**Why I want to organize Afghan Girls Leadership Workshop?**

My mom's tribe, Afshar tribe, were blind attacked overnight in Afshar mountain of Kabul, Afghanistan two decades ago. Everyone escaped to a different direction. Most of the people could not save their life, and those who were able to survive, lost all their connections. Two years ago, we heard of my mom's aunt who had been traumatized and has lost her mind after that incident and she does not know of anyone close to her from that time. My mom’s aunt told my mom that, “it was impossible to not step in a human’s corpse” while they were escaping.

My mom's generation is the last generation of her tribe. I have never met any one of my mom's relative let alone anyone, who is from the Afshar tribe, although have heard of some in Herat province and neighbor country Iran. I always tried to believe that it is impossible to wipe out an entire group of people and there must be more Afahars (a person who is from Afshar tribe) somewhere who I will meet. Now it seems that if the remaining people are disconnected in a way that they cannot meet in a life time, it is the same as if they have lost everyone.

Then, I dealt with problems in my own life time. I grow up in Kabul City of Afghanistan. One day when I was fourth grade coming back from school I was almost raped in a subway. (I published my story in AWWP- <http://awwproject.org/2015/06/the-man-who-thought-i-was-weak/>- for encouraging other girls to stand up for themselves) My father spent lots of time working for us and our education, that he got sick and had strokes four times. We struggled through, poverty, loneliness, security and instability. However, I am pretty thankful of what we have, it does not feel right for me be ignorant about my people’s life.