



A new day & a new song



Azizam!



The sun was
shining
and birds were
singing



Leelee woke up with a
big happy smile.
She stretched her arms
way up to the sky.
Then she twirled her
hands in the air—like
a flamenco dancer!



She giggled and jumped out of bed.
Her room had green and pink walls
and lots of toys in a basket.
There was a little bookshelf full of
colorful books.
Two windows looked out to the
sunny yard.

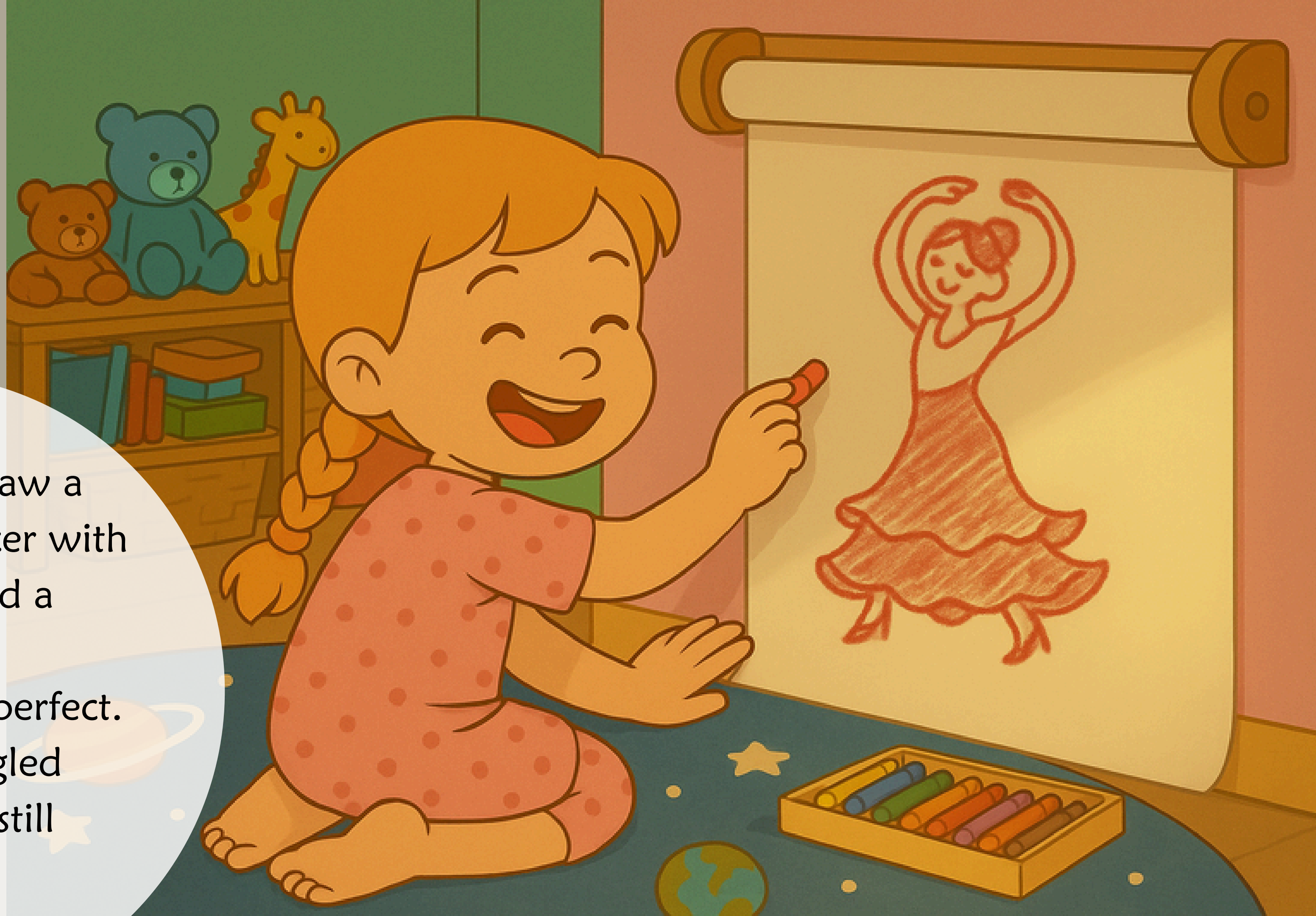


Leelee pulled the soft cream curtain to the side. Sunlight danced into the room and landed on her space rug full of planets and stars. Leelee smiled. “Good morning, Sun!” she said.

Then she pulled
down the big paper
roll on her wall.
She grabbed her
colored pastels.



She tried to draw a flamenco dancer with swirly arms and a long dress. It didn't look perfect. But Leelee giggled and said, "It's still pretty!"



Then she ran out
of her room.
She skipped down
the stairs.
She heard funny,
loud music coming
from the kitchen!



Mom and Dad were
dancing as they made
breakfast!
The music had a fast, silly
rhythm.
Suddenly, the singer
shouted, “Azizam!”
Mom and Dad laughed
and shouted too,
“Azizam!”

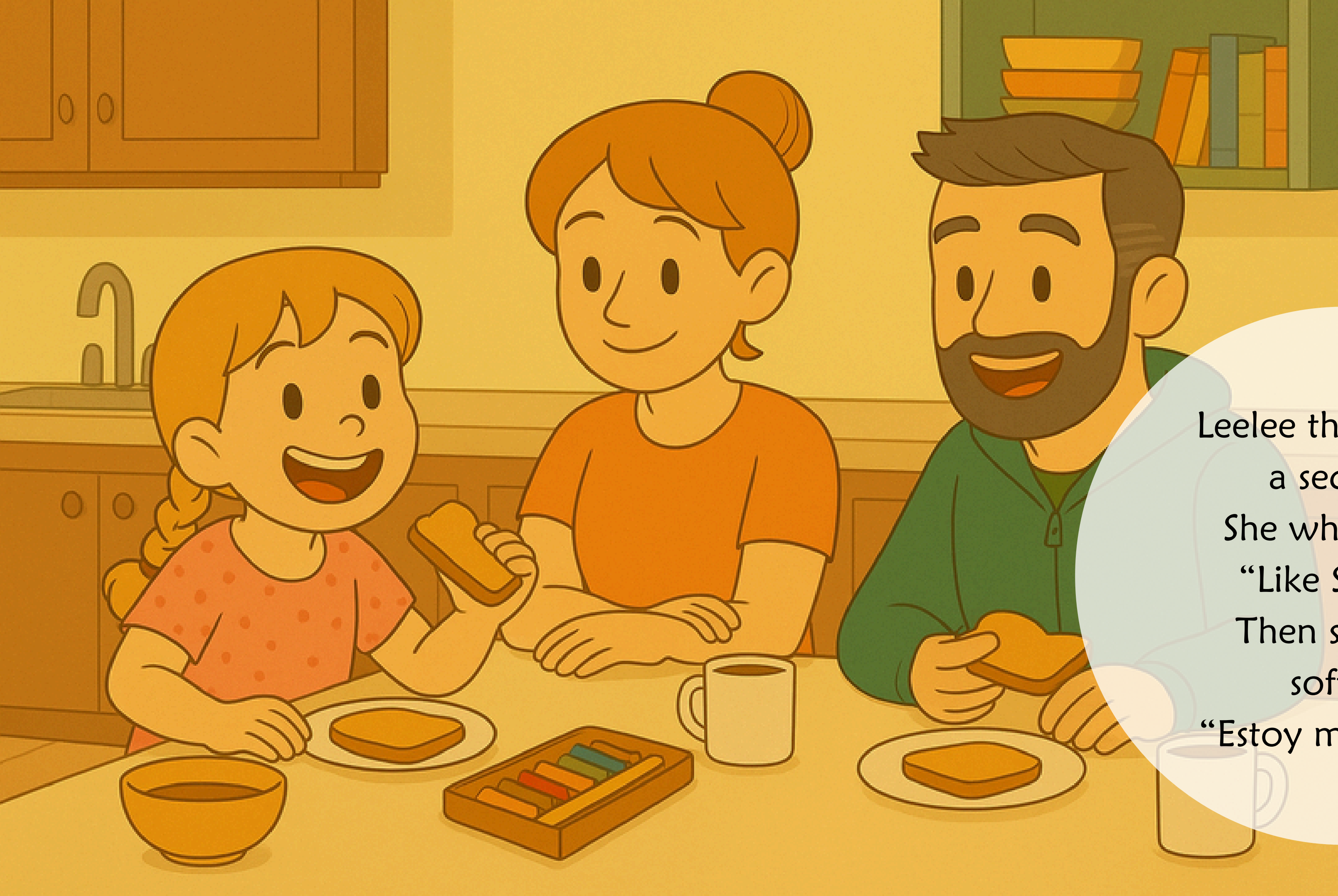


Leelee laughed and shouted, “What does that mean?!”
Dad said, “It means ‘my dear’ in Persian.”
Leelee blinked. “What’s Persian?” she asked.
Her eyes got wide, like when she sees something new and exciting.

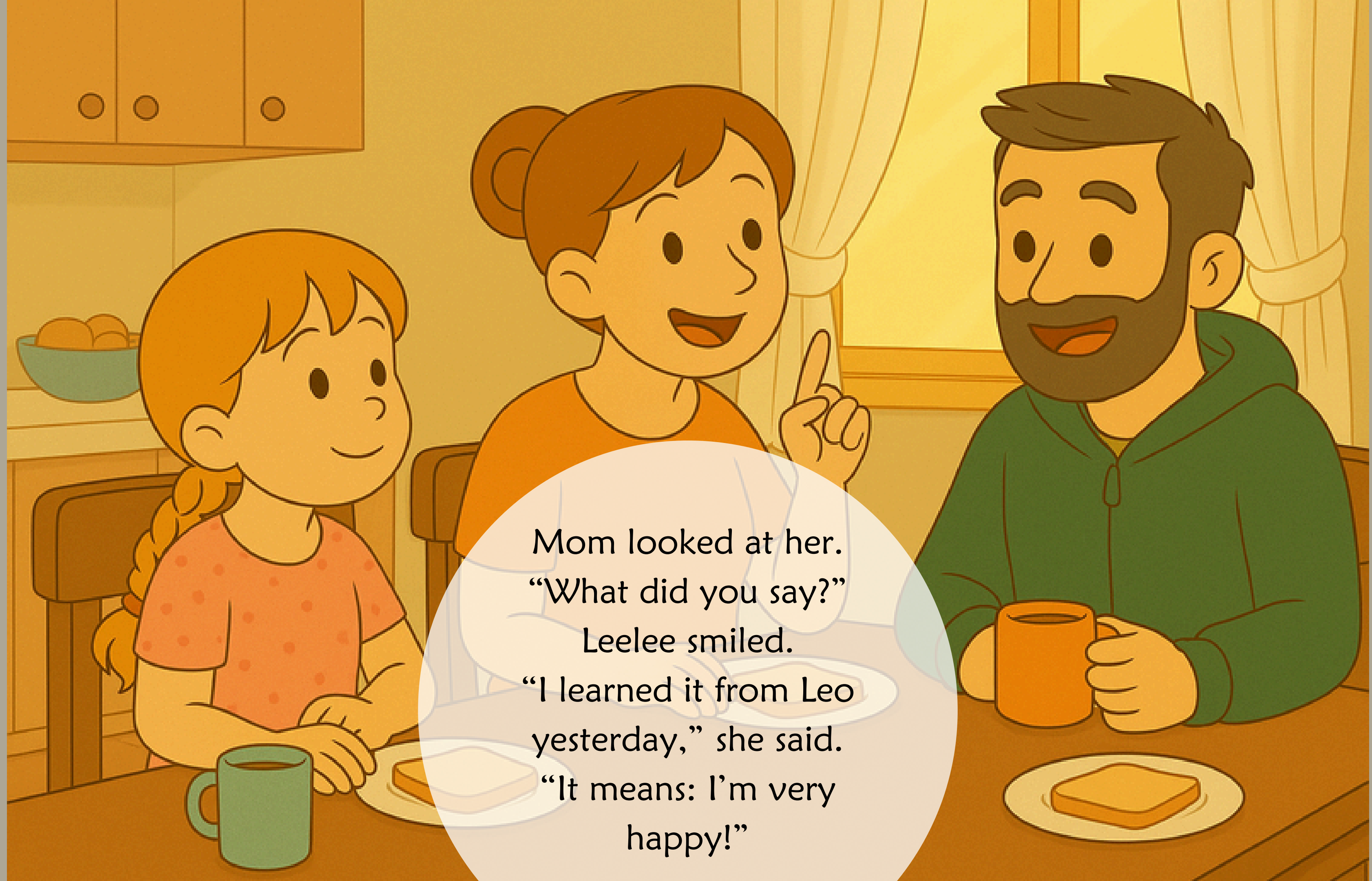




Dad smiled.
“Persian is a beautiful
language,” he said.
“People in Iran and
Afghanistan speak it.”



Leelee thought for
a second.
She whispered,
“Like Spain?”
Then she said
softly,
“Estoy muy feliz.”



Mom looked at her.

“What did you say?”

Leelee smiled.

“I learned it from Leo
yesterday,” she said.

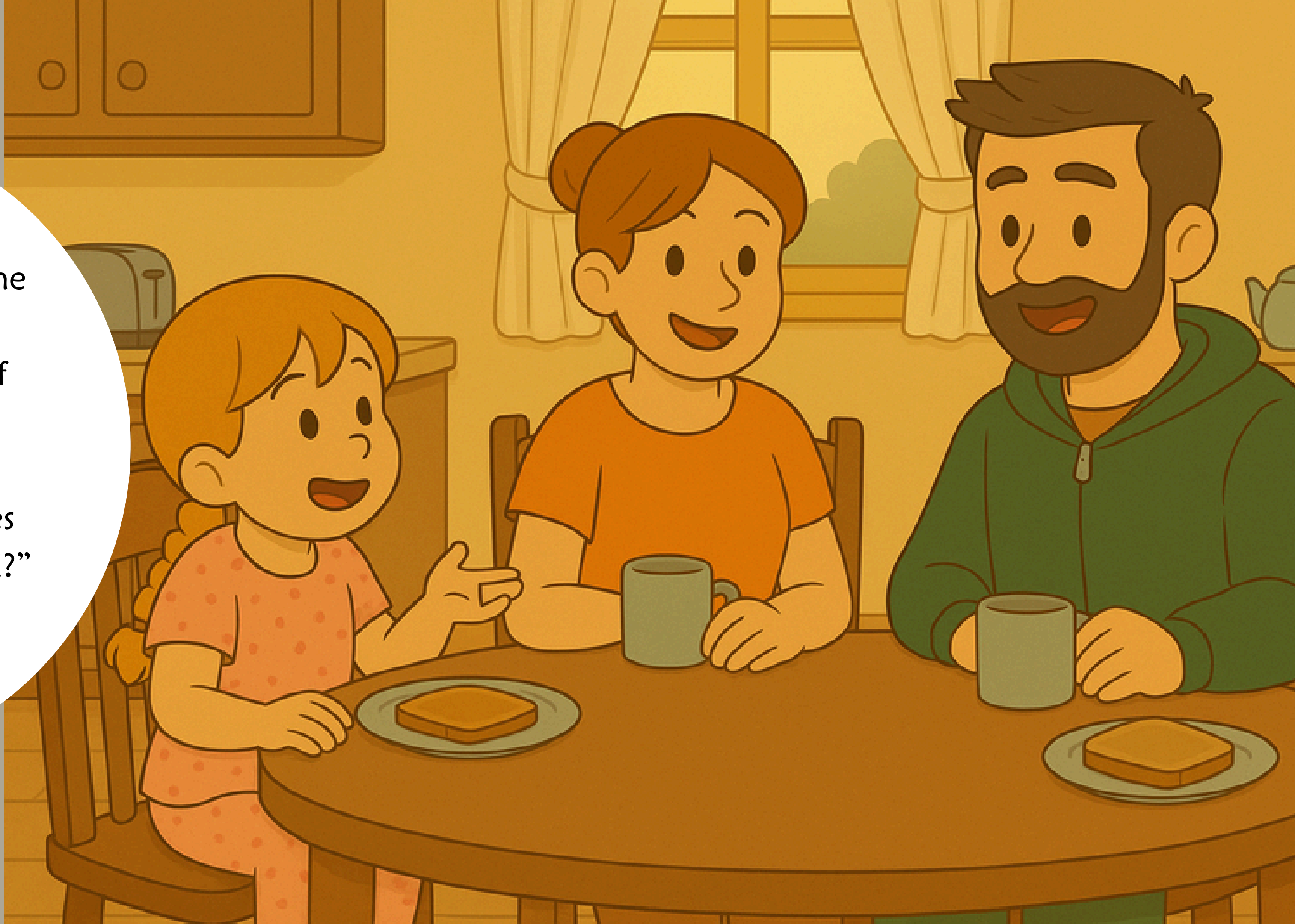
“It means: I’m very
happy!”



Dad clapped. “Wow!
Can you teach me?”
Leelee nodded proudly.
She said slowly, “Es-
toy... muy... fe-liz!”
Dad repeated it. “Estoy
muy feliz!”
They all laughed.

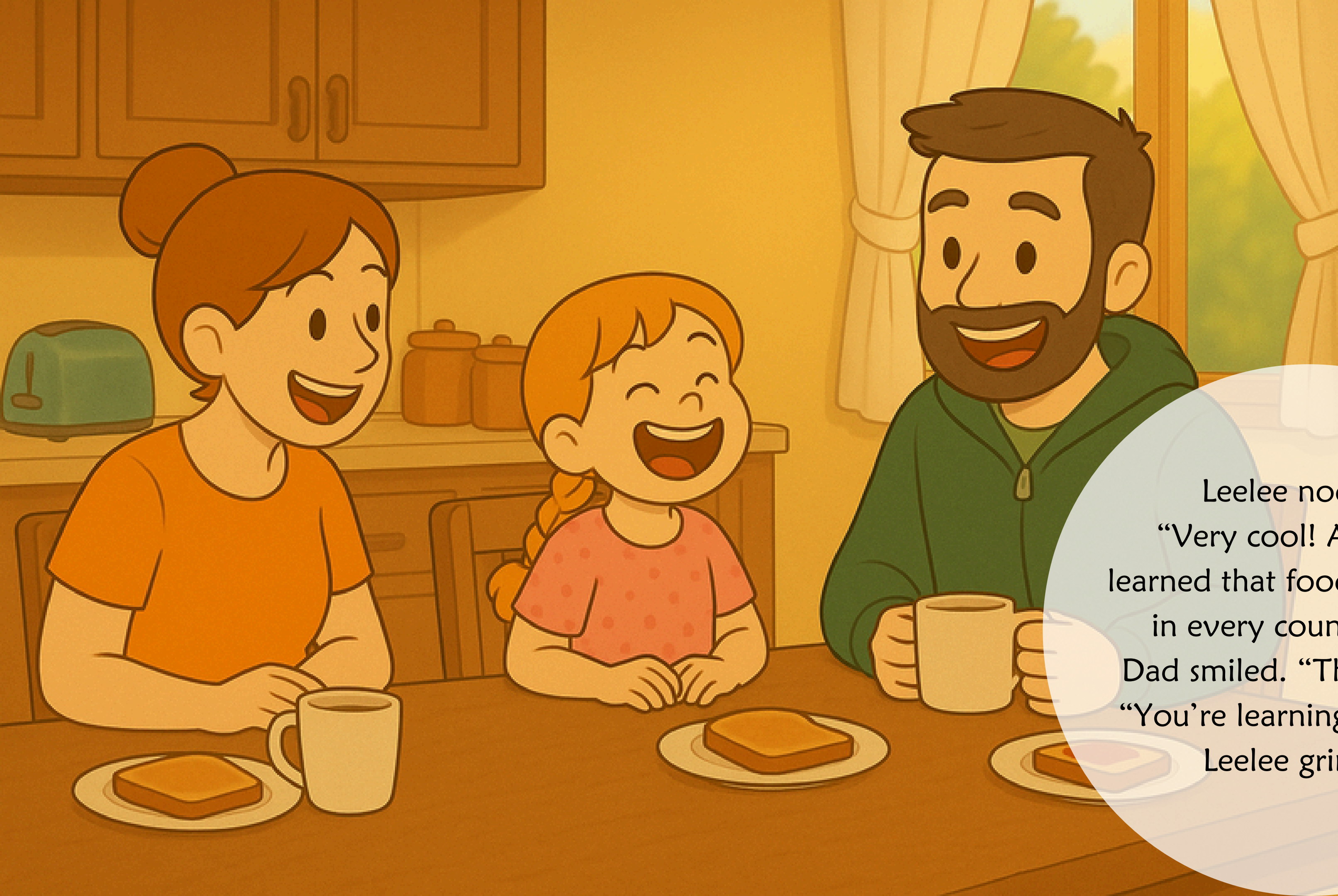
They all sat around the
breakfast table.
Leelee took a bite of
toast.

“Dad,” she asked,
“how many countries
are there in the world?”

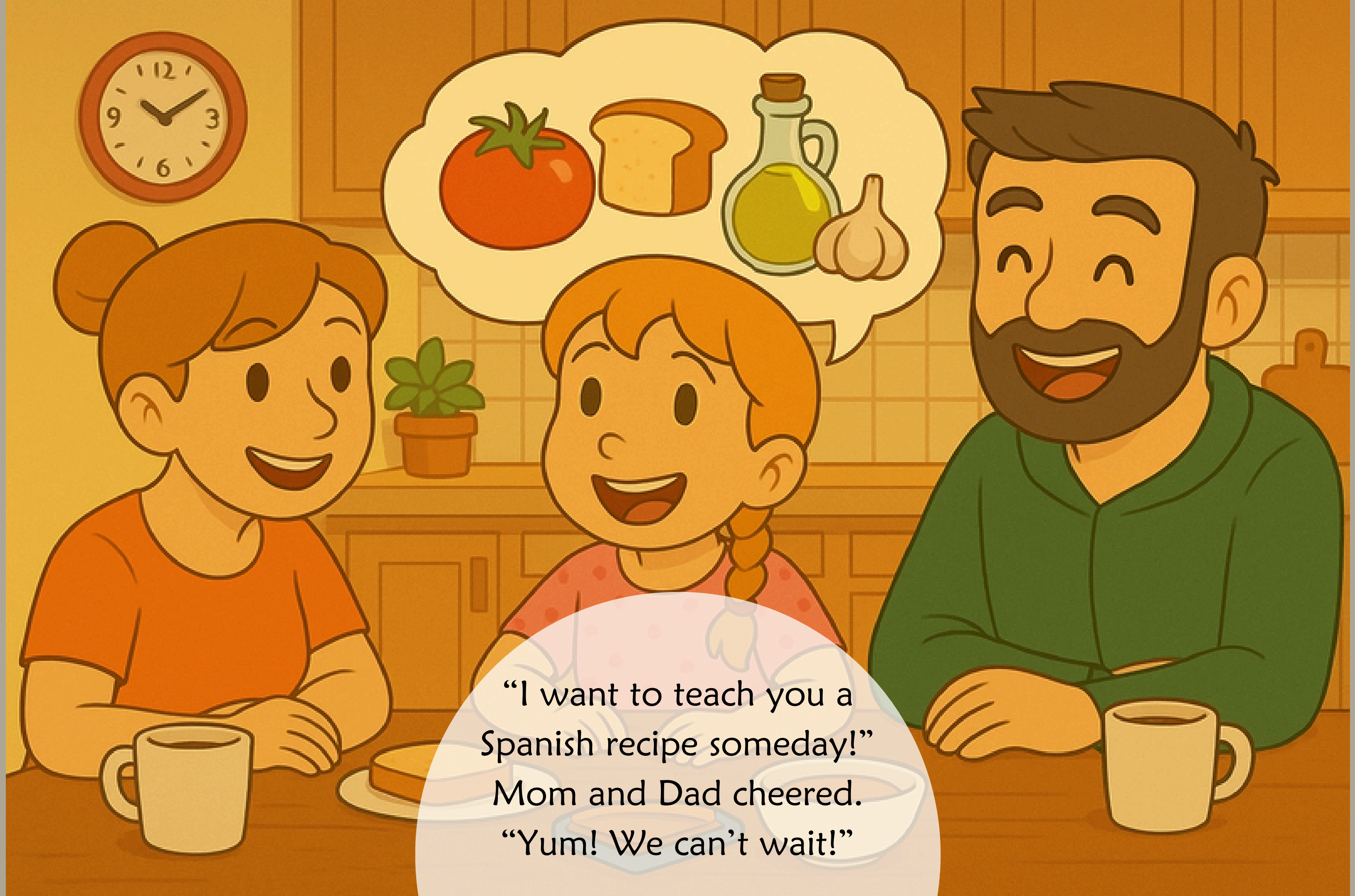




Leelee asked, “And every country has its own language?”
Mom said, “Some do. Some are similar. Some are different.”
“Isn’t that cool?”

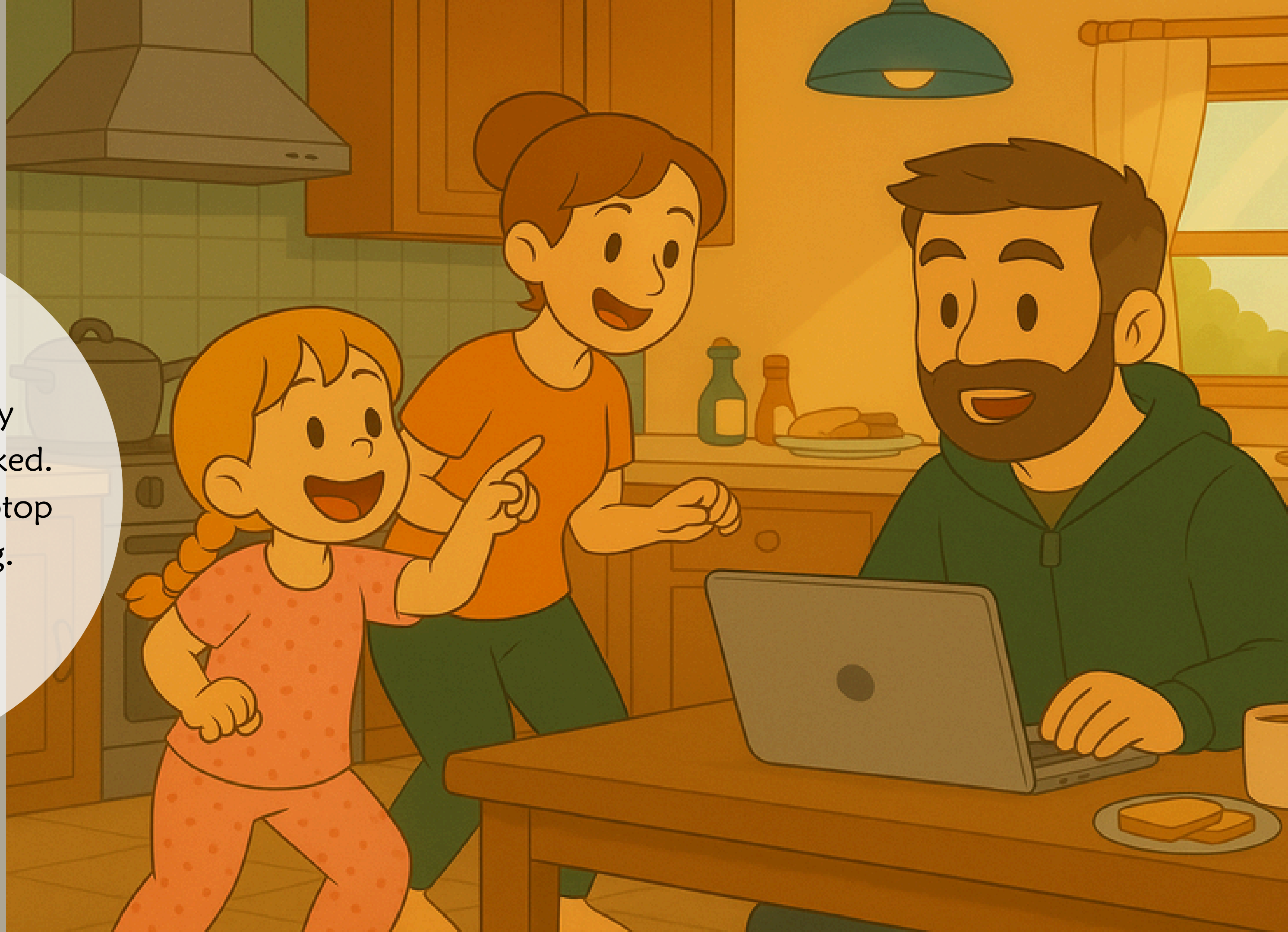


Leelee nodded.
“Very cool! And I just
learned that food is different
in every country too!”
Dad smiled. “That’s right!”
“You’re learning so much.”
Leelee grinned.



“I want to teach you a
Spanish recipe someday!”
Mom and Dad cheered.
“Yum! We can’t wait!”

Daddy, can you play Azizam again?" Lily asked. Daddy opened his laptop and played the song.





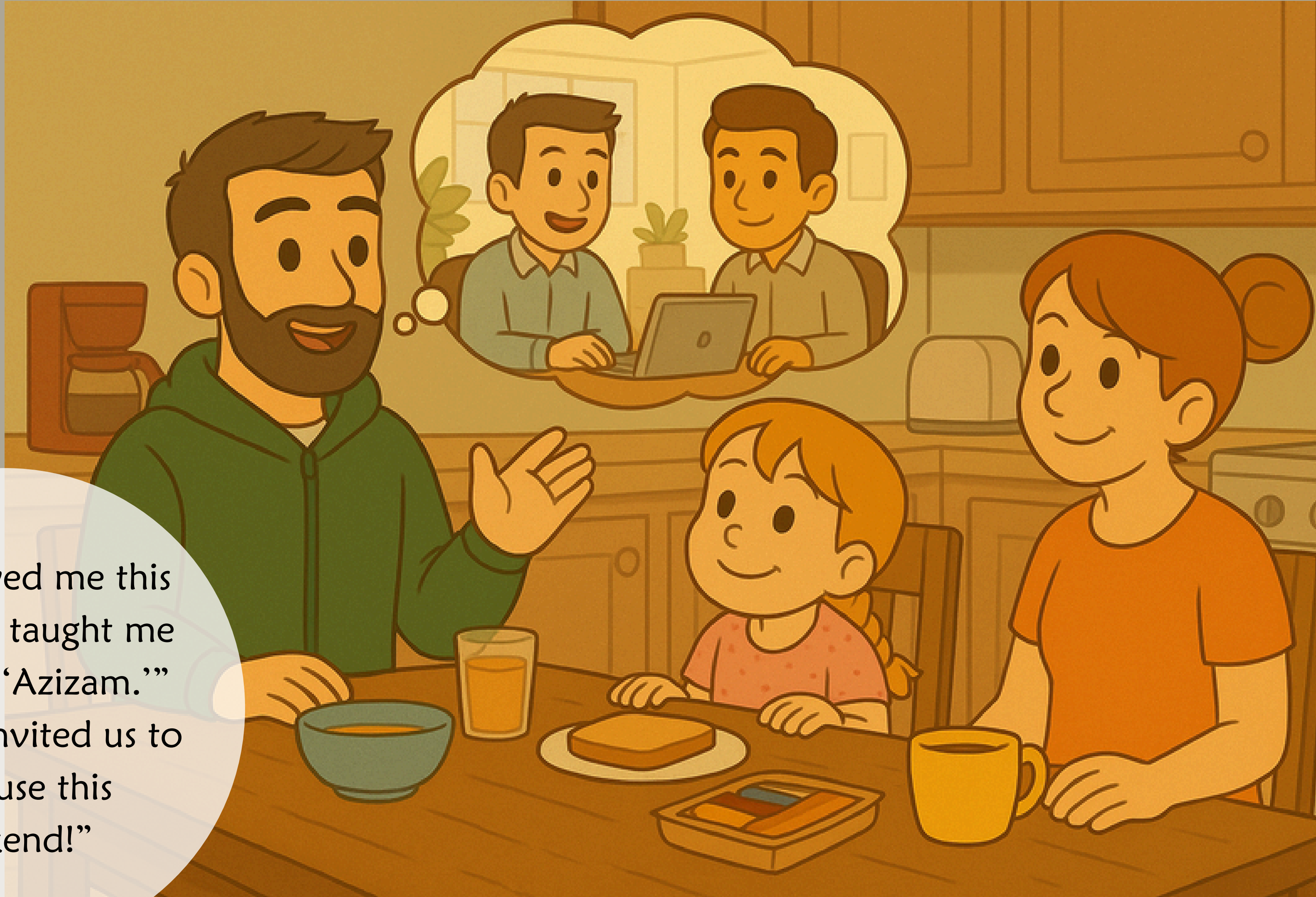
Mommy and Daddy started
dancing again.

Lily wiggled happily and
watched them with a big smile.
This is the best ever!” she said.



Dad started packing his bag for work.
Leelee asked, "Daddy, how do you know Persian?"
Dad said, "My friend at work is from Iran."

“He showed me this
music and taught me
the word ‘Azizam.’”
“He also invited us to
his house this
weekend!”



A warm, stylized illustration of a family celebrating. In the foreground, a young girl with short brown hair, wearing a pink polka-dot shirt, is jumping joyfully with her arms raised in a fist pump. Behind her, a woman with blonde hair, wearing an orange shirt, is also jumping with her arms raised. To the right, a man in a green long-sleeved shirt is partially visible, also appearing to be part of the celebration. The background is a simple, warm-toned wall with a wooden floor. A white circular speech bubble is overlaid on the left side of the image, containing text.

Leelee jumped. “Yay!”
Then she paused. “But... I don’t
speak Persian.”
Mom laughed.
“They’ll speak English with us,
just like Leo does.”
“You can ask them questions
about their country if you want!”
“I want to!” said Leelee.

Mom said, “Maybe one day we can travel there too.”

Leelee’s eyes sparkled like stars.
She thought of the magical chair.
Maybe... she didn’t have to wait!
Leelee clapped her hands with joy.

Mom and Dad looked at her.
“I’m so excited about the weekend party!” she said.



An illustration of a young girl with short orange hair, wearing a pink dress with red polka dots, running up a wooden staircase. She is holding onto the wooden railing and has a joyful expression. To the right, a woman with orange hair tied in a bun, wearing an orange t-shirt, stands smiling at the girl. The background is a warm yellow wall with a framed picture of a landscape with a tree and hills. A large, semi-transparent white circle is on the left side of the image, containing text.

Mom smiled. “Now hurry, go
get dressed! You don’t want to
be late for school.”

Leelee zoomed up the stairs.

As she ran, she whispered,
“Iran... Iran... Iran...”

She didn’t want to forget.
She had made up her mind.

After school, she would sit
on the magical chair.
She would close her eyes...
Say the country name...
And whoosh—travel to Iran!
The country with music so
fun it made Mom and Dad
dance in the morning...
must be full of magic.



SEE
YOU
SOON