

On Girl's Day, a Girl Was Shattered

A True Story

On Girl's Day, in the land of sorrows, a girl was broken and left in despair. That day was Girl's Day, and I was filled with excitement to create words of celebration for myself and the girls of my homeland. I wanted to extend my congratulations on this occasion.

On that same day, my family suddenly told me that I had to go to the certificate office. Their sincere insistence ignited hope in my heart and opened a window of optimism within me. How naive I was to think that I would receive a document that was rightfully mine. Although I knew that the long years of despair and hopelessness had deprived me of my human rights, I still clung to the hope that this could be my chance to escape the misery of these days. That day, my mother and I, with eyes full of starlight and hearts filled with hope, set off on our journey. Who knew how many dreams I wove for my future on that path?

It is unlikely that anyone could feel the beating of my heart as I reached for the document that represented twelve years of hard work. I was so lost in my dreams that I didn't even realize how much time had passed before we arrived at our destination. Undoubtedly, there were passersby on that road who, seeing the smile planted on my lips, envied my life and considered me the happiest creation of God. From the window of the vehicle, I gazed silently and smilingly at the building ahead, while my mother, with hope in her voice, called my name. I looked at her face, and we exchanged smiles of reassurance. As soon as I stepped out of the vehicle, I felt a surge of happiness. How tragic it is that a girl should be so overjoyed merely for receiving her certificate.

"The world is thinking about the moon and Mars, but we, by fate, collided with beards and turbans!"

In those moments, my steps unconsciously became firmer and more determined as if they were pulling me toward an unknown fate. Holding my petition in hand and with my heart full of hope, I entered the building. After asking questions and being guided by others, I finally found the director's office. I paused for a moment behind the door, took a deep breath, tapped gently on the door with my fingers, and stepped inside.

It was heartbreaking.

With all the respect and courtesy I could muster, I greeted the man addressed as the director, but I received no response. Nevertheless, I stepped forward and handed him my petition. How shameless can a person be, holding a position of authority, yet refusing to listen to the words of someone before them? Instead, he persistently laughed and spoke on his phone. I will never forget his laughter, the irritating sound that scraped my soul, weighing me down with each passing moment. His laughter made me wish for death.

Why was my plea and my petition ignored that day? Because I was a Hazara.

Why was the young man in the same room subjected to a storm of reprimands for a minor mistake, his pride crushed beneath their feet? Because he too was a Hazara.

I looked at his slumped shoulders, burdened by the hardships of life, and his sorrowful gaze. My heart clenched, and I whispered to myself:

“How tragic it is to feel like a stranger in your own homeland, my fellow tribesman!”

How do I put my own pain and the director’s disregard into words without exaggeration? Ah! There are no words that can fully express what I felt in that moment. I tried to speak several times and requested assistance from the director’s colleague to process my documents. But it was as if we had a past enmity. He simply shook his head and said that it was impossible to issue my certificate. At that moment, as the sorrow in his voice sent shivers down my spine, my existence was questioned. I looked at his indifferent face—a face that had never known kindness—and I observed his behavior, which was unworthy of a leader. I let out a deep sigh, hurried my steps, and called upon God. It was unbearable to stay in that suffocating space any longer.

I didn’t want my breaking to bring them joy. I didn’t want him to laugh again, to speak on his phone, to mock me while I silently endured death inside. I didn’t want to be subjected to the cold, unkind gaze that lacked any trace of humanity.

The atmosphere felt heavy, and I quickly rushed outside the building. The very path I had walked with pride and happiness now felt tainted with hatred. My smiles had vanished, and my feet felt too weak to move forward. My gaze had lost its light. I thought the passersby could see the wounds on my soul, and I found it unbearable to be the center of attention. I hurried toward the vehicle and looked into my mother’s eyes.

Eyes speak louder than words, and in that moment, my mother understood the depth of my sorrow and let out a sigh. A deadly silence and overwhelming anxiety filled the air, making my heart ache even more, forcing me to withdraw into myself. In a voice more sorrowful than ever, I murmured under my breath:

“This is a bitter and painful era.”

An era where laughter turns to sorrow in mere moments.

An era where merciless men who claim to be Muslims believe they own the exclusive right to justice.

An era where my wings have been clipped with violence, and not just mine, but the wings of thousands of girls in my homeland, trapped in the claws of an ignorant fate.

My dear God!

Can you intervene and erase this darkness from my homeland?

Even if no one else knows, You know well that I do not wish to show my inner turmoil to those around me. I do not allow myself to express my emotions. I do not want to burden their souls with the hidden pain in my heart. I do not want their gazes to lose hope. You are aware that I have mastered the art of hiding behind artificial smiles, aren't You?

O Almighty God!

You know the depths of my sorrow. Why has walking through the gates of a university become a distant dream?

Why do we always have to pay the price simply for being Hazara?

Why are we the eternal victims of this land?

Ah, I know patience is the only remedy for this suffering. I know I must hold my head high and not let my sorrow show. Yet sometimes, I feel that our grief has lasted too long.

I think this poem perfectly describes our generation:

“A new life must await us after death,
For we have spent this life merely in hope!”

Oh God...!

I do not wish to complain, but please, cast Your gaze upon us.

That day, I broke even more than before, not just for being a girl, but for being a Hazara girl in a government office.

I swear by the power of my pen, one day, my successes will be a firm slap in the face of those who stood in my way—those who did not let me move forward!

This is a promise from a wounded but ambitious soul.

I feel tormented when, after spending hours outside, I return home and sense all the spiritual exhaustion and fatigue of the world weighing on me.

It is sorrowful that I feel alienated from society simply because I am a Hazara!

My soul aches when I have no choice but to remain silent in the face of verbal assaults.

I am disgusted by this place that forces me to take refuge in isolation, avoiding going anywhere.

Today, even if I curse those who have destroyed my homeland and left me feeling like an exile, it would be justified.

It is tragic!

For me, as a Hazara, this land has never been a motherly embrace—a homeland. And yet, I have taken up my pen to cry out its pains.

Oh Almighty!

Not in imagination, but in reality, you owe us. Believe me, our suffering has exceeded all limits. You bear witness that we are strangers and foreigners in our own homeland.

Tears fell, soaking my face—each drop a silent yet painful cry.

Strike us, you godless ones!

We are the Hazaras, born from the horizon of light.

We know how to turn our wounds into wings and rise to fly!

As the poet says:

*"The field we sowed never became spring and meadow,
This land never became a homeland for the Hazara!
Yet still, we are alive,
Believe it, in the end, we are the victors!"*

#Nazi_Meismam

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