

Chasing the Wind.

De Wind Achtervolgen

Het Meisje Onder de Sjaal

Een Roman van [Khadja Louise]

Dedicated to Hajar and Alein.

Also to the kitchen court, since they are mini-versions of Judge Eveline..and I

Kitchen court is in session

Opgedragen aan Hajar en Alein. Ook aan de keukenrechtbank, aangezien zij mini-versies zijn van rechter Eveline... de rechtbank is geopend.

Copyright / Auteursrecht

Rights for film, television, and media:

The rights to this work for cinema, television, streaming, and film are strictly reserved to the author. No adaptation, screenplay, or visual media production may be made or filmed based on this text without the express, legally established permission of the copyright holder.

Alle rechten voorbehouden. Niets uit deze uitgave mag verveelvoudigd, verveelvuldigd, opgeslagen of openbaar gemaakt worden, in welke vorm dan ook van op enige wijze, zonder onrechtmatige toestemming van de auteur. De film-, televisie- en mediarechten van dit werk zijn strikt voorbehouden.

Copyright © 2026 door Khadija Louise

Contact: info@Khadijalouise.nl

Table of Contents

Chapter 1: The Mirror and the Calendar

Chapter 2: The Gift Box

Chapter 3: The First Morning

Chapter 4: The Walk to School

Chapter 5: Locker 142

Chapter 6: The Sanctuary in the Art Room

Chapter 7: The Near-Disaster

Chapter 8: Heroic Deeds During PE Class

Chapter 9: The Invitation to the Birthday Party

Chapter 10: The Confrontation *(The Tipping Point)*

Chapter 11: The Silent House

Chapter 12: An Unexpected Ally

Chapter 13: The Art Exhibition

Chapter 14: The Compromise

Epilogue: Chasing the Wind

Author's Note & References

Hoofdstuk 1: De spiegel en de kalender

Hoofdstuk 2: De geschenkdoos

Hoofdstuk 3: De eerste ochtend

Hoofdstuk 4: De wandeling naar school

Hoofdstuk 5: zekerheid 142

Hoofdstuk 6: Het tekenlokaal als toevluchtsoord

Hoofdstuk 7: De bijna-ramp

Hoofdstuk 8: Heldendaden tijdens de gymles

Hoofdstuk 9: De uitnodiging voor de verjaardag

Hoofdstuk 10: De confrontatie *(Het kantelpunt)*

Hoofdstuk 11: Het stille huis

Hoofdstuk 12: Een onvergetelijke bondgenoot

Hoofdstuk 13: De kunsttentoonstelling

Hoofdstuk 14: Het compromis

Epiloog: De wind achterna kolonies

Auteursnotitie & Referenties

Toewijding / Opdracht

English

***For all little Muslim girls finding their way,
who feel trapped between two worlds and wonder where they fit in.
Your voice is real. Your boundaries matter. Never forget that your
faith, your heart, and your timeline are entirely your own.
Keep running your own race.***

Nederlands

***Voor alle jonge moslima's die hun eigen weg zoeken,
die zich gevangen voelt tussen twee werelden en zich afvraagt waar
ze thuishoren.
Jouw stem telt. Jouw grenzen doen er toe.
Vergeet nooit dat jouw geloof, jouw hart en jouw tempo helemaal van
jou zijn.
Blijf rennen op je eigen kracht.***

Chapter 1: The Big Change

My ponytail whipped wildly behind my head as I sprinted down the red track. Left, right, left, right. My spikes made a rhythmic clicking sound against the ground. The wind felt cool and fresh on my neck, and the sun shone gently on my face.

On the track, everything was simple. If you trained hard, you got faster. If you were faster than the rest, you won. The stopwatch never lied.

"Come on, Amina! Only one hundred meters left! Push through!" Coach Jansen shouted from the sidelines.

I squeezed the last bit of energy out of my legs. My lungs burned, but I loved that feeling. It made me feel like I could fly. I was thirteen years old, a seventh grader at Oak Creek Middle School, and on this track, I was queen. Here, I wasn't the shy girl sketching anime characters in the back of the classroom. Here, I was just Amina: the fastest sprinter on the team.

I crossed the finish line and slowed to a jog. Panting, I bent over with my hands on my knees.

"Great time, Amina," Maya, my best friend, said. She

walked over and handed me a water bottle. Her bright red curls were messy and damp with sweat. "If you run like this next Friday at the big relay race, we are guaranteed to take home the gold trophy."

"We are going to take that trophy," I laughed, still caught for breath. I drank the water in big gulps.

Together, we walked toward the locker rooms. Maya had been my best friend since elementary school. She knew me inside out. We talked about classes, the latest TikTok trends, and the comic book we wanted to create together. Life was good. It was easy.

But when I stepped inside my house that afternoon, everything changed.

The hallway smelled of the heavy, familiar scent of incense and warm lentil soup. I kicked off my running shoes and was about to drop my heavy backpack on the floor when Mom stepped out of the kitchen. She wore her beautiful dark blue hijab, and her face looked incredibly serious. Not angry, but solemn.

"Amina, I'm glad you're home," she said softly. "Go to the bathroom and wash your hands. Your father and I want to speak with you in the living room."

My stomach instantly tightened into a knot. The 'big conversation'. I knew exactly what this was about. Three weeks ago, I had turned thirteen, and a few days later, my body had changed. I was officially no longer a little girl. Mom had whispered about it briefly back then, but I had hoped we could just ignore it. I wanted to just be a kid for a little longer.

I walked into the living room. Dad was sitting on the couch. In front of him on the coffee table stood a large, rectangular box wrapped in shiny pink paper with a silver ribbon. It looked like a beautiful birthday present, but to me, it felt like a bomb sitting on the table.

"Sit down, *habibti*," Dad said kindly, pointing to the chair opposite him.

I sat down slowly. My hands felt clammy.

"You are thirteen now, Amina," Mom began, sitting next to Dad and taking his hand. "You have become a young woman. In our family, and in our faith, that is a very special moment. It means you now have the responsibility to protect yourself. To show your modesty to the world." She nodded toward the pink box on the table. "Open it. This is your step into womanhood."