"What's that on your sister's head?" the girl in front of me whispers.

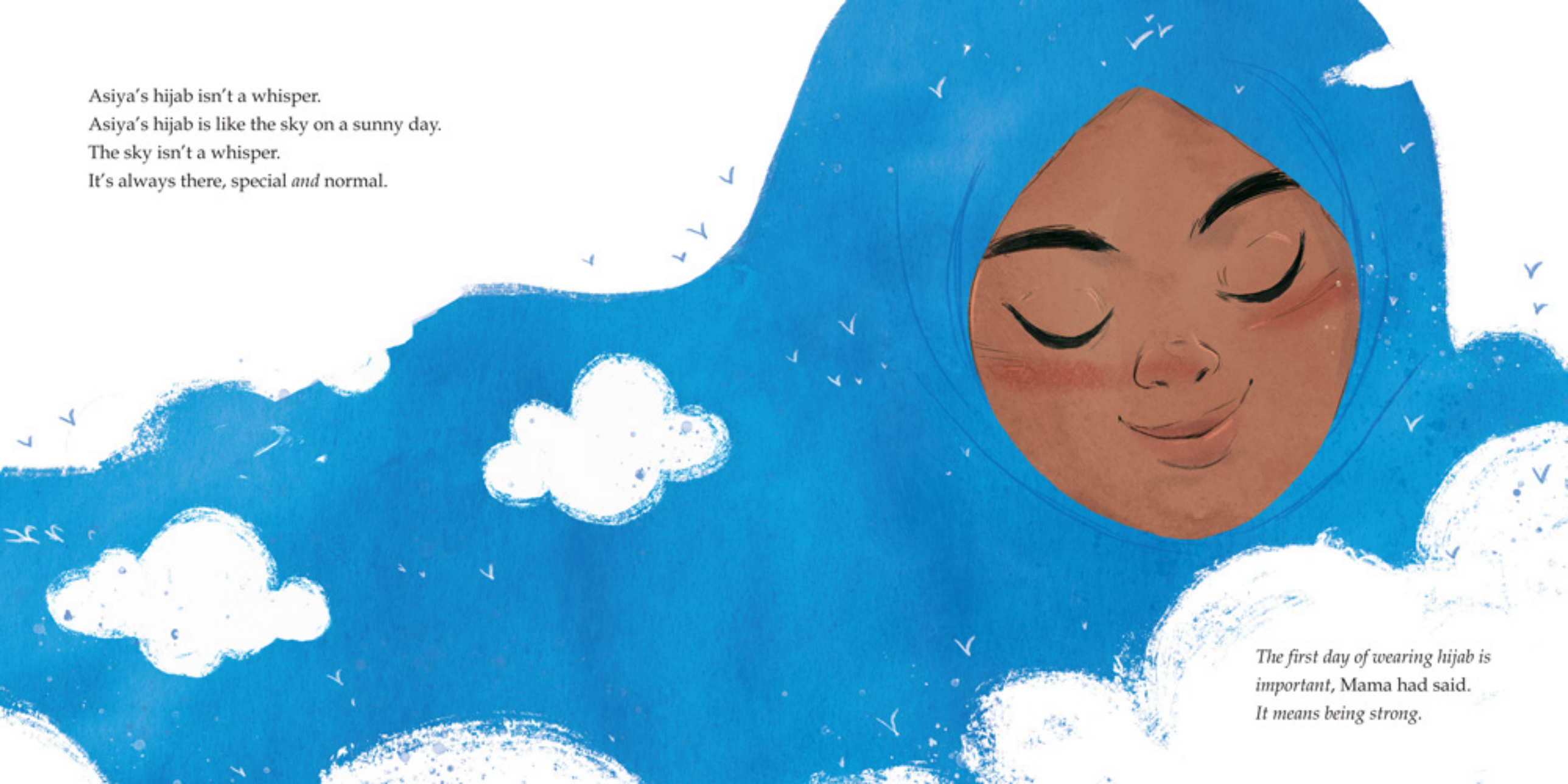
"A scarf," I whisper back.

I don't know why a whisper came out.

I try again, louder now. "A scarf. Hijab."

"Oh," she whispers.

Asiya's hijab isn't a whisper.
Asiya's hijab is like the sky on a sunny day.
The sky isn't a whisper.
It's always there, special *and* normal.



The first day of wearing hijab is important, Mama had said.
It means being strong.