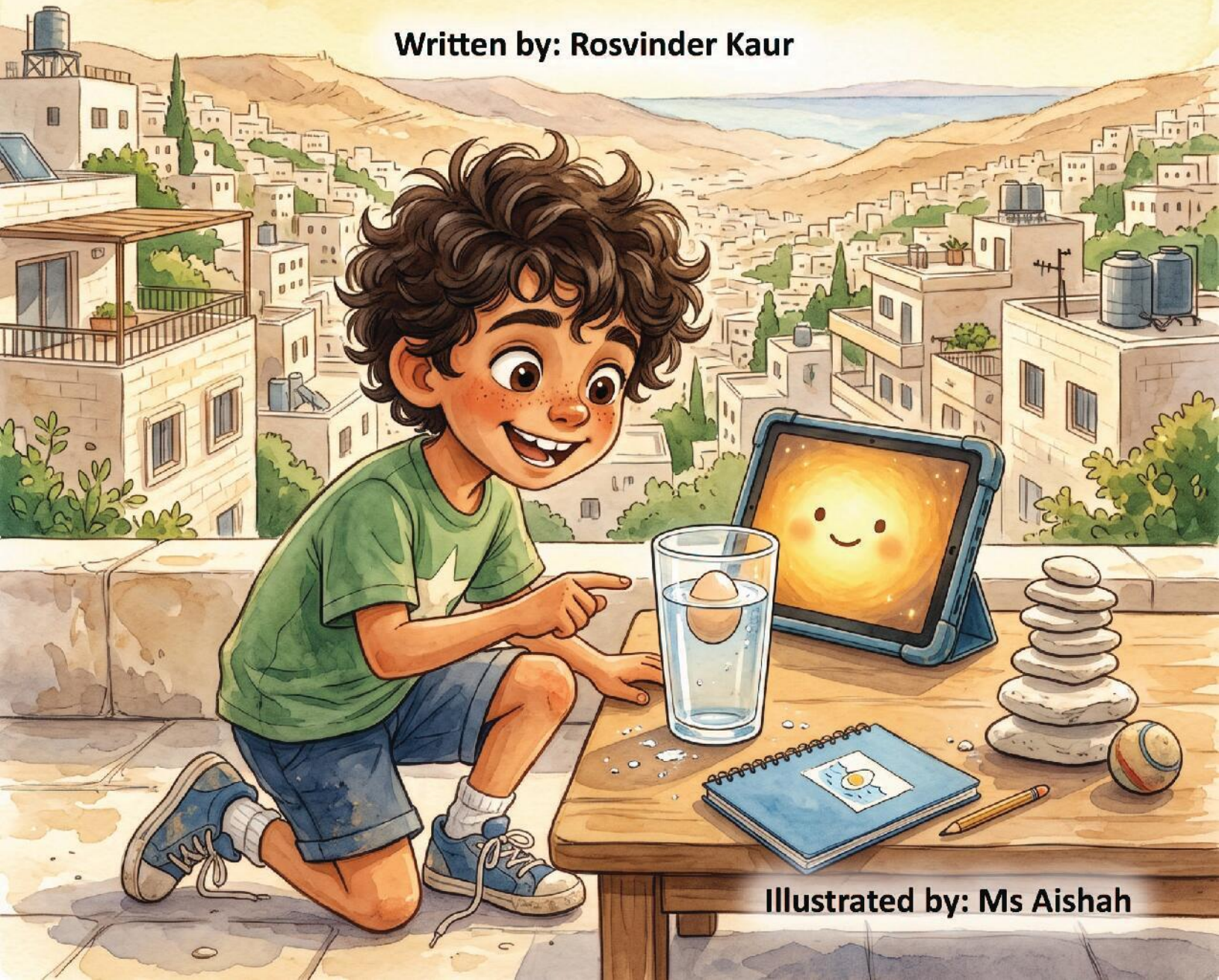
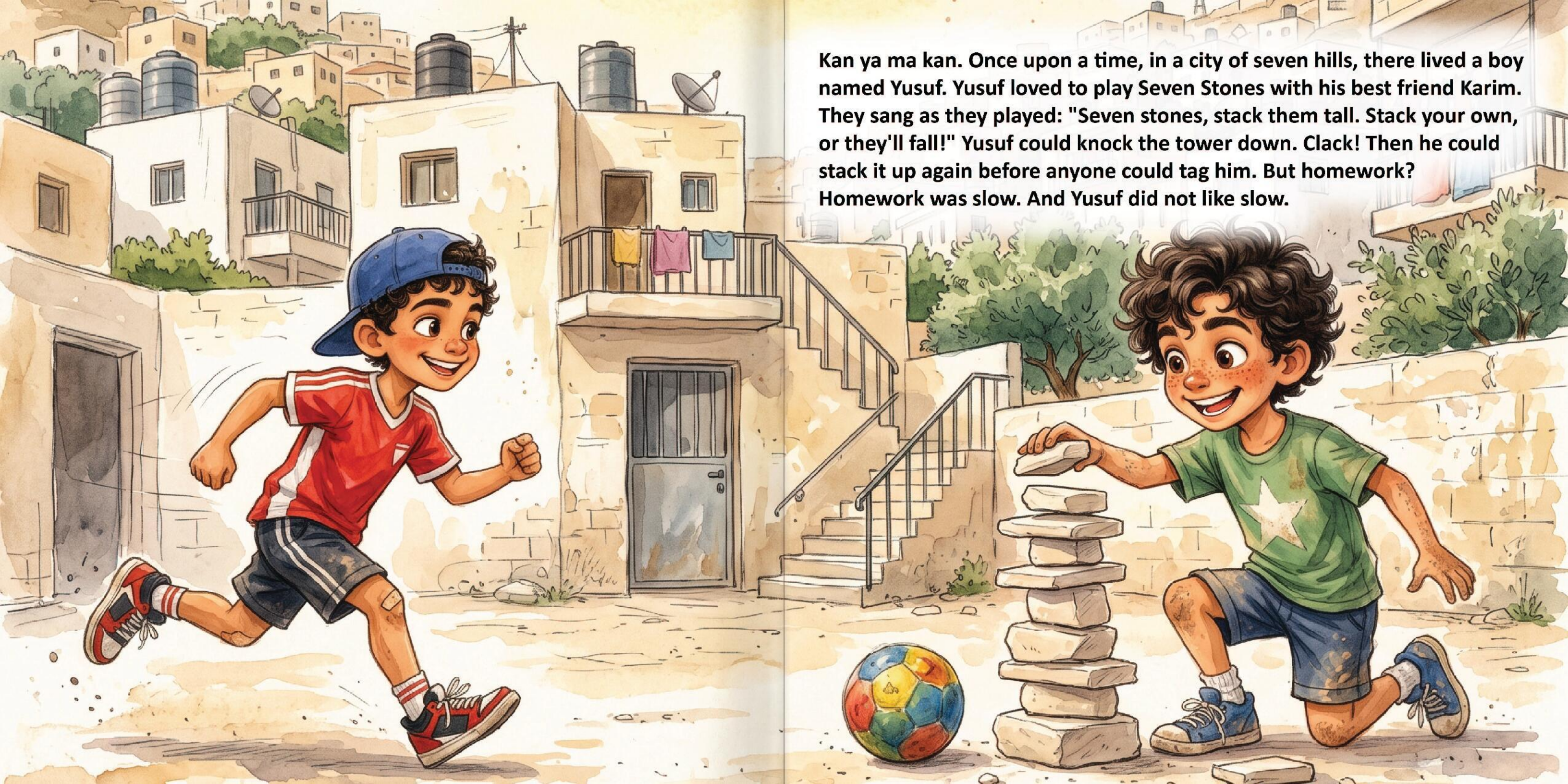


YUSUF CAN'T SINK

Written by: Rosvinder Kaur

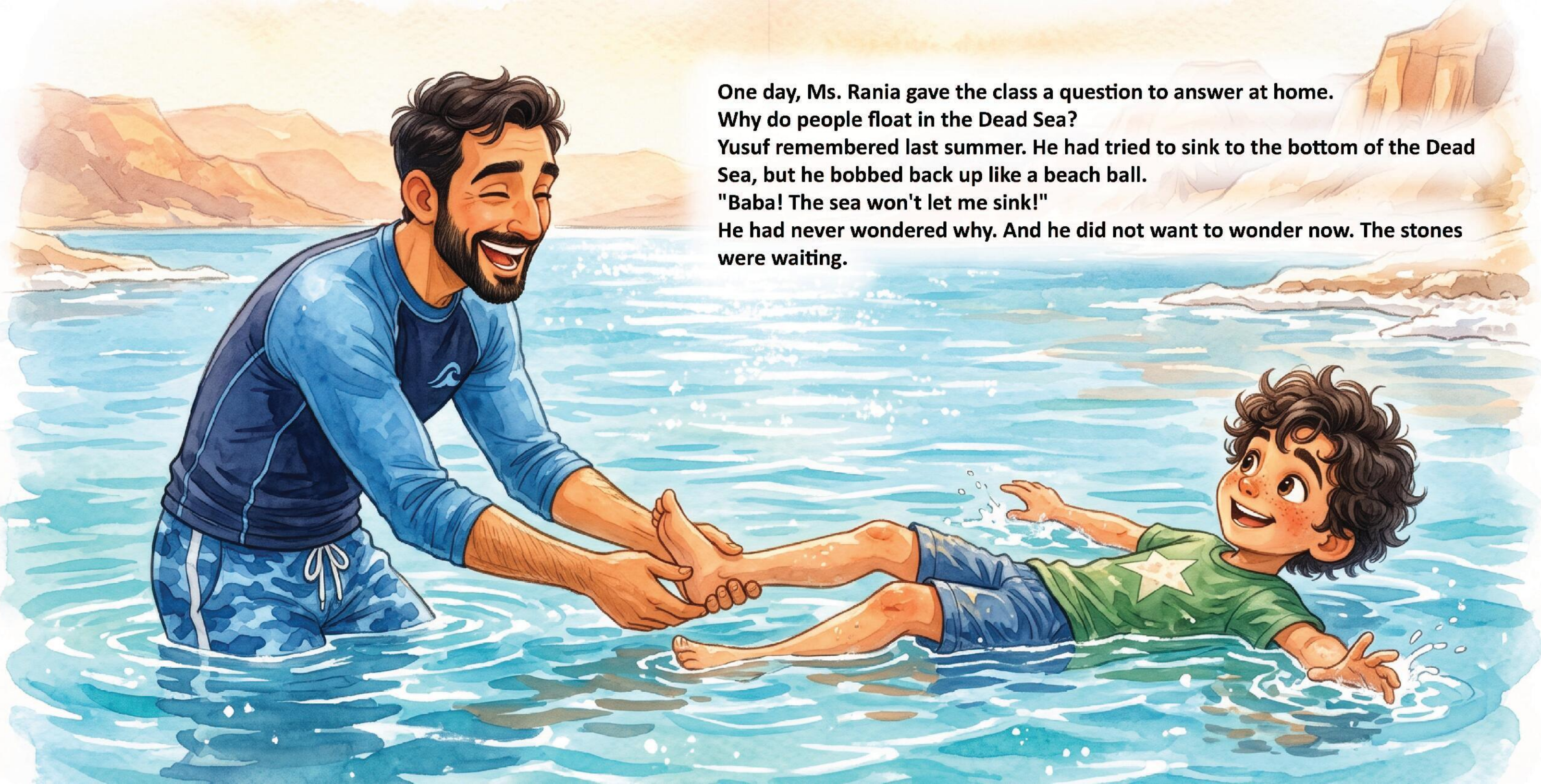


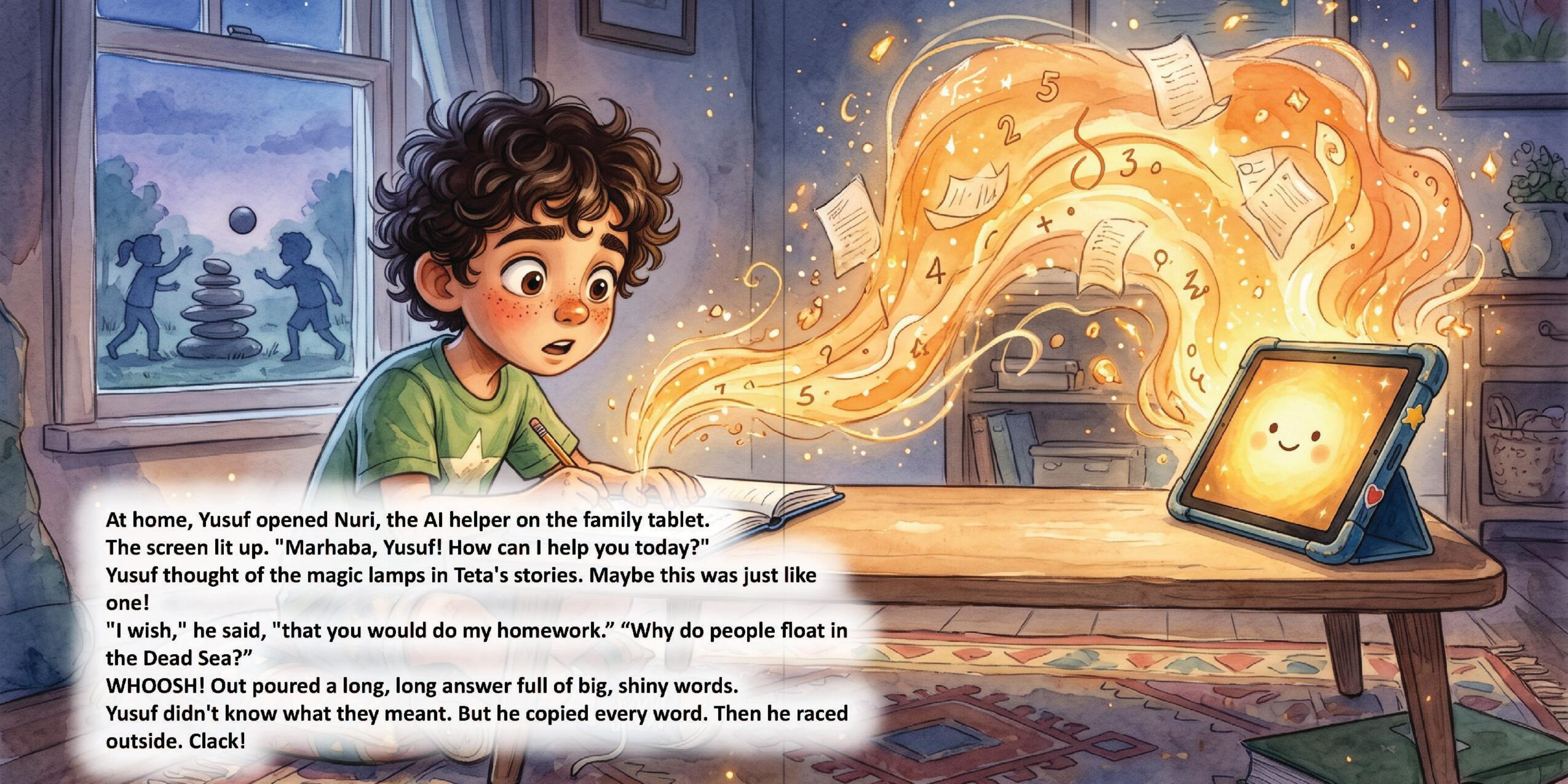
Illustrated by: Ms Aishah



Kan ya ma kan. Once upon a time, in a city of seven hills, there lived a boy named Yusuf. Yusuf loved to play Seven Stones with his best friend Karim. They sang as they played: "Seven stones, stack them tall. Stack your own, or they'll fall!" Yusuf could knock the tower down. Clack! Then he could stack it up again before anyone could tag him. But homework? Homework was slow. And Yusuf did not like slow.

One day, Ms. Rania gave the class a question to answer at home.
Why do people float in the Dead Sea?
Yusuf remembered last summer. He had tried to sink to the bottom of the Dead Sea, but he bobbed back up like a beach ball.
"Baba! The sea won't let me sink!"
He had never wondered why. And he did not want to wonder now. The stones were waiting.





At home, Yusuf opened Nuri, the AI helper on the family tablet. The screen lit up. "Marhaba, Yusuf! How can I help you today?" Yusuf thought of the magic lamps in Teta's stories. Maybe this was just like one!

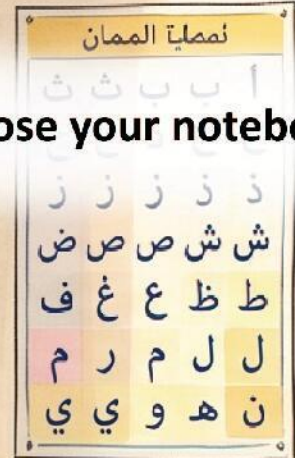
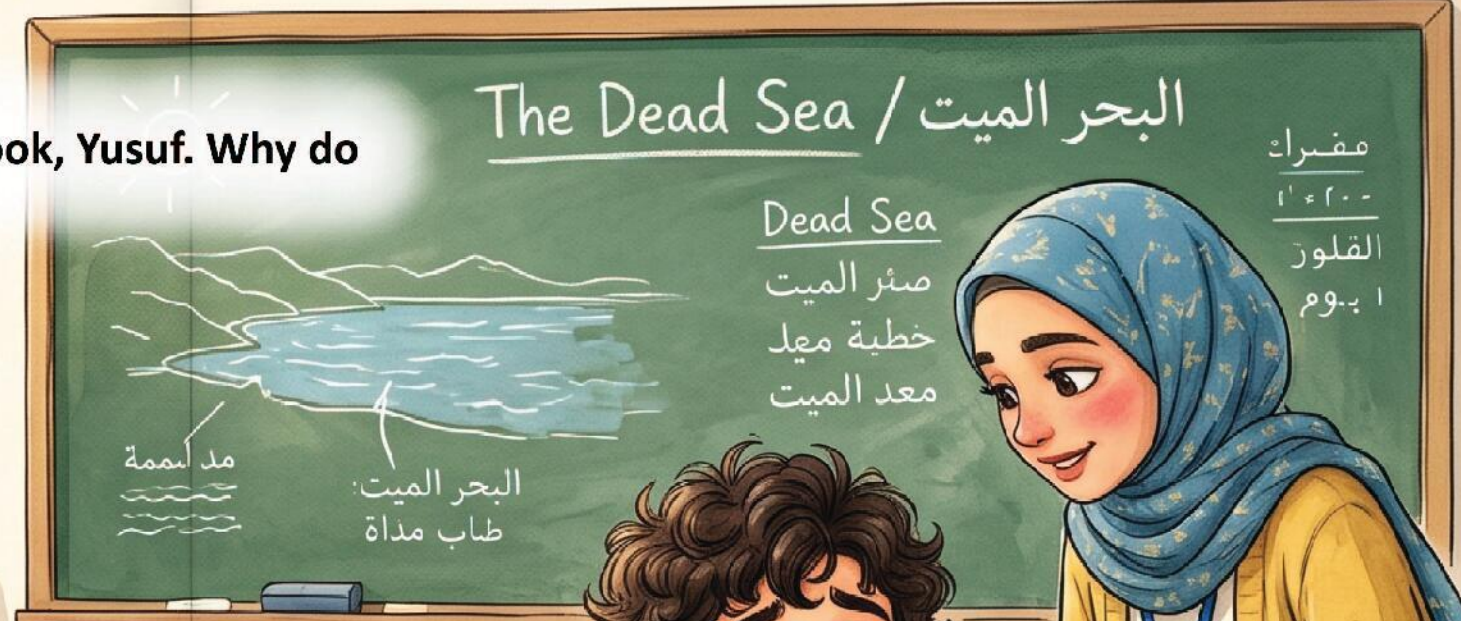
"I wish," he said, "that you would do my homework." "Why do people float in the Dead Sea?"

WHOOSH! Out poured a long, long answer full of big, shiny words. Yusuf didn't know what they meant. But he copied every word. Then he raced outside. Clack!



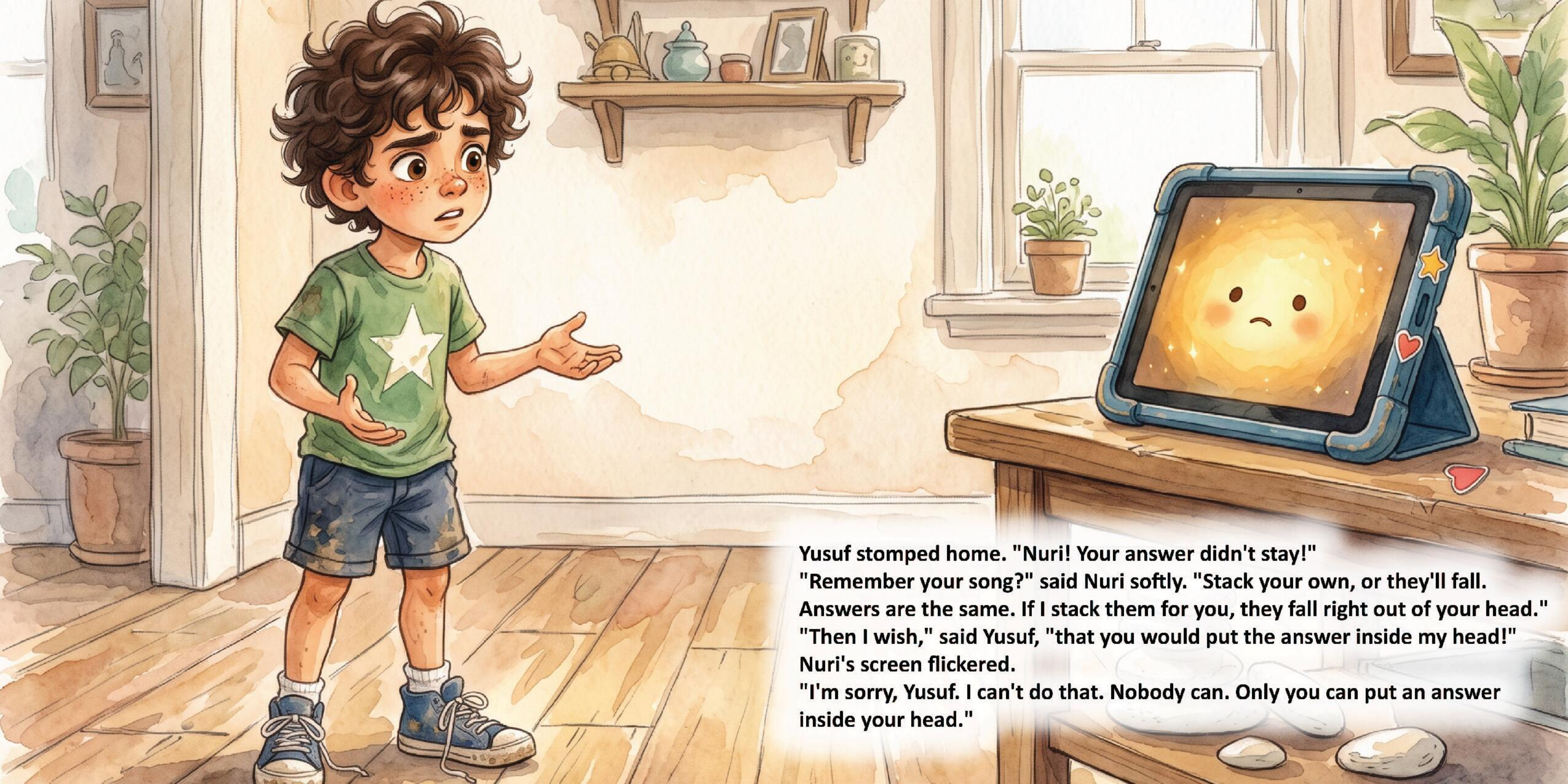
That night, Teta turned the big pot of maqluba upside down.
Ta-daaa! Out came a tower of rice, eggplant and chicken!
Everyone cheered.
"So, habibi," said Teta, "why do people float in the Dead Sea?"
Yusuf opened his mouth.
Nothing came out.
"Um... because of a... big word?"
His rice looked back at him.

The next morning, Ms. Rania smiled. "Close your notebook, Yusuf. Why do people float in the Dead Sea?" Yusuf opened his mouth. Nothing came out. Somebody giggled.



After school, his little sister Salma tugged his sleeve.
"Yusuf, you know everything! Why do people float in the Dead Sea?"
Yusuf opened his mouth.
Nothing came out.
The answer was in his notebook. So why wasn't it in him?





Yusuf stomped home. "Nuri! Your answer didn't stay!"
"Remember your song?" said Nuri softly. "Stack your own, or they'll fall. Answers are the same. If I stack them for you, they fall right out of your head."
"Then I wish," said Yusuf, "that you would put the answer inside my head!"
Nuri's screen flickered.
"I'm sorry, Yusuf. I can't do that. Nobody can. Only you can put an answer inside your head."



Yusuf flopped onto the rug.
He thought.
And thought.
And thought.
Then he sat up.
"Then I wish... that you would help me find it myself."
"Now that I can help with!" said Nuri. And its screen glowed brighter
than ever before.



"First," said Nuri, "what do you think?"

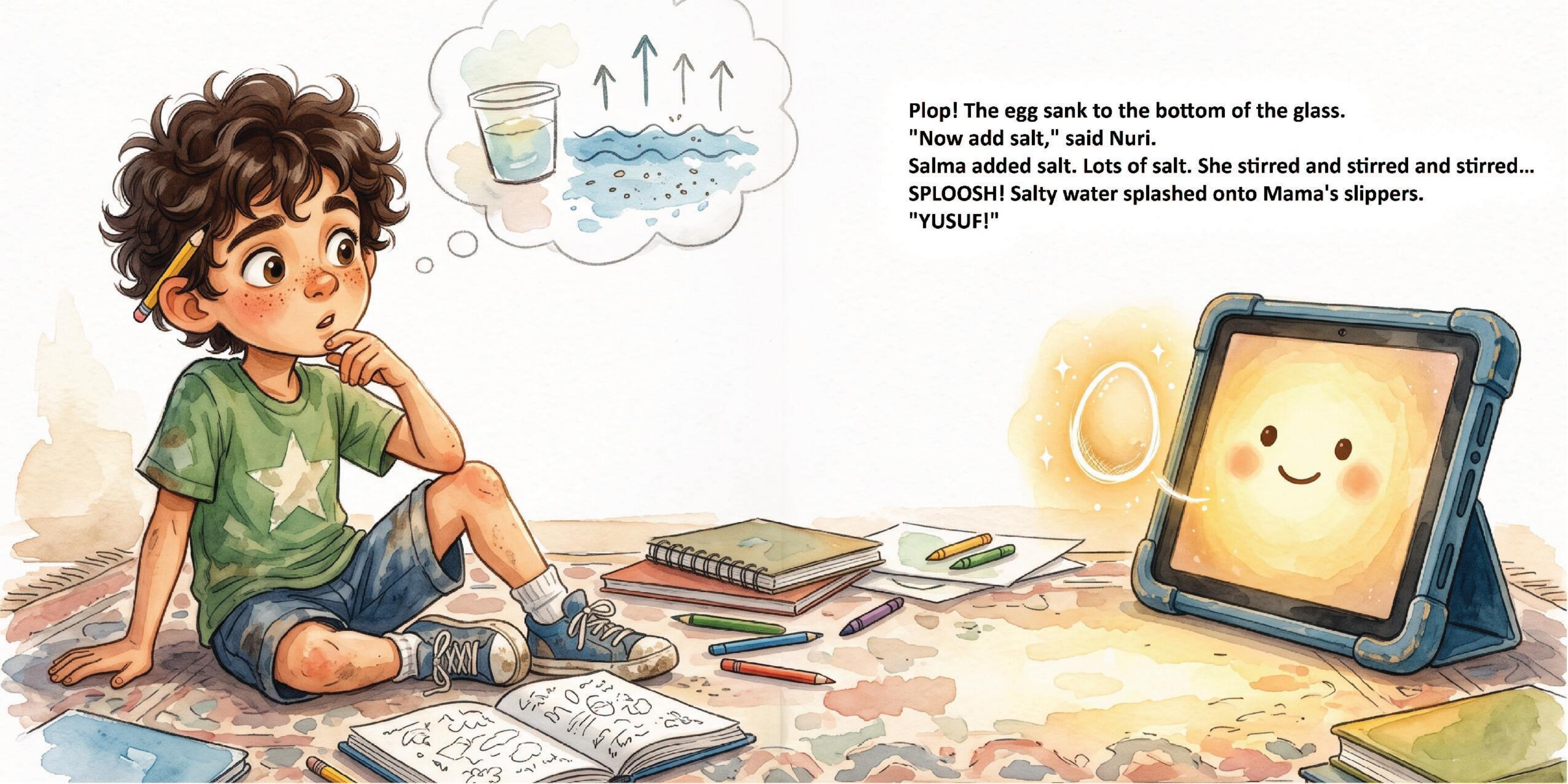
Yusuf scrunched up his nose. "Maybe salt makes the water heavy? And heavy water pushes?"

"Good thinking! Now, where are you stuck?"

"I don't know how pushing makes you float."

"Aha!" said Nuri. "Then you don't need an answer. You need an egg."





Plop! The egg sank to the bottom of the glass.

"Now add salt," said Nuri.

**Salma added salt. Lots of salt. She stirred and stirred and stirred...
SPLOOSH! Salty water splashed onto Mama's slippers.**

"YUSUF!"



One more spoon.
The egg wobbled.
The egg wiggled.
The egg... FLOATED!
"It's YOU at the Dead Sea!" squealed Salma.
"Salty water is crowded," said Yusuf slowly.
"It's so crowded that it pushes
things up!"



**"Now test me," said Yusuf.
Nuri asked three questions. Yusuf got one wrong.
He thought again and got it right.
It was late now. His eyes were heavy. His pen was heavy.
For just a moment, he almost made one more wish...**



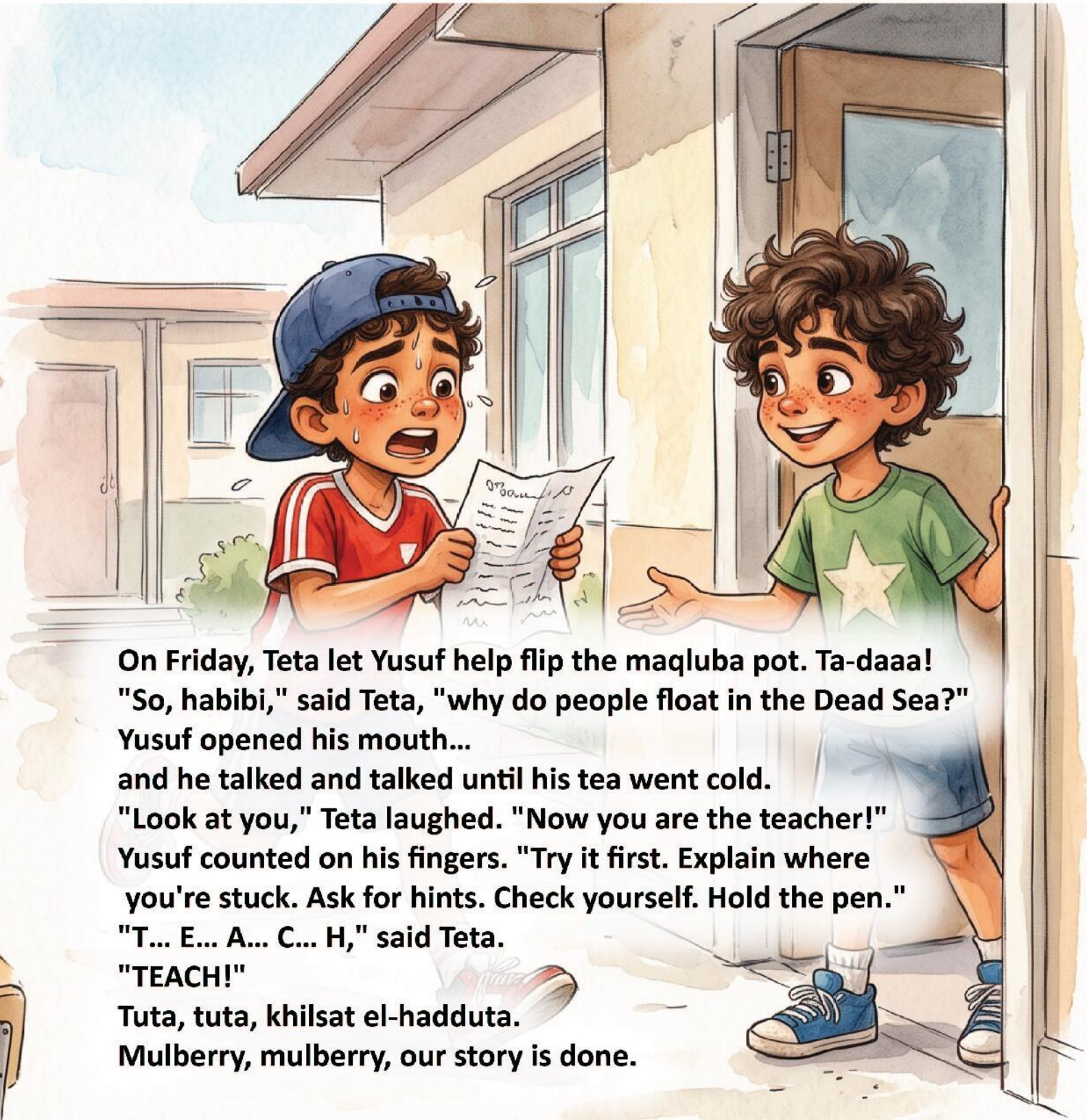
...but he picked up his pen instead.
"Stack your own," he whispered.
He wrote it all by himself. There were crossed-
out words and one wobbly egg.
It wasn't shiny.
But this time, every word stayed.



The next day, Ms. Rania asked again.
Yusuf opened his mouth...
and the answer came out! He showed the whole class with
an egg and a glass, and no notes at all.
After school, Karim ran up to him. "Yusuf, my homework
makes no sense! Can you just tell me the answer?"
Yusuf grinned.
"I can do better than that. I'll show you how to find it."



On Friday, Teta let Yusuf help flip the maqluba pot. Ta-daaa!
"So, habibi," said Teta, "why do people float in the Dead Sea?"
Yusuf opened his mouth...
and he talked and talked until his tea went cold.
"Look at you," Teta laughed. "Now you are the teacher!"
Yusuf counted on his fingers. "Try it first. Explain where
you're stuck. Ask for hints. Check yourself. Hold the pen."
"T... E... A... C... H," said Teta.
"TEACH!"
Tuta, tuta, khilsat el-hadduta.
Mulberry, mulberry, our story is done.







The LEARNERS AI Framework

LEARNERS: Seven Roles for Learning With AI

AI can support learning in very different ways. The LEARNERS Framework gives students seven distinct roles for using AI to think, practise, reflect and learn — while keeping the learner in charge.

L — Learn

AI as Tutor

Understand concepts and practise at your pace.

E — Examine

AI as Teammate

Challenge assumptions and test ideas from different perspectives.

A — Articulate

AI as Student

Teach AI to make your own thinking visible and clear.

R — Reflect

AI as Coach

Use questions to examine your thinking and go deeper.

N — Negotiate

AI as Simulator

Rehearse conversations, debates and decisions.

E — Evaluate

AI as Mentor

Receive feedback, consider options and decide what to improve.

R — Represent

AI as Tool

Organise and structure thinking you already have.