

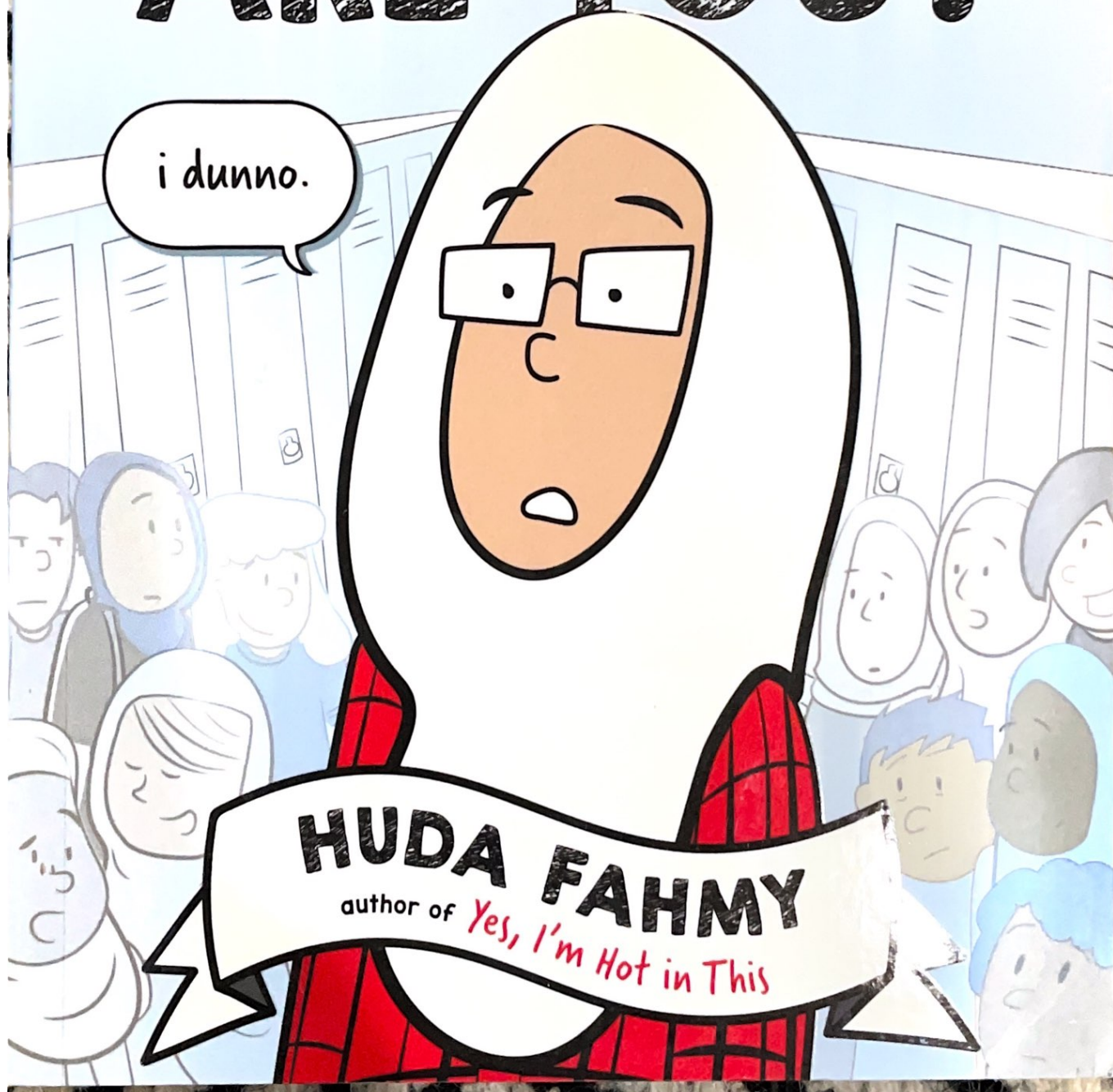
"THIS IS THE BOOK, THE ONE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR MY ENTIRE LIFE."

—S. K. Ali, award-winning author of SAINTS AND MISFITS

# HUDA F ARE YOU?

i dunno.

**HUDA FAHMY**  
author of *Yes, I'm Hot in This*





FOR  
YOU?

world of a Muslim teen in  
f high school, faith, and  
easured in a matter of hours!"  
or of **WE HUNT THE FLAME**

ook in one breath. The story  
/ flawlessly weaves together  
nesty of the coming-of-age  
for many future rereads!"  
**WARD, CRUSH, and BRAVE**

nce of navigating her  
teenage awkwardness,  
d weave it all into a  
In't want it to end!"  
**AT THE PITY PARTY**

elf-awareness,  
ng up Muslim in the  
h picture brings  
aphic novel!"  
**HA AT LAST**

Full of wit, wisdom,  
lored every pull from  
inhaling the story,  
ts brilliance."  
**MISFITS**

Are You?  
readers  
umph."  
of

# HUDA F ARE YOU?

Huda Fahmy

Here.

Honda?

Hoeda?

Howdy?



Dial Books



Dear Reader,

- It is a cliché jokingly acknowledged that a Muslim kid who grows up in the United States must eventually experience an identity crisis. This is a story of just such an experience.

While you read, please keep in mind that this story and these characters are not meant to represent all Muslims or all Muslim experiences. In other words, Muslims are not a monolith. Speaking as a hijab-wearing Muslim woman, we are especially complicated, nuanced, and most definitely don't wear our hijabs to bed\*.

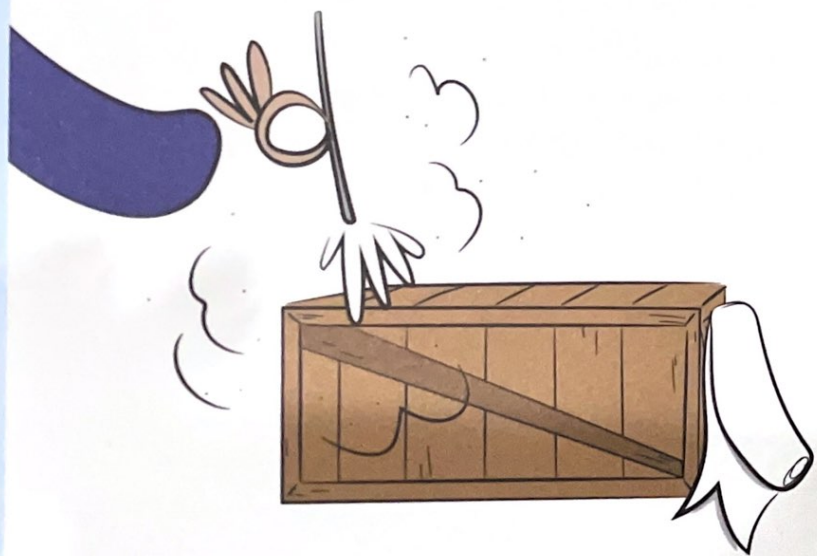
- While much of this story is based on real life, it is not an entirely autobiographical tale. Most names, characters, businesses, and places are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Thank you for reading my book! I hope you laugh a little, learn a little, and maybe even meme it a little.

- Sincerely,  
*Huda F.*



\*Because I consider my character an extension of myself, and I would never de-hijab in public (extenuating circumstances not included), I made the choice to never draw my character without her hijab. This is why, throughout the book, you'll see Huda in bed wearing her hijab. This would never happen in real life (unless I came home like super exhausted and could do nothing but plop face-first onto my mattress, in my outside clothes and all. Don't judge me).



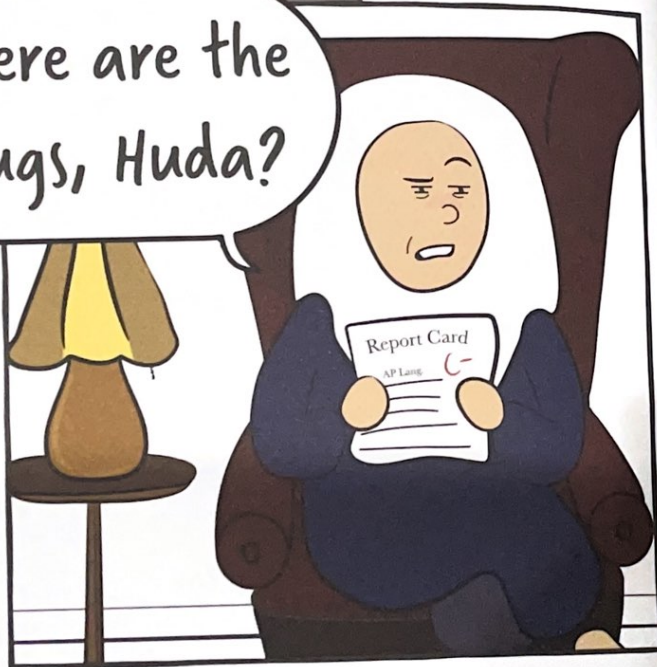
Well, well,  
well.







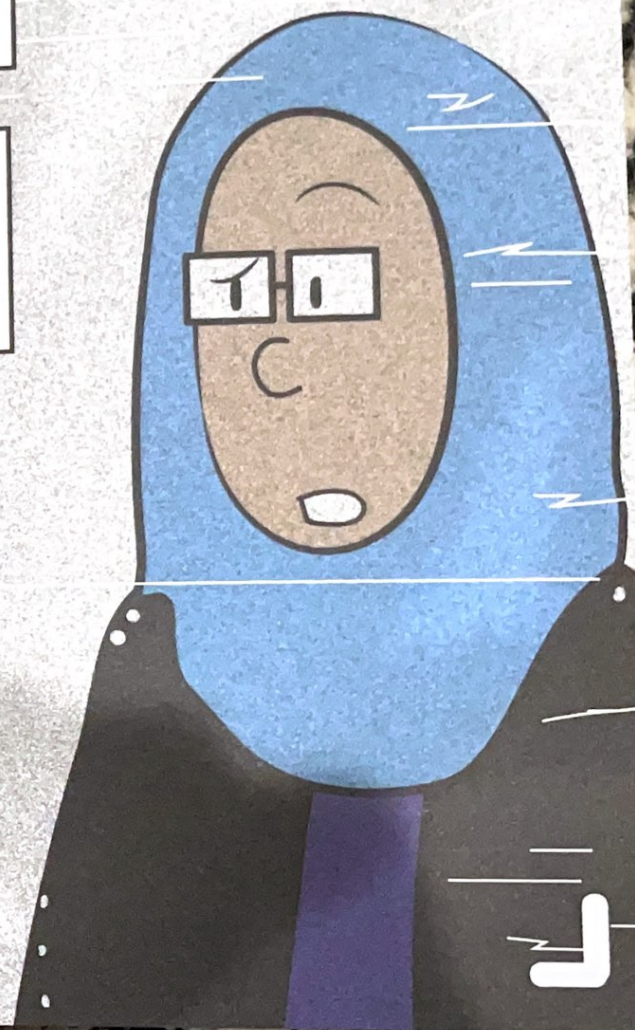
Where are the  
drugs, Huda?



# PAUSE II

Yup. That's me.

You're probably  
wondering how  
I ended up in  
this situation.





Well, if you like high school tales of confused identities, broken hearts, and kids disappointing their parents . . .

Who am I?



Then mine is the story for you.



GET BACK HERE!

I can explain!





REW <<

My name is Huda F., and I'm just your friendly neighborhood Arab-Muslim hijab-wearing American whatever.

white hijab ✓

thin frames ✓

plaid shirt ✓

terrified look on my face ✓

A few months ago, my mom and dad up and decided it was time to move outta our old city and into one with more "community."

Settled 1786

Welcome to  
**DEARBORN**

Mmmppff!

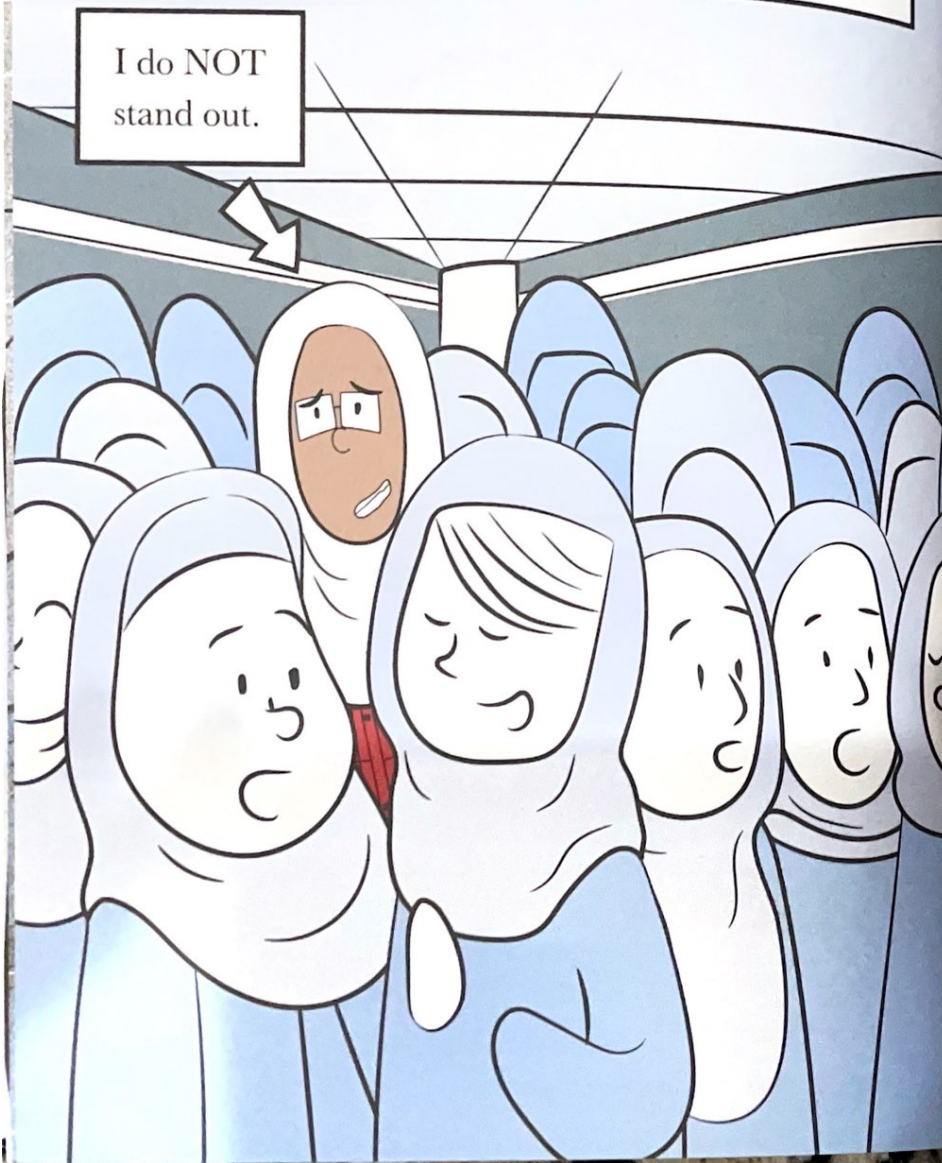
These are these are the best zaatar pies ever!

I've managed to come to terms with it.



Now I'm a freshman at Greenfield High, and the weirdest part about it so far is that I'm not the only hijabi in class anymore.

I do NOT stand out.



Baba is a complicated man. Sometimes I feel like he *wants* me to struggle, but, like, only enough to learn how to take care of myself.





He moved to the U.S. from Egypt when he was seventeen, went to school full-time, worked three jobs,



and did everything he could to survive.



At twenty, he married my mom and brought her back to the States with the promise that they wouldn't stay long.

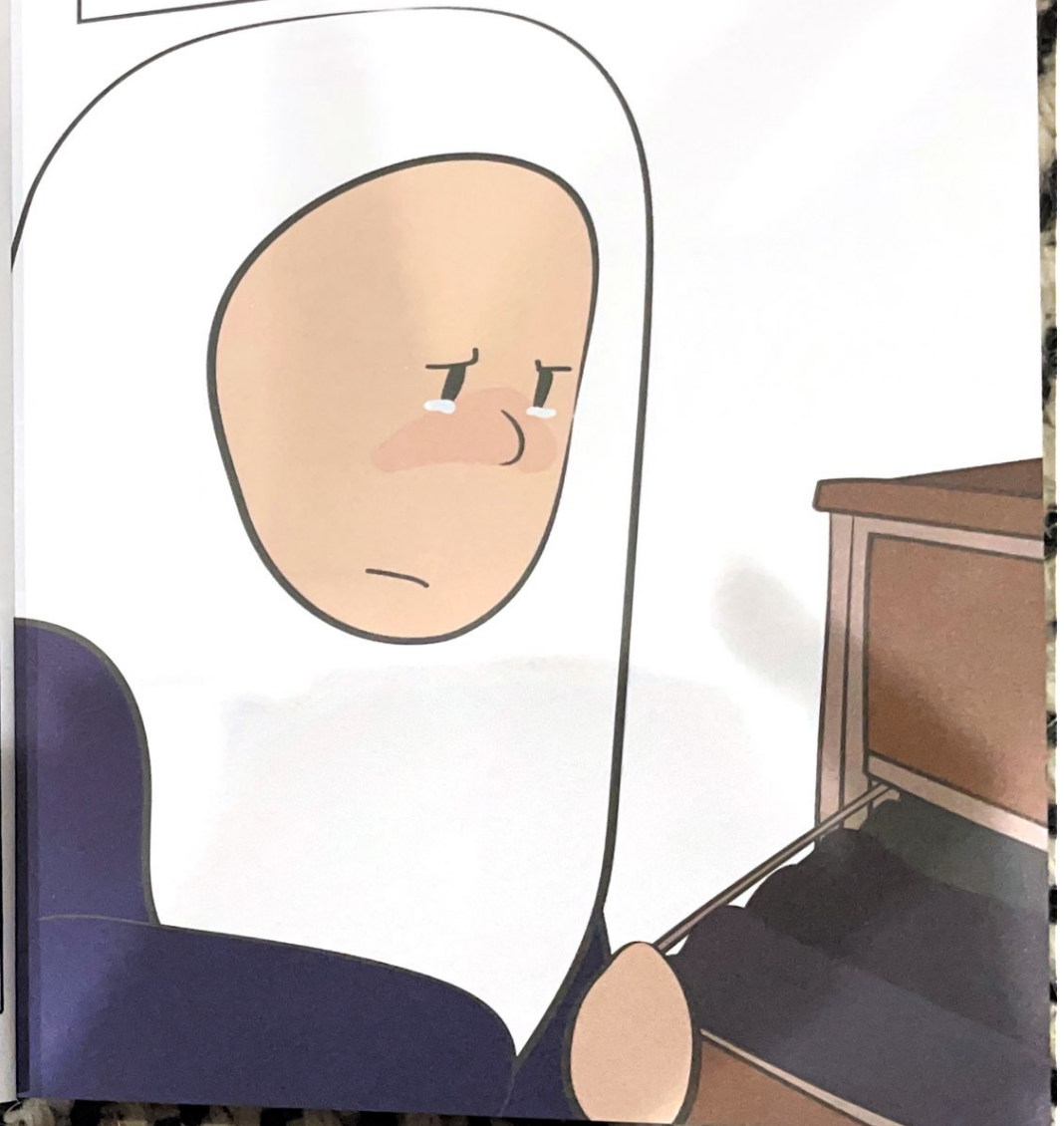




She had a hard time adjusting.



I don't think it's something she's ever forgotten.



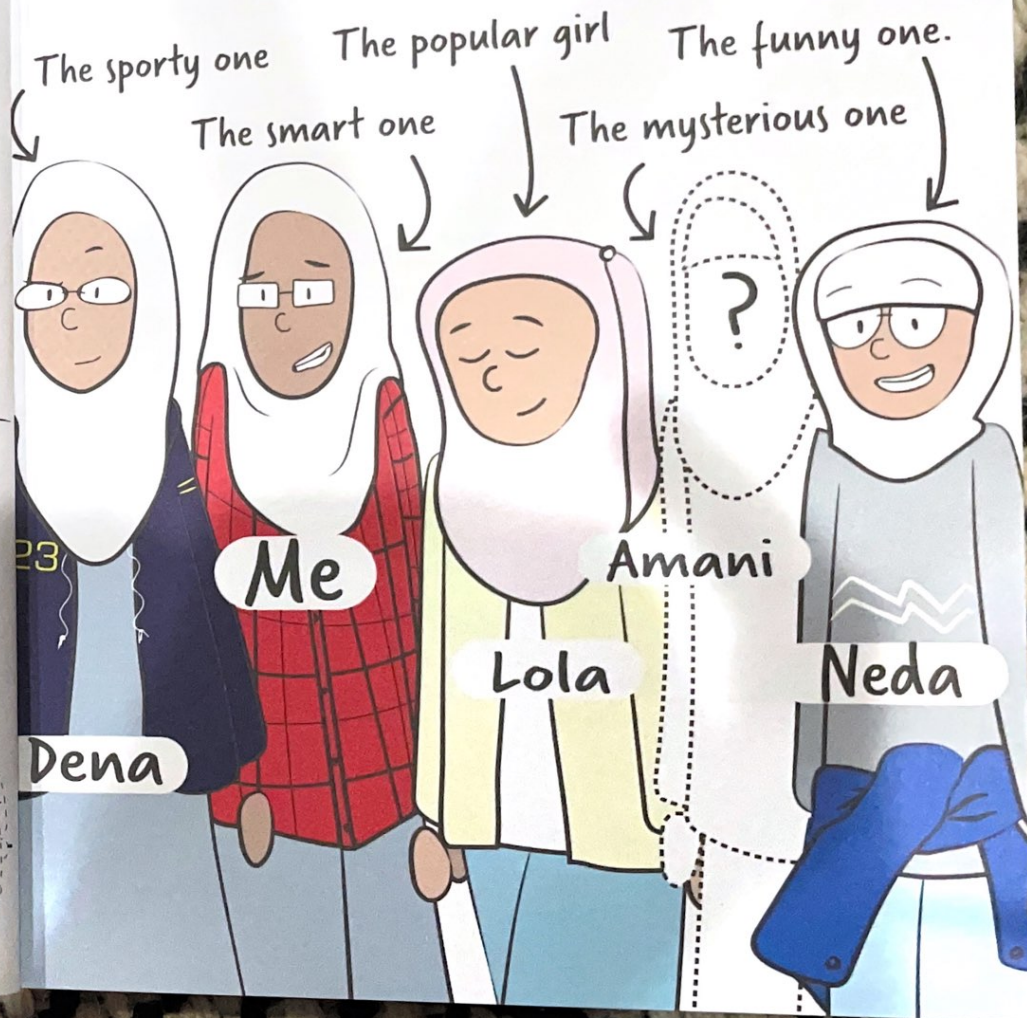


Three years kinda turned into more, and before they knew it, Mama and Baba went from a family of two to a family of seven.



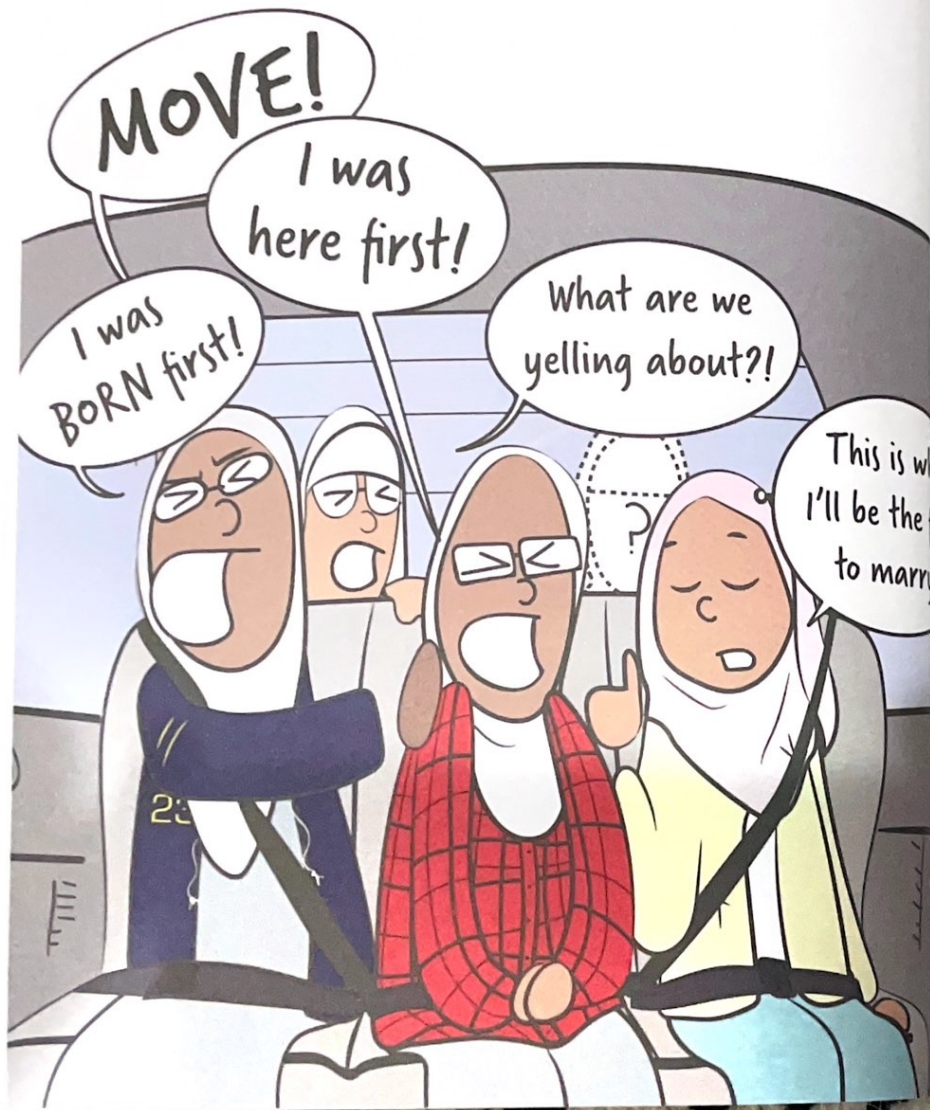
Yup! They basically birthed a girl band.

Fourteen years later.





Believe me when I say five girls under one roof is A LOT. It's exhausting, cramped, and don't even get me started on the bathroom to girl ratio.



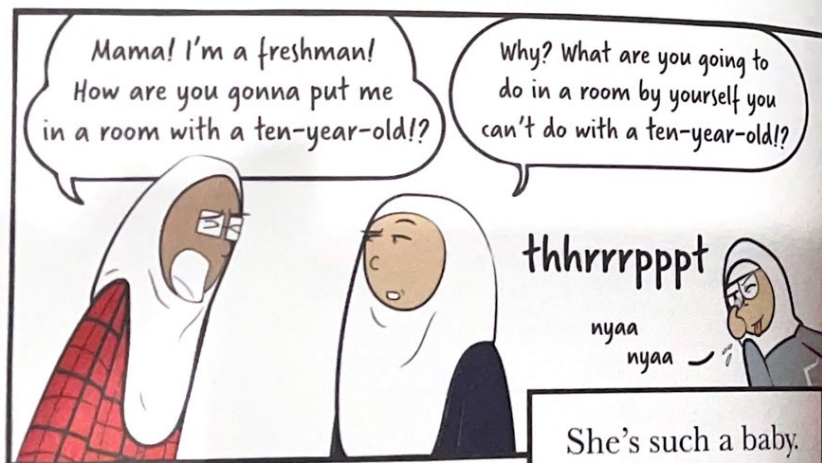
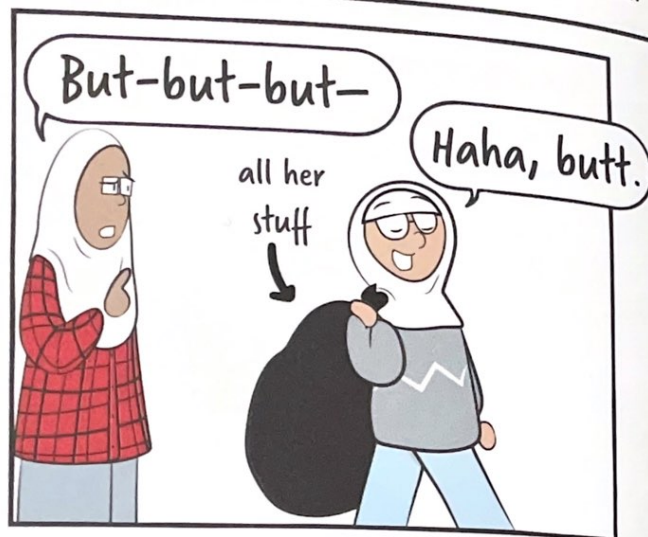
But as far as sisters go, we get along okay.

Okay, the magic trick will only work if we turn off the lights and leave you alone.





Mama makes sure of that. Whenever she thinks we need to "bond" more, she switches up who's bunking with who. This year is my turn to bunk with Neda.



I know Mama wants us to be close, but I can't help feeling like I just don't fit in.





It doesn't matter, though. We're forced to do pretty much everything together. And because we were born back to back, we'll eventually be going to college together too.



I swear if we end up getting joint weddings, we're running away.



And going to college is definitely a must. My parents value education. I mean like *really* value it.



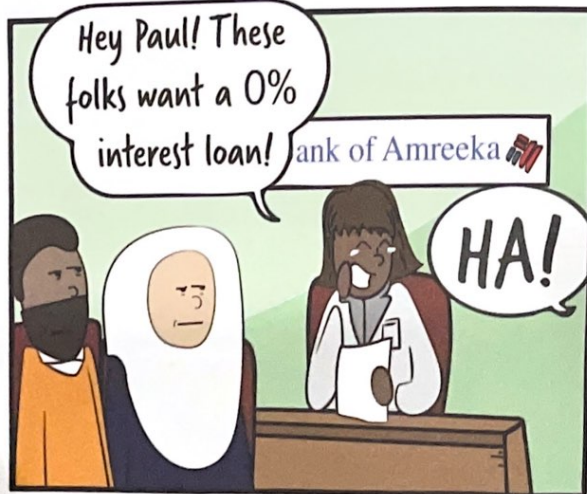


But college is expensive.

C'mon, guy. We just wanna talk to ya.



And taking out loans is a big no-no for Muslims.



So my parents' expectations of us are pretty high up there.

I have grade expectations for you.

I think the phrase is "great" expectations.





Nothing short of great grades and full scholarships are gonna be accepted.

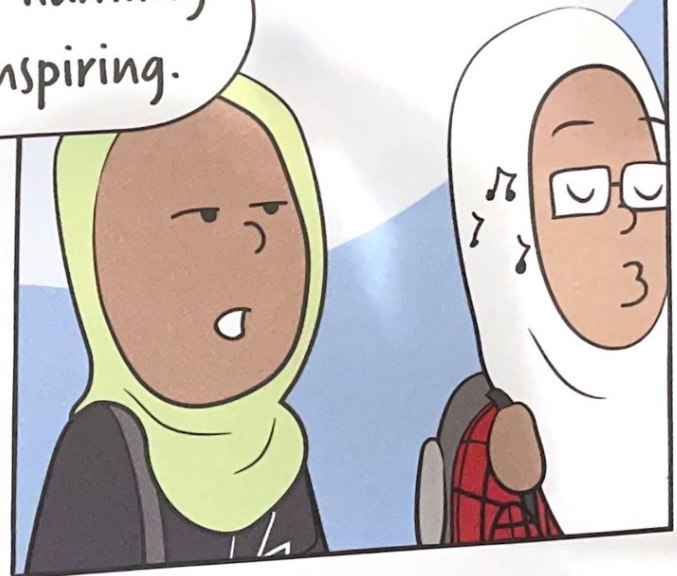
Talk about pressure!

my neighbor Nabz



Nah. I'm sorta, kinda, a genius.

Your humility is inspiring.





But seriously, being smart is kinda my thing. I'm totally gonna coast through the next four years.

Wow!

Be my friend!

Great job!

So smart!

Huda F Gets Good Grades

Heh. She has no idea what's coming.

