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PLANET OMAR

ACCIDENTAL TROUBLE MAGNET

HODDER

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– the text has since been revised and re-illustrated.
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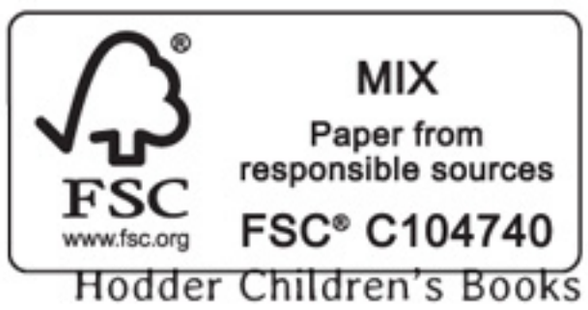
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ME

my name is Omar
— this is my face

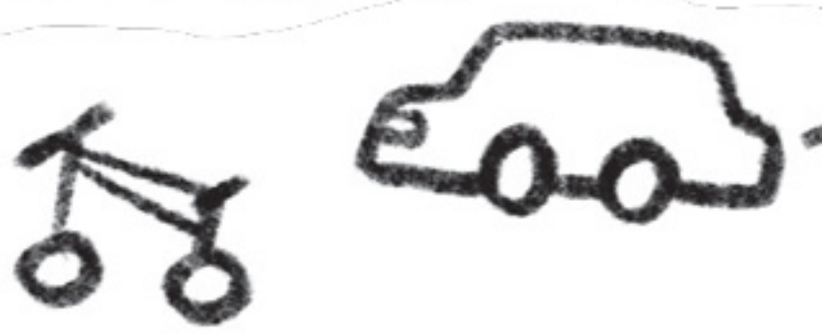


I have a
HUGE
imagination

I hate
marshmallows



I once raced against
my dad's car on
my bike - and won!



ESA

Don't be fooled
by this three-year-old's
innocent face

Can scream and cry
louder than an
ambulance siren

Bits of food
can always be found
in his hair



Plays with my stuff
and makes it all sticky

I love him but don't tell anyone

MARYAM

Thirteen 13 ~
(but thinks she's sixteen)

x 16



Knows 28 Surahs
of the Qur'an
by heart



Was once caught hiding
a stash of fondant
fancies under her pillow

Loves to wind me up even more
than she loves fondant fancies



MUM

Doesn't know how
to say 'no'

A scientist

Hardly ever seen
without a cup of coffee
in her hands!





This is what she looks like
without her hijab on,
when there are no men around
who would be allowed to
marry her if she didn't
already have my dad

DAD

Has a beard because he's copying the greatest man who ever lived — I've never actually seen his face without it

Will never eat a beetroot

Also a scientist

Not too much hair left (he says it's because of his genes)

Rides a motorbike (Grandma tries to puncture the wheels because she doesn't think it's safe)



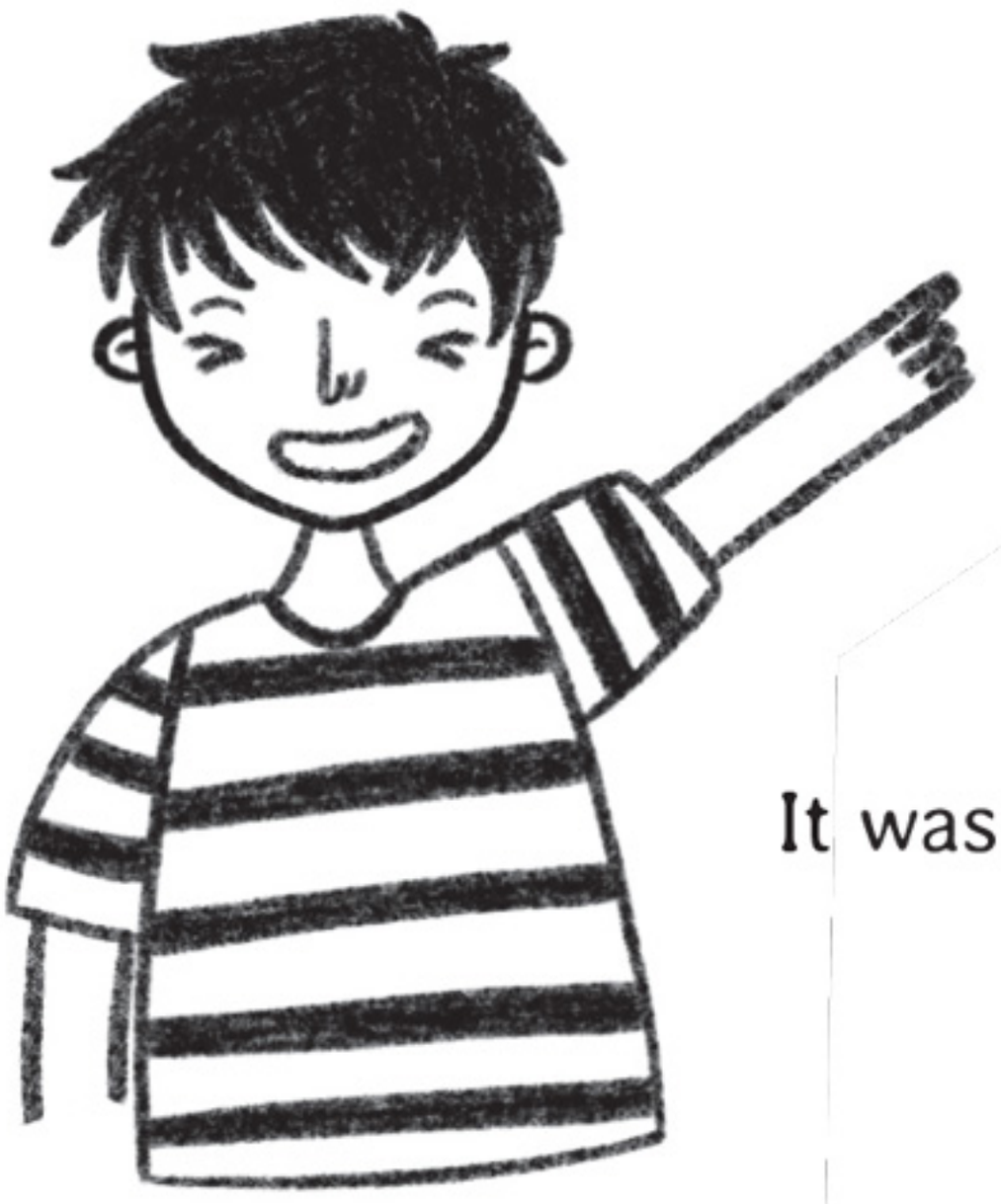


CHAPTER 1

TOOOOO!

There was a big puddle of spit on my little brother's forehead.





It was mine.

But, PHEW, he was still sleeping.

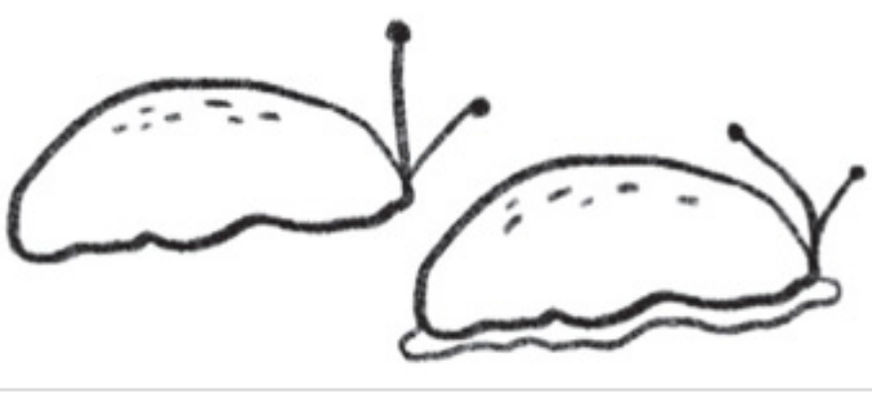
Let me tell you what happened: I had been in my bed, attempting to have a good night's sleep, when suddenly I was being chased through the playground by a teacher who had



GREEN SLIME OOZING



out of his ears and



SLUGS for fingernails!

It was a dream. A 

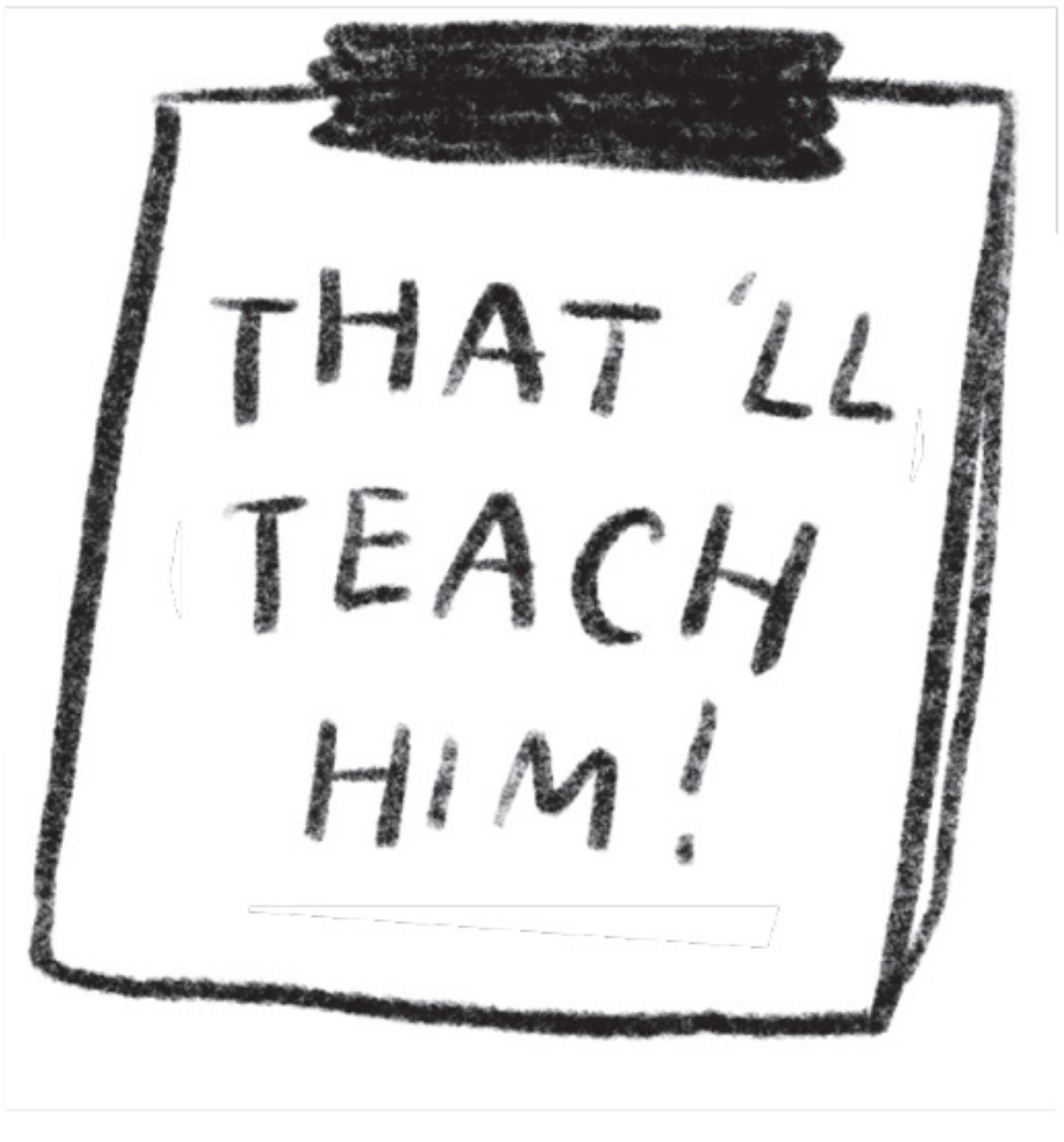
dream, of course. When I woke up, I was extremely and very happy that I wasn't about to be a monster's dinner. I breathed slowly to get my heartbeat back to normal, instead of like it was on a



I remembered that my mum told me to spit towards my shoulder three times if I have a nightmare.

That's supposed to get rid of SHAYTAN, who is the uglyhead who causes bad dreams.

I REALLY wanted to get rid of Shaytan! So I conjured up a bucketful of spit in my mouth SHOT and it out over my left shoulder.



I just hoped it would dry before morning so nobody would know I'd spat on my little brother by accident.

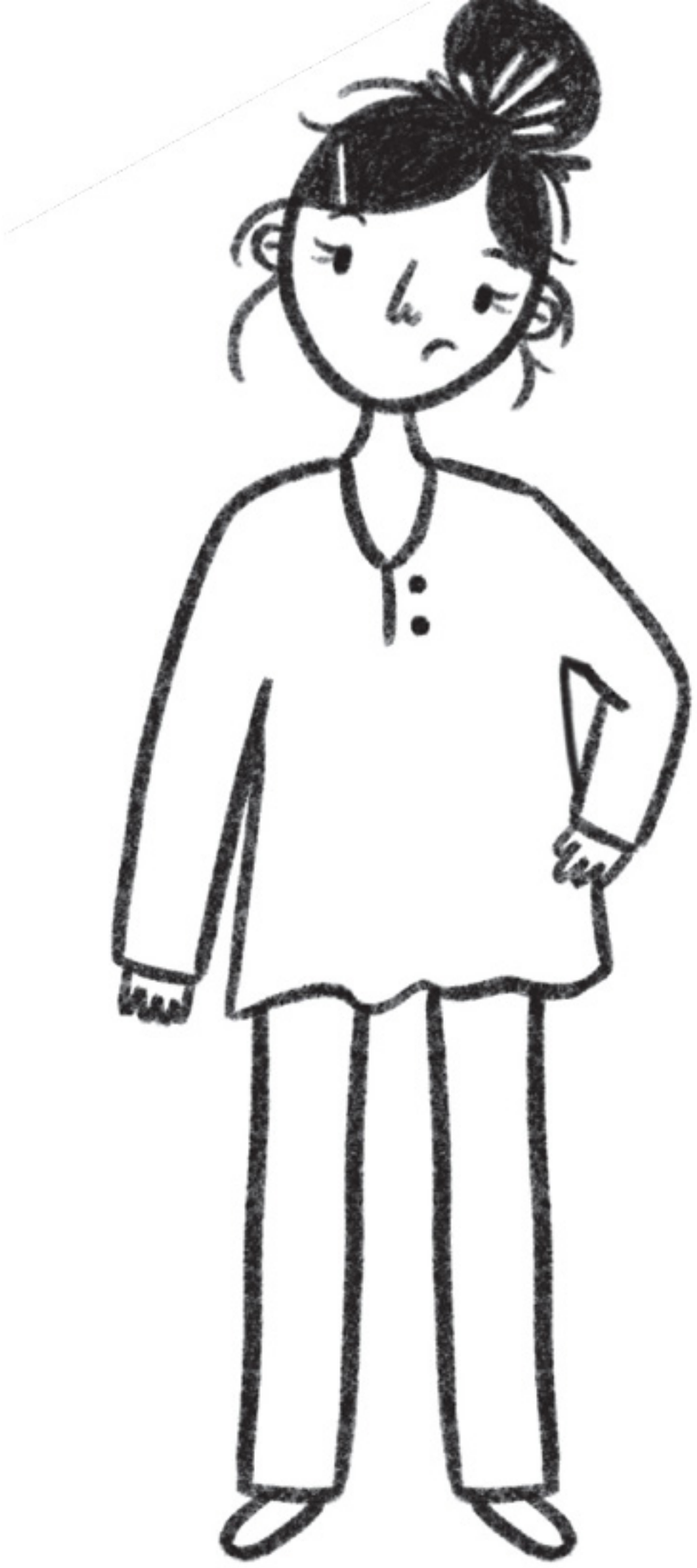
I put my head back on the pillow for an eighth of a second, but then I heard a really loud and really annoying sound.



(See? VERY loud and VERY annoying.)

It was Esa. I guess he'd noticed the spit ball after all and wasn't impressed.

Mum appeared at the door to our room in her pyjamas, looking all bleary-eyed.



(UNIMPRESSED PARENT CAN BE RECOGNISED BY HAND ON HIP AND FURROWED EYEBROWS. CAN BE SCARY, BUT DO NOT RUN AWAY.)

She said, 'What's the matter, Esa?'

Esa was still busy wailing, so I said, 'Spit ball.'

'Not again, Omar!'



I covered my head with the pillow.

Then Dad came in saying that it would be nice



if we could have

AT LEAST 1

night

in the week where poor Esa isn't woken up by my

SHENANIGANS.

I asked him what that means for the BILLIONTH time. He rolled his eyes for the BILLIONTH time.

I heard my big sister, Maryam, growling in her room. (She definitely doesn't like mornings very much.)

Mum said it was almost Fajr time anyway. I wondered if Allah was going to give me a reward for waking them up for Fajr.

FAJR
THE DAWN PRAYER



DHUHR
THE NOON PRAYER



ASR
THE AFTERNOON PRAYER



MAGHRIB
THE SUNSET PRAYER



ISHA
THE NIGHT PRAYER

CHAPTER 2

The reason I had been having bad dreams, especially bad dreams about teachers, was because I was going to be starting a new school. This made me feel like there were

SNAKES in my TUMMY

