

ISMAT'S EID

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Fawzia Gilani-Williams



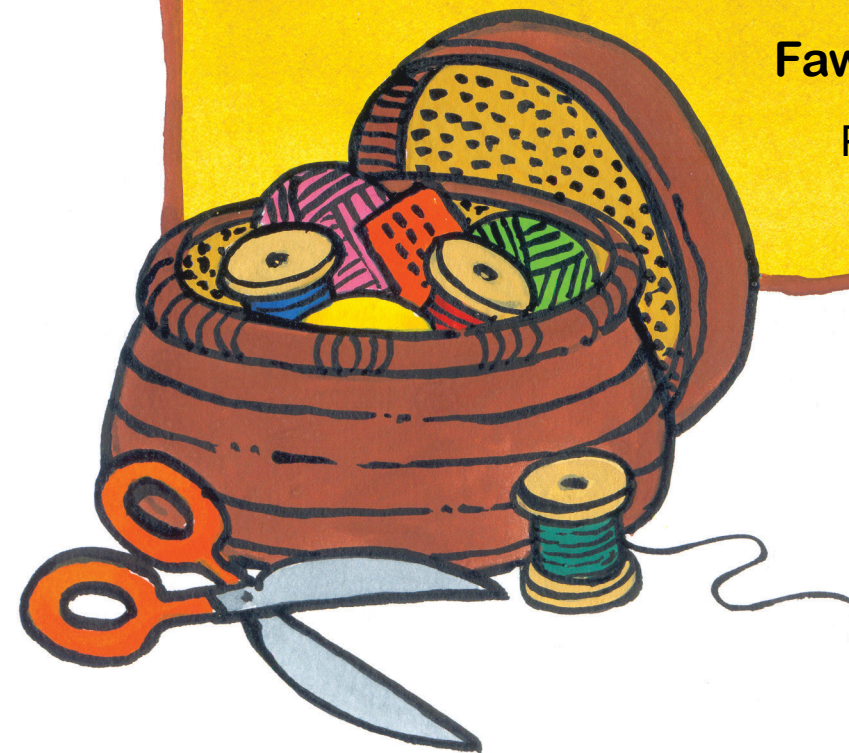
illustrated by
Proiti Roy

ISMAT'S

EID

Retold by
Fawzia Gilani-Williams

Pictures Proiti Roy





Wordbird Books feature traditional and contemporary stories from many regions. Unfamiliar words from different languages are explained with the help of Wordbirds that streak through the pages, giving readers access to a multicultural, multilingual vocabulary.

Ismat's Eid (English)

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Ismat the shoemaker had been very busy. Tomorrow was Eid. All day, people had been trying out new shoes and now they were all sold out.



“Ah!” sighed Ismat.
“At last I can go and buy some gifts
for my family.”

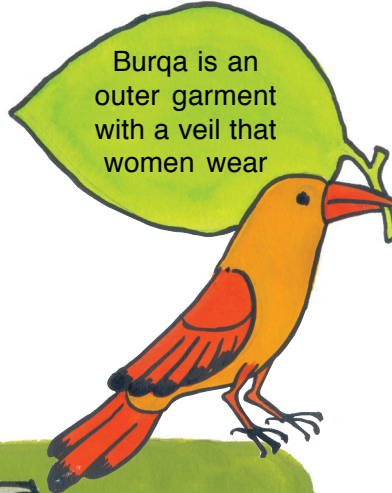
He closed his little shoe stall and
walked down to the clothes shop.

“Asalaamu alaikum, Hamza,” Ismat greeted the shopkeeper. “I want to buy my wife a burqa for Eid!”

“Wa alaikum salaam,” replied Hamza. “I have just the one for her.”

“And perhaps a dupatta for my mother?” asked Ismat.

Burqa is an outer garment with a veil that women wear



“How about this one?” said Hamza pulling out a bright blue cloth embroidered with tiny beads.

“And some bangles for my daughter.”

Hamza showed Ismat hundreds of bangles. It was very hard to choose, they were all so pretty.

Ismat was pleased with the gifts. He paid Hamza and turned to leave.





“Wait,” called Hamza. “What about you? Your trousers are full of patches. Why don’t you buy yourself a new pair?”

“Ah, perhaps I will,” said Ismat.

But when they looked they found only one pair of trousers. Ismat held them up to his waist. “Four fingers too long,” he said. He pulled on his beard and then looked up at Hamza with a smile. “Could you shorten them for me, please?”

“I’m so sorry,” replied Hamza. “Not today. I have to get ready for Eid. Why don’t you ask your wife?”

“That’s a good idea,” nodded Ismat and hurried home.

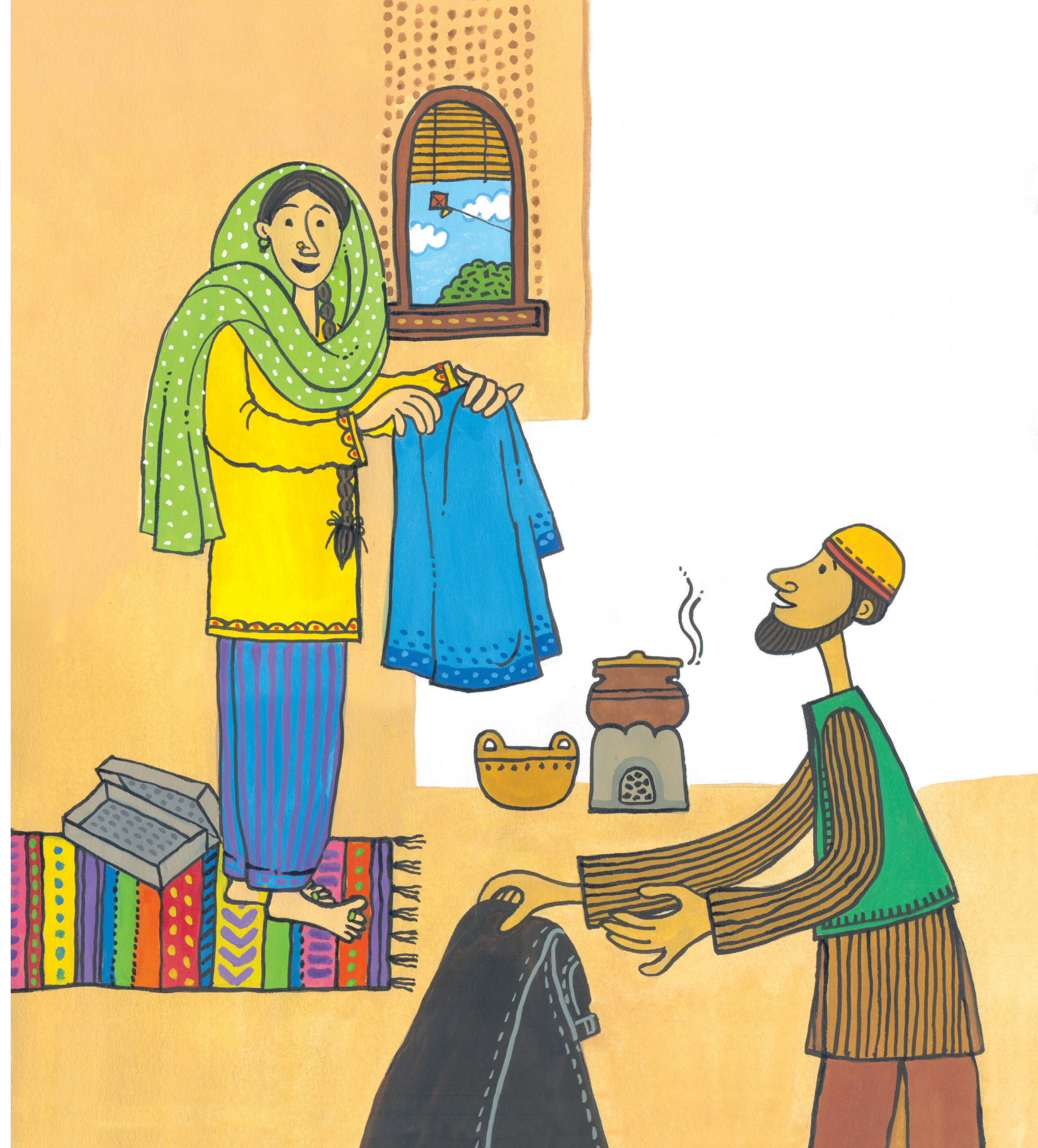
“This is beautiful!” exclaimed Yasmeen, when she saw the burqa. “I love the colour. I will wear it for Eid!” Then she looked at Ismat and said, “Did you get anything for yourself?”

“Yes,” said Ismat, “a pair of trousers.”

Yasmeen held up the trousers and frowned. “These are four fingers too long,” she said.

“Yes,” said Ismat. “Could you shorten them for me?”

“Not today,” she replied. “I have no time. Tomorrow is Eid and I have to make biryani. Why don’t you ask your mother?”





Ismat went to see his mother, Habiba. “Amma, I have brought you a gift,” he said and pulled out the bright blue dupatta.

“This is beautiful!” exclaimed Habiba. “I love the colour. I will wear it for Eid!” Then she looked at Ismat and said, “Did you get anything for yourself?”

“Yes,” said Ismat, “a pair of trousers.”

Habiba held up the trousers and frowned. “These are four fingers too long,” she said.

“Yes,” said Ismat. “Could you shorten them for me?”

“Not today,” said his mother. “I have no time. Tomorrow is Eid and I have to make sheerkorma. Why don’t you ask Mahjabeen?”



Ismat went to see his daughter. “Mahjabeen, I have brought you a gift,” said Ismat. He pulled out the bangles.

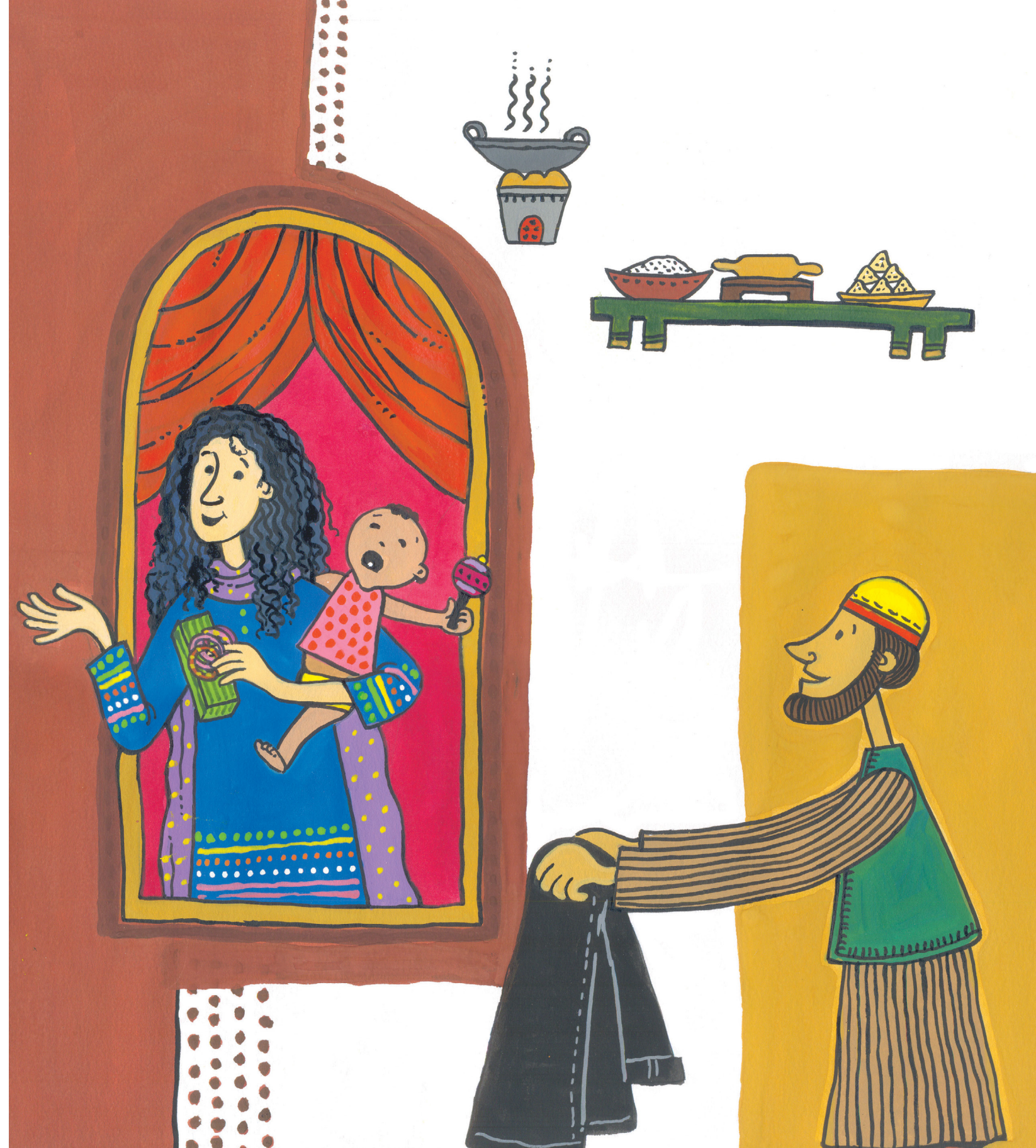
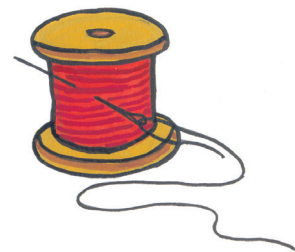
“They are beautiful, Abbu!” Mahjabeen exclaimed. “I love the colours. I will wear them for Eid!” Then she looked at her father and asked, “Did you get anything for yourself?”

“Yes,” he replied, “a pair of trousers.”

Mahjabeen held up the trousers and frowned. “Abbu, these are four fingers too long,” she said.

“Yes,” said Ismat. “Could you shorten them for me?”

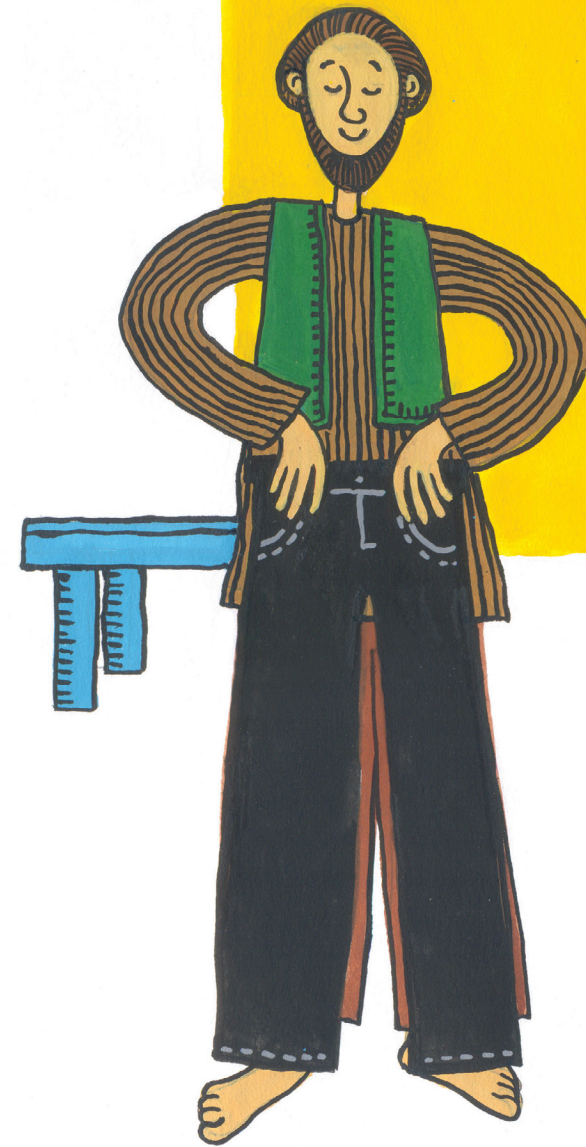
“I’m sorry, Abbu. Not today,” said Mahjabeen. “I have no time. Tomorrow is Eid and I have to make samosas and take care of the baby.”





So Ismat went back home, took a pair of scissors and cut off a few inches from the bottom of his trousers.

Then he hemmed up the edges.



“My trousers are ready for Eid!” he said and folded them neatly and placed them on the table.

Then he called to Yasmeen and said he was going to visit the poor and sick and give them money for Eid.





While Ismat was out, Yasmeen said to herself, “Ismat is such a good husband!”

She unfolded his trousers, cut off four fingers from the bottom, hemmed the edges, folded them again and put them back on the table.

Then she went into the kitchen to finish her cooking.

While Habiba was making sheerkorma, she thought, “O, Ismat is such a good son!”

So she went to Ismat’s house, took his trousers, cut off four fingers from the bottom, hemmed the edges, folded them again and put them back on the table.

Then she went back home to finish her cooking.



While Mahjabeen was making samosas, she thought, “Abbu is such a good father!”

So she went to her father’s house, picked up the trousers, cut off four fingers from the bottom, hemmed the edges, folded the trousers again and put them back on the table.

Then she went back home to finish her cooking.



In the morning, everyone came to Ismat's house so they could go to the mosque together. Yasmeen wore her burqa, Habiba wore her bright blue dupatta and Mahjabeen wore her pretty bangles.

"Ismat!" said Yasmeen. "Try on your trousers!"

Just then Habiba came in. "Son!" she said. "Try on your trousers!"

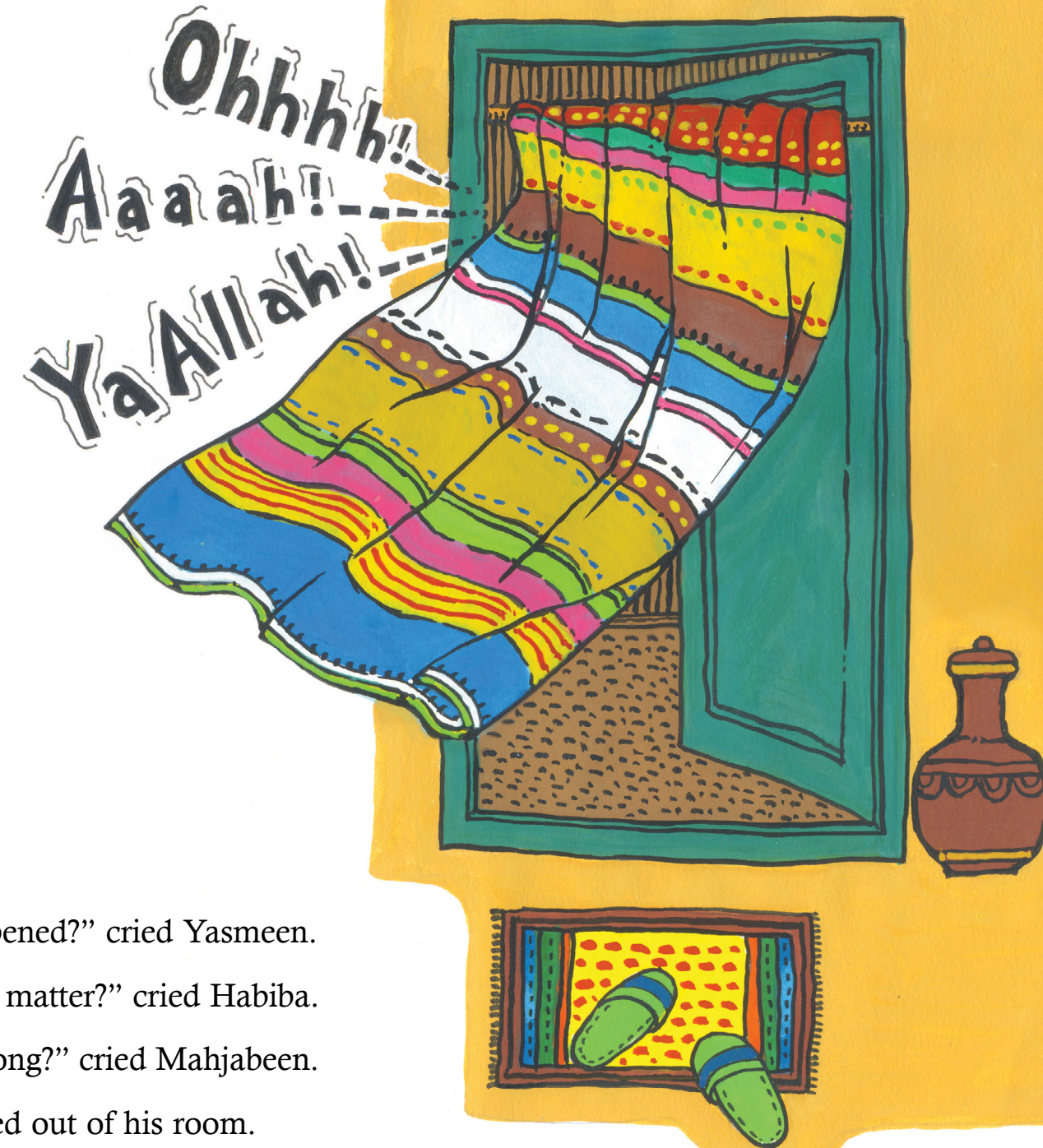
Mahjabeen came along too. "Abbu!" she said. "Try on your trousers!"

Ismat looked at them and thought, "They are so wonderful. Even if they didn't have time to shorten my trousers, they are still very wonderful!"

He went to his room to put on his trousers.

His wife and mother and daughter all waited with big smiles on their faces.

Suddenly from the bedroom came a howl: "Ohhhhh! Aaah! Ya Allah!"



"What happened?" cried Yasmeen.

"What's the matter?" cried Habiba.

"What's wrong?" cried Mahjabeen.

Ismat stepped out of his room.



His new Eid trousers hung up to his knees!

Yasmeen and Habiba and Mahjabeen all gasped and covered their mouths.

“I cut them by four fingers,” said Yasmeen.

“But I cut them by four fingers,” said Habiba.

“I cut them by four fingers too,” said Mahjabeen.

“And I cut them by four fingers,” said Ismat.

For a moment there was silence. Then Ismat began to laugh, and they all began to laugh!

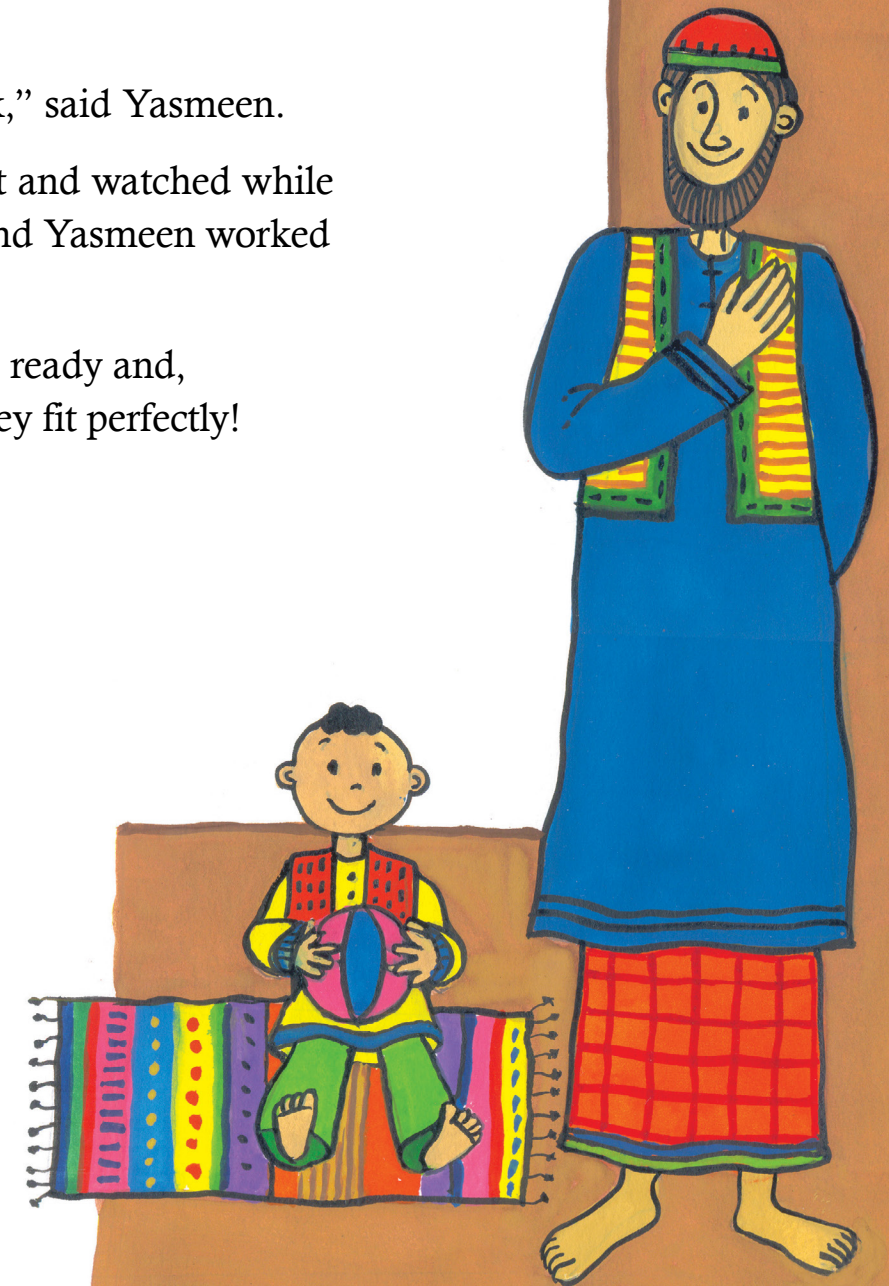


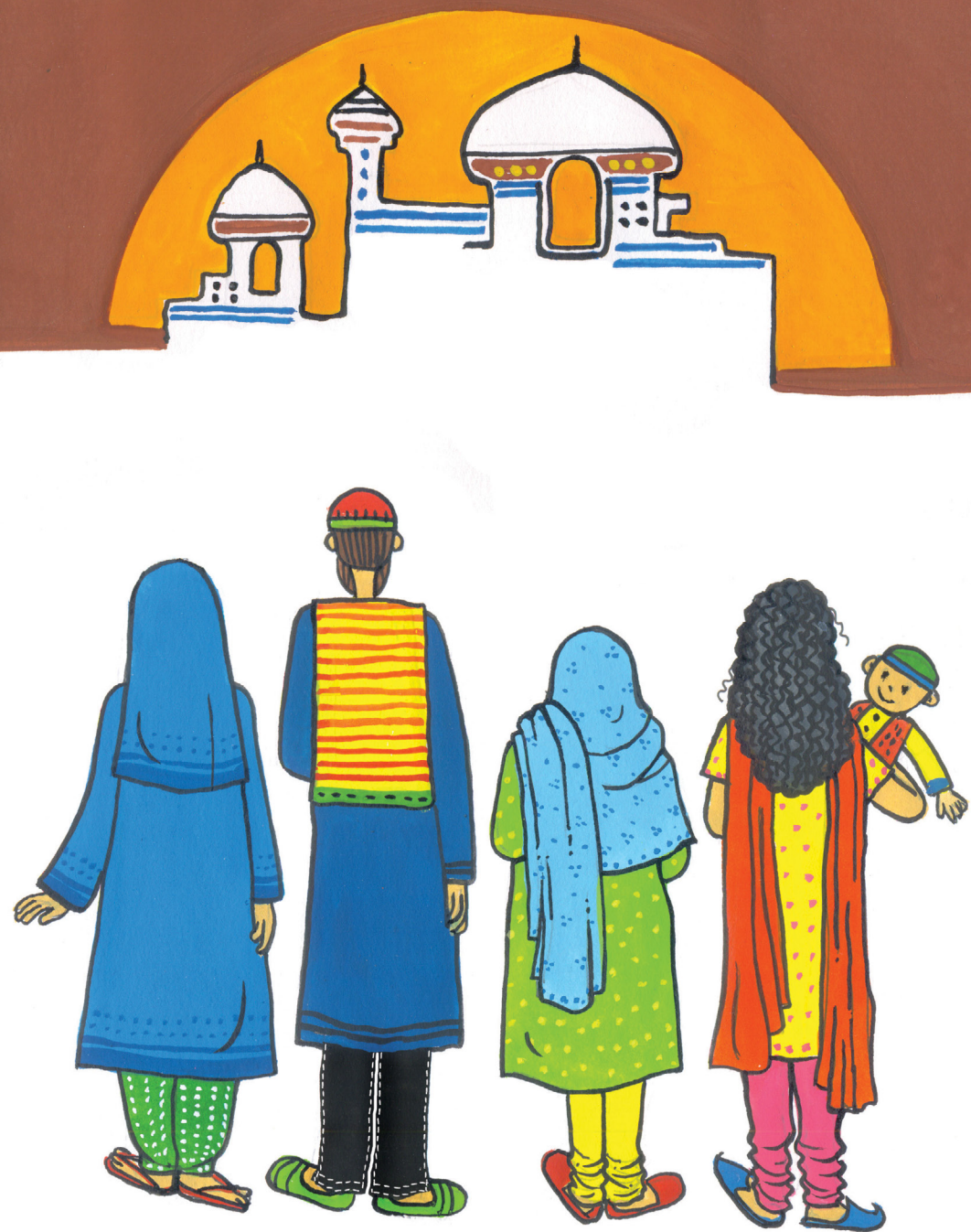


“Let’s sew the pieces back,” said Yasmeen.

“Yes, yes, yes!” said Ismat and watched while Mahjabeen and Habiba and Yasmeen worked on his trousers.

In a short while they were ready and, as Allah would have it, they fit perfectly!





Dressed in their new Eid clothes, off they went to the mosque!





ISMAT'S EID is a crisp adaptation of a delightful Turkish tale. Ismat the shoemaker is a happy, contented sort and on the occasion of Eid, decides to buy his family special gifts. He is persuaded by the shopkeeper to buy a pair of trousers for himself but there is only the one last pair on the shelves, and it's too long. Long trousers can always be shortened, can't they? So Ismat takes his gifts home. Eid arrives, and with it comes a shock and a surprise.

To be able to laugh and to be willing to adjust: these little life-affirming qualities are highlighted with affection and detail as text and pictures come together seamlessly in this story replete with cultural resonances.

Fawzia Gilani-Williams worked as a teacher for 12 years in Britain and the USA, and is now an international educational consultant based in the UAE. The author of many children's books, she loves stories that empower children to make the world a better place. Her other books with Tulika are *Munna and the Maharaja* and *Adil Ali's Shoes*.

Proiti Roy is a well-known illustrator whose nuanced sense of form and colour evoke many emotions. Among her acclaimed books for Tulika are *Putul and the Dolphins*, *The Snow King's Daughter*, *Gulla and the Hangul*, *What Shall I Make?* and *Unhappy Moon*. She lives in Shantiniketan.



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