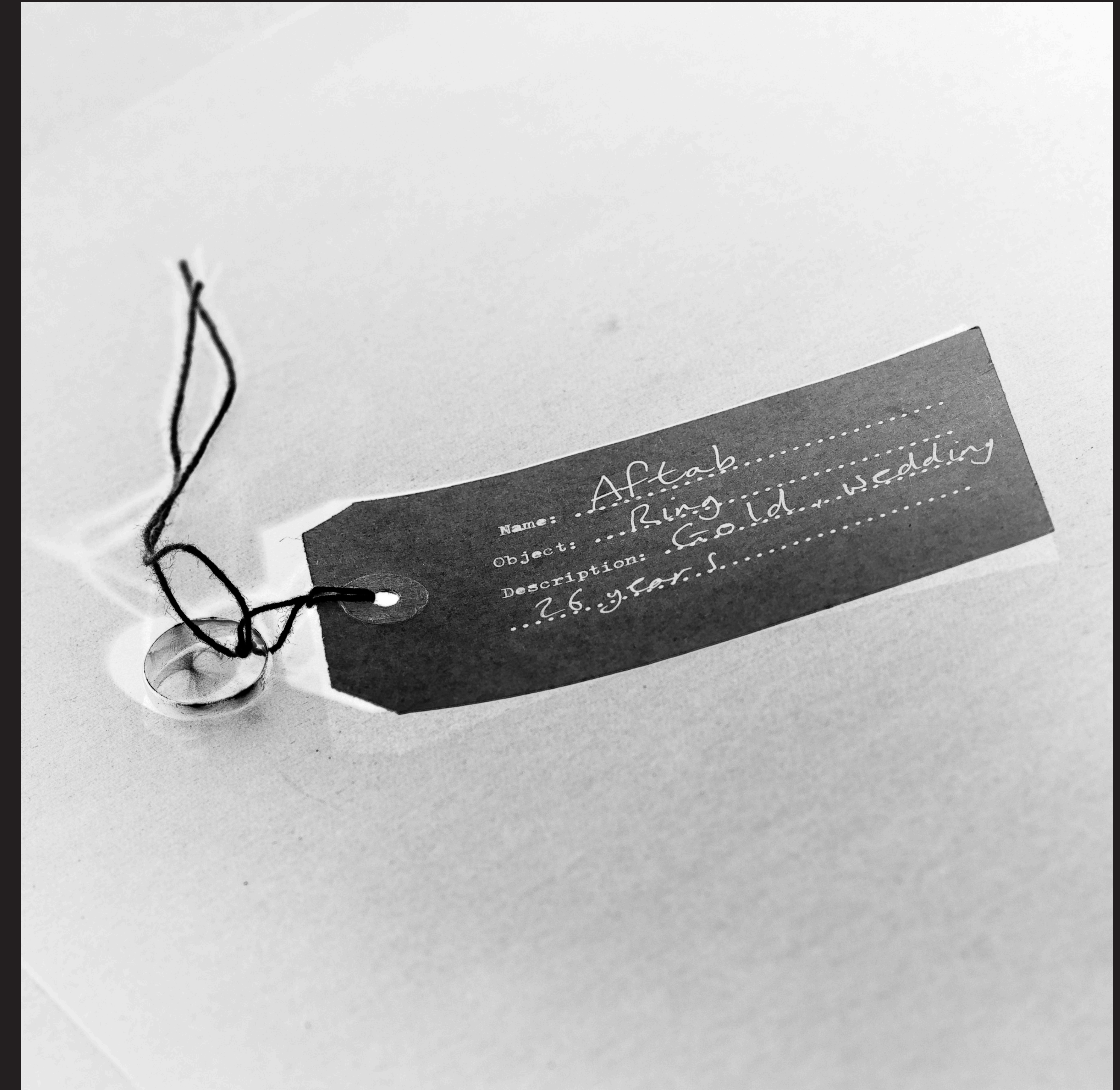




The profession, it wasn't  
my choice, it was my  
father's choice. We always  
listened to our father. He  
was very strong and we  
always respected whatever  
he said.



That was a big thing for me, in that community, in that environment, where love marriage was like a taboo or shame or something unacceptable for the community. Not only my family, but the whole community was very happy.







There was an English or British oil company, it was in Fallujah at that time. And my father was with his father, my grandfather, in one of the oil companies there. And obviously they were playing football because English people wherever they go they play football, basically.



But she never told me anything. The doctor told her, when she had her second child, that child is 22 now, they saw a little fibroid. And she never told anybody. Nick it in the bud, she never even told me. I was so dear to her. She never said anything, until it became cancerous.

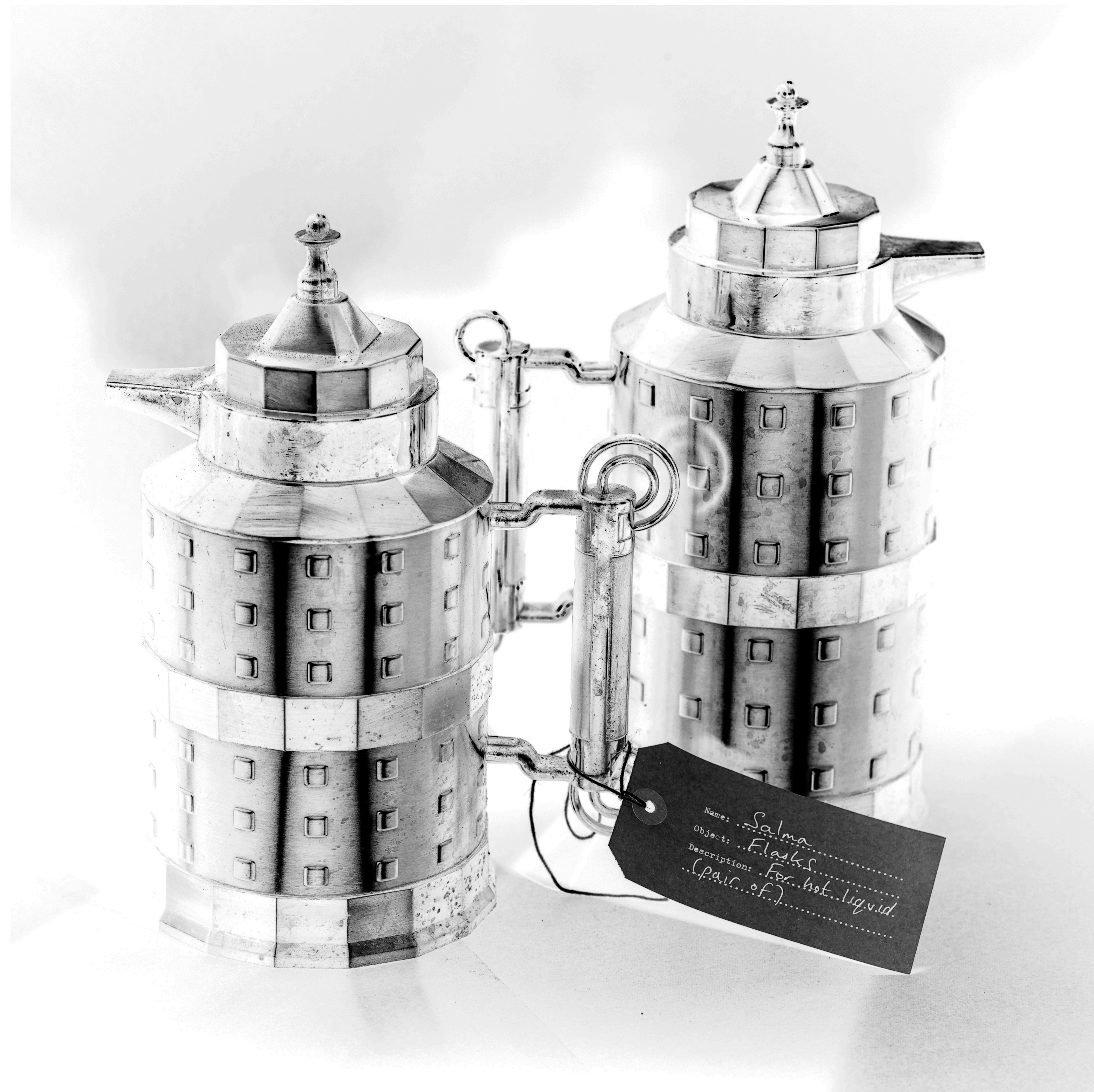




I remember when I came to Blackburn. I went to the stadium one day to watch a football match and I saw the police. There were three of them, two ladies and one man, and I just stood there. My friend said, 'let's go, Tinta!' I said, 'I'm not going; I'm watching the horses.







I miss my family too much.  
I'm not strong. Anyone sees  
me, they think I'm strong. But  
some people, like my friend,  
she knows that I'm not  
strong. Really, really,  
I miss my country. I miss my  
mum and dad.





I want to share with you, one story from when I was fourteen. My dad has a farm, where we have sweetcorn. My brother and I wanted to eat sweetcorn and we told my father we are going to the farm. He said, 'don't go now because it's twelve o'clock, the snakes will be outside to have some sun.'