A DAY IN THE LIFE

OF MALALA YOUSAFZAI

I woke up in the morning. I washed my face, brushed my teeth and got dressed up. It seemed like a usual morning for me. While I was waiting for the school bus I started thinking.

 ‘’What am I doing here? I am risking my life by going to school… I hate those Talibans… They can’t understand that everyone has the right of knowledge…’’

The bus arrived. I got in and greeted my two other friends. The time passed… All of a sudden the driver stopped the vehicle. Two gunmen got in the bus. I was terrified. One of them saw my hair and unhesitatingly shot me in the head.

My condition was crucial. I was transferred to the Queen Elisabeth Hospital in Birmingham, UK.

Fortunately, I survived.