

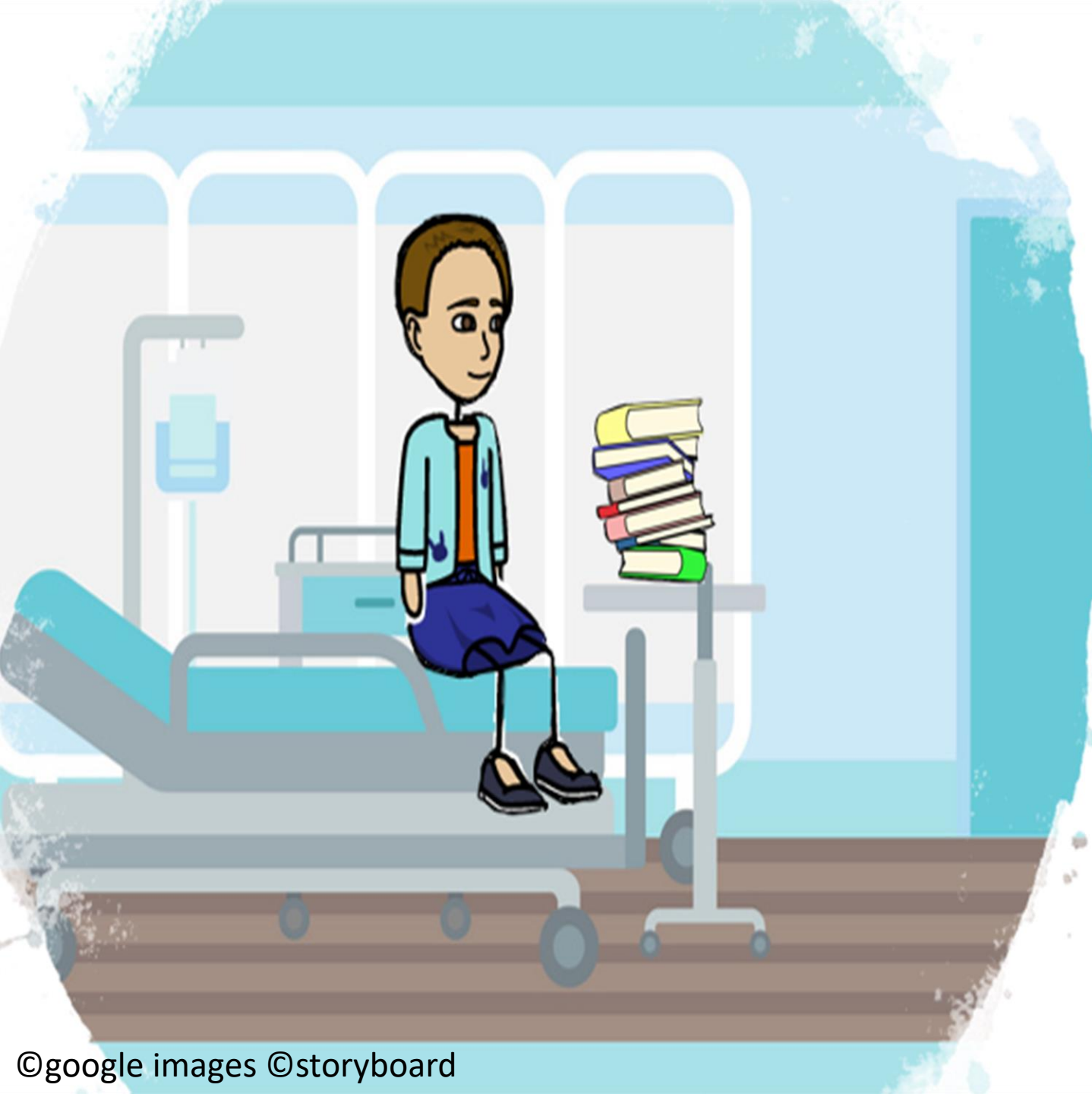
Ages  
7-9



Thank You!

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Illustrator: Dana Kharbotli &  
Documented Websites



*In the busy city of Beirut, on one sunny day,*

*Amal, an 8-year old girl, was sitting in her hospital bed.*

*Humming with the birds that chirped outside her window,*

*she smiled, happy that she will soon enjoy reading in the playroom.*



*Not far away, on a neighboring street,  
Amir, a 9-year-old boy, was returning  
home from school.*

*He had a huge scowl on his face,  
and was murmuring to himself as he walked  
up to the building where he lived.*

*Before knocking on the door, Amir stopped for a moment.*

*He started thinking of all the things he wanted to tell his mom.*

*His week did not go as planned,  
and it was all because his mom did not let him do  
all the things he wanted to do.*

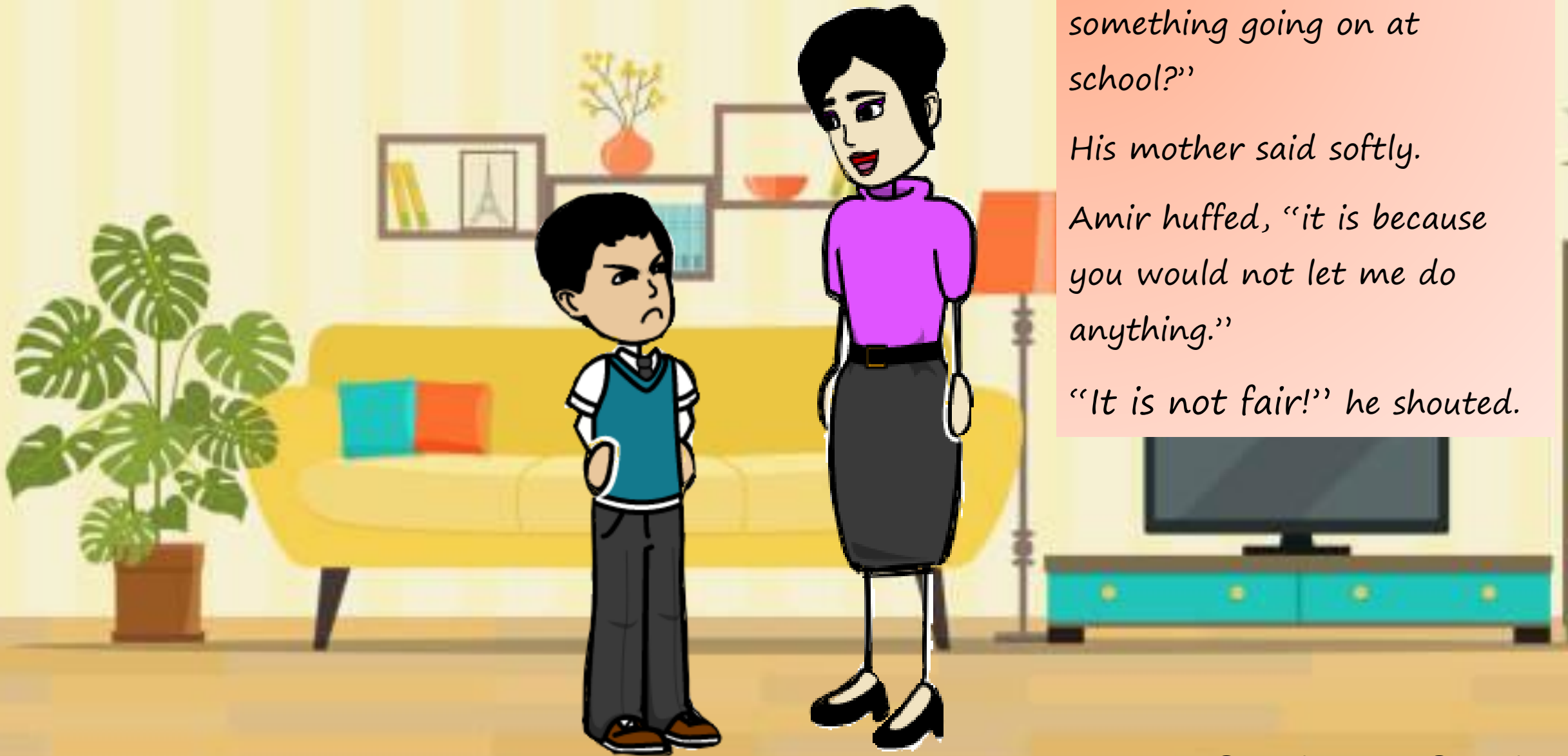




With a cheerful smile, Amir's mom greeted him, "how was your day?" she asked.

Amir looked at her, his scowl growing deeper and said, "I had a terrible day. In fact, I had a horrible week."



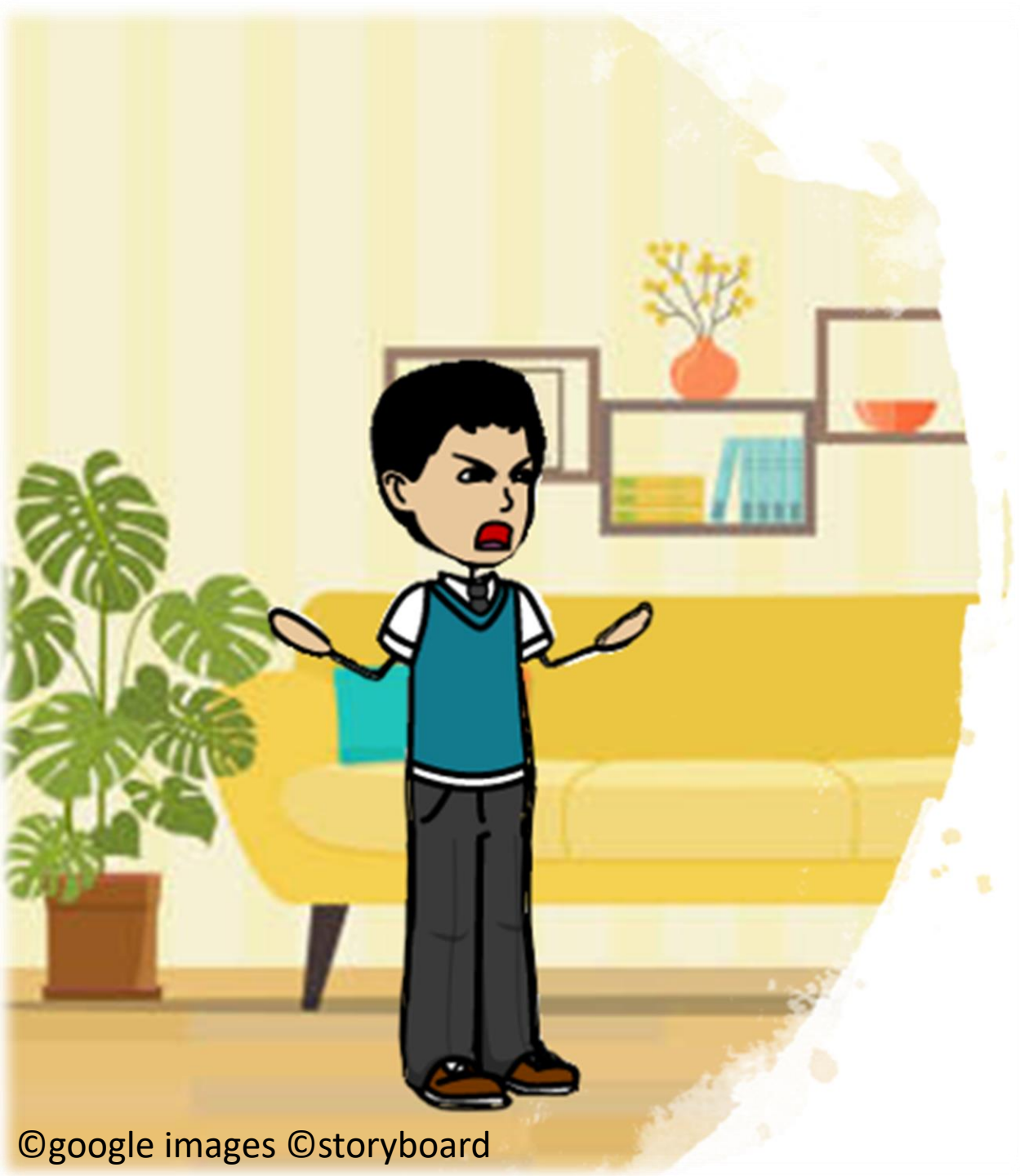


“Why is that? Is there something going on at school?”

His mother said softly.

Amir huffed, “it is because you would not let me do anything.”

“It is not fair!” he shouted.



*“Why can’t I stay after school to play football?”*

*“Why can’t I watch TV during weekdays?”*

*“Why do I have to do homework daily when I already go to school?”*

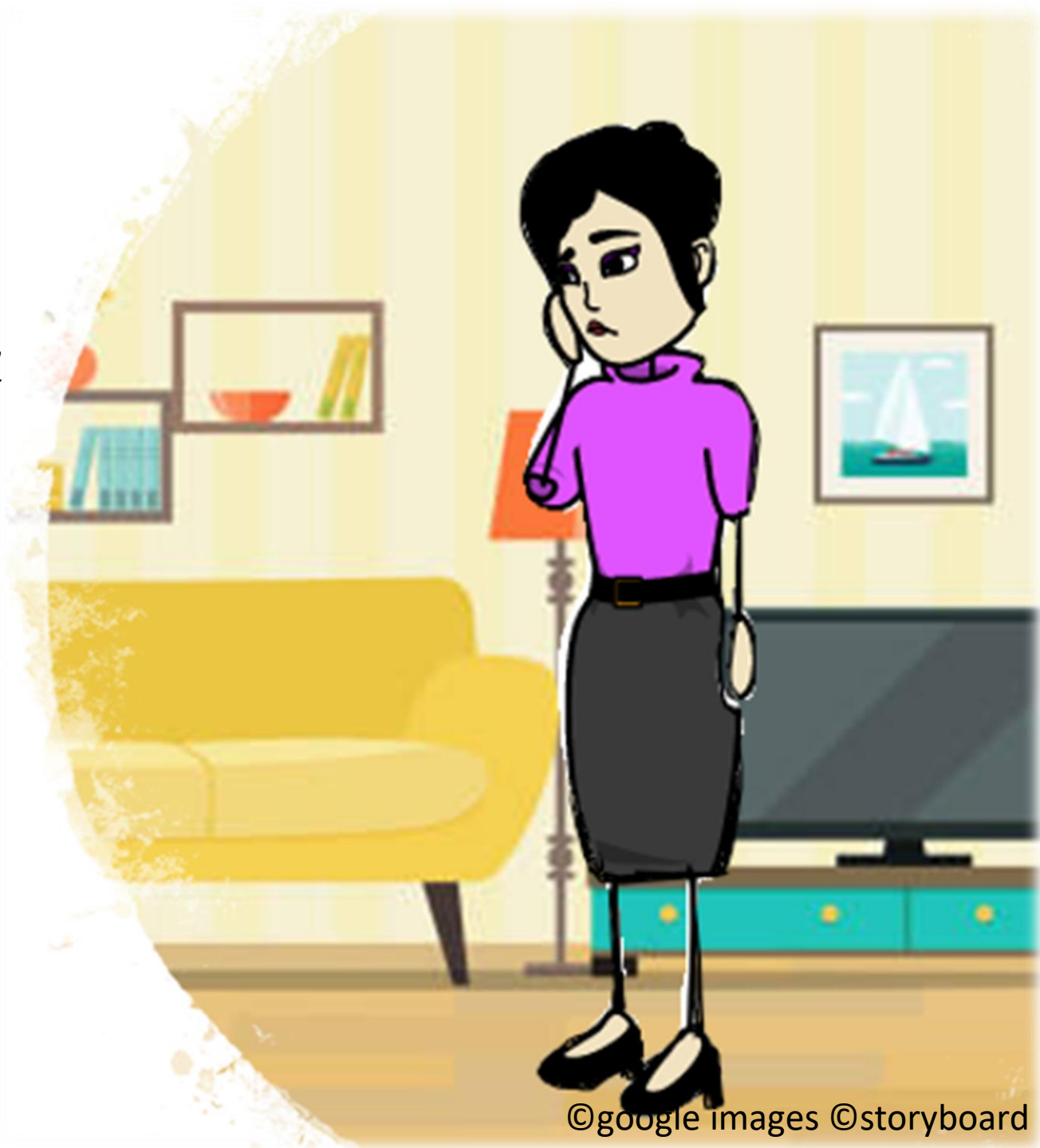
*“Why can’t I eat from the cafeteria like all my friends?”*

*Shocked at his outburst, Amir's mom sighed and said.*

*"Listen Amir, I need to go to the hospital for a while, and you have to come with me."*

*"Aunt Sarah cannot come to watch you today."*

*"How about we talk about this later tonight."*





*In the car, on the way to the hospital,  
Amir gazed outside the window deep in  
thought.*

*He was observing the people on Hamra  
street as they passed by.*

*Since it was Friday, it was busier than  
usual.*



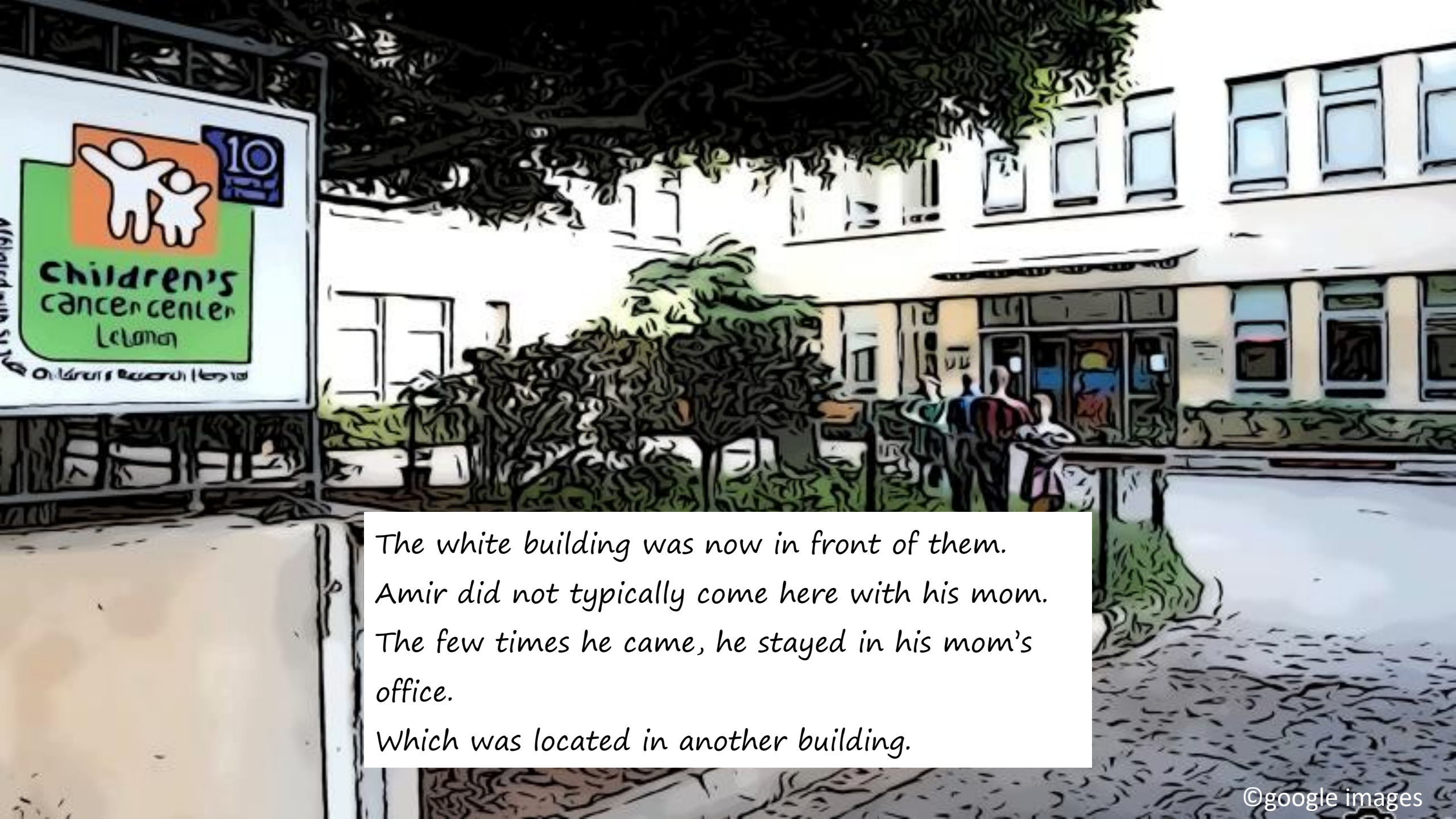


*Some people were shopping,  
others were selling suitcases on the  
street.*

*The coffee shops were filled with older  
adults drinking tea and Arabic coffee.  
Some of them were even playing board  
games.*

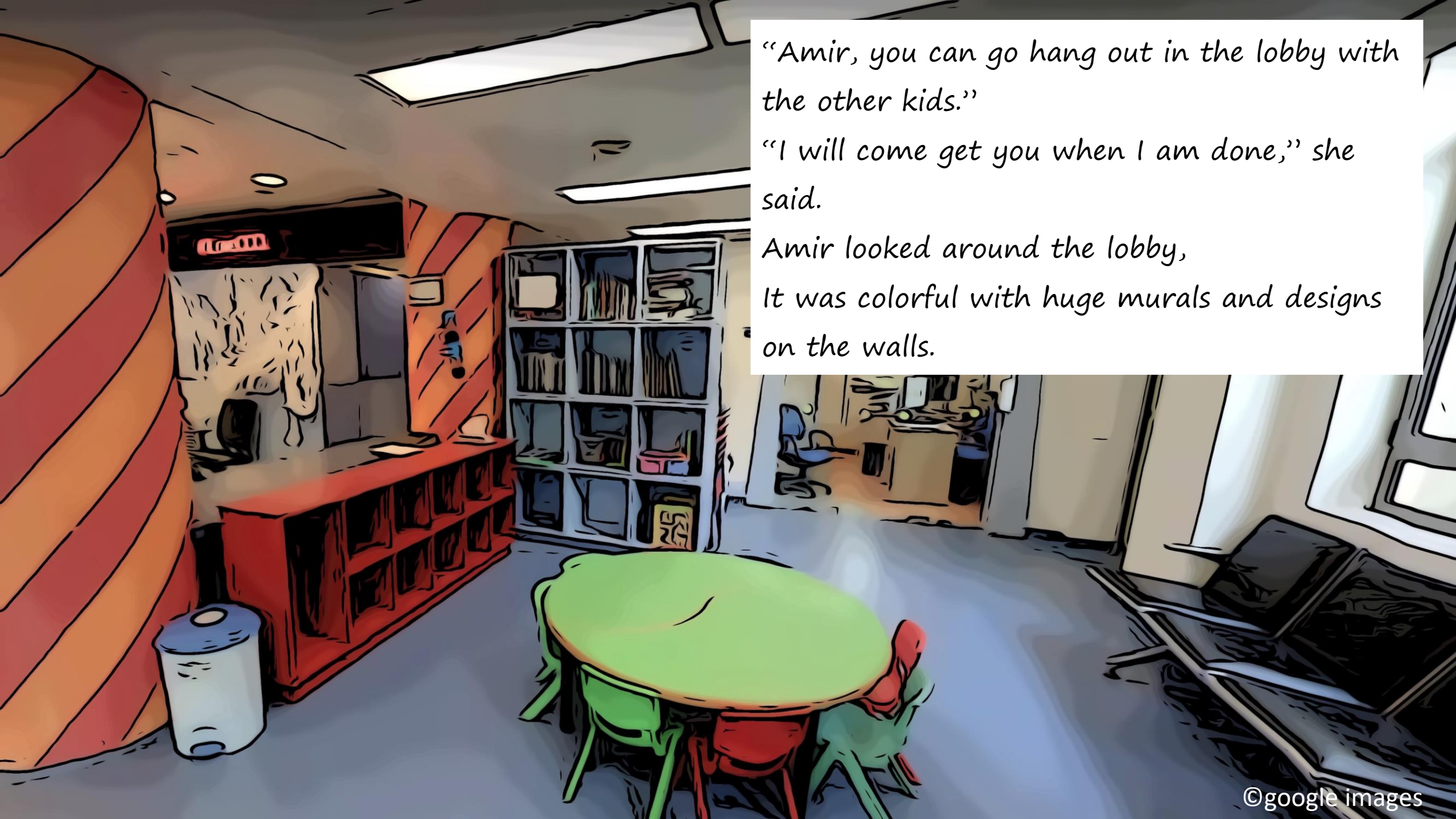






The white building was now in front of them.  
Amir did not typically come here with his mom.  
The few times he came, he stayed in his mom's  
office.  
Which was located in another building.





“Amir, you can go hang out in the lobby with the other kids.”

“I will come get you when I am done,” she said.

Amir looked around the lobby, It was colorful with huge murals and designs on the walls.



Amir walked over to a couch, facing a window.

A girl about his age was sitting quietly, reading her book.

Shoulders slumped, he groaned.

“What was he supposed to do now?” he thought.

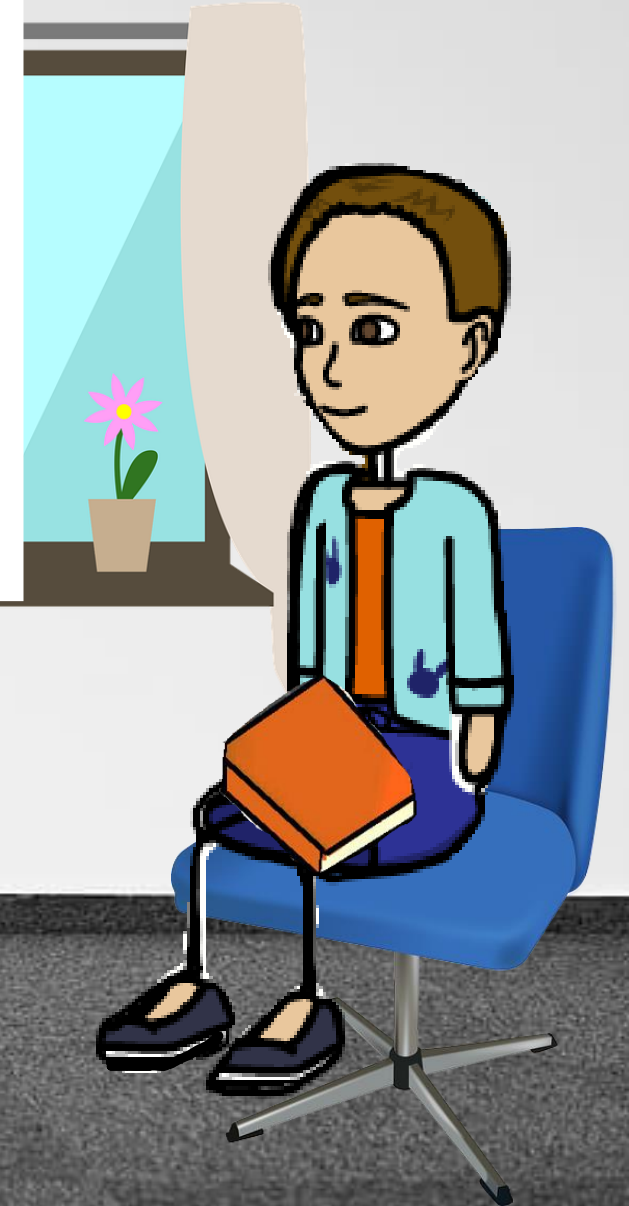


“Why do you look so angry?” questioned the girl.

It was the girl enjoying the warm sun by the window.

She was looking at him curiously.

“You look funny when you’re frowning,” she said.





Amir's frown faded as he raised his eyebrows in surprise.

He went up and sat in on the chair facing the girl.

"My name is Amal. What is your name?"

"I am Amir."

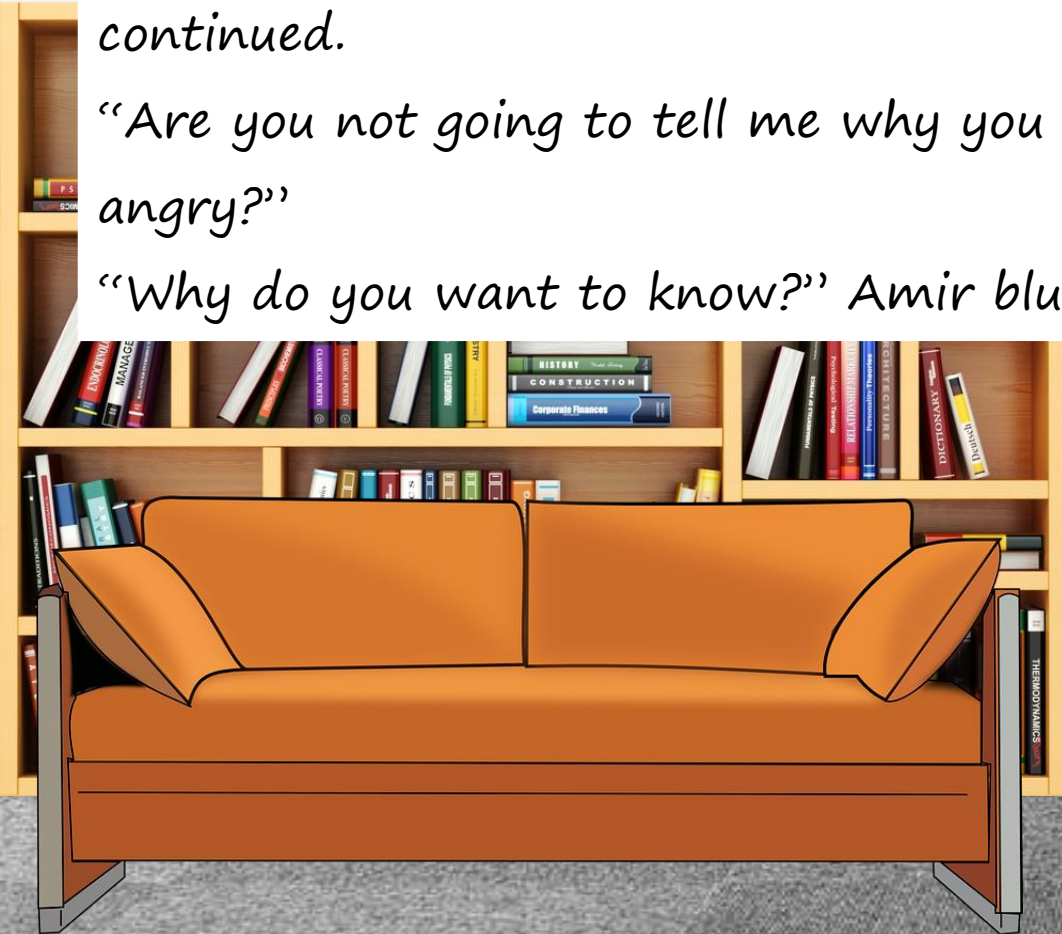


“Like a prince!” Amal giggled and exclaimed.

“My name means hope.” She said and continued.

“Are you not going to tell me why you are angry?”

“Why do you want to know?” Amir blurted.



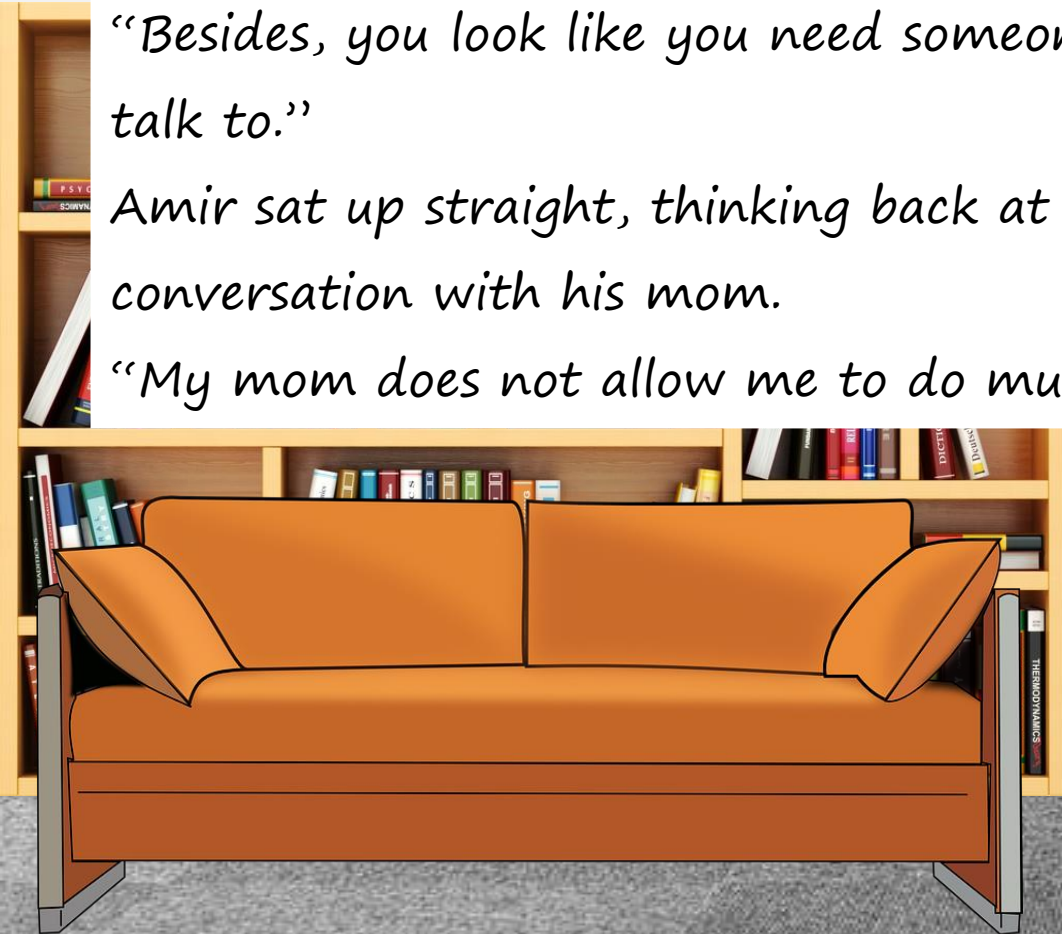


"I do not get to meet a lot of new people here," she sighed.

"Besides, you look like you need someone to talk to."

Amir sat up straight, thinking back at his conversation with his mom.

"My mom does not allow me to do much."



“Like what?” Amal asked, becoming more curious.

“Well,” Amir started, “she does not let me play football with my friends after school?”

Amal’s eyes widened, “You play football! I always wanted to play football! Is it fun?”

“Do you get to play on those big green playgrounds like on TV?”

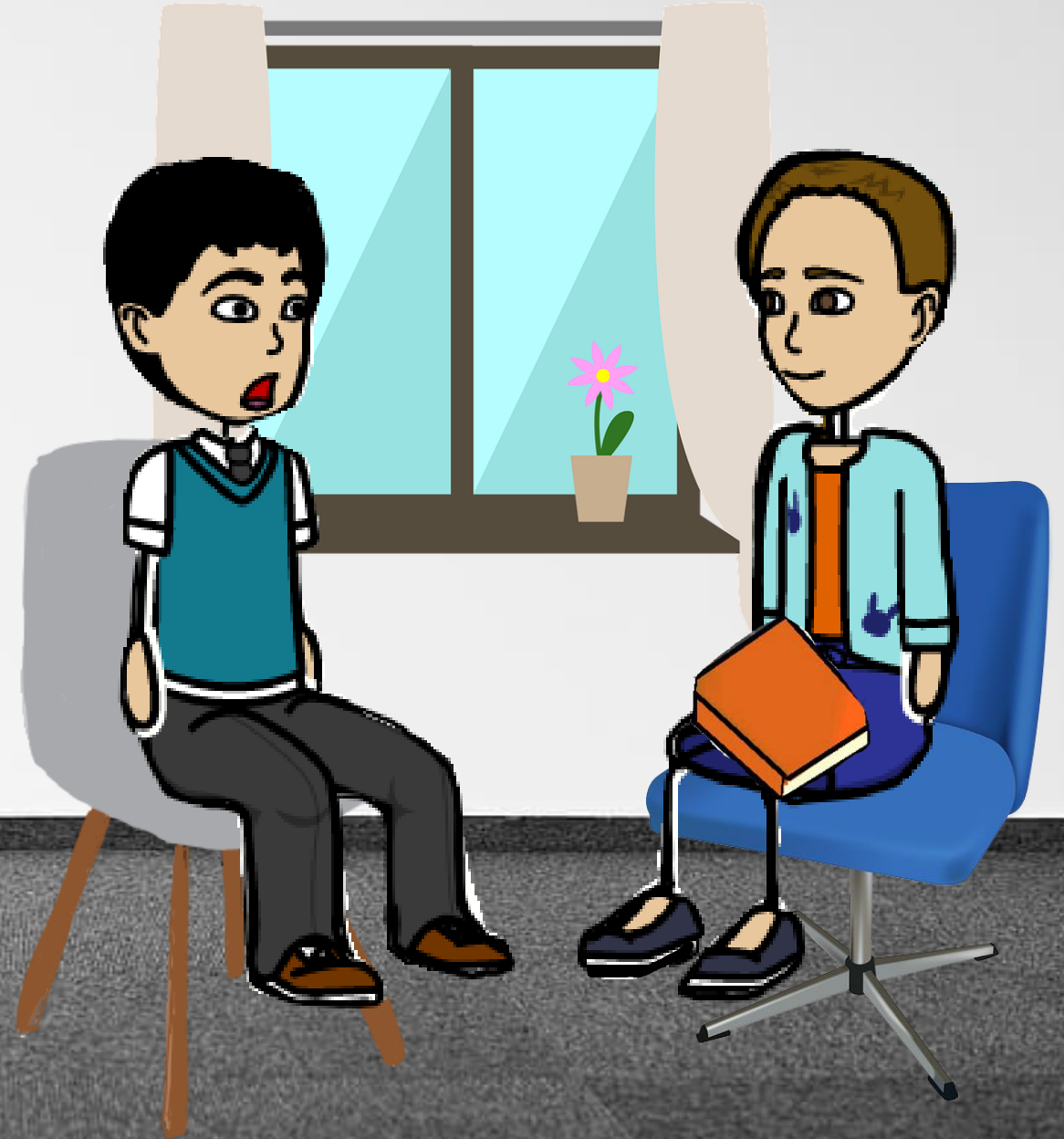


Amir grew confused, "You never played football!" he said in surprise.

Amal shook her head, "I cannot play sports."

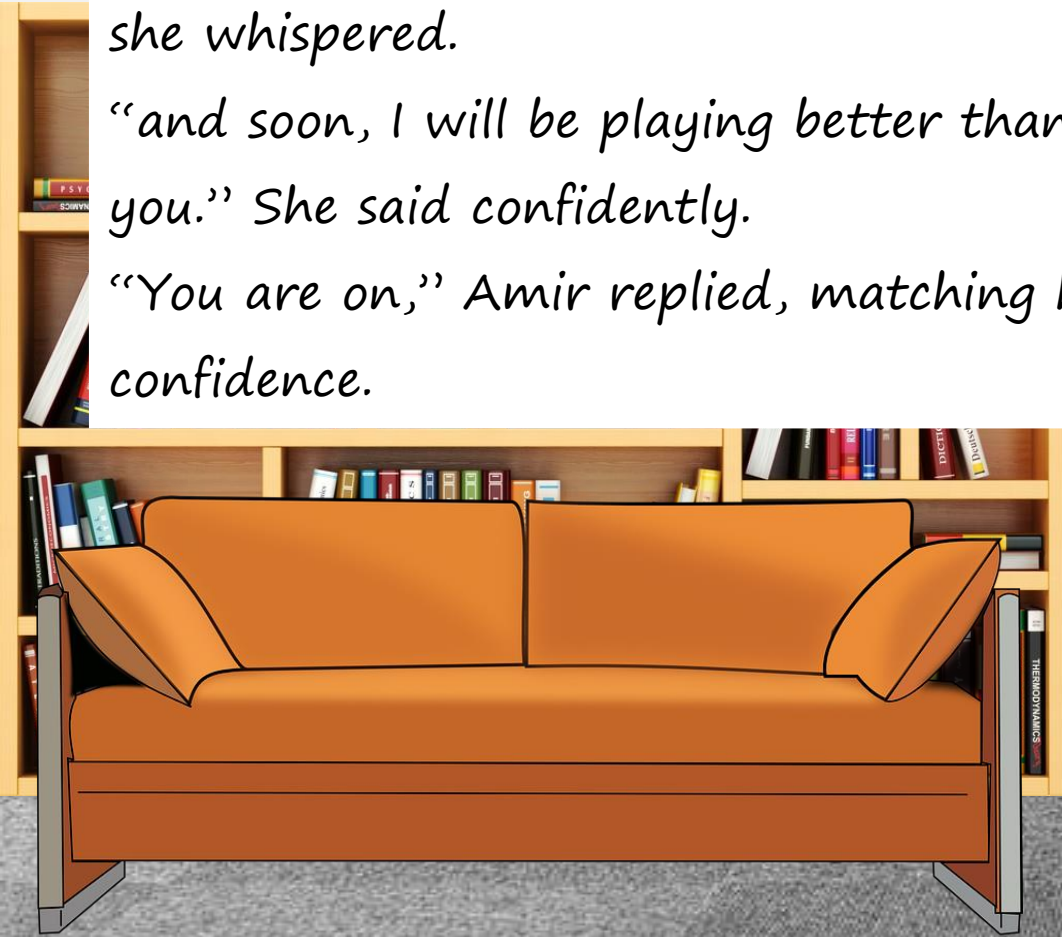
"Why not?" Amir asked.

"I am usually tired, and the doctor says I should save my energy to fight cancer," she answered.





She curled her fists and looked at Amir.  
“Do not worry, I am stronger than Cancer,”  
she whispered.  
“and soon, I will be playing better than  
you.” She said confidently.  
“You are on,” Amir replied, matching her  
confidence.





“At least you can watch TV whenever you want,” Amir told her.

“I can only watch TV on the weekends.” He said with a frown.

“I do not enjoy watching TV.” Amal’s eyes wandered off to the trees.

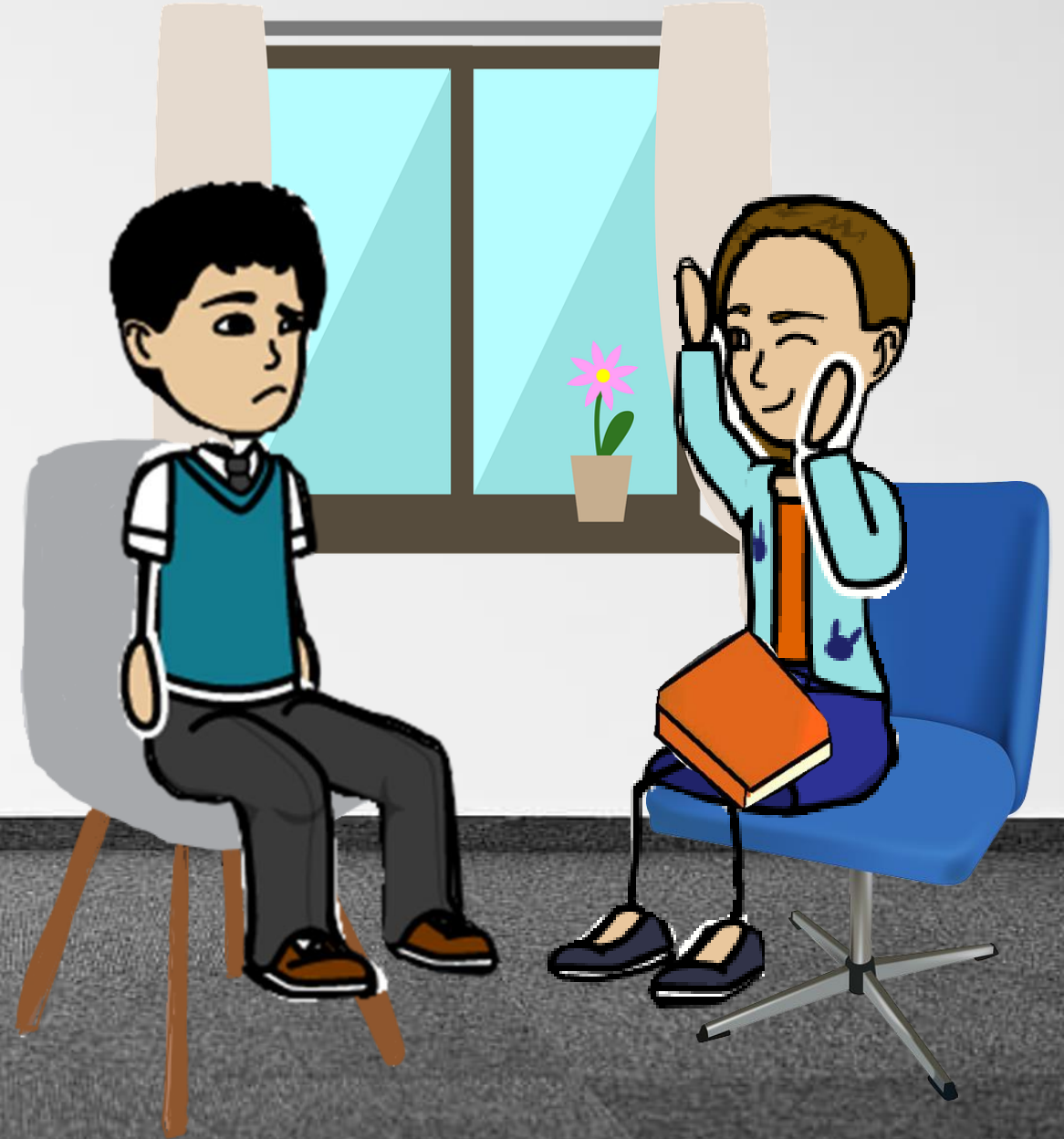
“The nurses would always turn the TV on to distract me from the pain.”



Amir's smile fell. He was uncomfortable and confused.

Amal giggled, "Do not worry. It does not hurt much anymore."

"Do not forget, I am very strong," she smiled while curling her fingers into a fist.





Amir smiled back awkwardly and asked,  
“What do you like to do in your free time?”  
Amal put her hand on her chin, pretending  
to think,  
“I like to take walks and read. I also like to  
learn new stuff.” She replied.







Amal was enjoying her talk with Amir, so she said, "I cannot wait to start going to school again."

"Are your teachers nice?" she asked.

"Some are, some are not," he replied.

"Our Arabic teacher is the nicest, what is your favorite subject?" He asked her.



"I only learn some subjects here.  
It is hard to focus most of the time," Amal  
replied with some sadness in her voice.  
"I love English. Once I start learning history,  
I feel like it will become my favorite  
subject."





Before Amir could reply, a nurse came by. The nurse gave Amal some medication and water.

Amir was very curious, "Are you in pain?" He asked.

"No," she replied, "I take these pills before I eat. That way, my stomach doesn't ache."



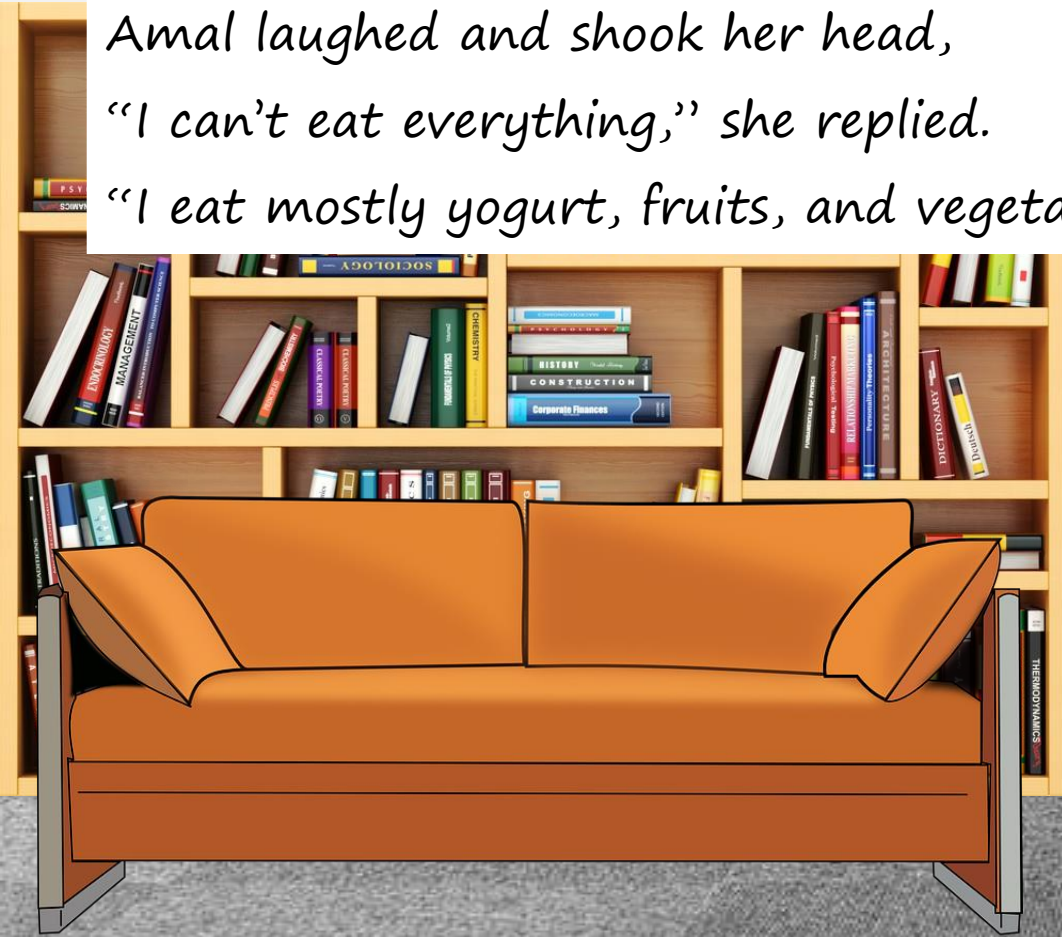


“Do you eat from the cafeteria?!” Amir asked excitedly.

Amal laughed and shook her head,

“I can’t eat everything,” she replied.

“I eat mostly yogurt, fruits, and vegetables.”



Shoulders hunched, Amir sat back in his chair.

He was thinking about all the things he thought he could not do.

He even shouted at his mom earlier.

"I can do whatever I want," he thought.





He looked at Amal in admiration, and asked,

“would you like to be my friend?”

Without hesitation, she replied,

“Yes, I would love to be your friend!”









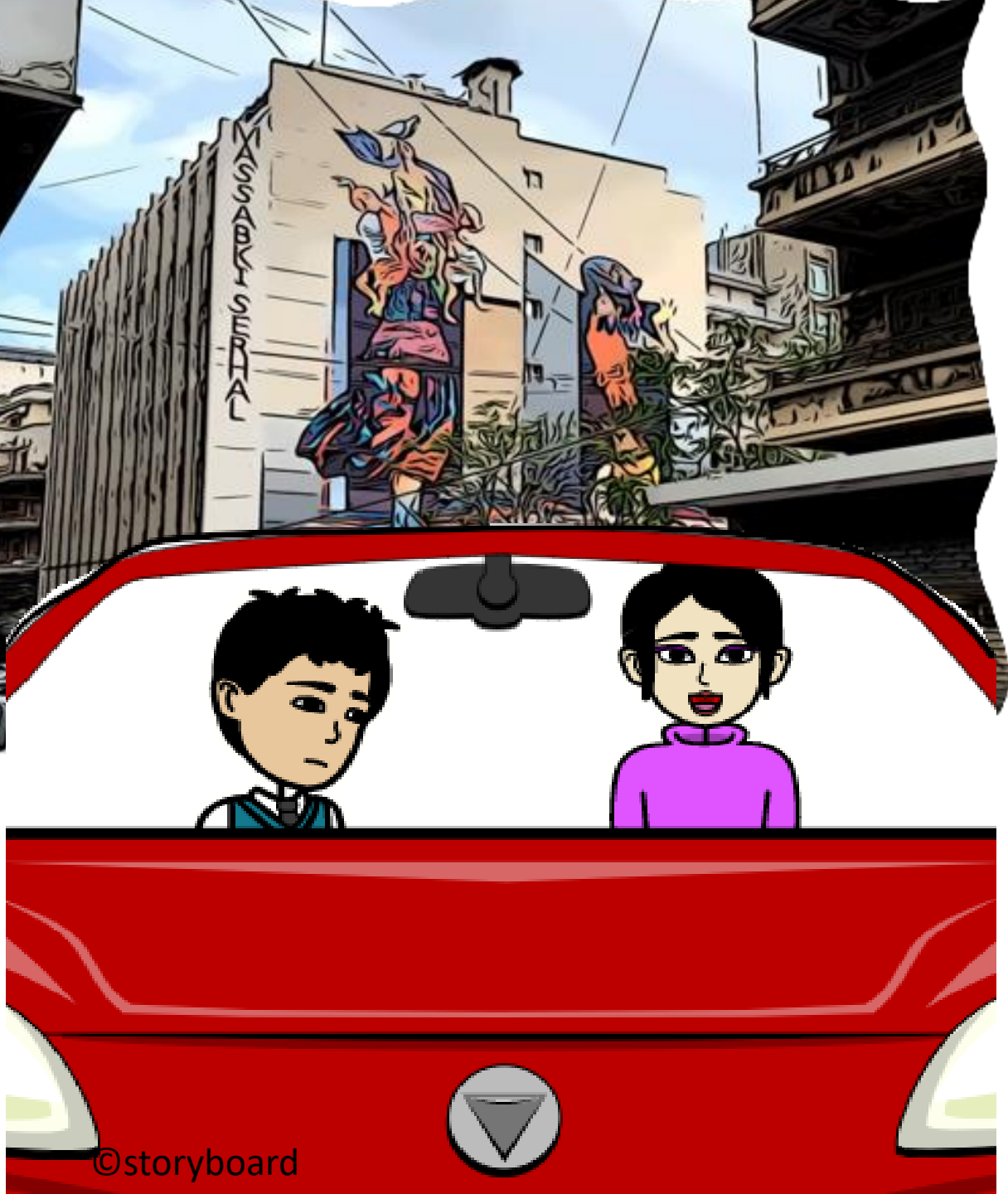
*On the way home, Amir looked over at his mom and asked,*

*“Can I come to visit the hospital with you every week?”*

*“I made a new friend! Her name is Amal; she is sick but we talked a lot” he exclaimed happily.*

*His mother laughed, “Of course, you can.”*

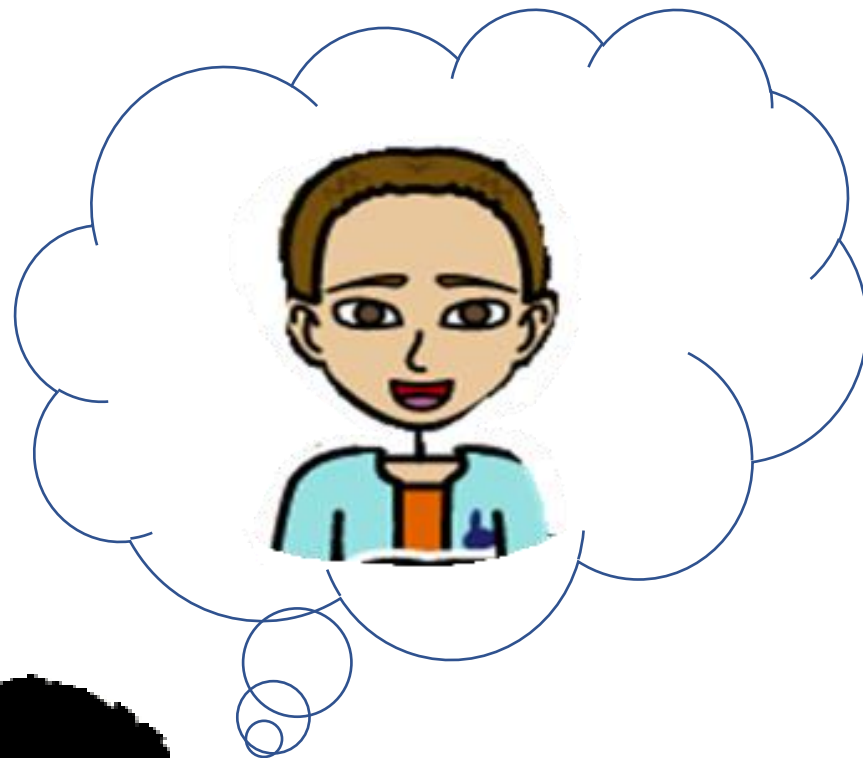




“Mom,” Looking down at his lap, he said,  
“I am sorry, I did not mean to yell earlier.” He  
apologized.

“It is okay, we all go through a bad day  
sometimes,  
what is important is how we end it.” She  
smiled.





Amir looked outside his window,  
His eyes wondering back to the busy street.  
He looked up at the sky, thought of his new  
friend, and smiled  
whispering, "Thank you."



Hello !

Thank you for reading this book.

Amir learned to become more grateful, now its your turn! List 10 things your grateful for today... see it wasn't that hard. Life is more positive when we view it with gratitude.

P.S don't forget to tell your parents you love them once in a while.





# Disclaimer!

Please note that the illustrations were constructed using collectively: drawing by hand, storyboard website and google images. The pictures were edited using Clip2Comic.

**Storyboard:** <https://www.storyboardthat.com/storyboard-creator>

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