

Afghanistan: Our Story of Escape

We lived on the east side of the city next to Barchi district with predominantly Hazara people living there. That morning, looking out of our window, we noticed several military trucks pulling into the field in front of our house where boys used to play cricket and soccer. Something was going on but it was unusually peaceful in Kabul.

Closer to noon, one of our friends, our regional leader, called us and told us that the Taliban might be entering the city in a few days and that we need to leave immediately. He offered to purchase tickets for us and we decided to leave the next day. The clock was ticking; we had to make decisions about many things.

August 15

Our flight was scheduled for p.m. At 8 a.m., we called a local taxi that was safe and went to see our friends to say goodbye, and the traffic was as usual. When back at home, around 11:30, we received a call from a friend who urged us to leave our house immediately because he said, "They are here; go to the airport." Then we heard that the Taliban were coming in from Barchi district, which was next to us.

Read the rest of this family's story and how they escaped the Taliban invasion by clicking [here](#). {eo}

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