Aled’s Story “Welcome to the Open”

"FOR THE ONES SUFFERING IN SILENCE, FOR THE ONES WHO ARE AFRAID AND IN DANGER NEVER GIVE UP"

THIS IS ALED’S STORY: "WELCOME TO THE OPEN"

@SAMOSLGBTQGROUP
READ THE FULL STORY: LINK IN BIO

My name is Aled, i’m gay and i hate myself for it, here is why....

2 years ago, when i was 23, I was accidentally outed as gay and I had to flee home. I had some time to see my bestfriends and say goodbye before leaving them for good... The same goes to my twin sibling and my very old parents who would never accept seeing a homosexual person on TV/internet let alone a family member sharing the same roof.
It escalated so fast. I literally had to arrange the flight / goodbye gathering altogether - in the airport. Even though I was leaving my family, my job and just before I was due to start my masters I felt so lucky I could make it out safe and alive before the news spread. However, little did i know, it would be even worse in Turkey. Too many bad things happened there. I try hard not to remember them, not to think about them... but i will never forget. I will never forget when the Turkish Coastguards locked me up with men who claimed to be from a terrorist organisation in the same cell. That first night they woke us all up and made us pray, only after forcing me to take off my earring and throwing it in the toilet. It was really the last thing I had from my boyfriend. But I knew it wouldn't really help saying so, that it would only put me in more danger.

I just kept a low profile, hiding who I was, until I could make it to the Greek side .. to the european lands, where I thought human rights were respected and I could live safe and free. But I bet you guessed already, after too many failed attempts i finally made it, but only to get even worse.

The first time I made it to Greece, I had by that time passed the land borders from Turkey to Greece only to be caught by the Greeks and only after they had beaten me first. After this I finally made it to Samos.

There’s so much more to my story. Writing this has brought back too many bad memories. I really feel a bit unlucky I had to come to this life with this certain sexual orientation, where i am treated so badly for it.

Long story short, after i made it to Samos, i was lucky to be able to afford private accommodation and escape the discrimination in the Camp, since the authorities have neither allowed me to exit the island nor provided a safe area for me as a person of different sexuality. Two years have passed without doing anything useful. Who is to blame anyway.

I wish people could just leave us alone.. why would anyone really care about what i do with my own body.

I’m writing this and I know the bothering won't stop..I know haters are all over the planet and this is the same exact reason why i am writing you my story. Times are so tough here for asylum seekers, and it can be even worse for people who are stuck in countries where being gay is illegal.
So..maybe we can make it easier for one another.. with our allies and supporters all over Europe, remember that love will always win.

For the ones suffering in silence, for the ones who are afraid and in danger.. never give up, failure is only when you give up.