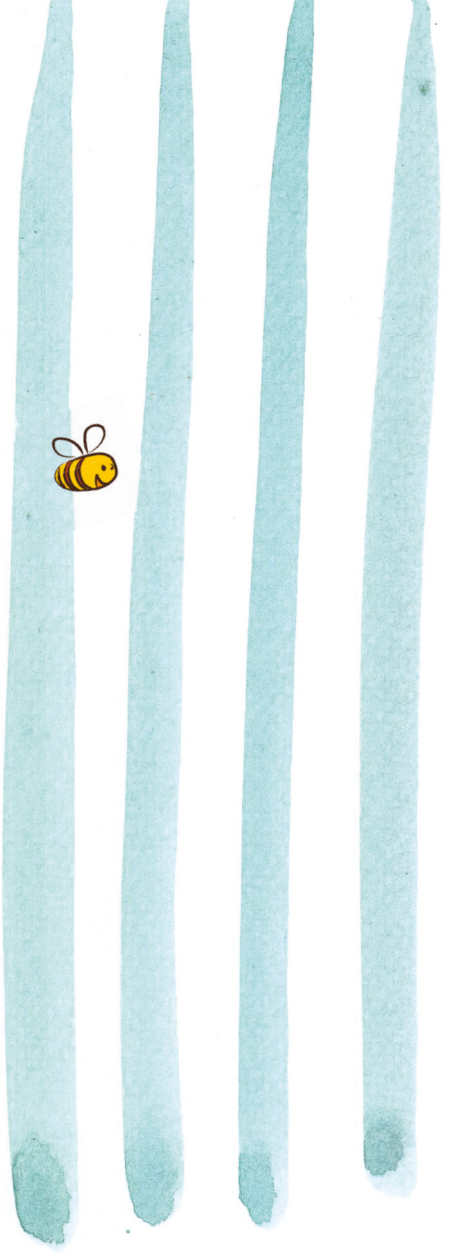


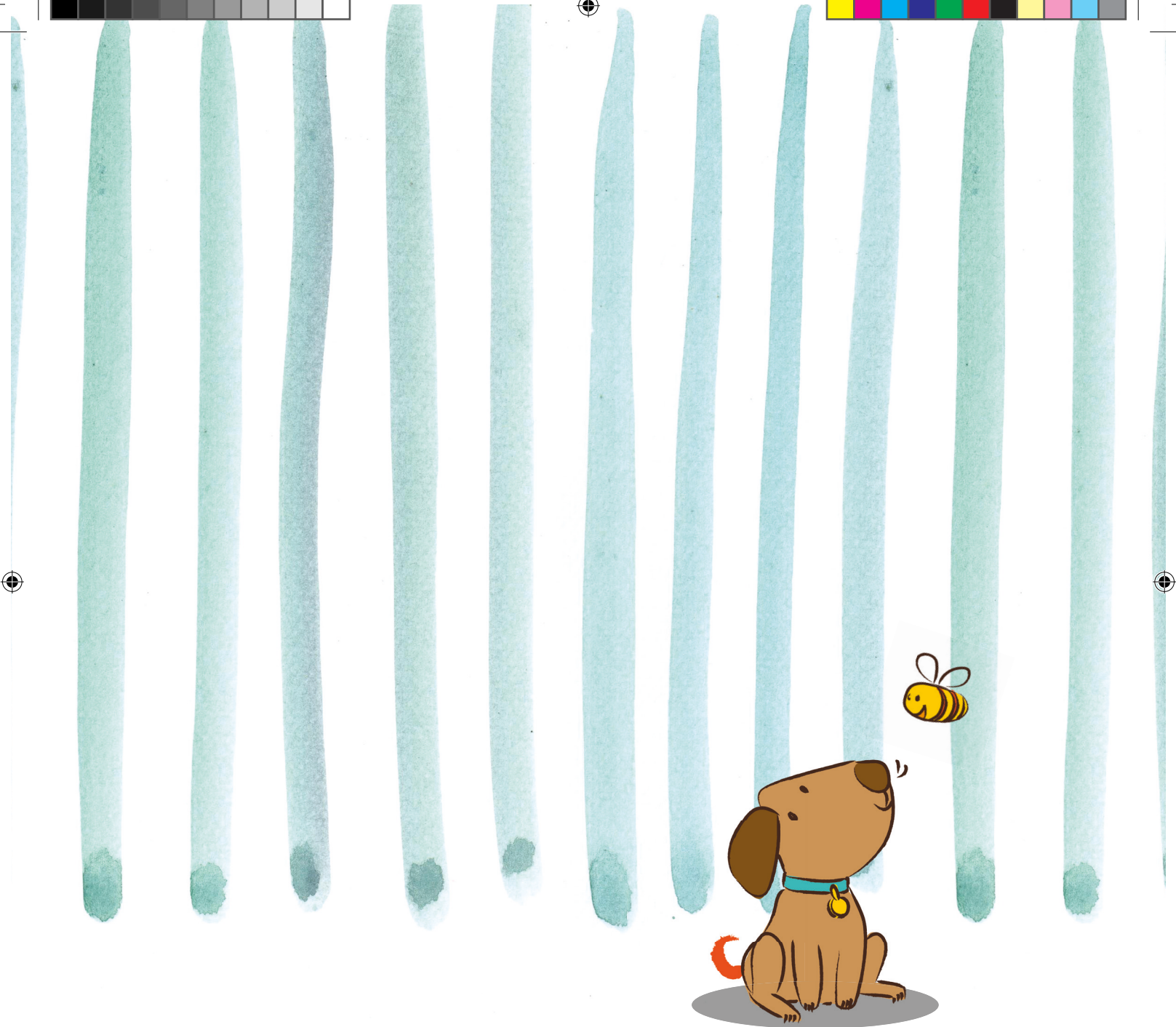


I'M THE COLOUR OF honey

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I'm the colour of honey

Illustrated by Caroline Faysse

Written by Maimouna Jallow

Designed by Charné Casey

Edited by Alison Ziki

with the help of the Book Dash participants in Johannesburg on 26 October 2019.

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I'M THE COLOUR OF honey



Caroline Faysse • Maïmouna Jallow • Charné Casey







My name is Amanda. I live
with my Mummy, my Daddy
and my dog Porsha.

My Daddy says I'm the
colour of honey.

My Mummy says I look like
a beautiful sunset.

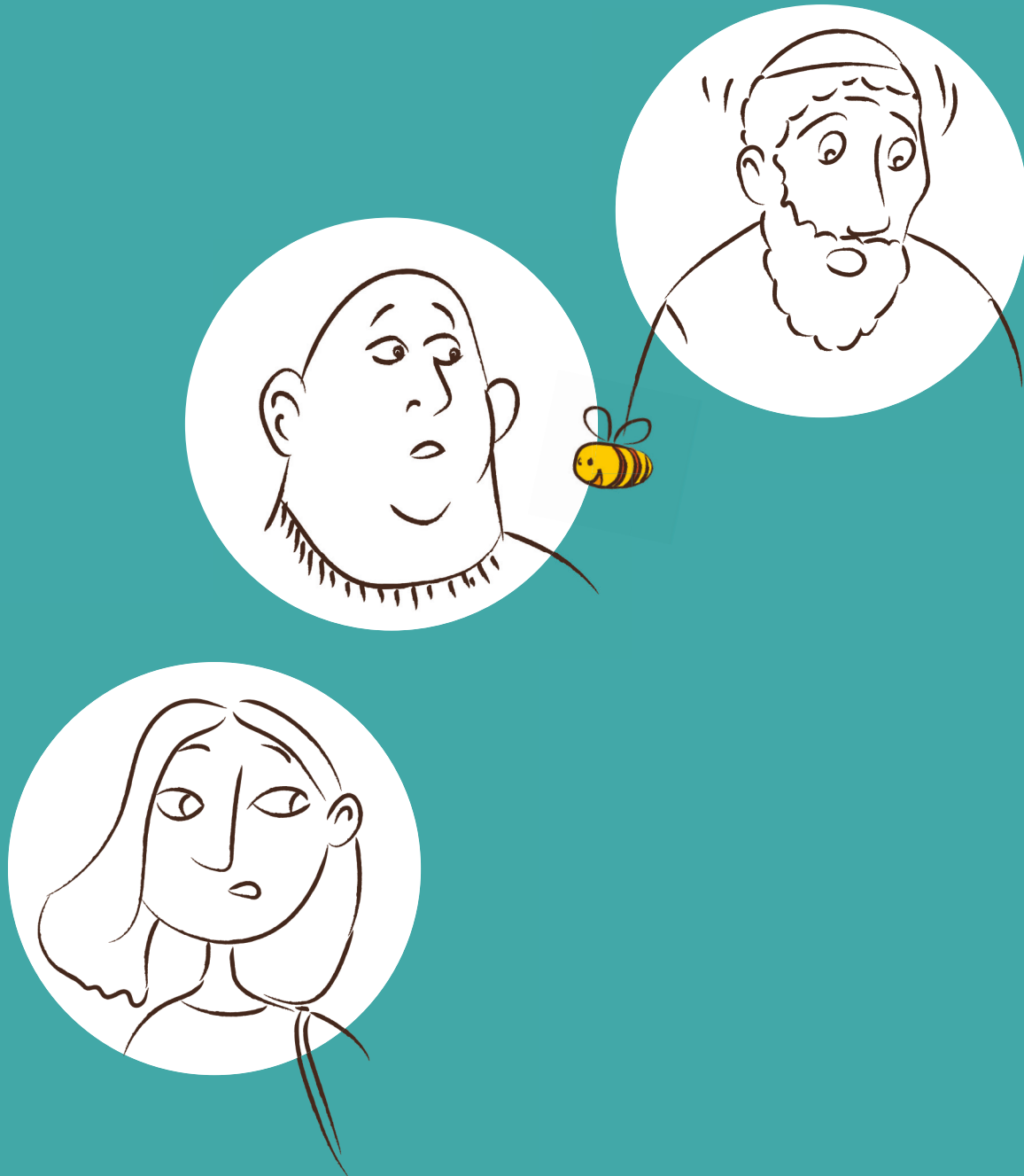






But I don't look like
either of them.
Only Porsha is brown like me!







When we go out
some people stare
at us, or ask us
lots of questions.





“Is that your Aunty?”
asks the woman at
the store.







“Is that your Teacher?”
asks the man in the park.







“Why don’t you look
like them?”

**“Because I’m the colour
of honey. And I look like a
beautiful sunset.”**



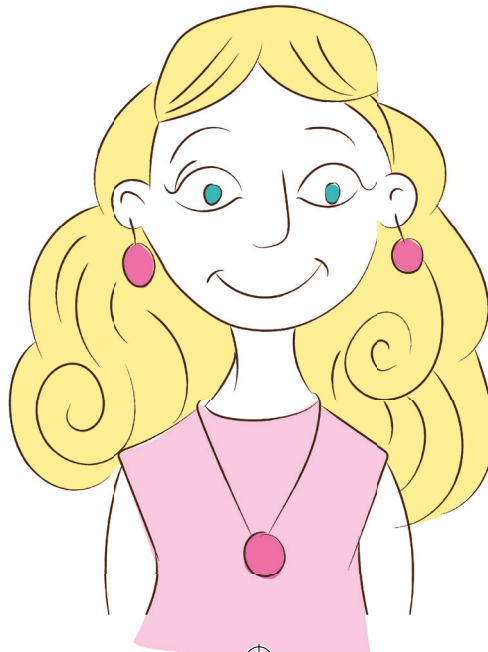






“But your Daddy is like a night sky,”
says the woman at the store.

“And your Mummy is as white as
the blank pages in a book,” says
the man in the park.





“Why do
you look so
different?”







The next day I wrap a towel
on my head and swing it
around just like Mummy
does with her hair.

“Is that your Aunty?” asks
the woman at the store.

**“No, that’s my
Mummy!”**





I run home and get some black paint.
I smear it on my face.





“Nice face painting!” says the man in the park. He points to Dad and asks, “Is that your teacher?”

**“No, he’s
my Daddy!”**

My tears wash the
paint away.



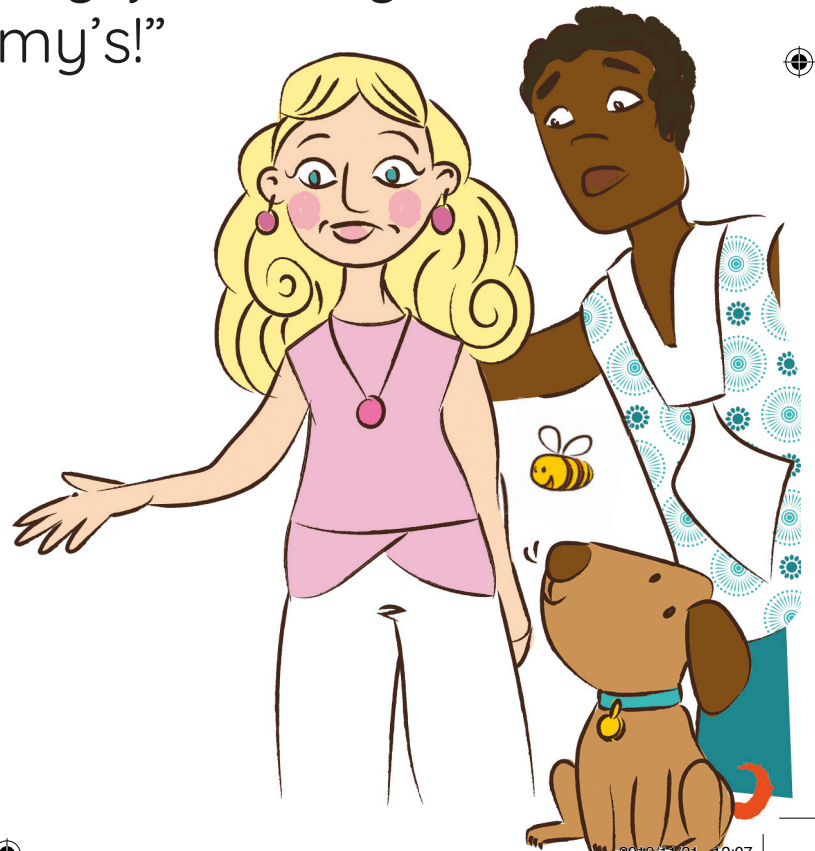
“Why don’t
I look like you,
mummy and
daddy?”



“Amanda, show me that smile, that’s just like your Daddy’s.”

I don’t feel like smiling.

“Come on Amanda, look at your dimple. It’s so pretty, just like your Mummy’s!”



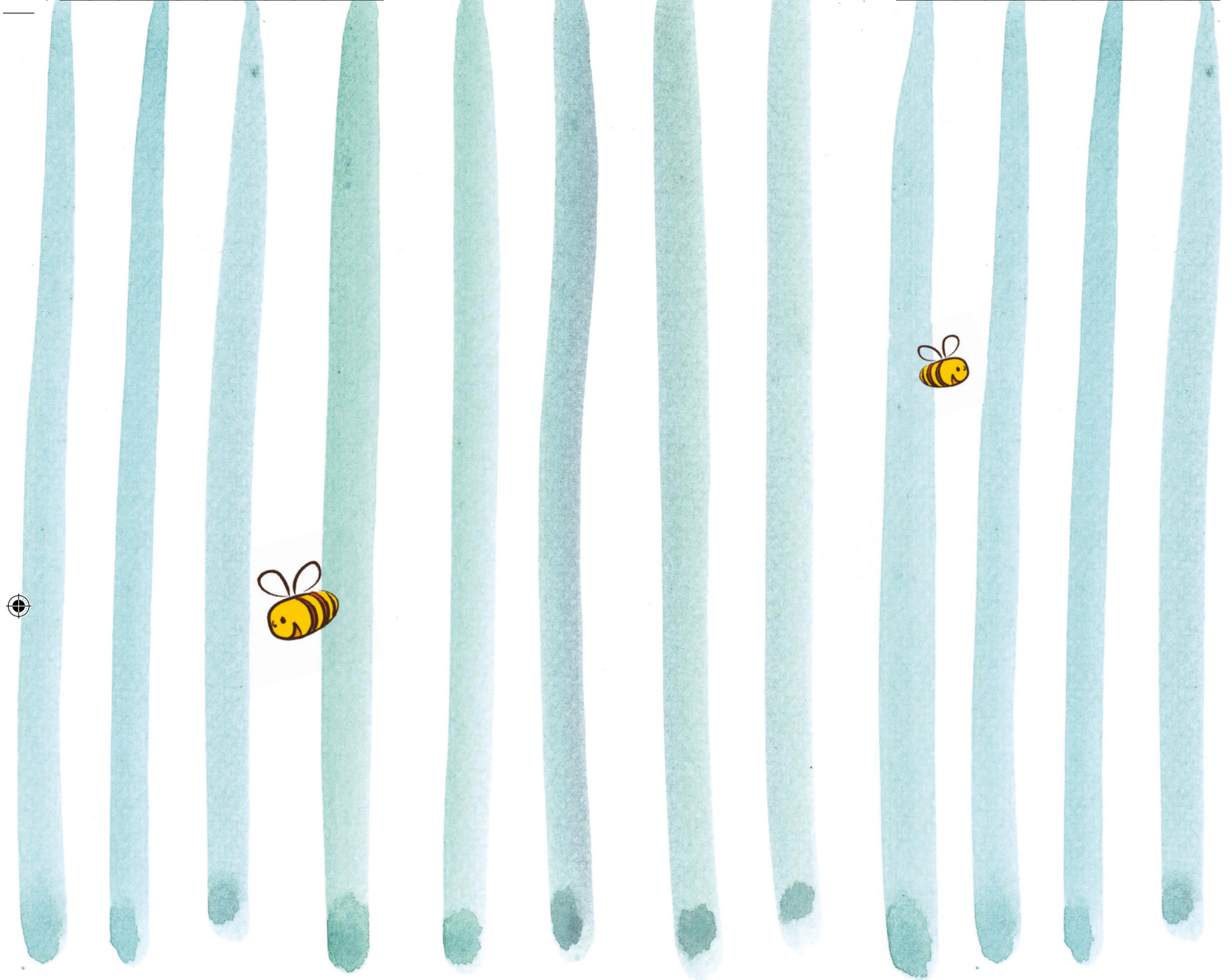


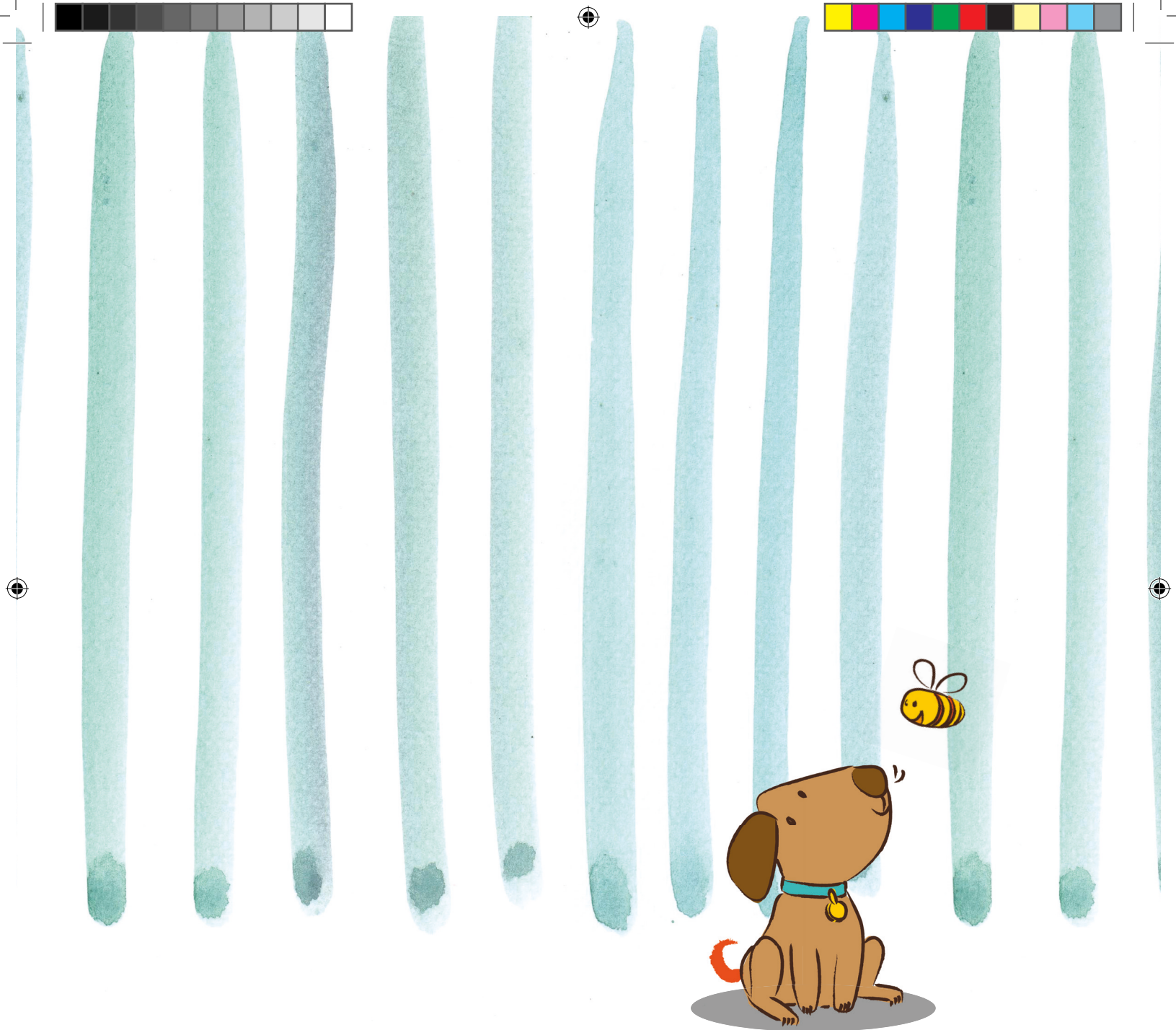
Mummy and Daddy make
me smile. And I make them
smile too!

**“Look!” I say, “My teeth are
white, just like yours.”**

“Yes, and your heart is red,
just like ours.”









How many colours
are you?

