

Age Group
7-9



The *Talented*

Teta



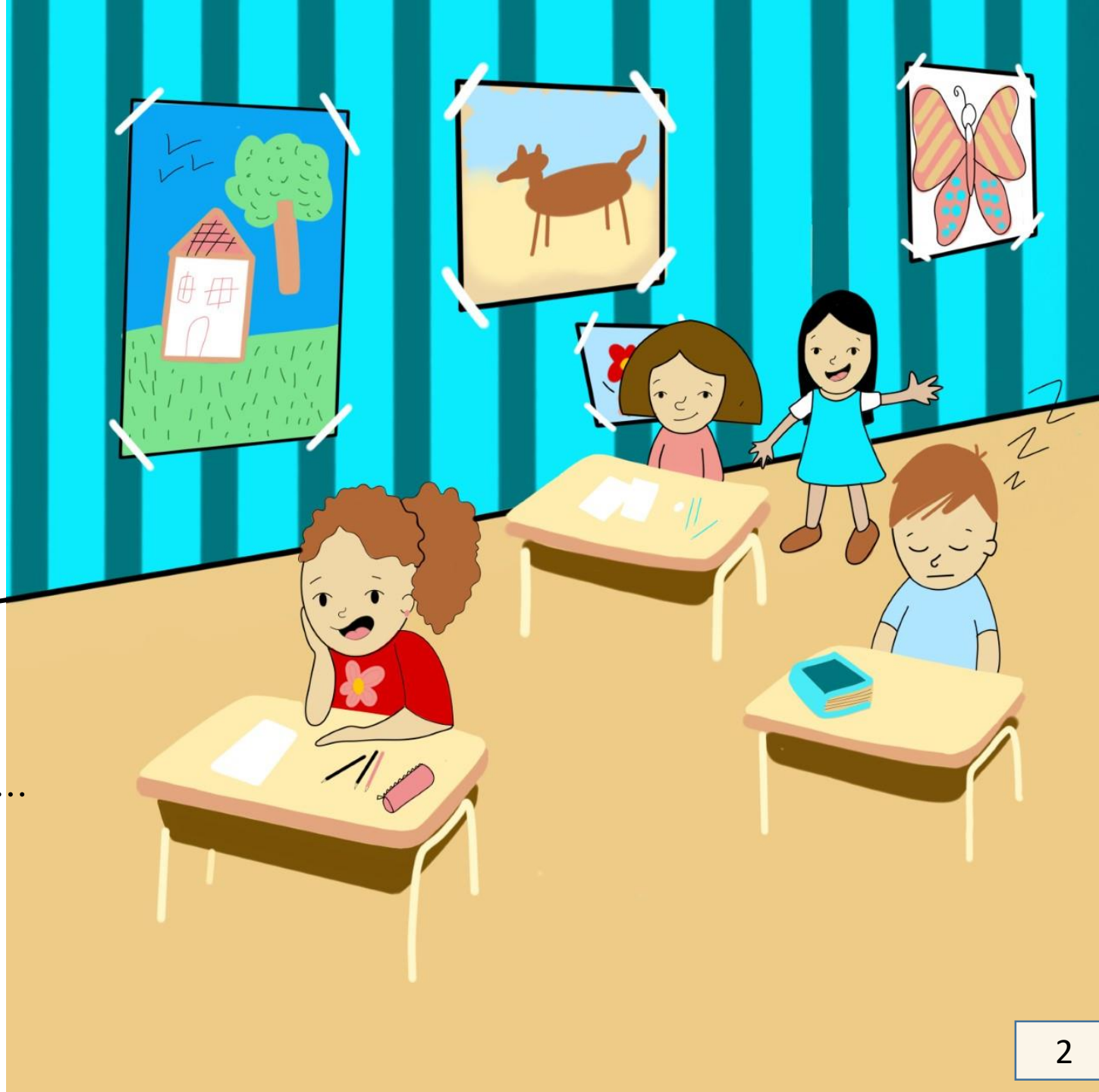
Author: Lynn Saad
Illustrator: Lynn Acra



The teacher says, "Yara!"
I **say** present
I am in **class** with Lara
Ready for another **fun** lesson

Tony looks **sleepy**
Lara got a hair cut

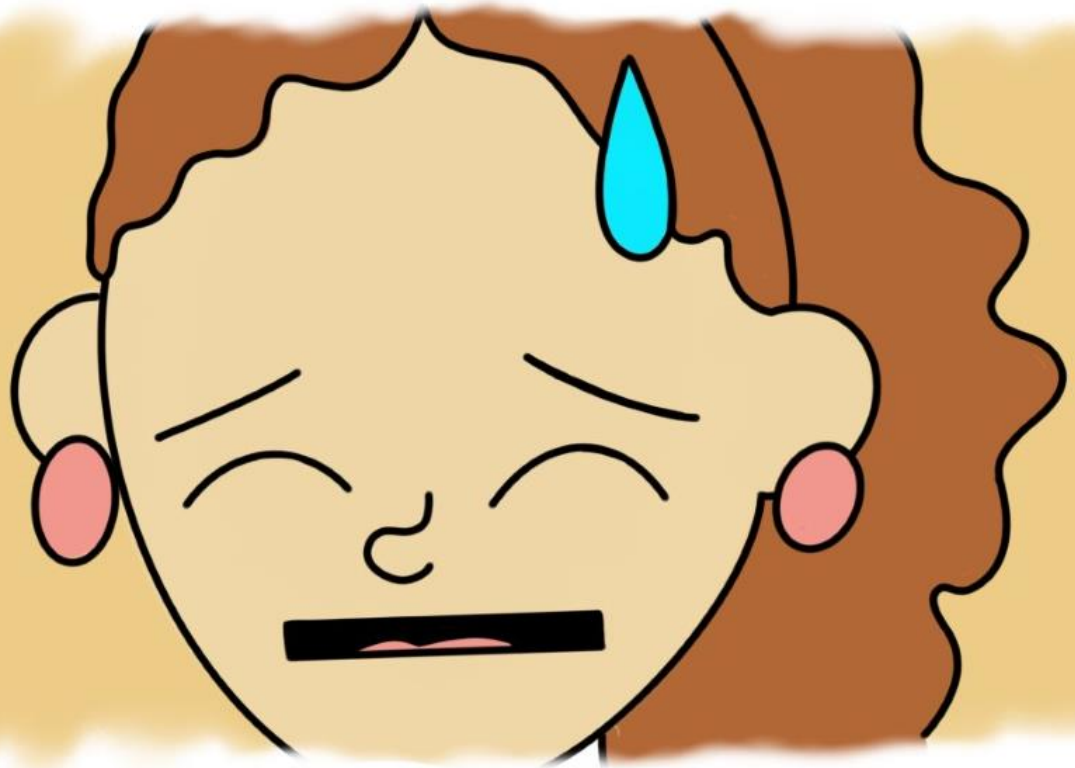
Julia's being **cheery**
And **she** is talking but...



Colorful Ms. Tania starts to teach
She puts her **hands** up and says to us each
“**Your** homework is to speak
about your Teta and her **insides and outs**
and **everything** that you know about.”



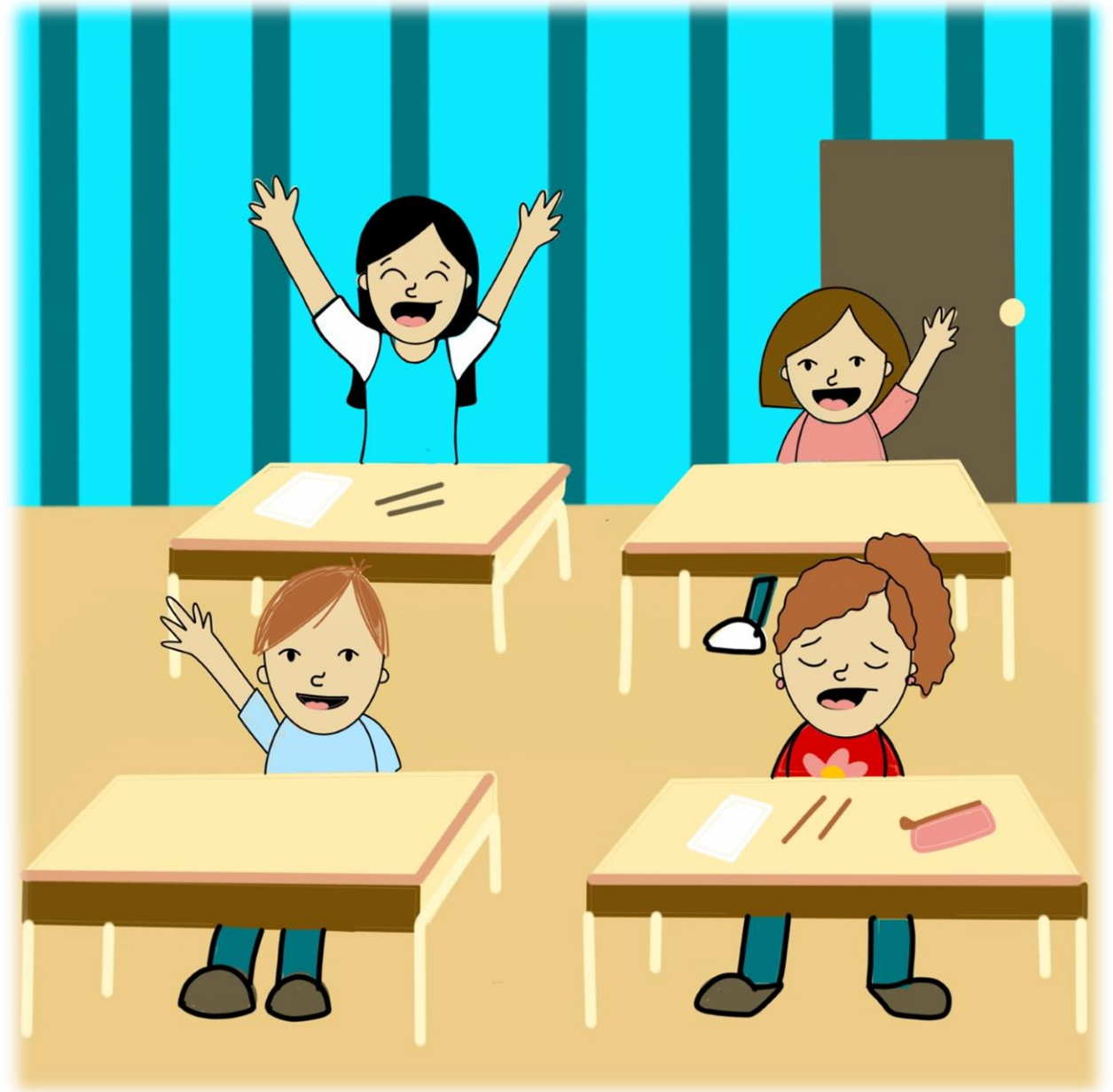
I barely **heard** the word
And my heart felt **funny**
I **looked** around the class
And my palms got **sweaty**



Tony wakes up in a beat
And says his Teta
Calls him to come and eat

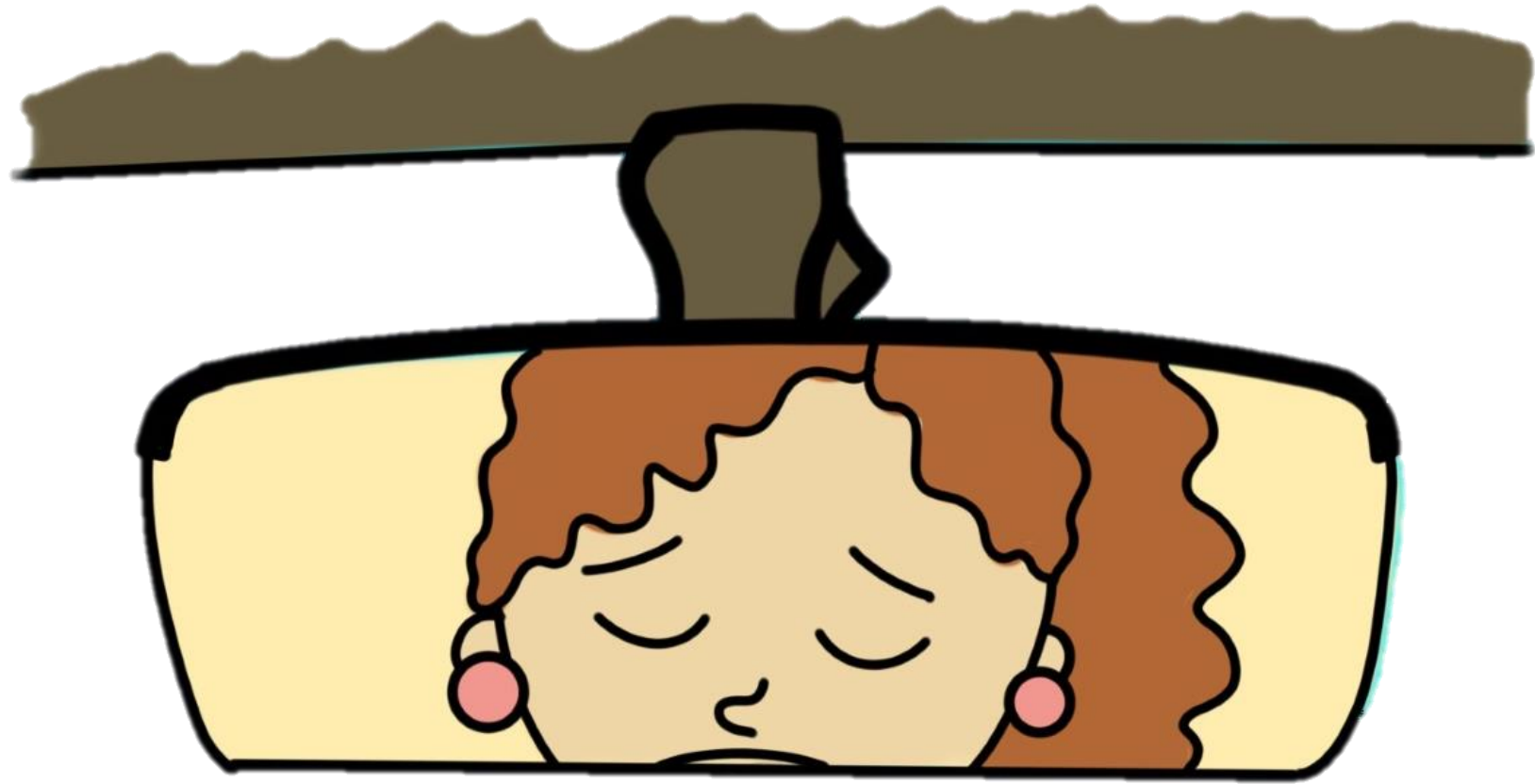
Lara starts to clap
And says her Teta
Seats her on her lap

Cheerful Julia cheers away
And I am here thinking
I have never met my Teta anyway



On my way home
I see streets narrow and wide
As my Mama and I roam
I look at the sky during the ride
I feel like a cloud
A little lost and not so loud





Mama asks me why I look sad
So I make a face at her and at dad



Mama comes in
And sees me with a grin
And I tell her
"I think I am leaving school
and becoming an astronaut
- isn't that cool?"

Mama **laughs** a little

Tells me life could be **fickle**

She sits **next to me** and I ask in a trickle

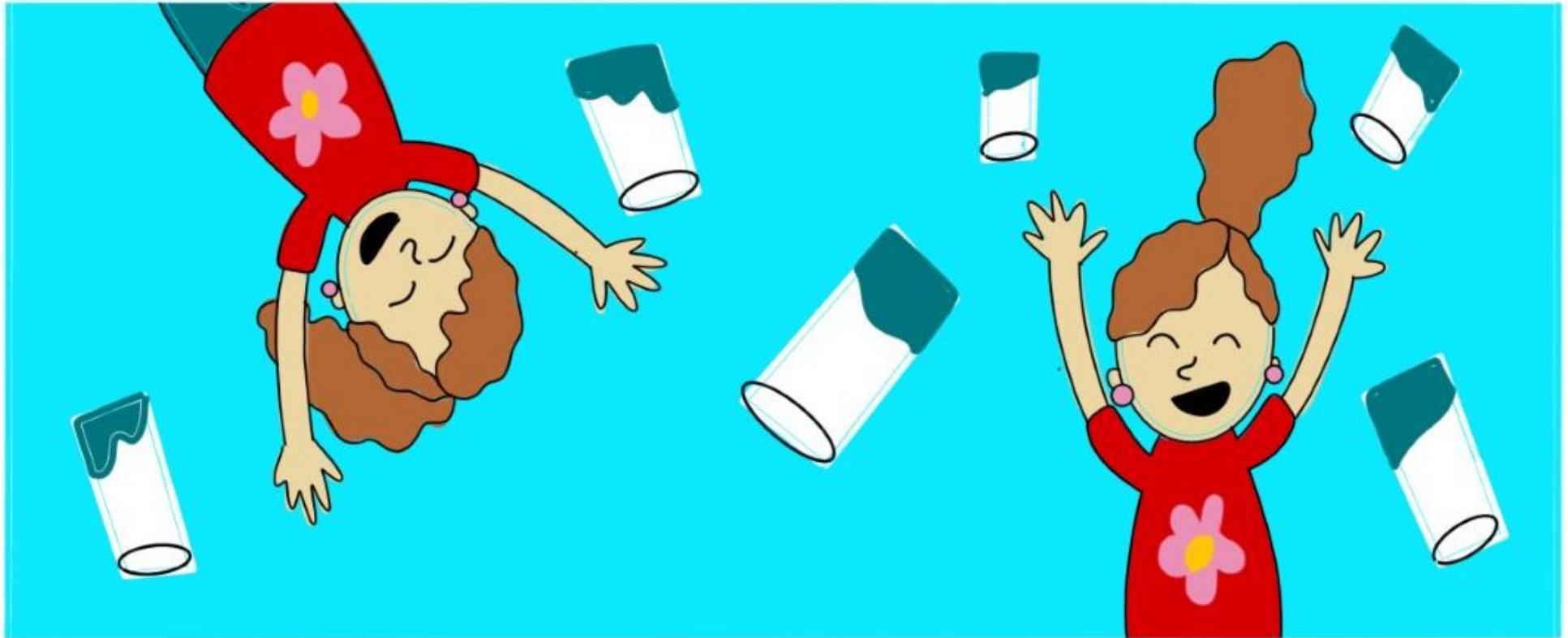



How can we learn things about someone;

Who is not here or near?

Not upside down or downside up

Not under my bed or hidden in a cup





Mama holds me tight
She says that some people take a flight
but they are in here
and she points at my heart, so clear

and they are in here
and she points at my head
then she says, instead
We can feel them in all the light

Doopa- di-doo, I know what

I put on my cape and I start

From the ceiling to the floor

And behind every single door

Looking for clues

No pick and no choose



to do!

to explore

Teta Teta who are you?

Doopa-di-doo

I skip and slide

Swoosh and glide

Around the house looking for clues

That have nowhere to hide

I see a picture of Teta
At picnic in Hammana
She must have loved all the cherry trees
And buzzing bees
Saw spring season's colorful leaves
As she sang to Mama and Khalto
And also silly little Khalo



Teta's **driving style**

Was funny once in a while.

She drove **swiftly** and nicely

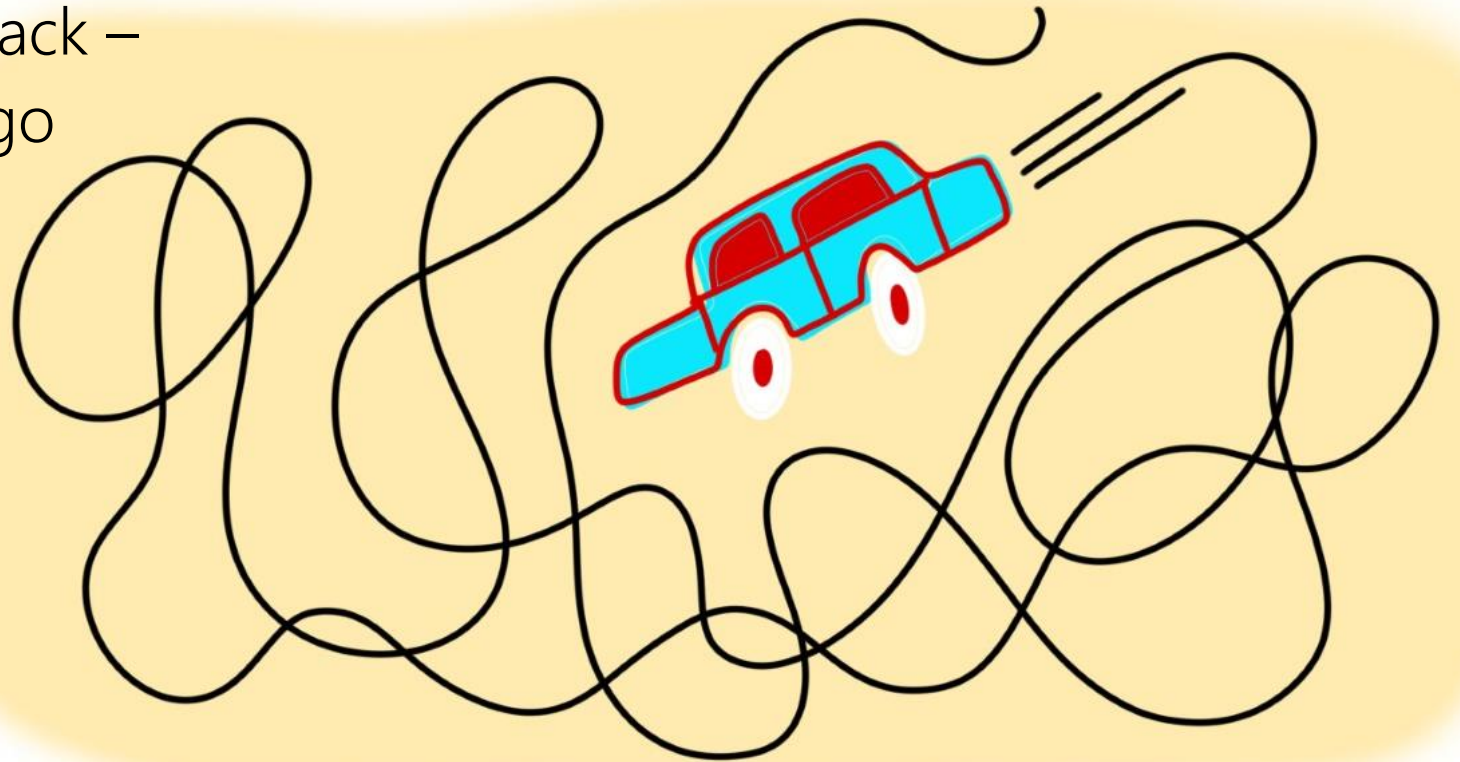
Forward she would go

Yet, Teta never drove **backwards!**

Oh- How! She didn't know!

If she needed to go back –

Forward she would go





I hear Mama say
That Teta used to love to dance
There was no chance
You would miss her sway
As she moved her legs and hips away
Shek- shak –shook
Shek- shak –shook

She was a **writer**

her dreams were never **small**

She wrote her **stories** in the house,

In the **gardens** and even at the mall



A painter, she was a painter too!
We even have a painting
Hanging, in our living room
Of come chickens in a coop
Doopa-di-doo-p



Teta would swim without **swimming**
She would have conversations
Never **knowing** their end from their beginning
She would sit on the side of pools
Talking while moving
Her head to **Faiyruz**



Oh! The Talents Teta had!
That made everyone glad
She was a skilled Tabbouleh maker
a tomato and ba2tunese slicer
a delicious masterpiece creator
Chop-chop-Chop

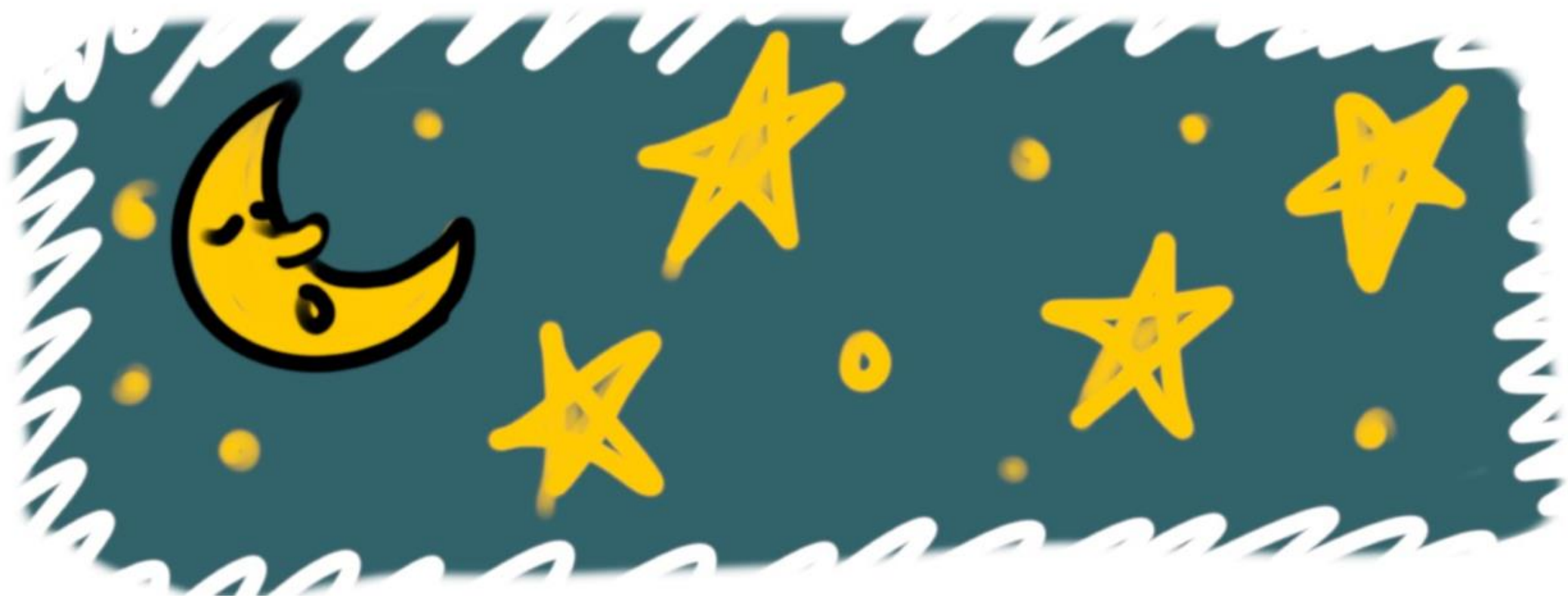


Teta had her rises and falls
But most important of all
She made classrooms out of all the rooms
She walked through.
She was a teacher at heart
Never letting kids depart
Without learning a thing or two
Kids like me and you





my homework is finished doopa-di-doo
This is a box with all my props together
Time to sleep tomorrow gets even better



On my way to school
I feel like the sky
Wide eyed and feeling cool
The stories I have
Will make the class laugh





Tony looks **sleepy**
Lara closes the door shut

Julia's being **cheery**
and she is talking but...



The teacher says "Yara!"
And I say present
She smiles and tells me to lead the lesson

Oh! The things I have for the **show and tell**

Doopa-di-doo

Shek -Shack-Shook

Beep-Beep

Chop Chop Chop

I carry my box and walk to the front

It is time for my friends to hear

about the **insides and outs**

And everything that I know about

My Talented Teta





To: Teta Samia & Yara