



آرامش: Aramesh:
Mental Health for Young Afghan Women

Mental Health Campaign Stories



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01

“ Incomplete Journey Towards My Dreams

This is Marwa 21 years old, living in Nangarhar, Afghanistan.

As I grew up in educated family, I learned from a very early age that education can take me where I want to be, and make me the person I dream to become. I always craved to be my best version: to be independent financially, emotionally, and physically. To achieve this, I studied very enthusiastically, and graduated from high school with awards and achievements. Afterwards, to continue my journey of education, I started BCS bachelor of computer science. Although I was told by many to choose another course because girls hardly applied to computer science in our province but I convinced them all and got admission to prestigious faculty of BCS in Nangarhar. I completed two semesters with highest marks. Every day was an incredible experience for me, it was like a dream. Until one day, a sad turning of events wiped out everything. The Taliban returned, schools and universities were closed, and I was forced to stay at home like a prisoner. I, who had so much dreams, am now facing physiological, physical and mental health issues.

The girls I was has become a total stranger to me...



02

“ No Hope

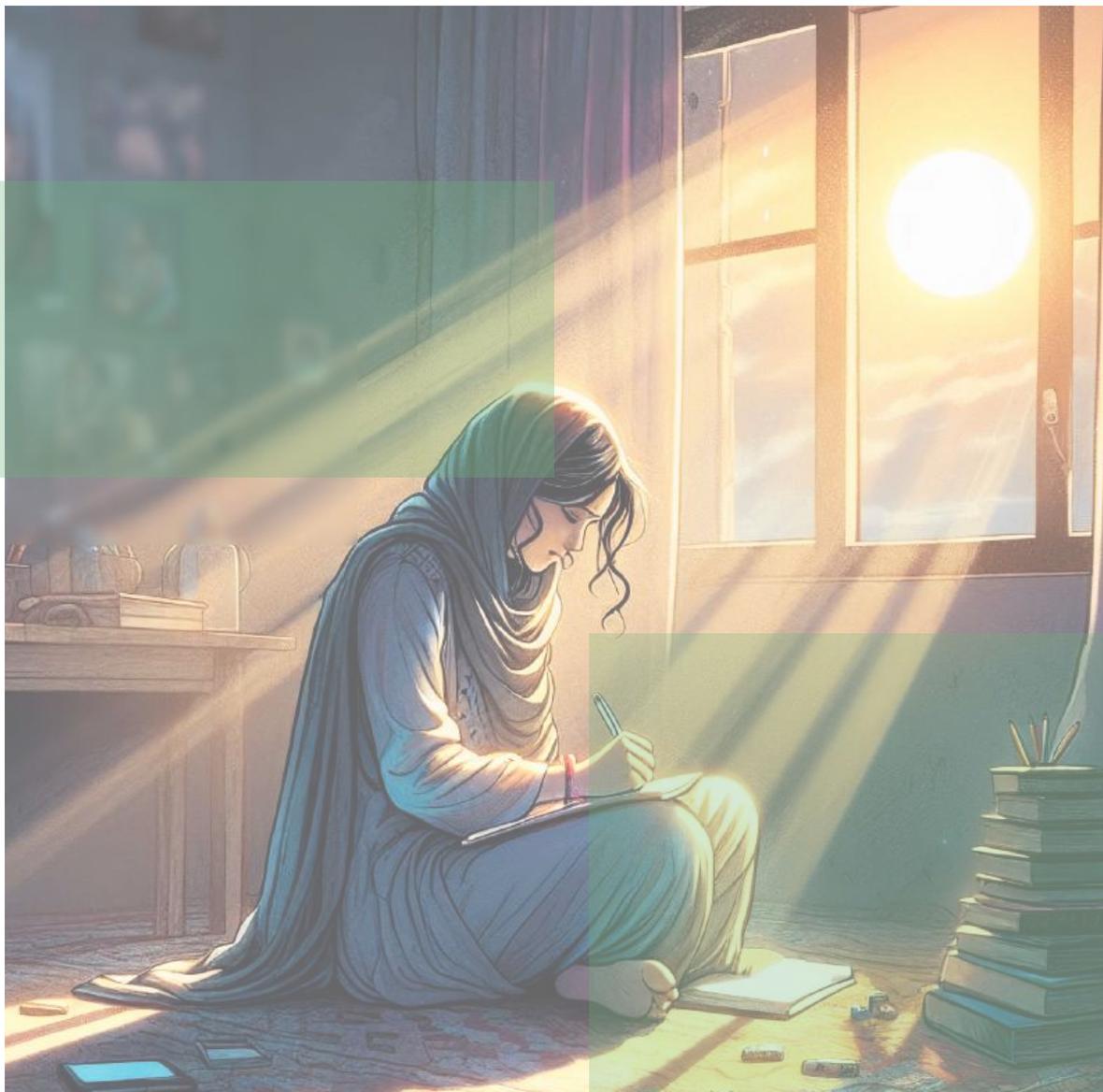
My name is Krishma and I am from Kabul Afghanistan. Throughout my life, I faced so many challenges when I perused education. The community we lived in, the conservative beliefs, the norms and everything else were like a thorn on my path. But I graduated from school. With the highest mark in my class. Little I knew that all my efforts, sacrifices, dreams, hopes, and plans would be shattered in blink of an eye. Yes, something I never even dreamt of happened. We were banned from continuing our education by the Taliban group. What am I supposed to do now? How can I look into the eyes of those who told me from the very beginning not to dream of being educated? Now, I am lost, nothing matters, all my dreams are stolen.



03

“ Hard to breath

I am alone in my room as I am writing this story. I hate seeing the sun raise everyday as if nothing has happened. I hate going out of my room to see the bright day while everything became dark for me. I keep myself hidden, all the time. I was not like this before. No. The person I am today is not the one I was 4 years ago when I could go to school. That person was very much happy, day dreamt, laughed, singed, planned so many things, and, most importantly, learned. All these things are taken away from me, by force, but what hurts the most is the fact that everyone acts as if nothing has happened. It has become hard for me to even breath now. I can't write anymore...



“ The last moment of happiness

It was such a lovely day, the birds sang, the breeze was refreshing, and we were happy. I and two of my friends were on our way to university. I told Mariam, one of friends as we walked, “I spent all night for the presentation, I hope I present it in a way to leave a good impression in the class.” Marwa replied teasingly, “I will get good marks, higher than you. No matter how much you have practices.” As we are talking we saw the gates of university. Everything seemed normal. Except that there were armed Taliban standing near the entrance door. As we approached, they shouted to go home. I thought something might have happened inside the university and that is why they ask as to not go inside. My other friends, Zainab, asked the Taliban if something happened inside to which they just replied, “go home, now!”.

I saw other girls near the entrance, crying. I asked them. Their reply still haunts me. “We are not allowed to study anymore; the doors of university are closed to us forever!”.

How can I express what I endured since then? How can I convey my anguish and sense of hopelessness?

Life has lost its meaning to me and millions of other girls now!”



“ But I’m Tired

This feeling weighs me down and makes me feel lost. It seems like every path I try leads to a dead end, leaving me unsure of where to go next. My dreams slip through my fingers, and I struggle to hold onto them and make them a reality. A few years ago, tragedy struck when an explosion rocked my school, taking the lives of many friends and classmates. The pain of that day still haunts me, and I remember crying as if my tears were made of blood. Despite the overwhelming grief, I found the strength to return to school, driven by the voices of my lost friends urging me to keep going. I made a promise to myself to pursue my dreams not just for me but for all the girls who never got the chance. However, life took an unexpected turn when the Taliban came, disrupting my plans. Yet, the memory of my promise and the encouragement of my departed friends pushed me forward.

I worked hard to improve myself, learning English and taking online classes. Eventually, I set my sights on attending the American University of Afghanistan (AUAF) and applied for a scholarship. But as I face the challenge of poor internet connectivity and the responsibility of caring for my elderly father, mentally ill mother, and sick brother, doubts cloud my mind. I feel torn between pursuing my dreams and fulfilling my family obligations. The uncertainty of whether I can continue my education weighs heavily on me. Despite the setbacks and obstacles, I want to encourage other girls in similar situations to seize opportunities and chase their dreams. To all the girls out there facing challenges like mine in Afghanistan, I urge you to ask yourself, “Why shouldn’t I go for it?” Even when the road ahead seems daunting, remember that if you have the chance, you should take it. And if circumstances make it difficult, it’s okay to step back. I find myself at a crossroads, unsure of which path to take, but I hold onto hope that perseverance and determination will guide.



“ How I Changed

This is 22-year-old Kalsoom Ghaws, living in Nangarhar, Afghanistan. Unfortunately, from my childhood, some of my family members were not very supportive of my education background, but my brother supported me all the time. I vividly remember being enrolled in school and being the smallest student in class. So with lot of difficulties I graduated from high school and got admission in Al-Taqwa University, I was cheerful every day because this is what I wanted. I dreamt to become a lawyers, help my community and family. But little I knew that soon all my dreams would be destroyed. During my first year, the Taliban came and soon schools and universities were banned for girls. From that day I feel I am lost and I won't be able to find myself again. Staying away from education is a great misfortune for us Afghan girls. Currently, there is no way for us to continue academic education in Afghanistan under the Taliban's regime.





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سلامت روان داستان های کمپین



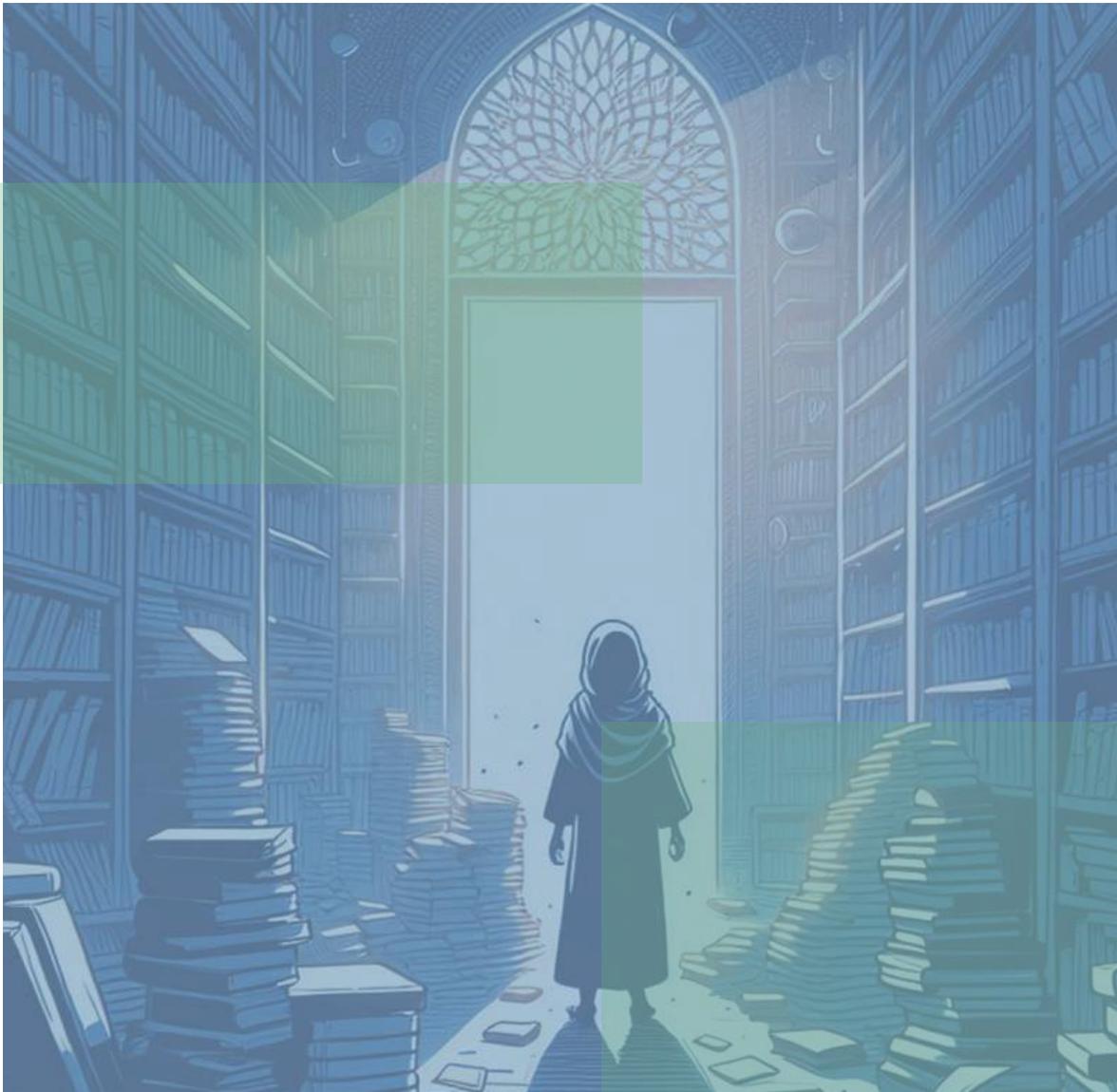
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نفس در گروگان قفس (نفس کشیدن در گروی قفس)

”چه اهمیتی دارد که من پر و بال ،قشنگی ،زیرکی ،صدای شیوا،هدف بلند و توانایی پرواز دارم اما در قلمرویی که تحت پوشش چهار چوکات های ریز احاطه شده توسط زور گویان و سواستفاده گران از توانایی هایم زیست دارم. مگر تقصیر من است که قفس قلمرویی پرواز من را کوتاه ساخته است ؛ مگر این خواست من است که نفس هایم در محدوده افکار کوچک سواستفاده گران قرار گیرد ؛ و یا اینکه من حق تماشایی آسمان آبی و بی انتهای پروازم را نداشته ام ، نکند دلیل این همه بدبختی هایم پر و بالم است ویا قشنگی ام ویا زیرکی ام و یا صدای شیوا ام و یا اهداف بلند و بلند پروازی هایم و یا توانایی پروازم ،،،“

-ناشناس



په افغانستان هیواد کی د انجونو پر مخ د تحصیل بندیدل

“کله چی طالبانو د افغانستان دولت و نیول نو د افغانستان په 34 ولایتونو کی یی د انجونو تحصیل بند کړو چی په دي کړنی سره د افغان انجونو هیلی ووژل شول او د تحصیل حق ورنکړل شو همدا یی علت وه چی افغان انجونی په روانی ناروغیو باندی اخته شول چی بد بختانه اوس مهال طالبانو خپل قانون د بنسټو پر مخ نور هم سخت کړل بنسټو ته حق نه ورکول کیږی نو ځکه افغان انجونی د بد حالت سره په افغانستان کی مخ دي او ورځ تر بلی افغان انجونی د اوسنی نظام تر خطر لاندی دي ژوند کوی آزادی نه ورکول کیږی د تحصیل حق نه ورکول کیږی همدا یی علت دي چی ورځ تر بلی د افغان انجونو په ډیپریشن ناروغی د اخته کیدلو شمیر نور هم په زیاتیدلو دی چی پدی سره د افغانستان راتلونکی نسل هم د خطر سره مخ دی”

-خاطره



تاریکی و ناامیدی

“داستان مشکلات همه خیلی زیاد است و واقعیت های نگفته هم چنان. من فارغ التحصیل رشته اقتصاد پوهنتون بلخ بودم. 16 سال زنده گئی تحصیلی ام را رنج درد و مشقت های زیادی گذشته مهارت های علمی فنی تخنیکى را در طول دوران مکتب و دانشگاه فرا گرفتم تا بتوانم روز خود و خانواده و جامعه را با اقتصاد شکوفا داشته باشم. امروز هیچ فرصتی کاری حتی کوچکترین حرکتی در من نیست. با آمدن حکومت جدید و بستن شدن دروازه های فرصت و کار من در کنج خانه ناامید خسته و افسرده نشسته ام استعداد ، توانایی هایم همه آغوشته چهاردیواری خانه شد نه علاقه به خواندن کتاب دارم و نه پیشرفتی است. آنقدر خسته ام دردکش نه دارم تا بگویم من چی کنم کجا بروم این سوال در ذهنم را بسته من یک جوان تار و تاریک و بی صدا ماندم”

- ثمیلا

