



My hands sell sweet treats. I walk back and forth along the road to let people know what I am selling. I run to catch my customers, and from my hand to theirs pass candies and coins. It is usually a short exchange but sometimes we stop to chat with each other.



My hands sort through pottery sherds, shells, smoking pipes, and beads that I find when digging deep into the ground. I scrub my findings clean before examining them closely. I want to understand what they are and how they were used. Through my work I learn from the past and get ideas for the future. Sankofa!