

Victories

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Victory...

The bio of author Jasmin Hajro, nice to meet you



Hello dear reader, how are you ?
Thank you for buying my book Victory

My name is Jasmin Hajro,
I was born on July 6, 1985 in Bosnia.
As refugees, we came to the Netherlands 21 years ago.
After having completed school & worked at several jobs ...

On 17 December 2012, I founded my first company: investment firm Jasko.
After a successful first year, I unfortunately had to close that company. After a short period of rest, unemployment and temporary work. I started again as an entrepreneur.

On September 1, 2015, I founded establishment Hajro.

(We say establishment instead of company,
because we do a bit more then just sell stuff.

Like providing jobs,
donating to 40 different charities,
and helping people to live richer.)

Since the beginning the core activity is,
selling sets of greeting cards, door to door.
Nowadays the product range has been expanded.

With, among other things, the selling of my 10 books.

The royalties of my books are donated to the charity: foundation Giveth Life.

My company is now part of Hajro Group,
which consists of 20 different subsidiaries,

that are part of 1 umbrella organization :
Called Energy Now.

For more information about my company
& the foundation,
go to my website : www.hajrobv.nl

Victory

Hello again...

I am Jasmin Hajro,
and you just have read a few things about me
in my bio.

But you have bought this book because you
want to know the whole story.

My life story

I called it Victory,
because I have overcome a few things.

I am 32 years old and live in Doetinchem,
in the Netherlands.

I work as a salesman
on behalf of Hajro.
I sell sets of greeting cards,
gift mugs and booklets.

Part of the proceeds go to more than 40 Charities.

You can find everything about establishment Hajro at
www.hajrobv.nl

I now live in the Netherlands.

But on 6 July 1985 I was born in Sarajevo,
in Bosnia.

When I was a young child, we lived in Gora.
That is a village in Bosnia.
It is on a mountain.
A mountain village.

The view is great,
lots of nature.
Clean, fresh air.

I remember it as a happy time.

The house we lived in
was a kind of 2 houses under 1 roof.
Aunt Rahima had lived in the other part.
Until her own house was built.

My parents both worked,
and I went to Biba,

an elderly woman in the village,
that was my babysitter.

I remember she had an old-fashioned stove,
which worked on firewood.
And we placed unripe walnuts
behind the stove, to ripen.

Under our house,
you had a steep part of soil,
and below that a flat piece of land.

On that flat piece of land,
we grew vegetables,
potatoes and very small tomatoes.
There were also pear trees and walnut trees growing there.

My mother worked at Tas,
an automobile factory,
where they made or processed
small car parts.

I do not remember anymore
what kind of work my father did then ...
You notice that it has been a very long time ago.
I was always very happy to see him,
when he came home.
And asked once if he could work 2 days a week,
and be free 5 days a week.

My uncle Ibro lived close to us,
with Aunt Sevda and my nieces :
Sanela and Amela.
They had a red swing.

I have been swinging on it and went
as high as possible,
Until I got a kind of butterflies in my stomach feeling,
by excitement.

I do not know how to exactly describe that feeling.

With my cousins I did play games such as hide & seek.

I once wrestled with my father
and then I ended up falling weird on my wrist,
it hurted.

Then Dad said: hajmo kod Ibre rostiljat

Let's go barbequing at Uncle Ibro.

I went to the mosque,
and learned prayers
and how to pray.

I asked the hodza
that's a kind of reverend,
how you can know if someone is lying.
He said you can see it on the forehead.
That it turns a little red.

It is very peaceful in the mosque,
I still see it that way.
Although it has been a while since I visited one.

It is now March 27, 2018,
00:44 hours at night.

I'm getting out of bed in the mornings, late again....

I wake up at 9 or 10 in the morning
from the alarm clock.

I then switch off the alarm.

And fall asleep again.

When I wake up again afterwards it is already noon.

I had sleeping pills a few weeks ago,
for 2 weeks..

It went well

I started going to bed earlier,
and getting up earlier. Before noon.

Maybe it is a strange time, in the middle of the night
to write a book.

But I thought that once, I just had to start writing it.

When I was playing at Chess Club Doetinchem,

I said to Frans that I wanted to write a book
about my life.

That could have been in 2009.

Biba, the woman who looked after me when my parents worked,
was also the babysitter of an orphan.

I do not remember what his name was.

But we went to the mosque together.

There he farted ...

And we were both thrown out.

My father drove a Fico,
that is like a kind of old model Fiat 500 car.

If we drove to Grandpa and Grandma,

I could sit on Dad lap

behind the wheel.

The first time I saw snow,

I walked outside in my pajamas.

I was completely stunned to look at it.

Amazing.

It must have been cold outside.

The winters in Bosnia are colder than here.

My father became very angry,
and I got a beating with his belt.

I remember that I was rolling over the ground
and called: nemoj babo
Don't hit me, Dad

My index finger was completely swollen,
because I was hit there too.

I still love it
to look outside
when it snows.
Everything seems so peaceful then.

Oh, those beatings were normal.
That was how you got punishment,
and how other children received punishment
in Bosnia.

I was 6 years old when I went to school for the first time.

When my sister, Emina was born and I saw her for the first time, she looked tinted. And I thought
she was not my sister.

My father once had in an angry mood,
thrown the TV out of the window.
I have around my twentieth year
done the same thing once.

Once my father went to Aunt Rahima,
and I was not allowed to go with him.

Then I went outside
and looked in through the window at them.

My father got angry,
and I had to sit naked in front of the house.

If I wanted a beating,
then I could ask
my daddy, he told me.

My father drank,
mom says he beat her too.

The war had started
between Bosnia and Serbia.

We had moved
because the enemies came too close.
We have moved a number of times.

My father had to fight for Bosnia,
in the battlefield. And was not always with us.

We left the village
and we were in an abandoned house.
I do not remember what that place is called.

We have harvested grain,
and grown potatoes.
We took care of the cow of uncle Ibro,
Galava.

On my fathers request, I had tied Galava to a tree,
so she could graze grass.
But I hadn't shortened the chain
and she had too much
walking space

so she had eaten a number of our potato plants.
I got another beating.

You could hear the shooting from a distance.
A house near the one where we were in, was blown up.
We left that place in the evening.

A previous hotel became at that time
a shelter for refugees.
We spent a while there,
and got food packages.
I also fell on the stairs there
with a bottle of milk,
and had a cut on my wrist.