

## Stories of Immigration

### Family Stories of Immigration

From *Family Stories from Lord Dufferin P.S.* June 1999 (TDSB), Helen Bryce : Project Director

***Coming to Canada*** by Van Quan Phu, Grade 7

My Mom and I came over to Canada because back in Vietnam we were poor and because my aunt, uncle, grandmother and grandfather lived in Canada. My mom swore that if she could make it over to Canada she would cut her hair bald.

It all started when my mom, aunt, uncle and I left Vietnam on a boat. There were a lot of people, about 40, so we had to eat less. When we got onto the Ocean there were storms and lightening. At the time I was only 2 years old. My aunt and uncle thought they were going to die. My uncle got a rope so he, my mom, my aunt and I could tie our hands together so that if we died and floated to land people would bury us together.

But the next morning, the storm and lightening stopped. We were so happy that we hadn't died. We went to Singapore and we were separated from my aunt and uncle. We lived there for a while. Then the people from Canada came to test people to see if they knew how to speak English, but my mom failed. They sent us to the Phillipines. My mom and I stayed there for 4 years. By then, my mom had my two year old brother and a sister, just born.

Soon after, the people from Canada came again. This time my mom passed and they sent us to Canada. The church people took care of us. They gave us food and clothing. They asked if we wanted to live in a church in Mississauga. My mom said no because then my aunt, uncle, grandmother and grandfather lived in Toronto. She wanted to be near them. The people helped us to get a house to live in because we didn't have a father and this is where we live now.

***When I Came to Canada*** by Nurussama Islam, Grade 5

I was born in Bangladesh and I was 6 years old when I came to Canada. I was happy in Bangladesh but I had to move because my dad was in Canada. When I came to Canada, girls picked on me. They made fun of my English and said that I wasn't a nice girl. I felt bad and I didn't have many friends. I had one friend and she was picked on, too. She was from Bangladesh, too. When we were playing in the sandbox, three girls were putting sand on Safali's hair. They made her sad.

After a few days, I moved to this school and I made some nice friends here. I like this school. People are nice. Now I am happy but I still miss my cousins in Bangladesh.

**Additional Immigration Stories**

Knaan's Story:

<http://www.cic.gc.ca/english/department/media/stories/knaan.asp>

Teen stories of immigration:

<http://webhome.idirect.com/~mccann/immigrant.htm#S1>

<http://www.canadianimmigrant.ca/immigrantstories/immigrantblogs/article/6779>

Success Stories:

<http://www.muchmormagazine.com/2010/01/canadian-immigration-success-stories-building-a-new-life-one-c>