

The Night Before Eid

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I washed my hands and headed over to look out the window. The moon was shining bright as a star. I went downstairs and looked at the decorations. I could hear Mama and Baba bustling in the kitchen. Probably doing some last minute cleaning up after Iftar.



I sighed. I can't believe this is our first Eid in our new home away from all of our aunts back in Virginia. I headed back to my room and looked at the new green lengha that my Aunt Priti from Bangladesh sent to me. Reaching toward the bangles laid on my dresser I suddenly paused. It wasn't fair! I can't believe That I would not be spending my favorite holiday with my best cousin Anika.



I jumped onto my bed staring at the ceiling and thinking about all of my memories of Eid before we moved. The laughing, the sweets, getting candy and a little bit of money which mama always promised to hold onto for later. Meeting the new babies, getting pinched on my cheeks by relatives who had traveled overseas and more. I closed my eyes making Dua to Allah hoping that when I opened my eyes I would be back in my sister Hafsa's room, while she oiled my hair, giggling with her about how many gifts we would get at the Masjid Eid prayer.



There would be no more of that now. I heard a knock on my door. "Come in" I hesitated. It was Baba wiping his hands on his apron. "Hi honey"! Me and your Mom are heading out to grab some stuff for lunch tomorrow. Head over downstairs so Hafsa can watch you and Zainab." I dragged my feet down the stairs and sighed for the one millionth time that night. I hear the door click. Mama closes the door to the garage.



Hafsa gets up as soon as she hears the door click.
"Ok I'm going to take a shower and as soon as I come back
I'll try to do your henna alright?" "Ok" I sighed once more.

