

The Hands That Hold the World



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المزيد من مادة
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إعداد: Omran Heba

التواصل الاجتماعي بحسب الصف الثامن



صفحة المناهج
الإماراتية على
فيسبوك

الرياضيات

اللغة الانجليزية

اللغة العربية

التربية الاسلامية

المواد على تلغرام

المزيد من الملفات بحسب الصف الثامن والمادة لغة انجليزية في الفصل الثالث

الثالث الدرس - التاسعة الوحدة Travels and Exploration

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هيكل الامتحان أسئلة وتدريبات 2026م

2

Unit 8: World Festivals - Grammar, Vocabulary, Reading Comprehension and Writing

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Grammar review

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Revision worksheet - UAE Travel Blog

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Before the sun even thought about waking up, Sirona was already on her feet. The house was quiet and chilly, but her heart was a small, steady furnace. She moved through the shadows with practiced grace, preparing for a day that would ask for everything she had to give. For Sirona, the

morning wasn't a time for rest, but a time to prepare the path for the two little lives she loved more than her own.



Sirona's days were filled with heavy things. She spent hours at the communal well and the scrubbing stones, lifting buckets that made her shoulders ache and scrubbing linens until her fingers were raw. Each splash of water and each rub of the soap was a promise she kept to her children: they would always have a clean home and a mother who never quit.



From the corner of the garden, Arlo and Lyra watched their mother. They saw the way she wiped sweat from her forehead with the back of her hand. They noticed how she didn't run or jump like they did; she moved slowly, like a tree bending in a strong wind. They began to realize that the comfort they felt every day was built by the strength of her tired bones.



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At dinner, the soup pot was often low. Sirona would ladle the thickest vegetables and the biggest chunks of bread into Arlo's bowl first. "I had a big lunch at work," she would lie with a gentle smile, even though her stomach grumbled softly. Arlo looked at his full bowl and then at his mother, sensing a secret he couldn't quite name.



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One evening, Lyra sat by her mother's feet and noticed her boots. The leather was thin, and a small hole had opened at the toe, letting in the cold dust of the road. Lyra looked at her own sturdy, new shoes that Sirona had bought just last month. She realized her mother was walking on the hard ground so that her children could walk on clouds.



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When the moon climbed high and the children were tucked into bed, Sirona's work did not end. She sat by the fading hearth, mending Arlo's torn trousers and Lyra's frayed ribbons. Her eyes grew heavy, and her needle moved slower and slower until she finally drifted into a shallow sleep, still holding the fabric of her children's lives in her hands.



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The next morning, Arlo and Lyra met under the big oak tree to talk. "Mama is always tired," Arlo whispered, his brow furrowed. "She gives us the best of everything and keeps the scraps for herself." Lyra nodded, clutching a handful of daisies. "We have to

show her that we see it. We have to help her carry the weight."



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That afternoon, instead of playing, the children went to work. Arlo took the heavy broom and began to sweep the porch, his small muscles straining with the effort. Lyra took a damp cloth and carefully wiped the dust from the windows and the

shelves. They worked quietly, trying to finish before their mother returned from her long day.



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When Sirona walked through the gate, she stopped in her tracks. The porch was clean, the windows sparkled, and Arlo was

waiting for her with a glass of cool water. "Sit down, Mama," he said, taking her heavy bag. For the first time in a long time, Sirona felt the weight lift, not because the work was done, but because she was no longer carrying it alone.



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Lyra ran out and wrapped her arms around

Sirona's waist, pressing a bouquet of daisies into her hand. "We love you, Mama," she said. Sirona knelt down and pulled them both close. She realized that her sacrifices weren't just about providing food or clothes; they were about teaching her children how to love deeply and give back with a grateful heart.



