Biography and Autobiography
Concept Book
Drama
Folklore
Informational Texts
Novels: Contemporary Realistic Fiction
Picture Books
  Contemporary Realistic Fiction
  Historical Fiction
Poetry
Coretta Scott by Ntozake Shange; Kadir Nelson, illustrator
Crazy Horse’s Vision by Joseph Bruchac; S. D. Nelson, illustrator
Howard Thurman’s Great Hope by Kai Jackson Issa; Arthur L. Dawson, illustrator
It Jes' Happened: When Bill Traylor Started to Draw by Don Tate; R. Gregory Christie, illustrator
The Last Black King of the Kentucky Derby by Crystal Hubbard; Robert McGuire, illustrator
The Librarian of Basra by Jeanette Winter
Mama Miti by Donna Jo Napoli; Kadir Nelson, illustrator
Mandela: From the Life of the South African Statesman by Floyd Cooper
Sonia Sotomayor: A Judge Grows in the Bronx by Jonah Winter; Edel Rodríguez, illustrator
The Storyteller’s Candle: La velita de los cuentos by Lucía González; Lulu Delacre, illustrator
Waiting for the Biblioburro by Monica Brown; John Parra, illustrator
Coretta Scott

This story depicts the life of Coretta Scott King. As she grows she meets and marries one of the most influential civil rights leaders of the 1960s, Martin Luther King Jr. Even after her husband passed away Coretta continued to give talks and educate people about nonviolence.
some southern mornings
the moon
sits like an orange sliver by the treetops

Coretta and her siblings walked all of five miles to the nearest colored school in the darkness with the dew dampening their feet

white school bus left a funnel of dust on their faces but songs and birds of all colors

and rich soil where slaves sought freedom steadied them in the face of danger over years learning and freedom took hold of Coretta’s soul till she knew in her being that the Good Lord intended freedom for the Negro

Martin Luther King Jr. a young preacher prayed for freedom Coretta prayed two minds attracted in prayer yes they could do something among the many who thought moral power would overturn Jim Crow they prayed together found joy and were married
according to Gandhi
the humility of millions could free
more than just one people
it could free the world
and the world for Coretta and Martin was the
south
and they went to Montgomery
to their new parish

and the Montgomery bus boycott
just the beginning
of a long journey

more boycotts and sit-ins
for many many Negro students
felt bound to do something
there were hundreds and thousands
left behind

Negroes in shacks and cotton fields
living in fear for their lives
while they dreamed about the north

hundreds then thousands
white and black
marched
in Alabama
Carolina
Georgia
and Chicago

a quarter of a million at the March on Washington
peacefully singing “we shall overcome”
and listening to the words
that would inspire a nation
Crazy Horse’s Vision

Crazy Horse, a Lakota Indian, was not like the other children, and was known for being brave. Named Curly at birth because of his curly hair, he was extremely polite and caring toward others, including animals. When Curly was eleven winters old (the Lakota measured birth in seasons), his father brought a horse to the camp and the challenge was that whomever could ride the horse could keep it. Curly was the only one who could ride the horse. Curly’s life changed for the worse when Wasichu (White) settlers invaded the Lakota lands and built a fort, causing destruction and killing innocents. Curly went on a vision quest on peaceful bluffs where he prayed for help. The vision came, and Curly was renamed Crazy Horse for the leadership of his people.
Normally a boy would need a holy man to prepare him for a vision quest. He would fast and purify himself in a sweat lodge before setting out. But Curly felt he had no time.

Curly rode away from the camp. He went along the bluffs above the river and came to an eagle-catching pit dug into the soft earth.

Curly tied his rope between the legs of his pinto horse so it would not wander away. He climbed the hill, stripped off his clothes and stepped down into the pit. He sat and prayed for a vision.

The day passed and night came. Curly did not leave the pit. He prayed for strength to help his people. A second day and night passed. Without food or water, Curly continued to pray.
“Wakan Tanka,” he cried. “Great Mystery, even though I am small and pitiful, I want to help my people.”

Dawn of the third day brought nothing to his eyes or ears. No spirit, no bird, no animal, not even an insect, came to him. All he saw was the sky above and the earth of the pit.

At last, late on the third day, Curly climbed out of the pit. He was barely able to stand. Would a vision ever come to him? Was he unworthy? He staggered downhill to where his pinto grazed near a cottonwood. Reaching the tree, he could stand no longer.

Then the vision came. It was a rider on the back of Curly’s own pony, yet horse and man floated in the air. As the man rode closer, Curly saw that he wore blue leggings and his face was not painted. A single feather hung from his long brown hair. Behind one ear a round stone was tied. A red-backed hawk flew above the man’s head. Curly heard these words which were not spoken. Keep nothing for yourself.
Howard Thurman’s Great Hope

This story is about the life of Howard Thurman, an African American who lived in the 1900’s. His father passed away when he was a young boy, but even before he died his father knew Howard was destined for greatness. He was a smart boy who worked hard to make it in a world where African Americans were discriminated against. He did the unthinkable. Many African Americans were not allowed to continue their education after seventh grade, but Howard was asked personally by his principal to continue coming to school. Howard did exactly that; he was then able to take the test at the end of eighth grade. He received a perfect score and scholarship to high school. That was not the end for Howard; he went on to college, where he studied economics and later decided to become a minister. The road to success was not an easy one for Howard Thurman, but with the support of his family, friends, and strangers he was able to achieve his goals.
One morning when Howard arrived at school, Principal R. H. greeted him. “Howard, I need to have a word with your mama. Please tell her I will be paying her a visit this Sunday. No need to worry, son. It’s good news.

Howard nodded politely but hung his head with sadness as he walked away. He was sure Principal R. H. was going to tell mama that he found a job for Howard after he finished the seventh grade. A job after seventh grade was not good news at all. Howard wanted to keep going to school.

Mama was off from work on Sunday and home with her family. After church they sat down for a special Sunday supper Mama had made – stewed chicken with peppers and rice, peas from the garden and lemon pie. Howard wished everyday was like this.
Just as they were about to begin eating, there was a knock at the door. It was Principal R. H. Mama and Grandma Nancy invited him in. Howard’s heart beat with dread. He tried to leave the room, but Principal R. H. asked him to stay. “With this boy’s gifts and talents it would be a crime for him to stop his education now,” Principal R. H. told Mama and Grandma Nancy. “He must continue. I have decided that next year I will teach him the eighth grade myself.”

Howard stared in disbelief. Then he jumped with joy and hugged Principal R. H. Mama and Grandma Nancy shouted their praise and gratitude. “Thank you, Lord!” God had made a way.
It Jes' Happened: When Bill Traylor Started to Draw

This is the story of Bill Traylor and how he began to draw late in life. He was born into slavery and spent his days working on the farm from sun up to sun down. Even after slavery was abolished his family stayed on the plantation and worked as sharecroppers. Bill eventually married and started a family of his own. He continued farming with his whole family in order to have food to eat. As he got older his children moved away and his wife died. Bill was left on the plantation all alone. He decided that it didn’t make sense to be alone, so he moved to the city, but struggled to make a living. He worked at a shoe factory, but was forced to quit when he developed joint problems. He sold pencils, which made him very little money. Then, Bill began drawing memories from his past. He was discovered by Charles Shannon, another artist who admired his work, but drawing wasn’t about making money to Bill, it was just something he enjoyed doing.
Bill could not contain his memories. One day in early 1939 he picked up the stub of a pencil and a piece of discarded paper and began to pour out his memories in pictures. Bill’s first drawings were simple items: cats, cups, shoes, baskets. Then he began to draw human and animal forms too. He used the side of a stick to rule straight lines and shapes. Rectangles became bodies. Circles became heads and eyes. Lines became outreached arms, hands, and legs. He filled in shapes with sketchy lines and smoothed out edges.

The sidewalk of Monroe Avenue became Bill’s art studio. A wooden crate was his artist’s bench. Scrap cardboard and old paper cartons were the canvases on which he drew his pictures. And the clang-clang-clang from the nearby blacksmith’s shop provided background music for Bill while he worked.
Folks of all ages came to watch Bill work. One of his admirers taught Bill to write his name. Soon he was proudly signing his drawings.

Bill often hung his pictures on a nearby fence. When a passersby asked questions about his drawings, Bill didn’t mind. He could be quite talkative. But if Bill was focused on his work, he offered no conversation at all.

One summer morning in 1939, a young artist named Charles Shannon caught sight of Bill sitting on his crate, drawing. Charles was intrigued as he watched Bill’s hand make its marks, then fill them in. Bill’s pictures danced with rhythm unlike any drawings Charles had seen.

Charles began visiting Bill regularly and wanted to support his work.
The Last Black King of the Kentucky Derby

Jimmy Winkfield was a young boy who grew up in Kentucky with his parents and sixteen siblings. He had a dream of becoming a great horse jockey. That dream became a reality for Jimmy very early in his life and it allowed him to travel the world and race the best horses.
Jimmy Winkfield was a small boy with big dreams. Born in 1882 in Chilesburg, Kentucky, he was the youngest of seventeen children. His parents, poor sharecroppers, farmed a parcel of land owned by someone else. On the farm, all the children had to work hard. Although Jimmy was the smallest, he never let his size stop him from doing anything he set his heart to. He would carry the heaviest bucket, climb the tallest tree, chase the fastest chicken. Whether at work or play, Jimmy always gave his all.

What Jimmy loved best was riding horses. He was captivated by the big, powerful animals. After rushing through his chores, Jimmy would sit for hours watching the thoroughbreds parade between local horse farms and the racetrack in nearby Lexington.
Sometimes he would hop on one of the workhorses, riding it bareback, pretending to be a jockey. Atop a horse, Jimmy felt big and powerful too. Horses seemed to love Jimmy right back. When he talked to them and gently stroked their muzzles, the horses bowed their heads as if they were listening. When Jimmy rode, he didn’t need to speak at all. Jimmy dreamed of riding horses for the rest of his life and becoming a great jockey, like Isaac Murphy. Ike Murphy was the best of the best. His picture and news of his races were always in the papers. Ike Murphy gave Jimmy hope that his own dream was possible.
This is based on a true story of a brave librarian in Basra, Iraq, who does whatever it takes to save thousands of books from her library. When war breaks out in Iraq the librarian begins taking books from the library and moves them to her house where they will be safe. With the help of friends, they move over 30,000 books into a restaurant, her house, and in other friends’ houses, before the library building is burned in a fire.
Alia Muhammad Baker is the librarian in Basra, a port city in the sand-swept country of Iraq. Her library is a meeting place for all people who love books. They discuss matters of the world and matters of the spirit. Until now-now, they talk only of the war.

Alia worries that the fires of the war will destroy the books, which are more precious to her than mountains of gold. The books are in every language—new books, ancient books, even a biography of Muhammad that is seven hundred years old. She asks the governor for permission to move them to a safe place. He refuses.

So Alia takes matters into her own hands. Secretly, she brings books home every night, filling her car late after work. The whispers of war grow louder. Government offices are moved into the library. Soldiers with guns wait on the roof. Alia waits—and fears for the worst.
Then... rumors become reality.
War reaches Basra.
The city is lit with a firestorm of bombs and gunfire.
Alia watches as the library workers, government workers, and soldiers abandon the library. Only Alia is left to protect the books.
She calls over the library wall to her friend Anis Muhammad, who owns a restaurant on the other side. “Can you help me save the books?”
“I can use these curtains to wrap them.” “Here are crates from my shop.” “Can you use these sacks?” “The books must be saved.”
All through the night Alia, Anis, his brothers, and shopkeepers, and neighbors take the books from the library shelves, pass them over the seven-foot wall, and hide them in Anis’s restaurant.
Wangari Muta Maathai, known as Mama Miti, is a woman who has transformed Kenya. She founded the Green Belt movement. She has planted over thirty million trees in Kenya. Her passion for trees has saved the land and provided the Kenyan women with a much needed resource.
Wangari told women to plant *murigono*, whose branches make good stakes for training yam vines.

She told them to plant *muhuti* as a living fence around their animal yards. She told them to plant *muigoya*, whose leaves could be wrapped around bananas to ripen them.

She told them to plant *muringa* for the pure joy of their white flowers. And when a woman from her own village came, lamenting that the water in her stream was too dirty to drink, Wangari told her to plant *mukuyu*, the giant sacred fig, the drinker of water, which acts as nature’s filter to clean streams.
Thayu nyumba—Peace, my people

Soon cool, clear waters teemed with black wriggling tadpoles, like the ones on Wangari’s clothes—like the ones Wangari marveled at in the waters when she was small, when Kenya was covered with trees and animals, when people lived in peace with nature.

All over the countryside the trees that had disappeared came back. Nairobi, the capital city, had been known as Kiinuini, “the place where there are many miinu trees.” Now it was Kiinuini again.

Kenya was strong once more, strong and peaceful.

Wangari changed a country, tree by tree. She taught her people the ancient wisdom of peace with nature. And now she is teaching the rest of the world. She is known these days as Mama Miti—the mother of trees. A green belt of peace started with one good woman offering something we can all do: “Plant a tree.”

Thayu nyumba—Peace, my people
Mandela: From the Life of the South African Statesman

This book documents the life of Nelson Mandela from his early years into adulthood. It tells the tale of a man who changed South Africa for the better. Nelson lived a hard life but used education as his weapon to change the South African way of life.
Nelson never imagined the unfairness and inequality that he would find in Johannesburg. He’d known of the attitude most Englishmen had toward anything African (hadn’t he had to take an English name on his first day of school?). But he could hardly believe what he saw.

If you were black, you could live only in reserved areas. You could leave only to work in the city, and whenever you left, you had to carry a little book called a “pass book.” If you were caught without it, you were thrown into prison. You paid a special tax. You rode “African only” buses, drank from “African only” water taps, and were snubbed and insulted daily. What could possibly happen to any person’s pride and self-worth under such terrible conditions?

Nelson couldn’t bear to see people treated unjustly. They couldn’t better their condition—not because they weren’t capable but because opportunity was taken away from them by laws made to “keep them in their place.” This was not the way of Chief Joyi’s stories about kings who ruled their subjects with an equal hand! This was not the way it was in the days of forever before.
But nothing stopped Nelson from finishing law school. In fact, he and a partner, Oliver Tambo, opened the doors to the first black law practice in Johannesburg.

At the same time, Nelson began to attend meetings and rallies held by other people who didn’t like the unfairness and inequality of South African government. They wanted change! Their numbers grew and grew, and included not only black people—doctors, lawyers, teachers, artists, writers—not only Indians and other people of color, but many white people.
Sonia Sotomayor: A Judge Grows in the Bronx/ La juez que creció en el Bronx

This is a biography about Sonia Sotomayor, a Puerto Rican girl who was raised by her mother in the Bronx and had big dreams of becoming a judge. This story tells about what it was like for Sonia on her road to success. Growing up all she knew was what it was like to live in the projects and be surrounded by her family, but when she had the opportunity to go to college she learned that there was a whole other world outside of the Bronx. This is a very inspirational story and it is written in both English and Spanish.
Nancy Drew was a girl detective who was always on the go, solving crimes—she was unstoppable. That’s who Sonia wanted to be.

But then something happened that made her change her mind. When she was only eight years old, her doctor sat her down and told her some bad news. She had a disease called diabetes. If you have diabetes, you have to take several shots of medicine a day for the rest of your life.

So maybe she wouldn’t be Nancy Drew, but that didn’t mean that she couldn’t be unstoppable. Her favorite TV show was Perry Mason, about a courtroom lawyer.
One episode ended with the image of a judge – the most powerful person in a courtroom. A light bulb went on above Sonia’s head and she knew: She would become a judge. Becoming a judge though – that’s not easy! Sonia knew she would need to get really good grades to become a judge. So while other kids may have been goofing off, Sonia was studying at her mother’s kitchen table – year after year after year after year.

It paid off. By the time she graduated high school, she had won an award for being the very best student in her whole school. What an honor! You can’t imagine how proud her mother was. This was her daughter, her Sonia. Ay Bendito! What an honor!
Sonia’s grades were so good that she was accepted to one of the very best colleges in America: Princeton University. This too was an honor. But Princeton, well, Princeton was not the Bronx. Where were the subways? Where was the merengue music? Where were the people who looked like her? For the first time in her life, Sonia felt scared and shy and very out of place – almost like she was on a different planet.
Two children from Puerto Rico living in New York City discover the extraordinarily gifted librarian, Pura Belpré. Belpré visits their school, sharing stories in English and Spanish through puppets, thus enticing children to visit the library, where they experience books and plays.
“¡Asalto!” boomed the voices of the parranderos, surprising everyone. The children stretched up on tiptoe for a good look.

“Saludos, saludos, vengo a saludar...” sang the parranderos.

Doña Sofia shook the maracas, chiki-chiki-chik, chiki-chik. Don Ramón scraped the güíro, cha-kra-cha-kra-cha. And leading the group, strumming the cuatro, was Señor Lebrón.

Suddenly, there they were—the Three Kings! They marched through the room sprinkling children with candies and sweets.

The music stopped, and the play began. “Many years ago, in a little round house with a little round balcony, there once lived a Spanish cockroach named Martina...”
Hildamar stepped on stage. She was the most beautiful cockroach! And Santiago... *ay*, what a handsome little mouse!

Ms. Belpré concluded the show in her usual way. “Close your eyes and make a wish,” she whispered as she held the storyteller’s candle.

Hildamar closed her eyes and wished. When she opened them, her eyes met Ms. Belpré’s. With her gentle smile and twinkling eyes, Ms. Belpré said, “Today, with everyone’s help, we brought the warmth and beauty of Puerto Rico to New York. Remember, the library belongs to you all. We’ll blow out the storyteller’s candle, and your wish will come true.”
Pura Belpré was born sometime between 1899 and 1903 in the little town of Cidra, Puerto Rico, in a home full of storytellers. The stories she heard from her grandmother had been handed down by word of mouth for generations. There stories came with her to the United States in the early 1920s.

Pura Belpré began her career as a children’s librarian when she became the first Puerto Rican librarian to be hired by the New York Public Library system. She had great passion for library work, and her passion lasted a lifetime. Pura Belpré was also a magnificent storyteller and puppeteer with a deep and evocative voice. Her story *Pérez and Martina*, first published in 1932, remains a classic of children’s literature.
Waiting for the Biblioburro

This is the story of a young girl named Ana who loves to read and make up stories because she lives in a small village where there are no libraries and the only teacher in the village had moved far away. Ana receives the biggest surprise when she wakes up and the biblioburro has come to her village. This is a man who travels and brings books to all the villages. This book is written in mostly English with some Spanish vocabulary; it shows children how precious books truly are.
So at night, on her bed in the house on the hill, Ana makes up her own cuentos and tells the stories to her little brother to help him fall asleep. She tells him stories about make-believe creatures that live in the forest, the mountains, and the sea. She wishes for new stories to read, but her teacher with the books has gone.

One morning, Ana wakes up to the sound of tacatac! Clip-clop! And a loud iii-aah, iii-aah!

When Ana looks down the hill below her house she sees a man with a sign that reads Biblioburro. With the man there are two burros. What are they carrying? Libros! Books!
Ana runs down the hill to the man with the sign and the burros and the books. Other children run to him too, skipping down the hills and stomping through the fields. “Who are you? Who are they?” the children ask. The man says, “I am a librarian, a biblioteccario, and these are my burros, Alfa and Beto. Welcome to the Biblioburro, my biblioteca.” “But, señor,” Ana says, “I thought libraries were only in big cities and buildings.” “Not this one,” says the librarian. “This is a moving library.” Then he spreads out his books and invites the children to join him under a tree. “Once upon a time,” the librarian begins, sharing the story of an elephant who swings from a spider web. He reads from books with beautiful pictures, then helps the little ones learn their abecedario.
He sings, “A, B, C, D, E, F, G…”
Finally, he says, “Now it’s your turn. Pick out books and in a few weeks I will be back to collect them and bring you new ones.”
“Me too?” asks Ana.
“Especially you,” says the librarian with a smile.
The Black Book of Colors by Menena Cottin; Rosana Faría, illustrator
The Black Book of Colors

A visually impaired child learns colors through his friend Thomas’s poetic metaphors and similes. The left side of each double-page spread is in Braille; the right side is a three-dimensional expression in black of the color; for example, “Red is sour like unripe strawberries” is conveyed by black, three-dimensional strawberries.
Thomas says that yellow tastes like mustard, but is as soft as a baby chick’s feathers.
Red is sour like unripe strawberries and as sweet as watermelon.
It hurts when he finds it on his scraped knee.
Brown crunches under his feet like fall leaves. Sometimes it smells like chocolate, and other times it stinks.
Thomas says that blue is the color of the sky when kites are flying and the sun is beating hot on his head.
But when clouds decide to gather up and the rain pours down, then the sky is white.
And when the sun peeks through the falling water, all the colors come out, and that’s a rainbow.

Thomas thinks that without the sun, water doesn’t amount to much. It has no color, no taste, no smell.

He says that green tastes like lemon ice cream and smells like grass that’s just been cut.

But black is the king of all the colors. It is as soft as silk when his mother hugs him and her hair falls in his face.

Thomas likes all the colors because he can hear them and smell them and touch them and taste them.
Pushing Up the Sky: Seven Native American Plays for Children by Joseph Bruchac; Teresa Flavin, illustrator
This is a book that includes seven different plays that are all based on traditional Native American tales. Before each play there is a description of the parts, props, scenery, and costumes that can be used to help children bring these plays to life. Each play includes a trickster and hero.
Scene 1: The Forest

A group of animals stand together.

Narrator: Long ago Possum had the most beautiful tail of all the animals. Everyone knew that was true. And if anyone didn’t know, then Possum would tell him so.

Bear: Tomorrow we will have a big meeting. Rabbit, you be the messenger. Go tell all the animals. We will meet at the big oak tree when Grandmother Sun rises up in the sky.

Rabbit: What will the meeting be about?

Bear: We will decide that tomorrow.

Turtle: Oh no, here comes Possum!

Raccoon: He is going to brag about his tail again. I can tell.

Possum enters and walks over to the other animals, holding his long tail in front of him.

Possum: Siyo! (see-yo) Hello! This day is beautiful. And so is my tail. Look at my beautiful tail.

Other Animals: Siyo, Possum.

Possum: Did you say there would be a meeting tomorrow?

Bear: Yes.
Possum: Then I should speak at the meeting.

Turtle: Why?

Otter: Turtle, don’t ask him! He’ll just talk about his –

Possum: Because of my beautiful tail. It is the most beautiful of all. It is not short like Bear’s tail. It is long and silky. It is not stiff like Raccoon’s tail. It is soft and lovely. It is not stubby like Rabbit’s tail. It is fluffy and big. It is not ugly like Turtle’s tail. It is pretty and nice.

(Possum can continue to improvise while Bear and Rabbit speak, saying “Isn’t it beautiful etc.”)

As Possum goes on talking, the other animals yawn and roll their eyes. One by one they fall to the ground and pretend to sleep. During this activity Rabbit taps Bear on the shoulder, and Rabbit and Bear step toward the audience. Possum does not notice, but keeps talking.
2-3 Band: Folklore

*Beaver Steals Fire: A Salish Coyote Story* by the Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes

*Doña Flor: A Tall Tale About a Giant Woman With a Great Big Heart* by Pat Mora; Raul Colón, illustrator

*Juan Bobo and the Pig* by Felix Pitre; Christie Hale, illustrator

*Rhinos for Lunch and Elephants for Supper!* by Tololwa M. Mollel; Barbara Spurll, illustrator
Beaver Steals Fire: A Salish Coyote Story

The Salish and Pend d’Oreille Culture Committee ask that this tale only be told between the months of November through March. It is a story of how the animals on earth stole fire from those who lived in the sky. An extensive author’s note explains the significance of fire to the Salish and Pend d’Oreille, who historically used fire to shape the landscape and make it more productive.
In the sky world, Waiwi (Curlew) was the guardian of fire.

Coyote gathered the members of his raiding party together and said to them, “I want to find Curlew’s camp.”

Coyote said, “Curlew is down at the river right now. He’s watching his fish traps.” Coyote said to Frog and Bull Snake, “Follow Curlew back to his camp. When you find his camp, come back here and let us know where it is.”

Frog and Bull Snake went to the river. They saw Curlew sitting on the bank watching over his fish traps. Soon Curlew stood up and headed for his camp. Frog and Bull Snake followed. They reached a little hill, and over this hill was the camp. Frog and Bull Snake crawled up to the top of the hill. Very carefully they peeked over and watched Curlew go into his lodge.

Bull Snake began to get hungry. He licked Frog’s foot. Frog said, “Quit.” Bull Snake soon swallowed the foot, and Frog said, “Quit.” Frog was swallowed up to his waist, and he said, “Quit.” Bull Snake swallowed one arm, and Frog said, “Quit.” Frog was swallowed up to his neck and said, “Quit.” Then Frog was gulped up, still saying “Quit.” You could hardly hear Frog. Then there was silence.
When Bull Snake returned to his companions, Coyote asked, “Where is Frog?”
Bull Snake said, “He was eaten up.” He didn’t tell Coyote who ate Frog. Bull Snake
continued, saying, “But I found Curlew’s camp. He has the fire there.”
Coyote said, “Sqlew (Beaver), you will be the one who steals fire.”
Beaver said, “OK. I’ll go to the river. I’ll pretend I’m dead and float on my back on top of
the water. Curlew will think I’m dead, and he will catch me and bring me back to his
camp.”
Coyote said, “Pqiqe (Eagle), when Beaver is at Curlew’s lodge, you fly there and land
in the top of Curlew’s lodgepoles and pretend that you are wounded and unable to fly.
When Curlew comes out and sees you wounded, he will ask his family to come outside
and capture you. They will leave Beaver alone just long enough for him to steal fire.”

Eagle said, “OK. I understand.”
A Note to Teachers and Parents

In our tradition—that of the Salish and Pend d’Oreille of the Northern Rockies—fire is a gift that can nurture life and be used to take care of the earth we have been entrusted with. It provides us with light and warmth. It makes it possible for us to cook our food. It is at the heart of our spiritual practice and at the very center of our traditional way of life. Before European-Americans arrived, it was the tool that our people used to intensively manage the lands where they lived. Our ancestors burned areas to increase food and medicinal plants. They burned to improve forage for game animals, like deer, elk, bighorn sheep, buffalo, antelope, and bear.
Doña Flor: A Tall Tale About a Giant Woman With a Great Big Heart

Doña Flor was a giant lady who was first looked at as being funny looking by the towns people. After time went by they saw Doña Flor as their protector. They were afraid of a loud roar that echoed throughout the land and Doña Flor would not rest until she found the animal making this noise. With the help of her animal friends she found the little Puma making this loud roar and ensured the town that they were now safe.
Every winter morning when the sun opened one eye, Doña Flor grabbed a handful of snow from the top of a nearby mountain. “Brrrrrrrrrr,” she said, rubbing the snow on her face to wake up.

Long, long ago, when Flor was a baby, her mother sang to her in a voice sweet as river music. When Flor’s mother sang to her corn plants, they grew tall as trees, and when she sang to her baby, her sweet flower, well, Flor grew and grew, too. Some children laughed at her because she was different. “Mira! Look! Big Foot!” they called when she walked by. “Flor talks funny,” they whispered, because Flor spoke to butterflies and grasshoppers. She spoke every language, even rattler.
But soon Flor’s friends and neighbors asked her for help. Children late for school asked, “Por favor, Flor, could you give us a ride?” She took just one of her giant steps and was at the school door. Of course, the escuela shook and the windows ratted. When Flor finally stopped growing, she built her own house, una casa big as a mountain and open as a canyon.

She scooped a handful of dirt and made herself a valley for mixing clay, straw, and water. She added some estrellas. The stars made the adobe shine. When she worked, Flor sang, and birds came and built nests in her hair. Flor wanted everyone to feel at home in her house. “Mi casa es su casa,” she said to people, animals, and plants, so they knew they were always welcome. Everyone called her Doña Flor because they respected her.
Juan Bobo and the Pig

Pitre, Felix, and Christy Hale (Illus.). Juan Bobo and the Pig: A Puerto Rican Folktale. New York: Lodestar, 1993
Juan Bobo is known as the folk hero of Puerto Rico, with each adventure there is a lesson to be learned. Juan Bobo is left at home while his mother is at church and is left with his favorite animal *el puerco* the pig. He decides to dress the pig in his mother’s clothes and jewelry to send him to church. Juan Bobo is like most Puerto Rican children with farm animals and a love for the outdoors. Throughout the story there are many Spanish phrases and the illustrations depict the simple life style of *el campo* the mountains.
One day, Juan Bobo’s mother called her son. “Juan Bobo! Donde estas? Where are you?” Juan Bobo heard his mother calling and came running to their small house. “Juan Bobo,” answered his mother, “today is Sunday, domingo, and I am going to church, to la iglesia.” “While I am gone, I want you to take good care of the puerquito, the pig.” “Oh, yes, Mami. I’ll take very good care of the puerquito,” he said with a laugh.
Ay, *que bueno*, this is great, Juan thought. I have nothing to do but take it easy and relax. Suddenly, Juan heard the pig. He was making so much noise. But you know, the pigs in Puerto Rico don’t say “oink oink.” They go like this: “Chruuurh! Chruuurh!”

I know, *yo se*, I know. You want to go to church with Mami!” But Juan Bobo looked at the pig and thought, he can’t go to church like that. So Juan entered the pen, grabbed the squirming pig, and carried him inside to Mami’s room. First he put one of his mother’s girdles on the pig. Next Juan put his mother’s best dress on the pig. Then Juan put his mother’s earrings, necklaces, and bracelets on the pig.
So to this day, in Puerto Rico, whenever a woman or man dresses up with lots of fancy jewelry and fancy clothes, pretending to be someone he or she is not, people will say, “That person looks like la puerca de Juan Bobo.” Or Simply John’s pig.
This is a fun folktale, about a strange monster hiding in the hare’s home. He goes to all his friends for help and one by one they fail, until the frog storms into the cave herself and finds out that the big scary monster is not scary at all.
And away thundered the rhino with the leopard, the fox and the hare close behind. Along the way they met an elephant and told him of the monster. “Come, follow me!” bellowed the elephant. “A good thrashing with my truck ought to bounce him out!”

But his bellowing did no good. And once again, with the elephant in the lead, they all stampeded away from the frightening voice in the cave.

As the animals went crashing through the forest, the ground shook and woke up a little frog who came storming out of her hole.

“What is the meaning of this?” she demanded angrily. “Your foolish noise woke me up.”

On hearing about the monster, the little frog calmed down somewhat and thought for a moment. Then she said, “Come. I’ll drive him out for you.”
The animals stared at her.
“You …”
“a frog …”
“will drive out the monster …”
“who eats rhinos for lunch …”
“and elephants for supper?!”
“If I’m going to finish my nap I’ll have to,” sighed the frog. Then chewing on her pipe and swinging her walking stick, she led the way, cool and confident as can be.
When she got to the cave, she said to the monster, “This is the home of my great friend the hare. Come out, whoever you are, before I come in and get you.”
“I’m a monster!” came the reply. “I eat rhinos for lunch and elephants for supper! Come in if you dare.”
“I’m the great eater, the great eater,” boomed back the frog. “I eat rhinos for breakfast, elephants for lunch and monsters for supper! I’m coming, I’m coming!”
Cycle of Rice, Cycle of Life: A Story of Sustainable Farming by Jan Reynolds
Efraín of the Sonoran Desert by Amalia Astorga, as told to Gary Paul Nabhan; Janet K. Miller, illustrator
Here Comes Holi: The Festival of Colors by Meenal Pandya
Murals: Walls That Sing by George Ancona
Redwoods by Jason Chin
In Search of the Spirit by Ayano Ohmi; Sheila Hamanaka, illustrator
Tripper’s Travels: An International Scrapbook by Nancy Kapp Chapman, Lee Chapman, Illustrator
What Color Is My World? The Lost History of African American Inventors by Kareem Abdul-Jabar and Raymond Obstfeld; Ben Boos and A. G. Ford, illustrators
This informational text is set in Bali, and follows the religion, rituals, and processes of watering, harvesting, and managing rice. Reynolds reports the efforts of J. Stephen Lansing, who fought to protect ancient rice traditions that were jeopardized by modern technology and bureaucracy.
The water system was built by hand in the ninth century, using only what nature provided: earth, logs, and stone. Today some structures have been replaced, or expanded with cement and other modern materials, but much of the original framework remains. Weirs, or diversionary dams, change the natural flow of water so it runs in other directions. Tunnels angling slightly downhill and canals, human-made streams, transport water from high mountainsides to lower ground. Aqueducts carry water across busy travel routes and other obstacles. Finally, long irrigation ditches bring the water right into farmers’ fields. Built along this intricate water system like beads on a necklace is a linked network of temples where water ceremonies take place.
The holiest of temples, Ulun Danu Batur, sits at the top of this chain above the crater lake, Batur. Fanning out below Ulun Danu Batur are the Masceti temples. These large temples sit above entire farming regions. Weirs direct water from multiple rivers to form a region’s communal water system. Below the Masceti temples are the Ulun Swi temples, which connect with a single weir, canal, or spring. The water from the Ulun Swi temples supplies many subaks, or groups of farms. There is also a separate temple for each subak, as well as a smaller temple for every individual farm. In this way, all points along this linked system of water sharing have their own corresponding water temples. The Jero Gde, or high priest, a most respected man, blesses drops of holy water gathered from the steamy vents near the summit of Batur volcano. This is the most sacred ceremony, taking place at Ulun Danu Batur.
This is a story about a lizard named Efraín. Efraín isn’t like other lizards because he becomes friends with the Seri Indians, and does not scamper off. Efraín is missing his tail, which is common among lizards because they drop their tails when they are stressed or certain events take place. This book provides information about the Seri Indians and their special relationship with lizards, and their concern for endangered species. When Efraín dies the Seri Indians hold a burial service.
There are hardly more than 600 Seri Indians alive today, which is why they are sometimes called “endangered people.” And yet, they are not doomed with extinction simply because they are so few in number. I will never forget how alive these Seri people are, singing and dancing for me and my friends, trading their beautiful baskets to us in exchange for food, and selling us their wonderful carvings of animals. Their carvings, far from being lifeless, capture the lovely movements of desert and marine animals, which the Seri know better than any other people living in Mexico.
The animal carving I took home with me some 25 years ago looks just like a real-life lizard. It’s the same size and shape. It even has the same stance. This particular lizard is endangered, a scientist later told me. “Endangered?” I asked. “Everywhere I looked on the island, there were lizards...” The Seri villages are not the places where lizards are threatened with extinction, the scientist told me. “It’s a curious thing,” he said, scratching his head, “but there seem to be more lizards around wherever the Seri live.”
The Seri elders also tell their grandchildren about mythic snakes that live high in the mountains, protecting fresh water springs from anyone who pollutes their water or drinks too much of it. They sing songs whenever they travel between two islands where a giant snake is said to live at the bottom of the treacherous channel. Without singing the songs to calm the snake and the waters which he controls, huge waves can rise up and smash or capsize any boat load of people who fail to show their respect to this creature.
Here Comes Holi: The Festival of Colors

This is the story about a mother who explains the story behind Holi, the festival of colors. Long ago there was an evil king who believed that he was the most powerful man alive, even more powerful than the gods. He had a son who, unlike the villagers, did not fear his father. When asked who the most powerful man in the world was, the prince replied Vishnu. This infuriated the king, and he tried to have his son killed in a fire, but killed his own sister instead. The prince, in memory of his aunt, named the tragic day Holi, and all the people were to celebrate with colors.
With sad faced and heavy hearts, they all gathered in the center of the town to bid farewell to their beloved prince. No one could eat anything that day, dreading what was to come.

At last, evening came.

In the center of town, a huge fire was lit. Holika was ready with her special sari wrapped around her and took Prahlad in her lap. Not knowing his aunt’s evil intentions, he felt safe in her lap. But everyone else was worried.

As the orange flames touched the sky, people’s hearts sank in deep sorrow. They all expected that Holika would come out of the fire unharmed and their beloved prince would be burned to ashes.

But what they saw was different. It was Prahlad, their beloved prince, walking out of the fire—unharmed and smiling instead of Holika.
Prahlad said that a strong gust of wind came and the sari came undone on Holika and covered him protecting him from the fire. Prahlad told everyone that he had promised his Aunt Holika, when she asked for forgiveness, that in her memory this day would be called Holi, and everyone would celebrate Holi with colors to remember her.

That is why, even after thousands of years, on the day of Holi, people throw colors at each other and rejoice,” said Mom as she finished the story.

We played with the colored water, abil, and gulal all day with our friends, uncles, aunts, and grandparents.

In the evening, I took a bath. I loved the new clothes Mom had for me. After taking the bath, we all went to the center of town where a huge bonfire had been lit.
Murals are the people’s art—there is no price of admission to a museum. This book illustrates the cultural, social, and political images that have been painted onto a myriad of walls throughout the world, as well as the pride, hope, and perseverance they have inspired; this story has no central location — its focus is eclectic.
Father Symeon and Father Barney are two Russian Orthodox monks who minister to the Latino barrio in Albuquerque, New Mexico. They have turned a small building into a chapel. On the outside walls, the monks painted images of the saints in the traditional Russian icon style. Perched on a ladder, Father Barney paints the clouds, sky, and angels in heaven. Below, Father Symeon shares a joke with a neighbor, who discovers that the monk has painted himself into the mural behind the saints.

A mural in Balmy Alley shows the Asian god, Manjushri, who is the bodhisattva of wisdom and compassion. He stands on a lotus flower that grows from the darkness of the earth to blossom in the universe.
On the wall of The Middle Eastern Restaurant in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a mural called “Crosswinds” shows the restaurant’s Lebanese owners and their families, friends, and other people in the community. In Boston’s Chinatown, a mural rises up on the side of a building that was to have been torn down. The neighbors rallied to save it, and this mural was painted to show the story of Boston’s Asian immigrants. The top of the mural shows the first Chinese men who were brought to this country to help build the railroads. Later, they began their own businesses. The central panel shows the women seamstresses who worked in sweatshops. The rest of the figures show life in Chinatown. One image shows the building about to be torn down by a wrecking ball. For generations, their work and talents have contributed to Boston’s cultural richness.
Redwoods

A young boy finds a book about redwoods in the subway station and begins reading it. As he reads, the information in the book comes alive, and he is transported into a redwood forest. The book gives a lot of information about redwood trees in a fun, fantastical way.
Coast redwoods need a lot of water to grow as tall as they do, and the area in Northern California where they live is perfect—it’s a rain forest. The air is cool and damp, and the land is often covered in thick fog. It takes a long time for water to travel all the way from the roots to the top of a redwood, and the fog helps the trees by preventing them from losing moisture to evaporation. In addition, the needles of a redwood can absorb moisture straight from the air.

In the summer, when there is much less rainfall, redwoods have an ingenious way of collecting water: They make their own rain! When the fog rolls in, it condenses on the redwood’s needles, and whatever moisture isn’t absorbed then falls to the ground to be soaked up by the tree’s roots. Other plants that live at the base of a redwood tree use this
“artificial rain” as well, so not only do the redwoods water themselves, they water all the plants around them.

The branches of a redwood are called the crown, or canopy, and start very high up the trunk. To study redwood crowns, scientists have to climb into them, and this is not easy. Because the trees are so tall, researchers use a bow and arrow to launch a rope over the branches. When the rope is secure, they can pull themselves up. It is very dangerous work.
This book celebrates the multitudinous Japanese art forms that survived the culturally effacing effects of World War II. Included are step-by-step, simple instructions to imitate the art forms and creations of particular Japanese artists.
Iizuka Shokansai’s father, like his father before him, was an influential bamboo weaver. But as the second son, Mr. Iizuka felt free to follow his own dreams. He attended the most famous art school in Japan and studied painting. However, when his older brother died in the 1940s, everything changed. Mr. Iizuka now had to take care of all family matters, including maintaining the bamboo workshop. At thirty years of age, he knew that it was late to start learning his father’s art, but there was no choice. He gave up spending time with his friends and devoted all of his time and energy to bamboo. It was a very difficult decision. Mr. Iizuka knew that the way of bamboo was a hard one. He knew that the first step—learning how to cut bamboo—was said to take ten years.
In the traditional Japanese way of apprenticeship, there is no such thing as reading textbooks, writing papers, and getting a degree. Mr. Iizuka learned by watching and trying to imitate his father, who was very strict. Mr. Iizuka’s progress was slow. He often felt frustrated and disappointed, but he never gave up. And in the end, as he will tell you, it takes more than years of training to make great art. For Mr. Iizuka, the secret lies in the heart. “The more excited you feel while creating, the more your work can move the viewer’s feelings. Since vases and boxes are things for use, people tend to judge them by how useful they are. Therefore it is especially difficult and challenging for the artist to go beyond this point of view and create powerful and impressive works of art out of everyday things. For this to be possible, you must always nurture your heart.”
Tripper’s Travels: An International Scrapbook

This is a story about Tripper, a dog who travels all over the world. He visits several different cities in different countries. This book is like a scrapbook of all things he saw and learned from visiting different places. He shares information, such as special foods, the country's flag, and important landmarks. Some of the places mentioned in this book are Canberra, Australia; Tokyo, Japan; and Delhi, India.
I’m outside of Cairo riding Samuel the camel after a rare rainstorm. You can see the pyramids and the Great Sphinx of Giza in the background. The pyramids were built by pharaohs, the kings of ancient Egypt. See my friend Shani sitting next to those Egyptians? She’s a pharaoh hound, one of the oldest dog breeds in the world. To me, she acts just like a puppy.

Look at me with my binoculars and mint tea! I’m standing on the rooftop, and you can see an ancient mosque and minaret in the background.

The ancient Egyptians put dog and cat mummies in their tombs so their pets could join them in the next world. I hope I don’t end up a mummy!

Here I’m taking a picture of the minarets of the Al-Azhar Mosque. This beautiful mosque is also a famous university.

The Egyptians wrote in pictures called hieroglyphs. They also invented a paper which they called papyrus.
We dressed in *galabayas* – long robes of cotton material. They were great to wear in hot weather. I wore a turban and Shani wore a scarf. Egyptians also dress like we do in the states, but they do not like to show too much skin. You rarely see them in shorts or sleeveless shirts.

In the center of Cairo is an old market known as the *khan*. Shani and I wondered around the narrow alleys and poked our noses into shops that sold lots of great stuff, even dog collars.

This is the street of spices. What a treat for our doggy noses. We sniffed anise, chamomile, hibiscus, cinnamon, and chilies. The chilies made me sneeze.

All the seeing and sniffing made me hungry. Here’s what we ate for lunch: pita bread, *molokhiyya* soup, *kufta* (meatballs), *baba ghanoush* (eggplant), *hummus* (chickpea mixture), *kebabs* (lamb and veggies on a skewer), *ruz* (rice), *batatis* (potatoes), lentils, and yogurt. For dessert I had *baklava* (pastry with honey and nuts) along with dates, melons, and nuts. Sure beats dog chow!
Annotation

*What Color is My World* is a book about African American inventors. This book sheds light on inventors who innovated things that many white inventors have been given full credit for. At the beginning of the book, a young boy and girl move into their new home, which is a real fixer-upper. To help them get the house up to par, an older Black man comes to their aid. While helping them clean the house, Mr. Mital tells them about all the things in the house that were innovated by black men and women that we use in our everyday lives.
Ella laughed. “African American? Unless this was a station on the Underground Railroad, I don’t see any African-American history.” She cupped her hands and shouted up the stairs, “Dr. King, are you up there watching MTV with Harriet Tubman?”

“Ella,” I said, nudging her, “knock it off.”
“‘There’s more to our history than slavery, jazz sports, and civil rights marches.’”
“We know that,” Ella said, getting sore. “Do you know a lot of African-American scientists?”
Mr. Mital asked.
Ella looked at me.
“C’mon, genius,” Ella whispered to me. “Name some black scientists.”
I’m sure I’d read about a few, but I couldn’t remember a lot of names. Finally, I said, “George Washington Carver.”
“The peanut guy,” Ella said with a triumphant look.
“Amazing man,” Mr. Mital agreed. “They called him the ‘Black Leonardo,’ after Leonardo da Vinci. Who else you got on that list?” Ella and I looked at each other. Then we shrugged. Mr. Mital walked over to the wall and flipped the light switch. Overhead, a bare lightbulb bust ablaze with light.

“What invented the lightbulb?” he asked.

“Thomas Edison,” I said.

“You going to tell us he was black?” Ella said.

“It was a trick question,” Mr. Mital said. “No one invented the lightbulb.”
Not every invention has to be something practical. Sometimes an invention can change the world by making it a whole lot more fun. That’s what happened when a nuclear engineer named Lonnie Johnson created the Super Soaker in 1991. It would be hard to find a kid in America who hasn’t played with one at least once!

Lonnie Johnson grew up in Mobile, Alabama, and went to Tuskegee University. When he’s not designing the coolest squirt guns of all time, he’s inventing other stuff, like the Johnson Thermoelectric Energy Conversion System, which is a system that provides a more efficient way to use heat to generate energy.
Basically, this could be the hope for more widespread use of solar energy. Right now, solar energy systems only convert about 30 percent of solar energy into electricity, which makes it more explosive than burning oil or coal. But Lonnie’s invention raises that efficiency rate to more than 60 percent. I know this invention is probably a lot more important than the squirt gun, but, he I’m a kid!
2-3 Band: Novels: Contemporary Realistic Fiction

Alvin Ho: Allergic to Camping, Hiking, and Other Natural Disasters by Lenore Look; LeUyen Pham, illustrator

Indian Shoes by Cynthia Leitich Smith;
Jim Madsen, illustrator

Make Way for Dyamonde Daniel by Nikki Grimes; R. Gregory Christie, illustrator

The Road to Paris by Nikki Grimes
Alvin Ho: Allergic to Camping, Hiking, and Other Natural Disasters

Alvin Ho is a series of novels where Alvin Ho goes on adventures and conquers his fears. In this novel, Alvin goes camping with his younger sister and dad despite his fears of being eaten by animals, abducted by aliens and natural disasters. Alvin goes camping and makes friends along the way who help him overcome his fears. Most importantly Alvin has the opportunity to bond with his dad while camping.
My name is Alvin Ho. I was born scared and I am still scared. Things that scare me include:

- Long words (especially “hippopotomonstrosesquipedaliophobia,” which means fear of long words).
- Punctuation. (Except for exclamation points! Exclamations are fantastic!!)
- The dark (which means I have nyctophobia).
- The great outdoors (what’s so great about it?) Lots of things can happen when you’re outdoors:
  - Hurricanes.
  - Tornadoes.
  - Mudslides.
  - Landslides.
  - The end of the world.
“Were you always so brave, Dad?”
“No,” said my dad. “Not always. I used to be afraid of everything.”
“Like me?”
“Yes, like you.”
“Did you always like camping?” I asked.
“Yes,” said my dad. “Always.”
“What did you like about it?”
“Everything,” he said. “But especially this- falling asleep facing the stars.”
“Me too,” I said. “I’m just like you, dad.”
My dad squeezed my hand. And I squeezed him back.
“I love you, son.”
“I love you, Dad.”
Then I closed my eyes and went to sleep.
Indian Shoes

This is the story about a young boy named Ray, who is living with his Grampa. This book includes several different stories about Ray and his Grampa. They always can count on each other no matter what, like when Ray lost his suit pants for the wedding and he had to bring out the ring; so grandpa gave him his pants. Another story shows how Ray traded in his shoes so that he could buy his Grampa a pair of Indian moccasins because he was feeling homesick.
Grampa Halfmoon and Ray rounded the corner and looked up the street. Their jaws dropped like hooked catfish. The barber pole was gone. The Bud’s Barber Shop sign had been replaced with one that said Coiffures by Claudia. And that wasn’t the half of it.

When Ray peeked into the window, he saw that the beat-up swirling chairs had been replaced with shiny mauve ones. The customers in ball caps had been switched for ladies with long, colorful nails. And when a lady with foo-foo hair opened the glass door to leave, Ray couldn’t smell the usual stinky cigars. Instead, out came the smell of rose potpourri.

Ray didn’t even think about walking into Claudia’s, and neither did Grampa.
Ray glanced at his watch. It was already noon, and they had to leave for the game at 2:30. “Now what’re we going to do?” he asked.

“It’s too late to track down another shop,” Grampa said. “Most places are booked solid on Saturdays. But don’t worry. I’ve got a plan.”

Back at the house, Grampa fetched the scissors and a towel. Ray sat down in a kitchen chair and draped the towel over his shoulders.

“You’ve heard me tell about my wild haired mutt, Catastrophe,” Grampa Halfmoon said setting a salad bowl on top on Ray’s head. “Every once in a while, I’d trim the hair out of his eyes. Everybody said it looked right professional.”

As Grampa cut Ray’s hair, the prickly ends tickled his neck. To keep from squirming, Ray studied the baseball schedule held by banana shaped magnets on the refrigerator. He daydreamed about facing down the Rockets’ pitcher and – ka-smack – hitting a home run.
Make Way for Dyamonde Daniel

This story is about a girl named Dyamonde Daniel. Dyamonde recently moved with her mother after her parents divorced. The move was hard for Dyamonde, mostly because she had to leave behind her best friend. Dyamonde meets a new boy in town, named Free, and is determined to figure out why he is angry all the time. She learns that he is upset about moving to the new town because, like Dyamonde, he had to leave all his friends behind. Dyamonde and Free soon become best friends, and become happier with their new homes.
“Who are you so mad at?” asked Dyamonde.
The question caught Free off guard.
“What?”
“Who are you so mad at?”
“Who said I was mad?”
“Oh, puleeze! All you do is stomp around and glare at people, even teachers, and I have not seen one person do anything bad to you since you got here. Not one. So who are you mad at?”

Dyamonde’s words were sharp as needles, and Free felt like a balloon that she had just poked a hole in. All of the air came whooshing out, and instead of looking angry, Free just sort of sagged.

“I don’t know,” said Free in a tired voice. “I’m mad at my folks. At my dad, mostly. He lost his job and made us move here, and I had to leave all my friends behind.”
Dyamonde thought about her old neighborhood, and her old friends. The face of Alisha came swimming up before her eyes, and Dyamonde had to swallow hard. She wasn’t mad at her Mom for making her move, but she understood how Free could be mad his dad.

“Okay,” said Dyamonde. “You’ve got a right to be mad – but not at people you don’t even know.”
Free sighed. “I guess you’re right.”
“Of course I’m right. I’m always right,” said Dyamonde. The way she said it made Free smile.
“What’s your name again?” he asked.
“Dyamonde, with a y instead of an i plus an e at the end. And yes, I know. I must be a diamond in the rough, ‘cause I’m plain as coal, blah, blah, blah. I’ve heard it all,” said Dyamonde, rolling her eyes to the sky.
“Kids tease you about your name all the time?”
“Yeah.”
“How do you stand it? I hate it when kids tease me about mine.”
Dyamonde shrugged. “It use to bug me when I was little.
Paris is a young girl who was born into adversity. Paris is half white and half black; she is dark skinned and has blonde hair. Paris and her older brother, Malcolm, are taken from their home and put into foster care where Paris is beaten. Later Malcolm is put into a boys’ home while Paris is sent to the Lincolns, a white suburban family in a predominantly white neighborhood. Paris is guarded and wants nothing more than to fit in.
Dear Malcolm,

I miss you every day.

I’m living in a place called Ossining. Ever hear of it? It took a long train ride to get here. Its got a famous prison. Sing Sing. What a funny name for a place where they lock you up. I bet nobody who lives there sings. I wouldn’t.

The house I'm in is nothing like a prison. They don’t beat me here, Malcolm. Not so far. Or lock me up in closets. The people here are pretty nice, except for one aunt and one cousin but they’re not worth talking about.

Mrs. Lincoln, the mom, is a big lady, but not jolly at all. Mr. Lincoln is quiet, mostly. I like to stay to myself and I get to do a lot cause- surprise! I have my own room. Would you believe it? It’s a teeny room, tho. Still, I wish you were here to share it.

Where are you? I’m writing this stupid letter and I don’t even know where to send it. I had to talk to you, tho, even if its only on paper.

Oh! I almost forgot, I have a new friend. Her name is Ashley. She lives down the street.

Bye for now.

Paris
She thought about how great it would be to live with Malcolm again, and with Viola, whom she’d finally learned to forgive. She thought about how she hardly knew her own mother, really. And she wanted to. She needed to, really. She and Malcolm would be together again. She could hardly wait!

There was no way for Paris to tell the future. But she was not afraid. Not anymore.
2-3 Band: Picture Books: Contemporary Realistic Fiction

Allison by Allen Say
Cora Cooks Pancit by Dorina K. Lazo Gilmore; Kristi Valiant, illustrator
Dear Primo: A Letter to My Cousin by Duncan Tonatiuh
Gettin’ Through Thursday by Melrose Cooper; Nneka Bennett, illustrator
Halmoni and the Picnic by Sook Nyul Choi; Karen Dugan, illustrator
I Know Here by Laurel Croza; Matt James, illustrator
A Shelter in Our Car by Monica Gunning; Elaine Pedlar, illustrator
¡Si, Se Puede! Yes, We Can! Janitor Strike in L.A by Diana Cohn; Francisco Delgado, illustrator
Soledad Sigh-Sighs by Rigoberto González; Rosa Ibarra, illustrator
Time to Pray by Maha Addasi; Ned Gannon, illustrator
Too Many Tamales by Gary Soto
Uncle Peter’s Amazing Chinese Wedding by Lenore Look; Yumi Heo, illustrator
Yasmin’s Hammer by Ann Malaspina; Doug Ghayka, illustrator
Allison

Allison is a little girl who begins to realize that she is different from the rest of her family. All of the other children in her class look like their parents but she doesn’t resemble hers at all. Sadness and anger fill her after feeling abandoned by her “real” parents but a new friend might change her feelings about adoption.
“What a lovely kimono,” Mother said. “Kimono,” Allison repeated. “Is Mei Mei’s dress a kimono too?” “Yes, but hers is very old and from far away,” Father said. “Try it on, Allison.” Mother tied the obi for her and exclaimed, “How pretty! Look in the mirror.” Allison looked in the mirror and smiled. She saw Mother and Father smiling over her shoulders. She held Mei Mei next to her and saw that Mei Mei’s hair was dark and straight like hers. Allison looked at her mother, then at her father. Her smile disappeared.

At lunchtime Allison sat quietly. “Are you all right?” Father asked. “Do you have a tummy ache?” Mother asked. “Where did Mei Mei come from?” Allison asked. “Far, far away, from another country,” Father said. “Mommy and I went there and brought you and Mei Mei home with us.”
Allison stared. “You’re not my Mommy and Daddy?” “Of course we are,” Father said. “You’ve been with us since you were a little baby.” “You’re the only child we have,” Mother said. “We love you very much.” “Where’s my Mommy? Where’s my Daddy?” Allison cried. “They didn’t want me?” Allison asked. “We’re sure they wanted you but we never met them,” Mother said. “They were not able to keep you but they wanted you to have a mother and father,” Father said. “Can’t I see a picture of them?” Allison asked. Father shook his head. “There was only your doll. You called her Mei Mei even then,” Mother said. Cradling Mei Mei in her arms, Allison went to her room.
Cora Cooks Pancit

This is the story of a little girl named Cora who loves being in the kitchen and watching her mother cook. Her three older sisters and older brother are always helping mix the food and shred the chicken, but Cora is only allowed to help lick the spoon. Then one day her sisters and brother went out and it was just Cora and her mother home. Cora asked her mom if she could help cook and her mother agreed; they decided that they would make pancit. Cora was allowed to help with all the grown up jobs and that night at dinner everybody enjoyed the food that Cora helped prepare.

“Don’t forget the noodles,” said Cora.

“Oh, yes, the noodles,” said Mama.

“Let’s get started,” Mama told Cora. “Open the package of rice noodles and put them in a bowl of water. Do you know why we soak them?”

“So they get soft,” answered Cora.

“You’ve been paying attention,” said Mama with a wink. Cora opened the package. She plopped the big clump of noodles into the bowl.
Meanwhile, Mama took out some chicken she had cooked earlier. This was Mama’s special stash. She used chicken for all kinds of Filipino dishes like *tanghon*, chicken curry, and *lumpia*.

“Want to help me shred?” asked Mama.

Cora’s eyes grew wide. A grown-up job. She was ready. She pulled the chicken pieces apart the way her older sister Prim did. She placed them on a plate. Cora snuck a tiny bite of chicken. She rolled it to the back of her mouth before Mama noticed. The salty taste tickled her tongue.

“I’ll chop,” said Mama. Cora arranged the vegetables in neat rows. Mama chopped celery stalks, carrots, cabbage and onions. When Mama started slicing the onions, tears ran down Cora’s cheeks. She looked up and saw Mama’s watery eyes.

“Onions make us cry,” sang Mama. They both laughed.

Mama took out her huge *panic* pan with shiny copper outside and big handles.
Dear Primo: A Letter to My Cousin

Tonatiuh, Duncan, and Melissa Arnst (Trans.).
This is a story about two cousins, one who lives in Mexico and one who lives in America. They are writing each other and telling about what their life is like in their country. This story is a great way to show how culture varies from country to country. Children will be able to see the differences in how people live.
Every morning I ride my bicicletta to school. I ride it past the perros and past a nopal.

I ride the subway to school. The subway is like a long metal snake, and it travels through tunnels underground.

At recess time I play futbol. My friend passes me the ball, I kick it with my foot, and if I score, I yell ... gol!

I play basketball. My friend dribbles the ball and passes it to me. I jump and shoot. The ball goes swoosh! Nothing but net.

When I come home from school, I help my mom cook. My favorite meal is quesadillas. I make them with cheese and tortillas.

In America we have lots of different foods. My favorite is pizza. I like getting a slice on my way home from school.
After I finish my homework, my mom lets me outside and play. In Mexico we have many games, like trompos and canicas. My favorite game is papalotes. My friends and I run and run, and with little wind we fly the papalotes high up.

When I finish my homework, I play games with my friends from the building. We play by the stoop...

... and in each other’s apartments, too. I like going over to my friend’s home to play video games.

In the afternoon it often gets hot. To cool off I jump in a small rio that is nearby.

In the summer the city gets hot, too. I like getting splashed by the fire hydrant when the firefighters open it up and close off the block.
Gettin’ Through Thursday

In Andre’s house it was a struggle to get through the week until payday. Andre knew that if he made honor roll Mama would have a small party just for him. He realizes that his report card comes on a Thursday and everyone knows nothing good comes from a Thursday. Nevertheless Mama gives him a celebration that did not cost them anything.
“Angel babe,” she said like she always did when she needed to tell me what I didn’t want to hear, “tomorrow we’ll have your celebration because you know what today is.”

That did it. Her face got blurry ‘cause my feelings were spillin’ out. “I sure do know what today is! Today is report card day, not tomorrow. I don’t care if it’s Thursday or not. You promised, Mama. You said we’d drop everything and celebrate that very day!”

I broke away and slammed the door like Shawna and sunk down behind it. I heard them all whisperin’ together out there. I didn’t care what they were sayin’-I knew it was more talk about what we can’t do and can’t have, all because the day is wrong. .
I thought about takin’ every calendar in the whole wide world and crossin’ out the Thursdays, as if that was going to change things. But sometimes that kind of daydream turns the anger into somethin’ else, and pretty soon it’s not as bad as the minute before.

“You’re right, Andre.” Mama said as she opened the door. “Report card day is today, even if it is a you-know-what, and we should be celebratin’ like I promised. Now mind you, this is a dress rehearsal, but it’s the best we can do... today.”

Then Mama and Davis and Shawna broke into a “Happy Report Card Day to You” chorus. Shawna held a pretend plate and set it on the coffee table.
Halmoni and the Picnic

This is a story about a girl named Yunmi who lives in America and is cared for by her Korean grandmother, Halmoni. Halmoni recently came to America and is not used to the culture. Yunmi feels badly for Halmoni because she knows she misses Korea and is not comfortable in America. Yunmi decides to invite her grandmother to her class picnic. At first Yunmi is excited about Halmoni coming but she then becomes nervous that her classmates will not like Halmoni because she dresses differently and does not speak English. This is not the case at all. All the children loved Halmoni and she had a wonderful time at the picnic. This story is a great way to show differences in the American and Korean culture.
That afternoon Yunmi cautiously told Halmoni what had happened at school. Halmoni blushed with pleasure. “Helen said that? Your teacher wants me?” So relieved to see Halmoni looking happy, Yunmi nodded her head up and down. Touching Yumni’s cheek, Halmoni asked, “And do you want me to go to the picnic with you?” “Yes, yes, Halmoni, it will be fun. You will meet all my friends, and Mrs. Nolan, and we will be together all day long in Central Park.” “Then yes, I will come,” Halmoni said.
Halmoni would not go to the picnic empty handed. She prepared a huge fruit basket for the third graders. She also insisted on making a large plate of kimbap and a big jug of barley tea. Kimbap is made of rice, carrots, eggs and green vegetables wrapped in seaweed. Again, Yunmi was worried. Most of the children would bring bologna and peanut butter sandwiches, which they would wash down with soda pop. What if nobody wanted to eat Halmoni’s kimbap? What if they made faces?

“Halmoni, please do not take the kimbap to the picnic. It took you so long to make. Let’s save it for us to eat later.”

“Oh, it was no problem. It looks so pretty and it’s perfect for picnics. I wonder if I made enough.”
On the morning of the picnic, Yumni and her grandmother met the bus at school. Halmoni wore her pale blue skirt and top, called a ch’ima and chogoti in Korean, with her white socks and white pointed rubber shoes.

When they arrived at Central Park, Halmoni sat under a big chestnut tree and watched the children play. The children took off their jackets and threw them in front of Halmoni. Smiling, she picked them up, shook off the grass and dirt, and fold each of them neatly. She liked the cool earth beneath her and the ringing laughter of the children.
A girl in the third grade lives with her family in Saskatchewan, where her father and others are building a dam. They all live in trailers, and the children go to school in a trailer. As the dam nears completion, the child realizes she will have to leave all she has grown to love: the soft needles of pine trees, the sound of wolves, good tobogganing hills, frogs, foxes, rabbits, and moose. She decides to draw all these things she loves and take her memories to Toronto.

Doug runs down the steps of our trailer. He’s bursting with news.

“We’re moving,” he shouts. “We’re moving to Toronto. When summer comes.”

Our friends circle around him.

The dam our dad is building is almost finished. By summer it will send out electricity far across the prairies. Soon we will all be leaving.

I follow my brother, kicking the packed dirt. Swirls of dust puff up and turn my rubber boots gray.

This is where I live. I don’t know Toronto. I know here.

I know this road, the one I am walking on. One end goes to the dam and the other end stops at my school. I count the trailers on my side of the road. There are seven and mine makes eight.
I know the forest behind my home where I play hide-and-seek in and out of the pine trees, the needles soft like a quilt under my feet. I know the howling sound a wolf makes when it calls out at night in that very same forest.

I count the trailers on the other side of the road. There are ten. A fox lives in a cage behind one of them. I know the fox’s damp fur smell before I see him.

I know the hill behind those trailers. It’s a good tobogganing hill when it snows. And I know the creek that winds around behind that hill. And the squishy spot by the beaver dam where my little sister, Kathie, catches frogs and puts them in a bucket.

I know the truck that is driving towards me, bits of gravel jumping up and dancing under the tires. The man inside the truck waves at me. He is stopping at each trailer to deliver groceries.
Our school is the trailer at the end of the road. Miss Hendrikson, our teacher, is standing on the wooden steps waiting for me. I know everyone in my school. I count nine of us, three rows of desks. Only me in grade three.

Doug is in grade four. He asks Miss Hendrickson to show us where Toronto is. She turns to the map of Canada hanging on the wall behind her desk. First she points to where we are. Miss Hendrickson has made a yellow dot to mark where we live. She has made a blue line for the dam, built right across the North Saskatchewan River. There is Carrot River where Michael, my baby brother, was born, and there is Nipawin where our groceries come from. Miss Hendrickson moves her finger along the map, out of Saskatchewan, past Manitoba. She stops in Ontario.

“Here is Toronto, the city of Toronto,” she says. There is a big red star beside it on the map.
A Shelter in Our Car

Expressionistic art combines seamlessly with a moving narrative of a homeless Jamaican mother and her daughter.
Police cars are coming closer! The sirens hurt my ears and the light blind my eyes. I jump up, really, really frightened.

“Shhh, Zettie, lie down,” Mama says. “We don’t want to be noticed.”

We sink between the clothes on the back seat of the car.

“Mama, it’s creepy sleeping in our car,” I whisper.

“I know,” she says. “Things happen in the city. Police cars are always on some kind of chase.”

She holds me close until the sirens stop.

When all is quiet, Mama drives down Chandler Avenue and parks in front of a courtyard apartment house. Its garden is filled with flowers—bougainvilleas, roses, hibiscus—in the streetlight, their colors as bright as
the flowers we left behind in Port Antonio. Mama and I love parking in this spot.

For weeks, a For Rent sign has hung in one of the windows. We asked about it last week, but the owner told us he’d only rent to someone with a steady job. And he wants the first and last months’ rent, which Mama doesn’t have.

I close my eyes. Soon I’m in dreamland, back home in Jamaica with Papa and Grandma Mullins. We’re picnicking on the beach. Waves pound against the rocks. Crash, bang! I wake up. No, I’m not in Jamaica. I’m in America. And it’s not the waves crashing against rocks. Someone’s knocking on our car window.

A flashlight glares in our eyes.
“What are you doing here, lady?” a policeman asks sternly.
“My little girl and I are only stopping for the night, sir.”
“No overnight parking here,” he growls. “Get moving!”
“I will, sir, but we’re not doing anything wrong,” Mama says. She gets into the front seat and drives away. Tears roll down her cheeks, like they did when Papa died.

    I lean over and stroke her ‘locks.
¡Si, Se Puede! Yes, We Can! Janitor Strike in L.A.

The book is based on a true story of a strike in Los Angeles. Carlitos’s mom works at night and a side job on weekends to make ends meet, so Carlitos has little time to see his mother. Because they are underpaid, Carlitos’s mom and her fellow workers go on strike. Carlitos and his classmates help by making posters for the strike. People from across California and other states came in to assist with the strike. The hard work and dedication of the union members paid off and the strike was successful. Higher paid wages were given to union workers, which allowed Carlitos’s mom to quit her weekend job, and spend more time with her son.
One night Mama said, “Do you know, Carlitos, I can’t take care of you and your abuelita the way I want to.”

She sat me on her lap to explain.

“Even though I work full time as a janitor, I also have to clean houses and wash clothes on the weekend. That means we don’t have any time together. And I can’t afford to buy the medicine Abuelita needs to help her sore bones feel better.”

I looked at my abuelita. I looked at my mama. I looked at the family photos on the wall. My favorite was the one of her dressed in her wedding gown with my papa. When Papa was still alive we all lived in Mexico, the country where I was born.
The next day Miss Lopez took some of the kids from my class on the bus to downtown Los Angeles. When Mama saw us, she was so happy she almost cried. As we marched, I held my sign as high as I could. An old man was playing the accordion. Maria’s father took a trash can and played it like a big steel drum. Mama held soda cans filled with beans and shook them to the beat of the music. On the sidewalk, people rooted for all of us marchers on the street. There were thousands and thousands of people all around me! I held on tight to Miss Lopez’ hand.
“Carlitos,” she said, “this is a celebration of courage.”
After three long weeks, the strike was over. My mama and the janitors finally received the respect and the pay raises they deserved.
“Carlitos,” Mama said, “I couldn’t have done it without you.” She hung the sign I made on our living room wall. “It’s the most beautiful sign in the world,” she said.
González, Rigoberto, and Rosa Ibarra (Illus.).
Soledad is a “latchkey kid.” To fill her lonely hours, she has an imaginary sister. Eventually her feelings of isolation are remedied when she finds a kindred spirit in two girls. They imagine the world together so that none of them has to imagine it alone. The story is told in both English and Spanish.
Going home again. Skipping this time because she’s going to the playground with her little sister. On the slide, Soledad goes first. And then she slides again, this time right behind Felicidad. Soledad shows her sister how to jump in the sandbox, to climb up the jungle gym, and to kick an invisible ball so that it rises over the fence and lands on the other side of the street.

“Sorry, Mr. Wong,” Soledad calls out to the *bodega* owner. Mr. Wong waves back, looking confused. Soledad races her sister to the swings. One seat for each of them.

“Let’s see who can go higher,” Soledad says. She lets her sister win. “Sí, sí, Felicidad,”
Soledad says. “You can fly high, like a bird in the sky! Do you want to go home or do you want to play some more? Do you want to wear the key that opens the door?”

“Who are you talking to?” Nedelsy and Jahniza stand next to the swings. Soledad slows down to a stop. Jahniza pushes the empty swing. Squeak-squeak, says the swing.


“No, no,” Nedelsy says. “It’s not nice to make fun of people.”

“I’m sorry, Soledad,” Jahniza says.

“That’s OK,” Soledad sigh-sighs. “I was feeling lonely so I played pretend.”
Soledad says. “You can fly high, like a bird in the sky! Do you want to go home or do you want to play some more? Do you want to wear the key that opens the door?”

“Who are you talking to?” Nedelsy and Jahniza stand next to the swings. Soledad slows down to a stop. Jahniza pushes the empty swing. Squeak-squeak, says the swing.


“No, no,” Nedelsy says. “It’s not nice to make fun of people.”

“I’m sorry, Soledad,” Jahniza says.

“That’s OK,” Soledad sigh-sighs. “I was feeling lonely so I played pretend.”
“I was pretending I had a little sister to be my friend.”
Nedelsy says, “But we’re your friends.”
Soledad says, “Ohhh, not when I’m alone at home.”
Jahniza leans over to whisper in Nedelsy’s ear. Nedelsy nods her head. They each grab one of Soledad’s hands and rush her out of the playground and up the stairs where Mrs. Ahmed waves hello.
Yasmin is visiting her grandmother in the Middle East. Her grandmother teaches Yasmin the Muslim prayer traditions, buys her a prayer rug, and makes her prayer clothes. Because there is no mosque near her home, Yasmin is worried about returning home to America. When Yasmin arrives back home in America, she finds that her grandmother has given her a miniature mosque with a prayer clock. The book is written in both English and Arabic.
Over the next few days, Teta helped me practice my prayers. We prayed together a few more times before I left for home. I especially liked the fourth prayer at sunset. The sky always had swirls of red, even when there were no clouds.

The last and fifth prayer of the day came just before my bedtime when it was very dark outside. I knew I would miss the twinkling minaret lights outside my window.

When it was time to leave, Teta took me to the airport. I gave her a big hug.

“Thank you, my teta,” I said.

“I will miss you, habibti,” she said.

We are very close my Teta and I.

When I returned home, Mom helped me unpack. My little brother took my prayer clothes and put them with his toys. He made a perfect train tunnel out of my skirt and turned my headpiece into a little tent. Mom helped me put my prayer clothes in a safe place.
Then I saw it—the box that Teta carried home from the market. I could not believe my eyes! Inside was a miniature mosque.

“Wow,” Mom said. “This is a special prayer clock.”

Dad helped me set the timer for the five prayers of the day. When it went off, it didn’t ring. Instead, it made the sound of the muzzein calling us to prayer.

Now when I walk by a cinnamon bun store at the mall, it smells like Teta’s house. When Mom makes upside-down rice, it may not look like Teta’s, but it tastes just like the muezzin near Teta’s house.

I don’t always pray all five prayers. I’m still practicing. Sometimes when the prayer clock rings before dawn, I turn over and go back to sleep.

But don’t tell Teta!
Too Many Tamales

Too Many Tamales is a tale about a young Mexican girl and her Christmas dinner. Christmas is shown by preparing the food where Maria is cooking with her mother whom she idolizes and tries on her wedding ring. After the meal has been cooked, Maria realizes she has lost the ring in the food. Maria tries to find the ring with the help of her cousins with no avail. Maria has to do the right thing and tell her mother about her ring.
Maria’s mother had placed her diamond ring on the kitchen counter. Maria loved that ring. She loved how it sparkled, like their Christmas tree lights.

When her mother left the kitchen to answer the telephone, Maria couldn’t help herself. She wiped her hands on the apron and looked back at the door.

“I’ll wear the ring for just a minute”, she said to herself.

Maria returned to kneading the masa, her hands pumping up and down. On her thumb the ring disappeared, then reappeared in the sticky glob of dough.

A few hours later the family came over with armfuls of bright presents: her grandparents, her uncle and aunt, and her cousins Dolores, Teresa and Danny.
“The ring!” she screamed.
Everyone stared at her. “What ring?” Dolores asked. Without answering, Maria ran to the kitchen.
The steaming tamales lay piled on the platter. The ring is inside one of the tamales, she thought to herself. It must have come off when I was kneading the masa.
“Help me!” Maria cried.
Danny piped up first. “What do you want us to do?”
“Eat them,” she said. “If you bite something hard, tell me.”
The four of them started eating. Corn husks littered the floor. Their stomachs were stretched till they hurt.
Nothing!
She could feel tears pressing to get out as she walked into the living room where the grown-ups sat talking.
“What’s the matter?” her mother asked. “I did something wrong,” Maria sobbed.
Then she gasped. The ring was on her mother’s finger, bright as ever.
This is a story of young girl named Jenny, whose favorite uncle is about to get married. She is very upset at the thought of losing him to another girl. All through the story Jenny is sad that her uncle is getting married, until the end of the story when her new aunt gives her something very special. Her aunt gives her a box to open at the end of the wedding. When Jenny opens up the box butterflies come flying out of the box. While reading this story you will learn about the Chinese wedding traditions.
Inside, the bride and groom light incense and bow to the faded photographs of Ancient-Grandpa and Ancient-Grandma. They bow to the other grown-ups, then to each other. Soon everyone is bowing, which is the Chinese way of saying, “Hello, you are important to me.”

I try bowing, but Stella passes me without a nod.

It’s time for the tea ceremony where the family officially welcomes the bride. Stella will serve tea, showing she is no longer a guest but a member of the family. Suddenly I have an idea. I sneak into the kitchen where the hot Chrysanthemum Special is waiting in Grandma’s fancy pot...
When Stella pours everyone asks, “What’s this?” and peers into their tiny cups. It looks like water. It smells like water. It is water!

“Where’s the cha?” Father wants to know, and he hurries into the kitchen. Mother looks straight at me. “Where’s the tea?” she asks.

In a quiet room I tell my mother all my sadness. Like water without tea leaves, it pours into her lap. She tells me that she will be sad, too, the day I leave her. But, she says, she will also be happy, knowing I am happy. Then gently, she kisses my head.

“I will never leave,” I insist.

Hungbau, red packets of lucky money, passes into Stella’s and Peter’s hands as they share the freshly made tea. My aunties drape Stella with buttery gold jewelry to wish her health and happiness. Father, who is funny all the time, awards Stella with a shiny medal, for “uncommon courage and bravery.”
Yasmin’s Hammer

This is the story of a young girl named Yasmin who wants to go to school more than anything, but her parents need her to work. She works in a brick yard with her sister. The work is hard, but Yasmin dreams of the day she would go to school. Then Yasmin has an idea to work faster so that she could make some extra money. Every night she tucks away the extra money she makes. Finally, Yasmin takes the extra money and buys herself her very first book. Her proud parents decide to send both daughters to school. Yasmin couldn’t be happier with their decision.
Many days later, on our way to the brickyard, I tell Abba, “Don’t wait for us tonight. We will walk home.” “Good,” says Abba. “I can pick up some more customers. Be careful crossing the busy streets.”

After work I try to remember the way back – up this street and down that one. “Are we lost?” Mita asks. The cars and buses beep so loud. I forget which turns to take. My heart pounds.

I see the flashing signs and the waving newspapers. At last I find the store and it is bursting with books. So many books. How will I choose just one?

“Can you read?” the shopkeeper asks, staring down at me. I shake my head no. He pulls a book from a high shelf. “This is the one for you,” he says. I spread my coins on the table. The shopkeeper counts twice. “Is that all you have?” I nod. He wraps the book in paper and slips Mita a sweet. I thank him and hold the book close.
By the time we reached home we were out of breath from running and the sun was low in the sky. Abba is fixing the roof. “Abba, come see!” I call. He puts the nails in his pocket and climbs down.

Inside Amma has chopped a fat pumpkin and an onion. She is making curry. “Amma, look what I have!” I say. She wipes her hands. Just then our only lightbulb blinks off. Another power cut. Amma lights a candle.

Carefully I open the book. Each page has a picture with a word below it. There is a dinghy, and a rice paddy, and an elephant. Everyone leans in to look.
The Firekeeper’s Son by Linda Sue Park; Julie Downing, illustrator
Freedom School, Yes! by Amy Littlesugar; Floyd Cooper, illustrator
A Place Where Sunflowers Grow by Amy Lee-Tai; Felicia Hoshino, illustrator
The Red Comb by Fernando Píco; Maria A. Ordóñez, illustrator
Uncle Jed's Barbershop by Margaree King Mitchell; James Ransome, illustrator
The Village That Vanished by Ann Grifalconi; Kadir Nelson, illustrator
The Firekeeper’s Son

Sang-hee is the son of the Firekeeper; this means that he is next in line to be the King’s messenger. Every afternoon he watches as his father climbs the mountain and lights the fire representing peace in the land; the fire signals to others, all the way to the King, that all is safe. Because Sang-hee’s father is injured, one day Sang-hee must light the fire. So that he can see the king’s army, he is tempted not to, but eventually carries out his task.
“When trouble comes to our land, it almost always comes from the sea,” Sang-hee’s father explained. “If ever we see enemy ships, I will not light the fire. And the next firekeeper will not light his fire. And on and on, until the king sees only darkness on the last hump. He will know that trouble has come to our land, and he will send soldiers to fight the enemy.

“We are fortunate,” Sang-hee’s father said. “In your time, and my time, and your grandfather’s time, the fire has always been lit.

“It is good to live in a time of peace.”

“It is good that soldiers have never come.”

Soldiers!

Tall, brave soldiers.

With shining swords.

Sang-hee wished he could see soldiers.

Just once.
Evening.
Sang-hee shooed the chickens into their coop. He glanced up at the mountain, looking for the fire. No fire. His father was a little late. Sang-hee fetched water from the river. He poured the water into the barrel, then glanced up the mountain again.
No fire.
Sang-hee looked out at the sea, where the setting sun made a path on the water. Could those be ships bobbing on the waves? No. Just a flock of seagulls.
No enemies.
No trouble.
But still no fire.
Sang-hee called his mother. He pointed at the mountain. She looked, then turned and stared at the sea. “Sang-hee you must run and see what has happened,” she said. “Something is wrong—there is no trouble from the sea, and the fire must be lit!”
Freedom School, Yes!

It’s 1964 in Mississippi where young Jolie is ready to begin attending the new Freedom School. Jolie is scared for the safety of her teacher, a white woman named Annie, and for the school, which has already been burned down once. The knowledge that Jolie learns at Freedom School is enough to give her the courage to no longer be afraid of the troubling world around her.
“This here Freedom School ain’t gonna be like no ordinary school. You gonna learn ‘bout people and places—’bout who you are. Once you learn that, you ain’t gonna let bein’ scared get in your way.”

Next day was Sunday, and Annie was to meet the entire congregation at Mount Pleasant Church—where Freedom School would be.

“I hope you’ll all send your children tomorrow,” said Annie.

And some nodded shyly, pleased to know her. But others stayed away when she said, “Please just call me Annie.”

Jolie knew they weren’t used to calling a white woman by her first name. Annie ought to have known that!

That evening Mama washed and ironed school clothes, and everyone even Annie, got a tub bath out back.
“Stop fidgetin’,” Mama scolded as she braided Luanne’s hair, then Sairy’s, into a pinwheel of tiny braids.

When it was Annie’s turn the girls oohed and ahhed. They’d never seen hair like that up close. So long and straight. Bright as a flame. Mama braided it up good and tight.

“There,” she said. “Now it’s Jolie’s turn. Jolie!”

But Jolie wanted no part in it. She’d gone to sit on the old crate step, behind the orange trumpet vine. She looked up into a velvet sky, at the stars she loved. One day, Jolie imagined, she’d count them all.

She didn’t need Freedom School for that.

Suddenly, though, a deep, bone-rattling sound crashed through Jolie’s thoughts like thunder.

Mama and Annie were on the porch at once.

“Fire!” someone screamed. “The church is on fire!”
A Place Where Sunflowers Grow

Mari and her family are one of the many Japanese American families who are being kept in the Topaz Internment Camp. Mari is a quiet girl who has many questions but few words to say at her new home in the camp. She wants everything to go back to the way they were before they moved into the camp. Soon Mari gains confidence as she begins to draw pictures in her art class.
Mari and Papa walked the windy, dusty mile from their home on Block 29 to Topaz Art School on Block 7. They passed beneath watchtowers where military police pointed guns at anyone they feared might escape. Mari clutched papa’s hand.

“Mari-chan, Mama and I are worried about you,” said Papa. “We know things are tough here, but you barely talk or laugh anymore. Do you want to talk about it?”

“Not really,” mumbled Mari-chan, though she actually had many questions.

“Don’t worry, Mari-chan. We’ll go home after the war ends.”

They walked the rest of the way in silence. The mountains, the vast sky, and the blazing sun made Mari feel as small as a sunflower seed.
At Topaz Art School, Papa brought Mari to her classroom, then went next door to teach the adult sketching class. Mari had hoped to see some friends in class, but didn’t recognize anyone.

Mrs. Hanamoto passed out paper and crayons. She said, “For our first class, have fun and draw whatever you want.” Mari listened to the tapping and swishing of crayons at the other desks. She thought long and hard, but her paper was still blank as class ended.

A few students shared their drawings with the class. Janie drew the pet dog she had left behind. Eddie drew his three cousins who had been sent to a camp in Idaho. Aiko drew different places in Topaz: the mess hall, the latrine, the laundry room.

Mari enjoyed the other drawings, but wished she had one of her own to share.
The Red Comb

This the story about a young girl named Vitita and a older woman named siña Rosa. They work together to protect a runaway slave, who is being pursued. Every night Vitita leaves different things to eat and drink for the runaway slave and siña Rosa makes sure that the slave catcher does not see her. Eventually, the slave catcher is told to leave the village because he is causing too much trouble. Siña Rosa then introduces the runaway slave to the village; she says that it is her niece Carmela and she will be visiting for a while. Carmela, the runaway slave, eventually marries and starts a family of her own.
A week later Pedro Calderón came by to talk to Vitita’s father.

“Good morning, my friend. They say there is a runaway slave in these parts. She’s a dangerous one – slashed the foreman of a sugarcane plantation in Puerto Nuevo before she escaped.”

“Well, I haven’t seen any unfamiliar person around here,” Vitita’s papa said. Do you mind if I keep watch for her tonight from the top of your mango tree?” Calderón asked.

You can watch as long as you want, my friend. Vitita will make you some hot ginger tea, so you don’t become numb from the cold.”

When Vitita heard that Pedro Calderón was trying to track down the runaway and that he was going to spend the night in the mango tree, her heart fluttered with fear. She told her father she had to get a piece of ginger from siña Rosa to make the tea and ran to siña Rosa’s house as fast as she could.
“Ay, siña Rosa! Pedro Calderón is here. He’s going to tie up the woman and carry her away!”

“Don’t you worry, my child,” said siña Rosa as she handed her the ginger root. “Go back home and make your ginger tea. Just leave everything to me.”

Siña Rosa went out and gathered dried tree branches from the wood. Late that evening she lit a bonfire near the mango tree. As soon as the fire was good and hot, she threw in fresh green branches. A cloud of white smoke heavier than a March wind rose and drifted over the mango tree. Pedro Calderón began to cough.
When Sarah Jean becomes ill, her Uncle Jed postpones his lifelong dream, and pays for her medical treatment with the money he has been saving up to buy his own barber shop.
But Uncle Jed kept going around to his customers cutting their hair, even though they couldn’t pay him. His customers shared with him whatever they had—a hot meal, fresh eggs, vegetables from the garden. And when they were able to pay again, they did.

And Uncle Jed started saving all over again.

Ol’ Uncle Jed finally got his barbershop. He opened it on his seventy-ninth birthday. It had everything, just like he said it would—big comfortable chairs, four cutting stations. You name it! The floors were so clean, they sparkled.

On opening day, people came from all over the country. They were Ol’ Uncle Jed’s customers. He had walked to see them for so many years. That day they all came to him.
I believe he cut hair all night and all the next day and the next night and the day after that! That man was so glad to have that shop, he didn’t need any sleep.

Of course, I was there, too. I wouldn’t have missed it for the world. When I sat in one of those big barber chairs, Uncle Jed patted the back of my neck with lotion like he always did. The he twirled me round and round in the barber chair.

Uncle Jed died not long after that, and I think he died a happy man. You see, he made his dream come true even when nobody else believed in it.

He taught me to dream, too.
The Village That Vanished

This is the story of an African tribe that outwitted slavers and managed to remain free. The Yao people were an African tribe who lived deep in the jungle but feared the arrival of the slavers. They developed a plan to hide the whole village from the slavers and executed it perfectly in order to stay alive and in their homeland.
Then her mother (whose name, Njemile, means “upstanding”) turned wearily home. Abikanile followed several yards behind, carefully placing her feet in her mother’s footprints. She knew why Njemile was praying so hard: They might have to leave their homeland---and soon.

The slavers were coming!

“These are violent men from the north!” her mother had told her. “They come riding in swiftly on horseback, shooting their long guns, capturing unarmed farmers as they go!”

And Abikanile had heard that sometimes they took Yao children, too.

“But why do they pick on us?” she had asked.

“We are a strong people, and hardworking!” Njemile had answered passionately. “They want to sell our labor! Our people are put in chains and sold into slavery to foreign masters!”
It was known that if slavers came, they would begin by capturing those out hunting alone or on guard far beyond the villages. Then they could enter the village itself—and there would be no one who could oppose them!

“So far,” Njemile had added, holding Abikanile close, “our own village has escaped—because it is surrounded by forest. But slavers will find it soon enough!”

“What can we do now?” Abikanile asked.

“Ahh! I have a plan... If only the rest of our village will listen!”

Now Abikanile wished she knew how to pray like her mother, to help give her strength and ideas that could save their village!

When Abikanile and Njemile returned, the villagers had gathered together inside the circle of seven huts that made up Yao. A lookout had just brought the news that slavers had captured people from the nearby villages! No one but he was left, he said, to warn Yao, for Yao’s young hunters and distant guards must have been captured as well!
2-3 Band: Poetry

*Black Is Brown Is Tan* by Arnold Adoff Arnold; Emily Arnold McCully, illustrator

*Deshawn Days* by Tony Medina; R. Gregory Christie, illustrator

*Ellington Was Not a Street* by Ntozake Shange; Kadir Nelson, illustrator

*Harlem* by Walter Dean Myers; Christopher Myers, illustrator

*Neighborhood Odes* by Gary Soto

*Uptown* by Bryan Collier
*Black is brown is tan* is a story about a biracial family where the parents are two different races and colors but have the same love for their children. The mom describes herself as black, brown, the color of chocolate milk, coffee, and pumpkin pie; the dad describes himself as white but not the color of snow or milk. He is light with pinks and tiny tans. The children have granny white and granny black who love them very much and tell them stories. For these children there is no difference in color; there is only a love for their family of blacks, browns and tans.
Black is brown is tan
Is girl is boy
Is nose is
Face
Is all
The
Colors
Of the race
Is dark is light
Singing songs
In
Singing night
Kiss big woman hug big man
Black is brown and
This is the way it is for us this is the way we are
I am mom am mommy mama mamu meeny muh
And mom again
With might hugs and hairbrush mornings
Catching curls
Later we sit by the window and your head is up against my chest
And your head is up against my chest
We read and tickle and sing the words
Into the air
I am black I am brown the milk is chocolate brown
I am the color of the milk chocolate cheeks and hands that darken in the summer sun
A nose that peels brown skin
In August
I am dad am daddy dingbat da
And kiss me pa
With the big belly and the
Loud voice
Sitting at my desk and you sit on my lap
We read and laugh and pinch
The words into the air
I am white the milk is white
I am not the color of the milk
I am white the snow is white
I am not the color of the snow
Deshawn Days

This is a poetry book with poems that describe the life of a young boy living in the projects. He tells about his town and the people in it through different poems. Some of the poems describe what his city is like, another poem describes the people in his house, and another poem describes his cousin. Some poems also express how Deshawn handles things in his life, such as the death of his grandmother. The poems in this book tell the story of Deshawn Williams.
IN MY HOUSE
My uncle, my uncle
he lives in my house.

And my mother of course
who’s hardly ever home
‘cause she works so hard
and goes to college too.

A lot of people live here –
my cousin Tiffany
and her mother too
with the TV always on
and people talking loud
laughing at funny jokes.

My grandma, my grandma
she lives in my house.

Praying or cooking
with me under the table
listening to the grown-ups
telling stories and the kitchen
is warm and the windows wet
with the smell of cornbread
and baked chicken.

My mother, my mother
she lives in my house.

Working hard all day ‘cause
she don’t know where
my dad is at
coming home from work
and school real tired
and me running to the door
with a big hug and kiss
helping her put her books away.
You don’t just hear music you hear sirens too
cop cars and ambulances screaming all the time
real loud at you

People walking everywhere
broken bottles in the stairs
crooked spray paint letters
on benches and buildings
and dog mess smell in the air

And me and my cousin Tiffany
put on a show – and she thinks
she’s a magician doing rabbit tricks
with a hamster and I’m
saying corny jokes and
making funny voices
like a comedian

In the summertime everyone hang out
in front of the building
playing cards and dominos

In the wintertime we wait
for Christmas to come and when
it snows we go to the little park
and make a snowman
and when we go home
I sit by the steam to warm
my frozen hands up
and my mother brings me
hot chocolate so I could
watch my favorite cartoons
This is the story of a young girl who grows up in a home where extraordinary people come to visit. She recounts the events as a happy time in her life as she interacts with living legends, including musical geniuses and powerful political leaders. This story puts faces to the many street names that go unnoticed every day.
it hasn't always been this way
ellington was not a street

robeson no mere memory

du bois walked up my father’s stairs
hummed some tune over me
sleeping in the company of men
who changed the world

it wasn't always like this

why ray barretto used to be a side-man
& dizzy’s hair was not always grey

i remember
i was there
i listened in the company of men

politics as necessary as collards
music even in our dreams

our house was filled with all kinda folks
our windows were not cement or steel

our doors opened like our daddy’s arms
held us safe & loved

children growing in the company of men
old southern men & young slick ones

sonny till was not a boy
the clovers no rag-tag orphans
our crooners/ we belonged to a whole world

nkrumah was no foreigner
virgil akins was not the only fighter

it hasn't always been this way
ellington was not a street
This is a poem written by Walter Dean Myers about Harlem. The poem describes the uptown Manhattan area from the time blacks migrated from the south. Myers uses vibrant words to express the feeling of everyday life in the hustling and bustling neighborhood. The illustrations use amber hues to accentuate the warm feeling of the urban home.
They brought a call, a song
First heard in the villages of Ghana/Mali/Senegal
Calls and songs and shouts
Heavy hearted tambourine rhythms
Loosed in the hard city
Like a scream torn from the throat
Of an ancient clarinet

A new sound, raucous and sassy
Cascading over the asphalt village
Breaking against the black sky over 1-2-5 Street.
Announcing hallelujah
Riffing past resolution

Yellow/tan/brown/black/red
Green/gray/bright
Colors loud enough to be heard
Light on asphalt streets
Sun yellow shirts on burnt umber
Bodies
Demanding to be heard, seen
Sending out warriors

From streets that know to be
Mourning still as a lone radio
tells us how Jack Johnson/Joe Louis/Sugar Ray is
doing with our Hopes.

We hope, we pray
Our black skins
Reflecting the face of God
In storefront temples

Jive and Jehovah Artists
Lay out the human canvas
The mood indigo

A chorus of summer herbs
Of mangoes and bar-b-que
Of perfumed sisters
Hip Strutting past fried fish joints on
Lenox Avenue in steamy August
Squares
Blocks, bricks
Fat/round woman in a rectangle
Sunday night gospel
“Precious Lord... take my hand,
Lead me on, let me stand...”
Caught by a full lipped, full hipped
Saint washing collard greens in a cracked
Porcelain sink
Backing up Lady Day on the radio

In Harlem sparrows sit on fire escapes outside
of Rent parties to learn the tunes.
In Harlem the wind doesn’t blow past Smalls, it
Stops to listen to the sounds.

Serious business, a poem/rhapsody tripping
along
Striver’s Row, not getting its metric feet soiled
On the well-swept walks
Hustling through the hard rain at two o’clock in
The morning to its next gig.

A huddle of horns and a tinkle of glass, a note
Handed down from Marcus to Malcolm to a
brother
Too bad and too cool to give his name.
Neighborhood Odes tells about many aspects of the Mexican-American neighborhood where Soto grew up. He writes about everything he experienced including snow cones, hot tortillas, weddings, and well-worn tennis shoes. The poems are from his first person perspective which makes them feel child-like and accessible. Soto’s odes bring the reader into his life and onto his street, and evoke feelings of familiarity.
Ode to La Tortilla
They are flutes
When rolled, butter
Dripping down my elbow
As I stand on the
Front lawn, just eating,
Just watching a sparrow
Hop on the lawn,
His breakfast of worms
Beneath the green, green lawn,
Worms and a rip of
Tortilla I throw
At his thorny feet.
I eat my tortilla,
Breathe in, breathe out
And return inside,
Wiping my oily hands
On my knee-scrubbed jeans.
The tortillas are still warm
In a dish towel,
Warm as gloves just
Taken off, finger by finger.
Mama is rolling
Them out. The radio
On the window sings,
El cielo es azul...
I look in the black pan:
The face of the tortilla
With a bubble of air
Rising. Mama
tells me to turn
It over, and when
I do, carefully,
Its’ blistered brown.
I count to ten,
Uno, dos, tres…
And snap it out
Of the pan. The tortilla
Dances in my hands
As I carry it
To the drainboard,
Where I smear it
With butter,
The yellow ribbon of butter
That will drip
Slowly down my arm
When I eat on the front lawn.
The sparrow will drop
Like fruit
From the tree
To stare at me
With his glassy eyes.
I will rip a piece
For him. He will jump
On his food
And gargle it down,
Chirp once and fly
Back into the wintry tree.
This is a short poem about Harlem, New York. Bryan Collier discusses Harlem from the point of view of a child. The poem’s imagery and busy illustrations work together to help the reader experience the city’s most famous sights. The Apollo Theatre, Rucker Park, and other landmarks are all part of the young boy’s home.
Uptown is a caterpillar. Well, it’s really the Metro-North train as it eases over the Harlem River.

Uptown is a row of brownstones. I like the way they come together when you look at them down the block. They look like they’re made of chocolate.

Uptown is weekend shopping on 125th Street. The vibe is always jumping as people bounce to their own rhythms.

Uptown is a stage. The Apollo Theater has showcased the greatest entertainers in the world. I hope we can get good seats.

Uptown is Jazz. My grandfather says, “Jazz and Harlem are a perfect match – just like chicken and waffles.”

Uptown is a barbershop. It’s a place where last night’s ball game can be more important than what style haircut you want.

Uptown is a Van Der Zee photograph. I saw a picture from before my dad was even born – a picture of my grandparent’s wedding day!
Uptown is the orange sunset over the Hudson River. That means it’s time for the streetlights to come on and for me to get home and get changed.

Uptown is a song sung by the Boys Choir of Harlem.

Each note floats through the air and lands like a butterfly.

Uptown is summer basketball at the Ruckers. Anyone can rise up and be a superstar for a day.

Uptown is canvas awnings on the windows to block the sun. It’s like the buildings are all dressed up.

Uptown is little sisters. They’re on their way to church in matching yellow dresses.

Uptown is Harlem... Harlem world, my world. Uptown is home.
Participating Students, Faculty, and Staff

Annotators:
Nancy Benfer
Nicole DiNoto
Lauren Feliciano
Gabrielle Gallinaro
Jane Gangi
Peter Gangi
Anthony Hazzard
Alexandria Hercules
Taylor Law
Justin Lewis
Jane Tejeda

Administrative and secretarial support: Jeanette Grossman

Editors: Nicole DiNoto, Dr. Janine Bixler, and Dr. Jane Gangi

PowerPoint Design: Lauren Feliciano

Technical Support: Dr. Rebecca Norman

Collaborative for Equity in Literacy Learning (CELL) at Mount Saint Mary College, Newburgh, New York: Dr. Janine Bixler, Director; Dr. Reva Cowan; Dr. David Gallagher, Dr. Jane Gangi, Dr. Matt Hollibush, Dr. Rebecca Norman
Nancy Benfer, M.S., fourth grade teacher, Bishop Dunn Memorial School, Newburgh, New York

Dr. Katie Cunningham, former teacher and Assistant Professor of Literacy, Manhattanville College, Purchase, New York

Margaret Feinstein, ABD, literacy specialist, Beacon, New York

Dissertation in-process: *Summer reading and the development of literacy: Children’s and parents’ responses to multicultural children’s literature*

Frenchtown Elementary School Teachers, Trumbull, Connecticut

Dr. Jane Gangi, member of CELL and author of *Encountering Children’s Literature: An Arts Approach* (2004); *Genocide in Contemporary Children’s and Young Adult Literature: Cambodia to Darfur* (2013); and, with Mary Ann Reilly and Rob Cohen, *Deepening Literacy Learning: Art and Literature Engagements in K-8 Classrooms* (2010), MSMC, Newburgh, New York

Dr. Susan Griffths, Associate Professor, English Language and Literature & Director, Language Arts Program, long-time member of the Jane Addams award, and author of *The Jane Addams Children’s Book Award: Honoring Children’s Literature for Peace and Social Justice*, Central Michigan University, Michigan
Dr. Sandra Hughes-Hassell, professor of Information and Library Sciences and organizer of the 2012 summit, *Building a Bridge to Literacy for African American Male Youth*, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Alice Hutchinson, M.A.T., former teacher, independent bookseller, Bethel, Connecticut

Dr. Cathy Kurkjian, former teacher, professor of literacy, editor of *Connecticut Reading Association Journal*, Central Connecticut State University

Dr. Jonda C. McNair, former teacher, Associate Professor of Literacy Education, Clemson University, author of *Embracing, Evaluating, and Examining African American Children’s and Young Adult Literature* (with Wanda Brooks, 2007), Clemson, South Carolina

Pat Mora, Mexican American author, and initiator of Bookjoy, New Mexico

Jeanette Newman, librarian, Floral Park, New York

Margaret Pereira, teacher, Frenchtown School, Trumbull, Connecticut
Anita Prentice, teacher, New York
Dr. Pam Sterling, Associate Professor of Theatre, Arizona State University
Debbie Reese (Nambe Pueblo), teacher, professor, Upper Village, New Mexico
Dr. Mary Ann Reilly, former teacher, administrator, professor, and president of Blueprints for Learning, Newark, New Jersey
Dr. Merle Rumble, 3rd grade teacher, and author of the dissertation, *I, Too, Have a Voice: The Literacy Experiences of Black Boys Engaging with and Responding to African American Literature Depicting Black Males*, Norwalk, Connecticut
Dr. Kate Capshaw Smith, Francelia Butler professor of children's literature, author of *Children’s Literature of the Harlem Renaissance*, University of Connecticut
Rachel Wolfe, fourth grade teacher, Frenchtown School, Trumbull, Connecticut
Robert Zupperoli, teacher and literacy specialist, Connecticut
Multicultural Awards Consulted

Aboriginal Children’s Book of the Year
African Studies Association Children’s Africana Book Awards
American Indian Library Association
American Library Association Coretta Scott King Award
American Library Association Mildred L. Batchelder Award
American Library Association Pura Belpré Medal and Honor Awards
Asian/Pacific American Librarian’s Association
Bank Street College Children's Book Committee
Bologna Ragazzi Award (international)
Center for Latin American and Caribbean Studies Américas Book Award for Children’s and Young Adult Literature
Multicultural Awards Consulted, continued

Cooperative Children’s Book Center (CCBC) Choices
Coretta Scott King/John Steptoe Award for New Talent in Illustrations
CRITICAS Connection Best Bilingual Books
Ezra Jack Keats New Writer Award
International Reading Association (IRA) Notable Books for a Global Society
Jane Addams Book for Older Children Awards and Honor Books and Jane Addams Picture Book Awards and Honor Books
Middle East Book Award
National Council for the Social Studies, Carter G. Woodson Award and Outstanding Merit Book Award Recipients
National Council of Teachers of English Notable Book Award in the Language Arts
Multicultural Awards Consulted, continued

Sigurd F. Olson Nature Writing for Children's Literature
Skipping Stones Magazine Awards
Tomás Rivera Mexican American Children’s Book Award
USBBY Outstanding International Books Selection
General Awards Consulted for Multicultural Literature

American Library Association Robert F. Sibert Informational Book Award
Anne Izard Storyteller’s Choice Award
Boston Globe—Horn Book Award
Golden Kite Award
International Reading Association Lee Bennett Hopkins Promising Poet Award
National Book Award
National Council of Teachers of English Orbis Pictus Nonfiction Award
Newbery Award
Parents’ Choice
Scott O’Dell Award for Historical Fiction
Teachers’ Choices International Reading Association