

# WHERE WILDFLOWERS GROW



written by  
**HÀ DINH**

illustrated by  
**BAO LUU**

**SNEAK  
PEEK**



**SAMPLE  
ONLY**

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PROOF**





# WHERE WILDFLOWERS GROW



written by HÀ DINH



WATERBROOK

illustrated by BAO LUU







Today is moving day.

Ba opens the window, pulls the curtains back, and stretches his arms to the sky.

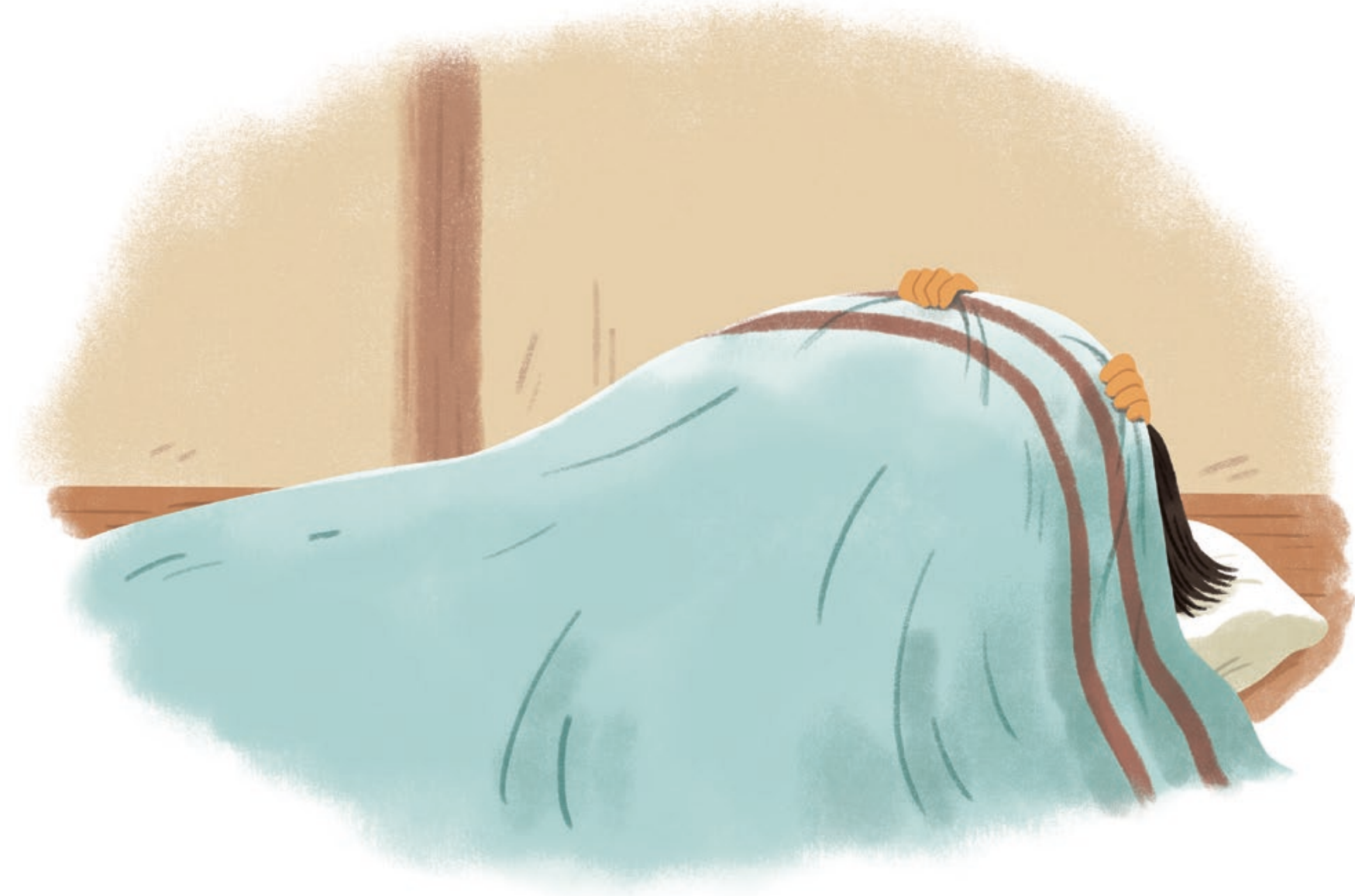
Má gently brushes her hair and clips it back.

My siblings rush out of bed one by one, smiling brighter than the sun and wider than the window in our bunkhouse.





I stay underneath the blanket.



"Can we stay a little longer?" I beg.

"Nonsense! We have been praying for this day for so long, and now it's here!" Má exclaims.







We used to live in a big city in Việtn m, with narrow alleys  
and rickety bicycles, crowded streets and honking cars,  
and a beautiful church with two large towers.



I don't miss our busy life then, but  
I do miss hearing the church bells  
echo all the way to school.





Má sold small cakes in front of our house, and  
Ba sold old electronics at the market.

Their foreheads were always covered with  
dark lines, sweat, and dirt.

Now we live in a refugee camp in the  
Philippines as we wait to be sponsored.

Ba walks me to school before he goes to English  
class, and Má picks me up in the afternoon.



The lines on their foreheads have disappeared,  
and their smiles have returned.



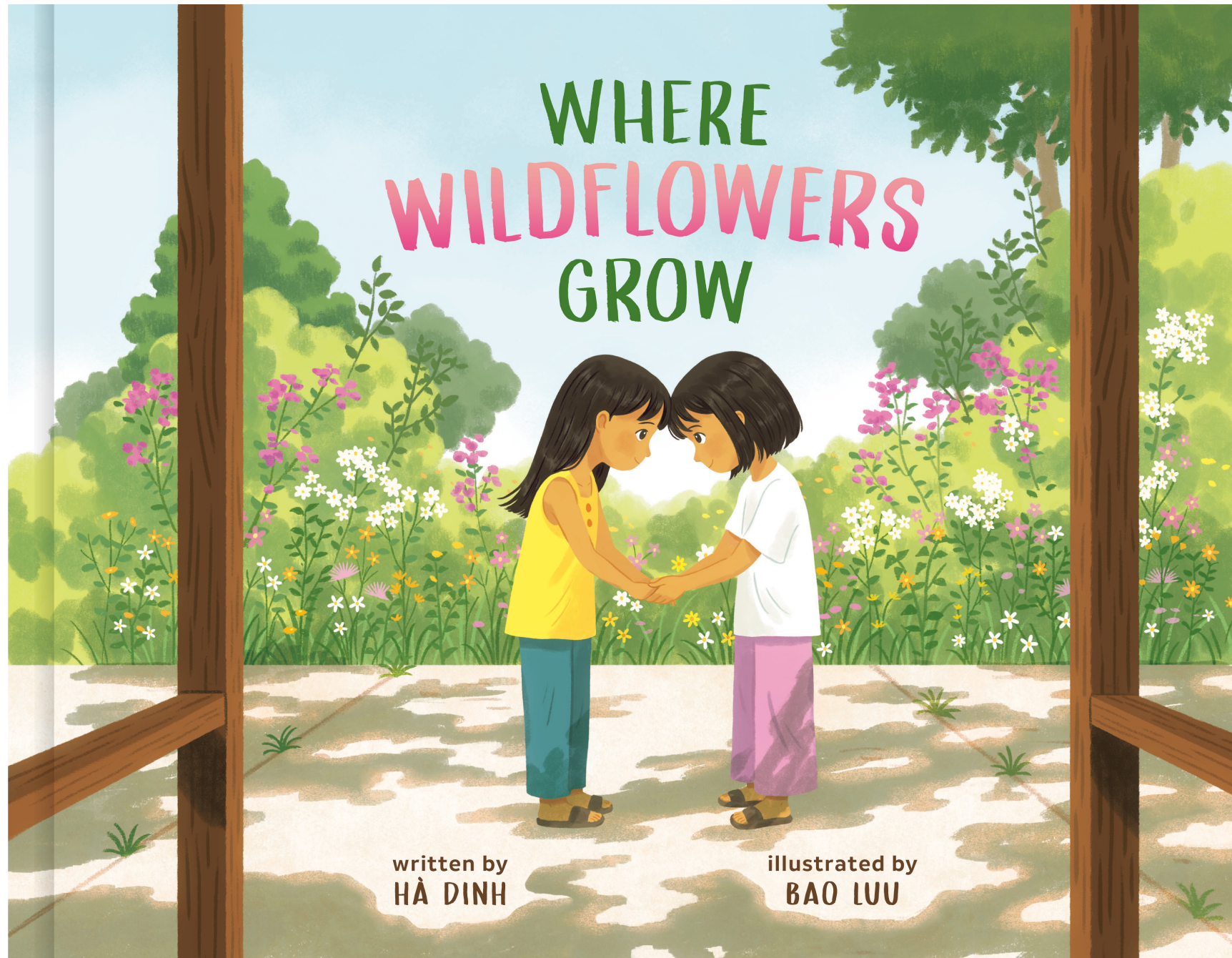


"We will get good jobs in America," Ba says.  
"There are great schools in America too," Má says.  
"It'll be the best home we'll ever have," my siblings say.

But camp is already the best home.







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