

## Only for one year

This story goes back to the first year when the Taliban seized Afghanistan. We took the Kankor exam and waited for the results. When they were announced, I was upset because I had been accepted into the Medical Faculty, but in another province, in Khost. I was sure my family would not let me go to that province, especially under these circumstances.

Days passed, and the university was about to begin the registration. My father was not in Mazar Sharif, so I called him to talk about my university situation. He said that the Taliban are very dangerous. If they captured me on the Mazar-Kabul route, what would I do? After all, I am a girl.

I was disappointed and felt as if all my dreams had disappeared before my eyes. I felt powerless. I didn't know what to do. My situation was horrible, and I needed to talk to someone. I shared everything with my teacher. He understood and comforted me explaining that my major was important and that many people wished to succeed in it, so I shouldn't worry. He offered to speak with my father, but I didn't want him to; I just prayed.

One day, my father called me and said: "Go to Khost and get a permission for one year. Maybe everything will improve after that." I had no other choice, and one year is better than nothing, right?

I traveled to Kabul with my mother and my male cousin. Along the way, I was very afraid that the Taliban might stop us and ask where we are going. What would we say? What would they do? But thank goodness, we were lucky, and we reached Kabul without any problems.

The next day, we went to Khost. When we arrived, we went to the girls' dormitory to ask about my permission. The environment there was great and the people were very friendly. In addition, the manager of the dormitory spoke with my mother, reassuring her that there were many girls from all around Afghanistan, so she had nothing to worry about me staying there. She also mentioned some other important points that seemed to calm my mother even more. My mother thought carefully, then called my father and convinced him to allow me to stay, arguing that this way I would not fall behind in my studies. Finally, after thinking for a long time, he agreed.

I studied hard and enjoyed my life there knowing that I will become a doctor one day. I was very happy. However, the happiness stayed only for one year: The Taliban shut down medical faculties for women. We were not allowed to study anymore. So, I lost my dream. I lost my happiness. I lost Khost.