

Saying
goodbye



Story Characters



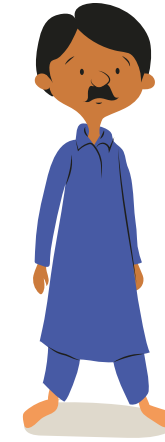
Saira
(Samir's sister)



Samir
(Saira's brother)



Samir & Saira's
mother



Samir & Saira's
father



Samir & Saira's
grandfather



Farha



Choti



Azam

Saira was unhappy.
Something was wrong at home and
no-one would tell her what it was.
Everyone was acting strange.



Even Samir would not tell her what
was going on.



'What's wrong?'
she asked,
'why is everyone whispering
and looking sad?
Where is grandfather?'
'Don't bother me now Saira,'
said her mother,
'I'm busy. Go play with your friends.'



But Saira did not feel like playing. She just
felt sad and angry at the same time.
Why did they not tell her what was wrong?



Samir came out and saw her.
He sat down beside her.

‘Saira, grandfather is very ill,’
he said slowly, ‘we must be very good
now and not bother the adults.
They are trying to make him better at the
hospital so everyone is busy.’

‘I can make him better,’ said Saira,
‘he always feels better when I sing to him.
Can I go to sing to him?’

‘Not this time Saira,’ he said.
‘Just stay out of the way.’



The next two days were lonely.
Everyone was busy and no-one had
time for Saira. Not even Samir.

Choti sat next to her on the steps.
But she could not get
Siara to smile.





He always smiled with his eyes and told the most wonderful stories to all the children in the neighbourhood. And he was so wise. And funny.

Then Saira's grandfather passed away. It was a very sad time for the family. Choti did not know how to comfort Saira. She remembered Saira's grandfather.



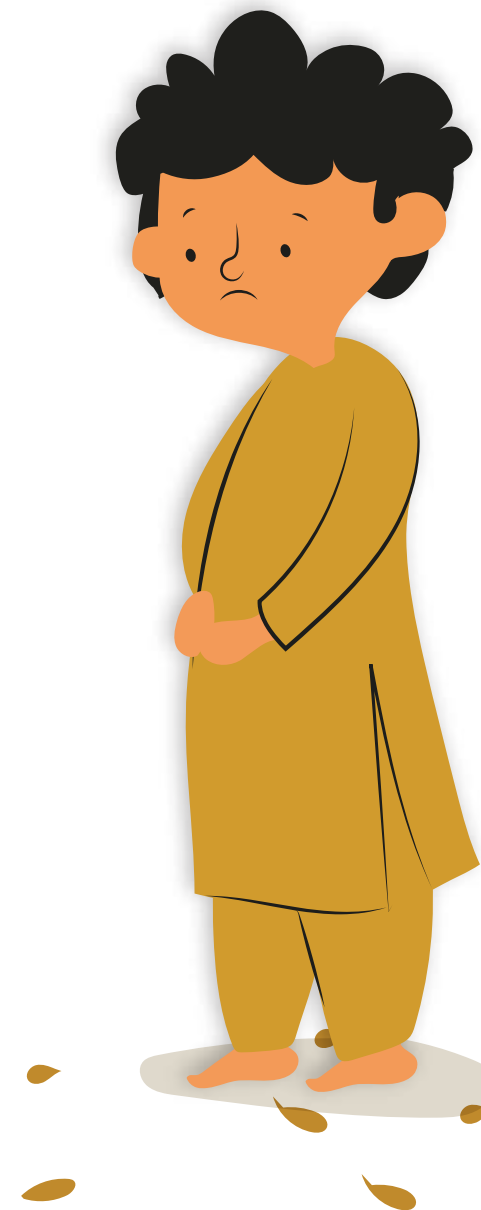
For the next weeks Saira felt lost and alone.
She did not want to talk to anyone.

She found it hard to listen to the teachers.

She did not want to play.

All she kept thinking was '**Why, why, why?**'.
But no-one could tell her why.





All the children knew that
Saira was sad.

But nothing they tried
worked. Saira tried but
she could not join in.

It was as if she was in a
bubble and their voices
were far away.



Farha watched her little friend and was worried. Saira was turning from a happy, warm, little girl into a pale, sad, unhappy one.

What could she do to bring back that sparkle in Saira's eyes?





Then Farha had an idea.
She talked to Saira's mum.
They agreed it was worth a try.



One morning Farha said to Saira,
**'I have something for you.
Can I show you?'**

Saira looked at the big book
in Farha's hand. They sat down side
by side and Farha turned the pages.
Saira stared. These were the stories
her grandfather had told the children.

Saira felt she could hear her
grandfather's deep, warm voice
as she turned the pages.





'That story was not like that.'

Saira said suddenly, **'it was like this.'**

She began to tell the story. Farha looked at Saira's face and smiled. Saira was smiling, her eyes were twinkling, her voice rang out just like her grandfather's used to do.

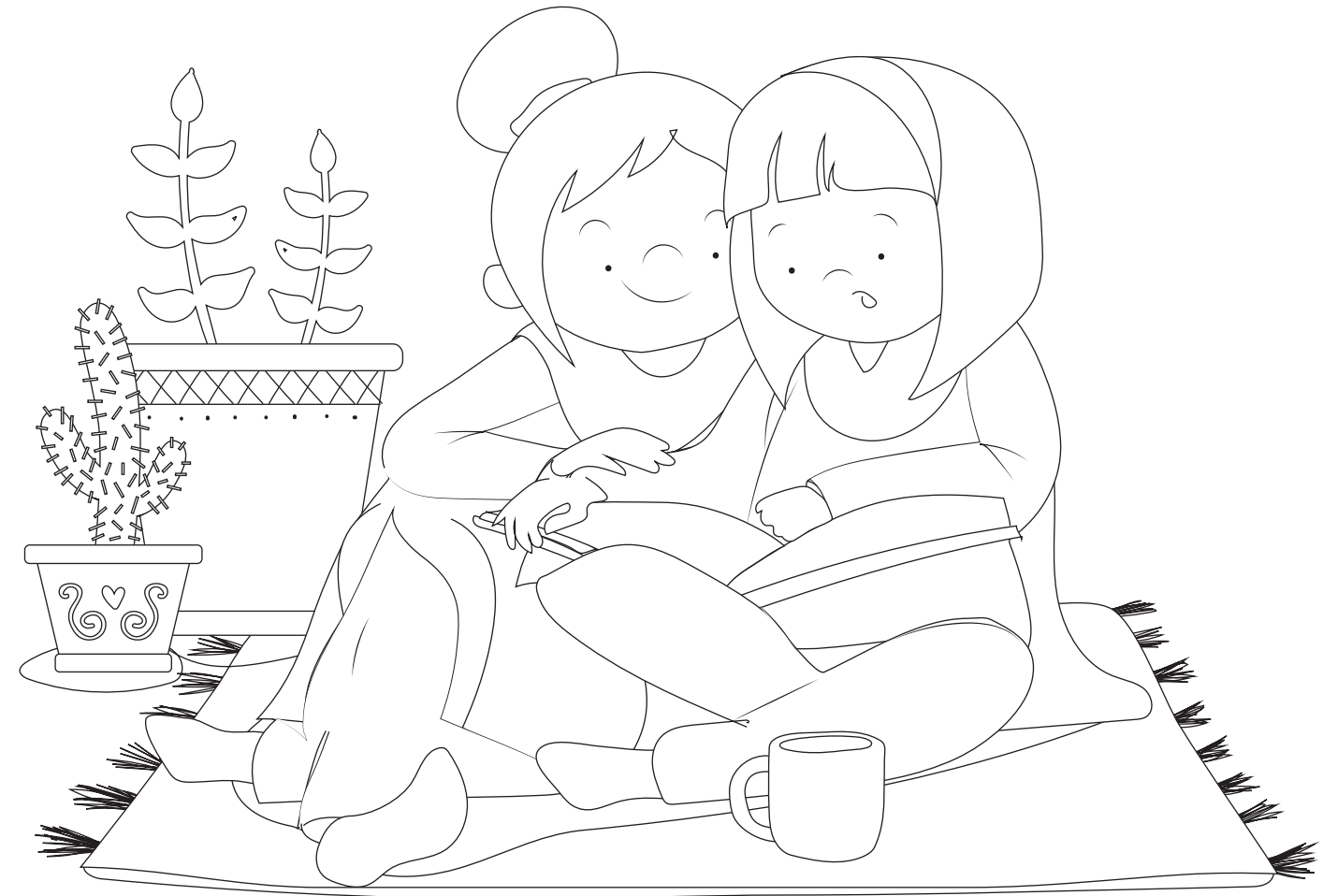
When Saira finished, Farha took Saira's hands in her own. **'He's gone Saira but he is also still here.'** She said gently. **'He is here in his stories and in your heart. You need to tell his stories so we all remember him.'** Saira nodded.

There were tears in her eyes but she was also smiling.

Colour me



Colour me



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