

My dear Yassir,

After weeks of anxiously waiting, his letters finally arrived. The last time I heard of him, he got arrested by the police and was brought into detention prior to deportation. He told me how they treated him like a criminal, he told me of the fear he had of being deported, but he also told me how he found solace and strength in his belief. He last called me after his release from detention, and said that he won't be able to call me again as he feared that he was put under surveillance. My brother always sends two letters, one for our parents, telling them everything is fine, that there is no reason to worry and that he is always the top of his class.

The other letter is for me.

It reads:

My dear Yassir,

Since the police released me from my detention, I don't feel safe at home anymore. They might come back anytime to try to deport me. I was lucky, that I have a friend with whom I can stay for a while. Another friend got me some of my essentials from my apartment, so they would not be able to trace my location as easily. Other than that, I had to give up most of my other stuff, and rely on things my friends were willing to lend me.

The fear of deportation is turning me into a living ghost. I stay at home most of the time, occasionally haunting the places I used to frequent.

I wanted to go to university for my final exam, but did not dare to, knowing that I might probably not be allowed to take part, if they check my documents. I also feared, that the police was waiting there for me, only to put me into detention once more, and maybe deport me this time? Maybe not.

I wish I would have been able to bring you here, but right now, things are looking grim. I found a job in a warehouse. The job is physically draining, pays poorly and feels very unsafe, because we have no protective gear. But at least the boss seems alright as he does not care about our papers. It's definitely better than the job Hussein had, where his boss threatened him to report him to the authorities if he didn't work overtime. For me, the hardest part of work is getting there without being detected. I fear of taking public transport as the police is regularly present in the stations. So, I need to walk there for an hour and a half, avoiding public places that are frequented by the police, but also avoiding places that are so bare, that I will stand out and can't vanish in the crowd.

I think that that's what I like about the work, nobody comes there to look at what's going on. We're completely alone.

I miss going out in public. I mean, it's not that I am just at my friend's home or at work all the time, but there are just so many places I can't go to anymore, or at least don't feel safe going there, out of fear of getting profiled by the police and arrested, when they see I don't have the papers. I would love to just go and sit in a park, but they just regularly profile foreigners here because they think we're drug dealers.

But still, I'm thankful for what I got. The guy I shared a cell with in detention, told me that before his arrest, he travelled with his brother from town to town and went to every immigration office, to try to legalize their immigration status. During the travels, his brother got severely sick, because they did not have enough money for any accommodation, so they had to sleep outside. They did not dare to go to a doctor, out of fear they'd call the police. Only when his brother started coughing blood, did they go to a hospital. Turns out, it was just a flu, and the blood came from a cracked blood vessel in his lung. Luckily, the doctor was also a migrant, so he was very sympathetic to them and didn't report them.

He was only caught weeks later, when he was verbally abused by a white man in a train station and the police came to see what happened. Honestly, what kind of country is this, where you

have to fear for your safety, when you just want your family to be healthy and cared for? And then they arrest you, when people are racist to you? They really don't care about us here.

Tomorrow I will go to the immigration office again, hoping to get a visa or at least an exceptional leave for remain for now.

Please, pray for me.

And remember, to tell our parents that everything is going fine, or they'll worry too much. I'll update you when I got good news, Insh'Allah.

Love,

Munir

After reading, I quickly hid the letter, with the others. I thanked God, prayed for him and started to anxiously wait for the next one.