

Children

by Khalil Gibran

*(Given to me by a student of Green Dale International School, Class VI)**And a woman who held a babe against her bosom said, 'Speak to us of Children'**And he said:**Your children are not your children.**They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.**They come through you but not from you,**And though they are with you, yet they belong not to you.**You may give them your love but not your thoughts**You may house their bodies but not their souls.**For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.*

SOMEONE once told me that having a child meant having your heart outside our body; possessing a mind of its own and walking on two legs. At the time I thought it was a lovely statement, but too cliché.

While growing up my mother would often say 'when you have a child you will know.' We have all heard these statements, sometimes they would carry words of doom and sometimes they would seem like an impossibility 'Me having a baby; I'm still a child myself!' But time moves on, life catches up with us. We all wake up one day, stare at the reflection on the mirror and wonder who this person staring back could possibly be?

My life changed slowly. It crept up on me and two years back I realised I was pregnant. My husband and I were ecstatic. No longer did we think that children were only for the older couples whose lives changed forever. After four years of marriage, my husband and I had begun to sense an emptiness and whenever we would observe a couple with a child, we would get a queer, unexplained sensation.

In our nervous states we read up on as many books as possible, watched documentaries and worried about the state of the world. I wish I could say that my pregnancy was a breeze; it was not, I went through a difficult time and at five feet zero the extra weight of the baby made me feel fat and unfit. But time is a wonderful tool. It brought me to the end of my tether and before I knew it, I was entering the delivery room. I kept on going outside

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Small Miracles

BY ALIYA KHAN-MUNIR (LIYA)

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In my drugged up state I heard the first cry, a powerful scream announcing the arrival of my daughter. True to her nature, she made sure that everyone in the room understood that she was not happy at being woken up from her comfortable sleep. When the doctor placed her briefly in my arms, even in my drowsy state, I felt as though time had stopped and it was just my daughter, my husband and myself. I saw her rounded cheeks, her pink skin and her petulant mouth and I sent a silent prayer to Allah for blessing me with a new life. The image

of her, when I laid eyes on her for the first time, are still imprinted in my heart. I know deep down that although time will not stand still for me, but my little girl's face will always take me back to a moment I will always cherish and revere.

At first, after I came back home with her, I was scared to be alone with her. I wondered how it was possible for me to be entrusted with the life of this infant -- I still felt like a child myself. I called my mother every single minute, worrying about every little detail. Sometimes my mother's flip-pant replies would annoy me, as I was sure every little thing was something to worry about. Sleep became a novelty and I

would reminiscence on those days I was able to sleep in and wake up late.

I always thought and dreamt, a typical rosy dream that having a baby would mean lots of cuddling with a warm,