



INTRODUCTION

When: 9th October 2012

Where: Mingora, Swat Valley, Pakistan

Malala was in a good mood travelling home from school. She was pretty sure she'd aced the morning's exam and was looking forward to a chilled-out afternoon at home.

She was having a giggle with her best friend, Moniba, when **the school bus stopped suddenly**. A young man was standing in the road in front of it. He wore long white robes and a baseball cap. 'Is this the Khushal School bus?' he asked.

Another young man jumped onto the back of the bus and leaned in. A hush fell over the girls as both men glared at them. Her heart hammering in her chest, Malala found Moniba's hand and gave it a squeeze. Around twenty girls were crammed onto the hard plastic benches and they stared back, stunned, as the men scanned the bus.

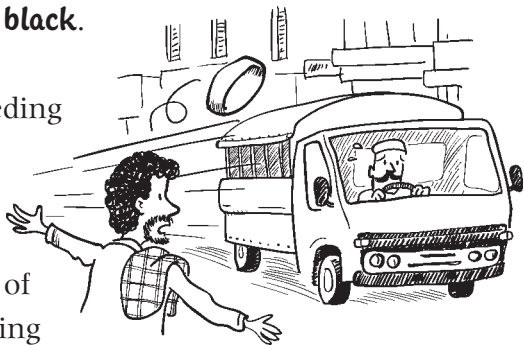
'Who is Malala?' the second man asked gruffly. No one answered his question, but a few of the girls glanced in Malala's direction before they could stop themselves. Then the same man **raised a pistol** for all the girls to see.

Malala froze with fear.

The man fixed his gaze on her and raised his pistol higher, aiming it at her head. The other girls began to scream, but Malala didn't make a sound, she just squeezed Moniba's hand harder.

A split second later, the man pulled the trigger and **everything went black.**

Malala was bleeding profusely as the bus swerved through the heaving streets of Mingora, speeding



towards the local hospital. Once there, doctors said her prospects were grim, so grim that with a heavy heart, Malala's dad **began making funeral arrangements.** For a short while it looked like the men had succeeded in their quest to silence her.

But Malala did not die; she survived, and within days of her shooting she had become one of most famous teenagers on the planet. Her new-found fame made her more determined than ever to stand up for what she believed in. Since the age of 11, Malala had been speaking up about educational rights for girls. She believed that every single girl in the world deserved to go to school, and she wanted as many people to hear her message as possible.

And she still does! Over the next few years, the message spread across the globe. She has written books, appeared on television and met all sorts of important people, including President Obama and the Queen. She's also the **youngest person ever** to win the Nobel Peace Prize.

Extraordinary stuff, right?

Yes, but I'm actually quite ordinary, you know.

Yeah, right! Didn't Beyoncé wish you a happy birthday once?

Well, yes . . .



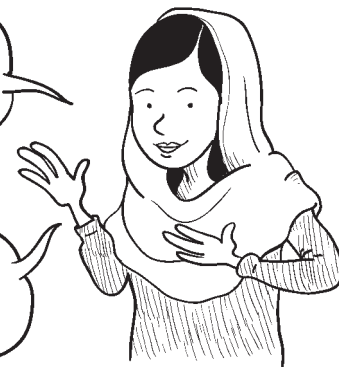
And Selena Gomez called you her 'role model'!

OK, OK, but I promise you the real Malala isn't all that different from other girls.

Really? Go on then . . .

I love television, and I argue with my brothers over stupid things, like the TV remote and who ate the last bag of Wotsits!

You like Wotsits???





Oh yes! And fishfingers.
And cupcakes. Mmmmm, especially
cupcakes . . . And I like reading and
listening to music and shopping and
hanging out with my friends. Oh, and
I hate getting up in the morning!

Hmmmmm, all of that does
sound fairly ordinary, actually.

So what makes Malala's story so special? Well, it didn't start with the shooting and the sudden fame. As we're about to find out, this 'ordinary' girl was destined to achieve **extraordinary things** from the very moment she was born.