



Hafiza's Happy Helicopter Home

Moumita Chowdhury



Little Hafiza adjusts her colorful hijab as she looks out the window of a high-flying helicopter. She is so happy to be heading to her brand-new home far across the green hills.



The helicopter lands softly near a huge, handsome house. In the field nearby, a hungry horse munching on hay neighs a loud hello to its new friend.



Hafiza hops over to the garden where some happy hens are pecking at seeds. She laughs as they hurry around the hedge, their feathers fluttering in the warm breeze.



Later that afternoon, Hafiza goes for a hike and finds a hidden hut tucked away behind the trees. The wooden door is slightly open, making her feel very curious about what is inside.



She steps inside the quiet hut and spots a heavy hammer resting on a shelf next to a hairy hat. Everything is dusty and still, filled with the shadows of the afternoon sun.



Suddenly, she sees a huge white shape standing in the corner, covered by a long cloth. It looks like a haunting ghost, and Hafiza feels a shiver of fear run down her back.



Help! Help! Hafiza shouts as she hurries out of the hut as fast as her legs can carry her. She holds her hand over her beating heart, running all the way back to her father.



Her helpful father, wearing his traditional kufi, listens to her story and holds her hand to make her feel brave. Together, they head back to the mysterious hut to see what was hiding under the white cloth.



Father reaches out and lifts the heavy white cloth, revealing a shiny helmet resting on top of an old hurricane lamp. There was no ghost at all, just ordinary things hidden in the dark.



Hafiza's heart is filled with joy and she lets out a happy laugh. She hugs her father tightly, glad to have finished her big adventure at her new home.