

### ***8th June, 2061***

My name is Ermolai Preobrazhensky. I am a refugee. I am fleeing the Russian Federation. I cannot stand to live in such horrible conditions and have such a bad government being so controlling of my life. I have fled across the border to Mongolia, and once I reach Ulaanbaatar I will fly to anywhere. My ethnic group, the Siberians are being sought after by the western Russians. Novokuznetsk was my city, but now it's empty of my people; overrun by Europeans, not the natives. Those western Slavs just walked in. I'd say it's comparable to Hitler, not on a numerical scale but on a moral one. My family were shot in front of me three years ago and I decided that I must leave when the time is right. That time was the 10th June, 2061. I had been planning this since the week of my family's death. I'd escape this wretched place on my own. I am going to put it all on the line to escape. I'm so desperate to escape

### ***18th July, 2061***

I am within 10 kilometres of Ulaanbaatar, Mongolia's capital. With me I carry the clothes on my back, 60,000 ruble (₽) and my last two cans of baked beans. With this money I will buy my ticket to freedom. I will escape the evilness of Russia and live in the land of the free, whether that be the United States, Australia or Canada. When I awake in the morning I'll go to the airport and get out of this hole.

### ***19th July, 2061***

Today is the day I start my new life. I will finally feel safe again. Safe from the evil western Russians. I had a quick look at the flights at the airport before I fell asleep and I'm catching a flight from Ulaanbaatar to Vancouver via Seoul and San Francisco. It will cost me 45,000 ruble. I will be broke when I arrive but I will be free. My flight leaves 7:45am, so I'm here with three hours to spare. I am so excited to begin a new life in Canada.

### ***20th July, 2061***

I have arrived in Vancouver safely. I was greeted by Canadian authorities as I passed through customs. They arrested me and put me in jail. I have to stay here for at least the night. I tried to explain why I'm here but it fell on deaf ears. All they would say was 'you will talk to immigration tomorrow'. Now I don't understand English very well so I hope they will get a translator to tell me what they were saying. For now I will rest, as I will need all my wits to help me tomorrow.

### ***21st July, 2061***

The guards at the jail woke me up at 7am. They took me to a large brick building and thankfully there was a translator. Within half an hour I had explained everything. The ethnic cleansing, my two and a half thousand kilometre trek and spending all of my money to get here. I hope I will be accepted. I also promised to learn English.