

## **Way to America**

### **By Buddi Magar**

I was born in Timai Refugee Camp, in the Eastern parts of Nepal. I started my school there at the age of 6 and attended until grade 8, and I had such a great time living there with my family and friends. Again in 2011, we had to move to Beldangi Refugee Camp because of the third country resettlement process. Then everything was new for me at first, since I started that school at grade 9. I found such exceptional friends in school. Especially I had great unforgettable memories living there and spending time with friends, doing some excellent stuff and sometimes arguing with friends. Those are the great times I had in Nepal. Obviously, it was awesome.

In 2013 we started our third country resettlement process for America. After 3 or 4 months, the IOM (International Organization for Migration) called us for a photo. After that we had to wait for 4 months for the DHS (Department of Homeland Security). By that time everything was going great so far, and we did everything for our third country process.

One day, I think it was a Friday, I went home after school. My Dad said, "I have a surprise for you!"

I asked him, "What is it?"

He told me, "We got date for our third country process."

I said, "Wow! Really?!" I was so excited to see my grandma because she was already in North Dakota! Then after a few days, I felt nervous because I thought I was going to miss friends, the place, and everything I did there, and I thought I wasn't going to see them anymore. That's the depressed moments I had in my life. It was so complicated; to miss people you have known for a long time and had great times with. My friends started to come to my home because they knew I

going to the United States. They were saying things like, “Hami tmelai samjhane chaaaim,” and “Abo hami tmelai dakna chaina.”

I replied, “Hami samparkama rahana hunecha.”

I thought that I was too nervous that I didn't know what to do. In 2014, we left Beldangi Camp. I was so spooked in the airplane because it was my first time. We came to Florida, and we had to stay one night there in a hotel. The next morning we had to take plane again to Chicago. On the plane, whatever they gave us something to eat, but it tasted so different from our food. From Chicago we came directly to Fargo, and I saw my uncle waiting for us in the airport. We went to my uncle's home. They had already cooked us foods, but I didn't feel like eating anything, except to drink water, because of the plane noise and everything smelled weird. The next morning my Mom and Dad had to go to the U.S Social Security Administration. We stayed there like one week and we had to move into our apartment. Everything was complicated the first time we got to the United States because they had different stuff than our country had.

My journey to America was important because we chose to come here to live a better life. Because this is the land of opportunity, we can get a better education here. Totally it changed our life from before.

## **Nepali Language Glossary**

**“Hami tmelai samjhane chaaim.”**

“We will miss you.”

**“Abo hami tmelai dakna chaina.”**

“We not going to see you anymore.”

**“Hami samparkama rahana hunecha.”**

“We will stay in touch.”

**“Khusi”**

“Happy”

**“Namaste”**

“Hello”

**“Sachai?”**

“Oh, really?”

## About the Author

Buddi Magar was born in Nepal. He came to the United States in 2014. He lives in Fargo and is a senior at Davies High School. He likes to play soccer.

