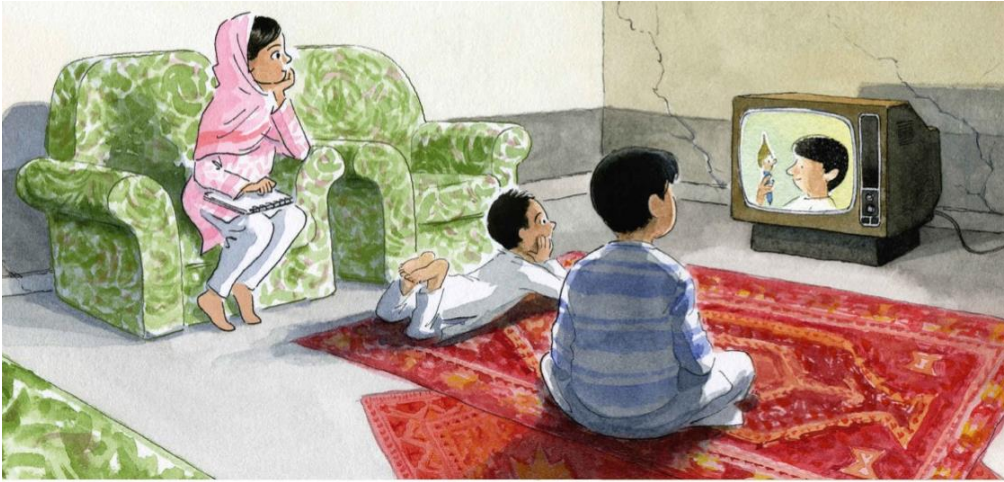


Malala's Magic Pencil

Do you **believe** in **magic**?

When I was younger, I always watched a TV show about a boy who had a magic pencil. The boy was a little **hero**, always protecting people who needed **help**.



I always thought:

- "I also want a magic pencil to make other people happy. With the magic pencil I can draw beautiful dresses for my mother; the best **buildings** in the town for my father, so he can open many schools where children can study; and a good ball for my brothers and me."



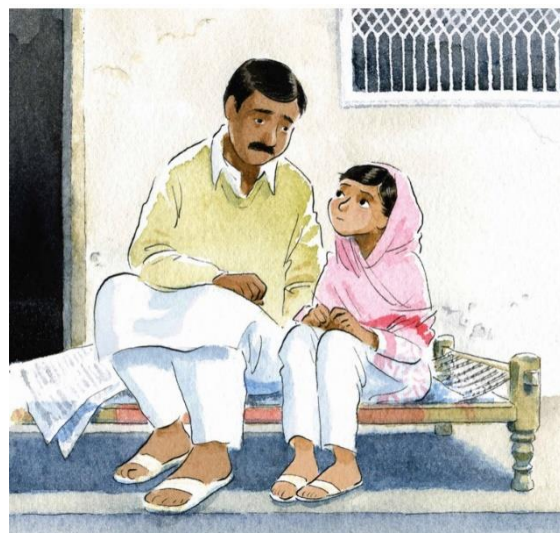
Every night I **wished for** a magic pencil. And every morning I woke up and check my **cupboard**... but the magic pencil was never there.

One day, I was **throwing rubbish** at the **dump** when I saw a girl about my age **collecting** rubbish. There were some boys too.



When my father **returned** home from work, I told him what I saw. It made him sad.

- “**Aba?**” I said.
- “Yes, **honey?**” he said.
- Why didn't I see that girl in my class?
- Because, honey, in our **country** not all the girls go to school. Some children **must** work to **support** their family. If they go to school, their families can't eat.

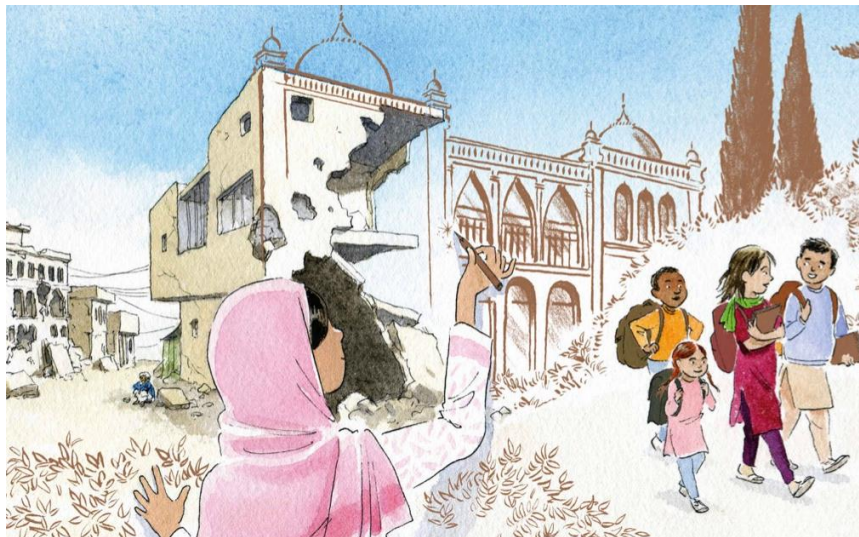


School was my favourite place. Was I **lucky** to go?

That night I thought about families who didn't have **enough** food. I thought about the girl who can't go to school. I also knew that I didn't want to **cook** and **clean** for my brothers in the future.

I knew that if I had a magic pencil I would use it to draw a better world, a **peaceful** world.

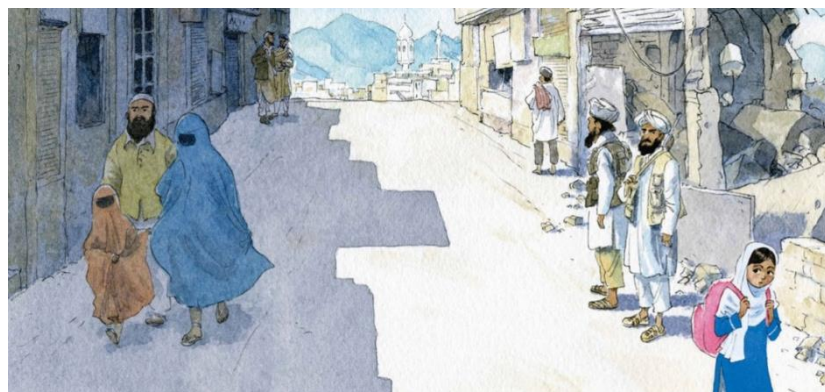
I wanted to **erase** war, **poverty** and **hunger**. I also wanted to draw girls and boys together as equals.



I started working hard in school every day. I wanted to be **the best** student in my class.

But soon **powerful** and **dangerous** men said: "girls can't go to school".

They walked the **streets** of our city. They carried **weapons**. Girls stopped going to school.



- “Aba, where are all the students?” I said.
- “They don’t feel safe here, honey” he said.

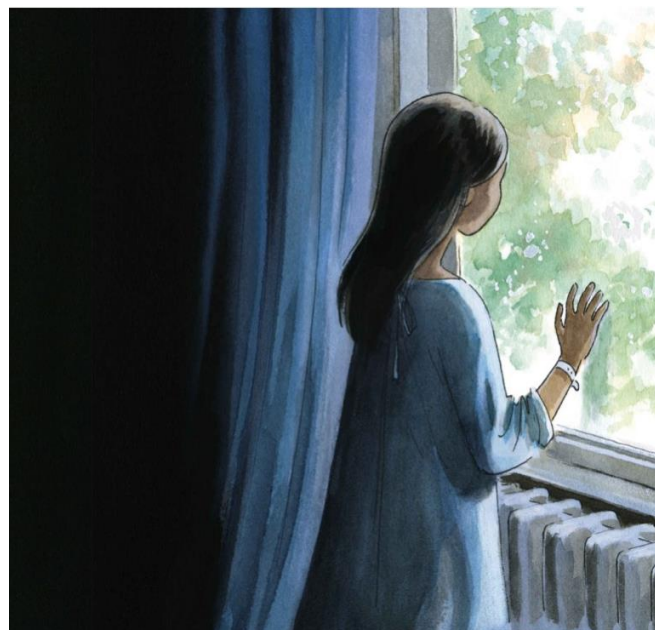
I thought: “Why can’t girls go to school? All the people has to know what is happening. They can help us.”

Someone needed to **speak up**: why not me?

I wrote about my school and that we were scared. I travelled around my country, telling my story. People wanted to **learn** about my life.



My voice **became** so powerful that dangerous men **tried** to silence me. But they **failed**.



And now my voice is **louder** than ever. Louder because people have **joined** me, and **together** we make a **team**. We help those in need. We help people in danger. We think of the world as a family.



Do you believe in magic? I do.

I wrote alone in my bedroom, but people **over the world** are reading my story.

I founded the magic I was **looking for**: in my work.

I am Malala. I always wanted to make the world a more peaceful place... and **my wish is coming true**.

