

## **Mohammed's\* story**

I arrived at Heathrow from a war-torn country in the Middle East. I didn't know anyone. I felt lonely, confused and anxious.

It was grey, cold and wet. Back home we had been evicted from our house, my father had been murdered and my mum wanted me out of harm's way. I was 13 and spoke very little English.

I was taken to a family with two boys. At first it was really difficult. I didn't like the food, I didn't understand the culture and every day I thought about my mum and sisters. I missed the sun and blue sky. But the family was really kind. They took me to asphaleia where I studied English and I made some friends who spoke Arabic.

My foster carer took me to the Mosque on Friday which really helped. I was soon in a local boys' school and given lots of help with my work. I joined the football team and started going to the local Sports Centre. I got on well with the boys in my family and we often went to the park together. I am now studying A-Levels and want to go to college so that I can get a good job and help my family back home.

I shall never forget my first foster family and I am grateful for everything that they and asphaleia have done for me.



*\*Names have been changed. Photo taken at an asphaleia sports day.*