

be able to hear. I was in theatre five hours and I'd had three operations, but I didn't feel like I'd had major surgery and was back in the apartment within five days. A few weeks later when the receiver was fitted behind my ear, my left ear heard *beep beep* for the first time. To start with, everything was like a robot sound, but soon it was getting better and better.

We human beings don't realise how great God is. He has given us an extraordinary brain and a sensitive loving heart. He has blessed us with two lips to talk and express our feelings, two eyes which see a world of colours and beauty, two feet which walk on the road of life, two hands to work for us, a nose which smells the beauty of fragrance, and two ears to hear the words of love. As I found with my ear, no one knows how much power they have in their each and every organ until they lose one.

I thank Allah for the hard-working doctors, for my recovery and for sending us to this world where we may struggle for our survival. Some people choose good ways and some choose bad ways. One person's bullet hit me. It swelled my brain, stole my hearing and cut the nerve of the left side of my face in the space of a second. And after that one second there were millions of people praying for my life and talented doctors who gave me my own body back. I was a good girl. In my heart I had only the desire to help people. It wasn't about the awards or the money. I always prayed to God, 'I want to help people and please help me to do that.'

A *talib* fires three shots at point-blank range at three girls in a van and doesn't kill any of them. This seems an unlikely story, and people say I have made a miraculous recovery. My friend Shazia, who was hit twice, was offered a scholarship at Atlantic College in Wales so has also come to the UK for schooling, and I hope Kainat will too. I know God stopped me from going to the grave. It feels like this life is a second life. People prayed to God to spare me, and I was spared for a reason – to use my life for helping people. When people talk about the way I was shot and what happened I think it's the story of Malala, 'a girl shot by the Taliban'; I don't feel it's a story about me at all.