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Gogo will be okay

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illustrated by Elizabeth Goode



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Ingane YAMI

Gogo will be Okay

Claudine Storbeck

illustrated by Elizabeth Goode

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The sun was just beginning to peep over the city skyline as Sibu opened his eyes and looked out the window. “School holidays are such fun”, he thought to himself. He loved staying with Gogo and going to school near her village, but he really enjoyed visiting Mama in the holidays.





The golden sunrise made the city look so beautiful and quiet. Sibu felt butterflies in his tummy flitter and flutter with excitement as he thought of seeing Mama again.

The bus slowed down with a screetch and a jerk and finally came to a stop. Sibu jumped up and pushed open the window. “Mama” he signed and waved with a smile. He could always recognise Mama’s beautiful bright scarves.



Sibu enjoyed the hustle and bustle of the early morning city. Taxis and cars filled to the brim rushed past on their way to work. He waved at the policeman as he skipped along next to Mama. Mama squeezed his hand and signed with a smile, “I’m so happy that you are here.”



As they entered the apartment Sibu caught a whiff of freshly baked chocolate cake. “Can I have some for breakfast?” he signed.

Mama winked affectionately, “chocolate cake for breakfast, what a wonderful idea!” She cut a slice, and poured Sibu an ice cold glass of milk. He closed his eyes and took a huge bite of yummy chocolate cake.

“Thanks Mama,” he exclaimed licking his lips.

“I baked it specially for you, ngane yami, Mama said. “ I have missed you.”





Just then Mama's phone began to flash, "its Aunty L-i-n-d-a" she fingerspelled and answered the phone.

Sibu beamed and waved "Hello Aunty Linda. Tell her I'm with you for the holidays, Mama."



Sibu couldn't hear what Mama was saying, but his eyes noticed everything. Mama's smile disappeared and her eyes started to sparkle with tears.

"What's wrong Mama?" Sibu asked.

"Aunty Linda called to tell us Gogo is feeling sick and that she needs to go to hospital" she said, "and I am feeling a little bit worried about Gogo."



Sibu felt his heart pounding. "Did Gogo get sick because I came to visit you?"

Mama explained that no one was to blame for Gogo being sick, and that going to hospital would help her get better.

Sibu thought about
Gogo all day.

He worried...





and
wondered,

and worried
some more.





His heart felt heavy
like a rain cloud full
of raindrops.

The next morning when Sibu woke up, the sun was shining brightly, but his heart still felt sad. He slowly got out of bed and tiptoed into Mama's room. "Mama, is Gogo better yet?"

"Not yet Sibu," she answered.

"What's going to happen, Mama? Will Gogo get better?" Sibu asked sadly.

Mama nodded slowly and said, "I'm also worried and I hope Gogo gets better soon."





"Let's draw a picture for Gogo" Mama signed. She found some paper and crayons and soon Sibu was busy drawing.

"Mama, I don't feel so sad anymore."

Mama smiled, "When you do something special for others it makes your heart feel happy too."

"I have an idea!" Sibu said and ran to fetch Mama's phone. "Let's write Gogo a message and send her a photo of my rainbow drawing". Sibu's fingers flew over the keyboard as he typed a happy message to Gogo.





A little later Sibu's heart started to feel heavy again. "Mama, I miss Gogo and I feel so worried about her".

"I'm a little bit worried too" Mama said, "but before we worry too much, let's remember something fun about Gogo".



Mama smiled as she recalled Gogo singing and signing ‘Happy Birthday’ to Sibu last year.



Sibu giggled as he told Mama about the time when Gogo had hiccups in church.

Mama played Gogo’s tickle game with Sibu and they laughed and chatted together until late in the evening.



Before going to sleep, Sibu and Mama prayed silently for Gogo. Then Mama signed “Good night ngane yami”, tucked him in tightly and switched off the light.

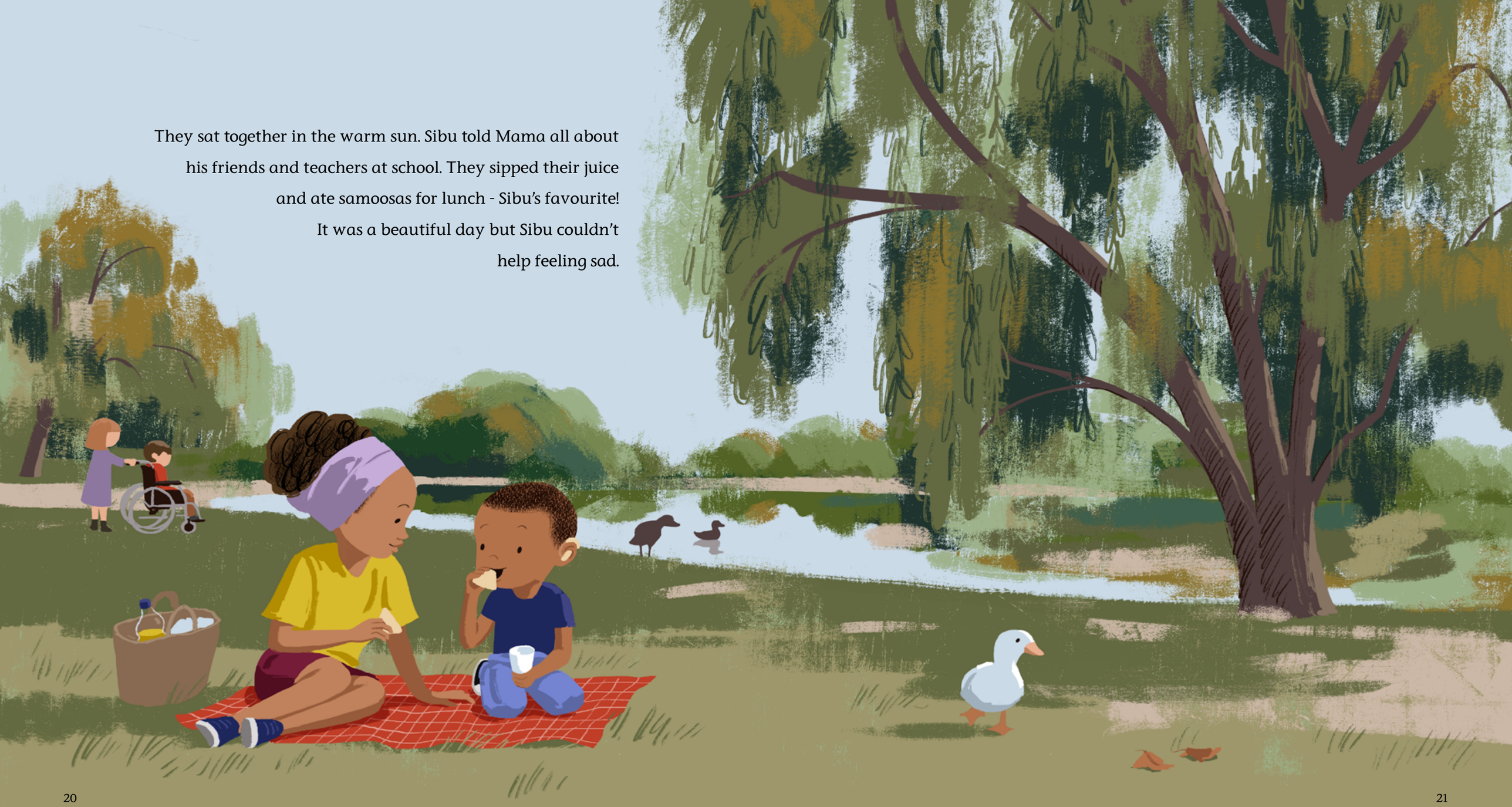




Sibu woke up early the next morning. “Mama, is Gogo better yet?” “Not yet,” Mama replied, “but Aunty Linda says the doctor is happy with Gogo’s progress.”

“Let’s go to the park today,” Mama signed, “it will cheer us up.”

They sat together in the warm sun. Sibu told Mama all about his friends and teachers at school. They sipped their juice and ate samoosas for lunch - Sibu's favourite! It was a beautiful day but Sibu couldn't help feeling sad.





Sibu thought about
Gogo again.

He worried...



and wondered,



and worried
some more.

He felt his heart thump,
thump like a big sad drum.





"I need to do something kind for someone so I don't feel so sad anymore," he thought to himself. He looked around for a while and then jumped up. "I know, I'm going to make a new friend."

Sibu smiled and waved hello as he walked towards a boy in a wheelchair.

"Hello! I'm James," said the boy.



Sibu showed James how to fingerspell his name.



All of a sudden a gust of wind swept by and Sibu pointed "Look, a flying hat! Let's catch it!"





The boys giggled and chased after the hat as it tumbled about in the wind. They caught it and handed it back to the owner.

"Thank you," nodded the smiling guitar man.

Sibu waved goodbye to James as he and Mama left the park. "Mama, I don't feel so sad anymore," he signed.



The next morning Mama walked into Sibu's room with a smile.
"Aunty Linda phoned and said Gogo is feeling much better.
She is still in hospital, but she is sitting up and feeling cheerful".

Sibu thought for a while and then he said excitedly, "Mama, I have an idea to help Gogo feel even better." He ran to get Mama's phone.

Mama dialled Gogo's number. As soon as Gogo's kind and wrinkly face appeared on the screen Sibu waved excitedly and signed "Hello Gogo, surprise!"

Gogo chuckled slowly and signed "Look how big you have grown in just a few days." Gogo's old fingers could sign fast, and she told Sibu all about the nurses and the doctors and the interesting hospital food.





“Its time to say goodbye” Mama said. “Gogo needs to rest”.

Sibu nodded and waved “See you soon, rest and get better!”

Gogo looked a little tired, but very happy as she waved good bye and signed, “I love you ngane yami.”