

# ZANIB MIAN

ILLUSTRATED BY NASAYA MAFARIDIK  
AND KYAN CHENG

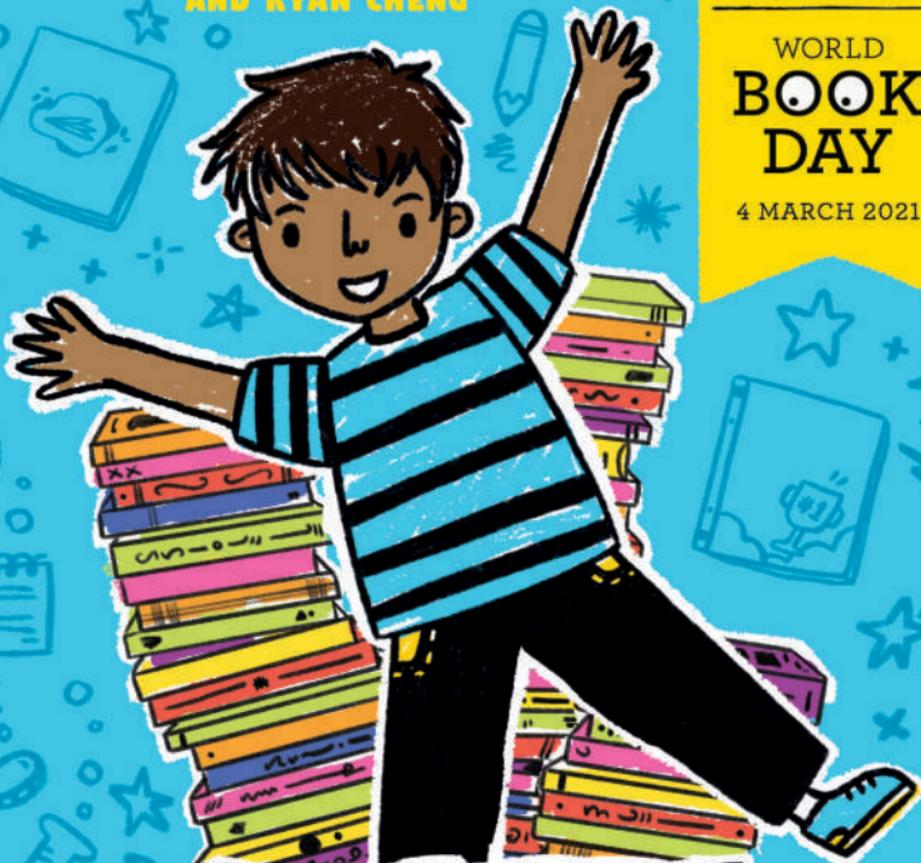
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# PLANET

# OMAR

OPERATION

# KIND

# ME

my name is Omar  
— this is my face



I have a  
**HUGE**  
imagination



I once tried to  
drink hanging  
upside down, but  
the juice went  
up my nose

I will do  
anything for  
my friends

# DANIEL AND SUZY



One of  
my best friends

Crazy  
but cool

Brother  
and sister

Loves books

Has to go to the  
hospital a lot



# CHARLIE

also my  
best friend

toothy grin  
extraordinaire



has a really  
funny grandma

can write with  
both hands

# MY FAMILY

## MARYAM

bossy big  
sister



## ESA



mucky little  
brother

# MUM AND DAD

nerdy scientists



# CHAPTER 1

'EWWWWWWWW!'

That was me complaining about the sight I was seeing.

Daniel had stuck two After Eight chocolate wrappers up his nose. One in each nostril.

'The wrappers just smell so *yummy* that I had to do it – I want to smell them for ages!' he explained, as if it was the most normal thing to do if you thought something smelt **NICE**.

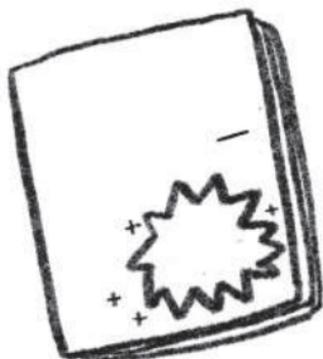
'I like the smell of strawberries, but you don't see me walking around with them up my nose,' I said.

'That's only because they wouldn't fit.'

That made me **EXPLODE WITH LAUGHTER**. Sometimes Daniel can be so ridiculous.

We got back to what we were supposed to be doing, which was searching online for

someone selling a signed copy of a book by Angelina Kind.



We were at my house, in my room, on my bed. I like imagining zooming into us like that, like Google Earth does when

you look at your house. I pictured us from even further away. We were in the Milky Way galaxy, on Earth,

in Europe, in the UK, in England, in London, at my house, in my room, on my bed ... cool!

Daniel was at my house this **weekend**, because his parents had to go to the hospital again, to take care of his little sister, Suzy, who was having another operation. He was feeling really sorry for her and wanted to do something that would make her light up so bright the sun would be jealous. That's how he explained it. And since Angelina Kind was Suzy's most **favourite** author EVER, Daniel thought a signed book would be just the thing.

Angelina Kind is Canadian and she's written famous books that have been made into movies that we've all seen. She seems really **NICE** too, but that could just be because of her name. Before her, I didn't even know Kind could be a surname. It made me wonder what my name would be if it was an adjective.

'You would be Daniel Hilarious,' I told Daniel.

'You would be **OMAR SUPER.'**

'What? Why?'

'Because you say it **A LOT.'**



'I super do not.' I grinned.

Suddenly, Daniel jumped off the bed, shrieking, 'She's here! In the UK! Angelina Kind is here! She's doing a book-signing thing in Scotland.'

'Woah! That means you can get a book signed with Suzy's actual name in it and maybe a message too,' I said, **excited.**

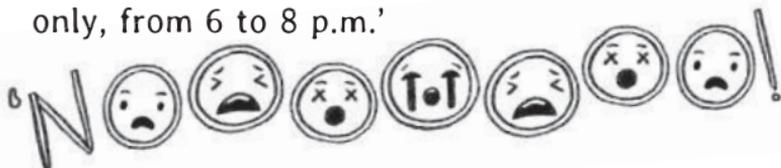
'Exactlyyyyyyyyy!' said Daniel, doing forward rolls all over my carpet, as if he had to use up his excited energy.

'But Scotland is *super* far,' I pointed out.

Daniel sat still, worried now, and said, 'Does that mean we can't go?'

I looked at the laptop screen.

'Daniel, this is today. Her event is today only, from 6 to 8 p.m.'



'We're going to miss it!' cried Daniel. And he lay down with his face smushed into the carpet.

I *didn't* like seeing my friend go from such springy excitement to motionless disappointment. Sometimes when I'm sad or disappointed, I imagine my dragon, *H<sub>2</sub>O*, swooping down from the clouds to cheer me up. Right now, I



wished he was real, and not only in my *imagination*. He would have been able to take us to Scotland in minutes! (I'm hoping Allah will give me something like H<sub>2</sub>O in heaven. I'm sure He will.)

Well, after H<sub>2</sub>O, I guessed the PEANUT (our 4x4 car with a huge roaring, beastly engine) was the next best thing.



'Let's ask my mum and dad.' I

poked the unmoving body on my carpet.

*'COME ON.'*

We ran down the stairs and into the living room.

'Dad!' I panted. 'How long does it take to get to Scotland? Can you take us? Do you think the PEANUT can go as fast as a *dragon?*'

'Slow down.' Dad laughed. 'Why are we going to Scotland in such a panic?'

'Angelina Kind is there, signing books, but only today. Suzy absolutely **L V V E S** her and I really, reallllllllly want to get her a book with a message in it. It would make her feel so much better!' said Daniel, both fists clenched.

'It would be a mad dash ...' said Dad.

'Do it, darling!' said Mum, to my surprise. 'It's worth it if it's going to make Suzy happy.' And she looked at Dad with sparkly eyes.

**SO CHEESY.**

'Jarvis. Prepare my suit for a cross-country mission,' said Dad, pretending to call out to his butler and flexing his muscles.

We all giggled.

'Can I go, too?' said Maryam, who had followed us down the stairs to see what the fuss was about. 'You might need my help.'

'Or because you're obsessed with Angelina Kind?' I said, trying my best to raise just one eyebrow at her, which I can never manage.

‘She’s all right ...’ lied Maryam.

‘Fine.’ I shrugged. ‘As long as you’re not annoying.’

‘I am **NEVER** annoying.’



‘But what about Charlie? If Maryam’s going, Charlie should go too, or he’ll be sad we all went without him,’ I said.

‘Yeah!’ said Daniel.

‘OK, it’s 9:30 a.m. now, we need to set off ASAP, so if his parents agree, we’ll pick him up on the way,’ said Dad. ‘But doing the maths, I’m thinking it would be quickest to catch a train.’

We ran off to call Charlie, as Mum dialled Daniel’s parents to check with them.

GET READY TO RACE  
AGAINST TIME WITH

# OMAR!

OMAR HAS A HUGE IMAGINATION, AND AN  
EVEN BIGGER HEART – BUT SOMETIMES  
HIS IDEAS DON'T GO ENTIRELY TO PLAN ...\*

Open up this book to discover what happens when a few things get in the way of his latest mission. They include:

- An exploding tap (yikes)
- Some *VERY* lost sheep
- An *embarrassingly* red chin
- A *MAN-EATING* dog (well ... probably)
- An accidental *POLICE-CHASE*
- And a best friend who really, really, *REALLY* needs the toilet

**\*BUT WHO CARES?! FLYING BY THE SEAT OF  
YOUR PANTS IS WAY MORE FUN ...**



ISBN 978-1-444-95994-9



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