





**Winner of the Non-fiction Book of the Year  
at the National Book Awards**

‘This memoir brings out her best qualities. You can only admire her courage and determination. Her thirst for education and reform appear genuine. She also has an air of innocence, and there is an indestructible confidence. She speaks with such poise that you forget that Malala is sixteen’  
*The Times*

‘The medical team that saved Malala; her own stoicism and resilience; the support of her family, now, again in exile, this time in Birmingham; Malala’s level-headed resolve to continue to champion education and children’s rights – these are all powerful reminders of the best in human nature’  
*Observer*

‘Malala’s voice has the purity, but also the rigidity, of the principled. Whether she is being a competitive teenager and keeping track of who she beat in exams (and by how much) or writing about the blog for the BBC that catapulted her on to the international stage . . . or talking about Pakistan’s politicians (“useless”), Malala is passionate and intense. Her faith and her duty to the cause of girls’ education is unquestionable, her adoration for her father – her role model and comrade in arms – is moving and her pain at the violence carried out in the name of Islam is palpable’

Fatima Bhutto, *Guardian*

‘Not only powerful, but also very instructive about the recent history of Pakistan and the pressures of everyday life there. One finishes the book full of admiration both for Malala, and for her father, who has clearly inspired her’  
*Sunday Times*

‘Rejoice! It was the year that a Pakistani teenager who stood up to the Taliban became a celebrity, and one with a real story to tell. What a breath of fresh air in a genre crowded out by middle-aged TV personalities’  
*Independent*

‘[Malala] is now an inspirational symbol both of defiance and of the love of learning . . . Her story is astonishing’ *Spectator*

‘Malala Yousafzai’s story begins with her parents being commiserated with after producing a baby girl. In their part of northern Pakistan, she says, rifle shots ring out in celebration of a baby boy’s arrival. But there is no such fanfare for females: their destiny is to cook and clean, to be neither seen nor heard . . . So how did Malala, who barely warranted a mention in her family’s genealogy, become destined for the history books as a powerful symbol for girls’ universal right to an education? Her memoir *I Am Malala* tells us how’

Baroness Warsi, *Daily Telegraph*

‘Part memoir, part mission statement. *I Am Malala* recounts the early life of Malala Yousafzai, the Pakistani schoolgirl who spoke out against the Taliban and was shot for her defiance. Her recovery, bravery and stoicism – and her father, Ziauddin – make for shocking and moving reading’

*Emerald Street*

‘The story of the girl shot by the Taliban for speaking up for women’s education is one of idealism and stubborn courage, and a reminder that women’s rights and many children’s rights to education are continually threatened’

*Metro*

‘Honest, insightful and piercingly wise, this is the celebrity memoir to give your teenaged daughter’

*Independent on Sunday*

‘Malala has shown extraordinary courage in campaigning for the millions of girls who are still denied an education. Uplifting and inspirational’

*Times Higher Education Supplement*

‘She has the heart and courage of a lioness and is a true inspiration’

*Sun*

‘The world is entranced by the story of the 15-year-old girl who was shot in the head by the Taliban because she wished to go to school. Flown over to Birmingham for emergency surgery, she has emerged as an elegant and brave spokesperson for a better future . . . This book should inspire girls the world over’ *Catholic Herald*

‘Inspirational and powerful . . . extraordinary’ *Grazia*

‘I felt both humbled and inspired by *I Am Malala* . . . Deftly written with the help of an award-winning foreign correspondent, this is a must-read for anyone seeking to understand the tortured politics of the Taliban in the North-West Frontier’ *Tablet*

‘Ms Yousafzai’s stature as a symbol of peace and bravery has been established across the world’ *New York Times*

‘This remarkable book is part memoir, part manifesto. I feel enriched from having read it. I also feel humbled. Our obsession with school performance is suddenly marginalised by a story in which education, quite literally, proves a matter of life and death’

*Educational Supplement*

‘Compelling. It’s a brave girl’s tale in an unsafe country, and it reveals her fierce determination to make the world a better place’

*Washington Times*

‘The Pakistani schoolgirl shot by the Taliban has astonished the world with her courage and determination to fight for education and equal rights for women’

*Financial Times*

**Malala Yousafzai**, the educational campaigner from Swat Valley, Pakistan, came to public attention by writing for BBC Urdu about life under the Taliban. Using the pen name 'Gul Makai', she often spoke about her family's fight for girls' education in her community.

In October 2012, Malala was targeted by the Taliban and shot in the head as she was returning from school on a bus. She miraculously survived and continues her campaign for education.

In recognition of her courage and advocacy, Malala was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 2014, becoming the youngest ever recipient at just seventeen years of age. She was also honoured with the National Peace Prize in Pakistan in 2011 and the International Children's Peace Prize in 2013, and she was shortlisted for *Time* Magazine Person of the Year.

Malala continues to champion universal access to education through the Malala Fund, a non-profit organisation investing in community-led education programmes and supporting education advocates around the world.

**[www.malala.org](http://www.malala.org)**

**Christina Lamb** is one of the world's leading foreign correspondents. She has reported on Pakistan and Afghanistan since 1987. Educated at Oxford and Harvard, she is the author of five books and has won a string of awards, including Britain's Foreign Correspondent of the Year five times as well as the Prix Bayeux, Europe's most prestigious award for war correspondents. She currently works for the *Sunday Times* and lives between London and Portugal with her husband and son.



Henna decorations of calculus and chemical formulae on Malala's hand, instead of the traditional flowers and butterflies





# *I Am* **Malala**

**The Girl Who Stood Up for Education  
and Was Shot by the Taliban**

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**Malala Yousafzai**  
with Christina Lamb

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36

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To all the girls who have faced injustice and been silenced.  
Together we will be heard.

Jangal Publication



## Contents

Preface	xvii
Prologue: The Day My World Changed	1

### PART ONE: BEFORE THE TALIBAN

1 A Daughter Is Born	9
2 My Father the Falcon	21
3 Growing Up in a School	32
4 The Village	47
5 Why I Don't Wear Earrings and Pashtuns Don't Say Thank You	56
6 Children of the Rubbish Mountain	65
7 The <i>Mufti</i> Who Tried to Close Our School	74
8 The Autumn of the Earthquake	84

### PART TWO: THE VALLEY OF DEATH

9 Radio Mullah	91
10 Toffees, Tennis Balls and the Buddhas of Swat	102
11 The Clever Class	112
12 The Bloody Square	123
13 The Diary of Gul Makai	129
14 A Funny Kind of Peace	138
15 Leaving the Valley	147

### PART THREE: THREE GIRLS, THREE BULLETS

16 The Valley of Sorrows	157
17 Praying to Be Tall	171

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18	The Woman and the Sea	183
19	A Private Talibanisation	190
20	Who Is Malala?	198

#### PART FOUR: BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

21	'God, I entrust her to you'	207
22	Journey into the Unknown	220

#### PART FIVE: A SECOND LIFE

23	'The Girl Shot in the Head, Birmingham'	231
24	'They have snatched her smile'	245

Epilogue: One Child, One Teacher, One Book, One Pen . . .	256
Glossary	267
Acknowledgements	271
Important Events in Pakistan and Swat	275
Malala Yousafzai interviewed by her US editor, Judy Clain	277
For Discussion	289
Additional Credits and Thanks	291
A Note on the Malala Fund	293



## Preface

A year has passed since my book came out, and two years since the October morning when I was shot by the Taliban on a school bus on my way home from class. My family has been through many changes. We were plucked from our mountain valley in Swat, Pakistan, and transported to a brick house in Birmingham, England's second biggest city. Sometimes it seems so strange that I want to pinch myself. I'm 17 now and one thing that has not changed is that I still don't like getting up in the morning. The most astonishing thing is that it's my father whose voice wakes me up now. He gets up first every day and prepares breakfast for me, my mother and my brothers Atal and Khushal. He doesn't let his work go unnoticed, of course, going on about how he squeezes fresh juice, fries eggs, heats flat bread and takes the honey out of the cupboard. 'It's only breakfast!' I tease. For the first time in his life, he also does the shopping, although he hates doing it. The man who didn't even know the price of a pint of milk is such a frequent visitor to the supermarket that he knows where everything is on the shelves! 'I've become like a woman, a true feminist!' he says, and I jokingly throw things at him.

My brothers and I then all rush off to our different schools. And so does our mother, Toor Pekai, which truly is one of the biggest changes of all. She is attending a language centre five days a week to learn how to read and write, and also to speak English. My mother had no education and perhaps that was the reason that she always encouraged us to go to school. 'Don't wake up like me and realise what you missed years later,' she says. She faces so many problems in her daily life, because up until now she's had difficulty communicating when she's gone shopping, or to the doctor, or the

bank. Getting an education is helping her become more confident, so that she can speak up outside the home, not just inside it with us.

A year ago I thought we would never be settled here, but now Birmingham has started to feel like home. It will never be Swat, which I miss every day, but these days, when I travel to other places and return to this new house, it does feel like home. I have even stopped thinking about the constant rain, although I laugh when my friends here complain about the heat when it's 68 or 77 degrees Fahrenheit. To me, that feels like spring. I am making friends at my new school, although Moniba is still my best friend and we Skype for hours at a time to catch up on everything. When she talks about the parties back in Swat, I so wish I were there. Sometimes I talk to Shazia and Kainat, the other two girls who were shot on the bus and are now at Atlantic College in Wales. It is hard for them being so far away and in such a different culture, but they know they have a great opportunity to fulfil their dreams of helping their communities.

The school system here is very different from the one we had in Pakistan. In my old school, I was considered 'the smart girl'. I had this idea that I would always be the smartest one and that if I worked hard or not, I would always come first. Here in the UK, the teachers expect more from their students. In Pakistan, we used to write long answers. You really could write anything you liked; sometimes the examiners would get tired and give up reading part of the way through but still give you high marks! In England, the questions are often longer than the answers. Perhaps the expectations in Pakistan were lower because it was so challenging just to be in school. We didn't have good science labs, computers or libraries. All we had was a teacher with a white board standing in front of the students and their books. Back home I was considered a bookish girl because I had read eight or nine books. But when I came to the UK I met girls who had read hundreds of books. Now I realise I've read hardly anything at all and I want to read all those hundreds of books. Next year I'll do my GCSEs and then I will do my A levels and hope to go to university to study politics and philosophy.

I'm still hopeful that I can return to Swat and see my friends, my teachers, my school and my house again. Perhaps it will take time, but I'm sure it will be possible one day. My dream is to return to the country where I was born and serve the people. I dream that one day I will be an influential politician in Pakistan. Sadly, Maulana Fazlullah, the man who was the head of the Swat Taliban who shot me, is now the head of the whole Pakistan Taliban. That has made it even riskier for me to return to Pakistan. But even if there were no threat, I believe that I must get an education to strengthen myself for the fight I will surely have against ignorance and terrorism. My plan is to learn more about history, to meet interesting people and listen to their opinions.

I'm very busy with school and events, but I have made friends and we chat in our breaks and lunchtime. They like to talk about sport, while I like reading *Time* and the *Economist*. Anyway, we don't have much time – school here is a lot of work!

Thanks to the extraordinary doctors here, my health is good. When I first got out of hospital, I had physiotherapy once a week to help me heal, and I needed a lot of support. The doctors say that my facial nerve is now recovered up to 96 per cent. The cochlear implant has helped my hearing and the doctors say that in the future they may come up with newer, even better technology. I don't get headaches any more and I do sports, though people still take care not to throw a ball near my head! I'm fairly good in some sports, like rounders and cricket, though of course my brothers disagree.

My brothers have settled in, though I fight with Khushal as much as ever. Atal makes us all laugh. He uses very dramatic language and is so full of energy that he makes us all tired.

Recently we had a fight because he took an iPod that had been given to me. 'Malala, I have taken it as I know you already have two.' I said, 'The thing is, you can't take something without permission.'

Atal is very good at spontaneous tears, so he started crying. 'I need something to enjoy my life,' he wailed. 'I'm living in this house

and it's like a prison. Malala, people call you the bravest girl in the world, but I say you are the cruellest girl in the world! You brought us here and you can't even give me an iPod!

Many of our friends back in Pakistan probably think we are very lucky to live in England in a nice brick house and go to good schools. My father is education attaché for the Pakistan consulate and an adviser for global education for the UN. It would be a dream life for many young, ambitious Pakistanis. But when you are exiled from your homeland, where your fathers and forefathers were born and where you have centuries of history, it's very painful. You can no longer touch the soil or hear the sweet sound of the rivers. Fancy hotels and meetings in palaces cannot replace the sense of home.

I see this so clearly with my mother. Physically she's in Birmingham, but mentally she's in Swat – her homesickness is horrible. Sometimes she spends more of her day talking on the phone to her family and friends in Swat than she does with us. But recently the Royal Society of Medicine held a ceremony in London to honour the doctors who saved my life and my mother sat on stage for the first time, which was a really big thing for her.

All of us have been overwhelmed by the warm reception we have received around the world and the reaction to the book, which has helped people understand our story.

When I get prizes I send the money to Swat to help children go to school or adults buy small businesses, like a shop or a taxi to drive so that they can earn money for their families. We have received many letters, even one from an elderly man in Japan who wrote, 'I am an old poor man but I want to help,' and he sent us a note for 10,000 yen without a return address so that we could thank him.

With the Malala Fund, I went to Kenya to build a school for the people of Maasai Mara. The people were amazing – tall and proud, wrapped in bright scarlet blankets and telling us stories I could hardly believe were real. They were even richer than our Pashtun