



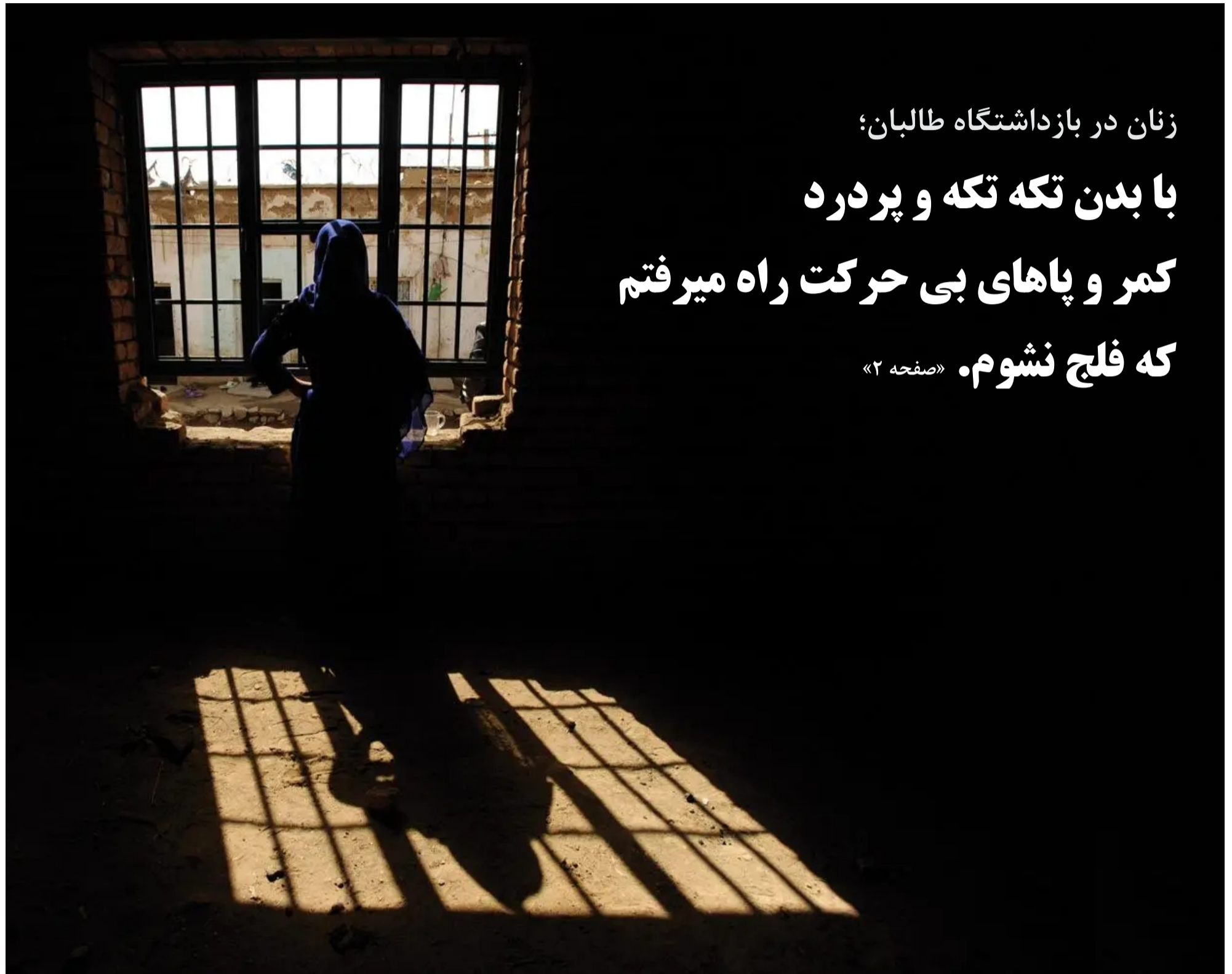
غزنی؛ یک زن پس از...

«ص ۳»



بسته شدن شاهراه غور...

«ص ۳»



زنان در بازداشتگاه طالبان؛

با بدن تکه تکه و پر درد

کمر و پاهای بی حرکت راه می‌رفتم

که فلج نشوم. «صفحه ۲»

زنان معترض: جای معلم در زندان نیست



در یک کمپین، میان دختران و پسران جوان کتاب توزیع می‌کرد اما در روز دوم کمپین پس از لت و کوب توسط افراد مسلح طالبان بازداشت شده و تاکنون از سر نوشت وی اطلاعی در دست نیست.

ادامه ص ۳

گروهی از زنان معترض اعضای جنبش خودجوش زنان معترض افغانستان، در یک گردهمایی اعتراضی در یک مکان سرپوشیده خواهان رهایی اسمعیل مشعل و ذکر با اصولی، از زندان طالبان شدند.

زنان معترض شعارهای «جای معلم در زندان نیست» و «استاد بودن جرم نیست» را سر دادند.

اسمعیل مشعل یک استاد دانشگاه در اعتراض به ممنوعیت تحصیل دختران از سوی طالبان در یک برنامه زنده تلویزیونی اسنادهای تحصیلی اش را پاره کرد و سپس با یک کراچی دستی اش

افتتاح یک کتابخانه برای زنان در بامیان



به گفته‌ی او، مردان هم با امانت گرفتن کتاب می‌تواند از این کتابخانه استفاده کند. نیکبخت ثنا یکی از دختران بازمانده از تحصیل است که توسط فرمان منع تحصیل زنان از سوی طالبان، خانه نشین شده بود.

کتابخانه‌ی تحت عنوان «کاج» برای زنان در ولایت بامیان گشایش یافت. این کتابخانه به ابتکار بانو نیکبخت ثنا و با همکاری موسسه برک با هزینه ۱۵۰ هزار افغانی ساخته شده است. کتابخانه‌ی کاج، دارای ۵۰۰ تا ۶۰۰ جلد کتاب در بخش‌های فلسفه، روانشناسی، جامعه‌شناسی، ادبیات و... می‌باشد. نیکبخت ثنا، موسس کتابخانه کاج در گفتگویی با رسانه‌ها می‌گوید این کتابخانه ویژه‌ی زنان و به منظور ترویج فرهنگ کتابخوانی در میان زنان ایجاد شده است.

دادگاه صحرائی؛

طالبان ۹ تن به شمول سه زن را در غور و دایکندی شلاق زدند



دادگاه عالی طالبان با نشر یک خبرنامه از شلاق زدن شش تن در ورزشگاه شهر فیروز کوه مرکز ولایت غور خبر داده است. در خبرنامه آمده است که این شش نفر به شمول یک زن به

اتهامات فساداخلاقی، تولید و مصرف نوشیدنی های الکلی از سوی نیروهای طالبان در ملا عام شلاق زده شدند. این افراد از چندی بدینسو در زندان طالبان بودند. در همین حال منابعی محلی

در ولایت دایکندی نیز از شلاق زدن سه تن به اتهام روابط نامشروع توسط طالبان خبر می دهند. این سه تن (یک مرد و دو زن) در ولسوالی ناوه میش این ولایت، دوهفته قبل به اتهام

فرار از منزل توسط طالبان دستگیر و زندانی شده بود. با وجود فشارهای سازمان های حقوق بشری برای توقف محاکمات صحرائی، اما طالبان عادی سازی خشونت در ملاعام را گسترش داده اند.

یک زن معترض پنجشیر: جهان تعهد حقوق زنان افغانستان را در عمل نشان دهد



یکی از زنان معترض عضو جنبش خودجوش زنان معترض افغانستان، در یک پیام ویدیویی از جهانیان می خواهد که به تعهدات خود برای حقوق زنان افغانستان عمل کنند. این زن معترض که باشنده ولایت پنجشیر است در پیام ویدیویی اش می گوید: «زنان افغانستان واقعیتی بزرگتر از طالبان هستند.» او از جهانیان و کشورهای که در تعامل با طالبان است سه خواست مشخص زنان معترض را مطرح کرده است.

او به نمایندگی از سایر زنان معترض، به بسته کردن دفاتر سیاسی طالبان در دوحه، اخراج خانواده های طالبان از کشورهای خارجی به افغانستان و ممنوع الخروج کردن رهبران طالبان به کشورهای بیرونی تاکید کرده است.

این درحالیست که پی از سرکوب گسترده تظاهرات خیابانی زنان معترض، اکنون زنان صدای اعتراض شان را در گردهمایی های اعتراضی از مکان های سربسته بلند می کنند.

غزنی؛ یک زن پس از ضرب شتم به آتش کشیده شد



در ولایت غزنی تاکنون درین نیست و مسوولان محلی طالبان علت اصلی این رویداد مشخص زمینه چیزی نگفته است.

منابع مردمی در ولایت غزنی می گویند که یک زن جوان پس از ضرب و شتم از سوی خانواده ی شوهر، در آتش سوزانده شده است. این رویداد در منطقه کاریزبالای مرکز شهر غزنی رخ داده است. پیکر نیم سوخته ی این زن به شفاخانه منتقل شده و وضعیت صحتی وی نیز وخیم گفته شده است. به گفته ی منبع تقریباً ۸۰ درصد بدن این زن در آتش سوخته است.

بسته شدن شاهراه غور - کابل

و شش ولسوالی غور به روی ترافیک



در اثر برف باری های شب گذشته و امروز در ولایت غور، شاهراه عمومی غور - کابل همراه با راه های مواصلاتی شش ولسوالی غربی این ولایت به روی رفت و آمد مردم مسدود شده است. عبدالکریم ابو شعیب، رئیس فواید عامه غور می گوید که شاهراه عمومی غور - کابل و همچنان بعضی از مسیرهای که ولسوالی های این ولایت را به مرکز غور فیروز کوه وصل می کند، مسدود گردیده است. مسئولان ریاست فواید عامه غور می گویند که با بهتر شدن وضعیت هوا به پاک کاری مسیرهای مسدود شده اقدام خواهند کرد.

در همین حال آنان از مردم خواسته اند تا زمان پاک سازی این مسیر، سفر نکنند. ولایت غور از جمله ولایات تاریخی و کوهستانی کشور است که راه های مواصلاتی آن هر از گاهی در فصل زمستان مسدود شده و مردم این ولایت را با چالش مواجه می سازد.

زنان معترض: جای معلم در...



اهل ولایت پنجشیر و موسی شاهین یکی از هنرمندان پنجشیری نیز به دلایل نامعلومی در زندان طالبان بسر می برند.

در کنار معترضین، فرهنگیان و نویسندگان کشور نیز به دلایل نامعلومی در زندان طالبان بسر می برند. ذکر یا اصولی یک نویسنده و پژوهشگر دیگر از خانه اش توسط طالبان بازداشت و زندانی شده است. احد انقلاب شاعر و حماسه سرای

Mehr Bano

Weekly News

Afghan Women News Agency

هفته نامه مهربانو

صاحب امتیاز: خبرگزاری زنان افغانستان

مدیر مسوول: حمیرا ثاقب

زیر نظر: گروه نویسندگان

آدرس: افغانستان، کابل

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به جز سرمقاله، مسوولیت سایر نوشته ها بر عهده نویسندگان می باشد.

Fourth year - No: 90 - 8 February 2023

سال چهارم - شماره نودم - ۱۹ دلو ۱۴۰۱

Women in Taliban Detention Centers;

"I used to walk with an irritated body

back pain and immobile legs so as not to become paralyzed"

The story of Mursal Ayar, one of the protesting women who was imprisoned by the Taliban for participating in street demonstrations. Exactly one year after she was imprisoned by the Taliban (February 2, 2022), she gives details of how she was arrested and imprisoned.

Mursal Ayar: After the fall of Kabul, I worked in CNN media, I had three foreign colleagues and two domestic colleagues. Three people worked in the media reporting department and one of my colleagues who was Afghan lived in London. He was a translator and worked in the documentation department, and another colleague of mine was working in a production called Jawed.

We were all together in setting the programs and worked together. On February 2, 2022, at 5:25 in the evening, I had finished my prayer when my phone rang. When I picked up the phone, my colleague Jawed was on the line. Jawed asked me, "Mursal, where are you?" I want to see you right now."

I told him that I am at home, but now it is too late, come tomorrow if possible.

He repeated and said, "No, I'm on my way right now. I'll take a taxi to your house.

I said come because of the trust I had in Jawed. I told the family that Jawed is coming, as usual for hospitality, I said to my mother: "Please go prepare tea and I will turn on the heater in the living room."

The salon was cold. I told my brother to go get a cake, we will prepare tea for him. My mother went to the kitchen, I turned on the heater in the living room, and my

brother went to the shop to get a cake.

At the same time, my sister Hadia repeatedly told me: "Mursal, the Taliban is coming, the Taliban is coming." I asked why the Taliban should come, he is my colleague, she said: "I don't know, but my heart says something bad will happen to you."

I repeated to her that the devil tempts you. She said, "I don't know, but I don't feel good". Then 15 minutes later, there was a knock at the gate of our house.

I said to my brother, go open the gate, Jawed came.

A moment later, he came back and said that Jawed came in a very nice car, God bless him. I said of course it is his car. Jawed entered the gate of the house a little while I was standing at the gate of the hall. I told him to come home, he said, "No, I have slippers on my feet. Come outside, I have work for you."

After a lot of insistence, Jawed came inside the house. Then another person entered the house with him. He said is the driver allowed to come?

I said there is no problem to come.

I was unaware of the matter, I did not know what was happening to me. I came into the hall and stood up. Our hall door had a curtain. Suddenly there was a cracking sound behind the hall door.

The curtain of the hall was raised, five armed men said in a very loud and terrible voice, "Don't move."

One of them said which one is Mursal, and Jawed pointed to me and said, "This is Mursal."

My condition had worsened to such an extent that I was shocked that I could neither cry nor speak.

I just saw that the hall of the house was full of Taliban and they were pointing their weapons at the heads of my brother and father.

They told me: "Give me your mobile phone."

I gave my brother's mobile phone and they said, "Let's go ahead."

They took a cloth and put it on my head so that I could not see walking.

My world was dark. I was silent and I only heard my mother crying in the hall behind me and my father was just shocked and begged for the last time not to take my daughter.



We left the house and sat in a white car with handcuffed hands. They took me to the 40 or 90 department of intelligence, we covered a path that would normally take 35 minutes in five minutes. Four ranger vehicles of Badri Taliban units accompanied me, two in front and two behind me. We reached a place and they took me into a room. They also brought and gave a green scarf. A few moments later, ten people entered the room for interrogation. The interrogation began

around eight in the evening. Finally, they took me to a rotten room, where I went several times to investigate. Around 12:00 PM, the investigation was over. I came in a cold, dirty and dark room that was full of fear.

I had nothing, I leaned against a wall. At that moment, I was not thinking about myself, I was thinking more about my family, what are they doing? What is their status? Are they fine?

I leaned on the cold wall from night to morning. Around four in the morning, the Mullah

psychological torture. Eight days have passed since this investigation was repeated, and my condition inside that prison was getting worse and worse day by day. On the 8th day, around six o'clock in the evening, I felt very bad and fell to the ground. At seven o'clock in the evening, the Taliban entered with a girl who was wearing a very big veil. I was very scared.

Where did this girl come from and who is she? The Taliban said this is Shafiqah and this is one of the imprisoned girls.

Shafiqah told me, Mursal, are you okay? I was crying, I said no, I'm not well. My body was hot and painful.

Shafiqah Paryani was a kind and compassionate girl. She came and sat next to me and said don't cry. Look how you are, now we are in this situation. I told her I can't stop it. My whole body hurts. My hands are not even touchable. I told her about the events that had happened. She said, I heard the conversations they were saying about us.

I said it's okay, don't look back.

The night passed and it was day. Shafiqah went to another room but came back the next night. I was feeling bad. The next night, her sister Karima Paryani came and I was still sick, my back, my legs did not move at all. Karima would hold my hands and I would walk with her help in the prison room so that I wouldn't be paralyzed.

On the tenth day at five o'clock in the evening, the head of the same prison, whose face was completely hidden, came with ten other people. Karima was dragged from the room. I was told: "There is one thing that you should know, but don't tell

anyone that the matter will be ruined again, not tomorrow, but the day after tomorrow, you will be released."

I was very happy and said, will we all be free? They said none of your business

That night was so terrible that I felt sick in the morning. Karima walked around the room and said, I hope one day I will be released from here. She spoke very innocently. She said that we will be freed. I said yes, we will be freed. She said I have many dreams. I was saying that you will definitely succeed.

That night, Karima and I talked until the morning, but the next night came.

That night, no matter how many minutes I counted, time did not pass, finally it was morning, and then I was counting the minutes until evening.

Finally, they came and closed my eyes with a black cloth and took me out of the room. Outside the prison, another girl and I were supposed to be released together.

They drove us around the whole city so we didn't know where we were. We arrived in front of Mahmoud Khan Bridge in Kabul. They handed me over to my father and left.

Although I was with my family, I was very scared. I was afraid that they would come again and get me. At night, everyone was home. We were getting a lot of calls, a lot of messages. But I couldn't speak anymore. I could not say anything. I was not good. I was living in a world of fear.

I will never forget this February 2nd. Maybe this incident will remain in my mind for years and I will always tell myself those hard and difficult days.