

THIS IS MY JOURNEY

I HEARD THAT
ONE OF THE BOATS
SANK YESTERDAY...



A COMIC BY CJ REAY

'This is my journey' is a short comic book which details a journey taken by two people, both of the same age and both sharing the same name, who find that their freedom and their entitlement to move and to travel are greatly different.

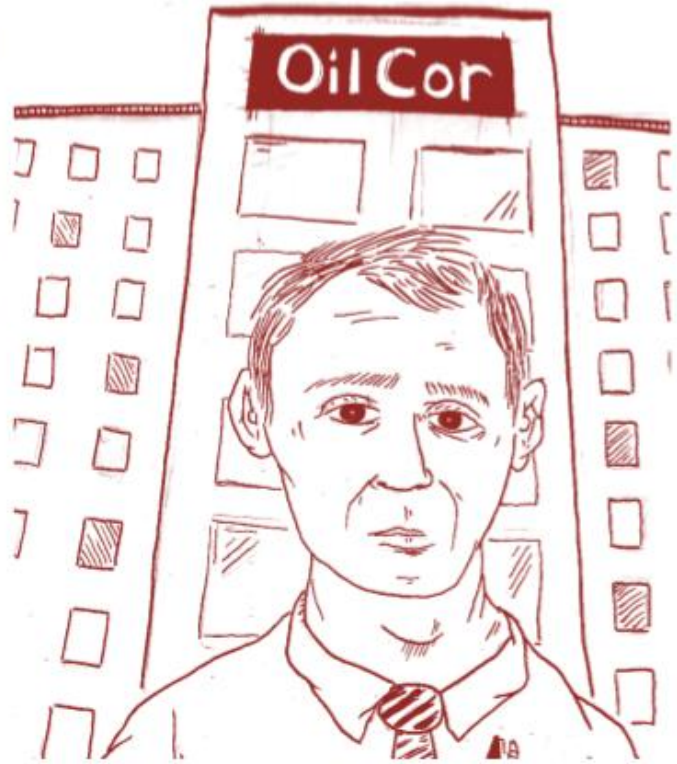
Taking a critical look at the role of borders, the comic demonstrates how race and place of birth intersect, and how through the militarized border system such things can be used to deem someone as either 'legal' or 'illegal'.

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I'm from a small village in Nigeria in West Africa. A few years ago the oil company came here. They poisoned the rivers with their waste. I used to be a fisherman but now I am unemployed. I need to travel abroad, to Europe, to find work. My name is Sam and this is my journey.

I'm from London in the UK. A few years ago I started working for OilCor. It's OK I guess. My father is on the board so landing this job was pretty easy. Sometimes he makes me go check on things abroad though which can be a real pain. My name is Sam and this is my journey.



My father is making me go to Nigeria this week. I hate that place, it's so depressing. I'd much rather go check on the business in America. I've got to sort out my own plane tickets too which is a real hassle. These travel agents always end up overcharging.

I paid a smuggler to get me across the border. I gave him all the money I had but it wasn't enough. Now my family owe him a huge debt.

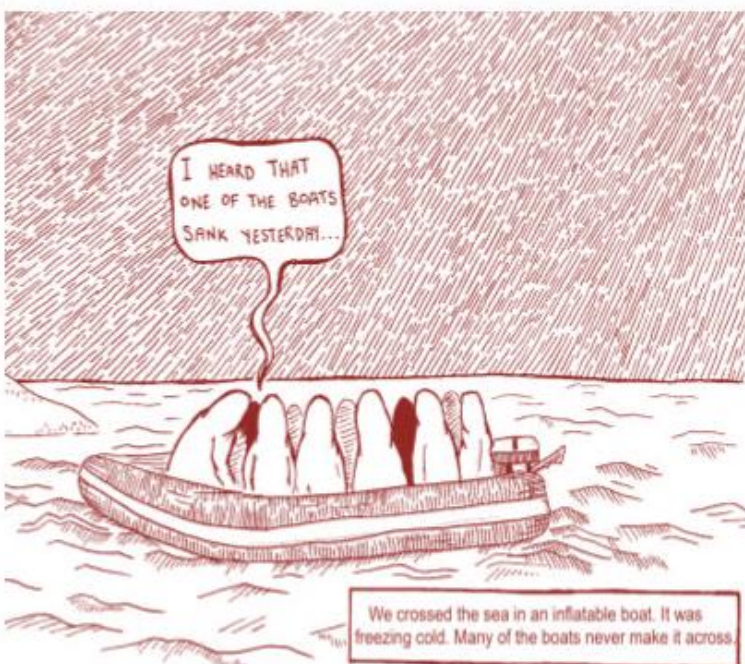




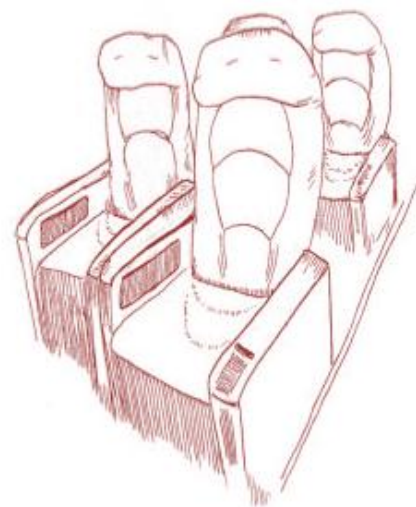
Saying goodbye to my Mother was one of the most painful experiences of my life. She is unwell and I don't know if I will see her again.



I travel a lot and so I guess my girlfriend has just got used to it. Sometimes I say goodbye, other times I don't bother.



We crossed the sea in an inflatable boat. It was freezing cold. Many of the boats never make it across.



I always fly First Class. You'd never catch me with the morons in coach. It may cost a bit more but it's worth it for the extra comfort.

I arrived in Spain but had nowhere to go. I relied on soup kitchens set up by charities. I slept in the same doorway for three weeks. I desperately tried to find work but nowhere had any, or, they were too afraid to hire me.

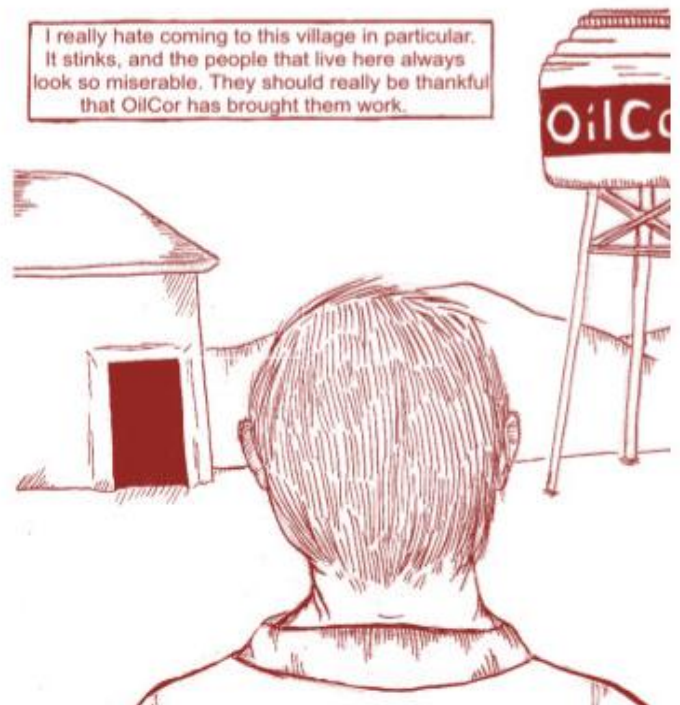


Tick tock, tick tock. These journeys sometimes feel like they take forever. They get so boring after a while.

A cousin of mine was living in London. I decided I would try and make it to England. I passed through France, and after three months on the streets of Calais got into England. Yet at the border checkpoint I was caught. They sent me to a detention centre.



I really hate coming to this village in particular. It stinks, and the people that live here always look so miserable. They should really be thankful that OilCor has brought them work.

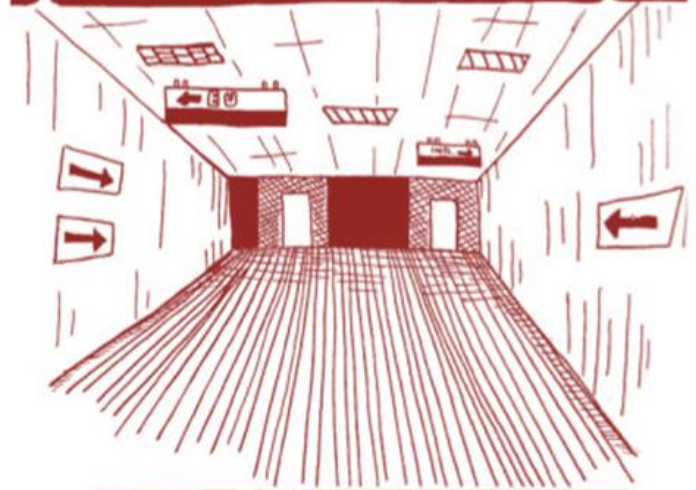


I spent four months in there. It was the worst experience of my life. Now I'm out but my status is still precarious. I work illegally as a night cleaner. I clean the offices of the same damn oil company that wrecked my village causing me to take this journey in the first place.



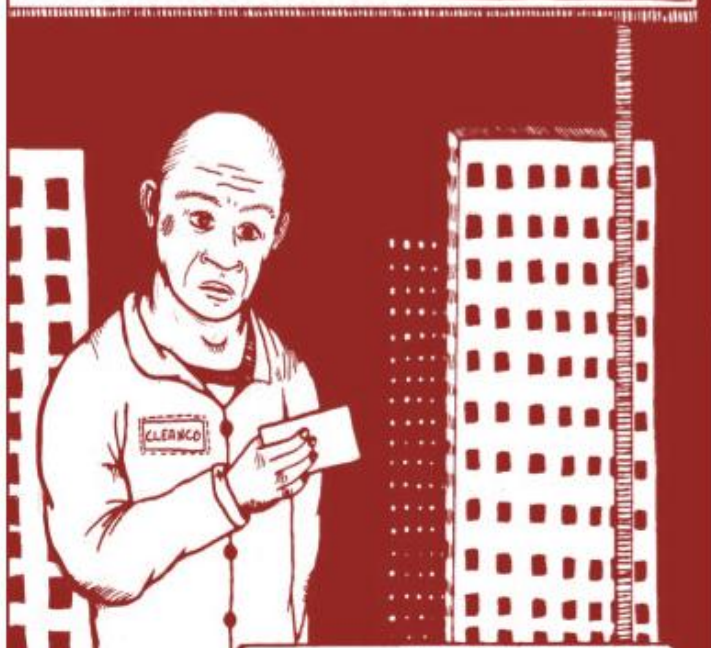
Passport Control

PLEASE HAVE YOUR PASSPORT READY FOR INSPECTION



Back home again. I was glad to be out of that village and out of Nigeria. The hotel didn't even have satellite TV, it was absolutely ridiculous.

Sometimes I see things that remind me how different it all is for other people.



Sometimes I see things here that annoy me. This country has gone soft.



