

Rameena knew just what to do. She rushed up to her room to check her money jar. "I'll find someone to give this money to," she said.





Later that morning, Rameena got ready for the day, putting the money safely in her pocket.



Downstairs, she helped her parents make lots of delicious food to take to the community centre.

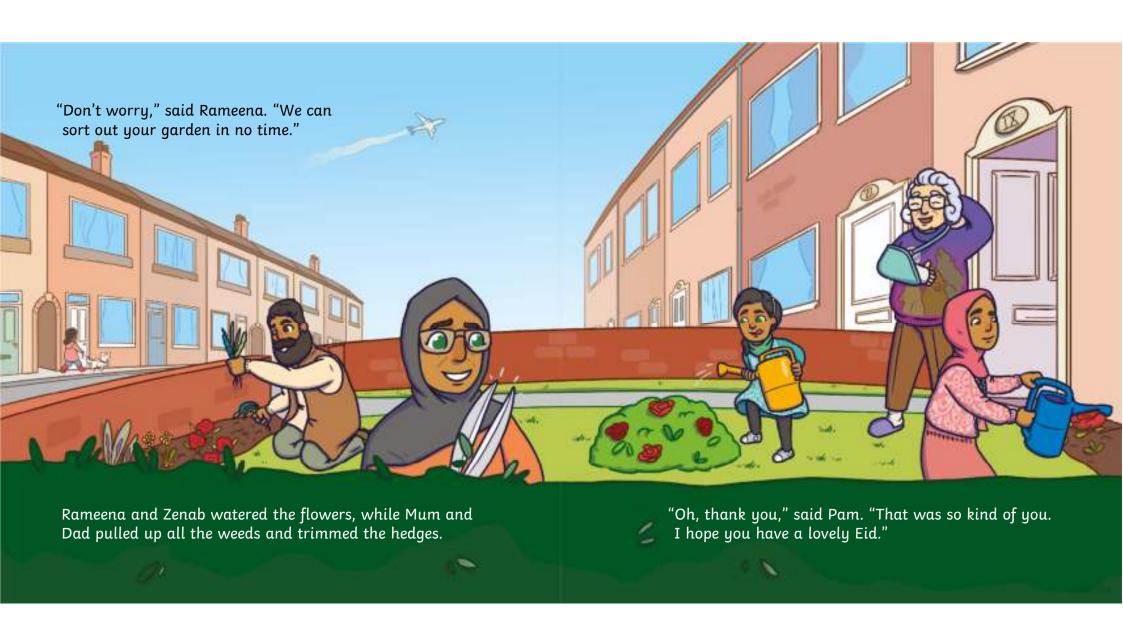


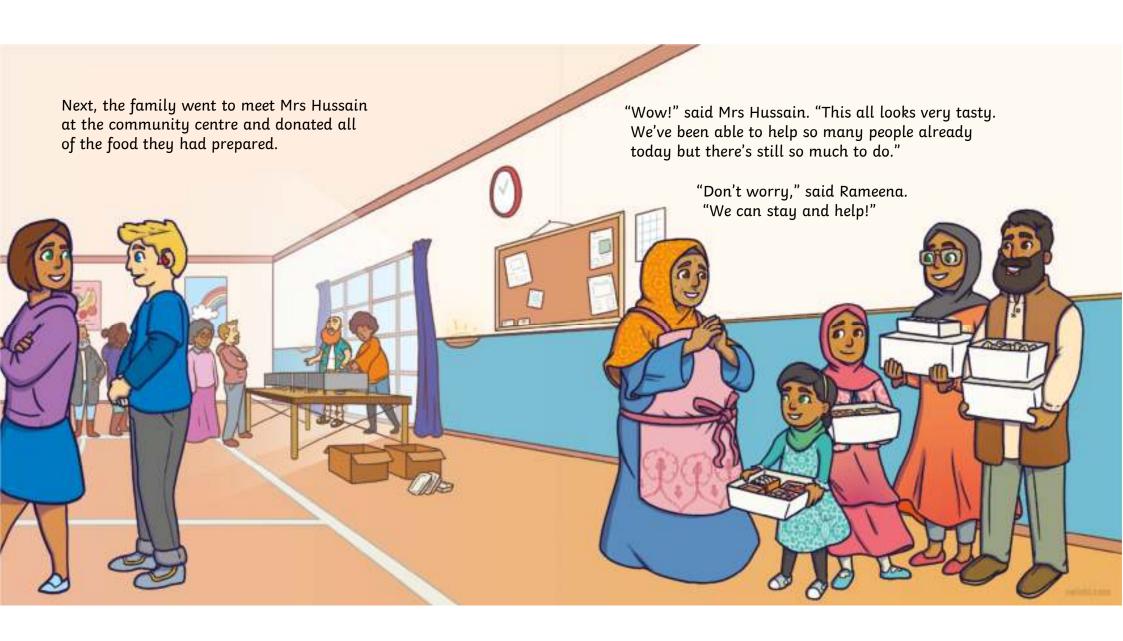
As they loaded all the tins and trays of food into the car, Rameena spotted their neighbour, Pam, in her garden.

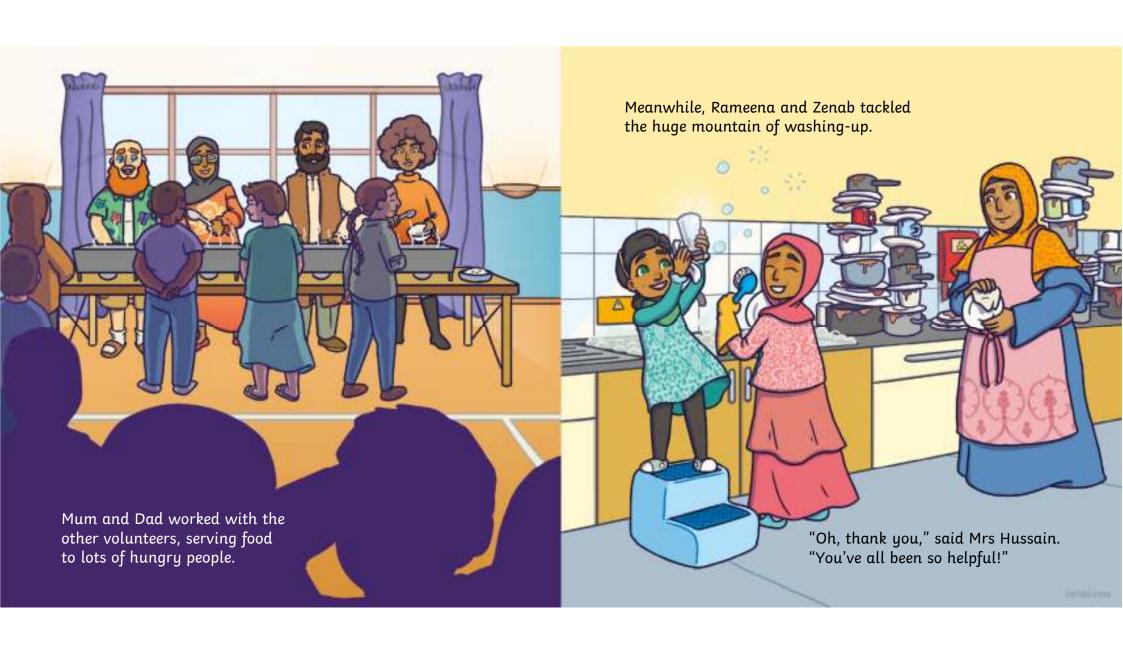


"Hi!" called Rameena. "Are you OK?"

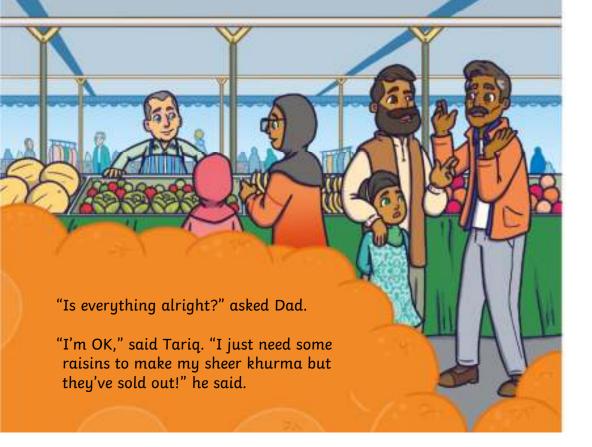
"I'm fine," said Pam. "I'm just worried about my beautiful plants. I haven't been able to do any gardening since I broke my arm."







That afternoon, the family went shopping for everything they needed for their Eid celebrations. At the market, they bumped into Dad's friend, Tariq.



"Don't worry," said Rameena. "We can give you some of ours."

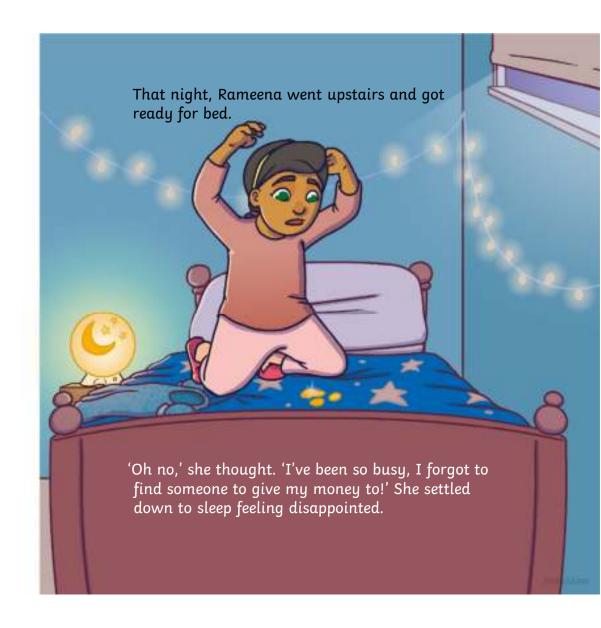
"Oh, thank you," said Tariq. "That's very generous. Sheer khurma is my son's favourite!"

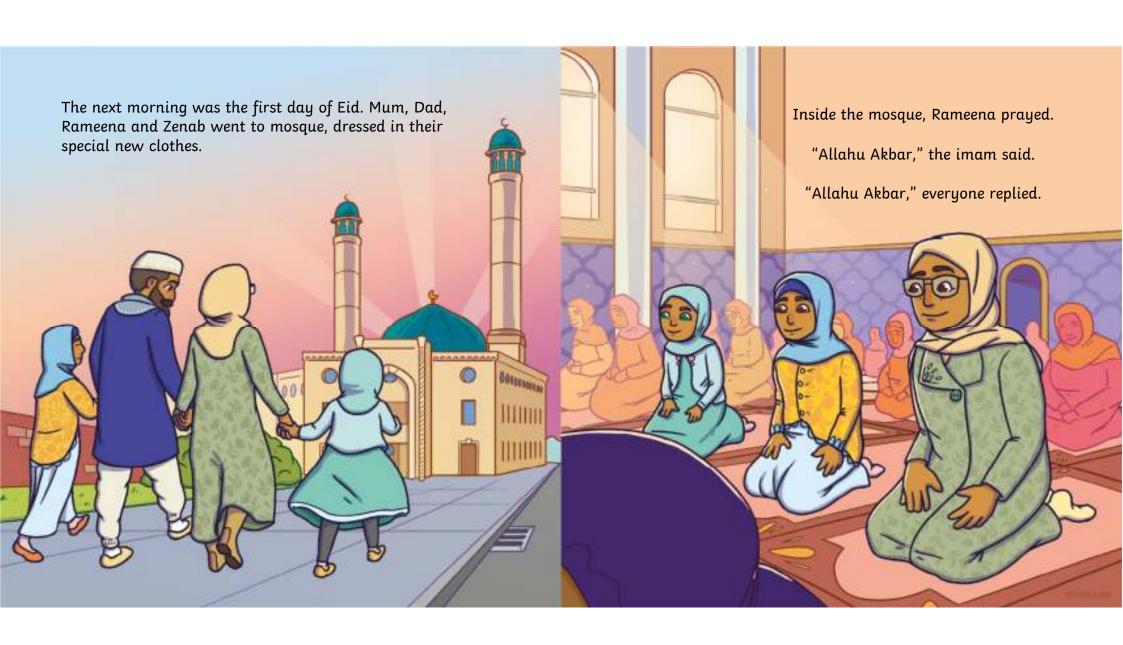
As the sun started to set, it was time for Iftar. Mum, Dad and Zenab broke their fast with dates and water.



Then, the family said the Maghrib prayer together.







On the way back home, Dad noticed that Rameena seemed quieter than normal. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"I **am** excited that it's Eid," she said, "I'm just sad that I didn't get to give to others like my calendar said."



"What are you talking about?" said Dad, surprised. "You watered Pam's garden for her. Then you washed up all those plates for Mrs Hussain. And it was your idea to share our raisins with Tariq. You've given your time, your help and your love. You don't have to give money to help others."



Rameena felt better as she realised Dad was right.









