# Turufe site-specific topic: migration

## Migration for work to the flower farms

### Experiences of those who went

What I am narrating here is not information from the horse’s mouth as the migrants did not come back during research time and it is the father who spoke to me.

S was a ninth grade student in Kerara Edo high school while A had completed grade 10 . The two sisters migrated for work to the flower farms to support their family. It is the second year for them and they send remittance. They have come three times since they migrated for work. As I was told by my informant (the father) except the warm temperature of Ziway the girls are doing well and they are earning good.

### Consequences for families

The household has benefited from the remittance sent by the girls. Last year the household borrowed 500 birr from the *Woldia* (the association organized by Arsi Development program Kerara family Helper and Community Development Projects) and adding 400 birr from the remittance sent for the household and quality seed of wheat and at harvest time this year he paid back the 500 birr. This year with the remittance from his children he bought potatoes seed and he is prepared to plant it.

### More?

With the money sent from his children the household has made innovation to its corrugated iron roofed house and have built an additional room. He has bought new wooden sofa-like chairs and a table. The household is also painted with fresh paint. The small children whom I met in the house are dressed with new clothes bought for them by their siblings.

## Migration to the Middle East and Sudan

### Experiences of those who went

IB is a bachelor who is 38 years old. He completed grade 12 in 1988. He applied for a job in the woreda but was not accepted though he speaks Afan Oromiffa. In 1990 he went to Tigray and began to trade in *teff* with the money he had (5000) when he left Turufe. He used to take *teff* from Tigray to Asmara. After working for about one year he saw that he was losing his money. Because of this he planned to go to Middle East and work. He went to Asmara and from there to Denakli.

After walking for one hour on foot I reached the Red sea shore. There were 16 men and 7 women including me that were waiting for the boat that was to take us to Teise port (Yemen). We started our journey at 8:00 pm and reached the port in the morning. In Yemen we went on foot for six days in different directions as our guide told us to do. On the seventh day I reached the border between Yemen and Saudi Arabia. The border is blocked by cement- filled barrels. Going during the night and sleeping during the day I crossed the border. After stepping on the Saudi soil I met an Ethiopian herder and he arranged for me to get a job-herding. I was hired for 300 riadi (Saudi currency which has more than 2 birr in exchange). After working for three months I went to Jeddah. There I met a Sudanese and was hired as a shop keeper for 500 riadi. There I stayed for 4 years. For the last 2 years my salary was raised to 800 riadi. I was eating with my master Amo Ibrahim and paid for house rent only. I was always careful not to be caught by the police (dewaria). When new people come to the shop I always go to the back room fearing that they may be *selal al huid* (fetno police- quick and ready for any action).

After staying for 4 years I wanted to cross to Kuwait. While I was there I sent an Ethiopian friend with a letter and money for my family. After six weeks the friend I sent to Turufe-Ethiopia came back with a letter from my family. In the letter it was written that my father was sick and mother wanted me to return to Turufe immediately. I thought that my father was dead and begged Mr. Amo to send me home promising that I will return. Amo begged me to stay two more years so that I could be able to start a business in my country. But I refused; thinking that my father was dead and I didn’t want to stay any longer. When my decision couldn’t be reversed Amo gave me the 60,000 riadi and bid me farewell. Then I put on my dirty clothes to be caught by the police and to be imprisoned and then deported. Wearing my *tenzif* (dirty clothes) I started to roam around the city. I was caught and sent to *sigin* (prison) for three days. Then I was deported and escorted to the airport. On the way to the airport an Ethiopian to whom I entrusted my money and clothes gave me everything. Finally I was on board the Saudi airline and came back to Ethiopia with a lesi pasi that I was issued in the prison. When I reached Turufe my father was sick and he passed away a week after I arrived.

### Consequences for families

My family thought that I was dead since they didn’t hear from me in 4 years till I sent them the letter and the money. Though they used the money they were worried.