

## 2020 Kabul University Attack

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On November 2, 2020, we started the day with so much hope. Each of us struggled for a better future in a world of panic and dread. One with old clothes and bare feet and the other with a hungry stomach, all held pens and books, trying to join the caravan of science and knowledge.

The sun shone like any other day. All the students were heading towards the university under the blue sky. We were studying in the classroom and planning for the final projects of our undergraduate course, unaware that we were being attacked. It was the middle of the day when one of our friends, in a trembling voice, opened the classroom door and cried, "Flee!" Precisely, it was that time that three gunmen armed with assault rifles and other heavy equipment attacked the campus of Kabul University in Kabul, Afghanistan. We were all in a panic. The voice of students moaning and screaming made hearts cry; even the birds of the sky wept for us.

We were lucky students because we succeeded in getting out of there, but we lost many of our friends. Over intelligence reports, 32 people were killed and 50 wounded in that terrorist attack, but the accuracy of this report is unknown. Kabul University is one of the largest universities of higher education in Afghanistan with a capacity of 22,000 students. In addition, Kabul University is one of the oldest universities in Afghanistan and played a vital role in the development and progress of Afghan generations at the international and national levels.

Unfortunately, after that horrible attack, we no longer dared to go to university. Our hearts were wounded; we were no longer able to read the message of a father who said, "Where are you, father's soul?" They broke our wings. They did not give us a chance to fly. Can someone tell me what our sin was?

They destroyed us with cannons and guns; they dragged us to the ground and blood; they buried us in the soil; they turned Afghanistan into a cemetery of Afghans. Notwithstanding the worst condition, we got up firmer than before. We flew with broken wings. Yes, we are such powerful seeds that we always stay strong, and we are going more solidly and well-appointed than before.

We will not let our country turn into a nest of ignorance and darkness.  
We will sing the anthem of freedom again and again.