

The magic cape of
ASMA JEHANGIR





"Yes! The victims have got justice," thought Asma as the judge announced his decision. Crying with happiness, she watched her client's twelve-year-old daughter running towards her for a hug.

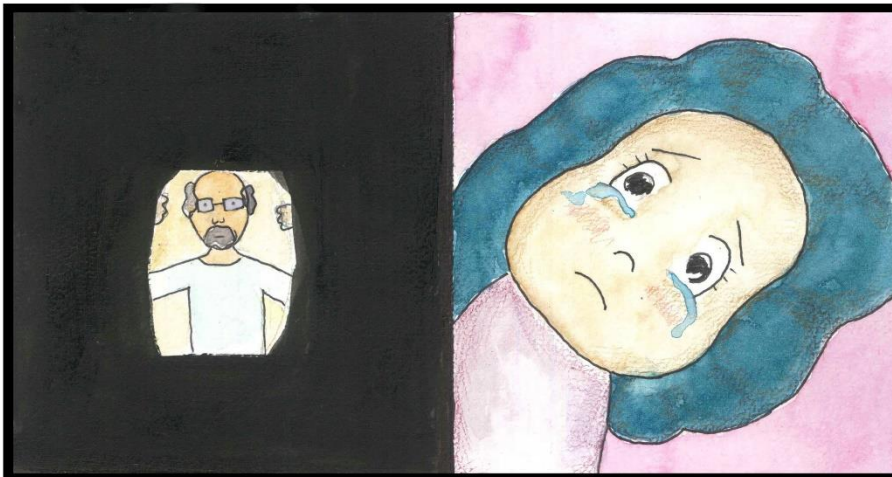
As a lawyer, Asma had never cared so much about a family she had helped. It awoke memories in her.



Her idea to work as a lawyer helping people had been formed forty years ago. As a child, she heard loud banging of the door in the middle of the night. The loud sirens of a police van sounded as she watched her father being dragged out of their house.

He was jailed for speaking his mind. Punished despite the right to freedom of speech.

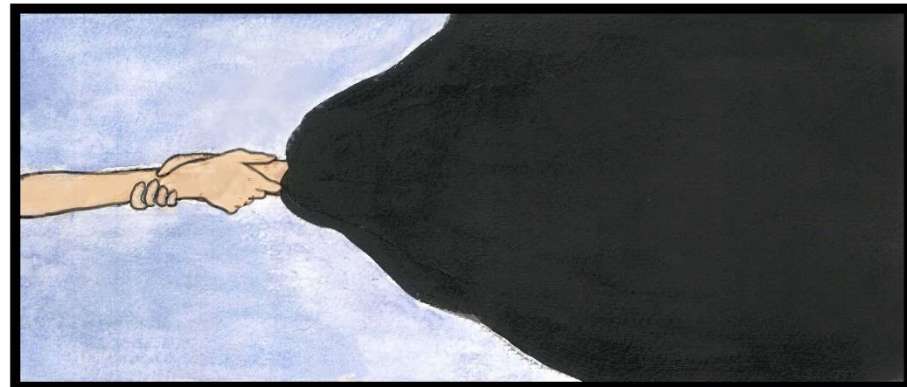
Asma started fighting for Baba, her dear father, by using the law.



One-day Baba was allowed home for a short holiday. Seeing her father outside jail, Asma sobbed "Baba, we were so scared for your life. Please promise me that you'll stay silent now. No matter what!"

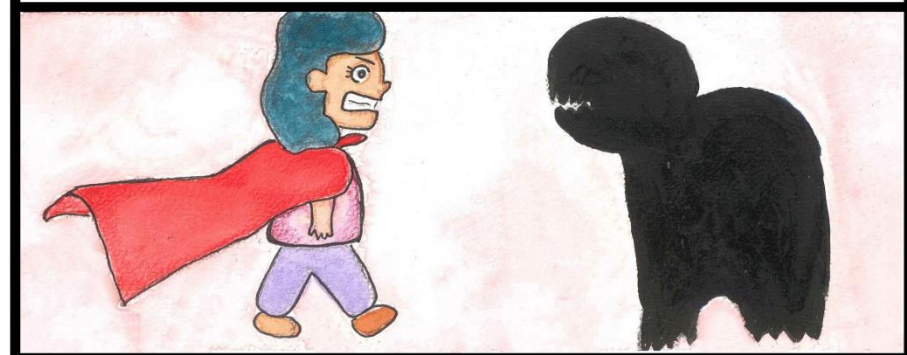
Wiping away Asma's tears, Baba stroked her hair gently and said, "Beta, look at everything around you. Look too at the jail. We punish the bad guys by putting them behind bars. But sometimes, we mistake the good guys for the bad ones. The system isn't perfect. How do we make the system better? We must say what we feel is right!"

Kissing her forehead, he firmly said "I need you to be brave. Why not wear your favorite superhero cape like you used to?" Her father winked at Asma. "Help me fight to make the system better," he said to his daughter.



A few days later, her father was taken to the prison. His words stayed with her. She wore that cape like armour and fought. Visiting the lawyers often and being treated badly by policemen changed her.

She realized that, to be heard, a person had to speak out. After a long time, her father was let out of jail. As she ran towards her father's lawyer for a hug, she imagined that superhero cape. She decided when she grew up she would swap that cape for a lawyer's clothes.





Certainly, today, she was seeing herself in that twelve-year-old girl.

She continued to fight. She worked tirelessly to help women. Even when she got death threats, she was not scared. She would not give up under any kind of pressure



She would stand shoulder to shoulder with her clients. These people were often women and either poor or deprived of their rights.

Even when society was against her, she kept going. Even if clients couldn't pay her, she fought with all her might for their rights.

Nothing could make her break the promise she had made to her father. Nothing could make her take off her superhero cape. Asma was always out there protesting for the poor, for the silenced, and for women.



Her name will always be linked with the struggle for justice and human rights.