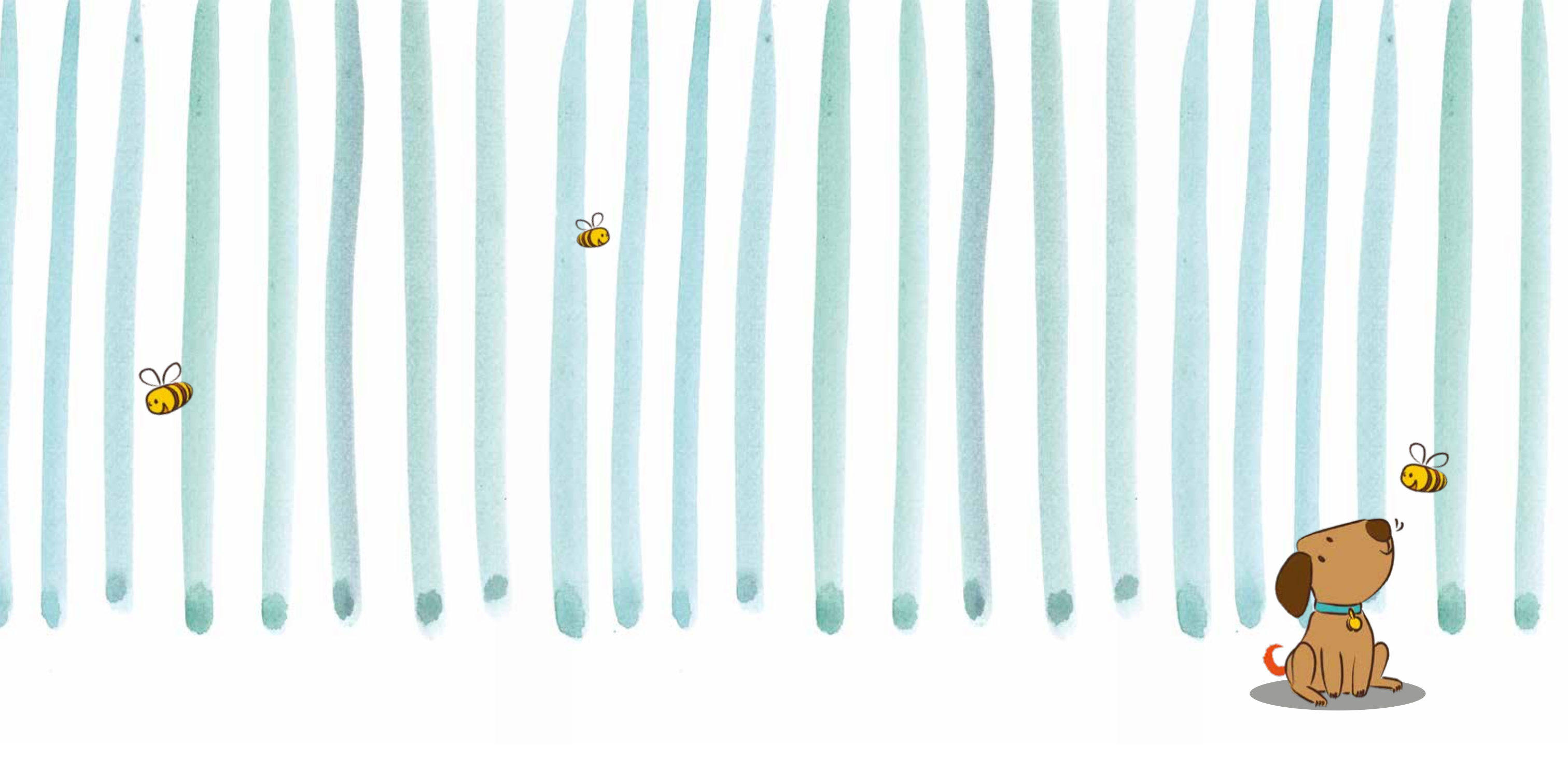


I'M THE COLOUR OF **honey**

This book belongs to







Every child should own a hundred books by the age of five. To that end, Book Dash gathers creative professionals who volunteer to create new, African storybooks that anyone can freely translate and distribute. To find out more, and to download beautiful, print-ready books, visit bookdash.org.

I'm the colour of honey

Illustrated by Caroline Faysse

Written by Maïmouna Jallow

Designed by Charné Casey

Edited by Alison Ziki

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

ISBN: [Book Dash to insert]

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 Licence (<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0/>). You are free to share (copy and redistribute the material in any medium or format) and adapt (remix, transform, and build upon the material) this work for any purpose, even commercially. The licensor cannot revoke these freedoms as long as you follow the following license terms:

Attribution: You must give appropriate credit, provide a link to the license, and indicate if changes were made. You may do so in any reasonable manner, but not in any way that suggests the licensor endorses you or your use.

No additional restrictions: You may not apply legal terms or technological measures that legally restrict others from doing anything the license permits.

Notices: You do not have to comply with the license for elements of the material in the public domain or where your use is permitted by an applicable exception or limitation.

No warranties are given. The license may not give you all of the permissions necessary for your intended use. For example, other rights such as publicity, privacy, or moral rights may limit how you use the material.

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.

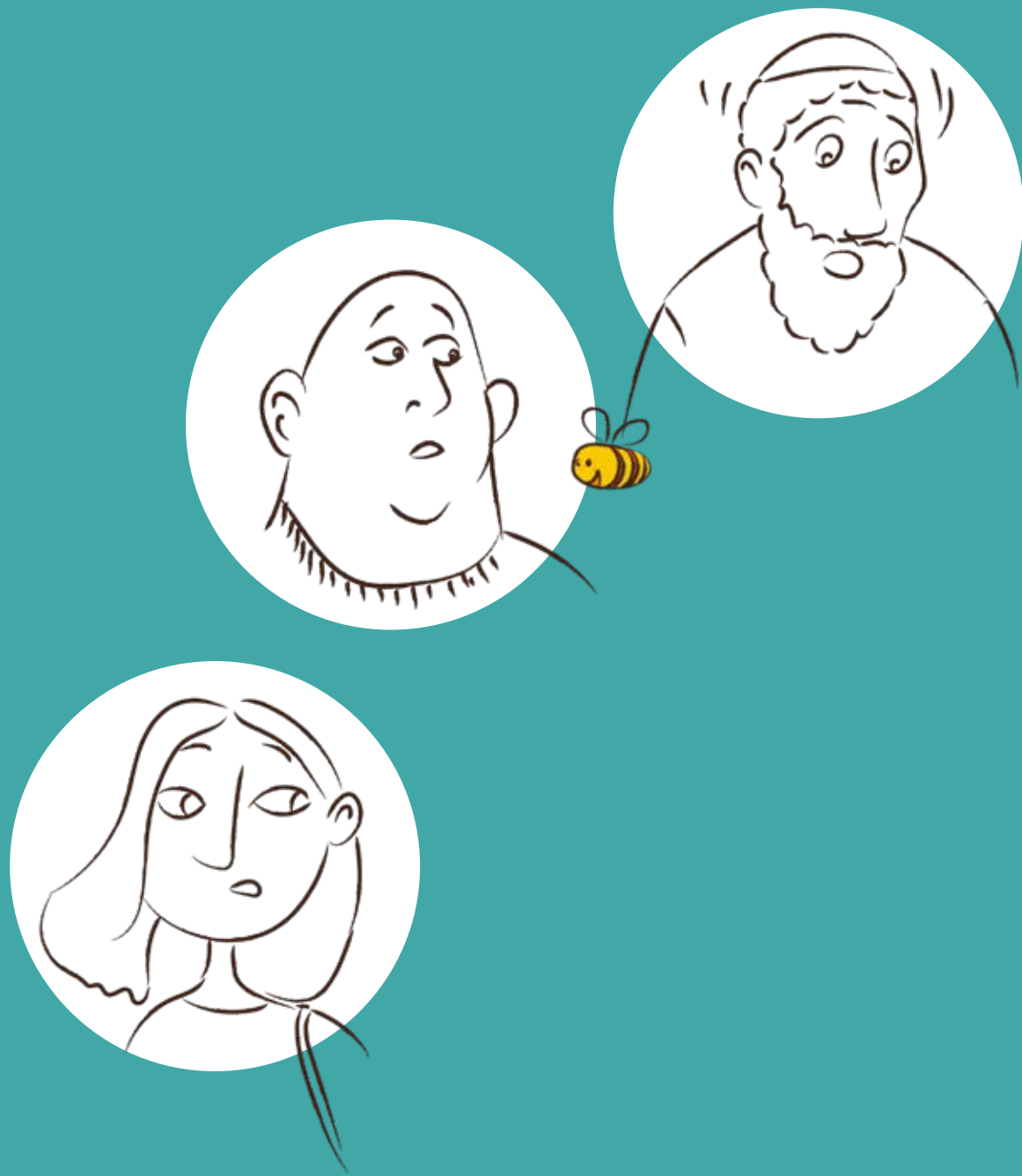
My Daddy says I'm the
colour of honey.

My Mummy says I look like
a beautiful sunset.





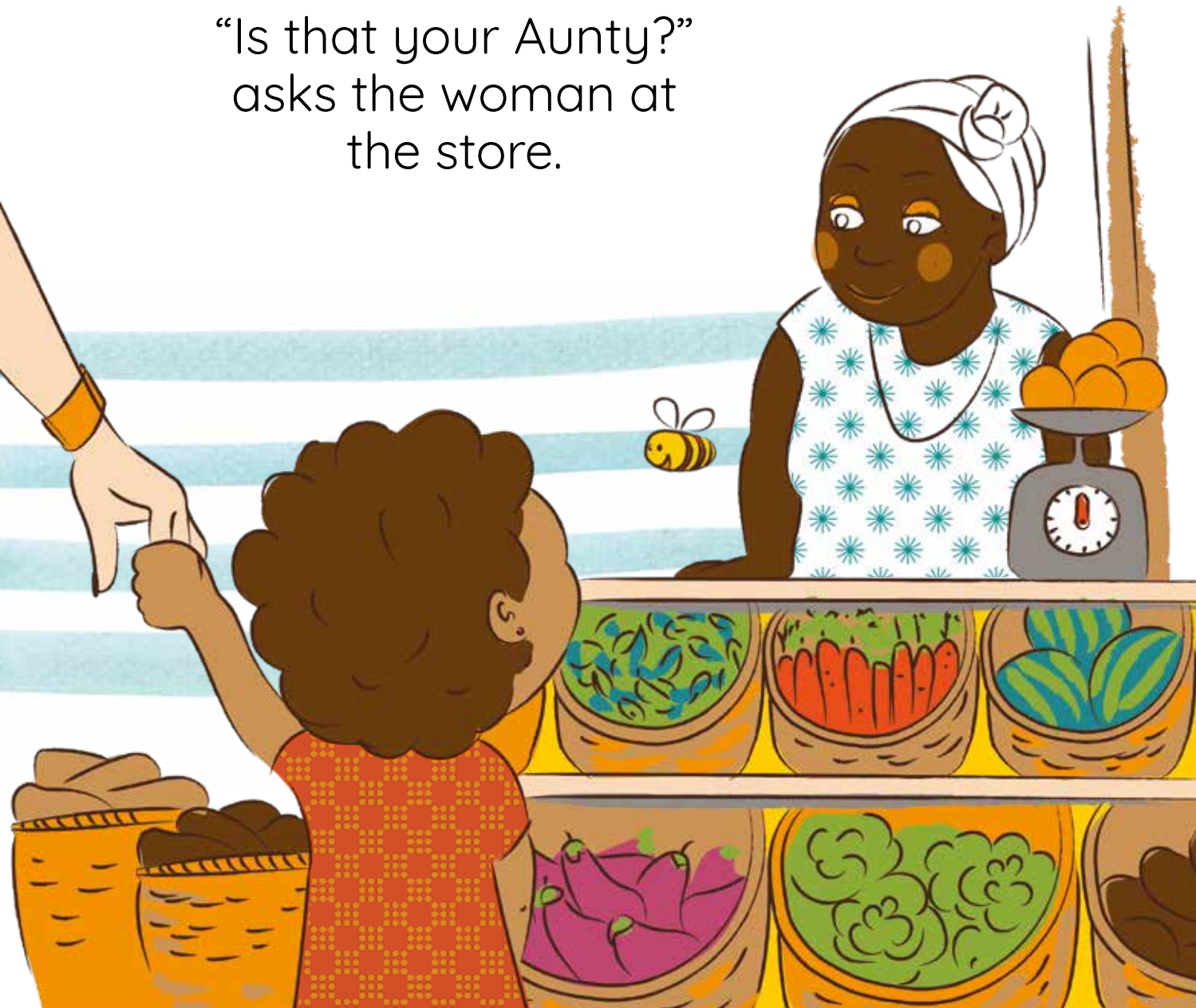
But I don't look like
either of them.
Only Porsha is brown like me!



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 fruit
stand.

“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.



“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!”

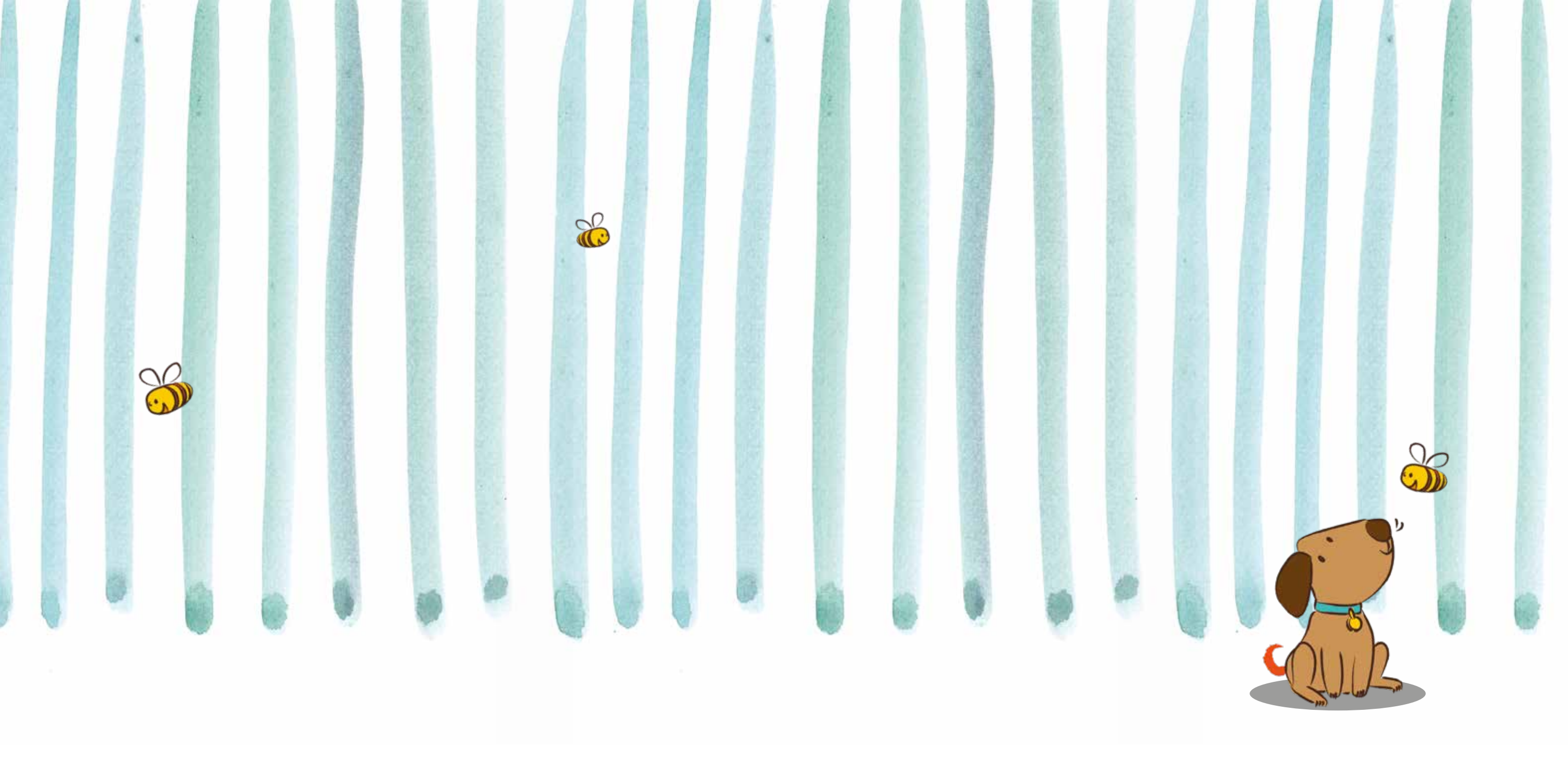


Mummy and Daddy make
me smile. And I make them
smile too!

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

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





How many colours
are you?

