

WRITING LESSON

EVERY GIRL'S RIGHT



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Standing With Malala: Meet the Girls Who Survived the Taliban and Kept Going to School

In the Taliban assassination attempt on Malala Yousafzai, Shazia Ramzan, and Kainat Riaz were also shot—for no more than daring to go to school. Three years later, they’re more committed to education than ever.



Photo of Kainat Riaz, Shazia Ramzan, and Malala Yousafzai courtesy of the Malala Fund

By Jing Fong and Araz Hachadourian

ON A TUESDAY IN OCTOBER 2012, A BUS CARRYING THE STUDENTS OF KHUSHAL GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE IN PAKISTAN’S SWAT VALLEY CAME TO A STOP. THE GIRLS INSIDE WERE ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM A DAY OF EXAMS.

“I was looking outside daydreaming,” recalls Shazia Ramzan, who was 14 years old at the time.

“I was talking with my best friend, Sana,” says Ramzan’s friend, Kainat Riaz, who was 16. “I was so happy that I finished my paper.”

Moments later, Taliban gunmen boarded the bus looking for the girls’ classmate Malala Yousafzai, a 15-year-old advocate for girls’ education who wrote about the Taliban and education on her blog. The men asked, “Who is Malala?” Moments later, she was shot in the

forehead. Ramzan was hit twice in the arm, and Riaz in the hand.

In 2007, the Taliban arrived in the Swat Valley—known by locals as the “Switzerland of Pakistan” for its natural beauty—and began ordering the closure of schools, particularly for girls. The next year, Malala protested the closures with a speech entitled, “How Dare the Taliban Take Away My Basic Right to Education?” By the end of 2008, the Taliban had banned all schools for girls.

The October 2012 shooting was just one act of terror used to enforce the ban. The Taliban bombed schools, raided houses, and threatened teachers. The girls who kept going feared for their well-being. They hid their schoolbags beneath their clothes and kept books under their beds and burkas just to avoid discovery.

I didn't go to hospital because I felt that the guy would come again and he will shoot me. But I didn't know why. He shot Malala because Malala rose for education and she wrote her diary.

After the shooting, Malala was moved to Britain for months of medical treatment. She has since gone on to pursue her education and to become the youngest-ever Nobel Peace Prize winner, a human rights activist, author, and the subject of the recently released documentary *He Named Me Malala*. The film is tied to a 12-month social action and advocacy campaign called *Stand #withMalala* sponsored by the Malala Fund, which was co-founded by Malala and her father, Ziauddin Yousafzai.

At first, Ramzan and Riaz remained in Swat. They wanted to return to school but were not allowed on the bus for fear the Taliban would come after them again. Instead, they took

rickshaws. When a bomb went off behind Riaz's house, neighbors blamed her and asked her to leave.

In 2013, hoping for an education free of these struggles, both girls accepted an invitation to study at UWC Atlantic College in Wales. (Malala had been offered a scholarship, but declined and asked that her two friends be given the opportunity instead.) They arrived without their families, speaking almost no English.

Today, Ramzan and Riaz are working with the Malala Fund to advocate for girls' education. They spoke to YES! in November about how their experience led them to stand up for other girls—not just in Pakistan, but everywhere.



Photo of Ramzan and Riaz courtesy of the Malala Fund.

This interview has been lightly edited.

YES!: What was it like growing up in the Swat Valley?

Riaz: My childhood was the best. I had freedom to do whatever I wanted, especially because my family is really educated. [I miss] my town, my schools, my teachers, my friends, everything.

Ramzan: I miss all the beautiful mountains where it snows. We had peace. Then the Taliban came to Swat.

YES!: What happened when they came?

Ramzan: It was really difficult for us to go outside and to get an education. Even for shopping, women were not allowed. So my peaceful Swat became horrible.

One day the military came and said, you

have to leave your homes. So everyone left their houses. We spent three months outside of our city. When we came back, it wasn't our Swat. It was completely different.

There were buildings destroyed, mostly schools. At that time we weren't allowed to go to school. We still wanted to go to school so we hid our books and did not wear our school uniforms.



Ramzan and Riaz in front of the 12th century Welsh castle where UWC Atlantic College is located. Photo courtesy of Ramzan and Riaz

Riaz: In the beginning they said that they were just talking about Islam. Everyone wants to follow Islam but the way they are doing it—like stopping things like education and women's rights... In the end they are doing such a stupid thing. It was not in Islam.

When they came and wanted to stop the girls' education they sent letters to each school. Sometimes they did bomb blasting in the schools and sometimes there were students and teachers who died.

There was just one school open. First, I studied in another school and they got a letter from the Taliban that said you can't teach to children—especially girls. So that is why I changed my school and I went to Malala's father's school.

YES!: Could you tell me a little bit about the day on the bus? What happened after?

Riaz: The guy came and asked, "Who is Malala?" But because Malala didn't cover her face, maybe he knew that she was Malala. And then he shot us. At that time I just saw my hand and Malala. She fell on the bus floor and then my eyes became

blurred and I didn't know who came here and what happened. When I saw the blood it was a really hard time for me because I never saw blood. And there was the screaming of people. I screamed a lot.

**My town told me, "This happened because of you and you should leave the town."
I said, "How could I leave the town where I grew up?"**

Ramzan: Our driver took us to the hospital, which was near our houses. After dressing my hand and my shoulder, they asked me to bring my family. They handed me the phone and I couldn't find the words to talk to my family that I am in hospital. Then I asked the doctor, "Where is Malala?" I could only think about Malala at that time.

Next morning, they took me to the hospital where Malala was, an army hospital. When I entered the ward I was in a wheelchair. The doctor showed me the person who was lying on the bed. "Do you know who she is?" And I said, "No, who is she?" He told me that she is Malala. I couldn't believe. The swelling on her face. [She] was unrecognizable.

Riaz: I didn't go to hospital because I felt that the guy would come again and he will shoot me. But I didn't know why. He shot Malala because Malala rose for education and she wrote her diary. But at that time I didn't realize anything. At that time, I just thought that that he will come and follow me and shoot me and I will die. That's it.

When I came home, only my brother and sister-in-law were in the house. He saw the blood on my clothes and on my scarf. He said, "Oh let's go to the hospital right now." The bullet was still in my hand.

YES!: What did you feel when you were released from the hospital?

Ramzan: I spent a month there. I wasn't allowed

to go outside and people were not allowed to meet me. It was really hard for me because I wanted to see sunshine.

Riaz: At that time after I got shot, for one week I couldn't sleep at all. Because whenever I just closed my eyes [I pictured] what happened to us on the bus: lots of blood and Malala and my hand.

So after my recovery, one-and-a-half months, I wanted to start to go to school again. We [asked] other people for bus travel. Openly they told us, "No, we are scared. We are sorry we can't pick you up."

After three months we had a bomb blast behind my house. So my town told me, "This happened because of you and you should leave the town." I said, "How could I leave the town where I grew up?"

YES!: When did you realize that you could speak out and stand up to the Taliban or anyone else threatening your education?

Ramzan: Before the day on the bus we were just listening to Malala and what she was doing. We were just supporting Malala. After the bus, I realized that I should speak up. I should speak up for the girls who are not going to school. I should speak up for myself, that education is my right. Without education I can't do anything. I think no one can do anything. By education you know the world.

Riaz: And education is not just for girls to go to school and learn what the teacher says. Education is also from other people—from your parents, from your friends, from everyone. What they think, what they said.

YES!: We asked some students in the United States what questions they would ask you. They want to know, how do you feel about going to school in a class with both boys and girls?

Ramzan: For me, I think it's really good to get education with boys and girls, coeducation, because it makes me think that we are not different. We are equal. That is what I feel here in UWC Atlantic College with the mix of other students. Mix of

boys, mix of girls. We have different nationalities. When you hear other people's stories it makes you think that we are here in the right place. And I feel like this should be similar in Pakistan. In Pakistan now it is getting similar—when boys and girls are allowed to get education.

You should stand for your right. No one can stand for you.

YES!: What do you like to study?

Riaz : My favorite subject is biology. When I was 8 years old I decided I wanted to become a doctor. Especially I want to become a gynecologist because in Swat, especially in the village, a woman can't go to a man doctor and in Pakistan most of the specialization doctors [are men].

YES!: What can teachers, students, families, and communities do to help what you and Malala have started?

Ramzan: You can join in #withMalala, and also look up, in your areas, where people and students are not allowed to get education or they can't afford to get education.

YES!: If you could invent a perfect school, what would it look like?

Ramzan: (Laughs). I really like badminton but [there's nowhere in] Swat where I can play badminton. I will organize a big ground for the girls so they can play what their hobbies are. I will let them to choose what they want to do.

Riaz: First, there would be coeducation. There are individual schools for boys and girls in Pakistan. My school would be coeducation because now I can see that when boys and girls are in the same class they learn from each other and have more confidence.

I will also give the opportunity to people who want to speak [to] get more confidence and

courage. Don't be silent. Don't wait for others.
Don't be shy, because this is your life.

YES!: How have you changed since that day on the bus?

Ramzan: I have changed a lot. I wasn't comfortable to speak up for my rights before that. I always sat in front of the TV and watched other people [give] interviews and speeches. You know when you have that feeling that in your heart that you want to do something but then you don't feel comfortable to do [it]?

I was really scared in my classes to speak to my teachers. But now I speak freely. I share my ideas.

Riaz: Now I have more confidence, more strength, and more support from my family and from other people. I feel now that I can do everything. I know I'm not a great girl, but I can see sometimes that I can do something that I didn't expect from myself.

YES!: What is your wish for girls around the world?

Ramzan: I wish for them that they can achieve what they want. This is your world. This is your choice. You should stand up for your rights. No one can stand for you.

If one person can be educated, they can teach other people. They can teach other children. You help one person and they will also help another person. If we stand for other people, we all can become Malala.

Part 2: The Writing Prompt

The Taliban prohibited Shazia Ramzan and Kainat Riaz from going to their schools in Pakistan because they were girls. No books, no teachers, no school friends, no future. But that didn't stop them. Now, they attend high school in Wales, and are standing up for a girl's fundamental right to free, safe, quality education. Worldwide, over 60 million girls are currently prevented from going to school.

Describe how you would feel if you were forcibly banned from going to school tomorrow—and indefinitely. What would you do?

Part 3: Writing Guidelines

The writing guidelines below are intended to be just that: a guide. Please adapt to fit your curriculum.

- Provide an original essay title.
- Reference the article.
- Limit the essay to no more than 700 words.
- Pay attention to grammar and organization.
- Be original. Provide personal examples and insights.
- Demonstrate clarity of content and ideas.

Common Core State Standards:

This writing exercise meets several Common Core State Standards for grades 6-12, including W. 9-10.3 and W. 9-10.14 for Writing, and RI. 9-10 and RI. 9-10.2 for Reading: Informational Text. This standard applies to other grade levels. "9-10" is used as an example.

How did this lesson work for you and your students?

Share your feedback with us and other teachers
by leaving a comment on our website:

copy lesson article url here!

Part 4: Evaluation Rubric

Our rubric should serve as a guide, not an unreasonable or rigid standard. You’ve probably encountered similar rubrics before, but here are two quick pointers for using ours:

1. In the left column, find the criteria for evaluating essays.
2. In the top row, find scores from 4 (outstanding) to 1 (poor).

	4	3	2	1
Focus on topic	There is one clear, well-focused topic. Main idea is supported by detailed information.	Main idea is clear, but general.	Main idea is somewhat clear, but there is need for more supporting evidence.	Main idea is not clear. There is a seemingly random collection of information.
Organization	Details are placed in a logical order and the way they are presented effectively keeps the reader’s interest.	Details are placed in a logical order, but the way they are presented sometimes make the writing less interesting.	Some details are not in a logical or expected order, and this distracts the reader.	There is no clear introduction of the main topic or structure of the paper.
Originality and strength of ideas	Formulates a thought-provoking, well-developed, and fairly original position on an issue.	Writer takes a clear position on an issue, though it is not developed fully.	Writer’s position is evident, though it is vague.	Fails to take a clear position, or writer contradicts herself.
Evidence and/or reasoning	Provides specific reasons and/or evidence that demonstrate understanding and insight.	Offers adequate – though perhaps vague or incomplete – supporting reasons and/or evidence	Provides less than adequate or contradictory reasons or evidence to support position.	Offers only general reasons or evidence or none, or offers evidence contradictory to the writer’s thesis or main idea.
Command of grammar and conventions	Command of conventions exhibited. Creative word choice and varied sentence structure.	Correct use of grammar and conventions (for the most part).	Weak control of grammar and conventions. Errors are distracting.	Use of grammar and conventions interferes with understanding.
Voice	Author’s voice is strong and engaging. Draws reader in.	Writing attracts reader’s interest. Author’s voice shows engagement with the topic.	Technically well written; however, author’s voice is weak.	Writing fails to engage the reader. Does not demonstrate writer’s interest in topic.

* Adapted from “Rubric for Editorial – Commentary Essay” from LAEP.org and “6+1 Traits of Writing Rubric” from ReadWriteThink.org.

Part 5: Sample Essays

To Say “Nah”

By Dakota Cline, grade 8

When I first heard about the prompt for the YES! article, “Standing With Malala: Meet the Teenagers Who Survived the Taliban and Kept Going to School,” I thought, “Totally! I’ll write about how I don’t want to go to school!”

Because I don’t.

Like many American teenagers, school is not one of my top priorities. I would rather be drumming, biking, or skiing than attending, say, my science class. So, when asked how I would feel if I were forcibly banned from going to school, I was eager to illustrate my point: school is lame.

With this opinion in mind, it’s clear that Malala Yousafzai and I have almost nothing in common. We live on different sides of the globe, and have different daily routines. We brush our teeth differently, get to school differently, we even hang out with our friends differently. These unique lives result in different values. There are very few things we have in common, except for one: our drive to rebel.

In Malala’s hometown of Mingora, Pakistan, attending school as a girl was frowned upon, and most had to pay to go. In my hometown of Boulder, Colorado, I am required by law to attend school. It is free, and a place highly regarded for girls and boys alike.

Another famous rebel of her time, Rosa Parks, also has almost nothing in common with me.

Rosa grew up in a segregated society as a minority, while I am a white male who does not experience segregation. Rosa was sneered at and spat on, and if I was spat on, my parents would probably press charges. When a white man told Rosa to go to the back of the bus, Rosa had the same drive, the same spark that Malala had, and refused to budge.

Ponder this:

As a teenager, I am pretty critical of the

world; my nature is to rebel against societal expectations, and my version of rebelling is not liking school. Malala’s nature, from what I’ve learned about her, is also to rebel against her society’s expectations. Her version of rebelling, whether she calls it that or not, was to go to school and to learn with passion. Rosa Parks’ version of rebellion was not to give up her seat for a white man—and boycott Montgomery buses. We are all doing the opposite of what our society tells us to do, although that means completely different things for all of us.

My parents may say, “Go to school, Dakota!”

Malala’s grandfather may say, “Stay at home and work!”

Rosa Parks’ neighbors may say, “You aren’t allowed to sit at the front of the bus!”

I may say, “Nah.”

Malala may say, “Nah.”

Rosa may say, “Nah.”

But I can’t just quit school. I can’t boycott school without serious repercussions from my parents and elders. There is, for me, no way around school.

Yet I can learn a valuable lesson here. I can harness the drive, the desire to rebel, now. Then when I’m out of school, I can recapture that drive and use it for the things I may want to stand up for. I know that I am capable of the “want” part, which is the most important part of any rebellion. It’s the same equation with two different values. I rebel against my system, as most teenagers do, and Malala rebels against her system, too.

So school is something that I don’t necessarily like—I actually dislike it quite a bit—but the lesson to be learned here is that you sometimes need the things that you dislike to spark a personal revolution. Without oppression, suffering, and boredom, no one would have the drive to make society better. Without the bad things in life, we wouldn’t find the motivation to do good things.

So, if I were indefinitely banned from school, I would be happy, but that’s the impulsive part of me talking. The wiser part knows that it’s important to listen to the drive inside of us. It’s important sometimes to say, “Nah.”

Education: Every Girl's *Haq* (Right) To Make Her Voice Heard

By Hamna Khalid, grade 11

I could have been Malala. Had I been born a few hundred kilometers north of my birthplace, had my parents been different people, had I been given different luck, I could have been Malala. We were both born into a world that tells us we are inferior because we're female. I could have been a girl living in the beautiful Swat Valley, devastated when my home was destroyed. Had my fate been different, I could have been one of millions of girls around the world who was denied her right to an education.

From the time my parents immigrated to North America from Pakistan, I have been acutely aware of the effect education can have on a person's life. My own parents had tirelessly spent years in school to provide for me and my siblings. In Pakistani culture, a child's education is of utmost importance. I have specific memories of my khaalas (the Urdu word for aunts) asking me about my grades. Even now, at sixteen, my dada abbu (or grandfather) still asks about my GPA over the phone. School has been the backbone of almost every conversation I have had with my extended family. Education is not just about grades, but experiences such as interacting with your peers, debating controversial topics, and even listening to other people's stories. Since I was a child, education has always been the key to success.

As I grew older, I realized that education not only gave me the ability to plan a secure future for myself, but it also gave me the confidence to find my voice. Growing up in the Western world, almost entirely removed from the developing countries I trace my roots back to, it is easy to become insular, completely unaware of the reality of life for many people. An education,

something I take for granted, is a privilege in societies where there are so many obstacles threatening it. But despite the contrast, girls in Pakistan, or any other country in the world, are just like me. Their laughter is just like mine. Their happiness as well deserved as anyone's. Their tears as warranted, and their dreams just as significant. Yet girls like Malala are forced to face something as simple as going to school every day with more courage than many of us are able to muster in our entire lifetimes.

If I woke up tomorrow and was told that I could no longer go to school because of my gender, I would be heartbroken. I know what it is like to be told that I cannot do something because I am a girl. I can only imagine how that feeling of despair would be intensified a thousand times if I was put in the same situation as Malala. I can feel the initial incredulous anger and disbelief that this was happening, quickly followed by overwhelming sadness that I lived in a world where other human beings let this happen. I would be devastated. How dare they silence me? How dare they make me feel worthless because of my gender? How dare they make me ashamed of being a girl? I am who I am because of my education and without it, I have no idea who I would be.

If girls risk their lives to be advocates for education, then I have an obligation to be an advocate in my own community and use my voice to speak out against those who dismiss them. Because I have been fortunate enough to be well-educated, I can use my voice to help amplify theirs. I have an obligation to make the world hear their stories and educate the world with them. Education is "every girl's right" because girls are human beings and they deserve the right to know, in the words of Walt Whitman, "that the powerful play goes on and you will contribute a verse." The right to education allows us, as members of the human race, to compose our own verses, and share them with the world.

I am Malala. I am Shazia. I am Kainat. I am every girl who has been told "no" because of her gender. I stand with the oppressed and demand that my voice be heard.

A Mother's Motivation

By Kelsi Belcher, college freshman

I graduated from East Jackson Public Schools in 2011 with a mediocre GPA that I was less than proud of. Although absorbing information had always come easily to me, my efforts never matched my natural abilities. Constantly allowing personal issues to come before school, I took my educational opportunities for granted. I just didn't care. Convinced that college wasn't for me, while all my friends were filling out their applications, I instead enlisted in the United States Army.

After high school graduation, I said farewell to my friends and was shipped off to Basic Combat Training. After my training was completed, I returned home to what felt like nothing. All my friends were off at colleges and universities making something of themselves, and my mistakes from the past hindered me from doing the same. Feeling lost with nowhere to go, I reverted to the typical "lost teenager" tendencies. I confided in the wrong group of people, drank myself to sleep several of my pathetic nights, and focused more on where I could get my hands on drugs than on anything else in my life. In those few short months, I made the most poisonous decisions of my life, until I got the shocking news that forced me to grow up.

July 9, 2013 was the first day of the rest of my life. On this day, I gave birth to my son, the most gorgeous being I have ever laid eyes upon. Instantly, my life was put into perspective. He changed my whole world and mindset in a matter of seconds. For the first time in what felt like forever, my life had purpose again. Holding this tiny miracle in my arms, I vowed three things: to protect him from evil, expose him to the good, and to raise him to be someone we'd both be proud of someday. Never would I allow Grady, my son, to feel as low as I once had from lack of educational confidence. This perfect boy is my hero and I will do everything in my power

to give him the best life possible.

I sit here five years after high school graduation as a strong, confident single mother, who is beyond proud of herself and her accomplishments. In the last few years, I've obtained three distinct medical certifications. I am currently enlisted in the Army National Guard and attend two separate colleges for my paramedic's license and nursing prerequisites. I'm indescribably grateful that I recognized the importance of education and have had the opportunity to better myself through it. Knowledge doesn't only bring you knowledge; it brings you confidence and power. It teaches you social skills, and your classmates create an added support system. Thinking about the mindset I used to have breaks my heart, and thinking about someone taking away my right to learn not only angers me, but also saddens me tremendously. Education has brought so much light to my once-dark life, as well as the determination to never quit, not only for myself, but for my son.

When you're privileged, it's easy to take your education for granted and not realize how fortunate you are. It's even harder to put yourself in someone's shoes who doesn't have the same educational rights as you, like Malala Yousafzai. In the YES! article, "Standing With Malala: Meet the Teenagers Who Survived the Taliban and Kept Going to School," we learned of the many struggles she and her peers confronted daily and how she fearlessly stood up to the Taliban, eventually resulting in a shot in the face at the age of fifteen. Even then, she didn't give up, using the attack as motivation rather than intimidation. Teenage years are for being selfish and making mistakes, not being selfless and making a difference. Malala was an exception.

Luckily, I live in America where women don't have such hostile threats to their education. Because of this, it's impossible for me to say whether I could be as brave as Malala if I were in the same situation. She showed a colossal amount of courage and it's mind-boggling to even fathom, let alone claim, that I would undoubtedly imitate Malala. It's likely I would've been scared and submissive,

Part 5: Sample Essays

(Kelsi Belcher's essay continued)

accepting the fact that I didn't have a right to an education. But as I sit here, seven years older than Malala, with something to live for and so much more to prove and accomplish, it would be a cold day in hell before I allowed anyone to take away my right to an education. I would call every lawyer and news station willing to listen, enlist every woman I knew brave enough to protest, and fight for what's rightfully ours. Malala's passion is honorable, and her love for women's equality is her purpose to keep going. I tuck my purpose into bed every night, and I will fight for him for the rest of my life.

Deprived of a Brain

By Edward Ramirez, grade 9

We all need education, but some people just don't see it. Some American students wake up every morning for school and say, "I don't want to go to the 'hell hole,'" but for girls in the Middle East, a normal day could turn into a hell hole from which they would not come out alive. If I were deprived of my education, I would fight with every bone and muscle in me to learn.

The YES! Magazine article, "Standing With Malala: Meet the Teenagers Who Survived the Taliban and Kept Going to School," states "we hid our book bags underneath our clothes." Some girls in America don't care about books like Malala, but rather about the hoops they wear. Girls in the Middle East have to find loops around the Taliban, and their toes curl every time a school gets bombed, while girls in America only care about the loops and curls in their hair.

Some people in the world, like Malala, want so badly to learn that they would choose the possibility of a bullet to the head. They hope to one day achieve an education without struggle, where a struggle means running the risk of getting bombed. There, bullets and bombs are not good enough reasons to stop attending school. Western civilization, however, sees a cough as an excuse not to attend school. I am different, though. As a child of Latino parents who have high expectations of me, even a fever is not an acceptable excuse to miss school. No matter if an earthquake happened that day, I would be at school.

I was born in North Carolina and spent my childhood years there. Being a Hispanic kid in an all-white classroom in North Carolina was not fun. Teachers wouldn't truly pay attention to me, but they would always make sure that the girl with the beautiful blonde hair understood. I was prevented from fully learning because I was busy standing up for myself after being called a "wetback."

When I would raise my hand to speak or answer a question, kids would yell, "Sit down! We don't care. You're not important." I wanted

Part 5: Sample Essays

(Edward Ramirez's essay continued)

to learn and succeed, but they didn't seem to care about my learning or my success. That angered me— what would I do without an education? My dreams of sitting in the Oval Office or accepting an Oscar vanished in plain sight.

However, I still found a way to learn. When I would get home, I would ask my mother to take me to the library and read some of the books from class that had been taken from me and given to other students. I became independent and started to use the computers at the library to research information that I missed out on in class. This experience, as difficult as it was, allowed me to know that if my education were taken away from me tomorrow, in a year, or in twenty years, I would find a way to learn.

Having my right to learn taken from me is not acceptable. I would learn from books and find older people to teach me. I would then pass on this knowledge to younger kids. Sleeping outside of school and protesting are also means through which I would fight for my education.

Depriving someone of learning is like depriving them of water. Without water, we die, and the same goes for when we take away education. If we have no knowledge, we are stuck with a job that pays four dollars an hour, like street vendors and farm workers. Very few well-paying jobs are out there for people without an education. We wouldn't make enough to pay rent, let alone eat, so we would die of starvation. Education helps us survive, but more than that, it allows us to live a full and successful life.

Don't give up until the kids of your kids have access to an education. Fight and fight until taking a bullet to the head is not a consequence of learning or teaching. I won't stay quiet; I will use my voice, speak up, and protest until every kid in the world has an opportunity to learn.