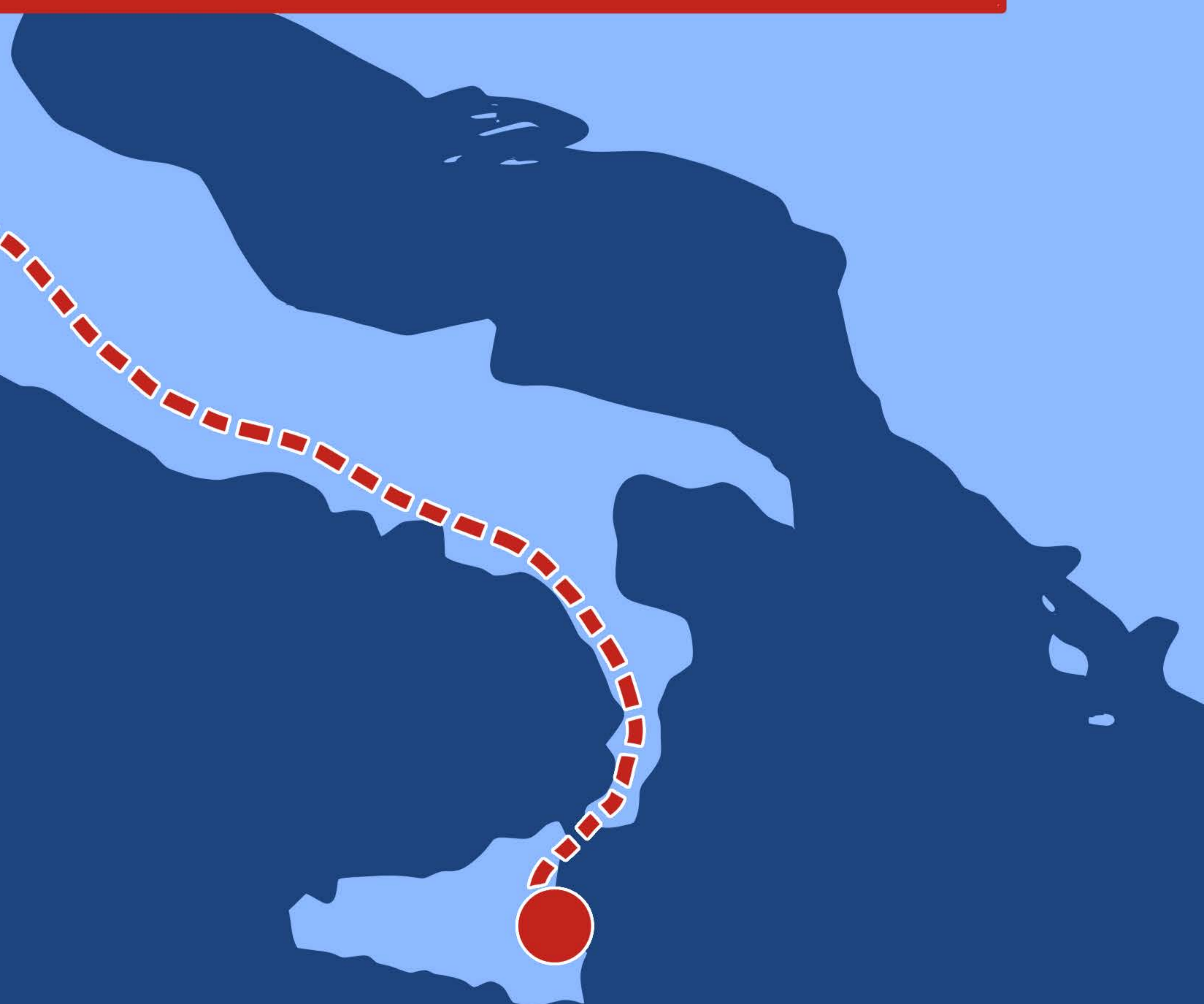
To leave Libya, I couldn't rely on anyone else.

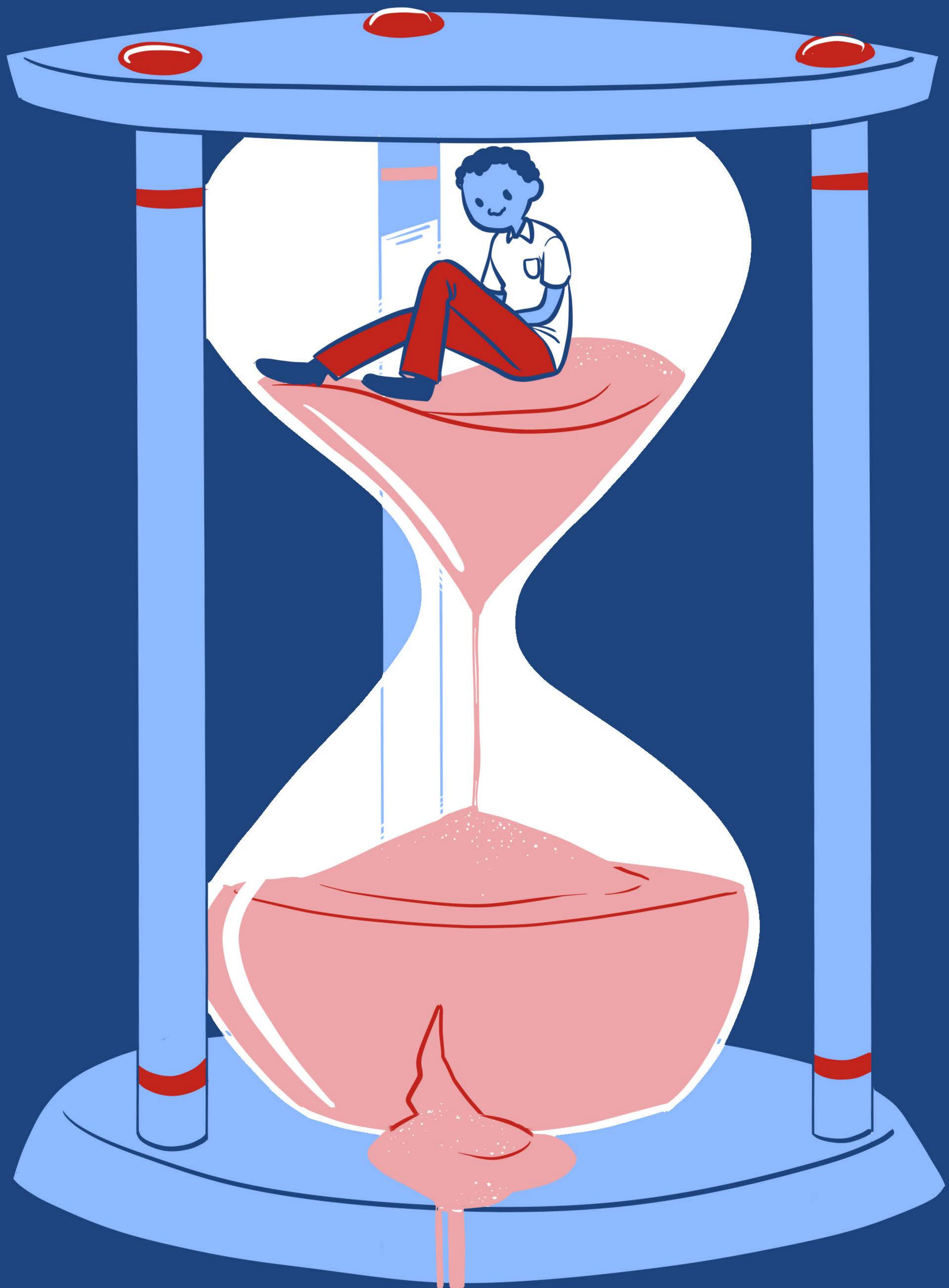
But I escaped.

I crossed the Mediterranean, and stayed out in the open sea for 3 days, until the Italian Marine saved us.



They brought us to Sicily, and after 2 days I was transferred to a reception centre in Genova, where I stayed during the whole asylum process.





It lasted one year and a half.



When it's possible, I'd love to return to my country.
It's true that I have a life here, but I will always miss it.

Mali had always
been for me a
synonym of
beauty and
harmony.



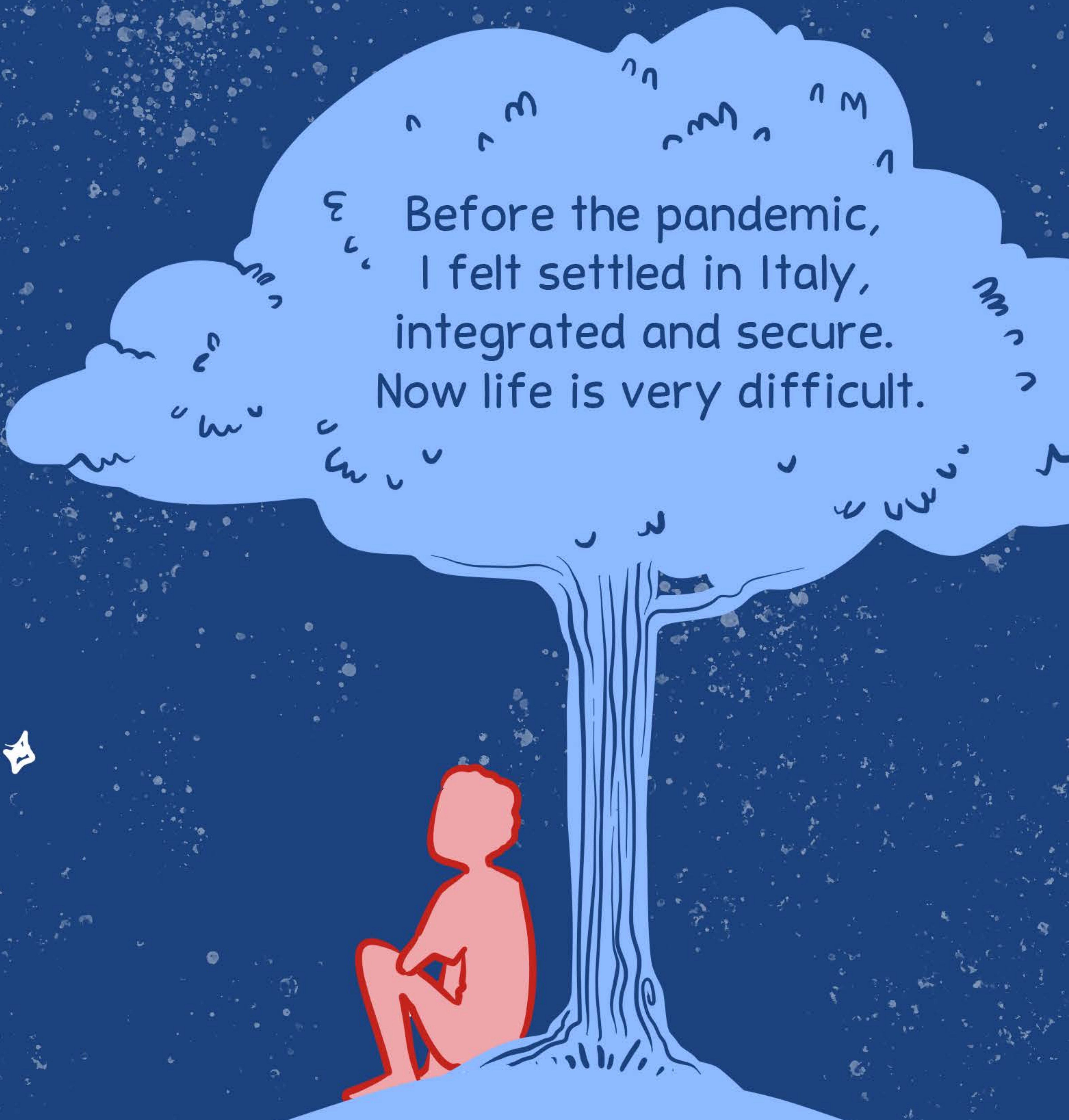
Now it's just
war and conflict.

My strength stems from my little sister.



Since I left my country, the idea of holding her again was what kept me going, what gave me strength.

I think I was lucky. There are people who still endure severe hardships after years and years.



Before the pandemic, I felt settled in Italy, integrated and secure. Now life is very difficult.