

The boy was a little hero, always protecting people who needed help.

I wished for a magic pencil of my own.

If I had a magic pencil, I would use it to put a lock on my door so my brothers couldn't bother me.

Every morning I would wake up and check my cupboard.

I was wrinkling my nose, swatting away flies, and making sure I didn't step on anything dirty in my nice shoes.

Boys were fishing for metal scraps using magnets on strings.

I worked hard in school every day.

Powerful and dangerous men declared that girls were forbidden from attending school.

I wrote alone in my room.

I wrote about how much I loved school and how proud I was of my uniform.

My voice became so powerful that dangerous men tried to silence me.

And now my voice is louder than ever. Louder because people have joined me.

Every day I work to make my wish come true.

One child, one teacher, one book, and one pen can change the world.