

I AM ONE OF THOUSANDS

My nickname is "Sunny." It is not my real name. I use this pseudonym because the truth I carry has already placed my life, and the lives of my wife and children, in grave danger.

I am one of thousands of forgotten Afghan allies who once stood shoulder to shoulder with American and NATO forces during the longest and bloodiest years of the war in Afghanistan.



We were part of the war itself.

From 2008 until 2012, I served as an interpreter alongside the U.S. military forces in some of the most dangerous regions of Afghanistan.

We walked through valleys filled with roadside bombs. We survived suicide attacks, Taliban ambushes, rocket fire, and deadly operations that often ended in blood and smoke.

We entered battlefields beside American soldiers. We translated during combat operations, intelligence missions, interrogations, village patrols, and counterterrorism raids. We carried the burden of war on our shoulders just as American troops did.

We bled beside them. We suffered beside them. We watched death move around us every single day.

Many times, I believed I would never return home alive.

The Taliban saw us as traitors for helping the United States. They hunted us relentlessly. We received death threats, warning letters, and messages promising our execution. We lived under constant fear. Every knock on the door felt like the beginning of the end.

Yet we remained loyal.

We did not betray the mission.

We did not betray the soldiers who trusted us.

We served honestly.

Our security records were clean.

Our loyalty was proven through years of sacrifice, danger, and survival.

We protected American lives.

We helped prevent attacks.

We risked everything because we believed America would never abandon those who stood beside it in war.

But today, we feel abandoned by the very country we once risked our lives to support.

When Afghanistan collapsed in 2021 and the Taliban seized power again, chaos consumed the country. Thousands fled. Countless genuine allies, including interpreters, drivers, contractors, and trusted partners, were left behind to face revenge alone.





After years of fear and waiting, I finally traveled to Pakistan with my family in 2025 for my Special Immigrant Visa interview at the U.S. Embassy in Islamabad. For the first time in many years, we carried hope in our hearts.

We believed the promises made to Afghan allies would finally be honored. Instead, our dreams were shattered. Because of executive orders and travel restrictions imposed on Afghans, our visa process was suspended. No matter how faithfully we served, no matter how many years we sacrificed, no matter how thoroughly we passed security checks, we were still left behind.

Today, my family and I are trapped in Pakistan between fear and despair.

To cover the costs of my immigration case and to attend my visa interview, in the hope of building a safe and peaceful future for my family and giving my children access to education, we were forced to sell our home, our property, and our household belongings in Afghanistan for a fraction of their true value.

We spent thousands of dollars pursuing this process. We suffered devastating financial losses, and the constant uncertainty has left us with severe psychological and emotional distress. We lost everything we owned, and today we have nothing left.

Our lives remain in extreme danger because the Taliban continues to hunt me for revenge for my service alongside U.S. forces. Only weeks ago, word reached my family that a Taliban official knows I am in Pakistan and intends to find me here. We live under the constant threat of arrest and deportation. Pakistani authorities continue detaining Afghan refugees and forcing many back into Taliban-controlled Afghanistan, a place where people like me are marked for persecution, torture, or death.

At the same time, crushing poverty is slowly destroying us.

I collect leftover food from hotels and from trash bins, food that other people throw away, and I feed it to my children. That is the only way I can keep them from going hungry.

I cannot provide enough food for my children. I cannot afford medicine. I cannot pay rent.

Some nights, my children sleep hungry while I sit awake, wondering how long we can survive like this.

A father who once worked beside one of the world's most powerful militaries can no longer buy bread for his family. This is the reality of many Afghan allies today.

Sometimes, I ask myself painful questions, like why were we heroes during the war but forgotten after the war ended? Why were promises made to Afghan allies left unfulfilled? Why are loyal allies punished with travel bans while the enemies we fought against now rule our homeland?

We are not criminals. We are not security threats. We are the same people who stood beside American soldiers when death surrounded us.



If nobody hears our voices, I fear we will not survive this nightmare.

Returning to Afghanistan is not a return home for us. It is a return to fear, persecution, and possible execution.

I speak these words with tears and desperation: before being forcibly deported back to Afghanistan, I would rather die here in Pakistan with my wife and children than watch them fall into the hands of those who seek revenge against us.

If such a tragedy happens, history will remember that America once asked Afghan allies to stand beside it in war, and then left many of them behind when the war was over.

This is a human tragedy.

I beg journalists, human rights organizations, and people of conscience around the world:

Please hear our voices before it is too late.

Please do not allow Afghan allies to disappear in silence.

We urgently need humanitarian attention, emergency financial assistance, and protection before our situation becomes irreversible.

As told by Sunny, Former Afghan Interpreter and Forgotten U.S. Ally