



Hoor and Mariam's Playful Day

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The first light of dawn peeks through Hoor's window, painting her cozy room in soft purples and oranges. Hoor, a two-year-old with wide, curious eyes and a mischievous dimple, stirs in her crib, a tiny yawn escaping her lips. Outside her door, the muffled sounds of her family preparing Suhoor – the pre-dawn meal – fill the quiet house, sparking her curiosity.



Hoor, now fully awake and clad in her favorite sheep pajamas, peeks around the kitchen doorframe. Her parents and older siblings sit around a brightly lit table, sharing bowls of cereal, dates, and warm milk. Hoor's eyes, full of wonder and a hint of hunger, fixate on the delicious food, her tiny hands reaching out instinctively.



Mama gently scoops Hoor onto her lap, offering a small piece of date, explaining in soft whispers about Ramadan and 'no eating until the sun goes down' for the big people. Hoor, pouting slightly with a squished-up nose, tries to grasp the concept, her brow furrowed in concentration as she nibbles her treat. She looks at her family, then at the rising sun, a tiny lightbulb of understanding flickering in her mind.



Throughout the morning, Hoor plays with her colorful blocks, building wobbly towers that inevitably tumble down with a giggle. She observes her parents quietly, seeing Mama read from a beautiful book and Baba perform his prayers, their faces serene. Hoor, with an exaggerated sigh, mimics a tiny prayer pose, her hands raised in an endearing, clumsy imitation.



As the afternoon light mellows, Hoor 'helps' Mama in the kitchen, her small fingers carefully placing dates onto a decorative plate for Iftar. Flour dusts her rosy cheeks as she attempts to stir a bowl of lentil soup with a spoon almost as big as she is. Mama laughs warmly, gently guiding Hoor's hand.



The sun dips below the horizon, casting long, golden shadows across the living room. Hoor bounces excitedly on the sofa, her eyes glued to the clock. The moment the call to prayer rings out, the family gathers around the table, their faces glowing with anticipation. Hoor claps her hands, ready for the feast.



Hoor gleefully digs into her own small plate of food, her mouth smeared with hummus and rice, surrounded by her smiling family. Laughter and happy chatter fill the air, creating a warm, comforting bubble of togetherness. She shares a piece of bread with her older brother, a wide grin spreading across her face.



Later, during the Taraweeh prayers, Hoor sits beside her parents on a prayer rug, her tiny head bobbing. She tries to follow their movements, bowing and prostrating in her own adorable, uncoordinated way. Her efforts bring silent, loving smiles to her family's faces, a testament to her innocent participation.



Tucked into her bed, Hoor snuggles her favorite teddy bear, her eyelids heavy. Mama sits beside her, singing a soft lullaby, recounting the day's events and the blessings of Ramadan. Hoor drifts off to sleep, a peaceful smile on her face, feeling safe and loved.



The full moon of Ramadan shines brightly through Hoor's window, casting a gentle, silver glow over her sleeping form. Hoor dreams of dates, laughter, and the loving faces of her family, a tiny ambassador of joy in the heart of a cherished tradition. The house is quiet, filled with the warmth of shared faith and love.