This is the story of five people from Hadia, Zimbabwe.

**Sibamo, 38**

*My name is Sibamo. I have three children. Before I migrated, I was vending crops in the market, sometimes farming on share-cropping basis.*

**Desto, 38**

*Before I became a broker, I had a retail business and a wheat farm. I never migrated myself but travelled to Mozambique and Zimbabwe for Dilela.*

**Madebo, 42**

*I am married with three children. Prior to migrating, I traded in salt and spices. My wife had no job. I was the sole provider for a family of five.*

**Getahun, 40**

*I was born and brought up in rural Hadia. Zone. I attended school up to Grade 9. When I was 20, I came to Hosanna to do small business. Then migrated to South Africa. I later became a broker.*

**Dilamo, 40**

*I was a school teacher before relocating South. I was married but my wife died in a car accident in South Africa.*

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**Stories from the Southern Route**

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**I Never Considered Migrating Until I Lent a Man Some Money to Send to His Son in South Africa. He Was Able to Pay Back the Loan Early.**

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**There Was a Broker Who Lived in My Neighbourhood - a School Mate of My Brother. I Contacted Him and Accompanied a Group of Migrants to Addis Ababa to Get a Passport and Medical Certificate.**

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**Most Migrants Pass Through Moyale. My People Collect the Passports in Moyale and Give Them to Our Person in the Immigration Office.**

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**He Puts His Stamp in Them and They Are Free to Travel Into Kenya.**

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**Then They Give the Passports to the Official on the Kenyan Side. He Also Stamps Them, Now They Are Legal to Travel to Nairobi by Public Bus!**
FROM MOYALE, WE TRAVELLED BY LORRY TO NAIROBI. WE AVOIDED THE MAIN ROAD BECAUSE SOME OF THE PEOPLE WITH US HAD NO DOCUMENTS.

WE TRAVELLED ACROSS KILIMANJARO. CONDITIONS WERE VERY ROUGH. WE WENT WITHOUT WATER AND FOOD FOR SOME TIME. WE WERE WARNED ABOUT DANGEROUS WILDLIFE AND KEPT SILENT DURING THE DAY, FEARING PATROLS.

WE USUALLY SEND MIGRANTS VIA MOMBASA TO MOZAMBIQUE, OVER THE OCEAN OR LAND BUT WHEN THESE ROUTES ARE CLOSED DUE TO CONTROL, WE USE THE KILIMANJARO ROUTE.

WE FINALLY ARRIVED IN KARONSA, A RECEPTION AREA IN MALAWI, WHERE WE STAYED TOGETHER WITH TWO HUNDRED OTHER MIGRANTS.

FOR US BROKERS, KARONSA IS IDEAL. THE RECEPTION CENTER ARRANGES THE TRAVEL DOCUMENTS FOR THE MIGRANTS TO THE MAIN REFUGE CAMP IN LILONGWE.

FROM LILONGWE, OUR BROKER LED US ACROSS THE BORDER INTO SOUTH AFRICA.

I TOOK A JOB AS A VENDOR, GOING DOOR TO DOOR IN SOWETO, A TOWNSHIP OF JOHANNESBURG.

I IMMIGRATED IN 1998. THERE WERE LESS MIGRANTS THEN.

WE HAD HEARD GOOD STORIES ABOUT WORKING IN SOUTH AFRICA AND THE MONEY YOU COULD MAKE THERE.

I CONTACTED A BROKER VIA THE FAMILY OF OTHER MIGRANTS.

I TRAVELLED IN A GROUP OF 20 OTHER MIGRANTS. WE WENT TO MOYALE AND THEN, FROM THERE, IN TOYOTA PICKUP TRUCKS THROUGH KENYA...

...SOMETIMES GOING ON FOOT THROUGH THE FOREST AND MOUNTAINS TO AVOID PATROLS, WE WENT ON THROUGH ZIMBABWE....

...AND FINALLY INTO SOUTH AFRICA. THE JOURNEY TOOK OVER A MONTH.
I had no intention of migrating to South Africa, but my uncle put up our house as collateral for a bank loan. He died in an accident and the bank wanted to auction off our house. I needed money.

I asked my family if they could take care of my wife and kids during my travel to South Africa until I could send money.

I contacted a broker in Hosanna. He advised me to take the air route if I could afford it because the journey over land would be risky.

At the airport, I was asked to use a specific gate where the official was in league with the broker.

I flew to Johannesburg first and then to Botswana. This was necessary because I could only enter South Africa by road.

At the airport in Botswana, I encountered brokers who were competing with mine. They reported me to the police and I was deported back to Ethiopia.

The number of brokers has grown rapidly in recent years. With it comes competition. Now brokers even expose each other and each other's clients.

I travelled to South Africa through Kenya and Tanzania over land and then by boat. The boat was leaking... it was a perilous journey.

In South Africa, I worked as a vendor in a township. Life was difficult. Robberies were a daily challenge...

I met a vendor who offered me a chance to become a broker. I took it.

...and frequently, customers who bought on credit refused to pay up.
I found the language difficult and had problems communicating. Because of this, the locals hate us and refuse to pay their credit.

Being robbed was a daily challenge for all migrants in the townships.

If my husband comes home, he will harm you!

But the work was profitable.

Returning to Ethiopia, I was able to start my own business with the money earned as a migrant. I wouldn’t have been able to do so otherwise!

I started working in a shop in Johannesburg and took over when the owner left. One day, I was driving back from the market with supplies and was robbed...

...At the same time, my friend at the shop was robbed and shot.

Dilamo’s Grocers

After the attacks, I moved to Durban where I stayed for 17 years and opened four shops, bringing over my three brothers and two sisters.

Working in South Africa is profitable, but it’s not easy to save money as a migrant. You are not allowed to open a bank account, so you need to keep all your money in cash. With robbery a daily occurrence, migrants play a sort of cat-and-mouse game with the robbers.

The community respects me. I do not force people to go to South Africa. They come to me for service they require.

The people do not support the current crackdown on brokers by the Ethiopian government. I used to live like a king and do my business in the open. Now I have to do everything underground.

I consider my job valuable. I contribute to changing people’s lives.

I consider myself an agent of development.

If you look at Hosanna today...

...Much of the progress of the city is made possible by money from migrants working in South Africa.

We usually keep half of the payment for the broker’s service with someone who both the broker and migrant trust. Final payment is made after the migrant arrives in South Africa. Total costs have now reached 3-5,000 USD – double of what they were 5 years ago due to surveillance.

I don’t have a bad opinion of brokers. It is paid to say that most give precedence to their own profit. You hear good and bad stories. Some do expose migrants to risks.

There are deceiving and there are genuine brokers who genuinely assist migrants. But today it is impossible to find a genuine broker, and if the journey is not managed well, a migrant can end up imprisoned, deported or dead.
About the Project

Between 17,000 and 20,000 Ethiopian men travel to the Republic of South Africa every year, mainly from Hadya and Kambatta via Moyale.

Ethiopia has been a focus country for EU directives and IOM action plans to control irregular migration towards South Africa, Libya and the Middle East. The government has outlawed many kinds of migrant smugglers and brokers and their businesses have gone underground. There is now a large migration industry of smugglers, informal brokers and other actors who help migrants navigate border controls.

The research on which this comic is based sought to understand the social relations that underpin brokerage and the implications of clandestine migration for the welfare of the migrants themselves as well as their families. The relationships between migrants and those who mediate migration are complex with the power shifting between the migrant and broker at different points of the journey. The research shows that brokers organise journeys through networks using diverse mobility routes and communication technology. It shows how the system operates and why it continues despite the controls.

This comic was produced by Cartoon Movement, an international platform for editorial cartoons and comics journalism. The artwork is by Maddo.

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