

“Good morning, I’m Amanda Robinawitz from NPR news. Something big happened last night! The war between Galanda and Shantalishbad ended in a ceasefire, saving millions of lives. Also, Saif Taj, who was thought to be dead, returned to the military base in bad health. The medics say that he was badly injured but will recover.”

I stopped in my tracks. That report confirmed my theory. I have a superpower!

It all started a week ago. As I finished praying at the mosque, I felt really hungry and tired. So, I made a dua - a prayer, asking for a samosa to eat and some time to nap. I love science, and I had a science fair that day. But I wanted to rest more than anything.

As I walked through our front door, I saw that my Baba had brought a box of samosas! I was so excited. To top it off, my Baba told me that my science fair had been rescheduled. Now, I could have a snack and a rest. I wonder if this was just a coincidence.

In the morning I woke up to my Mama yelling. “Farzaad, fold your laundry”, She reminded me. “Now”? I replied. “Yes now”! She hollered. I whispered a dua wishing that my laundry would magically fold itself up and float upstairs. I trudged up to the dryer to take my clothes out and fold them. But they weren’t there. Then, out of curiosity, I went back to my room to check if the laundry had already been finished. I found them there, clean and folded! I was baffled. “It had to be my Baba”, I whispered. I went over to my Dad to thank him. He stared at me, confused. And then he started laughing. “Oh you’re making a joke, that's funny”. As I walked back, my mind started spinning.” I must be dreaming”, I shook it off.

In the morning we woke up to horrible news. My uncle Saif Taj, commander of the famed SHOU (Special Heavy Operations Unit), had

been killed in the war between Galanda and Shantalisbad. He was a military veteran. He earned the Crescent and star, the highest military award. He sacrificed his life to save his Unit. I knew that his sacrifice was a great honor, but I still wished that my uncle hadn't died. He was my favorite uncle. I played video games, soccer, and did lots of other things with him. I sighed. I wished that there was no war at all. I made a dua that there might be a chance he was still alive and that there would be no more war, and as we all got into bed, there was a heavy cloud of melancholy lingering over all of us.

This morning, when I heard the NPR news report that my uncle was still alive, and the war had stopped so suddenly, it was clear that I had a superpower, my prayer. It was the superpower that can change the world.