

The story of a girl who survived the attack on Kaj Educational Center

This is the heartbreaking story of a girl who survived among dozens of martyrs in the deadly attack on the Kaj Educational center. It is a narrative of dreams that were reduced to dust. Dreams buried forever with those who carried them, whose dreams now lie silent beneath the soil, and whose notebooks of hope were closed forever.

I remember when I first heard the news. It was a Friday - a cursed, hateful Friday that claimed the lives of dozens of Hazara students and plunged the Hazara community into mourning once again. It was a day when students entered the center with the light of their futures in their eyes - some with joy, others with anxiety. But instead of returning home with exam results, their lifeless bodies were handed back to their grieving families through the gates of that center.

Today, I speak not just as a witness, but as a child of sorrow - as a Hazara, born of a people who have endured silence, wounds and injustice for centuries. My people, the Hazaras, are a nation whose story is written in the ink of discrimination, forced displacement, massacres and neglect. From historic genocides to targeted attacks on our schools, gyms, places of worship and cultural centers - no space has been left safe for us.

1. Our daughters were martyred in classroom.
2. Our sons were killed in alleyways.
3. And our mothers buried their children with empty hands.

On September 30, 2022, a tragedy unfolded in the heart of West Kabul - a tragedy that scarred not only families but an entire generation. Most of the victims were young Hazara girls, full of hope, holding pens and dreams instead of weapons. Kaj Educational center, a place where students gathered with pens and dreams to build a future, was turned into a killing ground in a matter of seconds.

Among the silenced voices, one voice survived. One of the students was Hawa, a 19-year-old girl attending to the university prep class for the third time. She survived - but her friends, her sisters in the struggle, did not. From the rubble, Hawa's voice rose: „I survived to be the voice of those who now have none.“

This sentence echoes the pain and courage of those who risk everything, every day, for the right to learn. Kaj was not just a centre - it was a symbol of a generation's resilience, of their will to learn, to rise, to grow. And it was precisely for that reason it was attacked.

Yet we are still alive. Not just alive, but standing with hope and resistance. To be a Hazara is not just an identity - it is a struggle. A struggle for education. For dignity. For the right to be heard and seen.

This page is not a silent elegy. It is a living vow: a vow to write, to carry on, and to remind the world that even dreams reduced to ashes will one day rise again. My voice carries the cry of thousands of Hazara youth who refuse to remain silent any longer.

Let the world hear us: We, too, are human. We, too, deserve to dream, to learn and to live. We rose from the soil - but we are rooted in mountains.

Hazara live. Because Hazara stand. And we will stand - until the last breath of justice.