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**Aliya Ghare** is a Canadian illustrator and designer. Her work ranges from children's picture books to editorial and advertising illustration, surface design, product design, and more. She has been recognized by the Society of Illustrators New York, American Illustration, Adobe, the National Magazine Awards, Applied Arts, and 3x3 Magazine.



You are the wolf that howls,  
crying at the moon,  
telling the story of our people.

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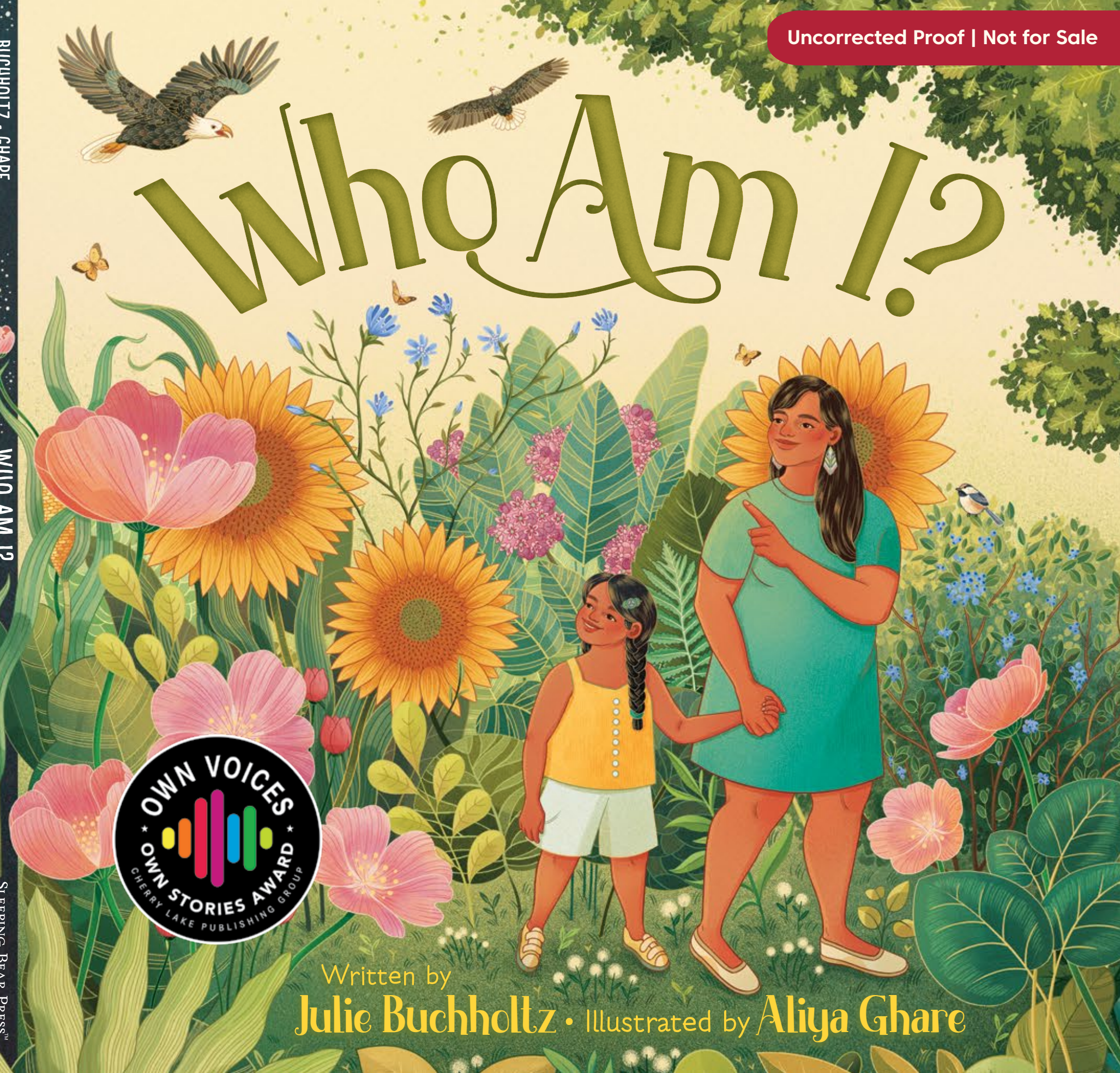


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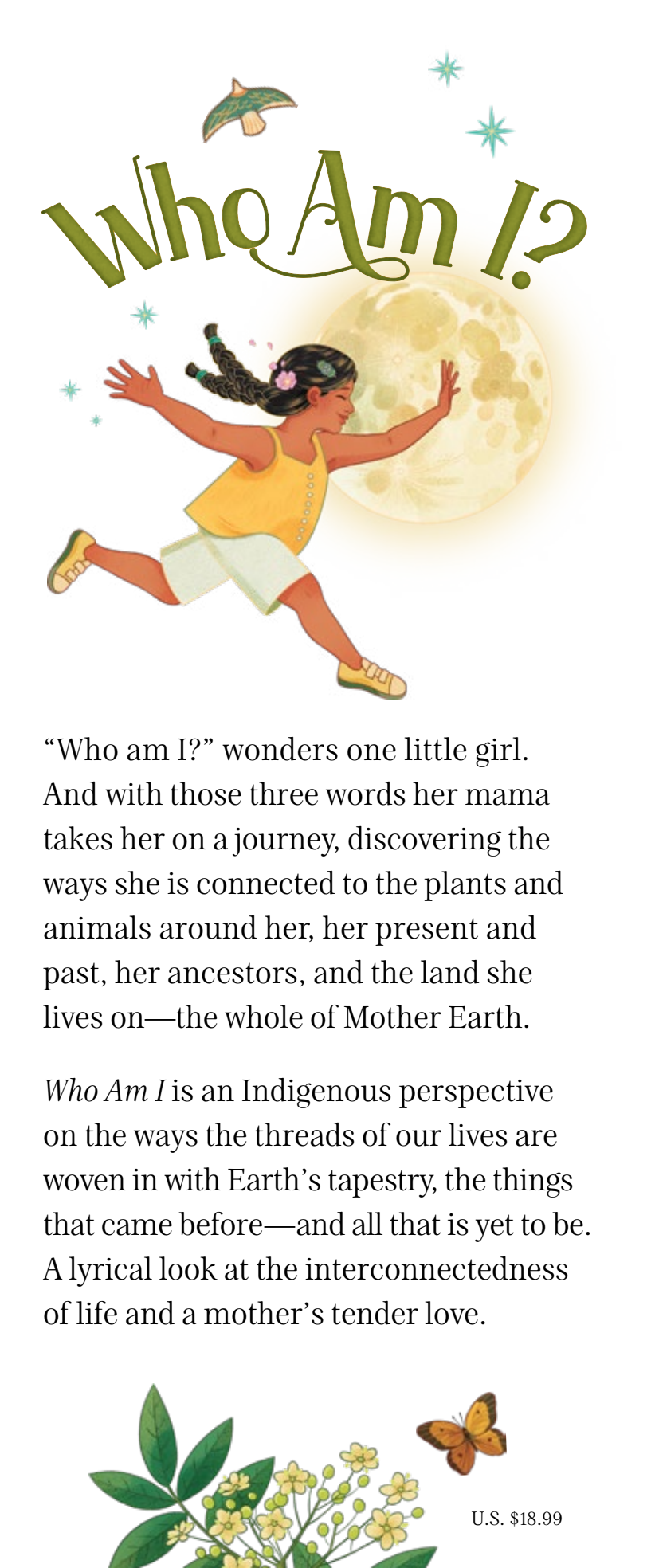
WHO AM I?

SLEEPING BEAR PRESS

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Written by  
**Julie Buchholtz** • Illustrated by **Aliya Ghare**



"Who am I?" wonders one little girl. And with those three words her mama takes her on a journey, discovering the ways she is connected to the plants and animals around her, her present and past, her ancestors, and the land she lives on—the whole of Mother Earth.

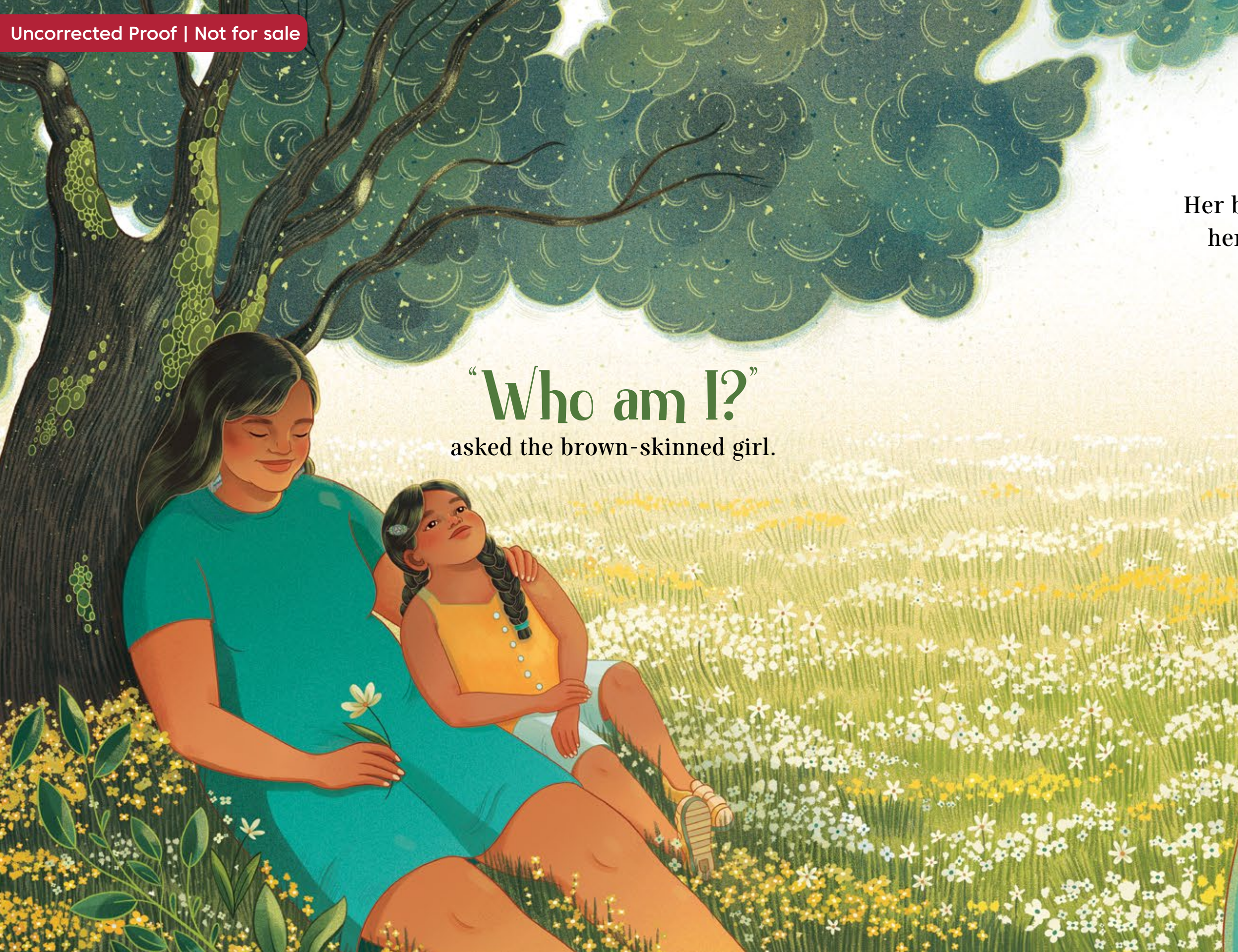
*Who Am I* is an Indigenous perspective on the ways the threads of our lives are woven in with Earth's tapestry, the things that came before—and all that is yet to be. A lyrical look at the interconnectedness of life and a mother's tender love.

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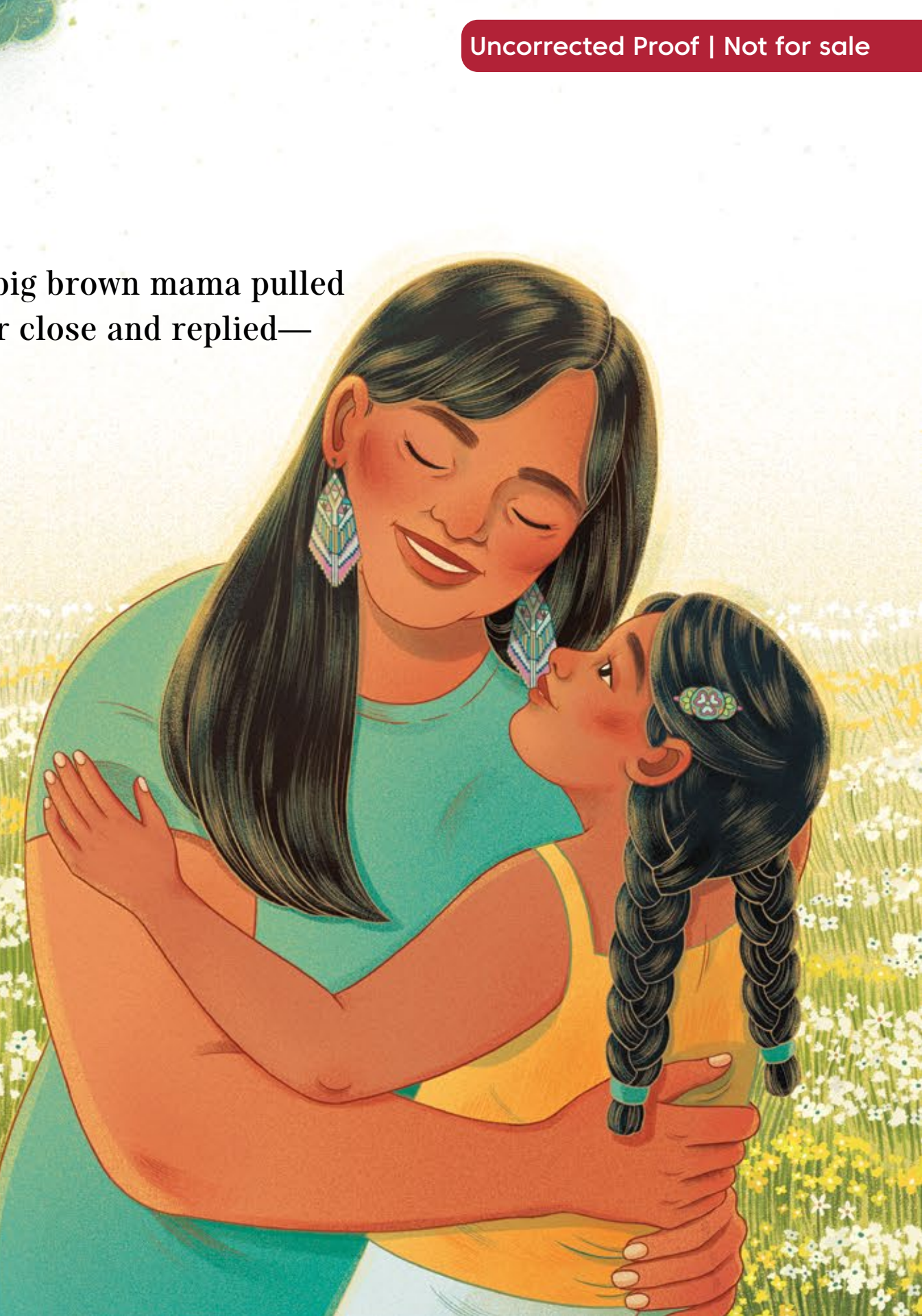
# Who Am I!?



Written by **Julie Buchholtz** and Illustrated by **Aliya Ghare**



**“Who am I?”**  
asked the brown-skinned girl.



Her big brown mama pulled  
her close and replied—



You are the wind that scatters,  
moving seeds across the field,  
providing nourishment for our people.



You are the rain that falls,  
quenching the thirsty land,  
allowing new life to grow.

You are the fire that burns,  
dancing flames of red and orange,  
fending off the darkness.





**“Who am I?”**  
asked the brown-skinned girl.

You are the eagle that flies,  
soaring above the mountains,  
connecting us to our ancestors.



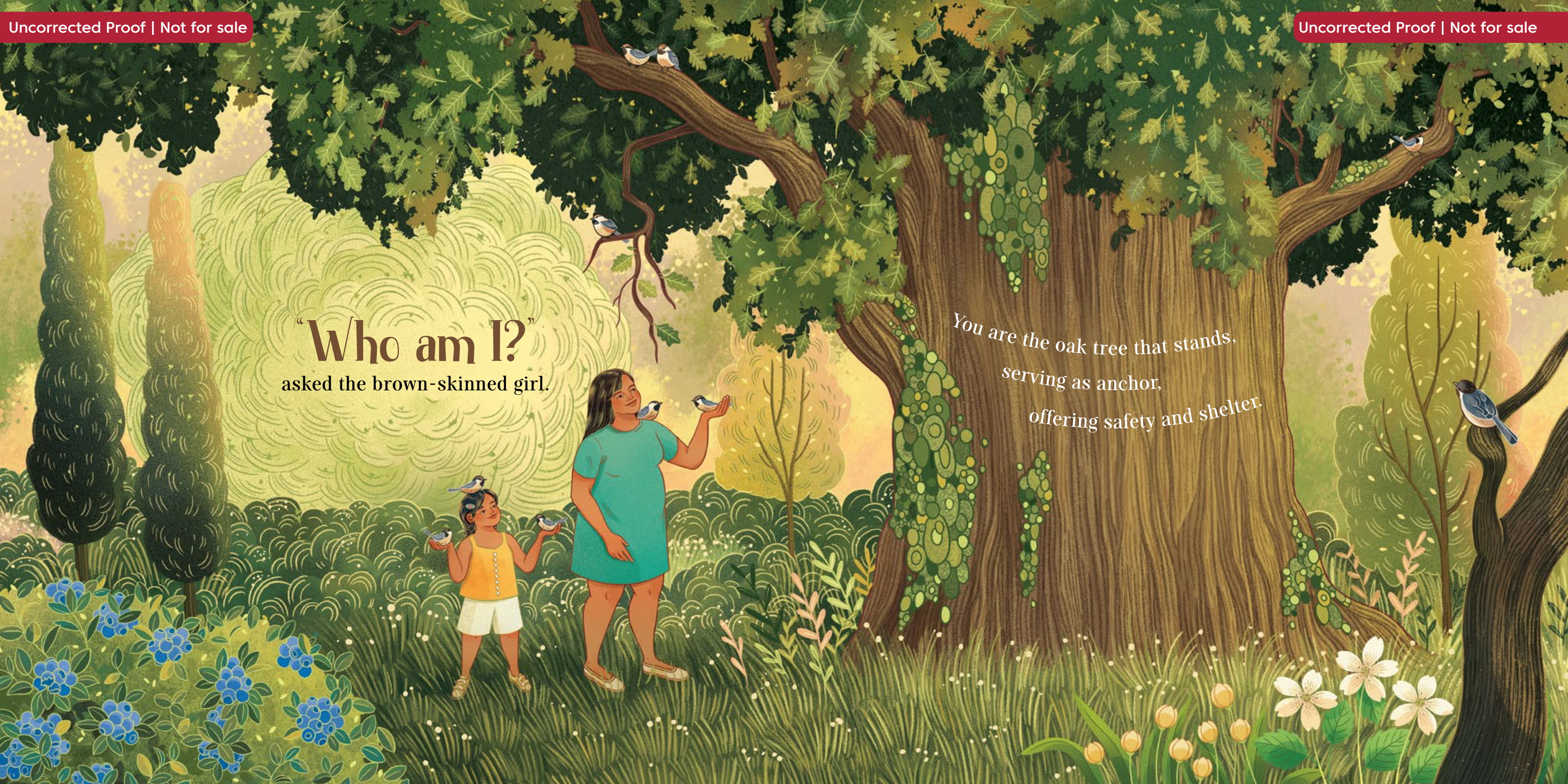
You are the sun that shines,  
warming the Earth,  
coaxing our brothers and sisters from slumber.

You are the star that twinkles,  
brightening the midnight sky,  
bringing light and lending guidance.



**“Who am I?”**  
asked the brown-skinned girl.

*You are the oak tree that stands,  
serving as anchor,  
offering safety and shelter.*







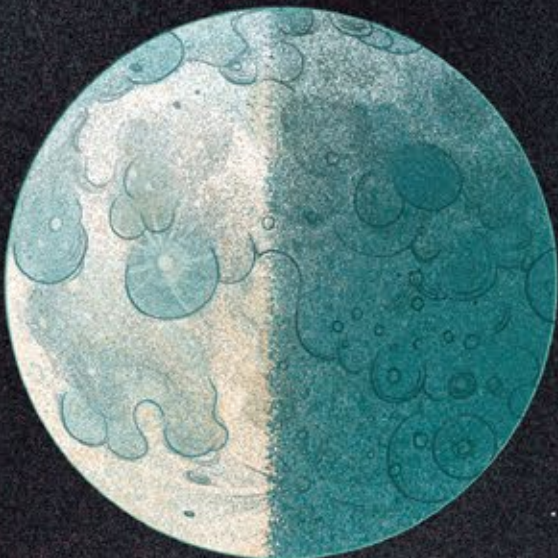
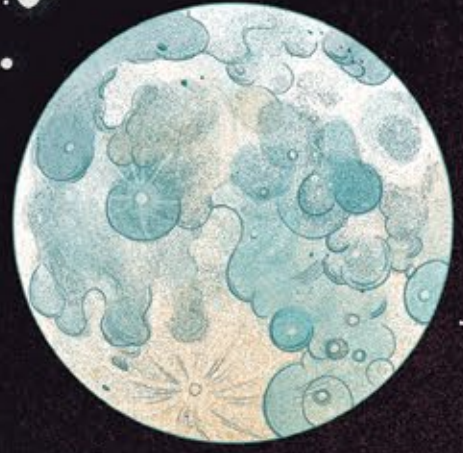
You are the river that bends,  
winding and twisting,  
guiding along its path.



You are the wild rose that grows,  
blooming in the spring,  
coloring the world with beauty.

**“Who am I?”**  
asked the brown-skinned girl.

*You are the moon that glows,  
waxing and waning,  
marking the passage of time.*





You are the snow that falls,  
blanketing the ground,  
protecting the soil and plants below.

You are the wolf that howls,  
crying at the moon,  
telling the story of our people.



While Big Brown Mama held her little brown girl close, little brown girl listened.

Slowly, little brown girl's eyes grew sleepy  
her mouth curved into a smile,



**I am** the wind that scatters and the rain that falls.



**I am** the fire that burns and the eagle that flies.

**I am** the sun that shines and the star that twinkles.





**I am** the oak tree that stands and the river that bends.  
**I am** the wild rose that grows and the moon that glows.

**I am** the snow that falls and the wolf that howls.

The little brown girl suddenly realized  
that she was not so little after all.





## Words From the Author


The little brown girl's final thought before she drifts off to sleep is the understanding of how she is connected to all of the animals, plants, and organisms on **Mother Earth**.



Do you know that **YOU** too are connected? In fact, we are **ALL** connected to one another and to this wonderful planet we call home or **Mother Earth**.

It is our job to take care of **Mother Earth** just as you would take care of yourself. Doing so will allow future generations to be safe, happy, and healthy.





*To my one in a million husband, Larry; my very own mama, Linda; and my children.*

—Julie

*For the Indigenous children of Turtle Island, past and present.  
And for my mom, whose love and spirit inspired the drawings in this book.*

—Aliya

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