

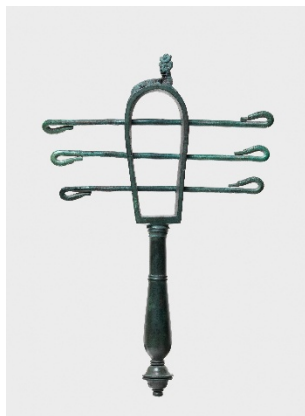
The SISTRO

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“Do you hear the rustling of the bamboo canes?” says Khalid, a 9-year-old boy.

“But it’s not the bamboo canes... it’s my Sesheshe, my Sistrum. Look!” says Omar, also 9.

He approaches his friend, holding a strange instrument made with a vertical metal rod and three horizontal ones. He strikes it, making it resonate loudly. She, she, she, she...



Then, whispering in Khalid’s ear, he says: “Do you want to know something fantastic? Listen... If a group of children each play their own sistrum, all together, the goddess Hathor appears, the goddess of joy, beauty, music, dance, love, sweet as a mother...”

“Then we must call all our friends, get the sistrums, and... we will do it!”

After a week, Omar and Khalid, with a group of children, gather in a palm grove, stand in a circle, and play the sistrums together.

The atmosphere fills with tinkling sounds, sounds reminiscent of golden light.

And then a wonderful melody fills the air, and no one knows where it comes from; it seems to come from all directions at once, and a scent of paradise flowers envelops the children.

They don't see Hathor, but the goddess looks at them and smiles.