



Refugee Internship

As we got ready to leave, I typed one more thing into google translate, “Do you know why I am here?”

She shook her head with a curious look on her face.

I drew, on the same page with the airplane and me in Vienna, a little girl standing next to me, and pointed to her. Her eyes widened and she asked, “Me? Because of me?” I nodded, wanting also to wrap her up and kiss her a billion times, and she shyly smiled, eyes wide and in wonder, giggling quietly.

I am living my dream. [More...](#)