

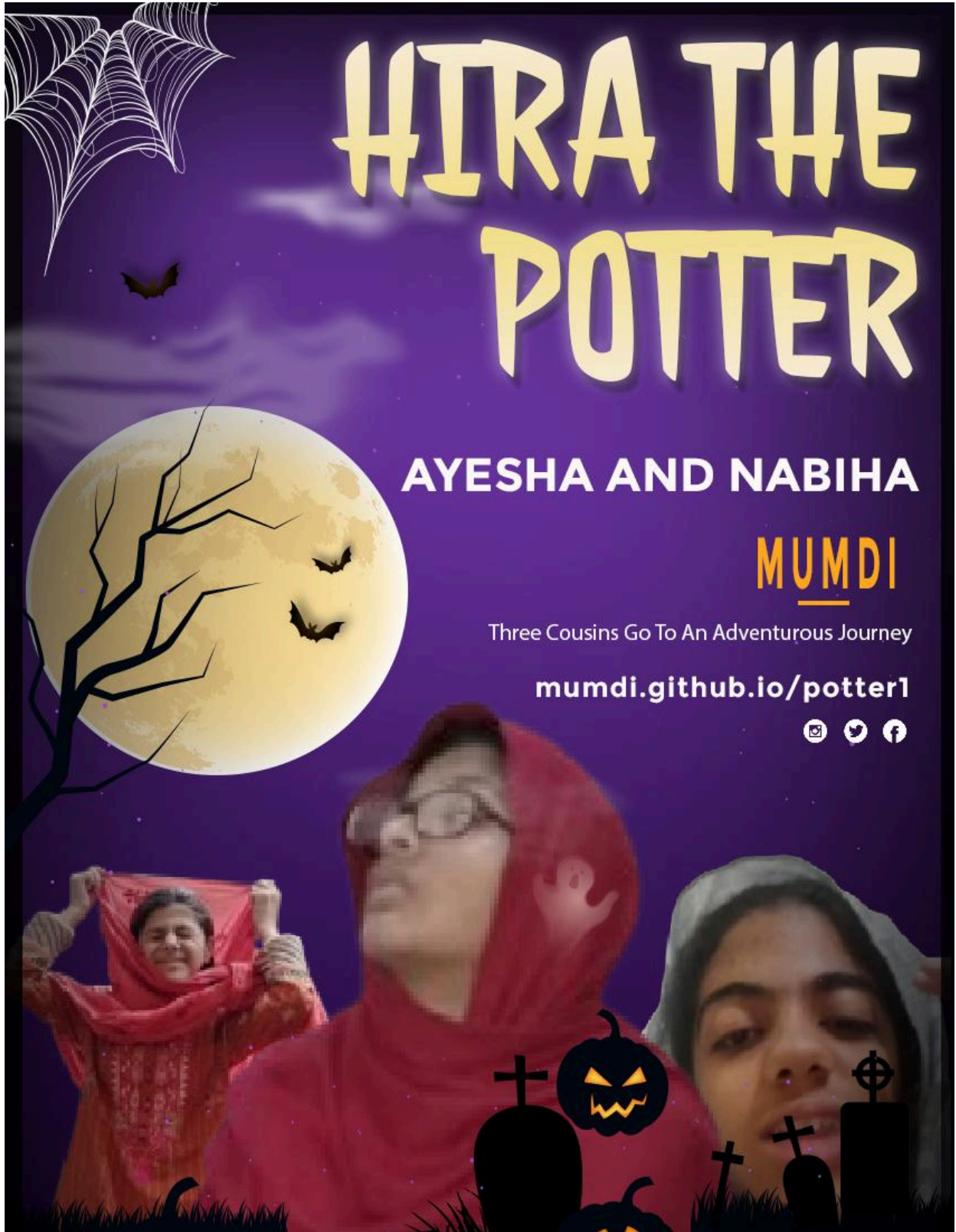
HIRA THE POTTER

AYESHA AND NABIHA

MUMDI

Three Cousins Go To An Adventurours Journey

mumdi.github.io/potter1



Chapter 1

The Book in Grandma's Attic

It all started on a perfectly boring Sunday afternoon. Hira, Nabiha, and Ayesha were stuck at their grandma's house, flipping through old magazines and eating way too many snacks. Hira, being the eldest and naturally curious, suggested they explore the attic—an idea that Nabiha immediately shot down.

"Do you want to find a ghost or something?" Nabiha said, crossing her arms. "Because I'm not about that life."

But Ayesha, who loved an adventure even if it was inside their grandma's dusty house, was already halfway up the stairs. "Come on, Nabiha! What's the worst that could happen? We'll just find some old furniture or something."

Spoiler alert: They didn't just find old furniture.

As soon as they reached the attic, Ayesha stumbled over a loose floorboard, sending a cloud of dust into the air and causing Nabiha to sneeze about ten times in a row. Underneath that creaky floorboard was an old, leather-bound book. It didn't have a title, but it looked important. You know, the kind of book that smells ancient and mysterious.

"What do you think it is?" Hira asked, flipping it open with a dramatic flair like she was in some detective movie. She squinted at the tiny, faded writing. "Looks like...a recipe book?"

Nabiha rolled her eyes. "Great, maybe we can cook up some cookies while we're up here."

But Ayesha was already fascinated. "No, no, wait—this isn't for cookies. This is...a spellbook."

And that's where their totally normal day took a sharp left turn into absolute chaos.

Chapter 2

Spelling Trouble

The first spell they tried wasn't **supposed** to turn their grandma's cat into a giant floating marshmallow. In fact, it wasn't even supposed to involve the cat at

all. Hira had read the spell out loud, trying to turn the attic's old dusty mirror into a portal for fun. But instead, Fluffy (the cat) had floated by, gotten hit with a spark of magic, and transformed into the fluffiest, most gigantic marshmallow cat ever.

Nabiha screamed. Ayesha giggled uncontrollably. Hira just stood there in shock.

"What are we supposed to do now?" Nabiha shrieked, staring at the enormous marshmallow cat, who meowed pitifully from the ceiling where it was stuck floating like a balloon.

"Do we eat him?" Ayesha asked seriously, biting her lip. "I mean, if he's a marshmallow..."

"We are NOT eating Fluffy!" Hira said, grabbing the book again. "We just need to find the undo spell."

After five more minutes of flipping through the spellbook and accidentally turning the attic into a rainbow-colored disco room (with a full DJ booth, because why not?), they finally managed to turn Fluffy back into a regular, annoyed cat. However, Fluffy's new habit of floating two feet off the ground would remain a permanent reminder of their magical mishap.

Chapter 3

The Neighbor Who Knew Too Much

Next door lived a woman named Mrs. Crumplebottom, who was always poking her nose into everyone's business. She had her binoculars trained on the cousins' house practically 24/7. If someone sneezed too loudly, Mrs. Crumplebottom was convinced it was part of an alien invasion. If someone left a trash can out for too long, she was sure it was evidence of a government conspiracy.

So, of course, the day the cousins accidentally made their grandma's entire garden bloom with talking flowers, Mrs. Crumplebottom was *positive* they were spies sent from another dimension. She wasted no time reporting this "suspicious behavior" to anyone who would listen.

"I saw it with my own eyes!" Mrs. Crumplebottom shouted to the mailman one afternoon. "The roses were having a full conversation with the tulips, and those girls are responsible!"

The mailman, used to her wild stories, just nodded politely and handed her a package.

Meanwhile, back at the house, the cousins were trying to figure out how to get the flowers to stop gossiping about the neighbors.

"I swear the daisies are spreading rumors about Mrs. Crumplebottom," Ayesha said, holding her head in her hands.

"Well, they're not wrong," Nabiha muttered.

Hira was pacing around the garden, flipping through the spellbook. "We need to reverse this before Mrs. Crumplebottom calls the FBI."

Just then, one of the tulips piped up: "Hey, I heard Mrs. Crumplebottom hasn't paid her water bill in months. Pass it on."

Chapter 4

The Floating Donuts Incident

One would think that after turning a cat into a marshmallow and creating a garden full of chatty flowers, the cousins would learn to be careful with the spellbook. But one would be wrong.

It was Nabiha's turn to try a spell, and she wanted to do something small. Harmless. Easy.

"I'll just conjure up some donuts," Nabiha said confidently, standing in the kitchen with the spellbook open on the counter. "How hard can it be?"

Apparently, pretty hard.

Instead of the donuts simply appearing on a plate like she had envisioned, the donuts appeared—but they were floating. And spinning. And glowing.

"Uh, is this supposed to happen?" Ayesha asked, ducking as a glowing donut whizzed past her head.

"Nope," Hira answered, already chasing a runaway donut with a broom, like that would somehow help.

The donuts spun faster and faster, circling around the kitchen like they were possessed. And just when it seemed like the whole house was going to be taken over by rogue pastries, one of the donuts smacked into Mrs. Crumplebottom's window next door.

That did it. Mrs. Crumblebottom called the police.

Chapter 5

The Spell to End All Spells (or So They Thought)

Fed up with their magic mishaps, Hira, Nabiha, and Ayesha decided it was time to close the spellbook for good. But before they could, Hira found one final spell that promised to “end all troubles and restore peace.”

“Are we sure about this?” Nabiha asked, eyeing the book suspiciously.

“No,” Hira said honestly. “But it can’t be worse than floating donuts.”

As the three cousins gathered in the living room, Hira read the final spell out loud. For a moment, nothing happened. Then, all at once, every single magical thing they had done—the marshmallow cat, the talking flowers, the floating donuts—disappeared. The house was normal again. Quiet. Peaceful.

They let out a collective sigh of relief.

Until, of course, the spellbook magically closed itself and vanished into thin air, leaving them with a single note that floated gently to the ground: