

The miracles of science in islam assignment

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**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

You were once a non-existing being. You were nothing. Then a miracle happened. You were created. From a drop of miracle swimming to another miracle, a miracle was formed. You were once unable to see, unable to touch, unable to speak the voice of your heart. Slowly you turned into a clot of blood, regenerating into bones, coated again with blood and flesh, growing cells upon cells, turning yourself into a tiny creature that dwells in that tiny space – dark but comforting, it keeps you safe.

Days turned into weeks, weeks into months, your heart started to beat – a rhythmic harmony with the beating of the one who carried you. You were fed, you were cared, you were breathing through another tube of miracle attached to your umbilical cord. You heard faint voices, hums and melodies – you wanted to make sense of the language foreign to your ears, but all you could do was listen.

You started to move slowly, you weren't sure what you were doing at first, but you started kicking, and you felt yourself telling a sharp breath along with the person who carried you as she laughed happily at your first gesture and contact – you weren't born yet but you were loved. More days passed, and you wanted to break free from the little home that surprisingly still keeps you alive. You squeezed yourself through the space that ultimately brought you out from that comforting place that has kept you for nine months – you were confused by the sudden light, the sudden voices, the sudden touch.

You let out a sound, unfamiliar to your ears at first but then you felt the vibration coming from your throat, you were crying. You were born and you

were alive. You weren't sure about what was happening next. You were bathed and clothed, you tasted a cool drop of something sweet at the tip of your tongue and someone held you affectionately and brought your ears closer to his lips. Suddenly everything was still, and all you heard was the most beautiful melody of a call praising the Almighty. " Allah Kafka, Allah Kafka...