

Fate of Farrah

An Untold Story of a Pashtun Girl

A short narrative written by
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I was born in an old traditional pashtoon family in Afghanistan on 22 March 1985 at Saul. The village was located in the lap of beautiful mountain with dense forest located near Gardez Afghanistan as I remember. Pasture lands and fast flowing cold stream originating from the melted snow of the mountain peak increases the beauty of homeland. My little mud and brick house was encircled by twenty odd houses of the same kind. In the evening time all the next-door women and my mother Fatima used to assemble at one place to confer matters related to day to day tribal life. In the mean time we, the children's both boys and girls were playing hide and seek around the mud houses. This was our daily routine and nature was fully harmonizing our mood. Most often we used to jump in to the water of a nearby stream, but every time we risked of being scolded by Arif's father Jabbar khan who was most respected person in the village.

In the month of Ramzan at the sunset time called the iftiyar means to open fasting , we the children used to watch Aziz kak announcing iftiyar, iftiyar, iftiyar from the window on his self made instrument called hapatkraal. We always remained anxious to hear the first sound. As soon as he produces the sound, we used to rush to our respective houses to pass the same message of iftiyar to our elders so that they could open their fasting. Family members also pretended as they were waiting for the same, but in reality they were being well versed with the sound. With this action of giving the message of iftiyar to my parents my joy was going beyond its limits when I was receiving an affectionate kiss on my forehead from my father and same was true for other kids as well. After the completion of iftiyar party, we the small girls used to sing and dance in the shadow of our elders. In all life seemed to me as a part and parcel of pleasure, but it was hardly known to me what is said, "Happiness is an occasional episode in the general drama of pain."

Now it was the eve of Eid-ul Fitr my father told me that I am in the tenth year now and I should have a well fashionable dress of the tribal custom. My parents asked me take a bath be prepare for the Eid tomorrow. We wake up early in the morning and after taking tea we went to offer congregational prayer in the Eid Gha and after the prayer my father gave me ten rupees to bring some Eid gifts. I took the money and went to local market which was half of a mile from the village, but on the road a middle aged couple stopped me and asked for my name to which I replied the 'Farrah', my wretched name. Soon they showered something up on me and I became lifeless as I opened my eyes, I found myself in an unknown place where from it was hard to flee. I wept a lot, but all fruitlessly and the ocean of my eyes shrink to a large extend. I thought about my family, friends and more especially about the homeland. I was frightened not to escape and I never tried, because there was no escape possible as I was locked in the room with an attached bathroom for more than a month and eating material was given to me in the confinement. I was all restless, worried for my past, present and for the future too. Final a middle aged man came and asked to me to listen carefully, "We brought you to do our household activities and be our helper like that of others." This was the order which I had to obey as there were no alternative possible for me at that stage and I compromised at the cost of two times meal. But the fact is that days were going bigger and bigger and nights even bigger than the days. I performed the duty assigned to me till the date when a sense of maturity came to me. Though meals were giving to me much better than ours, but it seemed to me worse than chopped bread of my family as my heart was not it its taste that was somewhere in Saul.

It was the month of April the owner's wife went to a marriage party and the owner told me to bring a cup of tea in his room where he did all the wrong with me as a beast. Though I tried to resist his acts but couldn't and all my dreams ruined. I wept for hours and recalled the childhood game of marriage ceremony imitated from the ceremonies of our elders in which Arif the dashing among the boys used to be bridegroom and me gorgeous among girls used to be the bride. I really was dreaming to be his bride but it was not known to me that I will become a puppet in the hands of my fate. The sex assault with me had become now a daily retain from the owner in the absence of his

wife. But finally the day came when vomiting started to me and my womb started to grow and I confessed it to the man and who told me not to expose it to his wife or anybody else otherwise he will kill me. He further told me that he will find a solution to it. After all life is everything one can do any compromise and here it was the case of two.

On 30th of September when I was in the fifth month of my pregnancy the owner sold me to another man of the rural side of the Hudra state where I had to remain for next four month. However, this man was less criminal than the previous one, but he too sexually assaulted me. Though I had tied number of times to commit suicide, but it was the life in my womb that resisted me from the act. Now the delivery time was coming nearer and somehow my second owner managed to marry me to a man of the adjacent village who was twenty years bigger than me and was not married because of his defect as he was deaf and dumb and I seemed to the man as a golden fish because of my beauty. Finally I gave birth to a girl child on 1st February on the second day of regally marriage. The news spread as the fire in the village and every girl came to see. Though, I could understand their language but they were giggling at me. This act was hearting me but reality is that I was a mother a bride too what they call me.

With the passage of time everything about me faded from the minds of people except from my mind. There is no denying in the fact that husbands love and birth of Zarrah, my daughter gave a healthy relief to my emotional side, but still I am missing my birth place, my family and friends. Now I am living in the shadow of my only hope that I could raise a question to the God on the dooms day about my mistake which made me a victim of human trafficking.

(Dedicated to all those who shows some sympathy for this brutal act of human trafficking)