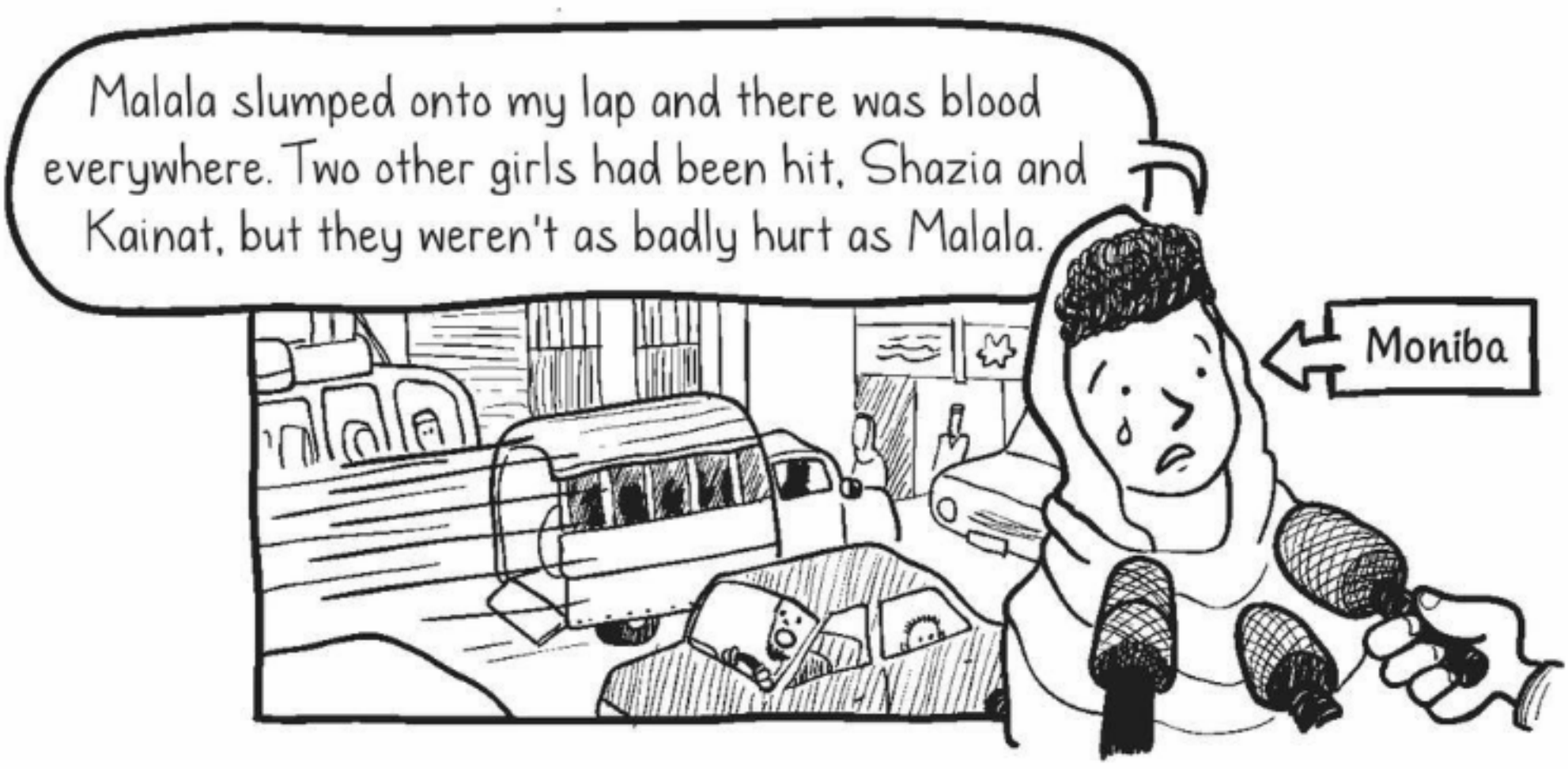
8 Malala Loses A Week

One week after the shooting, on 16th October 2012, Malala opened her eyes for the first time.

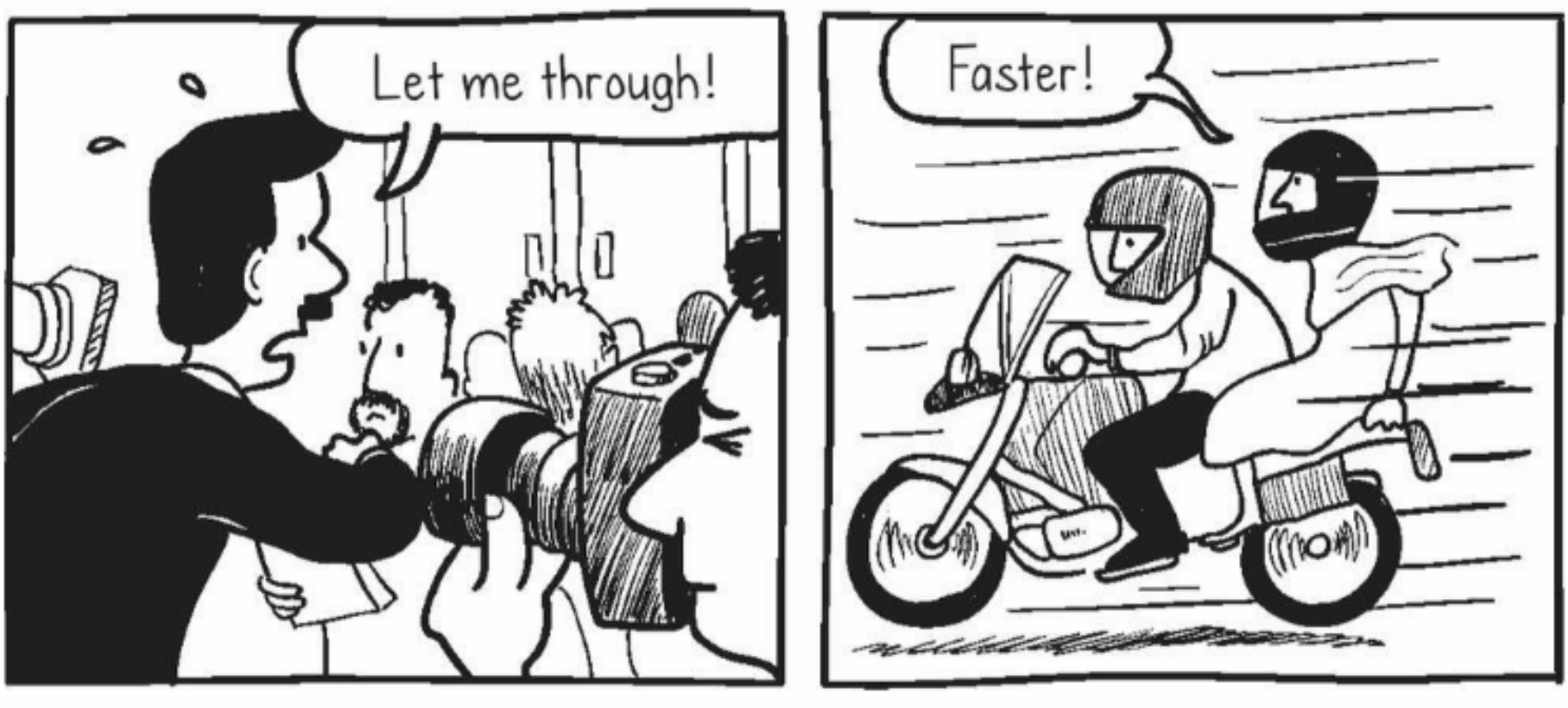
Lying in an unfamiliar bed, **she had no idea where she was or what had happened** to her. Even now, Malala still doesn't remember anything about it. She's had to rely on her friends, family and doctors to fill in the blanks. It turned out quite a lot had happened to her in the space of a week! Here's how events unfolded …

A Race Against Time

The second the bus driver realized Malala had been shot, he sped towards Swat Central Hospital, weaving the packed bus in and out of the busy traffic. In the back, everyone was screaming and crying.



The news of the shooting spread like wild-fire across Mingora, and by the time Ziaud-din arrived at the hospital, **he had to fight through a crowd of journalists** who'd beaten him there and were lurking around the entrance. Madam Maryam arrived soon after – on the back of her husband's motorcycle!



Swat Central Hospital was only small and had only basic medical equipment, so an ur-gent decision was made to transfer Malala to Peshawar. But this was a four-hour journey

by road, and they didn't have the luxury of time, so the army organized a helicopter to get them there as fast as possible. Even so, Ziauddin was terrified the Taliban would catch up with them. Everyone in Mingora knew where Malala was – the Taliban would have no trouble tracking her down; **they might try to shoot her again**.

Meanwhile, by the time Toor Pekai heard the news she was too late for the helicopter ride. Instead, women from all over the neighbourhood gathered at the house to comfort her. It was chaos – people were weeping and praying and the phone didn't stop ringing. Then, when Malala's helicopter passed over the house, the women rushed up on to the roof. Toor Pekai joined them and did something very unusual. She took off her scarf and held it up to the sky as if it was an offering to God.

Learning reading speed 61%



Five Stressful Hours

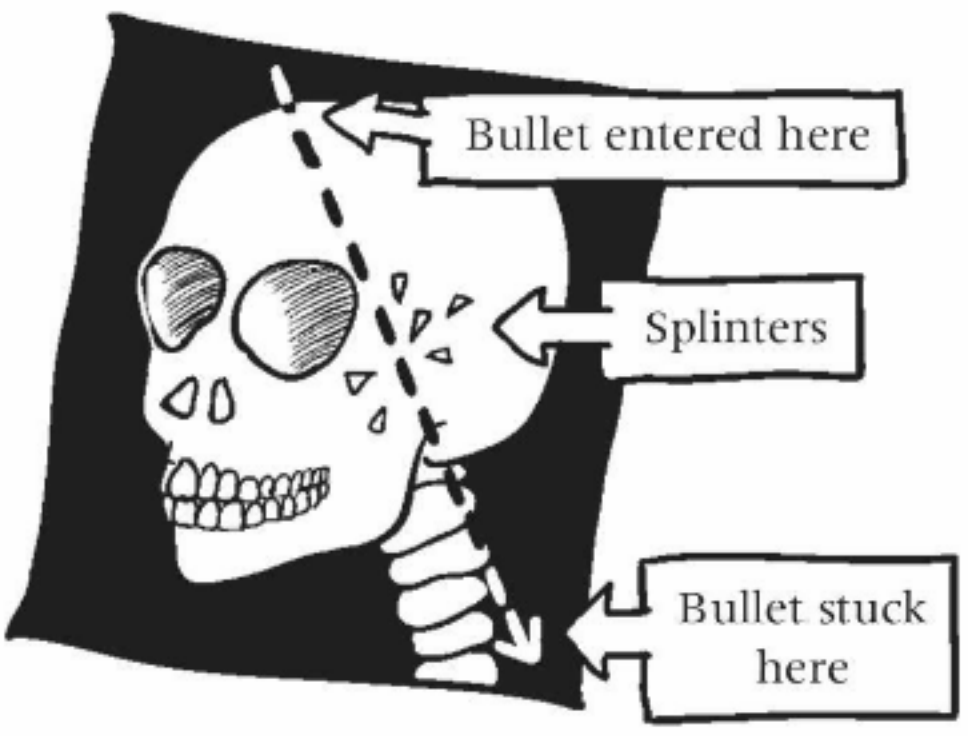
Inside the helicopter, things were not looking good. Malala was vomiting blood and time seemed to be running out. It wasn't until 5 p.m., nearly five hours after Malala had been shot, that they arrived at the Combined Military Hospital in Peshawar. It looked more like a fortress than a hospital.

An alarmingly young-looking doctor by the name of Colonel Junaid greeted them. **The tension was unbearable**, and as he examined Malala, Ziauddin's anxiety shot off the scale

• • •



Quickly, the colonel figured out the bullet that hit Malala was still inside her. It had hit her on her temple, very close to her left eye and then travelled 45 centimetres down through her neck to her shoulder, where it was now lodged. Tiny splinters of bone from her skull were making Malala's brain swell and if they didn't create the space for it to expand, **she would almost certainly die.**



'We need to operate,' Colonel Junaid told Ziauddin shortly before midnight. But the op-

eration was a risky one, and **Ziauddin's hands shook** as he signed the consent papers.

By this time, Toor Pekai had arrived from Mingora with Madam Maryam. The three of them sat outside the operating theatre and prayed and prayed.

Inside the theatre, another surgeon, Dr Mumtaz, joined the colonel, and together they got to work. They had to be extremely careful. They were operating close to the part of Malala's brain that controlled speech, and leg and arm movements. One wrong move and **Malala could end up paralysed**.

Four gruelling hours later, the operation was complete. Colonel Junaid wouldn't know it until some time later, but his decision to operate almost definitely saved Malala's life.

The Taliban Take The Blame

Malala was not out of danger. The pressure on her brain was so immense **she had to be put into a coma** to relieve it and keep her stable.

Meanwhile, the Taliban issued an official statement claiming responsibility for the attack:

Learning reading speed 62%

. . . She was young but she was promoting Western culture in Pashtun areas . . . Anyone who sides with the government against us will die at our hands. You will see. Other important people will soon become victims.

The message was quite clear: if they were prepared to target a schoolgirl in broad daylight (next to an army checkpoint, in fact), **no one was safe.**

Meanwhile, the people of Pakistan were outraged. Protests were held across the country and large groups gathered to pray for Malala's recovery, lighting candles for her and clutching her picture.

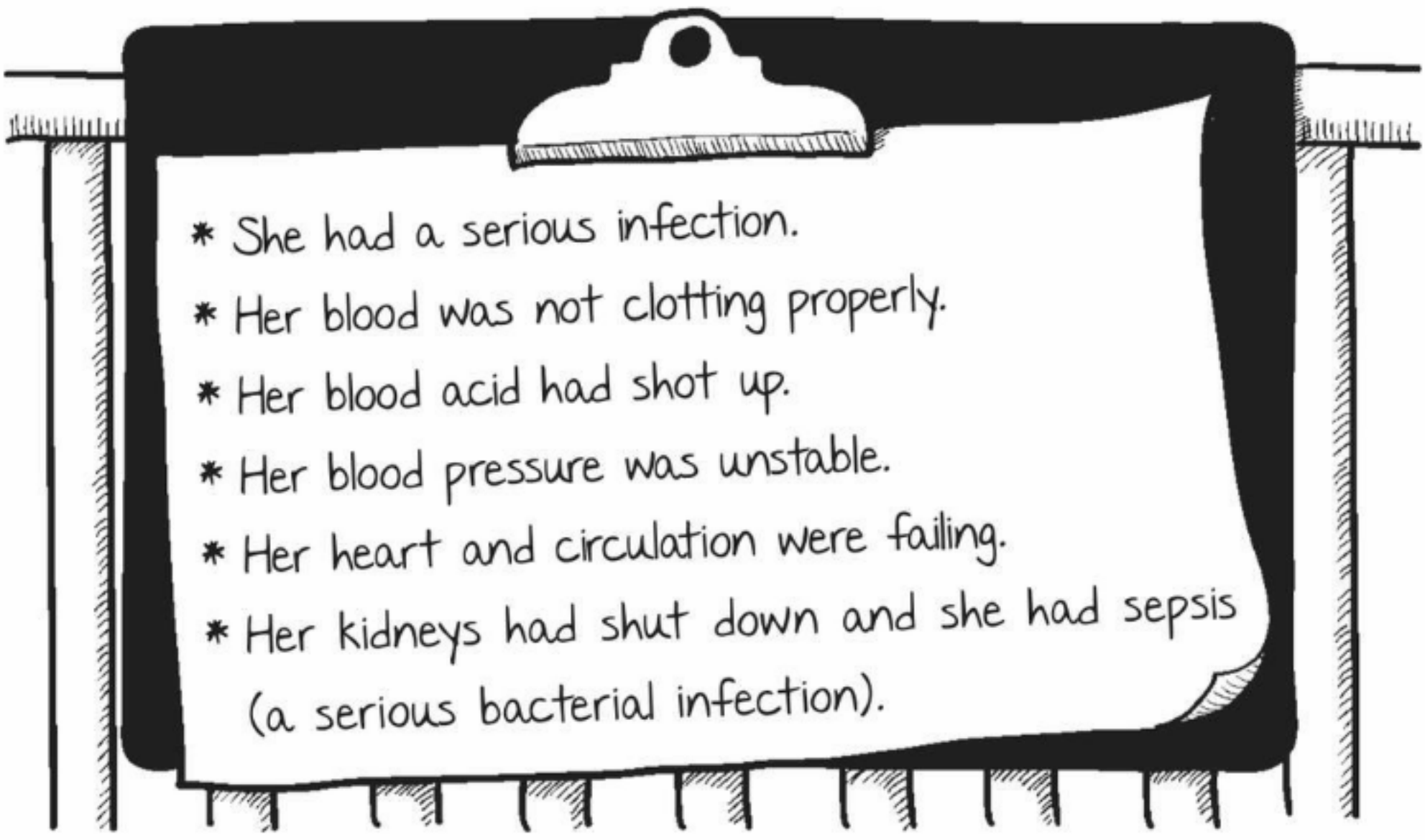
Two Daring Doctors

At around 3 p.m. the day after Malala's operation, two British doctors, Javid Kayani and Fiona Reynolds, arrived at Malala's hospital bedside. By chance, they had been working in nearby Rawalpindi. They'd been asked to assess Malala before flying home to the UK later that day.

Before they did anything, they turned on the taps to wash their hands and were horri-

fied to discover **there was no running water** – in an intensive-care unit!

Dr Fiona and Dr Javid grew more and more alarmed as they examined Malala:



Things didn't look good. The operation had been a success, but the poor facilities in the hospital were jeopardizing Malala's recovery. By now, Ziauddin was on the phone to one of Malala's uncles up in Shangla. Between sobs he asked him to **start arranging for Malala's funeral**.

Meanwhile, Dr Fiona was quietly telling Colonel Junaid that Malala could still survive, but only if she was moved again.

By the end of the day Malala was in another helicopter, bound for the army hospital in Rawalpindi. It had the best facilities Pakistan could offer, but the risk of a terrorist attack

was high. There was every chance the Taliban would try to finish the job they'd started. Needless to say, security at the hospital was tight. Soldiers surrounded the perimeter and snipers were stationed on the roof. Inside, Ziauddin and Toor Pekai had their phones confiscated – they couldn't even go to grab a snack without an armed guard!



They didn't argue, though. The Taliban had attacked plenty of well-protected military bases in the past. They could easily find a way to infiltrate the hospital.

Slowly, Malala's condition began to improve, but she was still very poorly, still in a coma and her injures were still severe – if she came through this, she'd need physiotherapy, speech therapy and more, but **the right facilities just didn't exist** in Pakistan. To

stand any chance of recovery, she'd have to be moved again. But where?

By this point, the news of the shooting and Malala's condition had made headlines all over the world. And **the world was outraged**.



Offers of help came flooding in from countries around the world. But as Dr Fiona and Dr Javid worked at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital in Birmingham, which specializes in treating victims of conflict, it made sense to send Malala to the UK, where they could carry on looking after her.

On The Move Again

Getting Malala to Birmingham wasn't as simple as just booking a plane ticket, but luckily for Malala, her story was so well publicized that the ruling family of the United

Arab Emirates stepped in to offer **one of their private jets!** Malala couldn't believe it when she found out, later.

This was the first time she'd travelled outside Pakistan, so a passport had to be quickly arranged – it would take a lot longer to organize travel documents for the rest of the family. Ziauddin already had a passport, but he was terrified of leaving his wife and sons behind, because now **the entire family were official Taliban targets.**

In the end, Dr Fiona agreed to act as Malala's official guardian until the family made it to Birmingham. Letting her go was tough, but at least Malala was heading somewhere safe.

