

# Emma's Gems



*To Albert Moreau for planting the seed of this story, and to my father  
for all the love he gives Emma. – A. R.*

*To Carmelle, in memory of the good  
times we shared. – L. F.*

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Story and translation by Anne Renaud  
Illustrations by Leanne Franson



Grandpa Phil does not have to speak or sneeze  
or laugh for Emma to know he is near.

It is the familiar jingle-jangle of the coins in his  
pockets that always sounds his presence.



Emma wants to be just like Grandpa Phil,  
so she carries coins in her pockets and makes  
them chime by hopping around like a kangaroo.



Emma is always in a good mood when her grandfather comes to visit. But not today.

Today, Emma is a grump. Mother made her share

her puzzles with her brother, Zachary,

and Emma does not like sharing

anything with anyone.

"Your mom tells me you're in a grizzly mood," says Grandpa Phil. "Why don't we take a walk around the neighbourhood. It might make you feel better."

So Emma and her grandfather set out together.

When Emma and Grandpa Phil reach the grocery store, they notice a man in tattered clothing and worn-out shoes sitting on the ground.

As they near him, Grandpa Phil slips his hand into his pocket. Then he bends down in front of the sad-looking man and places coins in his palm. "I think you may have dropped these," Grandpa Phil says softly.



Next, Emma watches her grandfather take a small stone from his right pocket and drop it into his left.



Then the two continue on their way.

When Emma and Grandpa Phil reach the park, they sit on a bench and giggle at the squirrels scampering in the trees.



Just as they are about to move on, Grandpa Phil kneels down and gently turns over a beetle that is on its back, struggling to right itself.

"There you go, little fellow," he says as he sets the beetle back onto its feet.

Next, Emma watches her grandfather take another small stone from his right pocket and drop it into his left.

Then the two continue on their way.

When Emma and Grandpa Phil reach the playground, they play hide-and-seek in the maze of tunnels. Then they leave their handprints and footprints in the giant sandbox.



Just as they are about to move on, Grandpa Phil picks up the empty bottles and cans that litter the ground and deposits them into the recycling bin.

Next, Emma watches her grandfather take a third small stone from his right pocket and drop it into his left.

