

## **See My Mother Again**

### **By Mohamed Ahmed**

I am from Kenya. When I was 2 years old, my mother moved to America. I lived with my aunt in Nairobi, Kenya. I came to the United States when I was 16 years old.

One day in the summer of 2009, we went to the Kakuma Refugee Camp to apply for resettlement to a third country. We didn't get what we wanted, so we moved back to Nairobi. We tried to apply for a diversity green card visa, but it took a long time to be accepted.

When I was 10 years old, I lived with my aunt and brother. It was difficult because we didn't live with my mother. My aunt told me, "Your brother and you are going to the United States."

I replied, "For real?!"

She said, "Yes, yes."

I said, "*Alhamdulillah!*" (Thank God) I was so happy that I was going to see my mother. Mother was diligent; she did her best to get us here.

In Kenya, school was so indisputable. I had to wake up at 5:00 in the morning to get ready for school. In Kenya you have to learn their first language. In 2012, my brother and I moved to a city called Nakuru. That city is close to Nairobi. Then we started living on our own in 2013 when I was 15 because my aunt moved back to Kakuma. We started a new school. In Kenya you have to wear a uniform on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, but you have to wear a different uniform on Friday and Wednesday.

One day, the embassy called us, and they exclaimed, "You have to go to the Nairobi embassy." Nairobi is the capital city of Kenya.

I called my mother and told her, "The embassy called and told us to go to Nairobi." So my young brother and I went there. At that time I was 16 years old and my younger brother was 11 years

old. We needed an older person to help us, so I called my uncle, my mother's brother. He was a great guy. We all went to the United States Embassy. They asked us some questions about my mother and how she came to United States. After I answered the questions, they gave us papers and visas to come to America.

I remember that day we came to America; it was July, 24, 2014, and the plane landed in Phoenix, Arizona, at about 1:00 p.m. That day the weather was so hot. I started a new school in Phoenix. After one year in Phoenix, Arizona, my mother, my brother, and I moved to Fargo, ND. My aunt already lived in Fargo, ND. I was a sophomore when I moved to Fargo, ND, on October, 23, 2015.

So I finally came to America when I was 16. I learned a new language and a new culture. Coming to America was important to me because I learned a lot of new stuff, especially how to speak the American English language.

## **About the Author**

Mohamed Ahmed was born in Nairobi, Kenya. He came to America in 2014 when he was 16. He likes to play soccer. He is a junior at Davies High School.

