

# Escape to Germany

Escape into the Unknown  
"My Journey from  
Afghanistan to Europe.,

The True Story of Abdullah  
Mohmand Alias Malik



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## © About the book

This book is not just a story; it is a collection of experiences written with respect and understanding for all people, regardless of their religion or background. Whether Muslim, Christian, or a member of another faith, I hope my stories can build bridges of understanding and empathy.

The writing of the book began on April 7, 2024.

# Imprint

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# Prologue

I still remember the exact moment I realized my homeland was no longer safe for me. It wasn't a single event that changed everything—it was a series of moments that, with each new danger, made me realize: If I stay, I won't survive.

My childhood was filled with fear. Every day could be my last. Life was unpredictable—sometimes everything would be quiet, then suddenly shots would ring out or an explosion would rock the streets. I had learned to live with this fear, but at some point it became too much.

I had to make a decision. Not because I wanted to, but because I had no other choice. I left everything behind—my family, my friends, my home. I embarked on a journey full of uncertainty, with nothing but the hope of one day reaching safety.

But Afghanistan wasn't always like this. There was a time when my homeland was a country that people from all over the world visited. A country with a rich culture, impressive landscapes, and hospitable people. A place where you could live, work, and dream—just like in any other country. But over time, everything changed. Wars, conflicts, and insecurity transformed Afghanistan into a place where life was no longer safe.

I grew up in a world where fear was part of everyday life. There were days when I went to school, not knowing if I would return alive. I heard stories from the past—of a time when it was normal to laugh in the streets, move freely, and make plans for the future. But for me and many others, that was just a memory we never got to experience.

One day, I faced a decision no one should have to make: stay and risk my life—or leave and leave everything behind. I chose to flee.

But this story isn't just mine. It's one of thousands who had to leave their homeland because they had no other choice. I'm telling them so the world understands what it means when a home suddenly ceases to be home. So that people don't just see the numbers on the news, but the stories behind them.

This is my journey—a story of fear, loss, and pain. But also a story of hope, courage, and the unstoppable will to keep going.

# Introduction

What would you do if your life was suddenly no longer safe? If you lived in fear every day – not just for yourself, but for your family? Imagine going to school in the morning and not knowing if you will come home alive in the evening. Imagine your home, the place where you grew up, becomes a trap from which you have to escape.

I had to make that decision. I had to leave my homeland, leave my family behind and embark on a dangerous journey - without knowing if I would survive it.

This is my story. The story of my escape from Afghanistan, the story of pain, fear and loss – but also of hope and the search for a new life.

This book is not just my personal story. It is the story of many people who had to leave their homeland because they had no other choice. I want readers to understand what it means to grow up in a war zone, to be afraid and to leave your life behind. I hope my story helps break down prejudice and create empathy.

# Why I tell my story

Migration and the associated psychological traumas are challenges of our time that many societies have to deal with. The war in Afghanistan, which has been going on for over 46 years, has destroyed the country and forced millions of people to leave their homes. I'm one of them too.

In 2021, at the age of 16, I had to flee Afghanistan. My path led me over many obstacles and dangers to Germany. Today I live in Lower Saxony, in Hildesheim, and try to build a new life.

Since my arrival in Germany, I have tried to go my own way. I went to school here and graduated from Walter-groups-Schule. Now I am doing an apprenticeship at KSM Casting GmbH and planning my future step by step. I didn't necessarily want to talk about my achievements, because my story is not meant to show that I "made it", but rather what people like me had to go through to get a chance at a normal life.

This book tells my story – and that of many other refugees who have experienced something similar. It shows not only the suffering we experienced on our flight and in our homeland, but also the ways of thinking and feeling of people from Afghanistan. I



hope that it helps to create understanding. Because every individual fate is representative of the suffering of many refugees in this world - but also of the hope that integration can succeed.

# Chapter 1: My Childhood in the Shadow of War

I was born in Afghanistan, in the province of Nangarhar, in the district of Kot, in a small village called Laghurji. This remote region, nestled between the rugged mountains and vast valleys, seemed at first



This photo is from 2024 and shows my home village, Kot Laghurji. It is located in the district where I grew up and with which I have many memories.

glance calm and peaceful. But under this external calm raged a constant

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It is located in the district where I grew up and with which I have many

## **Rememories.**

War. Our family lived in a traditional Afghan house, which we affectionately called "the fortress" because it offered more shelter than an ordinary home. But even the thickest walls could not always protect us from the ubiquitous danger.

Our family consisted of my parents, my siblings and many relatives. It was a big, close family that held together because we knew we only had each other. My father was a simple man who tried to protect us as best as possible, while my mother was a strong woman who raised us with love and discipline. But even she could not drive away the daily fears that the war brought with it.

My maternal uncle was a high-ranking commander of the Afghan Armed Forces. His position was both a blessing and a curse. On the one hand, he was able to

offer some protection for us through his military position, but on the other hand, his acquaintance with the Afghan government made him a constant target for the enemies of the state - the Taliban and Daesh (IS). These groups fought fiercely for control of our region, and we were always between the front lines.

Every time my uncle or his sons came to us, it was a moment of tension. Their presence was like a silent signal to the Taliban fighters and Daesh: "This is a hostile target." Our house was attacked several times, and every night we spent in a state of alert, waiting for the next attack. But despite the constant danger, we remained together – as a family, as a community. We tried to do what people always do in a war: survive.

As a child, I was influenced by everything that was happening around me. I understood the danger that threatened us, but at the same time I tried to live my childhood. But reality left me little room for childish carefreeness. Every day when I went to school, I never knew if I would return safely. Something could happen on the streets at any time – a robbery, an attack, a kidnapping.

"You belong to us," I often heard when I was on my way to school. "You have to fight for us." Those words echoed in my head as I tried to escape them. They wanted to force us into their ranks – children like me

who still had so much ahead of them. But I didn't want to fight. I wanted to go to school, I wanted to learn, I wanted something other than the weapons that were around us.

My parents, especially my mother, tried to protect us as best they could. She explained to us that we should not join the rebel groups. She wanted us to have a better life – a life in which education and peace were in the foreground. But the war seemed to rob us of everything. The schools were constantly threatened, and many teachers fled for fear of the militants. If I even managed to go to school, it was always a gamble, whether it was still open or not.

I remember the days when I secretly went to a nearby village to study with other children who were also in my situation. We tried to encourage each other not to give up hope, even though we all knew that our future was uncertain. But in those moments I felt a bit like a normal boy - a boy who had dreams, a boy who wanted a future without war.

But it wasn't just the physical danger that weighed on us. The constant psychoterror of the militants, who appeared at any time and could confront us with their threats, was on our nerves. It was this constant uncertainty that accompanied us every day. I felt like a prisoner – in my own village, in my own skin.

The conversations I had with other children often revolved around the same fears. "What if we get caught by the Taliban today?" asked a boy who, like me, tried to survive everyday life. "What if they force us to fight for them?" The answers we gave each other were often just empty words - "We must remain strong, we must persevere" - but in our hearts we knew that survival was not always safe.

Despite all the fear and despair, I tried to cling to my dreams. I wanted to live a better life someday. I wanted to break the cycle of violence and fear, even if this seemed like a distant dream to me. But I knew that the war could not hold us forever. At some point, I hoped, a way out would lead.

The years passed in Laghurji, and the older I got, the more I understood that this war not only destroyed the outside world, but also the innermost of people. Our hope, our faith in the future, was crushed a little more every day. But despite all the despair, there was still this little flame in me that told me that there had to be more than this life in the shadow of war.

## Chapter 2: The Threat Grows

With each passing year, the situation became more and more threatening. The violence and terror that haunted us like a shadow in Afghanistan continued to increase. Especially for my family, who was known and targeted by my uncle's military position, life became increasingly uncertain. Every day we had to live with the constant danger of becoming victims of an attack. The threats against my uncle and our family became more and more frequent, and they were clear: "If he gives up his position, nothing will happen to him. But if he continues, he will pay."

However, my uncle refused to give up his job. He was a man of principles, and he believed that his position still allowed him to do something for the country and his family. But the militants understood this as a challenge. They had no mercy for someone like him. His refusal to bow eventually led to his death. In 2021, he was killed by a bomb. The news spread quickly and was like a slap in the face. The whole region we lived in was shaken. But for us, his family, it was even worse - the loss of a loved one was terrible, but the real horror began after that.

With the death of my uncle, we had suddenly become a target. The Taliban and Daesh knew that his family was still there – they knew we were the next ones they wanted to hold accountable. My uncle's sons, my cousins, desperately sought refuge, again and again with us. If they sought refuge in our house, it also meant that we were in danger. The men of the Taliban and Daesh kept coming back to us. They asked about my cousins, wanting to know where they were hiding. They kept asking us the same question: "Where are your relatives? Where are the commander's sons?"

My mother, who always tried to protect us from the danger, hid the boys wherever she could. But we knew it was only a matter of time before we were discovered. And then the threat against us would become much more real and much more deadly.

The threats made to us were cruel. The men of the Taliban and Daesh stood in front of our house, sometimes for hours, staring at us as if waiting for us to take the wrong move. They came in the middle of the night, waking us up with their screams and demanding answers. "We know you're hiding them," they threatened my father. "If you don't tell us where they are, you'll pay for it. You know what we can do." It was the constant threat from these men that made us feel like we were never really safe.



I remember one night that was especially scary. The whole family was at home, and we tried to stay calm, hoping that the night would pass without incident. But then we heard gunshots. Very close, maybe just a few hundred meters away. My heart raced, and I could hardly breathe. We all knew that these shots had not been fired just like that. In a country where life had become so worthless, gunshots meant the worst.

**"They're coming," my father whispered. His voice was calm, but there was something dark in it that I didn't understand.**

We sat in the dark, every minute seemed to stretch like an hour. The feeling of fear that came over me was not only the fear of death, but also the fear that at some point I would have no choice. That at some point I would have to work with the militants or fight for them. The idea of losing my life in this spiral of violence was unbearable.

The nights grew longer, the days shorter. It seemed as if the war would never end. But then, one morning, when I was just waking up, my father said with a serious look, "You have to go." I couldn't believe it. He said it calmly, almost with ease, as if he had long been preparing us that this moment would come. But a storm was raging inside me. How could he ask that of me?

How could he tell me to leave my family, my home, everything I was familiar with behind?

**"But father," I said, "what should I do alone? Where should I go?"**

"You have to do it," he replied. "It's the only way to save you. The war took everything from us. Now you have to save your life. We can't be there for you anymore if you stay. You have to be safe."

They were words that seemed like a shock to me. The feeling of leaving, the feeling of leaving my family behind seemed unbearable. But deep down, I knew he was right. The war had destroyed us, it had torn our world apart. And I had no choice. My home was no longer safe. The last remnants of peace that we had known were finally gone.

So I took my little bundle, my memories, and the courage that was hidden deep inside me, and set off. Part of me knew that I would never return, that this farewell would be forever. But the other side of me, the little voice of hope, told me that maybe, just maybe, somewhere out there a new beginning was waiting for me.

## **Chapter 3: The Beginning of My Escape**

On 15. August 2021 began a new, terrible era for Afghanistan. On that day, the Taliban took Kabul. The Afghan government had collapsed, and the war had finally seized the entire state. The streets of Kabul were flooded with people trying to escape in a panic. The airport was crowded with desperate faces, and everywhere you could see people trying to get on one of the evacuation flights. It was a scene of chaos in which the hope of a future in safety fell into the shadows of war. Many people tried to escape, but not all had the opportunity. The Taliban began to search specifically for people who had cooperated with the previous government or with Western countries. There were reports of the shooting of Afghans associated with the government and the persecution of families who wanted to get to safety.

Even in my home village it was no longer safe. I experienced the fear when the news of the takeover of the capital spread quickly. Rumors of the violence and brutality left behind by the Taliban were everywhere. In many parts of the country, especially in smaller villages and cities, there were similar scenes. People fled in panic to escape the approaching horror.

During this time I realized that I could no longer stay in Afghanistan. The threat was too real. The war was now everywhere, and the future looked bleak. I knew the moment had come when I had to leave my family, my home and everything I was familiar with. It was the only way to stay alive.

On 31. I left my home in August 2021. The decision was final, the moment came faster than I could have ever expected. On that day, when the sun was still deep in the sky and the shadow of war was getting closer and closer to us, I knew that my life would never be the same again. The war had destroyed everything we had ever known – our family, our home, our dreams. There was no turning back, no hope for a life in safety in Afghanistan.

My father took me to Barikav, a small village far from our district. Barikaw was like a stopover for us, a place where I could go into hiding for a short time before continuing my journey. We stood on the edge of an inconspicuous path that led out of the village, and as I said goodbye to my father, I felt a lump in my throat heavier than anything I had ever felt before.

"You have to move on now," he said. His voice was calm, but in his eyes I could see the pain he was carrying deep inside him. "It's too dangerous here. You have to be safe."