

## Androniki

I came over in 1953. My husband came over first to find work in England and lived with his sister. He had money but he didn't send me any because he was a gambler. So I sold my land and came over to England with my three children.

The climate was nice in Cyprus, I used to climb trees and pick olives and work on the land. In England I was with my husband and working as a machinist. I was taught how to do overlocking in a factory. I was happy here and felt like a proper woman. In Cyprus I wore old rags. I used to get £6 a week in the factory. People were nice, I never fell out with anybody.

I worked in a factory until I was 71 because of my husbands gambling. From my first step in England I knew that I loved it here. I didn't want to go back to Cyprus because my Father was a cruel man. If I was to tell you how cruel he was you could make a film out of it at the cinema. He used to lock the food up in the cupboard and ration and give my Mother a cup of beans to cook with. My Father told me that I would return to Cyprus because my husband was a gambler. I said "why would I come back to you, you're worse?" And I told him that I would rather fall in the sea than return to him.

When I go back to Cyprus I feel like a foreigner but over here in England I feel like a foreigner too. Its the same wherever I go I'll be a stranger.