

Hafsah!

Written by Umm An-Nu'man
Illustrated by Umm Tayjah & DeAna



DARUSSALAM

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DARUSSALAM

Supervised by: Abdul Malik Mujahid



بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

"Hmm....do I want to?...no...not that one. I wonder if mom will get upset if I..." Hafsah squiggled and twisted in her mother's arms. Hafsah's mom gave her the "I'm warning you" look and Hafsah considered, "Should I let her put that dress on me or should I run?" She gave one last squirm and her mother lost her grip. Hafsah ran.

But she didn't get past the dresser in her room that was next to the closet where she had been getting ready for her first day of kindergarten. "Umph!" her mom scooped her up and hauled her back to the closet.

"Hafsah!" her mom said through gritted teeth and stared at her. She didn't look happy.

"Uh oh" thought Hafsah, "that's that look mama gives me when I'm in supper big trouble." Hafsah plopped herself



this kinbergarben thing may not be so bad when she saw that her mom had made her favorite breakfast. The best cereal of all on the table next to her most favorite bowl and spoon! She eagerly sat down and immediately began swinging her legs back and forth under the table impatiently waiting for her mom to pour her cereal and milk.

Over breakfast, Hafsah bombarded her mom with more questions about kindergarten. "What are the other kids like?" she asked. To which her mother replied, "*In-sha'Allah* they will be nice and you'll make lots of friends."

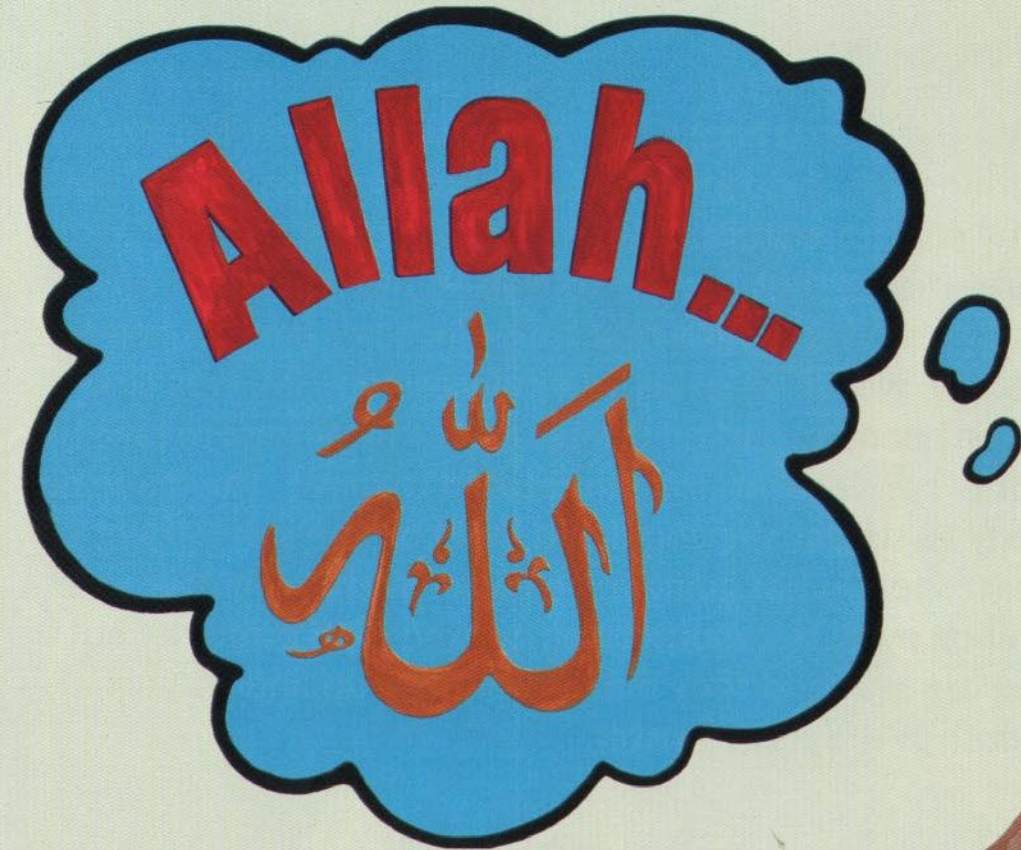
"Who will be my teacher? Will she be mean? What do I do if I have to go to the bathroom?!"



Hafsah's mom looked at her thoughtfully, and then said, "Hafsah baby, at school you might see things that are not okay to do and kids may say things that are not okay to say. The other kids may ask you to do something that is wrong. I want you to do your best not do something you know Allah would not like. Do your best Hafsah because you should not compromise your *deen*."

Hafsah was quiet for a moment. Why would someone do something that Allah said not to do? she wondered. She looked at her mother and said, "Ok mama, I won't camononize my *deen*."

Her mother just smiled and said, "*In-sha' Allah*" and Hafsah said, "*Insalala*".



They went straight to the office and a woman led them down to the kindergarten classroom. When the door opened an explosion of noise hit Hafsa square in the face. There were kids everywhere. Four children were in one corner using magnifying glasses to look at birds' feathers and sea shells. In another corner she saw four other kids plopped down on bean bags reading books. Everywhere she looked children were busy doing things she had never done. She began to get excited and scared all at the same time. It looked like so much fun but would it be too hard for her to learn all of those things? They spent the day in the kindergarten just watching. The teacher was very nice just like her mom said she would be. But then things changed.



Ranya. Do you like my picture?" She held it up for Hafsah to see. "Uh, I don't know, I guess," Hafsah replied.

Ranya looked at Hafsah's picture and said, "Why don't you draw some people in your picture like mine?" Hafsah looked again at the picture. There were people with large crooked eyes, and funny shaped mouths and dots for noses. Hafsah shook her head and said, "No, I can't. My mom said Allah does not like pictures with people's faces in them."

Ranya stared at her own drawing and said, "Why my mom lets me draw them? Your picture is boring. Just draw your mom and dad. It's ok."

Hafsah was a little scared because she wanted to make a friend but she turned to Ranya and said, "No, that's ok. I don't want to capsize my *deen*." She kept drawing her lines and circles.

