

Letter to the World from Moria (No. 5)

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These eyes bother me!

I am a young girl full of energy, power and self-confidence. Everyday there are a lot of voices inside me inviting me to let this energy out. BUT I am in Moria, between thousands of unclean eyes, that are looking to my body and not to my soul. These eyes bother me. I cannot play volleyball. I cannot even just walk straight down one path. My head should be down. When I am crossing the road it is as difficult as passing the borders for me.

200 metres to the toilets. 400 metres to the food queue. Again 400 metres back. During this distance there are hundreds of eyes looking at me.

Girl-molesting is common, it is daily. Even when they disturb us, we are not supposed to answer them. We are not supposed to turn around. We cannot say: 'Don't follow me! Stop bothering me!'

While washing my clothes I feel ashamed, because boys are looking at me. I cannot look back at them, because they will misunderstand. So all places for sport are used only by boys, all playgrounds are used only by boys. And we are locked inside.

Even men of my father's age look at my body. I don't know where I am. This doesn't look like Europe here. When I was at school, I learned that Europe is the mother of freedom, but I am living in the middle of an eye of violence. There are eyes everywhere. There is freedom nowhere. I am a prisoner here and this is the jail. I will not be able to forget these memories.

Instead of playing with other girls, I have to stay inside. Instead of walking proudly, I should walk with my eyes turned down. I am forced to feel shame and fear.

See, I am actually like you. I am thirteen years old. I am a young girl. But I have to wear a scarf because they say my hair is a source of their lust. Why should I cover my head because they cannot control themselves? Why should I cover my head at all? Why must I be limited and punished? I am a human being but they are looking at me like animals, like I am their prey. I am afraid of these wolves. I am afraid of losing my honour, and their respect and I start feeling bad just because of my gender.

But it's enough! Stand up girls! Stand up women! We are not their objects of lust! We are not the prey of wolves! We should shout out that we want to be safe! We want our rights! We want to look up!
Parwana

P.S. I am sorry for all Moria's girls who suffer the same, and especially for my sisters.