

# Kahani

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2021

مزون

MUZOON

*For all girlkind.*





# Welcome to Kahani

Inside these pages, you will meet some amazing girls. They are poets and painters, authors and artists, daughters and sisters. They are taking action on the causes they care about. They live and play and study and work in Indonesia, Lebanon, Paraguay, and the United Kingdom—maybe even in places you have never heard of before. And though they may live far away or speak a different language, they are all girls—just like you.

There are magazines and websites and platforms out there that lift girls up—but I want you to have this one, too. Girls have a long way to go until they have too much. In fact, you are at risk of having too little. *kahani* is a place – *your place* – for you to share, think, dream, take action—all through the power of storytelling. This is a place for you to experience the stories of girls who are, in so many ways, just like you.

Stories matter. Your story matters. YOU matter.  
*kahani* is for you.

For all girlkind,

Tara

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**Opposite • “Untitled” by**  
Sophia, age 12  
Illinois, United States  
Instagram • @safyyoops

**Cover • Photography by**  
Freja, age 20  
Newcastle, United Kingdom  
Instagram • @freja\_photographyy

**This page • Photography provided by**  
Tara, with Muzoon in New York City



# MUJER INDIGENA

Luchadora y emprendedora  
fuerte y capaz,  
mujer indigena de la tierra,  
valiente y audaz.

Eres como el fénix que renace  
de sus cenizas,  
tus tradiciones  
son de riquezas.

Con tu traje de hermosos colores,  
tejido con las manos de los antecesores  
mostrando una mujer guerrera  
bailando al compás de la marimba.

Luchas por la igualdad,  
brillas entre en la naturaleza,  
mujer dedicada a la cultura,  
mujer indigena de mi pueblo.

Velas por tus tradiciones  
por tus costumbres  
por tu familia  
por tu idioma  
por tu traje.

Amas y quieres,  
Alzas tu voz al mundo  
Mujer con valentía  
Mujer que da amor  
Al pueblo indígena.



Fighter and entrepreneur  
strong and capable,  
Indigenous woman of the land,  
brave and bold.

You are like the phoenix that is reborn  
from its ashes,  
your traditions  
made of riches.

With your clothing of beautiful colors,  
woven with the hands of the ancestors  
showing a female warrior  
dancing to the beat of the marimba.

You fight for equality,  
and shine into nature  
woman dedicated to culture,  
indigenous woman from my town.

You fight for your traditions  
for your customs  
for your family  
for your language  
for your clothing.

You love and love,  
Raising your voice to the world  
Brave woman  
Woman who gives love  
To the indigenous people.

# INDIGENOUS WOMAN

Poetry in Spanish & English  
and artwork by  
Wendy, age 16  
Sololá, Guatemala



# MY TRANS FRIEND

My best friend and classmate, Suzy\*, wants to be a boy. She has cut her hair short and hides her chest under large clothes. I'm fine with that and I fully support her, or maybe should I say him.

Together, we asked our classmates and the school staff to stop using her original name, her dead name, and call her, or him rather, Matt\*, and use the male pronouns. Pretty much everyone has stopped using the dead name Suzy, and very few people make fun of Matt. However, there are a few boys that don't accept him and still call him a girl. Me and my friends, mostly girls, yell at them and smash our school books on their heads. They make stupid jokes, like call themselves Julie and Juliette, or say that I'm his crush.

Matt still uses the girls' bathroom – because at the boys' it's smelly – so sometimes other people get confused; I find it actually pretty funny.

If you have a friend in a similar situation, support them!

It might be confusing at first, but do your best to use the right gender pronouns and make them feel comfortable, because it can be very hard. The slightest thing you say that sounds like you don't think they should transition can be very painful.

Finally, don't make fun of them, even if you find it funny. Their self-esteem is probably not that high right now.

*\*Names have been changed.*

# MON AMI.E TRANS

Ma meilleure amie, Suzy\*, veut devenir un garçon. Elle s'est coupé les cheveux court et cache sa poitrine sous des habits trop grands. Ça me va très bien et je la soutiens, ou plutôt devrais-je dire le.

Ensemble, on a demandé aux professeurs, surveillants et élèves de notre classe d'utiliser son nouveau prénom, Matt\*, et d'utiliser les pronoms il/lui/le pour l'appeler. Quasiment tout le monde s'est adapté et l'appelle Matt, mais certains garçons ne l'acceptent pas et continuent de l'appeler Suzie. Ils font des blagues idiotes, comme s'appeler Julie et Juliette, ou disent que je suis sa copine. Mes amies et moi leur crions dessus et les tapons sur la tête avec nos cahiers, nos carnets ou nos clés. En général, après ça ils arrêtent.

Matt utilise toujours les toilettes des filles parce que chez les garçons, ça pue. Parfois des filles

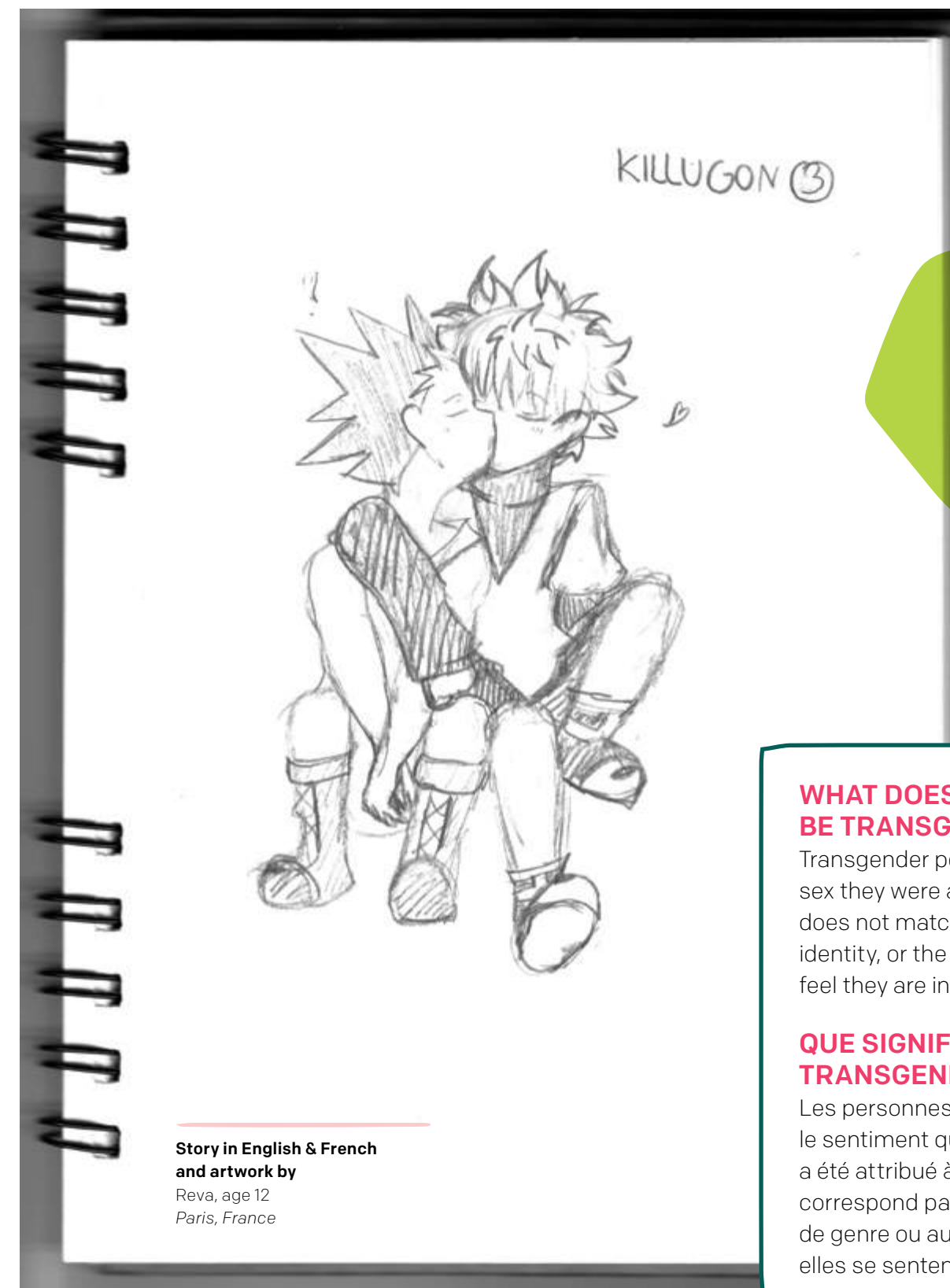
lui demandent pourquoi il est là; je trouve ça plutôt amusant.

Si vous avez un/une ami(e) dans cette situation, montrez leur tout votre soutien!

Peut-être que vous serez un peu perdue ou agacée, mais faites de votre mieux pour les mettre à l'aise et utiliser les bons pronoms. La plus petite et inoffensive des remarques qui pourrait leur faire croire que vous ne soutenez pas leur transition pourrait être très blessante pour eux.

Enfin, ne vous moquez surtout pas d'eux parce que leur confiance en eux n'est probablement pas très grande en ce moment...

*\*Les noms ont été changés.*



Story in English & French  
and artwork by  
Reva, age 12  
Paris, France

## WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE TRANSGENDER?

Transgender people feel that the sex they were assigned at birth does not match their gender identity, or the gender that they feel they are inside.

## QUE SIGNIFIE ÊTRE TRANSGENRE?

Les personnes transgenres ont le sentiment que le sexe qui leur a été attribué à la naissance ne correspond pas à leur identité de genre ou au sexe dans lequel elles se sentent à l'intérieur.

# WOMEN'S STRENGTH IN THE ERA OF PANDEMIC



COVID-19 spreads throughout the globe and Indonesia is no exception. Almost every demographic is exposed to its impacts, but especially so for people in poverty and women, including girls. I created 190 works about this pandemic, using charcoal and writing on used paper. I was inspired by what I saw and heard in my daily life. I simply draw. Art is for the people. I never think whether my pieces are considered good or not. I express what I see, what I watch – television, surrounding places – with my charcoal and paper. The most important thing is that people can enjoy it, and people can derive something from it.

Artwork and story in English & Indonesian by

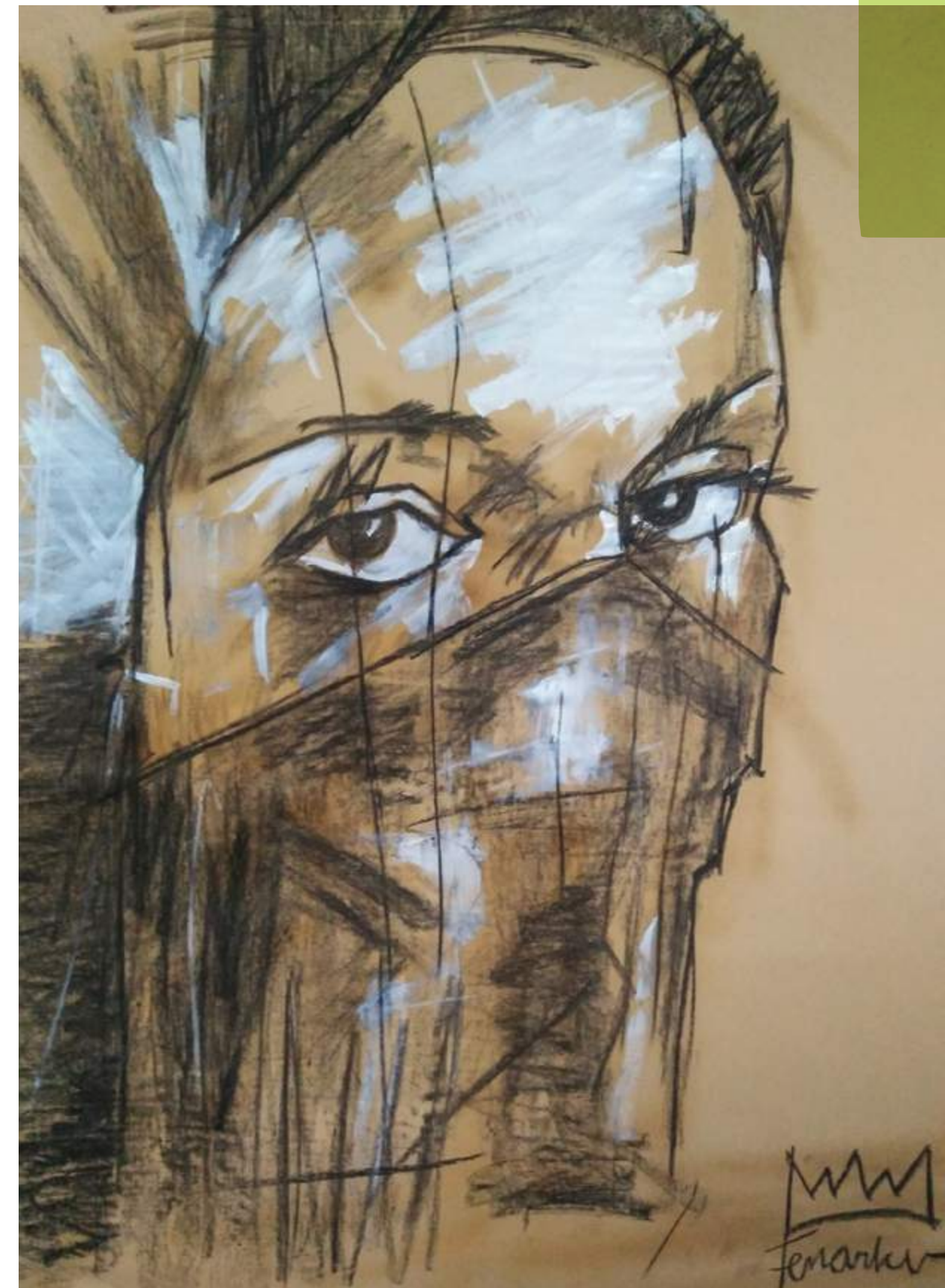
Temanku, age 18

Klaten, Indonesia

Instagram • @temankulimabenua\_15 & @genz.exhibition\_

# KEKUATAN PEREMPUAN SAAT PANDEMI

COVID-19 menyerang seluruh negara di dunia termasuk Indonesia. Semua orang terdampak dan kelompok yang paling terkena dampaknya adalah orang miskin dan perempuan, termasuk remaja perempuan. Saya lalu membuat 190 gambar tentang COVID-19 yang menyerang seluruh dunia memakai media arang dan Injet di atas kertas bekas. Saya terinspirasi menggambar ini semua dari apa yang saya dengar dan lihat di kehidupan sehari-hari, artinya menggambar ya menggambar saja, bagi saya seni itu untuk masyarakat, yang artinya itu bagus atau tidak bukan urusan, yang penting mereka bisa menikmati dan membuat mereka berpikir. Yang terpenting dari apa yang saya lihat dan saya tonton setiap hari, entah itu dari televisi, lingkungan sekitar itu bisa saya ungkapkan dengan arang dan kertas.





# THE BEAT GOES ON

Photography and story in English by

Kaitlyn, age 16

Virginia, United States

Instagram • @kaitlynphotoss





Over the past 3 years of becoming passionate about my work, I've learned 3 big things: it's okay to make mistakes, humans are beautiful, and creativeness is a privilege. The thrill and rush I get from taking photos is overwhelming. Alongside photography, music has always determined my well-being. I believe it is the purest form of art. Music is healing, enlightening, and uplifting. With this shoot, I tied in my love for music into my art. Photography and music are both my escape from what most times feels like chaos.



Once free period started, I instantly went to Angel's dorm, our meeting place. My oversized petticoat bounced as I speedwalked, my polished black shoes clicking faster with every step. The bag I had been holding was slung against my shoulder half haphazardly, the bag hitting the back of my knees. As the hall passed behind me, I grew closer and closer to the room until I was at her door. I drew my fist towards the door and knocked three times, leaning against the wall for stability. I had stayed up all night yesterday, I just couldn't get to sleep. There's so much on my mind, so many questions, so little answers. We have to construct this spell to get into the teachers lounge, I thought to myself. Why do we have to do this? Because of my paranoia. This school is probably just a normal school, I'm just crazy! Ah, thinking about that will do me no good. But do I even have to worry? I got in here for a rightful reason, just theft. I should be out in a year, right? This is really just a fancy juvenile detention center, yeah? Then why do I feel so much pressure, like there's something more to this.. On top of that, I hadn't a clue how—

Before I could get too deep in thought, she flipped the door open and greeted me with a kind smile.

"Shall we discuss?" she said, waiting for my response. I gave a silent nod and pulled her in the room behind us. I laid out my bag on the carpet, and a plethora of materials spilled out. There were multiple different sets of fairy and butterfly wings, I had collected them from a set before I came. There were a few different dragon teeth in a drawstring bag. Dead bugs I found in my dorm, I honestly don't know why I brought those. A pink box in which I kept chunks of my healing stones, such as; amethyst, sapphire, quartz, garnet. I also had noticed a few hairpins. "Huh. Must have left those there," I thought to myself as I continued to fish through the bag. After I had laid everything out, I began to confer with Angel.

"So, I will admit, I totally forgot the recipe. But, I think some of these things were on the list," I said quietly.

She laughed loudly and picked up a few of the things I had brought.

"Let's see... well, for starters," she explained, starting to pick through ingredients.

"Actually, it's easier for me to just give you this." Angel handed me a torn sheet of paper that read, Lock Compress; Easy Way To Create The Lock Opening Spell, followed by a series of listed ingredients. I looked up at her when she had nearly finished sorting through the items.

"Hey, where did you get this?" I questioned. As far as I know, Angel didn't sneak anything in.

"I ripped it out from a book in the library. Although I thought they wouldn't use the full spellbooks, only those elementary school ones. It seems dangerous to give kids access to a lock breaking spell," she said warily.

"Huh. Well, you have to be gifted to come here, I bet they thought we already knew it," I said, grabbing the paper from her. She gave a small nod in response. I inspected the chosen things, a broken lock, a clove of lavender, a fairy wing, which I had taken from my own collections of ingredients, a vial of cloud mist, and a quills ink. So, it seemed I had collected most of the list. But as I scanned it again, one item at the bottom stood out to me.

Did Angel notice this? I had to read it again before staring at Angel in concern.

"Hey, what about this?" I gestured the paper over to Angel, where she read the words, 'Rat Tails,' in a bold font.

"I—no, I don't recall seeing this. Maybe it's optional?" She glared at the paper, trying to figure out why that item was there.

"But, where would we get rat tails? Even if it was optional, there's no way. Not even a student in this school could get that kind of banned ingredient," I went from concerned to worried, my mind clouding up with defeat and disappointment. I grabbed the list from Angel again and inspected the items once more. It seems I had collected all of them, but, again, rat tails. I let out a breath of warm

air in frustration and looked through the items once again. I looked up to Angel, who I was sure would have taken this chance to say 'well, worth a try,' but she looked deep in thought.

"So? What do you think?" I choked out, pushing my anxiety behind me at the sight of her face.

"Well, it's not impossible. I think I've heard the mention of rat tails sometime recently, I'm... not sure how though," she said, her mind elsewhere.

She's heard someone talking about rat tails? From who? Where? What for? Agh! Too much thinking. My mind seemed to crash inside my head, as I collapsed back onto the carpet. I was about to call it quits, when the school distributed watch on my wrist buzzed. It was a message. As I checked to see why, it hit me. It was a message, a message from Alex. Alex! Oh! How could I forget, Alex has all sorts of magic ingredients, legal and illegal. We can get it from them! But that sprouts another problem.

"Angel! Alex, my dorm mate, remember? I introduced you two," I said, my eyes darting to meet hers, just in time to see them light up.

"Yes! That's where! I remember you saying they even had access to rat tails! So we can just ask them, right?" She exclaimed in victory, as my smile faded slightly.

"Well, that's the catch. They don't like to talk much. I'm not sure if we can even get through to them," I said, my eyes not leaving hers. Instead of disappointment, concern, or, how I expected she would react, I was met with a grin.

"Well, Bea, it's not a matter of if, it's a matter of how. If they sent you a message, they are probably open to conversation. Knowing you it's definitely possible you're just reluctant to talk to them," Angel analyzed.

"Am not!" I retorted, giving her a shove.

"Or you're intimidated by them!" She grinned and shoved me back, my hair band falling in my face, my pink-redish,

messily cut hair sliding over my eyes. I swiped them out and squinted at my watch.

'Need 2 borrow rose petals. ASAP' I read to myself. "Ugh, is it really that important?" I said out loud. Angel grabbed my wrist and read the message slowly.

"Oh get over yourself, this is a bargaining point we can use. Besides, you have that rose bouquet you got on the first day, so it shouldn't be a problem," Angel snapped, already typing in a response. I quickly pulled my arm away and collected all the ingredients we had back into my bag.

"Fine. But you do the talking. If you really want me to admit it, sure. Alex totally creeps me out," I sighed, my bag slung over my shoulder.

Angel stared at me.

"And why is that?" She asked.

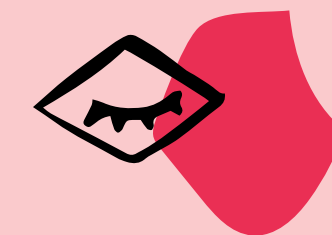
"I mean, did you hear how they got admitted here anyways? I heard they were using illegal witching ingredients, dark magic ones, to be specific," I said back.

Angel frowned at me. "Well, that's hypocritical. You did steal some high-level stuff from school. Why do you think we're here? Besides, they seemed nice when you introduced us! Now come on, let's go," she beamed.

Angel gave a satisfied giggle and hopped up, brushing the dust off of her uniform, the petticoat bouncing along with her. When she slowly started to open the door, she looked back at me, who was standing still in the middle of the room. "You coming, B?" She said, cracking her knuckles.

I stared up at her with a grin. "I hate you, Angel," I exclaimed as I ran after her.

**Story in English by**  
Sophia, age 12  
Illinois, United States  
Instagram • @safyooops





# من قلبي

## From my Heart

في عام 2014، هربت مزون المليحان، البالغة من العمر آنذاك 14 سنة، وعائلتها من الحرب الأهلية في وطنهم الحبيب سوريا وفروا كلاجئين إلى الأردن. أمضت الأسرة 3 سنوات في مخيمي 'الزعتري' و'الأزرق' حيث لاحظت مزون أن الفتيات لم تكن يتمكن في المدرسة. بدلا من ذلك، كن يتزوجن في سن أصغر وأصغر الأمر الذي لم تكن مزون قد سمعت عنه من قبل. ولكون مزون ابنة معلم في مدرسة، فقد عرفت عن كُتب قوة التعليم في تغيير حياة الفتيات. لذا، قررت أن تتحدث وتتحدث.

في وقتنا الحاضر، مزون طالبة جامعية في نيوكاسل بالملكة المتحدة، حيث تدرس العلاقات الدولية والسياسة. وقد كانت أول لاجئة في مهمة سفيرة اليونيسف للنوايا الحسنة، الأمر الذي مكنها من التحدث عن أهمية تعليم الفتيات في جميع أنحاء العالم. وهذه مجرد بداية...

### WHAT IS A REFUGEE?

A refugee is a person who has been forced to leave her or his country in order to escape war, persecution, or natural disaster.

### ما هو اللاجئ؟

اللاجئ هو الشخص الذي أُجبر على مغادرة بلده هرباً من الحرب أو الاضطهاد أو الكوارث الطبيعية.

In 2014, Muzoon Almellehan, then 14 years old, and her family fled the civil war in their beloved homeland of Syria and escaped to Jordan as refugees. The family spent 3 years in the Za'taari and Azraq camps, where Muzoon noticed that girls were not staying in school—instead, they were getting married at younger and younger ages, which was something Muzoon had not seen before. A daughter of a schoolteacher, Muzoon knew firsthand the power of an education to change a girl's life. So she decided to speak up, and speak out. Today, Muzoon is a university student in Newcastle, United Kingdom, where she is studying international relations and politics. She was the first refugee to become a UNICEF Goodwill Ambassador, and has spoken out about the importance of girls' education all over the world. And she is just getting started.

### Story in Arabic & English by

Muzoon, age 22

Syrian refugee / Newcastle, United Kingdom

Instagram • @muzoonalmellehan

### Opposite • Photography by

Freja, age 20

Newcastle, United Kingdom

Instagram • @freja\_photography

## الطفلة

في سوريا، عليك الذهاب إلى المدرسة في سن السادسة. لكنني ذهبت إلى المدرسة عندما كنت في الخامسة، لأن عمتي كانت المديرية، وأيضا لأن مدرس. ذهبت عاما من قبل "كتلميذة مستمعة". فأنت لا تحصل على نقط أو أي شيء، إنك فقط تذهب وتستمع إلى التلاميذ الآخرين. لكن بالنسبة لي، كنت أشارك في الفصل وكان جميع المعلمين يعلمون أنني أعمل جيدا، ولو في هذا السن المبكر.

لأنني كنت في الخامسة من عمري، أراد المعلمون أن يكونوا لطفاء معي وأن يشجعوني ولو كتلميذة مستمعة. أعطوني نقط كاملة في كل شيء. عرفت أن الأمر كان فيه شيئا خاطئا، لذلك رفضت تلك الشهادة. قلت: "لا أريدها. أعلم أنكم تحاولون إعطائي نتائج خاطئة لا أستحقها". قالت عمتي: "لا، هذا لأنك كنت تقدمين أداءً رائعاً حقا في المدرسة، ومعلموك سعداء بما قمت به". قلت: "لا، هذه ليست الحقيقة. الآن أريد شهادة أخرى تتضمن نقطا أدنى، لأنني لا أستحق تلك النقط الأعلى". اعتقدت أنهم كانوا يعاملونني أقل من سني أو شيء آخر؛ وهو أمر مضحك حقا. وكان هذا مضحكا حقا.

أعز أصدقائي في سوريا كانوا أبناء عمي وأخي. نلعب طوال الوقت معا ونفعل كل شيء معا. كنت حقا صغيرة قبل الحرب وبعد الحرب. كل ما كنت أهتم به في ذلك السن هو اللعب، وكانت لعبتي المفضلة هي كرة القدم.



## THE GIRL

In Syria, you have to go to school at six years old. But I went to school when I was five, because my auntie was the principal—and because also my dad is a teacher. I went a year early as a "listener student." You don't get grades or anything, but you just go and listen to the other students. But for me, I was participating in the class, and all the teachers knew I was doing really well, even at such a young age.

Because I was five, the teachers wanted to be nice to me and encourage me, even as a listener student. They gave me full marks on everything. I knew there was something wrong, so I rejected that certificate. I said, "I don't want it. I know you are trying to give me fake results that I don't deserve." My auntie said, "No, it's because you were doing really great in school, and your teachers are happy with what you have done." I said, "No, that's not the truth. Now I want another certificate, which includes lower marks, because I don't deserve those higher marks." I thought they were treating me under my age or something, which was really funny.

My best friends in Syria were my cousins and my brother. We play all the time together. We do everything together. I was really young before the war and during the war. Everything that I was caring about at that age is to play, and my favorite game was football.

كنت حقا جيدة في كرة القدم. ربما يبدو هذا غريبا، لكنني أحب التنافس مع الأولاد لأنني أحب أن أهزمهم أحيانا وأن أظهر لهم أنني قوية بما يكفي لأكون جيدة، بل وأفضل منهم. الفتيات بشكل عام، هن لا تعجبهن الألعاب التي لعبها، لكن الأولاد، هم يحبون أن أكون في فريقهم لأنهم يشعرون بأنني جيدة بما يكفي.

كانت لدي أيضا عادة غريبة حيث كنت أتسلق الأشجار. سوريا، ولا سيما مدينتي، مشهورة بالفلاحة وتربية الماشية، لدينا في الغالب أشجار الزيتون وأشجار اللوز. كلها كبيرة وقديمة، لذا فإن تسلقها ليس بالأمر السهل على الإطلاق. لكنني أحب أن أتحدى نفسي.

## التلميذة

في سوريا، الفتيات والفتيان لديهم نفس المدارس. نبقي مع بعضنا البعض حتى صف نهاية الإعدادي، ثم بعد ذلك، أي في الصف الأول ثانوي، لدينا مدارس منفصلة. هناك مدرسة للبنات وهناك مدرسة للبنين كي تشعر الفتيات براحة أكبر، لأن السن يصبح حساسا حقا. أعتقد أن هذا هو السبب وراء ذلك.

كانت المدرسة الابتدائية قريبة جدا من المكان الذي كنت أسكن فيه. كانت على بعد أربع أو خمس دقائق فقط سيرا على الأقدام. لكن بالنسبة لمدرستي الإعدادية، عندما بدأت الصف الثاني منه، يجب علي أن أذهب إلى مدرسة أبعد. كانت بعيدة حقا، وكنت أتمشى من 20 إلى 30 دقيقة لأصل إلى تلك المدرسة.

### Photography provided by

Muzoon, age 22

Syrian refugee / Newcastle, United Kingdom

Instagram • @muzoonalmellehan



I was really good at football. Maybe it seems weird, but I like to compete with the boys because I like to defeat them sometimes and show them I am strong enough to be good, even better than them. Girls in general, they don't like the games I play, but the boys, they like me to be in their team because they feel I am really good enough.

I also had a weird habit where I was climbing trees. In Syria, especially my hometown, it is famous for agriculture and farming—we have mostly olive trees and almond trees. All of them are big and old, so to climb them—it is not easy at all. But I like to challenge myself.

## THE STUDENT

In Syria, girls and boys have school all together. We stay together until ninth grade, and then in tenth grade, we have separate schools. There is a school for girls and there is a school for boys, so girls can feel more comfortable. Because it becomes a really sensitive age. I think that's the reason behind that.

The primary school was super close to where I was living. It was just four or five minutes walking. But for my middle school, when I started my seventh grade, I have to go to a farther school. It was a bit far away. I was walking for 20 to 30 minutes to that school.

# Girl on a Mission

## Saya

**Headshot and logo provided by**  
 Saya, age 18  
 New York, United States  
 Instagram • @sayashamdasani

**Opposite • Micropoetry provided by**  
 Crossed Paths  
 Instagram • @crossedpathsmag  
 Website • www.crossedpaths.org

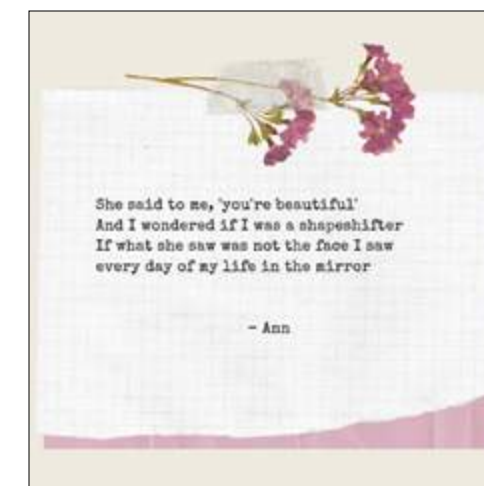
At **kahani**, we are all about the power of stories as a way to connect girls around the world. But we are definitely not the only magazine out there that wants you to share your stories! In **kahani's** first "Girl on a Mission" spotlight, meet Saya, a 17-year-old New Yorker who launched a literary magazine for young people, *Crossed Paths*, right in the middle of the COVID-19 pandemic. Read ahead to learn how she did it...and maybe you could be next!

### Kahani: What inspired you to create Crossed Paths?

Growing up, I was an avid reader. From the *Harry Potter* series to *The Magic Tree House*, I reveled in living inside of new minds, discovering new stories, and learning about new perspectives. However, as a young South Asian woman, I was not heavily represented in the stories I read. Yes, I loved reading, but I couldn't fully connect with my stories, as I could never see myself as the main character.

During the summer before my junior year of high school, I attended Seeds of Peace, a summer camp in Otisfield, Maine. Seeds of Peace facilitates conflict resolution dialogue between teenagers across the US. We had conversations about race, gender, class, sexuality, and so much more. I learned how to receive and hold vulnerable personal stories, understanding so much more about my fellow friends and myself.

Upon returning home, I was so inspired to bring Seeds of Peace back to my own communities. So I created Crossed Paths, a literary magazine that works to cultivate empathy through creative writing and storytelling. We accept personal writing from teenagers around the world, hoping to encourage young people and adults alike to "cross paths" with people they would have otherwise never met.





Black, that's the package that I came in.  
Mama always said to hold up my chin.  
Walk with a little sass, and be confident.  
Never depend on a man and be independent.

Kinky hair, don't care.  
But the world is very aware.  
That our hair is amazing.  
So they steal it and call it outstanding.

It's so nappy they say, so straighten it.  
So dark, they say, bleach it.  
Too loud they say, change it.  
So ghetto they say, fix it.

They turned our culture into something trendy.  
Turned our fight into something funny.  
Turned y2k into white2k,  
And said it was okay.

So this is the world we live in.  
Where we are taught to fit in.  
Because life is like a fair,  
That only lets in white people with blue eyes and blonde hair.

But who cares about society  
Let me live my fantasy  
Without any worry  
Of what the world will think about me.

I am Black and proud,  
So let me be.  
I'll say it out loud,  
Because this is me.

Nwa, sa a se pake a ke mwen te vini nan.  
Mama toujou di kenbe manton mwen.  
Mache ak yon ti kras sass, epi ou dwe konfyans.  
Pa janm depann de yon nonm epi ou dwe endependan.

Kinky cheve, pa pran swen.  
Men, mond lan trè okouran.  
Ke cheve nou etonan.  
Se konsa, yo vòlè li epi yo rele li eksepsyonèl.

Li tèlman kouch yo di, se konsa dwat li.  
Se konsa, fè nwa, yo di, klowòks li.  
Twò fò yo di, chanje li.  
Se konsa, ghetto yo di, ranje li.

Yo tounen kilti nou an nan yon bagay tendans.  
Vire batay nou an nan yon bagay komik.  
Vire y2k an white2k,  
Epi li di li te oke.

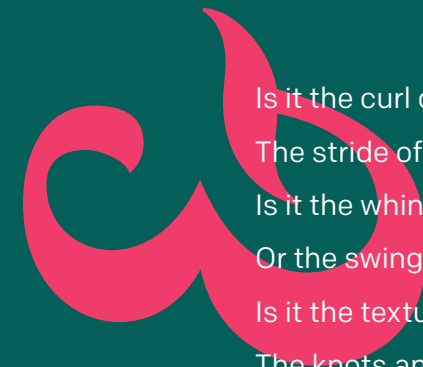
Se konsa, sa a se mond lan nou ap viv nan.  
Ki kote yo anseye nou anfòm nan.  
Paske lavi a tankou yon bèl,  
Sa sèlman pèmèt nan moun blan ak je ble ak cheve blond.

Men, ki moun ki gen sousi pou sosyete a  
Kite m viv fantezi mwen an  
San okenn enkyetid  
Nan sa mond lan pral panse sou mwen.

Mwen nwa e mwen fyè,  
Se konsa, kite m 'dwe.  
Mwen pral di li byen fò,  
Paske se mwen.

Poetry in English & Creole by  
Sheryka , age 12  
New York, United States

NWA.



Is it the curl of my big lips that intimidate you  
The stride of my steps that frightens you  
Is it the whine of my hips as I walk with pride that torments you  
Or the swing of my waist side to side that threatens you  
Is it the texture of my hair, the napping and curls  
The knots and tangles of my bun that daunts you  
Is it the flare in my eyes or the flash of my teeth that persecutes you  
Is it the band of my palm, the touch of my thighs as I walk  
Or the sound of my voice when I speak that terrifies you  
Is it the bold smile or the upright posture that signifies my confidence that startles you  
The glow of my melanin as the rays hit my skin softly, telling my story and the story of my forefathers that spook you?

It is the reach of my arms that causes you to stare as I dance  
The need for my care that causes you to provoke me  
Is it the fear of my royalty that causes you to oppress me?  
Is the fact that you've plotted against me for eternity but still cannot conquer me

You've set beauty standards against to diminish my prominence  
but they only serve to brighten my halo

I am built of earth's dust and bone of power  
I will never be tamed  
I am heart to the souls and mind to the body  
I will never be inferiorized  
I am beautiful. I am proud  
I am black and unapologetic.

The inspiration behind my poem is the Black Lives Matter movement due to what's been happening in USA to the Black community.



Poetry in English by  
Yonela , age 17  
South Africa

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D



## OUR LITTLE SISTER

Hannah is our last born among 8 of us and loved by our parents and all of us in the family. She always makes everyone happy because she likes school, singing, dancing, and being with everyone. As a family, we pray that she achieves her young dream of becoming a medical doctor.

## UMUKHAANA WEEFE UMUTUUWA

Hannah, umutuuwa wefe mubaana shinane. Khumukana naabi Mungo mweefe. Hannah akhusenyusa fesi Nabi lwekhuba Akana Khusoma, Khukhwemba, Khushiina ate akaaniila buli munu. Bee Mungo fesi kholombela Hannah khuba umusau umukhulu ujjanjaba babanu.

Photography and story in  
English & Lumasaba by  
Sarah, age 12  
Bududa, Uganda

# Girl Chef!

All around the world, people appreciate food that is delicious and easy to take with you. Maybe that's why so many cultures have developed some version of a stuffed sandwich? In my family, there are people who come from many cultures, so I have learned to make (and love) several different kinds of savory hand pies. There are empanadas from Cuba and South America, steamed buns from Japan, and fleischkuechle from Germany. But my favorite thing to make with my mom are Lebanese fatayer or sfeeha. They are popular snack foods made with a soft bread dough, usually wrapped around a filling of meat, cheese, or spinach. In Lebanese bakeries, each filling has its own unique shape.

I've included my family's traditional recipes below, feel free to experiment with them and make them your own!

Happy baking!

## Fatayer

**1 recipe homemade dough** (see right) **or store-bought frozen dough (about 3 lbs)**

**1 recipe of your choice of filling – meat, spinach, or cheese** (see next page)

**1 egg**

**1 tablespoon water**

Preheat your oven to 400 F / 200 C. Divide dough into 24 balls, about the size of a golf ball. Roll them out into circles, about 4 inches across. In the center of each circle, place one heaping tablespoon of filling.

To shape them into triangles, pinch two sides together over the top of the filling. Then bring the third side up, and pinch to seal. Beat egg and water together in a bowl, and brush over the top. Bake for 12-15 minutes each, until light golden brown.

## Homemade Dough

**3 cups bread flour or all-purpose flour**

**1 ½ teaspoons active yeast**

**1 teaspoon salt**

**1 teaspoon sugar**

**1 cup low-fat or whole milk, divided**

**1/3 cup vegetable oil**

Warm ½ cup milk for 30 seconds on HIGH in a microwave. Pour into a bowl, then add sugar and yeast. Let rest about 10 minutes, until yeast "blooms", or doubles in size. Add half of the flour and salt, then the remaining ½ cup milk and vegetable oil, then the other half of the flour and salt. Mix until a soft dough forms, then turn out on a floured surface and knead for 5 minutes. Place the dough in a clean, greased bowl. Cover with a damp kitchen towel and let rise until double in size, about 1 hour. Cut into 16 even pieces, place on a greased cookie sheet, and let rise again, about 30 minutes.

## Meat Filling (Sfeeha)

**¼ cup pine nuts (optional)**

**1 pound ground beef sirloin or lamb**

**1 onion, diced**

**2 teaspoons salt**

**½ teaspoon black pepper**

**½ teaspoon cinnamon**

**½ teaspoon allspice**

Toast pine nuts in a pan for 1 minute, set aside. Saute onion in 1 tablespoon olive oil until translucent, add ground meat and seasonings, cook until brown. Stir in pine nuts. Set aside to cool.

## Spinach Filling

**1 pound spinach**

**1 roma tomato, diced**

**1 onion, diced**

**2 tablespoons sumac**

**½ tablespoon salt**

**¼ teaspoon black pepper**

**¼ teaspoon red pepper flakes**

**1 tablespoon lemon juice**

Saute onion in 1 tablespoon olive oil until translucent, add tomato and spinach and cook until spinach is wilted. Add seasonings and lemon juice. Set aside to cool.



## Cheese Filling

**½ onion, diced**

**½ cup crumbled feta cheese**

**½ cup shredded mozzarella cheese**

**2 tablespoons finely minced mint or parsley**

Saute onion in 1 tablespoon olive oil until translucent. Set aside to cool. Mix with other ingredients.

**Story and recipe by**  
Caroline, age 10  
California, United States



# word search

The name of this magazine, **kahani**, means "story" in Hindi, a language spoken by almost 350 million people in the world. Find the word "story" translated in 25 languages from the list.

Answers are on page 63.

C E D K Z Y W B H V S H E E K O F L P S I M A J  
 Â G L S J D N Q I T W O C T Á P V Ł U M B K H A  
 U X Q I Ü S V L Ê H Ö N A H S Y N T R Ö C E Z S  
 T N K R A Y Á M Z N P V Ê K A N O H E L V S G I  
 Ö C E G I B É I Ê C F E D I C T Ö R T É N E T Q  
 I J A K L F J Y J H A K N H E G Y E H C B H I Â  
 H O L M L N U K M R N G B S L F K K A ù L J G C  
 A M N Q E H O P N K Ł E S E A O Ü D K M F N V O  
 L K G D C N R F Q A N P I G ù S H I N I O E E A  
 Â S I U Q P J R Ł I H C G I F J E N M A R J H L  
 K M Â F ù H I H I K O Y A R M N P A S H B N F C  
 N C H S P K J G F E N R N A Q A E H A D I T H I  
 L B I N O Y M I N O S N A T N I F A Q E M O G H  
 P M A Q ù P H C A R A Ö F A J P L K Á S O I R M  
 S P L F E Á L A T T S I Y G W R B T O T Â L H O  
 I P Ê O G C E R I T A P J O K A T C U M Q K Ł E  
 Q J A X Q Ö N A T D I X S N B I S T O R I Y A C  
 B S R M L P K H F B R O P O G R F T E T N F T B  
 E T H C I H C S E G O Q U M R O W S O C D M O U  
 B C I O H F T O Q I T F Ê Q H T A R N R Q P I Ê  
 F M R J D O V B P W S C S J P S Z I G A Y I N S  
 I O L E R S M U N J O M P R F I C Ö Q ù P L H G  
 G K P I O K J H E R I O T S I H N E K P O Â M E  
 D C A Ł U B A F E J K Á L J G D F H L M I N K C

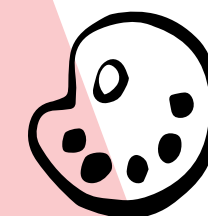
- CÂU CHUYỆN
- CERITA
- FABUŁA
- GESCHICHTE
- GESHIKHTE
- GÙSHI
- HADITHI
- HIKOYA
- HISTOIRE
- HISTORIA
- ISTORIYA
- ITAN
- IYAGI
- KAHANI
- KANOHELVSGI
- KÁSO
- MONOGATARI
- ÖYKÜ
- QISA
- SHEEKO
- SIGANA
- STORIA
- STORY
- TÖRTÉNET
- VERHAAL

# match the language

Match the word "story" to the language it is from.

Answers are on page 63.

<b>CÂU CHUYỆN</b>	故事 (GÙSHI)	<b>история</b> (ISTORIYA)	<b>KÁSO</b>	<b>SIGANA</b>
<b>CERITA</b>	<b>HADITHI</b>	<b>ITAN</b>	物語 (MONOGATARI)	<b>STORIA</b>
<b>FABUŁA</b>	<b>HIKOYA</b>	<b>이야기</b> (IYAGI)	<b>ÖYKÜ</b>	<b>STORY</b>
<b>GESCHICHTE</b>	<b>HISTOIRE</b>	<b>कहानी</b> (KAHANI)	قصة (QISA)	<b>TÖRTÉNET</b>
געשיכטע (GESHIKHITE)	<b>HISTORIA</b>	қизилъу (KANOHELVSGI)	<b>SHEEKO</b>	<b>VERHAAL</b>
ARABIC	FRENCH	INDONESIAN	POLISH	TURKISH
CHEROKEE	GERMAN	ITALIAN	RUSSIAN	UZBEK
CHINESE	GUARANÍ	JAPANESE	SOMALI	VIETNAMESE
DUTCH	HINDI	KOREAN	SPANISH	YIDDISH
ENGLISH	HUNGARIAN	LUO (QISA)	SWAHILI	YORUBA



Games created by  
 Saiya, age 13  
 New Jersey, United States

# Kahani

[www.kahani-girls.com](http://www.kahani-girls.com)

