

My Day with Gong Gong



words by
Sennah Yee

pictures by
Elaine Chen

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**For my family—you are my whole heart.
—S.Y.**

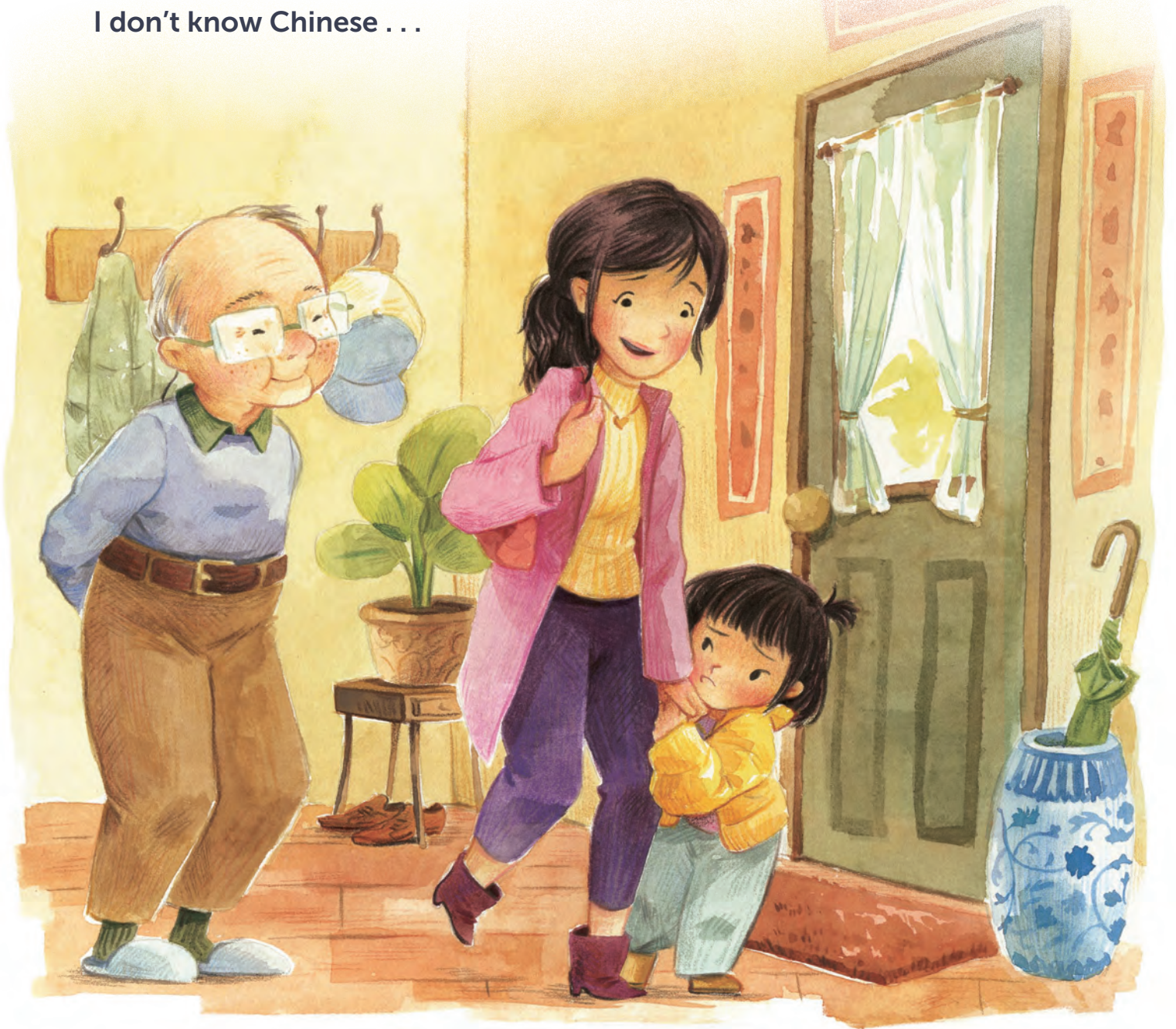
**To Mama and Wai-Gong, and everyone
who cheers me on daily.
—E.C.**

Mom is dropping me off at my Gong Gong's house for the day.

"I wish you could stay with me," I say.

What will Gong Gong and I talk about?

I don't know Chinese . . .



"It will be okay, May," says Mom. "You will still have fun!"

I don't know about that!

Gong Gong is watching hockey on TV. **Boring!**
Gong Gong must think so too, because he's asleep.



I change the channel to a cartoon.

Gong Gong wakes up and smiles. He turns off the TV.

Hey! I wanted to keep watching!



He gets up and puts on his old cap and his puffy vest.
It's time for a walk.



Gong Gong's neighbor waves at us.

"Nei hou!" says Gong Gong.

His neighbor says something in Chinese.
Gong Gong laughs and points at me.

Huh? What's so funny?

Down the street, vendors sell jewelry
and toys, and a man plays Chinese violin.



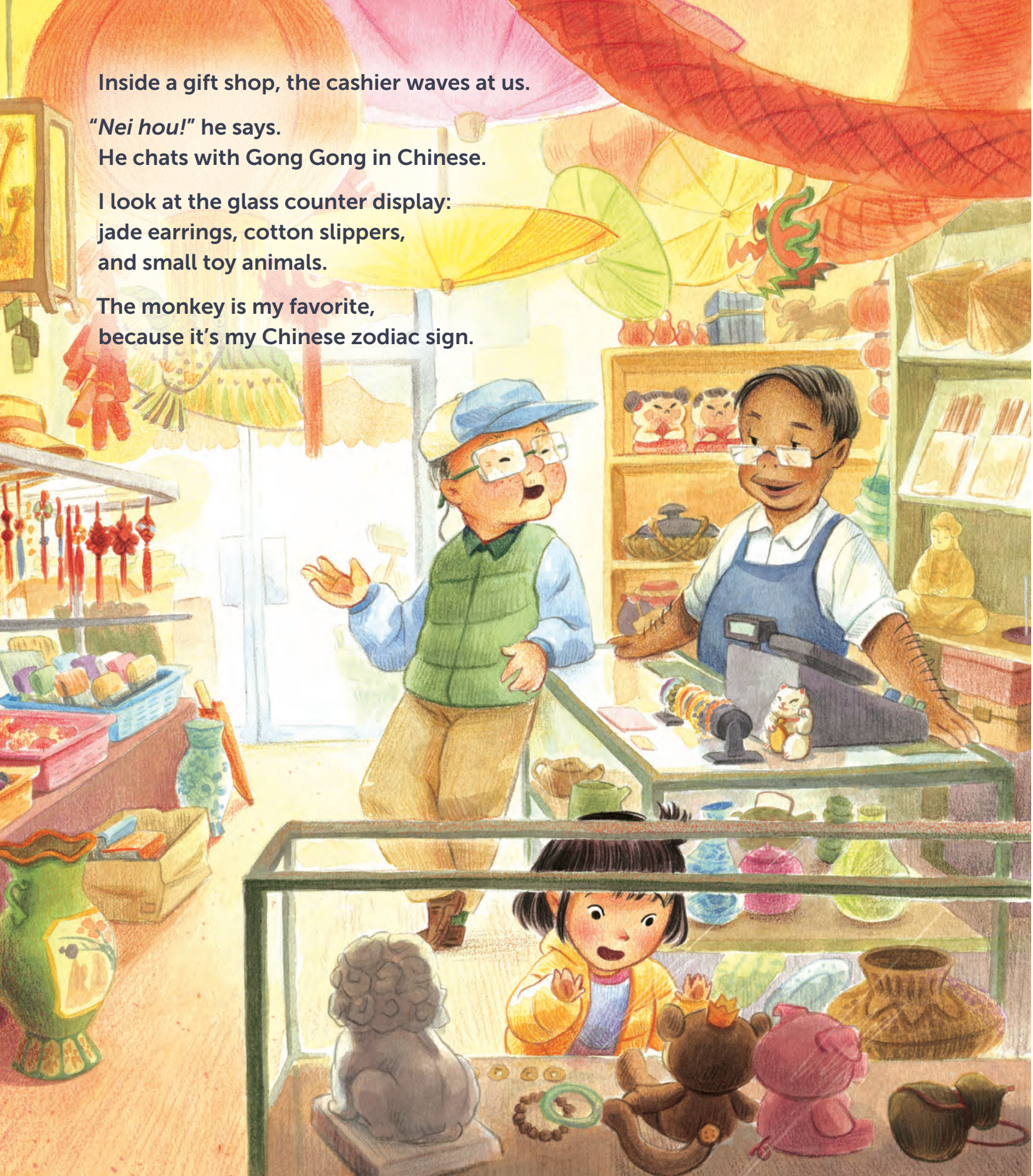
Inside a gift shop, the cashier waves at us.

"Nei hou!" he says.

He chats with Gong Gong in Chinese.

I look at the glass counter display:
jade earrings, cotton slippers,
and small toy animals.

The monkey is my favorite,
because it's my Chinese zodiac sign.





My tummy grumbles.
I pull on Gong Gong's sleeve.

"Can we eat?" I ask.

He pats my head and smiles,
but that's not what I asked for!

Gong Gong takes us to a dim sum restaurant next.
Maybe he understood me after all.

"Nei hou!" says Gong Gong.

The cooks nod back as they wrap
dumplings with their hands.



Carts of food pass by me: yummy pork buns, fried
turnip cake, mango pudding . . . I'm so hungry!

"Can we eat?" I ask Gong Gong again.
But he only orders tea.

