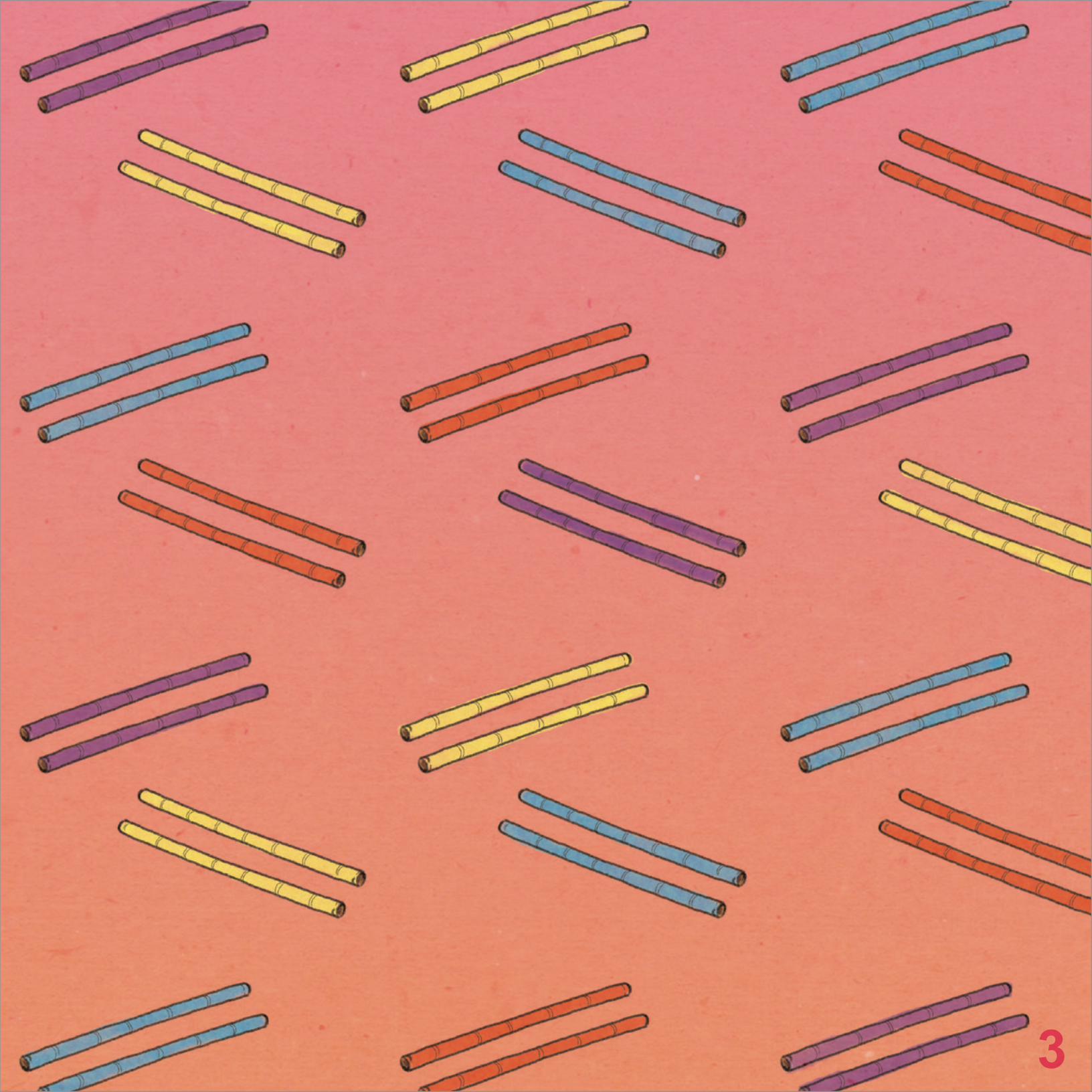
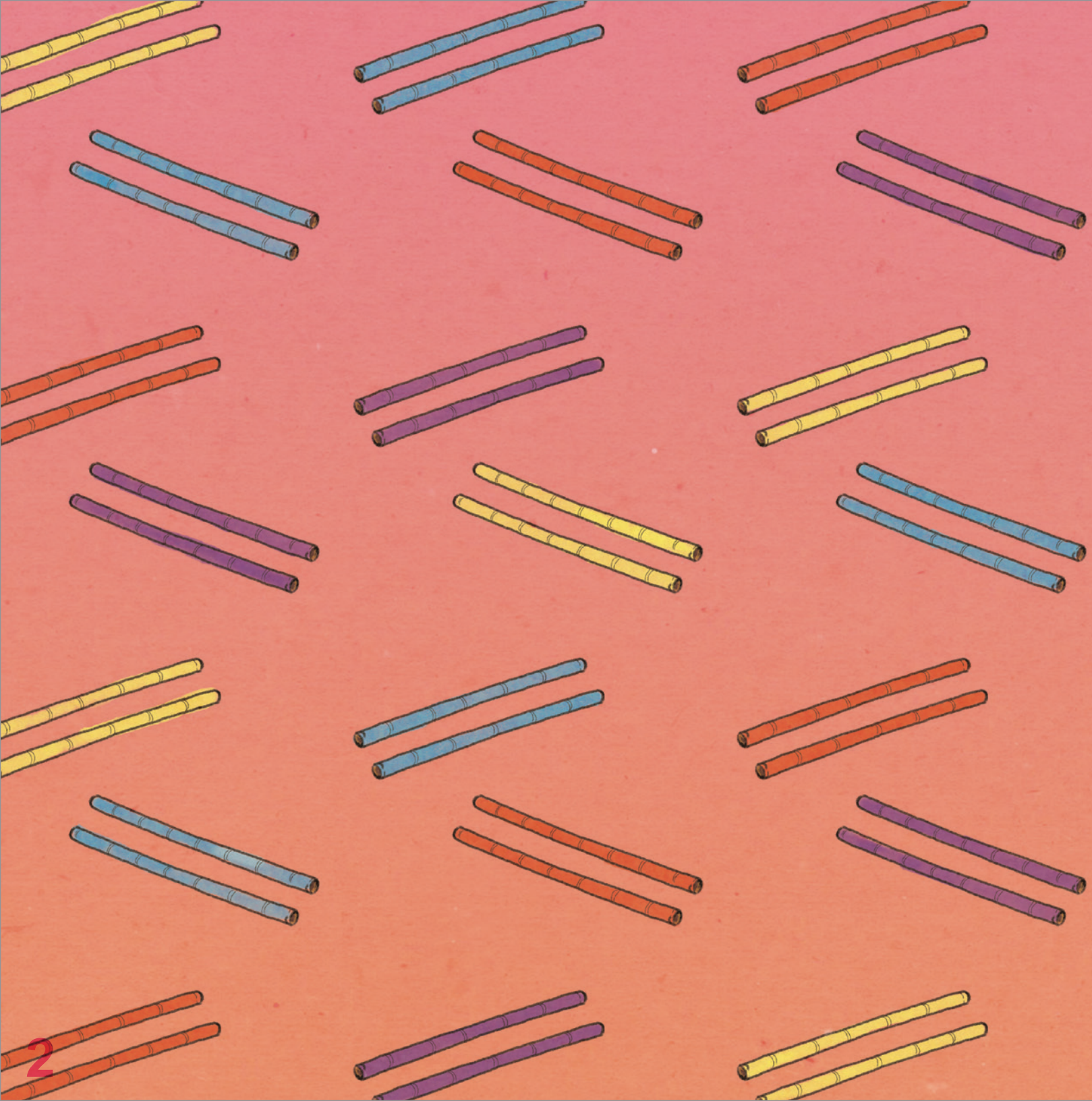


Kailani's Gift

WRITTEN BY
Dorina Lazo
Gilmore-Young

ILLUSTRATED BY
Lynnor
Bontigao





For my three daughters, Meilani, Giada, and Zayla, who
continue to inspire me with their courage to try new things.

For my grandparents, Lola Cora and Lolo Frank, who were lovers of
music and dance and who championed their grandkids. Salamat po!

—Dorina

For Jacob and Sofia, my greatest gifts.

—Lynnor

Kailani's Gift



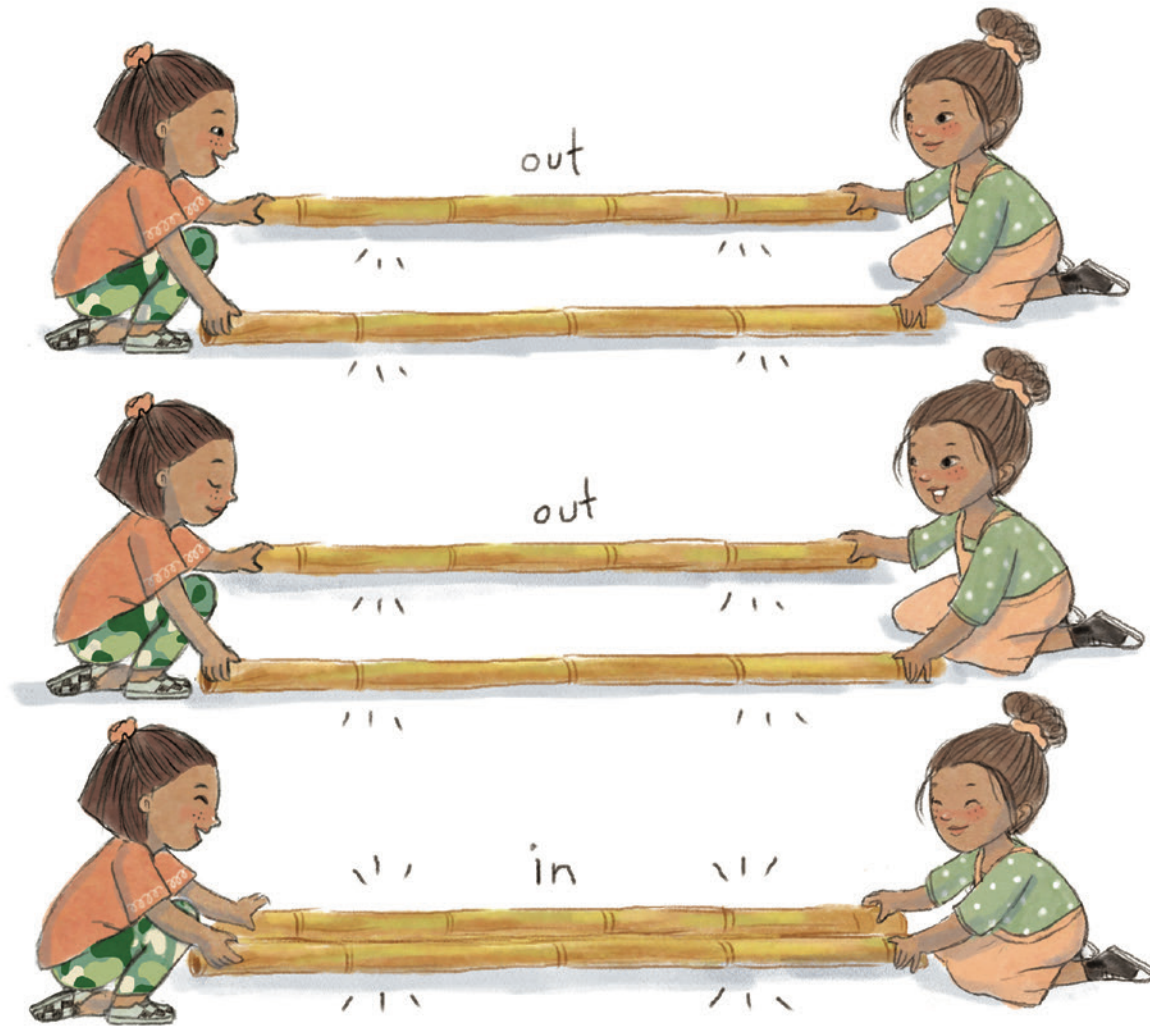
written by
Dorina Lazo Gilmore-Young



illustrated by
Lynnor Bontigao



Only one more week until the big anniversary party!
Kailani skipped into the garage where her sisters and brother
were rehearsing their tinikling dance for the celebration.



With swift motions, Marisol and Maile spread two bamboo poles wide, smacking them against the garage floor twice. Then they clapped the poles together.

Out-out-in. Out-out-in.

They kept the bamboo moving in a rhythmic pattern.

Kailani watched as Zandro and Imelda jumped between the moving poles. They twirled with the music as their bare feet danced.

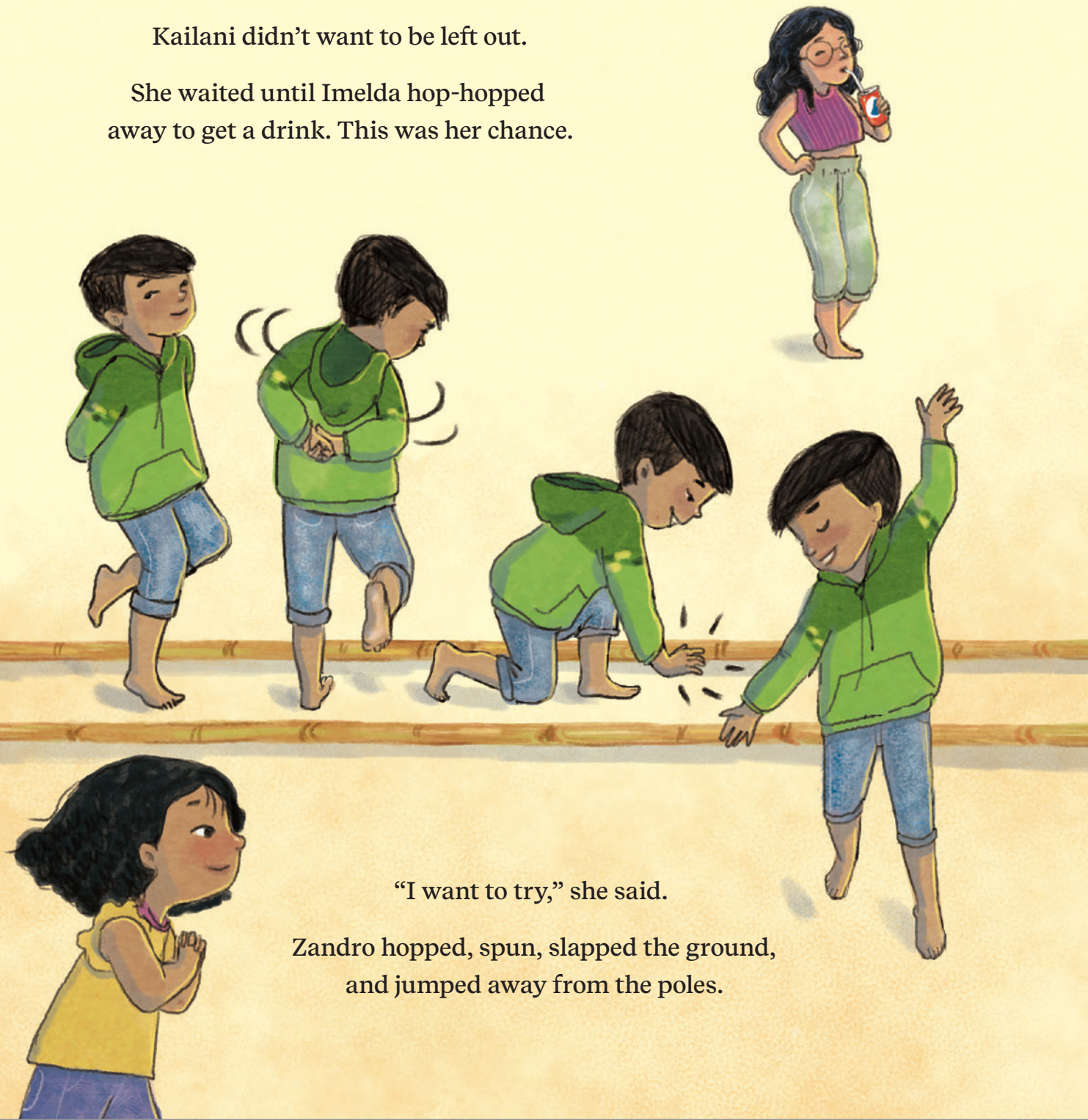
Out-out-in. Hop-hop-half spin. Hop-hop-reverse.

Out-out-in. Hop-hop-half spin. Hop-hop-reverse.



Kailani didn't want to be left out.

She waited until Imelda hop-hopped away to get a drink. This was her chance.



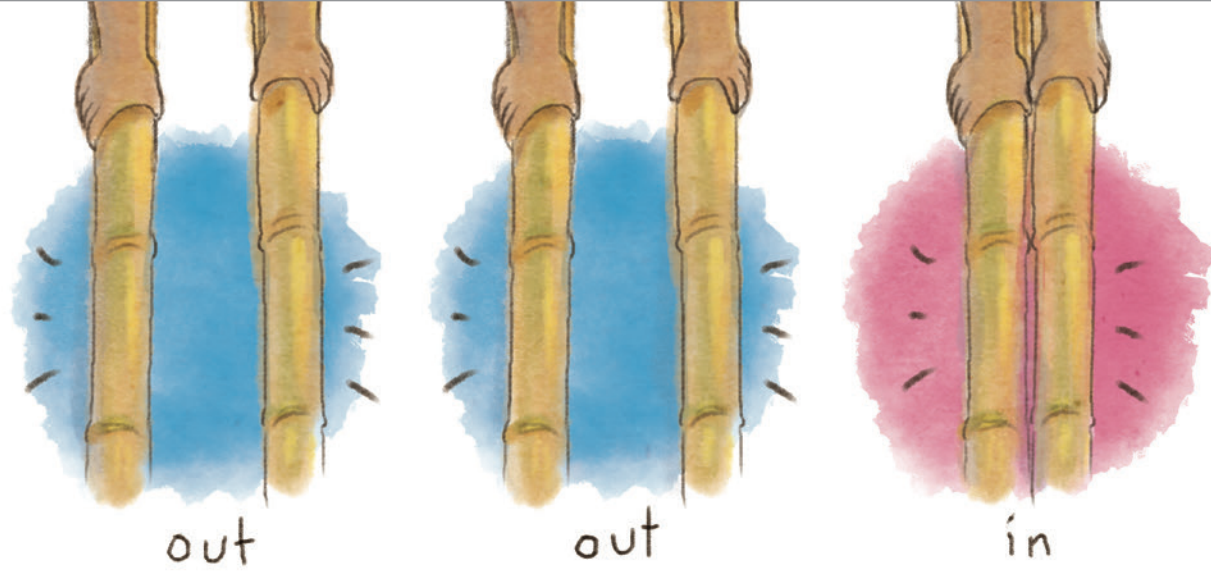
"I want to try," she said.

Zandro hopped, spun, slapped the ground, and jumped away from the poles.



"You sure you want to try, little sis?" Zandro asked without skipping a beat. "Tinikling isn't easy. Maybe you should stick with ring-around-the-rosy."

Kailani hung her head.



Her oldest sister, Marisol, nodded for her to sit.
 “You have to learn the rhythm first. See?
 Like this. . . **Out-out-in. Out-out-in.**”

Kailani repeated the rhythm in her head.
 The poles **click-click-clicked**.



“Now you try,” Marisol said. “Maybe you can be part
 of our dance for Lolo and Lola’s anniversary party.”

Kailani clutched the heavy poles and tried to re-create the pattern.



One pole slipped from her hand
 and rolled onto the garage floor.



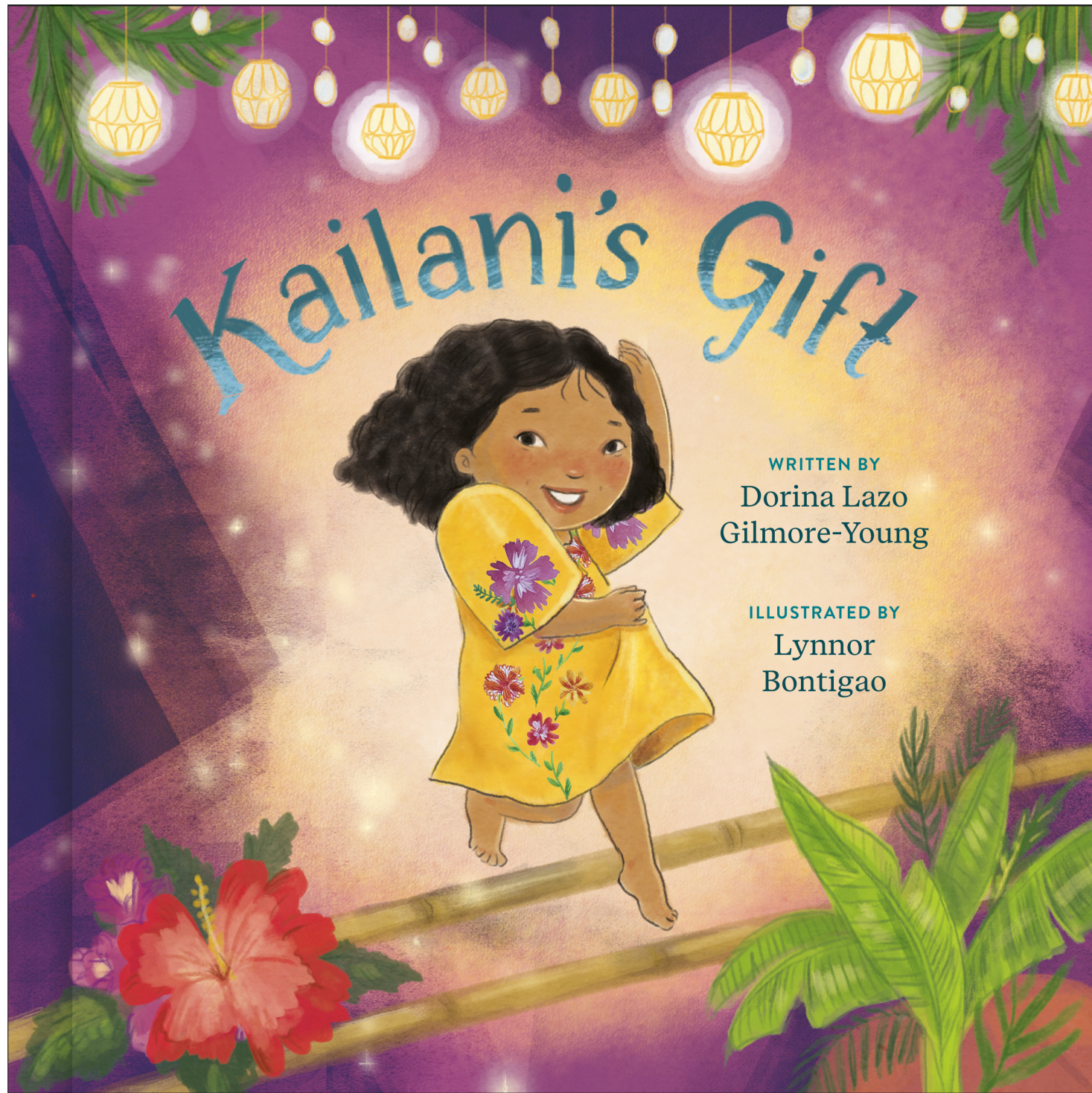
Zandro sighed. "You're too clumsy. Go inside, and color a nice picture for the party."



Before Kailani could respond, Mama poked her head into the garage, the smell of pancit and adobo chicken wafting after her. "Dinner's ready! Help set the table."



The others rushed inside. Kailani started to follow but decided to wait when she saw Daddy pulling into the driveway.



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