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Written by

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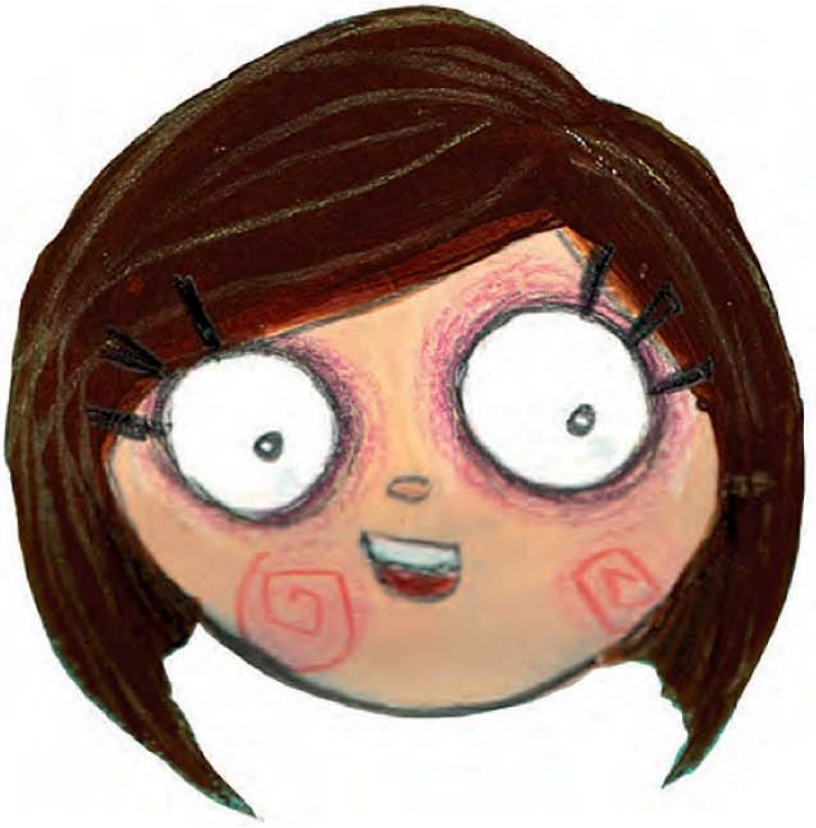
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One

Hamda had four big sisters, and their names were Hind, Fatima, Jamila and Alya.





When Hamda asked if Hind would play tea parties, Hind shook her head.

"I'm going to see my friend Sonya," she said. "We're going to make necklaces."

"That sounds fun!" said Hamda. "Can I make necklaces too?"

"No," said Hind. "You're too little. Why don't you play tea parties with your dolls?"



Hamda went to find Fatima.
Fatima was getting ready to go
shopping with Jamila. Hamda jumped
up and down in excitement.



"I love shopping! Are you going now this minute? Can I come with you?" she asked.

"No," said Fatima as she put on her coat.

Jamila gave Hamda a hug. "You're too little," she said. "Go and find Alya."



Alya was busy in the kitchen.

"What are you doing?" Hamda asked.

"My friend Salma is coming today," Alya said. "We're going to make cakes."





Hamda clapped her hands.
"Can I make cakes too?"

"No," said Alya. "You're too little."
She gave Hamda a kiss. "Go and play
with your toys."



Hamda felt cross, and she felt lonely, and she felt left out. She stomped into the sitting room where Mama was reading, and frowned.

"Dear me," said Mama. "You don't look very happy. What's the matter?"





"All my sisters are big," Hamda said. "They say I'm too little to play with them. When am I going to be big?"

Mama laughed. "Your sisters were little once, just like you. Look!" She pointed to the photos on the wall.

"Oh," said Hamda, and she went to look at the photos.

Mama was right.

Hamda looked and looked, and she thought and thought.

At last she had an idea ... an idea all of her very own.

