

Eid for Nylah

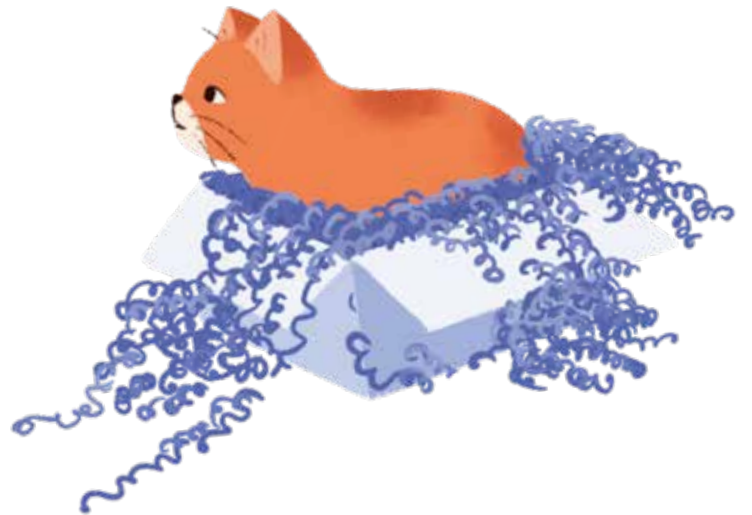


Nizrana Farook

Zelma Firdauzia

nosy
crow

Eid for)
Nylah





First published 2025 by Nosy Crow Ltd
Wheat Wharf, 27a Shad Thames
London, SE1 2XZ, UK

Nosy Crow Eireann Ltd
44 Orchard Grove, Kenmare,
Co Kerry, V93 FY22, Ireland

www.nosycrow.com

ISBN 978 1 83994 611 0 (HB)
ISBN 978 1 83994 752 0 (PB)

Nosy Crow and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered
trademarks of Nosy Crow Ltd.

Text © Nizrana Farook and illustrations © Zelma Firdausia 2025

The right of Nizrana Farook to be identified as the author and Zelma Firdausia to be identified as
the illustrator of this work has been asserted.

All rights reserved.

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise,
be lent, hired out or otherwise circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that
in which it is published. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system,
or transmitted in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or
otherwise) without the prior written permission of Nosy Crow Ltd.

The publisher and copyright holders prohibit the use of either text or illustrations to develop any
generative machine learning artificial intelligence (AI) models or related technologies.

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

Printed in China following rigorous ethical sourcing standards.

Papers used by Nosy Crow are made from wood grown in sustainable forests.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 (HB)
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 (PB)



**In memory of my grandparents, Sheikh
Mohideen Mohamed Hussain and
Jeenath Umma Hussain, who gave us
the most wonderful Eids. — N. F.**

**To Mom and Sis,
for making every
Eid brighter. — Z. F.**

Eid for Nylah

written by
Nizrana Farook

illustrated by
Zelma Firdausia



Everyone was very busy at home.

Sweeping and dusting,



wiping and scrubbing,
tidying and sorting
everything in sight.

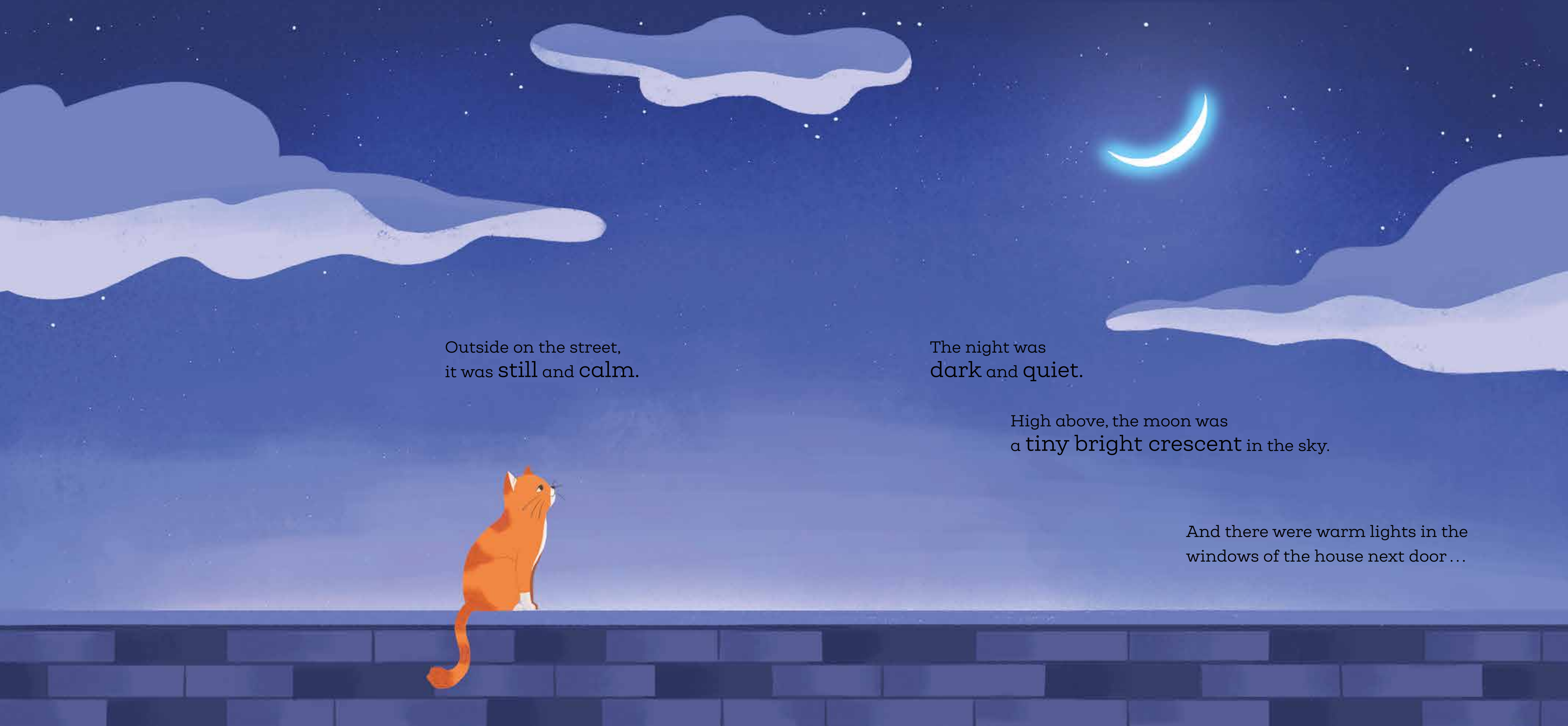
The whole family was helping ...



except for Nylah the cat.

“Oh, Nylah!” said Zahra.
“We’re all so busy. We don’t
have time to play now.”

Poor Nylah!



Outside on the street,
it was **still** and **calm**.

The night was
dark and **quiet**.

High above, the moon was
a **tiny bright crescent** in the sky.

And there were warm lights in the
windows of the house next door ...

Nylah jumped in through
the window of Bilal's house.

Everything was sparkly and colourful!

Bunting and streamers,
balloons and lanterns,
all of it so festive and bright.



Then Nylah saw
the best thing of all...

Ribbons!

Nylah pounced.

She nibbled
and leaped
and rolled.

☾ But then...

“Oh, Nylah!” said Bilal.
“We’re all so busy. We don’t have
time to play now.”

He untangled
the ribbons and
Nylah padded away.

Poor Nylah!

Next, Nylah slipped into Reem's house.

Nylah breathed in a rich, leafy smell.

Henna!



Swirls and circles,
flecks and flames,
patterns painted
carefully on their hands.