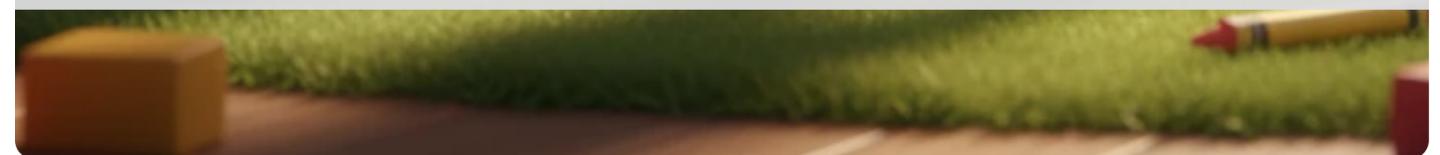




# Hoor and Mariam's Playful Day

mahmoud haggag





The morning sun streamed into a cozy playroom, illuminating a rainbow of toys. Two-year-old Hoor, with her bright, curious eyes and short, wispy hair, was already exploring, while her four-year-old sister Mariam, a little taller and full of playful ideas, watched over her with a sweet smile. Their day of adventure was just beginning.



Mariam carefully stacked a vibrant blue block onto a wobbly tower, her tongue peeking out in concentration. Hoor, small and determined, reached up with both tiny hands, her face beaming as she tried to place a yellow cube on top, giggling when it almost tumbled. Their shared creation grew taller with each focused effort.



A sparkling red bouncy ball rolled playfully across the rug, catching Hoor's immediate attention. With a swift, uncoordinated lunge, she scooped it up, clutching it possessively to her chest. Mariam, who had been about to retrieve it for a game of catch, paused, a hint of disappointment flickering in her eyes.



Hoor, her short hair bouncing, sat firmly on the floor, hugging the red ball tightly as Mariam gently tried to pry her fingers open. A deep pout formed on Hoor's face, her lower lip trembling, while Mariam, with hands on her hips, expressed her frustration through a dramatic sigh and a stomped foot, "My turn!"



A sudden quiet fell over the playroom. Hoor, still clutching the ball, looked down at it, her earlier defiance replaced by a small, uncertain frown. Mariam, turning her back, began to meticulously arrange a line of toy animals, but every now and then, her gaze would drift back towards her little sister, a silent question in her eyes.



Mariam, with a soft sigh, picked up a fluffy pink teddy bear from the toy box. She turned back to Hoor, extending the bear with a gentle, hopeful smile, her frustration replaced by a desire for peace. "Want to cuddle Teddy, Hoor?" she whispered, offering a truce.



Hoor's face slowly transformed, her frown melting into a tentative smile. She carefully placed the red ball down, reaching out for the soft teddy bear. Then, with a shy glance at Mariam, she pushed the red ball gently towards her sister, an unspoken apology and invitation to play.



Mariam's eyes lit up, a wide grin spreading across her face as she scooped up the red ball. "Yay!" she exclaimed, then gently tossed it to Hoor, who squealed with delight. The sisters were once again chasing the bouncy ball around the room, their laughter echoing, louder and happier than before.



Their energy renewed, Mariam started a game of "follow the leader," tiptoeing on her toes like a graceful ballerina. Hoor, with her tiny legs and short hair bobbing, clumsily but enthusiastically tried to mimic every move, stumbling and giggling, thrilled to be playing together again.



As the afternoon sun began to set, casting long, warm shadows, Hoor and Mariam snuggled close on a plush rug, surrounded by their now-scattered toys. Mariam gently hugged her sleepy little sister, who yawned contentedly, their day of play, squabbles, and making up ending in a peaceful, loving embrace, their bond shining bright.