

The girl who is a warrior

At that time, every channel was broadcasting news about the war at the Helmand border, Afghanistan. The conflict was between Afghan security forces and the Taliban. Since my teenage years, I had grown tired of hearing reports about suicide bombings in various places, including streets, schools, educational centers, mosques, wedding halls, and even hospitals. I was also exhausted from hearing about genocides of Hazaras and Sikhs in their own country. So, I didn't take the news seriously either, but I never imagined that it would make my life so dark and painful.

A few days later, suddenly, the Taliban took control of the first part of Helmand. This wasn't very shocking, as they had done it before, and the security forces had been able to manage the situation multiple times. But unfortunately, over time, several provinces came under Taliban control, and the nightmare began.

I vividly remember the night the Taliban took control of Mazar-e-Sharif. It was 11 p.m., and in the girls' group, my classmates shared a picture of a Talib trying to raise the white flag of the Taliban government at the Shrine of Ali. Upon seeing that scene, all my hopes were utterly destroyed, and I fell into complete darkness. All I could think was: What if they force us to marry their soldiers? What if they attack our homes? What if they never let us study? Thousands of unanswered questions flooded my mind, and that night passed in a haze of anxiety.

Of course, someone confused about their life tries to escape from reality. So, I did the same. I kept using social media to pass the time, but every video made me cry. Ten days passed in this cycle of crying and despair, and I promised myself not to think about the old Afghanistan. After about three months, I told myself I had to change. However, I had become depressed due to negative thoughts and hopelessness—my sleep, appetite, and entire life were falling apart. My mother and sister noticed, but they didn't say anything to me. Sometimes I imagined myself as a machine that had been mistakenly filled with unnecessary materials or water, and from within, its parts were being destroyed, with smoke rising to the sky. I had no idea what to do. Seeing this state, I decided to fight. I started reading various books, mainly on psychology and fiction, and gradually, I got back into the habit of studying.

After a while, my sister and I enrolled in English classes, and after a year, the university reopened its doors to girls. I completed my first semester (sixth semester) under Taliban rule, with the highest grades, although schools remained closed for girls. Gradually, hope returned to my heart. Initially, university classes were scheduled at different times for boys and girls, but due to poor management, this didn't work well. Eventually, it was decided that boys and girls would attend classes on separate days. Two years passed like this, and I was in my ninth semester, which included practical studies. However, all educational centers were once again banned by the Taliban, especially for girls.

To cope with the difficult situation and maintain my mental health, I joined a gym. But after only 10 days, the Taliban announced that women were no longer allowed to go to gyms or parks. I felt hopeless again and decided to learn something new. Although I had been doing lash extensions for about 5 years, I joined a tailoring class. Now, two years have passed, and I have learned tailoring. Recently, after two years finally they defended our final project with with online method and fortunately, I graduated with a high score in petroleum engineering.

In conclusion, the changes in my country have transformed the lives of thousands of Afghan girls, including me. These experiences have taught me valuable lessons. I have learned patience, endured hardships, and grown stronger. Writing about these experiences hasn't been easy for me due to the psychological effects of depression and stress. The human body focuses its energy on dealing with present challenges, which can sometimes harm memory, as the brain uses its resources to manage

stressful situations and anxiety rather than store and retrieve past information. That's why I can't remember every detail clearly.

In the end, I just want to say I will never give up. I am a warrior, the daughter of my homeland, and I will fight for the girls who are still deprived and for all of my dreams. I believe we will achieve our freedom soon.