In a small village, children woke up early each morning.



Some children carried water.

Some helped cook food.





Some cared for younger brothers and sisters.



A girl named Amina helped her family every day. Each morning, she walked down a long, dusty road carrying water.


Sometimes Amina wondered:
Does anyone see me?
Does anyone know how I feel?


One night, Amina sat beside
her grandmother near the fire.
“Grandmother,” Amina asked,
“Does God know about our village?”
Her grandmother smiled.





"But we are small,"
Amina said.