



They were locked up in twos or in a threesome in a stuffy, dark car trunk or in boxes on a load floor of a transporter. They feared for their lives. When Asif finally reached German soil, everything happened very quickly: A push in the back woke the boy up from sleep. Somewhere in a dark area the smuggler shooed the refugees from the load floor of the transporter. They found a railway platform, took the train and asked their way to Munich.

In the meantime Asif has gained a foothold in Germany and he has dreams for the future: he wants to be a car mechanic, to live without fear and to have enough money for food. He can also imagine having a wife and children, but in Germany, not in Afghanistan, says Asif. Does he believe that he will see his brother once again? He shakes his head. "Dead", he says. "I think, he is dead". And hastily he wipes tears from the corner of his eyes.

