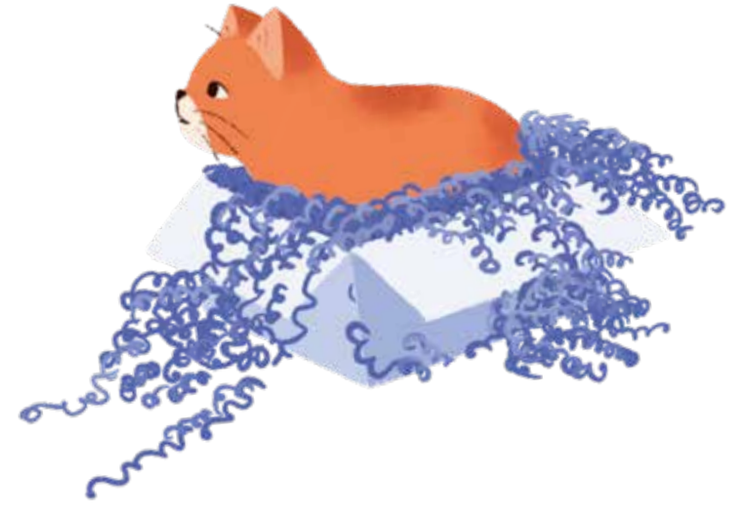
Eid for Nylah

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nosy crow

Eid for Nylah





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In memory of my grandparents, Sheikh Mohideen Mohamed Hussain and Jeenath Umma Hussain, who gave us the most wonderful Eids. — N. F.

To Mom and Sis, for making every Eid brighter. — Z. F.

Eid for Nylah

written by
Nizrana Farook

illustrated by
Zelma Firdauzia



Everyone was very busy at home.

Sweeping and dusting,



wiping and scrubbing,
tidying and sorting
everything in sight.

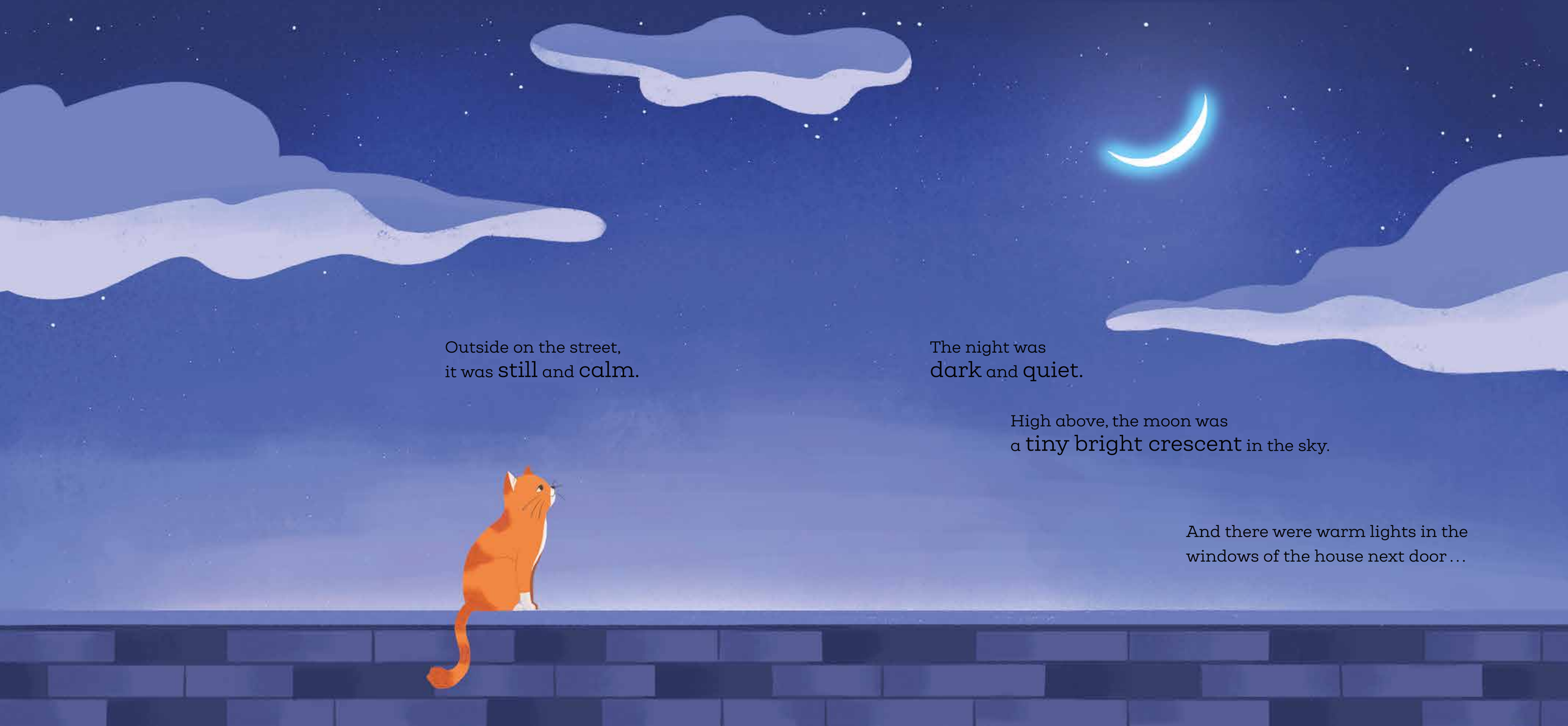
The whole family was helping …

except for Nylah the cat.

“Oh, Nylah!” said Zahra.
“We’re all so busy. We don’t
have time to play now.”



Poor Nylah!



Outside on the street,
it was still and calm.

The night was
dark and quiet.

High above, the moon was
a tiny bright crescent in the sky.

And there were warm lights in the
windows of the house next door . . .



Nylah jumped in through
the window of Bilal's house.

Everything was sparkly and colourful!

Bunting and streamers,
balloons and lanterns,
all of it so festive and bright.

Then Nylah saw
the best thing of all . . .

Ribbons!

Nylah pounced.

She nibbled
and leaped
and rolled.

But then . . .



"Oh, Nylah!" said Bilal.
"We're all so busy. We don't have
time to play now."



He untangled
the ribbons and
Nylah padded away.

Poor Nylah!

Next, Nylah slipped into Reem's house.

Nylah breathed in a rich, leafy smell.

Henna!



Swirls and circles,
flecks and flames,
patterns painted
carefully on their hands.