Saturday, February 06, 2016 Vol. 1, No. 26

Star Futsal:
A new horizon of hope

my Father's Recurring Nightmares
My father was in 11th grade with plans to study to become a doctor when the inhume Taliban beasts captured Afghanistan. Most people were compelled to take up weapons and fight against them, including teenagers. My father was one of them. He endeavored tirelessly to dispose of terrorism and has nightmares of that.

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Reported by: Murtaza Qasemi

Since past four years, Star Educational Society has been holding annual futsal league to awaken the latent talents of the Afghan youths, and as an educational center, teach the lessons of perseverance, selflessness, respect and team work to the participants from every nook and corner of Kabul city. This tournament, which was held on Friday, January 29th at "Mohammad Haqi" gymnasium, located in Bar-chi Pump station, drew dozens of sport lovers to its final day competition. Our program was made more luminous and exiting with our national sports champions and many sentimental and sports-fan ladies cheering for the finalist teams.

The event was commenced with a recital of verses from the holy Quran, and a charming song by little Starians of Star High School to welcome the players and the energetic audience. Playing the national anthem was yet another part which made the entire audience cheer up and fill their hearts with pride and dignity for being a citizen of Afghanistan. Words of Ali Baqir, the wise and daring founder of the gymnasium, located in Bar-chi Pump station, drew dozens of sport lovers to its final day competition. Our program was made more luminous and exiting with our national sports champions and many sentimental and sports-fan ladies cheering for the finalist teams.

After the whistle for the final competition went off, a concise information about Star’s activities and future plans was laid out which was widely appreciated through a big and energetic applause.

The "Fourth" Annual Futsal League of Star was more exceptional and exciting than the previous ones. The presence of our only champion, who gifted Afghanistan two Olympic medals, an unprecedented accomplishment, Ruhullah Nikpa, a former National Football Team member and the coach of Maiwand Football Team, Saied Dawoud Shah Murtazavi, the president of the National Futsal players along with their respected coach, Abdul Razaq, Mr. Zahir and Dawood Mohammadi the most energetic youths of Kabul, after the ball was kicked off by the professional kickoff the football and end the restless longing of the over a thousand audience. It only needs a mediocre amount of imagination to incarnate the amount of whistle to win, from the way they chattered and moved around, while the audience was impatiently waiting for the whistle to go off.

The legendary champion of the nation, Ruhullah Nikpa whose kicks had already fabricated history, was asked to kick off the football and end the restless longing of the over a thousand audience. It only needs a mediocre amount of imagination to incarnate the amount of whistle and clam being produced by some of the most energetic youths of Kabul, after the ball was kicked off by the professional kick off the professional kick off the football and end the restless longing of the over a thousand audience. It only needs a mediocre amount of imagination to incarnate the amount of whistle and clam being produced by some of the most energetic youths of Kabul, after the ball was kicked off by the professional kick off the football and end the restless longing of the over a thousand audience. It only needs a mediocre amount of imagination to incarnate the amount of whistle and clam being produced by some of the most energetic youths of Kabul, after the ball was kicked off by the professional

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After continuous thunder applause, the finalists began to appear on the ground, one by one. Members of team Shams Mirzayee from one side and the players of Zohor from the other corner of the gymnasium marched in. The finalist teams’ members, proudly began to warm themselves up with a prospect to win the title of championship of the Fourth Annual Futsal League organized by Star Educational Society. As a sports man, I could easily feel how far each team longed to win, from the way they chattered and moved around, while the audience was impatiently waiting for the whistle to go off.

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Quote of the Week
“When you feel like quitting think why you started...”
-Anonymous

Interstellar (adjective): situated or occurring between the stars; conducted, or existing between two or more stars
The Sky

It does not have any specific shape, seems flat but it’s not. Scientifically it has a spherical shape. Just go into an open area and look upward. What you see is a masterpiece. Limitless, its realm has no borders and boundaries. As far as your eyes can see, it is all blue. It’s a column-less ceiling that covers all around the world. It has light blue color but can be changed to gray and black. It is like a painting that changes with time, sometimes it seems to be a blue sky, and sometimes it is shedding tears with the falling rain. Though it is an ordinary, natural phenomenon, to me it has more meaning.

When I look at the sky, I feel there must be a great power that arranges and controls the universe. The way it changes from bright day to dark night, after many years, still with the same accuracy makes me think of its creator. I wonder how systematically it changes from a clear blue screen to a cloudy scene and then to falling rain or snow. At nights there are countless stars in the sky with the moon as a light. All of these are the evidence and signs that lead us to a better understanding of His great power. To me, the sky is a sign of God’s existence besides being a natural phenomenon.

Every time I look at the blue screen above my head, I see another world which makes me feel free. As birds fly away to many places in the world, as the clouds travel from one place to another, I can feel freedom. The infinite blue sky makes me breathe deeply and put away all my worries and restrictions of freedom is interpreted by the sky because there are no restrictions or red lines, no borders and boundaries. When passing by, the wind sings a song of freedom to my ears. Maybe because mankind is destined to be free, it is a wonderful feeling. Finally, the sky conveys the message of freedom to those who feel it.

Sky is a symbol of generosity. When it rains, it brings a message that it gives the dead land although the land has nothing to repay. It distributes God’s blessings all around the world regardless of race, language or religion. In winters, the mountains fill with snow for the water needed in dry summers. As I look at the infinite blue, I realize that we need God’s generous blessing and without them we will have miserable lives.

At the end, with deep reflection, we discover that the sky is only a natural phenomenon but also the blue screen reminds us of God’s existence, freedom, and generosity. The thoughts and emotions that come to my mind when I see the sky give me a better vision about the world and myself as a small part of it.
Standing on the Crowded Border between Afghanistan & Pakistan

I see my father walking quickly to make his way to the Pakistani side of the border. As I run after him in the crowd, he turns back and says, “Don’t follow me!” He is shielded from the hot summer sun and looks scared. I am terrified, and I re- mind myself: He is not running away from us, he is only trying to find some help!

In Iran, where we had gone in 1996, my father could not find work in the same city where we were living, due to our legal status, so he ended up moving to a different city. This meant we didn’t see him for months on end. The fear that I would not see him again or that he might leave us in order to earn an income had stayed with me.

When we first left Afghanistan in 1996, I was only six years old. While I do not remember all the details of our departure, there are three distinct memo- ries that stand out. One memory is of my family running for a half a mile. My father was holding my brother’s hand, my step-mother held my sister’s hand, and my mother held my hand as we ran through narrow streets. I remember look- ing back and seeing bullets and bullet shells flying towards us. We were among the outskirts of the northern Afghan city of Mazar-e-Sharif at the time. There were probably about ten families living in our house. I remember my mother hanging a cloth in the middle of the room for pri- vacy because we were sharing it with two other families. I remember looking at the house where we lived and seeing parts of the house collapsed and being walked over. I remember picking up a bullet shell and my mother yelling at me not to touch it.

Due to the hardship facing Afghan refugees, we left Iran and returned to Al- ghazan in 1999. Less than a month later, we were heading to Pakistan to escape the war and violence.

I flinch in terror when someone tugs at my sleeve. I look back and see my mother. She yells at him: “Don’t touch!”

I am confused, frightened, and because I do not fully grasp the situation around me. My mother and I run toward three of our family: my step-mother, my sister, and my brother. Together, we beg the Pakistani police on the Afghan side of the border to let us cross. There are two policemen: one is an angry man with a long whip in his hand, and the other looks more sad than angry. The angry one starts hitting the cart man, who was hired for a few cents to help carry all our belongings, and the other interferes, he is hit as well. My step-mother, who is known for her resilient personality, snatches the po- liceman’s whip from his hand and starts shaking while tears flow from her eyes.

She yells at him: “Do you have any mercy? Are you even a human? Don’t you see how desperate these people are? They are tired of all this violence. We, too, have dignity and wouldn’t be begging you oth- erwise.”

The second, sad policeman steps in, grabs the whip from my step-mother, and lets my family cross to the other side of the border. Whether it was out of pity, annoyance at the situation, or respect for my mother’s courage, we were al- lowed to enter the Pakistani side. We rush to look for my father. When we find him, I see how he now needs to find a car that will take us to Quetta, the nearest city in Pakistan.

Farid is a passionate and empathetic advocate for social entrepreneurship and founded Aghazgar, a two-week long camp to cultivate a culture of youth entrepreneurship. He is currently a student at Middlesbrough University in Washington D.C.

For many years, Hazaras had fled to this Pakistani city, seeking refuge from the upheaval in Afghanistan, including during the Soviet invasion of the 1980s. This time Quetta had become a safe ha- ven for Hazara refugees fleeing the Tali- ban violence.

A Special Happy New Year

As the driver starts the car, my father takes a last look at the door where he says with a sigh: “I don’t know how long it will be before we see our homeland again.”

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As we embark on our own journeys and New Year resolution goals, let’s take a moment to remember these individuals and families who have escaped war and are in search of a new life somewhere very far from their homes. Let’s perhaps spend some time to think about ways we can get involved to help with their resettlement.

To the Five members of my family,

I congratulate you for making it safe- ly. It must be challenging to start a life from zero in a foreign land, adapting to the new culture, country and laws, and many near death situations to finally make it to Europe. All of them made it luckily. But it’s a known fact that many refugees, including children, who have died along the way. Many more will continue to be on this dangerous journey.

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President Ghani issues decree to solve public media problems
Translated By: Martha Farjad
Source: Etilaat-e-Rooz

Meanwhile, Media Defending Organizations, members of National Union of Journalists acclaimed the president’s decree. Rahimullah Sarwari, a media defender in this conference said that the decree helps media and journalists in terms of securing media and news broadcasting. Mr. Sarwari added that the representatives of media community of our country solicits that practical steps should be taken towards implementation of the decree.

Fahim Dashti, the executive director of National Union of Afghan Journalists said, "Media guilds and personals submitted their suggestions to the president for betterment of media activity situation and media support."

Dashti said that moral codes for journalists especially in terms of covering terrorist events, security and immunity of journalists, modification of data access and contribution to establish fund for media martyrs were the issues they discussed with the president.

Obvious strategy for securing journalists and media personal and it will be soon available for media. While media personals have been threatened and violated more than last year, concerns about media and threats against media are growing. The shocking event of two weeks ago in which com­­­munication part of Mobhi Group employees was targeted by suicide attackers and left 7 deaths and 27 wounded people shocked people. In addition, two days ago, a journalist of National Television was murdered. By the time, from hundred violence cases against journalists, only some of them are tried in the past years.

Ministry of Refugees: 1.5 million domestic families displaced
Translated By: Zahra amiri
Source: Open Society

Ministry of Refugees and Repatriation stated that 250 thousand families have been displaced in various areas of the country; the spokesman also added that the displaced families are not in a good condition.

Sayed Hussain Alimi Balkhi, the Minister of Refugees and Repatriation, on 29th January stated that domestic violence, unemployment, poverty, and famine are the main reasons for people’s displacement. He also added that recently, there are 1.25 million displaced people who suffer from a poor living condition.

"The majority of the displaced families are in Helmand, Farah, Nangarhar and some of them are in Ghor, Badghis, Takhar and some in Northern provinces of the country. The displaced people besides being miserably poor, in the cold winter do not have shelter and some of them live in tents.

The ministry added that the lack of budget, organizational structure in ministry, and communication instruments shortages are the challenges preventing the ministry to provide a precise and accurate survey of displaced families.

In a meeting with chief executive, Ministry of Refugees also added that the lack of attention to displaced families in insecure areas is one of the major challenges that this ministry is facing, he also emphasized that the ministry is struggling to assess these problems with the help of International Committee of the Red Cross and “Hilal Ahmar” organization.

In order to bring improvement, the Ministry of Refugees and Repatriation, demanded for a reform in organizational structure of the ministry, facilitation of the ministry with new communication equipment, and more funds for the ministry.

Chief executive Office requested from the Ministry of Refugees and Repatriation to specify the necessities of the ministry and share it with the government so that they are dealt with.

Afghanistan Alcoholics Anonymous - people who are born twice
Translated By: Walid Rahmani
Source: Feroz-News

Afghanistan Anonymous Alcoholics community is an expression used for addicts that use Alcohol besides drugs that endeavors to recover from drug harms. Afghanistan Anonymous Alcoholics community is a historical association that was formed in USA for the first time. When the association was formed, its members were not more than five, but a year later the number of its recovered members was more than forty. No one considers himself the founder of this association. Reliance to Allah and decision to abandon drugs have major roles in success.

Increasing the trend of drug is one of the social challenges in Afghanistan. The latest research of UNAS Depart­ment of Counter Narcotics shows that three million of Afghan citizens are addicted. This is several times more than last year’s research in the same period.

Anonymity - the most important presence ID
In a corner of Kabul city, Afghan­stan Anonymous Alcoholics organized a birthday for Mohammad. He is 35 years old, but his birthday cake has seven candles. Seven years and nine days had passed from his 'second birth’. Recovering is a second birth for all the members of this association. On his birthday, Mohammad talks about the time he was addicted and cries. None of the association’s members know anything about Mohammad’s last name and the place he used to live. It is not important for them. The noticeable point is his experience, and that other addicts learn from his experience.

Mohammad’s birthday and his tears speak of his experience of addiction. None of the members of Anonymous Alcoholics knows anything about Mohammad’s last name of the place he used to live when he was addicted. The only noticeable point is his experience he transfers to other addicts that will help them recover from that bad phenomenon. In the end, members of the association donate money as per their abilities.

Rasool, a member of Afghanistan Anonymous Alcoholics community says, “we never advise or encourage the addicts to recover. We just convey our experience of addiction to others and sometimes we hold our meeting in ‘Jungalak addict abandonment’ hospita­l. Members with different economic and social backgrounds are working in the association; because the most important characteristic of the members is to be Anonymous.

The Anonymous Alcoholics (AA) is introduced as an informal international organization that has members in 190 countries and its main purpose is “sharpen and to help others to aban­­­­don alcohol. According to international norms, the Afghanistan Anonymous Alcoholics is functioning by its own members’ funds, and is independent of other organizations.
Human Rights Activist Homa Turns to a Talib Zealot

Written by: Jumah Khan Rahyb
Source: Elalat-e-Rooz

The deadly suicide attack on 30th Jadi was called Chahabshaneh Shah (Black Widow). It was the first attack on a group of troops who worked inside the police and was a response to the attack in Kunduz. The attack was followed by a wave of protests and demands for the resignation of the government.

In her Facebook, Homa Sultani, the chairman of the committee, John Nicholson, at the beginning of the meeting in Afghanistan, within few months if the government does not have a better sense of conditions and the need to be next U.S. commander, held an official press conference and talked to the journalists. MPs told that it is ridiculous and the government also did not take seriously the Homa's claim; it seemed a joke and surprised everyone. Maybe, that was because no one believed that Homa Sultani could do what the government failed to do.

Before claiming such things, Homa tied close relationships with a number of Taliban leaders and the government did not have a better sense of conditions. The index shows that the security situation of this country is deteriorating.

According to the Associated Press, the Taliban group scored the highest votes. Sediq Ahmad Osmani and Homa Sultani scored 94 votes and 84 votes, respectively. However, there are some persons in the human activities. During her stay in Pakistan, she fell in love with a man and agreed to get married. Homa's family refused to her marriage, but she against her family desire insisted on her marriage with the man and went with her husband from Pakistan to Iran. Homa Sultani's marriage result is only one child.

Homa's family was involved in humanitarian organizations and was involved in humanitarian activities. She was a symbol of pride in the paradise. Homa's comments shocked many.
How Was I Socialized on Gender during my Childhood?

I was born in a traditional and closed society. I was aware at an early age that I am a "man" and have special rights and benefits. For instance, my family held a fashionable three nights' birthday party when I was born. This would not happen if I was born a girl. My parents were so proud that their first child was a boy. But since I am the only child of my parents, I cannot compare and judge if their behavior with their first child was a boy. But since I was born a girl, my parents told me that boys in such a society can have a positive effect on the family's income and they have more physical strength and muscles to work on the farms. Years after that period of my life, I realized that most of what I had been told during my childhood was socially constructed by our traditions and customs. Our religious institutions and authorities were mainly male-based and were thus able to theorize, conceptualize and implement a male-valued socio-political system. My roles and responsibilities changed as I grew older while women's roles and responsibilities remained almost the same. In other words, as a primary school boy I had the freedom to go wherever I wanted before and after school and girls, on the other hand, had to come back home immediately after school and had to help their mothers with housekeeping. As I became older, I was given more responsibilities. My community expected me to take part in income generating activities of my family.

These types of activities included irrigating, planting, harvesting, and all other chores that my father required. In grade ten, I was feeling as if I am responsible for the income of the whole family, just like my father. Meanwhile, girls' roles and responsibilities stayed the same and sometimes they were more restricted from leaving the house. It seemed that when boys grew up, girls went back to their childhoods where they need to be cared for and watched for every second.

There are many explanations for why these changes happened and are happening now. First, in a traditional society women are viewed as the property of men and as they grow up, men have fear of losing them. In other words, women are not considered as a workforce but as property. I remember a well-known proverb that said having a girl is like running with glass-es in your hand. There is a chance of breaking the glasses every second then you must be very careful. Second, religion plays a very decisive role in such a society. And Islamic fundamentalists are very powerful and play a vital role in leading the society. Unfortunately, these so-called religious scholars are not supportive about women's role in society and they believe a young lady should not walk in the street or any public places where strangers could see her. This is why they keep women out of any collective actions.

There is no doubt that the socio-cultural environment is a main factor in shaping one's personality, values and perception. Hence, I am not an exception to that rule. Many of the values from the early socialization of my childhood still rule over Afghan society. Many Afghans do not allow the women in their families to work, study or even go outside of their home or, at most, outside of their villages. Male-only areas still exist. I personally may not believe in some of those values which I think are wrong, but I have to respect them in order to respect my community, my family and my society. For instance, I may not believe that Muslim women should wear burqas, but I cannot forbid others from wearing them either. That is their own choice, and that is how they have been socialized.

As a man, I am satisfied with my status, roles and responsibilities. But I do believe that our society needs to change its perception on women's role, status, position and responsibilities. Clearly, our patriarchal society not only excludes women from any collective activities, but also it imprisons them at home. The perception to view women as men's property is insulting, rude and inhumane. There is a catalyst for the condition of women. Religious authorities do not help to improve the situation of women. They justify the pitiful condition of women based on Islamic texts. And that is why women's rights in my country is not only a social or political issue which can only be solved through improvement of systems. It has roots back to deep religious beliefs and is thus a very sensitive issue that can create intense conflict. That is why we need time, strategic planning and capable managers who can see the roots of the problems and have the patience and professionalism to improve gender justice in the country.

What can I do to improve the gender issue? First, I should accept that I do not believe in gender equality. While "equal rights" also means "equal responsibilities," I believe there are many biological and psychological differences between men and women that prevent us from holding the same responsibilities. But I believe in "gender justice." There have been many injustices toward women in my country and we have to improve legislation to provide gender equality. At a personal level, I will look for every step I have taken and other steps that I can take in the future to ensure gender justice. In my home, there will be gender justice among my children. At work, in my managerial level position I can decide whom to hire and I will take every measure to ensure my choice is in line with gender justice. Lastly, in my community, I will try to encourage women's participation in the social and political decision making processes.

About the author: Mohammad Husain Hazara is a former student of the Star Branch in Quetta, Pakistan and is a member of Star’s Advisory Board. He received his BBA from Bakhtar University, his Master of Development Studies from the Graduate Institute of Geneva, Switzerland and his MBA from Bakhtar University. He currently works as the Director of Expansion and Development of Financial Affairs at the Afghan Ministry of Finance. This article was written as an assignment on gender during his studies in Geneva.
About the author: Hadi Zaher was the first graduate of Quetta’s branch of Sir Educational Society in the year 1999. He has an MA from the University of Wollongong in Australia and is currently a post-graduate student at the University of New South Wales.

Stories
My Grandmother Told Me

Thangi Uthla is a few hours drive from the village. It is a narrow gorge that connects the mountains to the plains. People have been traveling through that gorge for ages, since my childhood, since the days of my forefathers and before. As far back as I can remember the Thangi has been infamous and bloodied. Even in the days before all the new wars, my parents told me stories about people who disappeared there or were found dead in the gorge.

In the days before cars, people had to travel through the Uthla Gorge to get to Ghazni and Kabul. They traveled on foot, with their food and water on their backs, for over ten to twelve days. Some of them went to buy merchandise, food or medicine. Other men passed through the gorge to get to Kabul for their compulsory military service. If they didn’t show up for the compulsory service, the King’s poloos or police, Government agent would arrest them, imprison them, and make the families or even the whole village pay a lot of fines. That was a fate more horrifying than risking your life on a trip to Kabul, and serving in the military for two years. Many many people, hundreds of people have been killed in that gorge.

The trip to Kabul was like a death sentence. First they could be killed at the gorge. Second, the Kuchis could kill them on their 10 to 12 days walk to Kabul. Third, they could be shot while doing their service in very far away place. Fourth, they could get sick and die without their families finding out for up to two years. Fifth, they could be killed on an equally dangerous return trip home at the end of their service. The farewells were always difficult because people knew that there might be no return.

Some people who made it through, spoke of hearing cries for help, people screaming to be saved. At other times, they said they came across dead bodies. They found people’s clothes and shoes left on rock slabs and roads. God knows who the killers were. They were bandits, Kuchis, or both.

That was a long time ago, but things have not changed much. Those killers are still there, and they still come out to harm people passing through the gorge. They take away whoever they want, demand ransom, or kill them. If the vehicles do not stop, they shoot and kill everyone in it. Now we have a name for those killers, they are the Taliban.

We passed through the gorge on my trip last year. As we approached it, we saw the Taliban positioned near the entrance to the gorge. They live close by. They don’t even try to hide. Most of them weren’t even covering their faces. There is no government, or police or any other power to stop them. We spotted them from a distance, but did not stop or turn around. If we did, they would have chased us on their motorcycles. They were armed with Kalashnikovs hanging on their shoulders.

Many Taliban sat in the shadow of a big rock. All of them carried guns. A couple of them approached the road, waved at the car and ordered the driver to stop. All of us in the car fell dead silent. The driver read his prayers; we all read our prayers. I was terrified. Those murdakhors could decide the fate of our lives.

One black-bearded white-turbaned Talib approached the car. He bent down near the window, and peeped inside. He saw that there were mostly women in the car. He began talking, and smiling because we had made it through, and were then in Hazara territory.

Had there been many men in the car, they would have stopped us, searched the car, and interrogated the passengers. God knows what would have happened then. The driver had warned us that there might be Taliban on the road, but even then nothing prepared me for that amount of terror in my heart. If not through Thangi Uthla, the car would have had to go through Dasht-e Qaran-bagh. That is even more dangerous. On that road too, the Taliban stop the cars frequently. They also plant road-side bombs there, and blow up carloads of people. We are surrounded. Regardless of which road we take, we will be at the mercy of the Taliban. It was like that before, it is still like that.

*Thangi = Gorge
*Polos = Police, Government agent
*Murdakhor = Dirt eaters
*Dasht = Plains

Earth
The earth opens her warm arms to embrace me
The earth is my mother
She understands the sorrow of my wandering
My wandering is an old crow
that conquers the very top of an aspen
a thousand times a day
Perhaps life is a crow
that each dawn dops its blackened beak
in the holy well of the sun
Perhaps life is the grief-streicken earth
who has opened up her bloodied arms to me
And here I give thanks
on the brink of victory*

Beauty
Your voice is like a girl
from the farthest green village
whose tall and graceful frame
is known to the pine trees on the mountains
Your voice is like a girl
who, at dusk,
will bathe in the clear springs of heaven
beneath the parasol of the moon
who, at dawn,
bears home a jar of pure light
who will drink sip by sip
from the river of the sun
Your voice is like a girl
from the farthest green village
who wears an anklet
forged from the songs of a brook
who wears an earring
spun from the whispering rain
who wears a necklace
woven from the silk of a waterfall
all of which grace the garden of the sun
wield by many-coloured blossoms of love
and you
are as beautiful as your voice

Partaw Naderi was born in Badakhshan a northern province of Afghanistan in 1931 (1953). He studied in his birthplace and graduated from the Faculty of Sciences at Kabul University in 1954 (1976). He was imprisoned in the notorious Pul-e-Charaki prison by the Soviet-backed regime for three years in the 1970s shortly after he'd begun to write poetry. He is now widely regarded as one of the leading modernist poets in Afghanisthan, the lyrical intensity of his work coupled with his bold use of free verse distinquishing him as a highly original and important poet. After years in exile he recently returned to live in Kabul where he is president of Afghan PEN.
Seventeen-year-old Abbas Karimi, a former Star student, was born with no arms and is a role model for other disabled people in Afghanistan. Karimi has mastered many skills to overcome the everyday problems of life without arms. He uses his feet to eat and drink, use his mobile phone, and can even drive a car. In a February 2013 Al Arabiya News article, one of Karimi’s classmates at Star, Safiullah Jan, is quoted as saying, “Abbas is the talented boy in our class. I can say that he is the most intelligent student of this center. Despite being armless, almighty God has given him other abilities and we can see that he is using his abilities very well and does everything.”

Abbas Jan, tell us briefly about yourself. I am Abbas Karimi. I am 18 years old. I am currently living in Istanbul and I am in tenth grade at an Istanbul High School. Seventeen-year-old Abbas Karimi, a former Star student, was born with no arms and is a role model for other disabled people in Afghanistan. Karimi has mastered many skills to overcome the everyday problems of life without arms. He uses his feet to eat and drink, use his mobile phone, and can even drive a car. In a February 2013 Al Arabiya News article, one of Karimi’s classmates at Star, Safiullah Jan, is quoted as saying, “Abbas is the talented boy in our class. I can say that he is the most intelligent student of this center. Despite being armless, almighty God has given him other abilities and we can see that he is using his abilities very well and does everything.”

Abbas Karimi, international swimming champion

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