

~~miriam!~~

~~naira!~~

THAT'S NOT MY NAME!

~~marina?~~

~~mila~~

~~misha!~~

~~maya!~~

~~marlo~~

~~maria~~

~~meera~~

~~mara?~~

~~maha?~~

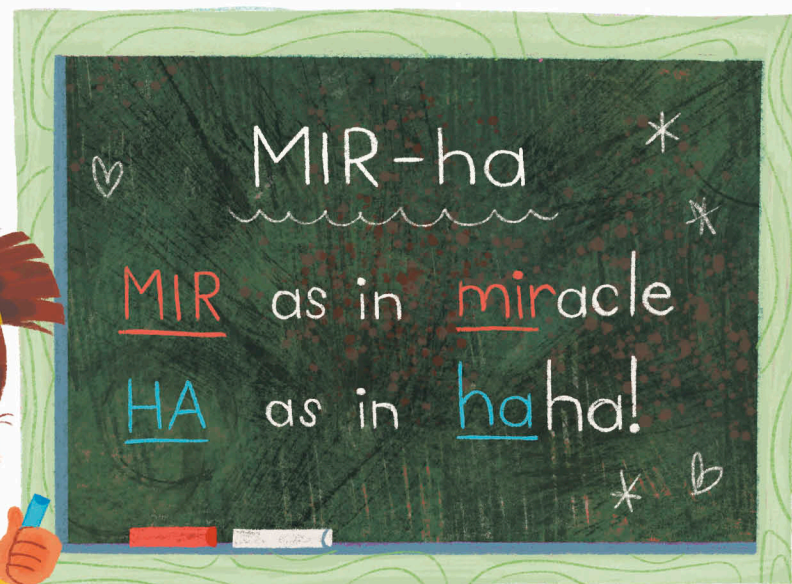
~~murha~~

~~mid!~~



anoosha syed

my name
is mirha!



THAT'S NOT
MY NAME!

anoosha syed

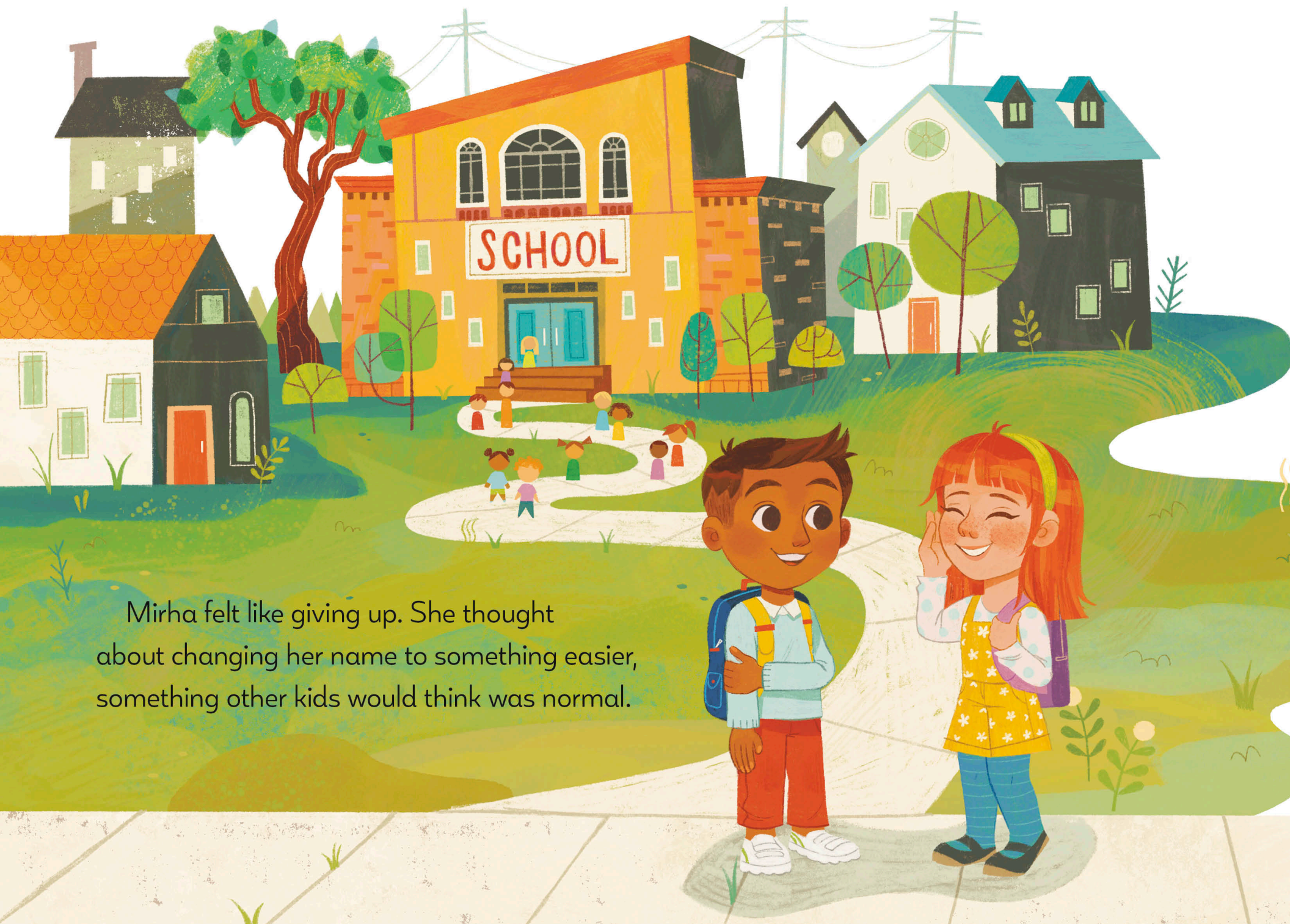


Mirha had been waiting for months to start school.
She was so excited to learn, to play, and most of all,
to make friends.

She shyly stood in front of the class and said . . .

my name
is mirha!





Mirha felt like giving up. She thought about changing her name to something easier, something other kids would think was normal.

If she had a different name, no one would get it wrong when she ordered hot chocolate at cafés.



Maybe she could finally find a key chain with her name on it.



Maybe she could make some friends.



Mama said Mirha shouldn't
change her name for anyone.



"If people can remember names like
Beethoven and Tchaikovsky and Michelangelo,
they can remember Mirha!"



"You're right, Mama! I'm proud of my name, and I love what it means. I can't wait to tell the whole world that my name is Mirha."