

Giorgis's travels: The incredible adventure...VII and Final

Written by Sirak Habtemichael



After all these years, Giorgis returned to Eritrea only aged and matured, but empty-handed. That was the reason why he didn't want to go back home and decided to march for yet another adventure. Tessenei was a busy market place since back then and Giorgis managed to meet some American employees of some institution. "When I met them I started speaking English to introduce my self. The American guys were amazed and asked me how I was able to speak English, they probably guessed from the looks of me." Giorgis told them he studied it in school and had a quite short visit to the United States.

The Americans burst out in laughter and Giorgis thought of something he got from the US, a vaccination paper, the only paperwork he got over all these years. They were all amazed and asked him how he went there, which led to the adventure of his entire story. Everyone who was listening was carried away, and they agreed to offer Giorgis a job in Tessenei.

He stayed there for a couple of weeks but settling there was not his intention. Again he took off for one more attempt. Giorgis made it to, Khartoum, Sudan and began studying on how he would go to Libya and make it to Europe from there. "Sudan is a good country, at least it suited me, but I wanted much more than that; making enough money and returning to my mother to start a better living. At least I wanted to finish what I started".

This way or the other, Giorgis stayed in the Sudan, shifting from one town to the other for over ten years. Then he thought of going to Chad, the neighboring country to Sudan. From the eastern border of the Sudan to the west is around 1800 kilometers, and from there to the Chad capital N'djamena is 1030 kilometers long; after resting for quite some time in the Sudan, Giorgis had to travel all these way.

Of course, traveling and tricking authorities with paperwork had already become Giorgis's specialty by then. "I traveled all the way through the land of Darfur and a handful of other provinces in the Sudan and finally made it to the Chad border. From there, I met some shepherds and sneaked in with them to Chad. Again it was a long travel to the capital, after a week or so, I made it to N'djamena".

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From what Giorgis had seen in his experience, the capital of Chad was a very quiet city. Business was slow he couldn't even find a restaurant to eat something. Somehow, Giorgis found a small cafeteria and a place to crash in for the night and start his way to Libya the next morning.

"I can't imagine how unlucky I was. Early the next morning I walk up to find the police standing over where I was sleeping." Giorgis was speaking in Arabic to the police and they thought he was Sudanese; Giorgis was deported to the Sudan. He couldn't bear the misfortune he was encountering wherever he went. Even back in the Sudan, he made yet another attempt from the port of Sudan, which was a failure again.

"All these misfortune and to get what? Nothing! except despair and becoming a tramp. So I told myself that I needed to do something meaningful." It was of course the times of the Eritrean revolutionary struggle, but around the end, independence was a year or two away. Giorgis joined the struggle, where after a short period of time, independence was achieved. But Giorgis had one last mission to accomplish; finding his mother.

He went back home to Mendefera after almost 50 years from the time he took off. He was trembling from inside and was eager to find his mother. But he was afraid how she would be doing and if she was alive or not. He was fortunate to find his mother aged and weak, but at least alive. Giorgis the drifter returned home as Giorgis the patriot.