

WAITING FOR ICED TEA



By KAREN GEBBIA

Illustrated by

METTE ENGELL



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A Story About
Savoring
Slow Moments
Together



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You can't rush real iced tea.



Charlotte wants to wait patiently.
She really does.

But waiting is hard,
especially on a stifling
Maryland morning,

when her t-shirt
feels like a hot,
heavy blanket,

and she can't think of anything but
Nana's cold, sweet, lemony, real iced tea.



The water simmers.

The teabags swirl.

The clock ticks.

And ticks.

And ticks.

“Is it ready?” Charlotte asks.

“The harder you stare at that pot, the scared-er it’ll be to boil,
Charlotte,” Nana says. “We’d best find something useful to do.”

