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*Creative Nonfiction Essay*

When I came home, my mom was mad at me. But I left the home unintentionally not thinking I had to meet and hug the family members first. After all I wasn’t ready for this day and what had happened a week earlier. I wasn’t ready to hear any statements or discuss anything because no matter what, I wouldn’t do anything that I think I am not ready for and maybe I am just over thinking. He is two years older then I. He had a valid point because it is stated in the Quran but only if I could ignore his attitude toward me.

On my way back I received my mom call, she wanted me to be home and that I shouldn’t have left the house without greeting especially my brother. He asked for my sister, her kids and me and that maybe he was going to give us money as an Eid ritual. When I got home, I explained how I left in hurry because sister was about to leave with her kids in car and I didn’t wanted to be left out. While I am talking I feel the pressure of the tears coming, my lips are turning into frowning and my voice is fading away and suddenly I hear me talking loud in that uncontrollable anger that had hidden inside of me for a week. Letting it out on how he would have a problem with my hair not being covered. Not realizing that my brother, Shahzad had left before we got home and he wasn’t listening to our conversation.

While I am in anger and listening to my dad telling me the things that my bother has done for me like paid my college fee and that we should always respect our older brothers and sisters. But that does not mean I should do what they want me to without my willing. A good Muslim is not only who covers her hair but has a nice attitude toward people and who do not hurt anyone’s feelings. I was expecting my dad to take a stand for me and tell my brother to not interfere because that way we wouldn’t have fights. My brother also does the things, which are not acceptable and sometimes does not listen to my parents. I did not wanted to cover my hair because once you cover it, you have to do it for the rest of your life, and I wasn’t ready for it. While we were talking and I was still angry and upset talking to my dad, my brother walks in the house, I continued speaking. He stood at the living room, after few minutes he starts walking toward the kitchen and tells my dad in a lower voice to leave the topic and then he left. My mom who has always been neutral about any situation but this time she was hurt that I was upset, and she tries to calm me down.

After few minutes I came to my room looked at the mirror, my red watery eyes, with messy eyeliner and tears itching my face and the combination of tears and makeup running through my cheeks. I washed my face and lay down on my bed. I thought of my mom and if she wouldn’t have complaint about me leaving the house then this day might have been different and how I shouldn’t have gotten so hyper and made this day very upsetting. I wanted things to be normal again I picked up my phone and texted my brother saying sorry for getting hyper and that he should come home, After all he did so much for me and supported me financially. Few minutes later I hear my mom, dad, and my brother talking. I stood up walked down stairs. I went near him and put my arms around him and hugged him, feeling emotional and wished this hug would clear out everything. When I looked at my mom, her face was relaxed and happy. All four of us sat down near the dining area, Before I could say anything I let my brother say his part and for the first time he told me directly how he has so much respect for the women who covers their hair and telling the facts about how it is stated in our holy book. My dad agreed with him, obviously he wasn’t saying anything wrong. The expressions on his face showed that after this meeting I was going to cover my head. My mind collecting all the thoughts together and I started to speak, in a lower and respectful tone I said, I wouldn’t do anything to impress anyone, if I am not doing it from my heart and when I am not mentally prepaid.

The next morning, I woke up with all hating the previous day. I saw my mom next to me doing something on her phone. My brother knocked the door and walked inside the room. With his upset expression, he told me in a lowered and straight voice that I should go down and wash the dishes and not let my dad wash them. I replied him saying, usually I wash them.