

Male, 29, HIV-positive

On our way back from school one day, my sister Zahra and I saw Saddam's bombs kill our family members and destroy our house. We then stayed with our uncle for a year. He told us he wanted to sell our father's truck and buy us a house, but instead, he sold it and kept the money.

Three years later, I ran away, started working in a carwash and rented a room. I then met Parviz, a drug addict, who stayed with me. I also became addicted and eventually my boss found out and fired me. My landlord also kicked me out.

I then went to Tehran, where I shoplifted and slept on the streets. Eventually, the police caught me and sent me to prison for one year, where I started to detoxify.

After my release, I decided to kill myself but didn't dare. I concluded that this was my destiny, so I became addicted again and spent years on the streets.

I then got a job at a workshop. My boss, Mr. Abdollah, took me into his house and sent me to a doctor. After 11 years alone, I had a family again! When Mr. Abdollah died, I had to find another job and a place to stay. Fortunately, I found several construction jobs.

I am currently 29 years old and working for a charity. I recently found out that I have a new problem called HIV/AIDS. With all my troubles in the past and finally with this sickness, I have realized that happiness does not come through money and power but through good parents and a healthy body.