

The girl forced to marry

I always think to myself that maybe it was my fear of being judged that turned me into an introvert, because I am a girl, a woman. You can't change how people treat you or what they say about you. All you can do is change how you react to it. Be the sun in other people's lives, even if your own sky is cloudy. I always say to my friends that in the midst of endings, there are always new beginnings waiting to unfold. It is my slogan: Miracles happens when you choose to put yourself first, and we must accept the end of something in order to begin something new. This story that I want to share with you is one of my friends, whose family made her marry a boy who is 6 years older than her.

It was November 6th when I heard the bad news. It was one of the worst days of my life. It was the time when I wanted to go to the school that teaches us secretly despite the Taliban. When I reached the school, my friends looked very sad and worried. Everyone was present in the class except Zahra. Zahra is a beautiful, kind and intelligent girl. I asked her sister: "Where is Zahra?" But she did not answer me. I got worried and sad.

It was 3:00 PM when someone knocked on the door of our home. I saw Zahra, waiting for me to open the door. Suddenly, she hugged me and started crying. I told her to wipe her beautiful tears and come inside our house. After we sat down with tea, she wanted to talk with me about something important.

Zainab: Where were you, my dear friend? You were not present in class today.

Zahra: I have many problems these days. I am so alone, Zainab.

Zainab: What is the problem that makes you sad?

Zahra: Two days ago, one of our relatives came and wooed me for their boy. The boy is too old. You know I am so unlucky. I am not old enough to get married with a boy that is six years older than me. He is 21 but I am only 15. I do not know anything about married life. I want to continue my education and make my country and my people proud. I want to be a doctor to serve my country and my people.

Zainab: Yes, you are too young; you should not do this.

Zahra: Ah Zainab... I have no choice. My family are forcing me to marry him and say that I have to accept this.

Zainab: This is impossible, this cannot be true! What is the opinion of your father?

Zahra: I said that I am so unlucky. My father died two years ago. I do not have anyone to support me and save me from this situation.

Zainab: What about your mother, brother, or sister?

Zahra: It is their decision. They do not want to hear my opinion. They do not listen to me.

Zainab: It is your life, and you have to decide about it. It is up to you how to make your life and whom to marry.

Zahra: Ahhh...You know they behave like it is their life. If I say anything, my brother will slap me.

Zainab: Why are they doing this?

Zahra: The family is rich; they want me to marry him just for the money.

Zainab: Oh, my dear sister. What is life! My hearts aches but I cannot do anything for you. If I could, I would. But unfortunately, I cannot.

She cried a lot, and I felt her pain through her tears. She continued: "Look at the others... They are all getting ready for a great future, but I am getting ready to bring up kids for my husband." On that day, we cried a lot and prayed to God for help, and I prayed every day after for her.

Today, I heard that she is getting married tomorrow night. She has to say goodbye to her life, to her future and to her dreams.

That was day when I promised myself that I will never give up. I will fight for my freedom and save my future from darkness. I will never let anyone stand in the way of my goals and rights. It is not the end of my life. I continue continue, continue, continue on behalf of all unlucky girls in Afghanistan.