

## Fabien's Story

My name is Fabien Didier Yene. I come from a respectable family from the Cameroonian village of Ekombitié and attended the school in the capital Yaounde. My father married a woman from another, less recognized tribe against the wishes of the family, I was always a cultural outsider. My connection to the home village was cut off completely with the death of my father. When my girlfriend Valerie, who also belongs to a rival tribe, died in a car accident, I moved to Chad. I was desperate because I feared the vengeance of their tribe. I wanted to stay in Chad but I quickly saw that the country is poorer than Cameroon. On the main routes for refugees from the countries south of the Sahara, I moved from Chad to Nigeria, to Niger, Libya, Algeria and finally came to Morocco. This was an odyssey that took me to my limits.

During my flight through the desert I did not only come into contact with my physical limits. Psychologically I was constantly on the verge of despair. Many refugees are exploited by traffickers, police and gangs. The unimaginable corruption of police and authorities, violence and rape against each other and in the Maghreb states a blatant racism against Black Africans dominated my journey. Many people die on the way north.

For years I could not get past Morocco, many eventually make the leap to Europe there.



Today I live in France, I married a French woman and am the father of a child. I have a residence permit, which I have to renew every year. This is also the opportunity to work for me. I am working very hard for the rights of migrants, I have written a book about my story. I also got a lot of support from European activists.

I cannot say that I do not like France. I like it very much, but I miss my country. The people, the food, the company and the culture. I think that will never change.