



This is Eisha (you say it like “Eee-sha”).

And this is her cat who loves to take long naps.





This is Eisha's Mama.

She works in a small studio inside the basement of their apartment where she makes shapes from clay.



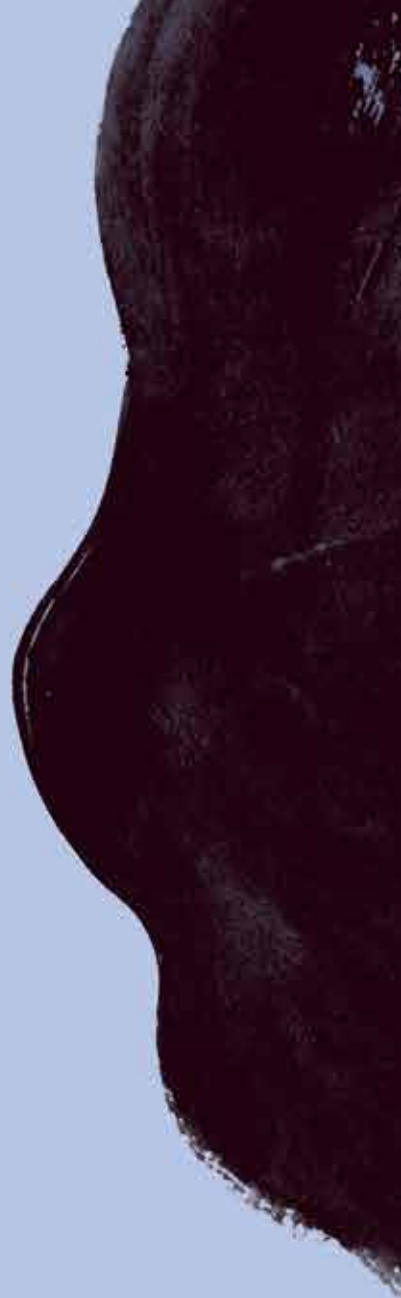




One shape in particular makes
Eisha very happy.



It reminds her of the day last summer when she and Papa picked a handful of lemons. She paints her shape the same bright yellow.



**“All this hard work deserves a pause,” Mama says.
“How about some fresh air?”**

**Sweat drips down from the top of her head to the
tip of her chin. Mama misses Papa too.**







The rumble of a skateboard interrupts Eisha's daydream. She looks down at her shape. It's less yellow now, like the color of a lemon that's lost its taste, and not as soft.





But that's OK, because now it makes music when
Eisha taps it with her fingers!

Tap, tap, tap . . . Eisha taps her clay.

Tap, tap . . .

CRACK!

