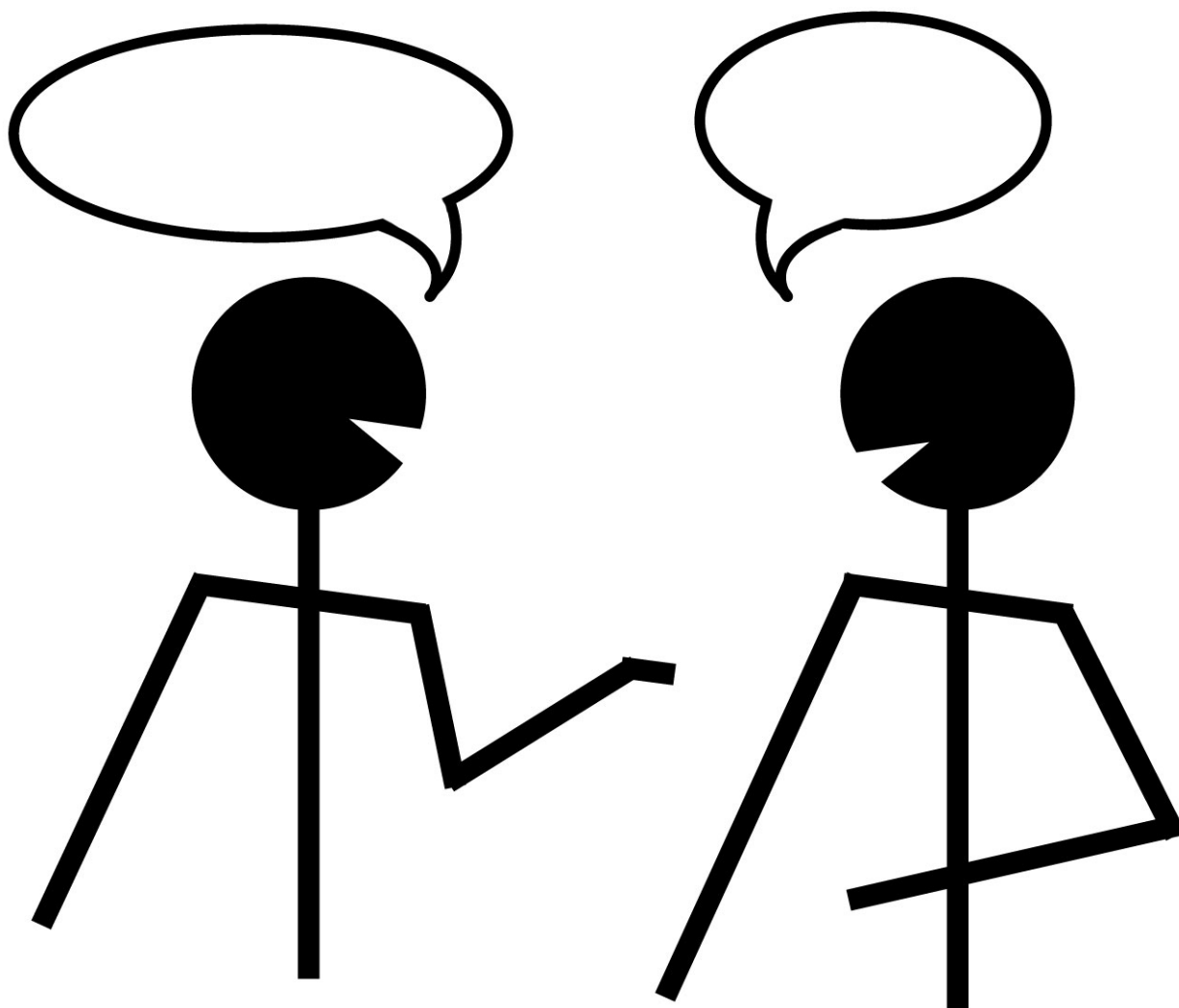
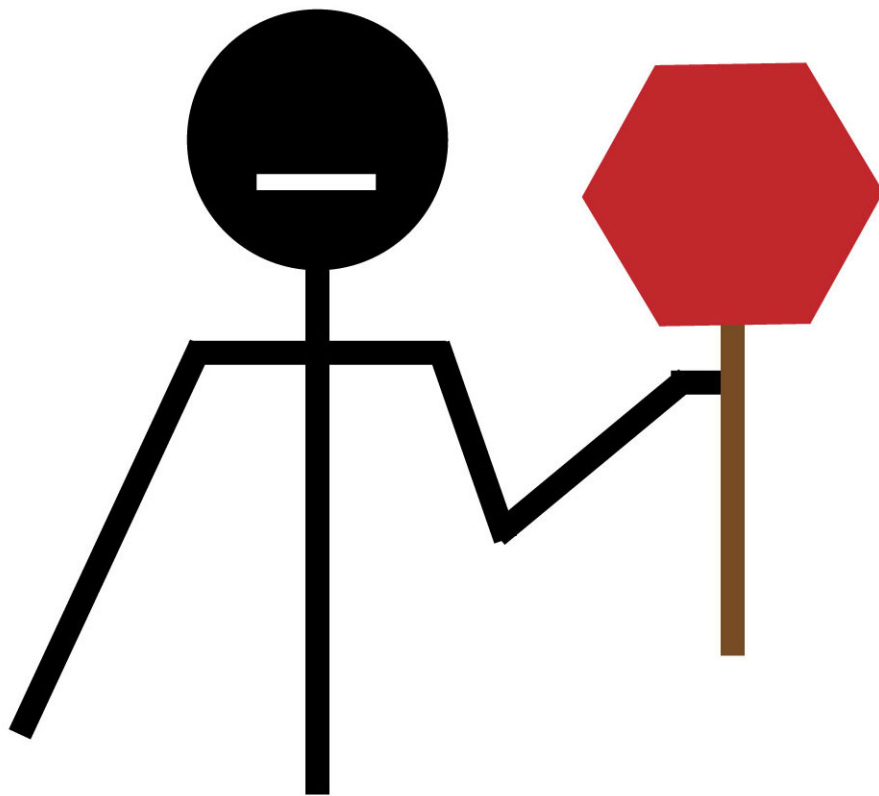


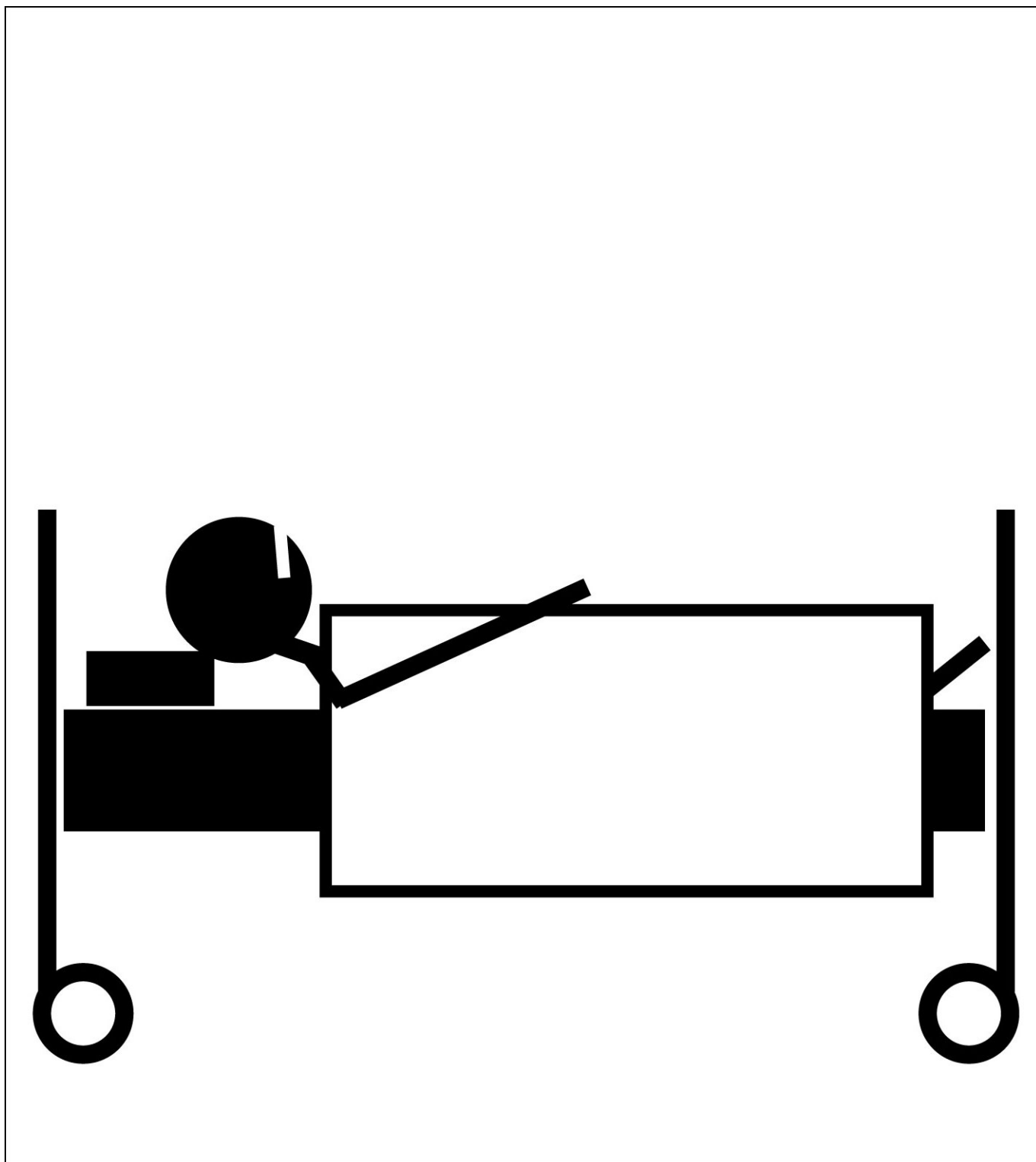
Stick Character Pictures



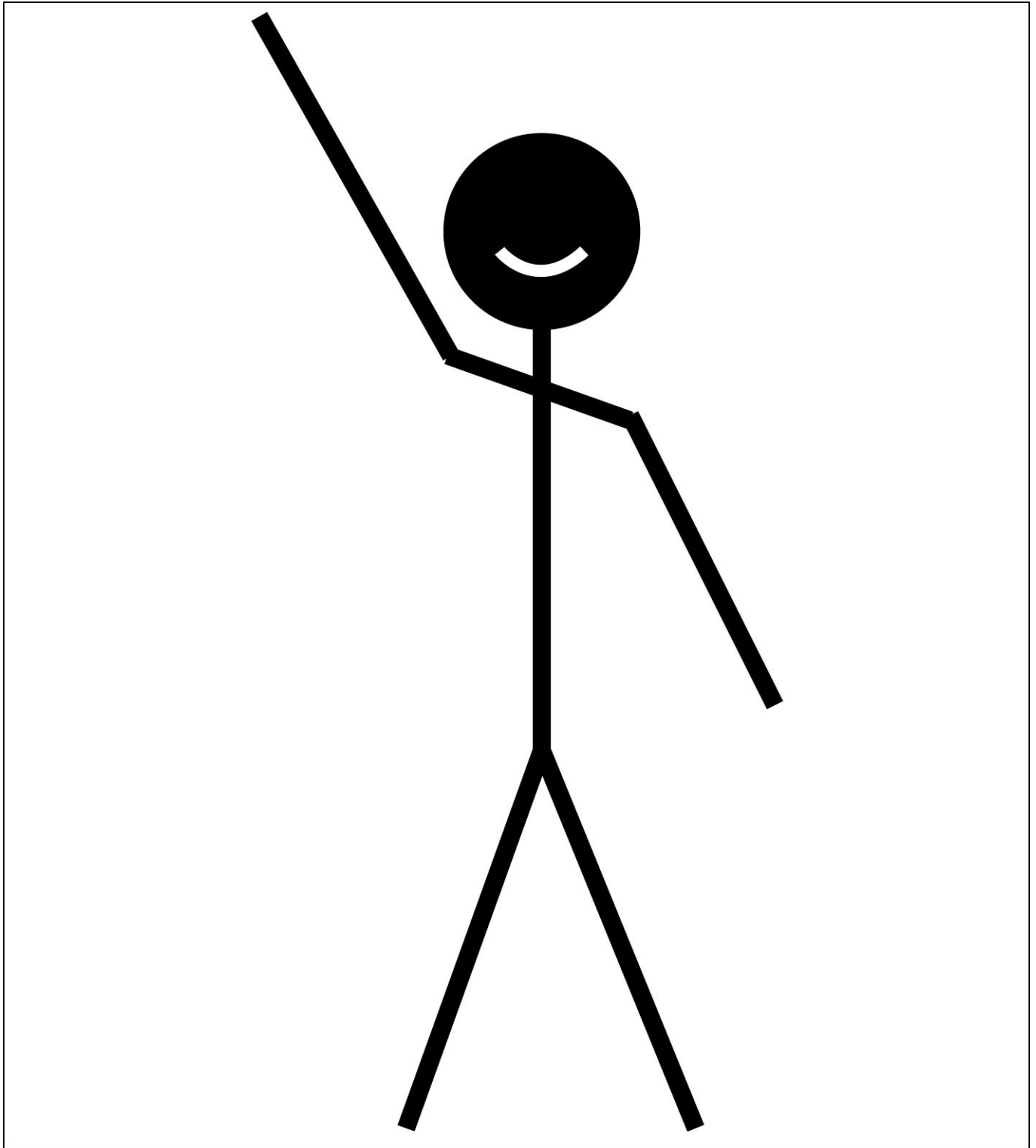
Malala playing with friends



Taliban saying, “Stop, girls can’t study”



Malala recovering in hospital bed



Malala celebrates winning Nobel Peace Prize

My Courageous Act

My name is Malala Yousafzai. I am 17 years old. I come from Pakistan. Pakistan is a country over 6,000 miles away from your country, the United Kingdom. Pakistan is a massive country. I'm from an area called the Swat Valley. The Swat Valley used to be so beautiful. We lived in the most beautiful place in all the world. My valley, the Swat Valley is a heavenly kingdom of mountains, gushing waterfalls and crystal clear lakes. We have fields of wild flowers, orchards of delicious fruit, emerald mines and rivers full of trout. Our village is only a hundred miles from Pakistan's capital Islamabad but it felt as if it was in another country. The journey would be at least five hours by road across mountains. My house was called 'Gulkada' which means 'place of flowers.' My village was beautiful and my life beautiful.

When I was 5 and 6 I liked doing all the same things as you. I loved singing and playing with my younger brother. Although sometimes we'd fight and he would go and tell our mum. Do you ever get cross with your sisters or brothers? I bet you do. I also love hearing stories, especially the ones that my dad tells. My dad's the most amazing storyteller. He tells me stories from a long time ago, stories all about our village. I loved it when he had people over and then we would all sit on the floor and I would eat delicious rice and meat. We eat with our right hand.

My mum didn't finish primary school. In our area lots of women didn't go to school. The women tended to do other jobs and had a lot of work to do around the house. She says that when she met my dad who could read and write she began to feel sad. That's because my dad is a poet and my mum wanted to read his words for herself. My dad's always dreamed of opening up a school. My dad says that the school that he builds will have proper toilets (Did you know that not all schools have proper toilets? It's true, honestly!), bright posters on the walls, desks, lots of books and computers. My dad would love the school that you're in. Also, my dad's school would be for everyone, rich and poor. Did you know that in so many parts of the world children have to pay money to go to school for textbooks and uniform and maybe transport to get to school? So the children who don't have enough money to go to school can't learn. I mean, literally how do you learn to read if no one teaches you? How do you learn to write? Can you read? Can you write? I bet you can, I bet you can even do some maths too. Wow!

I think school is so important, school helps you to learn and you get to see your friends. If you don't go to school you get bored and normally you end up having to do jobs round the house to help your family. You know what, my dad did set up a school and I started to go there. It was great, I learnt loads and got to hang out with my best friends. But one day *[teacher to pause]* everything changed. A bad group called the Taliban started to attack girls' schools in my area. They thought that girls shouldn't be learning and should be working at home making meals and tidying. I was so outraged, I was mad. I started making speeches telling everyone, "No, I will go to school, school is for everyone" Then when I was 12 I started to write a blog because everything began to change. I had to keep my name a secret or I would be in BIG trouble. I used to write about what life was like. Everything had changed and the Taliban, remember the bad group? Well they had started hurting people and closing schools. Anyway, somehow the Taliban found out about how I was writing about how girls should be allowed to go to school and I kept talking. How should I stop saying the truth? It's not fair that I wouldn't be allowed to go to school to learn and see my friends? Does it sound fair to stop me going? *[Teacher to repeat question with more emphasis]* **Does it sound fair to stop me going? NO!**

KS1 Topic: Famous for More than Five Minutes Block E: Activists Session 2

One day when I was 14, I was on my way home from my dad's school. I was on the school bus with my friends. A man got on the bus and said, "Which one of you is Malala?" One of my friends looked at me and at that moment I was shot.

I don't remember everything as I was on lots of special medicines but my family tells me that I was taken to your country, the United Kingdom. I had to have lots of special operations to make sure that I could stay alive. Do you know what? The doctors did such a great job that my brain kept working fine and I didn't die.

I now go to school in your country and I live in Birmingham. I really care about making sure everyone is able to go to school, not just boys and not just the rich. I have even won a very special award called the Nobel Peace Prize. I was given the famous award because I made a good choice and followed what I thought was right even though I felt scared.

Director's Chair

Malala Photograph and Talk Partner Questions



Questions to discuss with your talk partner

Who is this?

How old is she?

Do you think she is any one special?

Do you know anything about her?

KS1 Topic: Famous for More than Five Minutes Block E: Activists Session 2

Teacher's notes

***We will be answering these discussion questions through the teacher in role 'My courageous Act script'**