

Tata's Earnings



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

Desirée Calderón de Fawaz



Tata's Earrings
Copublished in India in 2017 by
Yogi Impressions Books Pvt Ltd and Manifest Design and Publishing

Yogi Impressions Books Pvt Ltd
1711, Centre 1, World Trade Centre
Cuffe Parade, Mumbai 400 005, India
www.yogiimpressions.com

Manifest Design and Publishing
308 Olympus, Altamount Road
Mumbai 400 026, India
www.manifest.in

Copyright ©2017 Desirée Calderón de Fawaz

Written and illustrated by Desirée Calderón de Fawaz
Illustrations © Desirée Calderón de Fawaz, TXu 2-022-249, USA

Designed by Devika Khanna, Manifest Design and Publishing

Tata's Earrings is typeset in Gill Sans

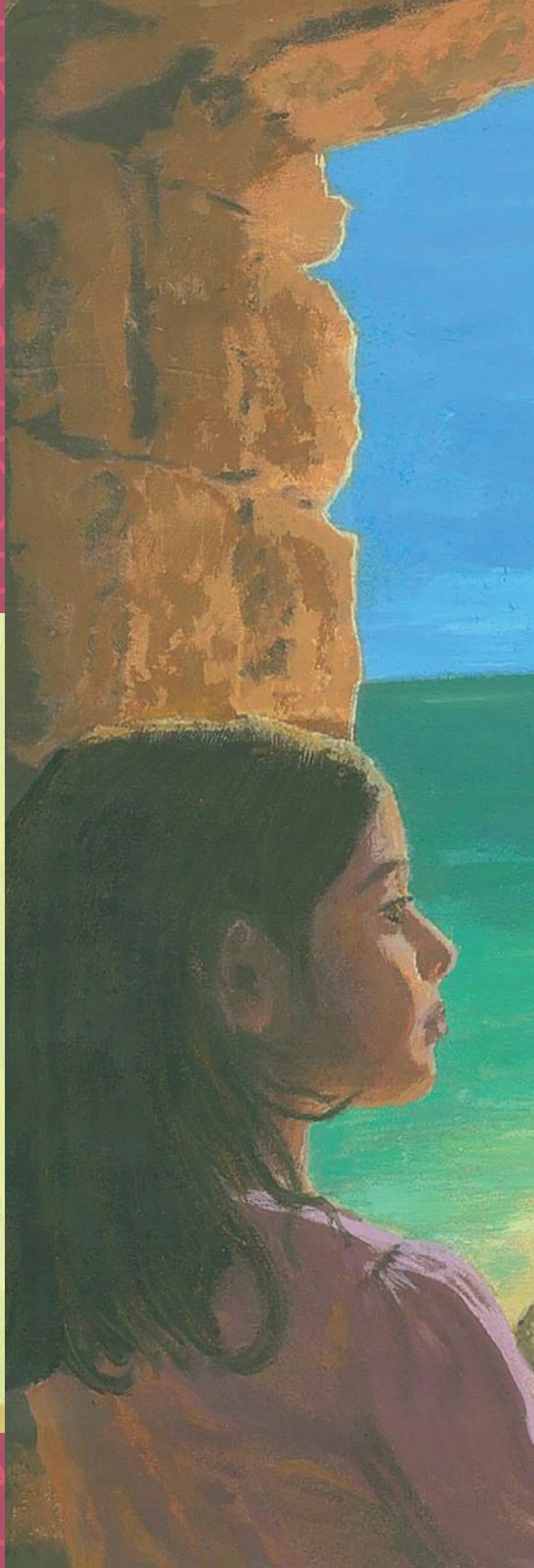
ISBN 978-93-82742-60-9

All rights reserved.

This book may not be reproduced in whole or in part, or transmitted in any form, without written permission from the publisher; except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review; nor may any part of this book be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or other; without written permission from the publisher.

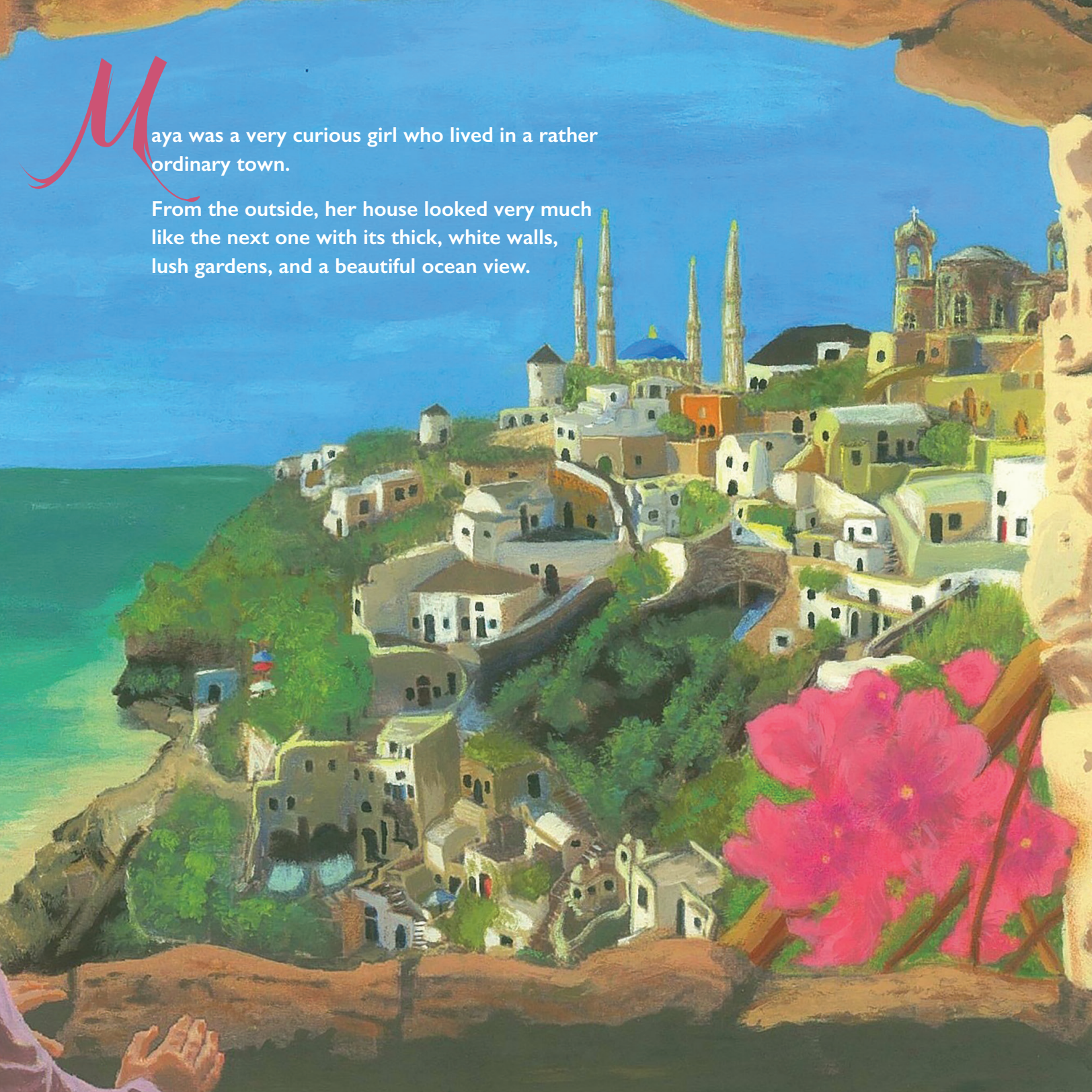


To all
the Tatas
of the world...



*M*aya was a very curious girl who lived in a rather ordinary town.

From the outside, her house looked very much like the next one with its thick, white walls, lush gardens, and a beautiful ocean view.



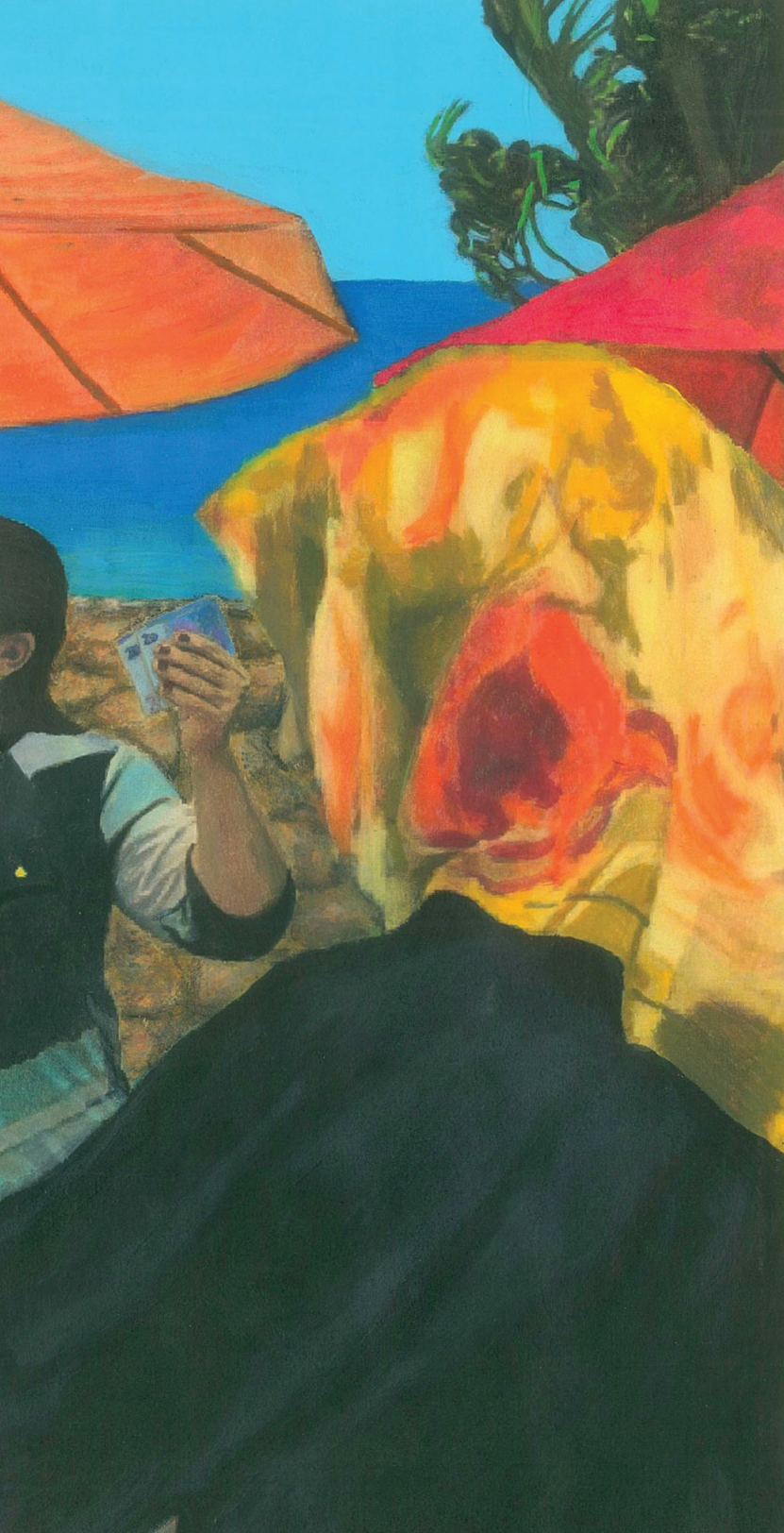


Maya was used to her very happy life, especially with Tata, her granny, who was always making her smile.

“We’ve never seen an old woman so radiant in this town,” commented people as they watched her pass by. Tata was truly exceptional! She could knit with her toes while balancing upside down and water the geraniums as she danced.

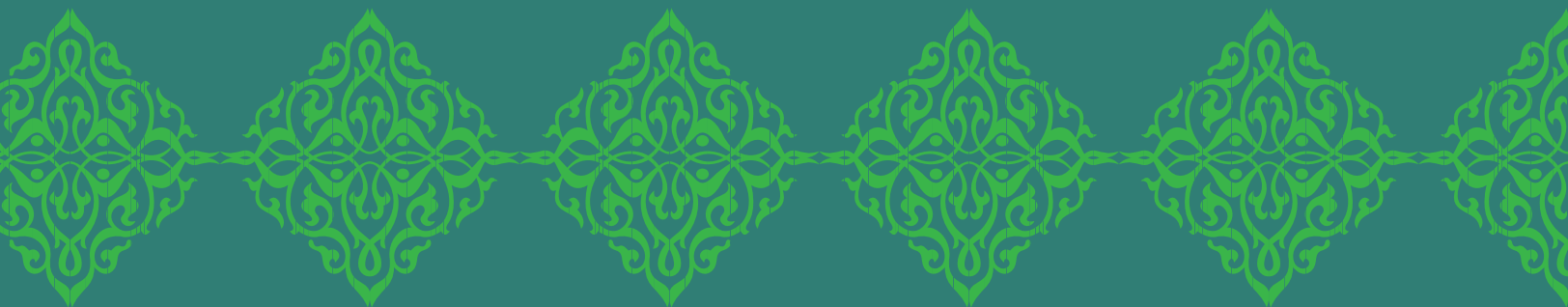
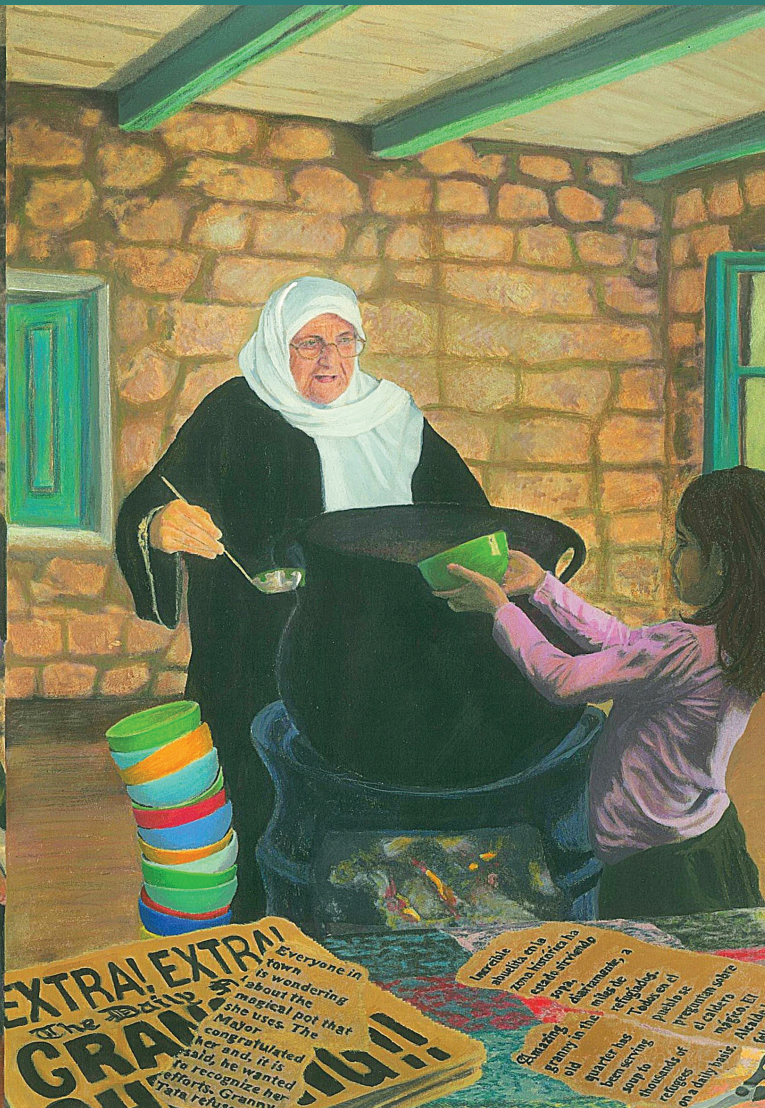




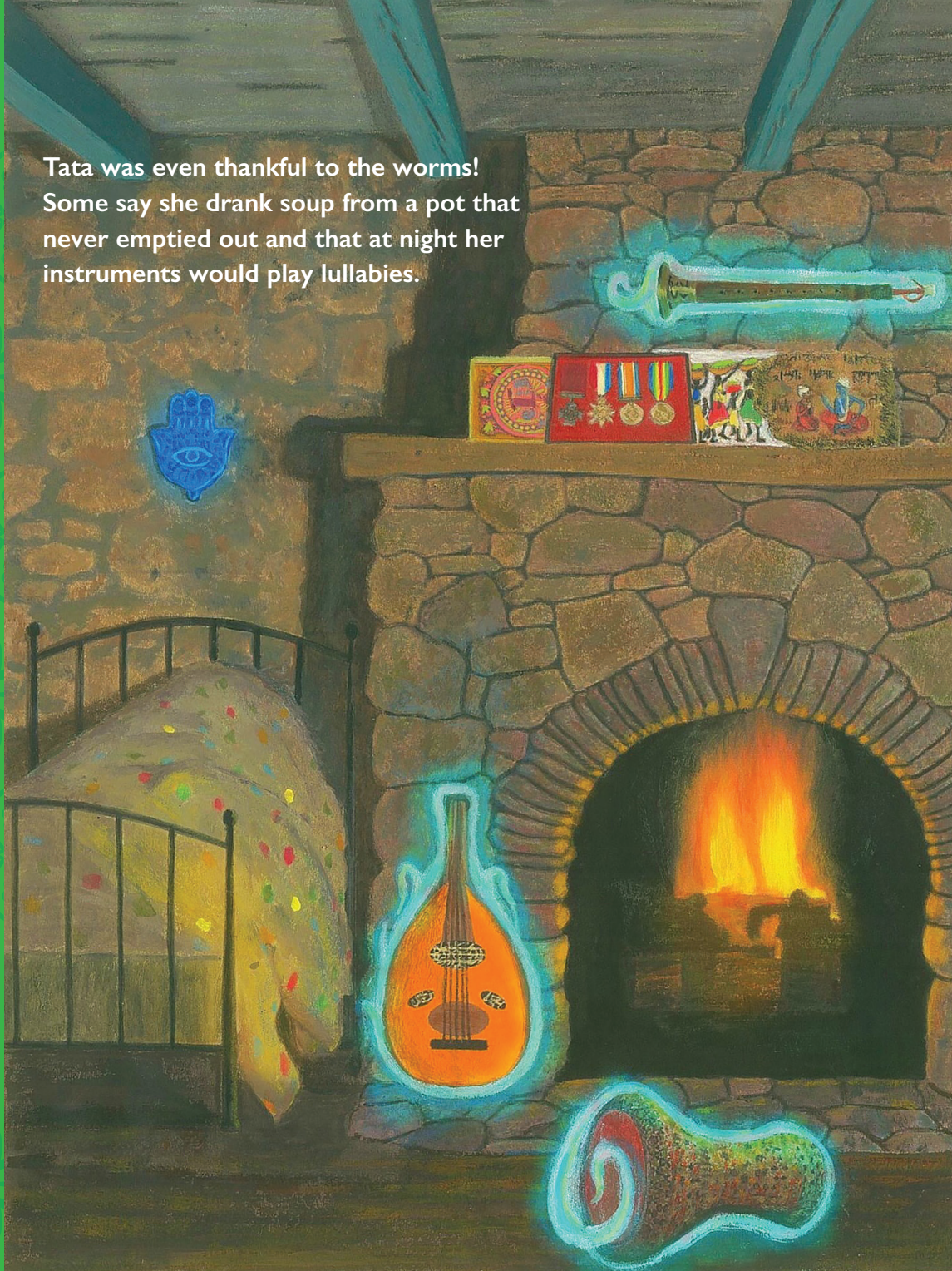


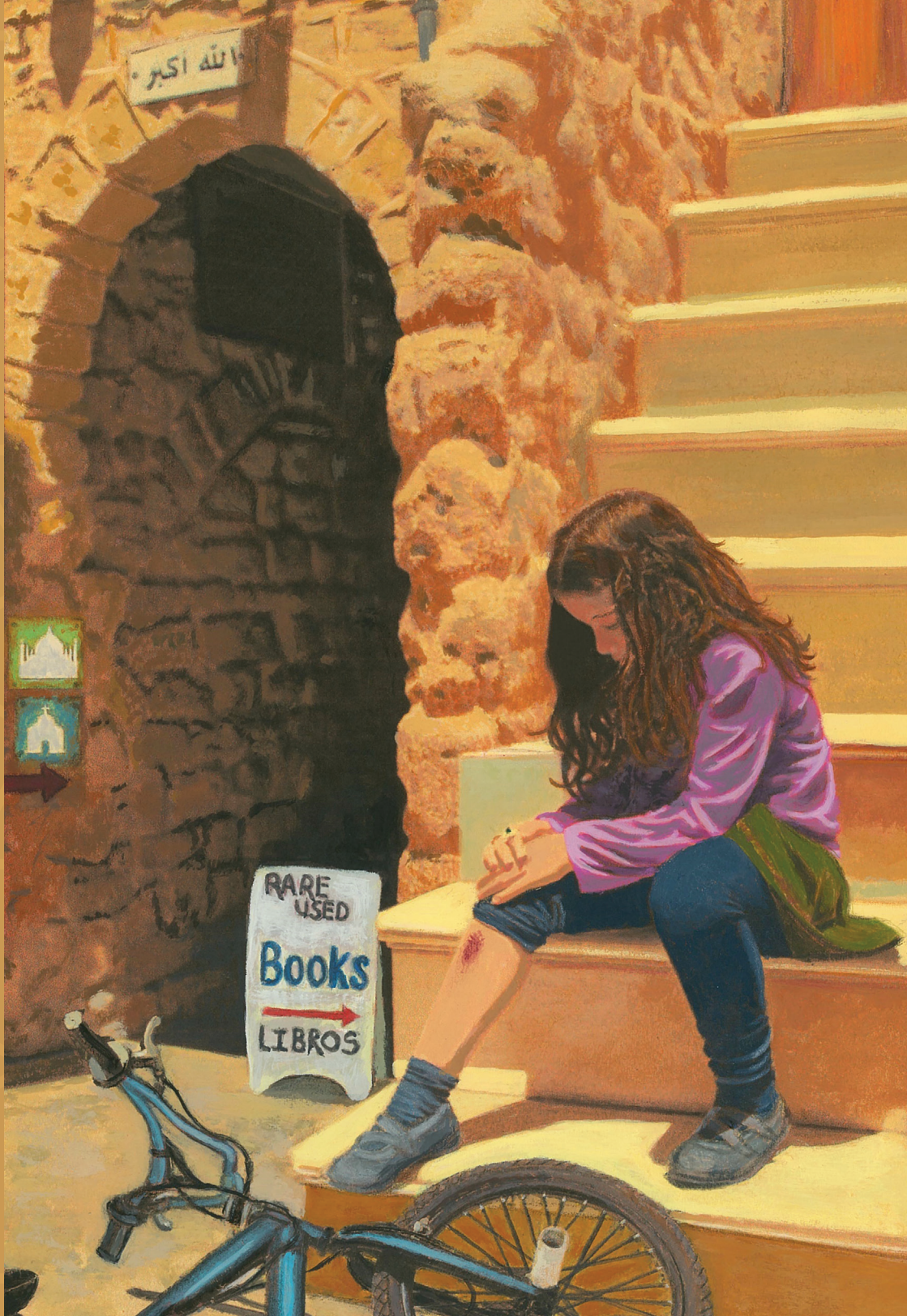
At the market, Tata sang with the canaries
and greeted all with delight.






Tata was even thankful to the worms!
Some say she drank soup from a pot that
never emptied out and that at night her
instruments would play lullabies.





No one could explain how that old woman did it, but if Maya got hurt, she knew that only Tata could heal her.





One morning, Tata was kneading dough as usual, when her headscarf moved a bit. Suddenly, Maya noticed something hanging below her frizz.

“Granny, what a gorgeous set of earrings!” she exclaimed.

“They are the treasure that I try to hide, although their power I can never contain,” Tata confessed. Surprised, Maya asked, “What are you talking about, Tata? Who gave them to you?”

“These earrings, dear grandchild, were magical even before they were worn.”

