

**ZANIB MIAN**

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# PLANET OMAR

**ACCIDENTAL**

**TROUBLE**

**MAGNET**

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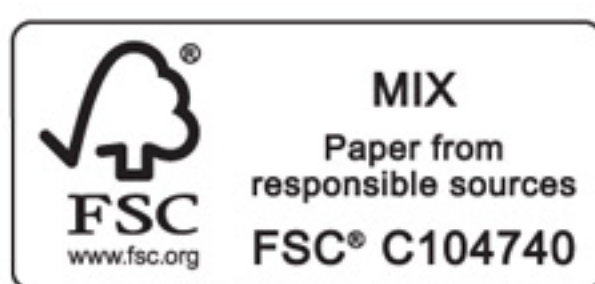
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# ME

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 <sup>13</sup>  
(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

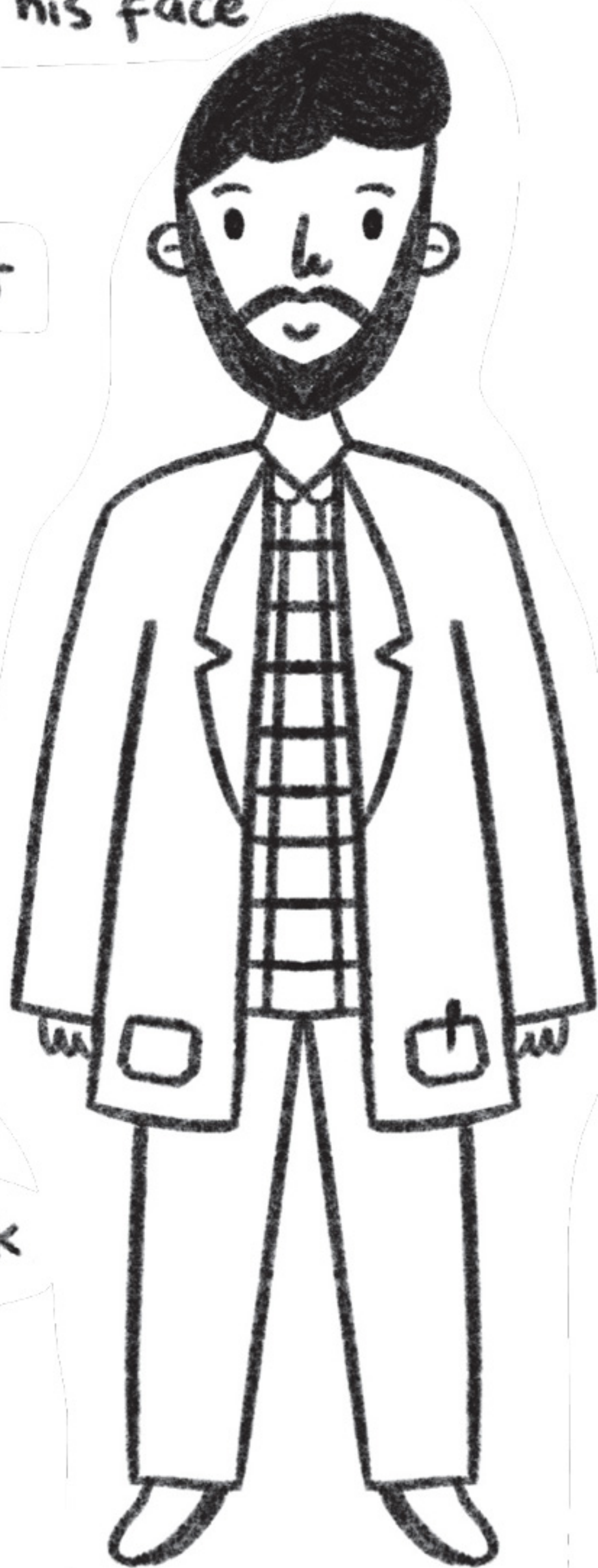
Has a beard because he's copying the greatest man who ever lived — I've never actually seen his face without it

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)



KHAA

# CHAPTER 1

Tooo!!!

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



It was mine.

But,

**PHEW**

, he was still sleeping.

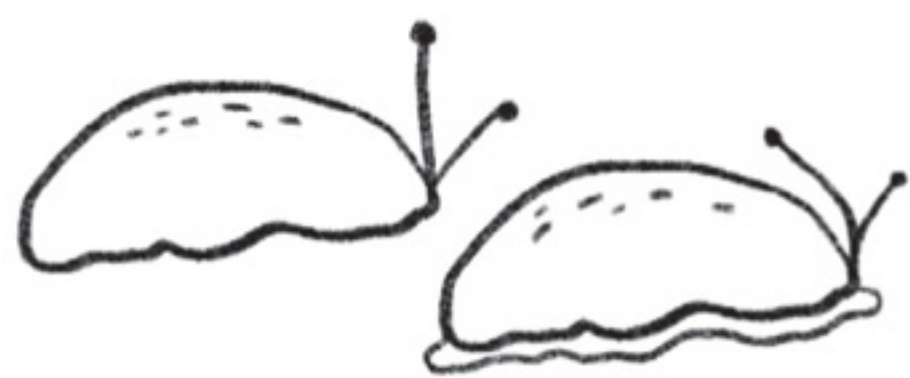
Let me tell you what happened: I had been in my bed, attempting to have a good night's sleep, when suddenly I was being chased through the playground by a teacher who had

GREEN: 'SLIME'  
oozing

out of his ears and

SLUGS

for fingernails!



It was a dream. A

~~BAD~~

dream, of

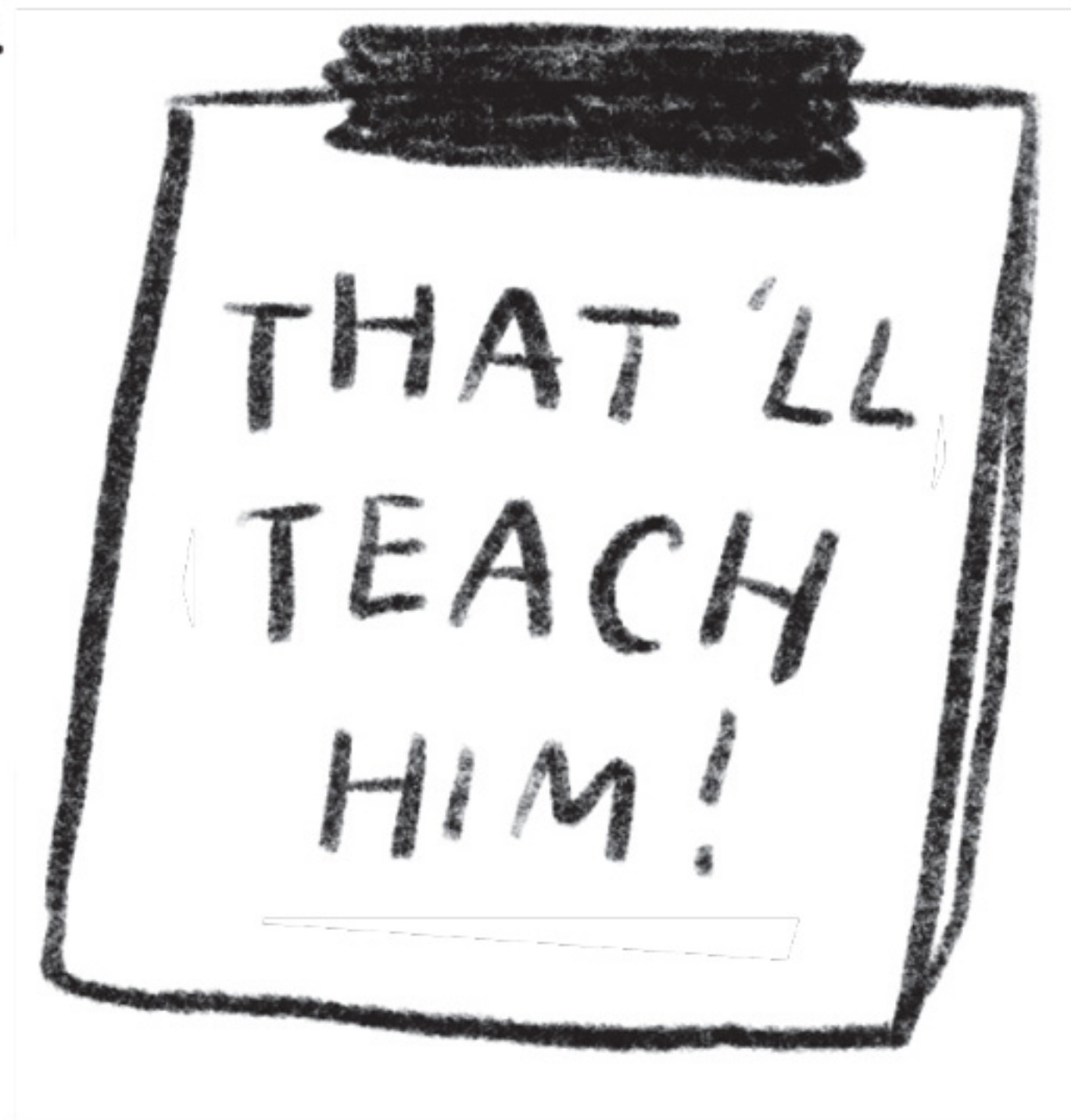
course. When I woke up, I was extremely and very happy that I wasn't about to be a monster's dinner. I breathed slowly to get my heartbeat back to normal, instead of like it was on a

trampoline.

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 'SHĀYTĀN', 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!'

WAAAAA

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<sup>☾</sup> ✨

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

