



PPF STATEMENT ON THE ATTACKS OF 25 APRIL 2026

TO THE PEOPLE OF MALI, TO AFRICA, AND TO THE WORLD

Mali bleeds, and Africa feels the wound. On 25 April, in coordinated cowardice, armed men struck at our soldiers, our civilians, and at the very idea that the Sahel can write its own future. They did not strike a government. They struck a people — the children of Soundiata, of Toumani Touré, of Modibo Keïta — and they struck the conscience of every African who still believes our sovereignty is not negotiable.

The PPF receives this news with grief, but not with despair. We have buried too many sons and daughters of this continent to mistake mourning for surrender.

To the families

There are no words equal to the loss of a soldier who fell at his post, of a mother caught in a market, of a child whose name we will learn only in obituaries. We will not insult that loss by reaching for them. We say only this: your dead are our dead. The PPF carries their memory into every meeting, every march, every page we will write from this day forward. Mali does not mourn alone.

To those who believe terror has a strategy

Understand what you have woken. For thirty years you have been told that the Sahel is soft ground — that our borders are lines drawn in sand, that our peoples can be turned against one another with a bomb and a rumour. You were lied to. The same hands that buried Thomas Sankara tried to bury the dignity of this region, and the dignity is still standing. Bamako is still standing. Ouagadougou is still standing. Niamey is still standing. You have not weakened the Confederation of Sahel States. You have given it its martyrs.

To the Malian people

Hold the line. Hold it in the cities and hold it in the villages. Hold it between Bambara and Fulani, between Tuareg and Songhaï, between Muslim and Christian, between elder and youth. The enemy of Mali is not the neighbour whose language is different from yours. The enemy is the man who profits when you and your neighbour mistrust each other. Refuse him that profit.



Speak to your cousin in Mopti. Call your sister in Gao. Check on the family in Ménaka. A nation is held together by these small, stubborn acts long before it is held together by armies.

Watch your quarter. Know who comes and goes. Report what is wrong to those you trust. The vigilance of an ordinary woman at her doorway has stopped more attacks than any foreign drone.

To the FAMA and the security forces

You serve under conditions most of the world cannot imagine, and you serve anyway. The PPF salutes the Forces Armées Maliennes, the gendarmerie, the police, and every volunteer who stood between his community and the night. We will not let your sacrifice be reduced to a statistic in a foreign press release. Your names belong to history.

To Africa

This is not a Malian problem. The bullet that lands in Kidal was forged in the same furnace as the one that lands in Cabo Delgado, in the Lake Chad basin, in eastern Congo. The map of insecurity in Africa is not an accident; it is a market. So long as our minerals, our cattle, our cotton and our young people are worth more in chaos than in peace, someone will keep paying for the chaos. Our answer must be continental and it must be honest. Borders should not stop our solidarity when they have never stopped our suffering.

To our brothers and sisters in the diaspora: send more than condolences. Send the truth home. Counter the narrative that reduces this country to a headline about a coup or a caravan. Tell the world what Mali actually is — a civilisation older than most of the states now lecturing it.

To the international community

Spare us the choreography. We have read the press releases before. We know which capitals will issue statements of concern and which will quietly continue the contracts that finance the convoys. If your sympathy is sincere, prove it where it counts: in arms flows, in financial trails, in the open laundering of resources looted from this region. Anything less is theatre.

And to ourselves

We will not be hardened by this. Hardness is what the enemy wants — a Mali too bitter to imagine peace, too tired to imagine itself. We will be something more dangerous than hard. We



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will be patient, organised, and clear-eyed. We will bury our dead with honour, raise our children with memory, and keep building the political project that this generation was born to carry.

Mali is not falling. Mali is being forged.

An die — wa baara!

We stand. We work.

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