

Daudi Matengo Mijak

Age: 21

Region: Upper Nile

Although, I was only 4 years old the night the Arabs came into our village and the started shooting people, I remember I ran with one of my brothers and a nephew one way and my parents ran another. My dad had seven wives and my mom had five sons and one daughter. Four of my brothers are in Sudan, and two are soldiers in the SPLA. My sister is married and living in Sudan, too.

A group of soldier escorted us to Ethiopia. We traveled at night because it was too hot during the day and we had to hide from the Arabs. When I got tired my older brother carried me. I was always worried about being shot and where parents were. War broke out in Ethiopia and we had to walk back to the border, hiding and moving for many months from Kapoets to Lockichokio and finally to the Kakuma Camp in Kenya where I lived with my brother and nephew for nine years. There was never enough food in the camp, but I didn't get to go to school.

I arrived in the U.S. as an under age person on January 31, 2001. I was placed in a foster family with several other Lost Boys. The best thing about living in America is that I don't have to run at night anymore and I can finish school. It's safer, although there are dangerous people here, too. One day I was riding my bike and some people in a truck jumped out and wanted to fight me and another time people threw eggs at me.

I was a little shy because I didn't know if people would understand me, but I made a lot of friends in high school. I like to play sports and I won awards for varsity soccer. I also like music. I'm going to Gateway Community College and working part time at Fry's. I'd like to become a doctor and a U.S. citizen. People say I act like an American kid. But, when I'm with my African friends I like them.