



It's not *what* you are, it's *who* you are!

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Mawhinney • Poh

Lulu the One and Only

# Lulu the ONE and only

By Lynnette  
Mawhinney  
Illustrated by  
Jennie Poh





In loving memory of my daughter, Amelia Jane Wangui Gachoki—*LM*  
For Aurelia and Evangeline—*JP*



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My name is Luliwa Lovington, but everyone calls me Lulu. It means “pearl” in Arabic.

Mama tells me, “You are unique and gorgeous, just like a black pearl.” She wears these beautiful earrings all the time. They are from her mother in Kenya.



My big brother’s name is Zane, and it means “gift.”  
He is silly, and he makes me laugh a lot.

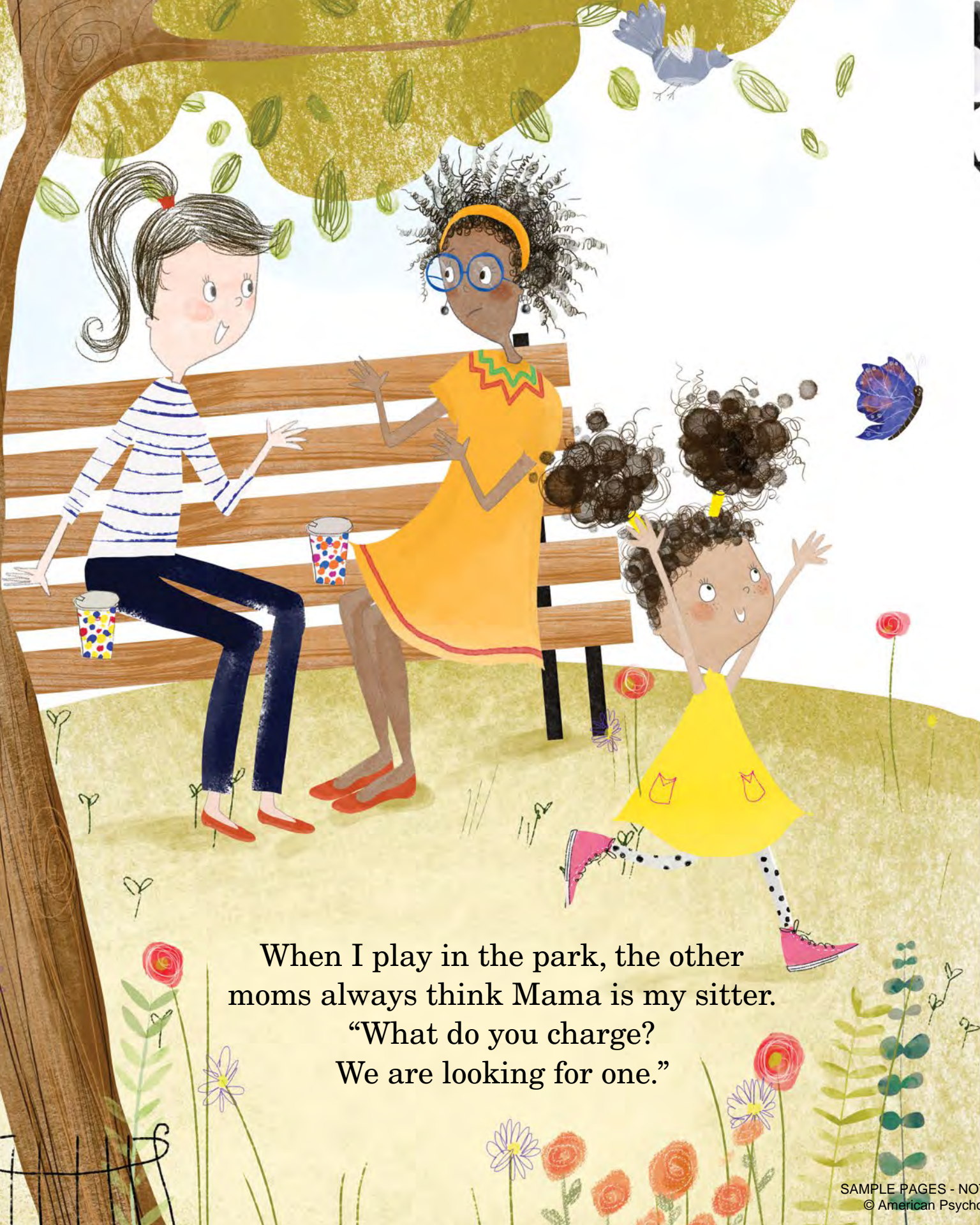


Being in a part Black and part White family seems to confuse people around us. They say a lot of mean things to us because they think we don't fit in.

Kids tease Zane. "You're the blackest guy on the team."  
"The coach is *really* your dad?"







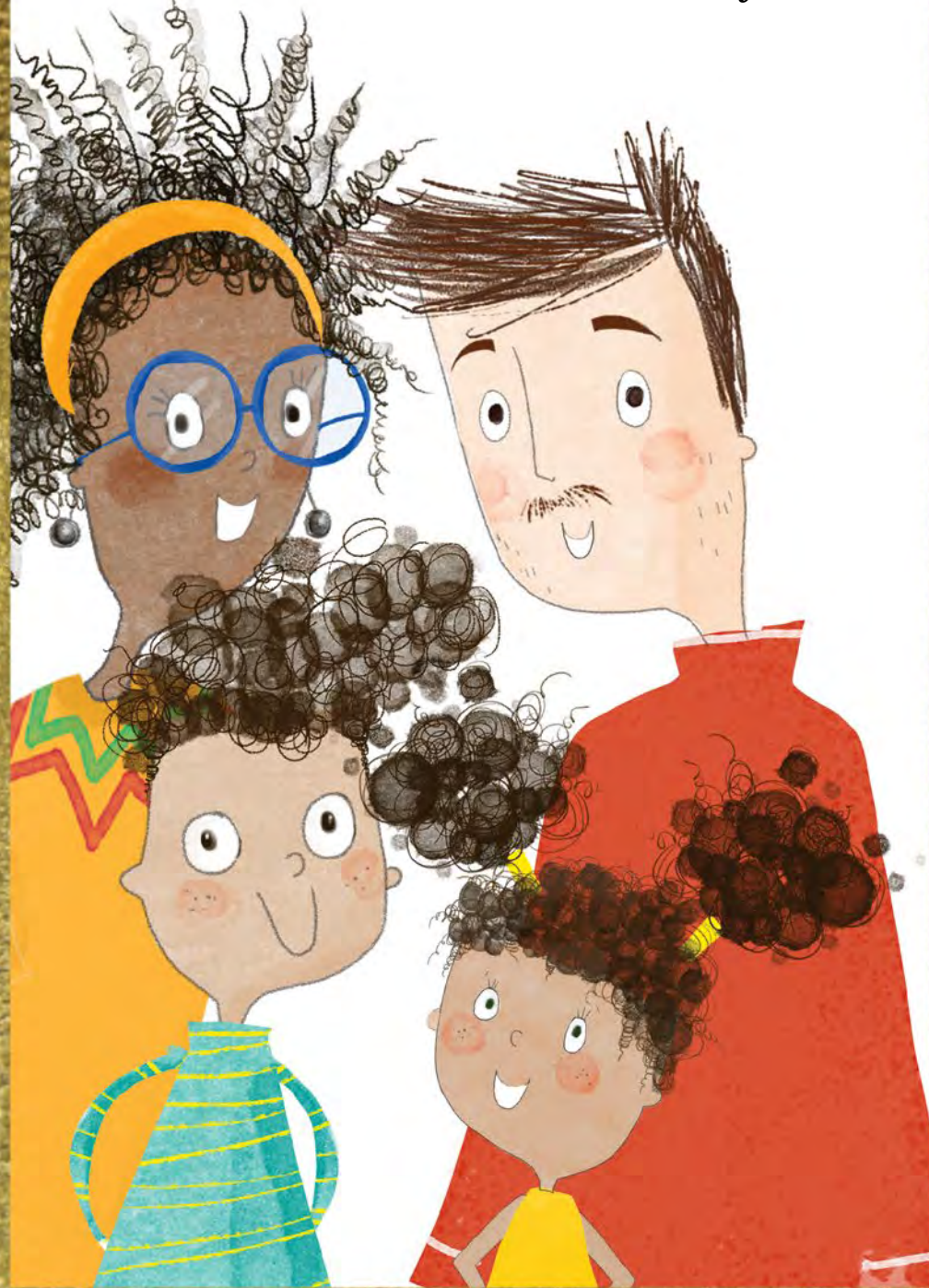
When I play in the park, the other  
moms always think Mama is my sitter.  
“What do you charge?  
We are looking for one.”

When I'm out with Daddy, some  
people think I'm adopted. “That's so  
nice that you gave her a good home.  
Where did she come from?”





Everyone else might be confused,  
but I'm not. I love our family.



But being a mix of Mama and Daddy  
always brings around THAT question.

I hate THAT question.

