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First story

Mona grew up as a disadvantaged girl. She was the only girl in a family of five male siblings. Due to her gender, she wasn't educated but instead she was subjected to Female Genital Mutilation (FGM) and was a victim of early marriage at the age of 6. Consequently, she was also a victim of sexual and gender-based violence, and ultimately civil war whereby she lost all her children.

Nevertheless, despite her struggles, she went against the grain by taking herself back to school during her adulthood, breaking free from her toxic marriage which was considered a taboo and advocated for women rights which were non-existent at the time.

Notably, she was a huge champion for feminist peacebuilding and her legacy leaves on through her mentees who continue to elevate women's hidden narratives through their own voices.

Second story

My mum's friend Rani's shoulders hunched from the weight of the tea leaves she carried—20 kilos strapped to her head, but the burdens she bore were far heavier.

She never complained. Never slowed down. She moved through life with quiet resilience, never letting exhaustion or pain—her aching heels, her throbbing head—stop her.

But Rani fought two battles.

The first was the one everyone could see—the harsh reality of her work as a tea plucker. Long hours, low wages, no protective gear, and conditions that would break most people.

The second battle, though, was one she fought behind closed doors.

At night, after caring for her children she faced the unpredictable temper of the man she called her husband. His love for arrack outweighed his love for her. On the worst nights, when the shouting turned to blows, she became a shield—standing between her children and the chaos, absorbing the pain so they wouldn't have to.

Until one night, she couldn't anymore.

And just like that, she became another statistic just like Mona. Another woman lost to violence. A name buried in reports that tell us what we already know—that conflict-

related sexual violence against women has risen by 50% in the past few years.

But numbers don't tell the whole story. They don't tell you about Rani's laughter, the way she always shared whatever little she had, or how she dreamed of a better future for her children.

So today, I'm here to say her name. Rani, can we say her name together. RANIII

Women in conflict are often reduced to numbers, categorized as victims, or casualties. But what if I told you that within these numbers lies a profound force of everyday resistance? That these women are not passive recipients of aid, but architects of their own feminist peacebuilding?

Because Rani was not just a number. She was a part of our community, she could be any one of us. And she mattered.

Our project is titled We are not just numbers and my name is Zainab Hassen

We have centered our project around women in all their diversities affected by conflict related violence. We want to elevate hidden narratives of feminist forms of everyday resistance through digital tools that create safe spaces for

documenting, amplifying and advocacy which includes art, theatres, poetry and dance.

Everyday resistance is happening all around us—in quiet, subtle, and courageous ways. Indigenous women fight cultural erasure by preserving their knowledge. LGBTQIA+ women reclaim digital spaces to challenge norms. Women survivors of violence build underground support networks. These acts are not always grand or visible, but they are powerful.

My own forms of resistance is making sure that girls in my family get to have a seat at the dinner table and not just the kitchen, in my organization it comes not complying to certain communication regulations that exploit my beneficiaries,

Can I hear some examples of everyday resistance in your lives ?

Kiru

Lynette

Hamza

Thilina - A woman who is anti-civil war resist the celebration of the end of civil war in her country by writing a poem titled “I’m a shame to ethno-nationalist state and, I am ashamed of ethno-nationalist state”

Our projects networks goes across India, Myanmar, the Philippines, Sri Lanka. Kenya, South Africa and South Korea, and We are starting off our Pilot Project with Philippines where we have a special draft video to show you. I would like to invite Lynette on stage to show us this video.

Take it away Lynette

Ranis and Monas story and countless others like theirs, remind us that peace is not built in conference rooms—it is woven into the fabric of daily life by women who refuse to be erased.

The world may see numbers, but we see names, faces, and acts of defiance that deserve to be heard.

So I leave you with this: What if we started listening? What if we recognized these hidden acts of resistance as the foundation of peace? And what if we stood in solidarity with these women, not as saviors, but as allies?

Because we are not just numbers. We are the stories that shape the future.