

# Robots Raise And Train Nasar (Nor)

It was within the house chambers that the computers and robots cared for Nasar as a baby within their chambers. Over time, growing to love him as their own, the robots and computers see him as Nor; the superhero's son. They don't know who Nasar really was.

"Nor is very beautiful," Mother robot said in a kind and soft voice as she prepared his meal. She had grown to love the boy deeply.

Some months and years go by and the baby is making really good progress.

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Nor is now 6 years old. He runs around the chamber playing with the other robots and computers. Nor has learned his Salah –A daily prayer in Arabic– and is making good progress with his robot parents.

"As-salamu alaykum –Peace be on to you in Arabic– Nor, it is time for your reading of the Holy Qur'an," Father robot said sternly, yet in a loving manner in his voice.

"Wa-alaykum as-salam –and unto you peace–Okay, can we read the shortest chapter?" Nor questioned in hopes for the answer he wanted to hear.

“Al-hamdulillah –All praises are due to Allah– Sure you can. Then when we are finished with the reading we are going to practice your martial arts training.”

In the quiet chamber room, Nor and Father were seated close to one another looking closely at the words placed in front of them. Nor read along as Father listened.

After Nor finished the Holy Qur’an reading in Arabic, they took a stroll down the hallway of superheroes of Bayt City. Little Nor was very enlightened by the varieties of superheroes of the Bayt City’s past. He had noticed them along the passage walls before but never cared to take a good look at them until this particular day.

“Who is that lady there?” Nor asked pointing towards the top left side of the wall.

“That was Hawwah. She was the best of them. Training her was a great pleasure. She could recite the Holy Qur’an in Arabic really nicely,” Father robot said.

“Where is she now?” Nor asked with questionable eyes.

“According to my records, she is married to Najar the superhero before your father.”

“My father?” Nor asked.

“You are not my father?” Nor said softly with confusion in his voice.

Father robot looked at Nor torn at the boy’s question. He had wanted to tell him, but wasn’t sure of when the right moment would be. Now was his chance. He paused for a while trying to find the right words before telling him the truth; that they were Master Haqq’s care takers and not his real parents.

“We are your helpers, Nor. This is your father right here,” Father robot said as he pointed to Master Haqq’s picture on the wall that lay a few frames over from the right.

“That’s my father? A superhero. Where is he now?” Nor asked with confusion at what he had just been told.

“We are waiting to hear from him, Nor. We are to take care of you until your father and mother return.”

“My mother? Where is my mother?” Nor asked with tears in his eyes caused from the confusion.

“She is with your father, Nor. We are waiting for both of them to get back to us,” Father robot said.

Nor looked at the picture of his father but wasn’t sure which one was his mother.

“She is right here Nor,” Father robot said. He pointed to a picture on the wall that rest in a thick golden frame. Nor saw that his mother was a superhero too.

“Will I ever see them again?” Nor asked Father robot with sad eyes.

“Allah –God in Arabic– knows best Nor. Allah knows best,” Father robot replied.

Nor observed the pictures on the wall for a long time looking closer and closer and eventually, his nose just a couple of inches away from his mother’s photo. As he exhaled the frames glass began to fog.

“I will ask Allah to keep them safe and to get them back to me so I can be with them. You and mom robots are my parents. The way my parents wanted it to be until they get back to us,” Nor said with confidence in his voice as he put his right hand over his heart.

Father robot looked into his eyes for some time, as Nor starred back at his, while they paused for that moment in time standing in front of the superhero wall. “May Allah help you, Nor and reward you for your faith,” Father robot said while looking into the eyes of young Nor.

Out of the corner of his eye, Nor then noticed a picture missing out of a frame on the opposing side of the hall.

“Who is this hero?”

“He has lost his way Nor. He let power and money get the best of him. He was a great protector of Bayt City. He was one of the best. He turned to the dark side Nor. His name was Abdul Khalid. Now, through the information from the Secret Council, he calls himself Black Saber. We will pray for that he finds his way back out of the darkness,” Father robot said in a sad voice.

Nor didn't give it too much thought before he said “Let's train pop. I pray that Khalid comes back to us Father.”

Father robot and Nor proceeded through a long corridor covered in red carpet and bare walls until they reached large, heavy oak double doors that opened up into a room full of various weapons. The massive room was a wide open space with swords hanging upon the walls and ancient armor that aligned the far side resembling soldiers going into battle.

“We should pick up where we left off Nor with your balancing.”

Trying to keep his balance, Nor stood on a silver medium size ball with both feet dead center towards the very top focusing on balance alone, as one of the assistant robot swung away with a stick trying to knock Nor down.

“That's it. Jump to miss the strike and land back on the ball without falling Nor,” Father robot said.

“Good Nor. Now faster Nor.” Nor was keeping up with the lighting speed of the robot.

After ten minutes of practice, Nor jumped up flipping through the air and landed on the floor as though he was a well seasoned Olympian.

“Excellent Nor. Now we will do it blindfolded,” Father

robot said.

The robot quickly placed the blindfold around Nor's head so that is covered both eyes completely.

Once Nor was back on the ball balancing, the robot started to swing the stick once again with the same level of force as the first time.

Only this time, he hit Nor off the ball.

"Okay, Nor," Father robot said.

"Ooooooha. That was hard," Nor said as he tried to catch his breath from the fall.

"Let's try it again, but this time try to hear the stick in the air. You will hear the sound. Listen to the sound Nor. Concentrate."

Nor got back on the ball. "I'm ready," Nor said.

Father robot swung at Nor this time. "SWOOOOOOSH-HHH!"

Nor leaped into the air off of the ball and landed on the floor on both feet. "Hey. I did it," Nor said.

"No you did not," Father robot said. "You did not land back on the ball, Nor."

"Aww man," Nor said in disappointment. Nor pulled off the blind fold and looked at Father robot in wonder. "Did the other superheroes get this?"

"Yes, some of them."