4-5 Band

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Bad News for Outlaws: The Remarkable Life of Bass Reeves, Deputy U.S. Marshal

When most people think of sheriffs or deputies in the South during the 1800s, most people think of a white man. Bass Reeves was one of the first black deputy U.S. marshals of Oklahoma. Reeves put fear in the hearts of outlaws in the West. Throughout his career, Bass arrested over 3,000 men and women and only killed 14. Bass referred to killing as a last resort even though he had a great shot with a rifle and revolver. This book tells the story of Bass Reeves, Deputy U.S. Marshal from his days as a slave to becoming an unsung hero.
Many lawmen of the time weren’t much better than the hard cases they arrested. But Bass was as right as rain from the boot heels up. He couldn’t be bribed. And he shot only as a last resort, even when Judge Parker said, “Bring them in alive – or dead!” Some outlaws, like Jim Webb, forced gunplay. Whenever Bass could, he found another way.

Bass took many a bad man by surprise through the use of disguises. One day he’d pose as a cowboy. Another he’d be a tramp, a gunslinger, or an outlaw.

Even horses played a part in his disguises. Like many U.S. marshals, Bass rode some of the finest. Most times, he forked a handsome sorrel. Bass rode proud in the saddle. There was no mistaking his silhouette. But prize horseflesh could be a dead giveaway that the rider was a lawman. Bass always kept some rough stock and rode lazy while undercover.
Bass brought in wagonloads of criminals, as many as seventeen prisoners at a time. Being a churchgoing man, Bass reckoned he could do more than put bad men behind bars. In the evenings after supper, he talked to the outlaws about the Bible and about doing right. Getting through to them was like trying to find hair on a frog, but Bass kept trying.

Now and then, captured outlaws tried to get the better of the marshal, but Bass was tough and unflappable. One day, while he napped, a skunk moseyed into camp and stopped next to Bass. Captives chained to the tumbleweed wagon threw stones at the skunk, hoping it would spray its stink on the lawman. But when Bass awakened, he didn’t flinch. He reached out and gently petted the skunk.
The Boy Who Harnessed the Wind

During a drought in Malawi, William, who has always been fascinated with all things mechanical, teaches himself to read technical books and assemble a windmill, which saves his village from hunger.
Soon William’s father gathered the children and said, “From now on, we eat only one meal per day. Make it last.”

In the evenings, they sat around the lantern and ate their handful, watching hungry people pass like spirits along the roads. Money also disappeared with the rain.

“Pepani,” his father said. “I am sorry. You will have to drop out of school.”

Now William stood on the road and watched the lucky students pass, alone with the monster in his belly and the lump in his throat. For weeks he sulked under the mango tree, until he remembered the library down the road, a gift from the Americans.
He found science books filled with brilliant pictures. With his English dictionary close by, William put together how engines moved those big trucks, and how radios pulled music from the sky. But the greatest picture of all was a machine taller than the tallest tree with blades like a fan. A giant pinwheel? Something to catch magic? Slowly he built the sentence: “Windmills produce electricity and pump water.” He close his eyes and saw a windmill outside his home, pulling electricity from the breeze and bringing light to the dark valley.
He saw the machine drawing cool water from the ground, sending it gushing through the thirsty fields, turning the maize tall and green, even when farmers’ prayers for rain went unanswered. This windmill was more than a machine. It was a weapon to fight hunger.

“Magesti a mphepo,” he whispered.

*I will build electric wind.*

In the junk yard, pieces appeared like rusted treasures in the tall grass. A tractor fan. Some pipe. And bearings and bolts that required every muscle to remove.
Allen Say, who has published many beloved books for children, recounts his childhood in Japan before immigrating to the United States. He loved drawing from a young age, but his father discouraged him. Fortunately the Japanese artist Noro Shinpei recognized Say’s talent and mentored him.
I was born in 1937 by the seashore of Yokohama, Japan. Our house stood near a fishing village. My playmates were the children of fishermen. Mother constantly worried that I might drown in the sea. She tried to keep me at home.

She taught me to read before I started school, and that made me very popular among neighborhood kids.

I could read comic books to them! I was like a little *kamishibai* man, a traveling storyteller with picture cards.

My mother’s ploy worked. Comic books kept me at home. I read them for hours and stared at the pictures. I decided to become a cartoonist when I grew up.

I drew what I saw and what I imagined, and I copied from comic books....
Noro Shinpei! My favorite cartoonist! He took on a student—a poor boy from Osaka only three years older than me!

I had been reading his comic strips since I was in Mrs. Morita’s class. His books were my secret treasures I hid from my parents. They had the first dinosaurs I’d ever seen, and there were a lot of wild animals and boy heroes and supernatural bad men, all fighting one another. But I liked his horses best and copied them in my school notebooks. Mother used to shake her head but didn’t tell Father.

By the time I moved to Tokyo, Noro Shinpei’s style had changed. The scary characters disappeared, and dinosaurs were very funny now. And he started to put himself in some of his stories, usually dressed like a monk with wild hair.

Would the great man take on another student? I wondered.
The Firefly Letters: A Suffragette’s Journey to Cuba

Fredrika Bremer, Sweden’s first female novelist and a suffragette, travelled to Cuba in 1851 and met Cecilia, an enslaved African. Cecilia had a lung illness so Fredrika enlists the help of her owner to move Cecilia away from the smokestacks to the country. It is there that they meet and talk with the enslaved, freed slaves, and country people. Soon, a friendship blossoms. On one occasion, Fredrika accidentally witnesses the arrival of illegal slave ships.

At the time, Cuban girls and women, represented by Elena in Engle’s verse, were not allowed outside. Elena envies Cecilia’s ability to travel freely with Fredrika, and eventually makes possible the freedom of Cecilia’s unborn child.
Fredrika’s visit is touching my life in ways I could never have imagined. She has asked Elena’s father to give us a little house in the big garden where the two of us can live in peace, surrounded by cocuyos—fireflies—instead of chandeliers.

Together, we walk over hills and valleys to see sugar plantations and coffee groves. We visit fields owned by wealthy planters and tiny patches of corn and yams that belong to freed slaves who live in little huts that look like paradise.
We ride across rivers in small boats, carrying bags of cookies and bananas to share with all the children, dogs, goats, and tame flamingos that follow us wherever we go, begging for treats, and hearing stories about the North Star.
Elena
Cecilia asks me for help—
Fredrika has taken to her bed
with a sick headache
that goes on day after day,
for a week. . . .

I cannot believe
that Cecilia allowed Fredrika to watch
one of the secret ships
as it dropped its cargo on the beach.
Transporting slaves is forbidden
by a treaty with England—
that is why the price of each slave
is so high.

Even though ships from Africa are illegal,
Papá and the other planters
know to keep them coming,
each with seven or eight hundred
new slaves, mostly children
who are less likely to rebel
or escape.
Fredrika
I ask Cecilia to walk with me toward the sound of the drums.
We find ourselves following a long trail to a distant plantation, where slaves dance in front of the windowless barracoons where they must sleep at night in chains, behind locked doors.

I sketch the dancers until an overseer notices me and seizes my notebook and tears out the pages. He uses his whip to end the dance. He chases me away, with Cecilia at my side, coughing and weeping.

I am ready to leave Cuba, but how can I go—how can I abandon this sick girl who has worked so hard to help me understand this beautiful island with its hideous ways?
Honda: The Boy Who Dreamed of Cars

Ever since Soichiro Honda saw his first car at age seven, he dreamed of working with cars. Soichiro never excelled in school and when he was fifteen he moved to Tokyo to work in a mechanic shop. This was Soichiro’s first step toward achieving his dream of making his own car. Soichiro’s career began simply, cleaning up the mechanics garage but he would soon learn how to repair cars. Once he learned all he could about fixing cars, Soichiro opened his own mechanic shop closer to his home town. He was the most popular mechanic in town, but this was not Honda’s dream. After settling down and starting a family, he began creating racecars. This later led to him creating better piston rings. He also opened his own motorcycle company and then finally invented his first car, the Honda Civic. Though Soichiro had to start at the bottom, he quickly worked his way up in the business of automobiles and eventually achieved his life long dream.
One day when Soichiro was seven, a man drove a rumbling Ford Model T through town. Soichiro had never seen a car before. He ran beside it, amazed by the many moving parts. When he could not run no farther, Soichiro crouched down and smeared his hands in a puddle of oil the car had left behind. He liked the smell. *Someday I will learn how a car works and make one myself,* he thought.

Soichiro was not a good student. Book learning did not make sense to him, but machinery did. When he was fifteen Soichiro moved to Tokyo, Japan’s largest city. He found work in a garage where the owner, a mechanic, repaired American-made cars.

At first the garage owner was harsh. “Don’t touch the cars Soichiro,” he said. “Your job is to sweep my garage and clean the tools. Nothing else. Do NOT touch the cars!”
Soichiro almost quit. “I want to learn how cars work,” he muttered to himself. “I didn’t come to a big city to sweep the floor.” but he decided to stay. He thought that if he kept the garage spotless, maybe the owner would be impressed and teach him to be a mechanic.

Day after day Soichiro swept the garage and cleaned the tools. He worked hard and did not complain. After he finished his assigned duties, Soichiro watched the garage owner work. When the mechanic let him, Soichiro handed the man the tools he needed while he repaired the cars.

The garage owner noticed Soichiro’s dedication. After almost a year he finally told the boy he was a good worker. “Now I will show you how to make some basic repairs,” he said.

Soichiro was thrilled. “Domo arigato gozaimasu,” he said, bowing low. “Thank you very much.”
This is a book about the illustrator Mohieddin Ellabbad. Using his beautiful illustrations he explains his life in Egypt. He uses some words, but mostly illustrations to show the reader how he sees things, and why he draws things a certain way.
First Impression

Once I was all alone in the middle of a big field by my grandfather’s house. Suddenly, the huge shadow of an airplane slid across the earth, completely engulfing me before it raced away at lightning speed, chasing after the plane that was soaring through the air above me.

A shiver of pleasure went through my body, I felt like I had just received a wonderful gift. I said to myself, maybe I will be able to travel in a plane one day!

Much time has passed since, then and I’ve grown up. Although I often travel by air now, I always look out the window to follow the shadow of the plane on the ground. And I always try to see the children that the shadow skims over. Are they also dreaming of traveling one day?
The Artist and the Flowers

A few years ago when I was anxious and unhappy, I was asked to draw a bush with seven flowers on it for a counting book. You can see my illustration at the top of this page.

Time passed, and I found relief from anxiety and worries. Feeling much easier, I looked back at the drawings, and I didn’t like it all. I sat down at my drawing table to do the same illustration again.

Here is the new picture can you see the difference?

Cats

Here are drawings of cats from many different countries. Some are very recent, while others are hundreds, even thousands of years old. Their creators are famous artists, except for one, which was drawn by an unknown child. All of these cats are different, and all of them are beautiful.

When I was younger, I looked at all of these drawings to decide how I should draw a cat. Years have passed, and I have learned one very important thing.
I have had to forget about all these cats in order to draw my cat, the cat that I know, the cat that lives in my world. My cat may be different from all the others, but it will be my very own.
Bolden’s is a creative, unique, and powerful contribution to the biographies of Martin Luther King, Jr. Although the familiar details of King’s childhood and education are present, and well-illustrated through many photographs, Bolden focuses on King’s vision of the “beloved community,” and “agape” love.

Week of Shock
-Vietnam: Burst of Hope
-Convulsion in U.S. Politics
-EXCLUSIVE PICTURES
The Murder in Memphis

These words, white type on black, headlined the April 12, 1968, issue of Life magazine. Inside, readers received details on possible peace talks between North and South Vietnam and insights on President Johnson’s bombshell of an announcement that he would not seek reelection. Deeper into the magazine, a photo essay on the murder in Memphis appears.

Most riveting and remembered is the photograph of a scene on a balcony of the Lorraine Motel. People point toward a boardinghouse across the way. You can
almost hear them shout, Over there! Over there! At their feet, a downed man. A white towel covers his rifle-shot shattered jaw.

“Oh.” One eyewitness believed that was the last word the man tried to say. About an hour later, he was pronounced dead.

“M.L.” his father had nicknamed him. “M.L.” he had called himself, keeping it simple long before his life became so intense.

“Oh”?

If so, as in Oh, no, I don’t want to go! or as in Oh, my God!, beholding the Shekinah Glory.

Oh.

As his blood haloed around his head, perhaps life notes flashed across his mental sky and he saw the boy he once was: so grieved by the sight of desperate souls in Great Depression breadlines; so free from poverty’s claws, thanks to dutiful, domineering Daddy; so nourished into a sense of somebodiness by mild-mannered Mother Dear. Much love was also lavished on him by Mother Dear’s mother. Her eyes shined brightest at the sight of him, he sensed, and her illness,
then death, had him jumping from a second-story window of his home, leaving people to puzzle whether it was a foolish attempt to prove himself brave or a desire to die because he could not bear the pain.

   Oh.

   As the fire shut up in M.L.’s bones embered, perhaps he heard his young self singing in the choir—church so ever present in his life, like water for fish, but his soul unconvinced. He only answered the altar call because his big sister had. In Sunday school, he once voiced doubt about a bottom-line belief for most Christians: that Jesus literally rose from the dead.

   As M.L. lay dying, he may have glimpsed snippets of distant days when racism cut him to the quick, as happened when a white man who owned a store near his home banned his son’s friendship with M.L. shortly before the boys started elementary school—the white boy going to one for whites, M.L. to one for blacks. There was the day a clerk wouldn’t let him try on a pair of shoes unless he and his father took seats in the back of the store.
Based on the author’s experience of forced attendance at an Indian residential school in Canada, this book tells of Seepeetza’s love for her childhood home—loved home that she, at age six, is forced to leave. At the school, her language is forbidden, her name is changed, and her hair cut. Her memories of home, and the little pleasures she somehow finds in daily life, see her through.
Thursday, September 11, 1958  
Kalamak Indian Residential School  

Today my teacher Mr. Oiko taught us how to write journals. You have to put the date and place at the top of the page. Then you write about what happens during the day. I like journals because I love writing whatever I want. Mr. Oiko says a good way to start is to talk about yourself, where you live, your age, grade, what kind of family you have.

My name is Martha Stone. I am twelve years old in grade six at the Kalamak Indian Residential School. It’s next to the Tomas River across from the city of Kalamak, British Columbia....
There are four hundred of us Indian students here and we come from all over B.C. The principal is Father Sloane, a priest….Ten nuns are teachers and girls’ supervisors. Sister Theodosia is the intermediate supervisor. We call her Sister Theo.

We are divided into juniors grades one to four, intermediate grades five to eight, and seniors grades nine to twelve. Each group stays in different dormitories called dorms, and recreation rooms called recs. We’re not allowed to leave our own rec or dorm except for meals.

The nuns and priests have their own dining rooms, but we eat in the main dining room.
There’s a wall between the boys’ side and girls’ side. One of the Sisters watches us eat, but not when we walk back to our recs. That’s when my sisters Dorothy and Missy and I sometimes hold hands as we walk down the hall. It’s the happiest part of my day.

My best friend is my cousin Cookie. Her mother is Mamie, my mum’s sister. Cookie is only my friend sometimes because she’s in grade five and mostly she plays with her grade five friends. I told Cookie I want to write secret journals for one year. She won’t tell on me. I’ll write a short one every day for Mr. Oiko. Then in Thursday library time and on weekends when Sister Theo is busy I’ll write this one in a writing tablet titled arithmetic.
I’ll get in trouble if I get caught. Sister Theo checks our letters home. We’re not allowed to say anything about the school. I might get the strap, or worse. Last year some boys ran away from school because one of the priests was doing something bad to them. The boys were caught and whipped. They had their heads shaved and they had to wear dresses and kneel in the dining room and watch everybody eat. They only had bread and water to eat for a week. Everybody was supposed to laugh at them and make fun of them but nobody did.

I don’t like school. We have to come here every September and stay until June. My dad doesn’t like it either, but he says it’s the law. All status Indian kids have to go to residential schools.
….We live on Joyaska Ranch near a little town called Firefly. It’s about a hundred miles from Kalamak. We get to go home in the summer, at Christmas and sometimes at Easter.

When we’re at home we can ride horses, go swimming at the river, run in the hills, climb trees and laugh out loud and holler yahoo anytime we like and we won’t get into trouble. At school we get punished for talking, looking at boys in church, even stepping out of line.

I wish I could live at home instead of here….

Thursday, February 5, 1959

Brother Reilly talked to me about writing today. He’s the grade seven teacher. He was reading our stories on the bulletin board in the library when were taking books out. He called me over to talk about my legend.
A tranquil face, whose eyes looked upon evil and chose to stand and fight instead of turn away, *Nelson Mandela* is not only a picture biography, but a work of art and an inspiration to all ages. Through the beautiful words and captivating illustrations of Kadir Nelson, readers are transported back in time to the childhood of Nelson Mandela. Nelson’s father dies when he is only nine years old and he hears the tribal elders speak; these events change his life forever.
Rolihlahla played barefooted on the grassy hills of Qunu.
He fought boys with sticks and shot birds with slingshots.
The smartest Madiba child of thirteen, he was the only one chosen for school.
His new teacher would not say his Xhosa name. She called him Nelson instead.
Nelson was nine when his father joined the ancestors in the sky.
To continue his schooling, Nelson was sent miles away to live with a powerful chief.
“Brace yourself, my boy.”
His mother held her tears and said good-bye.
The chief held counsel to warriors, medicine men, farmers, and laborers. The elder ones told stories of old Africa. For centuries Thembu, Pondo, Xhosa, and Zulu peoples lived in the mountains and valleys of South Africa. The land was bountiful, fertile, and rich. The people hunted, fished, and raised crops, living in relative peace. But they made war on European settlers who came in search of land and treasure. The settlers’ weapons were stronger and breathed fire. Slowly, the people were conquered. Their land was taken and spirits dimmed. South Africa belonged to Europe.
The elders grew quiet and Nelson felt sorry. .........

Nelson was an old man.
After twenty-seven and one-half years, the prison gates opened and Nelson was at last set free.
Thousands surrounded him and Winnie hugged him.
Nelson looked into the sky and smiled at the ancestors.
“Amandla! Thank you.”
The sun sparkled in his gray and white hair.
Nelson stood proudly with the wind at his back and spoke to the colorful sea of people.

“We must forget our terrible past and build a better future for South Africa. Let us continue to fight for justice and walk the last mile to freedom.”

Millions were given the vote and elected Nelson Mandela their new leader. South Africa was free at last and finally at peace.

The ancestors,
The people,
The world,
Celebrated.

Amandla!
Ngawethu!
The Poet Slave of Cuba: A Biography of Juan Francisco Manzano

This is a biography of Juan Francisco Manzano who was enslaved in Cuba in 1797. As a house slave, Juan was treated nicely, in comparison to field hands. But, he was not educated. Juan taught himself to read by memorizing plays and poems. When Juan was traded to another slave master, she was as cruelty itself. Juan was taken away from his parents and whipped often. Juan wrote poems in secrecy until he escaped from his awful master. The book is written entirely in a poetic format using stanzas instead of paragraphs. This is how Juan would have written as he was going through this journey told in the story.
My mind is a brush made of feathers
painting pictures of words
I remember
all that I see
every syllable
each word a twin of itself
telling two stories
at the same time
one of sorrow
the other hope

I love the words
written with my feathery mind
in the air
and with my sharp fingernails
on leaves in the garden
When my owner catches
a whiff
of the fragrance
of words
engraved in the flesh
of succulent geranium leaves
or the perfumed petals of alelí flowers
then she frowns because she knows
that I dream
with my feathers
my wings

Poetry cools me, syllables calm me
I read the verses of others
the free men
and know
that I’m never alone
Poetry sets me aflame
I grow furious
dangerous, a blaze
of soul and heart, a fiery tongue
a lantern at midnight

My first owner was sweet to me
I was her pet, a new kind of poodle
my pretty mother chosen
to be her personal handmaid

My mother
María del Pilar Manzano
a slave
These were my mother’s duties:
dress La Marquesa
undress her
cool her skin with a palm-leaf fan
answer questions
never ask
collect milk from new mothers
in the huts
near the fields
slave milk, the lotion used for softening
the skin
of noble ladies

This my mother accomplished:
deliver the milk
grind eggshells and rice into powder
for making la cascarada
a pale shell for hiding
the darkness
of Spaniards
who pretend
to be pale
in our presence
Together we belonged
along with countless others
human beasts of burden
to Doña Beatríz de Justíz, La Marquesa
the proud Marchioness Justíz de Santa Ana
noble wife of Don Juan Manzano
who shares my name
even though
he is not
my father

Don Juan rules El Molino
his plantation
on this island of sugar
and many other
sweet illusions
Sixteen Years in Sixteen Seconds: The Sammy Lee Story

Since Sammy Lee was a young boy he loved to dive and he dreamed of going to the Olympics and winning a gold medal. His father had a different plan for him; he wanted his son to become a doctor. Sammy managed to keep his grades high and perfect his diving. The road to the Olympics was not an easy one. Sammy had to work very hard. Being Korean, he was often discriminated against. He wasn’t allowed into certain places, such as the pool, unless it was on the assigned day for colored people. Since the pool was only open to people of color on Wednesdays, Sammy had to practice diving into sandpits the rest of the week.

After the death of his father Sammy took time away from practicing diving and studied to be a doctor; he discovered his love for medicine. Sammy still wanted to fulfill his dream of getting a gold medal; in 1948 Sammy was allowed time off from work and trained for the Olympic games in London. He trained his whole life for this moment and he was able to achieve his goal; Sammy received a perfect score and became an Olympic champion.
At the age of twenty-eight, Sammy qualified to be a member of the U.S. Olympic diving team. The diving competition was held at the Empire Pool in Wembley Stadium in London. Sammy was in awe as he entered the stadium. Here he was, the son of Korean immigrants, representing the United States at the Olympics. He knew his family would be proud.

Sammy’s first diving event was the 3-meter springboard dive. He was nervous, and the excitement was almost unbearable. At previous competitions, Sammy would usually put lamb’s wool in his ears to block out the crowd so he could concentrate. But Sammy was finally at the Olympics. He did not want to miss a thing. He took out his earplugs so he could hear everything.

Sammy stood on the diving board. He was sure everybody could hear his heart beating. Then he focused himself, jumped high, and made one of his best dives ever. It won him the bronze medal.
Sammy was happy but not satisfied. He wanted to win a gold medal. He knew his strength lay in the upcoming 10-metre platform event. Here was his chance to show he was the greatest diver in the world.

Right before the event, Sammy heard some rumor that there might be some prejudice against him because he wasn’t white. This only added to his determination to win.

Sammy remained calm. “I’m going for the gold,” he told his teammates before climbing up the ladder. He no longer wanted to win just for himself. He wanted to win to prove that no one should be judged by the color of his or her skin.
4-5 Band: Folklore

The Invisible Princess by Faith Ringgold

Magic Hoofbeats: Horse Tales from Many Lands retold by Josepha Sherman: Linda Wingerter, illustrator
The Invisible Princess

This is the story about two slaves named Mama and Papa Love. They were given these names because of their love for children, but never had children of their own for fear that they would one day be sent away. Then one day The Great Lady of Peace came to tell Mama Love that she was going to have a baby girl; she would not be an ordinary girl, she was going to be a princess. The Great Lady of Peace promised that the girl would be invisible so that the mean slave owner would not make her into a slave. The princess was born and then turned invisible to keep her safe. Then as time went on the slave owner’s daughter, who was blind, seen the invisible princess and told her father. Her father then searched for this princess and when he could not find her said he was going to send Mama and Papa Love away so that they would never see each other or the princess ever again. The slave owners daughter warned the invisible princess and she knew she had to help her parents. With the help of Great Lady of Peace, the invisible princess turns all the slaves invisible; they slaves were now free.
One day, the Great Lady of Peace came to tell Mama Love that in spite of all her fears she was soon to have a baby girl, who would be the envy of all who saw her. The Great Lady of Peace promised that the little girl would grow up to be a princess, who would bring peace, freedom, and love to the slaves’ Village of Visible. Mama Love was very happy, but she was frightened, too, for she knew that if Captain Pepper got wind of this, he would want to make the baby princess a slave. So Mama Love begged the Great Lady of Peace to hide her baby and protect her freedom.

And so the Great Lady of Peace asked the Prince of Night to conceal the beautiful princess in his great cloak of darkness and keep her forever safe from human eyes.
On the morning the baby was to be born, the sun shone brightly and the flowers blossomed and the birds sang sweetly and the bees swarmed and buzzed in chorus and everyone in the slaves’ tiny Village of Visible could feel a strange sense of peace and love that they had never felt before.

As the beautiful baby princess cam into the world, the Prince of Night appeared and spread his black cloak across the sky, turning day into the blackest night. The sudden darkness woke the Terrible Storm King, who flew into a thunderous rage, releasing tumultuous rains and hurricane winds on the Village of Visible. It was during this storm that the Prince of Night wrenched the beautiful baby from Mama Love’s arms and disappeared with her tiny body into the stormy night.
Magic Hoofbeats: Horse Tales from Many Lands

Magic Hoofbeats contains several different stories about different mystical horses that live in all parts of the world. These horses are all different; some can fly and others can talk. They all have their own strengths. The main goal of these horses is to make sure that they always help the good people defeat the evil.
The people of Iran have an ancient saying: “When our children are between the ages of seven and seventeen, we teach them two lessons: how to tell the truth and how to ride,” so it is not a surprise that horse riding has been a central part of Iranian culture for many centuries. In fact, the history of horses in Iran reaches back to the third millennium BC.

Iran used to be known as Persia. The horse that is unique to this region is Caspian, which is probably the most ancient domestic breed of horse in existence. The Caspian horse is represented in carving at the ancient capital of the Persian Empire, Persepolis, and it also appears on the seal of King Darius, who ruled Persia in the sixth century BC. This regal breed is quite exquisite – it has a delicate head and a dished face, like that of an Arab horse, with large, prominent eyes, flaring nostrils, and a silky mane and tail. It is very spirited, with a proud bearing, and seems almost to float as it moves, with its head and tail held high. Yet it stands just 10 to 12 hands high, making it smaller than the average modern-day pony!
The Caspian horses disappeared from history when the Muslims conquered Persia in AD 627. Until 1965, everyone believed that they were extinct. Then an American woman, Louise Firouz, who ran a riding school for children in Tehran, heard rumors of a wild herd of miniature horses in the remote Elburz mountains in northern Iran, near the Caspian Sea. She set out on horse back to track them down – and found her way to a scattered group of about thirty small horses, which she immediately recognized as Caspians. She brought back thirteen of the horses, and blood tests proved her belief that they belonged to the ancestral breed from which Arabian and other hot-blooded horses are all descended.
1621: A New Look at Thanksgiving by Catherine O’Neill Grace and Margaret M. Bruchac; photographs by Sisse Brimberg and Cotton Coulson

Emancipation Proclamation: Lincoln and the Dawn of Liberty by Tonya Bolden

Heart and Soul by Kadir Nelson

Let It Shine: Stories of Black Women Freedom Fighters by Andrea Davis Pinkney; Stephen Alcorn (Illus.).

Sit-in: How Four Friends Stood Up by Sitting Down by Andrea Davis Pinkney and Brian Pinkney (Illus.)

Songs from the Loom by Monty Roessle
This book emerges from the research of the Plimouth Plantation, Massachusetts, which is a living-history museum. The authors seek to give voice to the Native perspective on Thanksgiving, and the myths surrounding this holiday.
On the autumn day Winslow described in his letter, when Governor Bradford sent four men to hunt wildfowl, the Wampanoag in the area no doubt heard the shooting. When the Englishmen started marching and firing their muskets in unison, the noise got even louder. It is likely nearby Native people felt that Massasoit should be informed. Perhaps Massasoit wondered if the English were preparing for war. We may never know, but the fact that he showed up with 90 men, and apparently no women, shows he was being cautious. When it became clear the English were celebrating, Massasoit sent some of his men to hunt deer for meat to contribute to the feast. Once it was seen to be safe, it is likely that Native women and children, particularly Hooamock’s family, joined them.
For three days, the English and Native people met and ate together. In English style, Massasoit and his advisers probably ate with the leading men of the colony at a “high table” which featured the best food. Tables were probably set up both indoors and outdoors for the other diners. Men, women, and children all helped in getting and preparing the food. This work included butchering the deer, grinding corn, plucking birds, gathering shellfish, roasting meat, and preparing whatever else was at hand.

Other “entertainments” took place, which probably included playing ball, competitive sports, singing, music, and perhaps even dancing. The Wampanoag were especially fond of games of chance.
Emancipation Proclamation: Lincoln and the Dawn of Liberty

This brilliantly written book by Tonya Bolden offers vivid glimpses into Lincoln’s life and decisions, and his relationship with Frederick Douglass. During his presidency, Lincoln had run-ins with John Brown, who was an anti slavery activist. Lincoln, during his running, had many issues to contend with such as North vs. South land issues and, obviously, slavery. Pressing into the 1860’s, the violence between the North and South had center stage and ultimately, the Civil War broke out. The book ends with a timeline and a synopsis of the thirteenth amendment, which ultimately ended slavery in the United States.
On August 20, 1861, from his base in St. Louis, Fremont put Missouri under martial law. In outlining what it is meant to be under military rule, he proclaimed that, among other things, Confederate sympathizers would have their property seized. If that property included people, they would be freed! Whoa!

Lincoln, who learned of Fremont’s decree in the newspaper, couldn’t let that stand. He promptly wrote to Fremont, pressing him to void the passage on freedom. Confiscation was fine, but freedom was political dynamite. It would, said Lincoln, “alarm our Southern Union friends, and turn them against us- perhaps ruin our rather fair prospect for Kentucky.” Lincoln worried about Kentucky for good reason.
Back in April, when the president called out to the states for troops to put down the rebellion, his birth state had refused. Its governor, Beriah Magoffin, responded thusly: “I say, emphatically, Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern states.” Then, within weeks, Kentucky officially declared neutrality.

After Fremont refused to revise his proclamation, Lincoln did it for him. (Their relationship was beyond repair. Before the year was out, the general was relieved of command.)

Many Union loyalists cheered Lincoln for revoking Fremont’s freedom edict. But not abolitionists. They bombarded the president with letters of protest, pilloried him in publications, and commiserated with one another over what they saw as his maddening timidity.

Abolitionists clamored all the louder for Lincoln to champion black liberty as key to Union victory.
Heart and Soul captures the true identity of the African American people. It takes the reader on a century long journey filled with information both known and unknown in search of true freedom.
Come years later, we saw more terrible wars; we saw leaders like Dr. King, Malcolm Shabazz, and Bobby Kennedy shot and killed by people who, as Dr. King put it, “cannot disagree without being disagreeable.” We watched cities burn, a man walk on the moon, presidents impeached, the Berlin Wall come down, millions more Americans march on Washington; we followed controversial elections and watched broken levees drown most of a city. There’d be plenty of trouble in the world, but a lot of joy, too.

Black folks began to do things that only decades before we hadn’t dreamed of. African American generals commanded great armies for the first time. Black mayors and governors were elected in large cities. There were black principals of integrated schools, managers and owners of major professional sports teams. African American writers, actors, and directors won Nobel Prizes and Academy Awards. And we saw the first black Supreme Court justices and astronauts. There were plenty of firsts, honey. But the best was saved for last.
Forty-five years after Dr. King spoke on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial, I marched my old legs to the polls along with millions of other Americans to vote in an historic election. It was the first time that an African American—Barack Obama—had won the Democratic nomination and appeared on the national ballot for president of the United States. As I cast my vote, I thought about my grandfather Pap, who didn’t live to see this moment, and my three children and two brothers, who did; I thought about my mother and father, and my aunts and uncles; I thought about Abe Lincoln, Frederick Douglass, and Harriet Tubman; I thought about presidents Kennedy and Johnson, Dr. King, Thurgood Marshall, the Freedom Riders, the marchers, and all of the people who lived and died so that I might walk into this booth and cast my vote. I thought about them all and smiled; and as I walked away, I closed my eyes and said, “Thank you.”
Let It Shine: Stories of Black Women Freedom Fighters

This is a collection of biographies of ten strong Black women who fought for the rights of African Americans. Some of these women are well-known for their efforts, but a few of them are less well-known. Pinkney includes Sojourner Truth, Biddy Mason, Harriet Tubman, Ida B. Wells-Barnett, Mary McLeod Bethune, Ella Josephine Baker, Dorothy Irene Height, Rosa Parks, Fannie Lou Hamer, and Shirley Chisholm.
Harriet (Tubman) now ached for freedom more than ever. She had learned of the abolitionists, who sought to end slavery. These people had created a system for hiding runaway slaves who were heading north. The abolitionists called their hide-and-help network the Underground Railroad. Word spread among the Brodas slaves that a white woman who lived nearby was helping runaways use the Underground Railroad. Whenever folks got to speaking this woman’s name, Harriet listened carefully.

One night, without telling her husband, Harriet gathered three of her brothers. She showed them the North Star and urged them to escape with her right then. Harriet’s brothers agreed. But as they followed Harriet, their fear of getting caught became too big. Harriet did her best to persuade them to keep on, but all three refused. And they made Harriet return to the Brodas plantation with them. Harriet relented. She sneaked back with her brothers but vowed to herself that next time she’d flee alone and leave her scaredy-cat brothers behind.
Mary (McLeod Bethune) had the gift of finding just the right words, delivered with respect and kindness for others. During her study to become a missionary, Mary preached on the streets of Chicago to people who were down on their luck or just needed a little boost in their spirits. She visited jails, slum houses, and hospitals, where she offered comfort and inspiration by leading people in prayer or singing a hymn.

Mary could hardly wait to finish her studies at Moody; they would qualify her to carry out missionary work in Africa. But soon after graduation, in 1895, Mary was saddened to find there were no jobs for missionaries in Africa.
Sit-In is based on the true events of the 1960 Sit-Ins. It tells the story of four Black male college students who started the sit-ins to stand up against racial injustices in the Southern states. After sitting in a Whites-only café in North Carolina daily for weeks, students acquired a large support following. Eventually, the sit-in became televised and groups from other states began to take a stand as well. Soon, students formed the SNCC (Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee). In 1964, President Lyndon B. Johnson put in act the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which outlawed segregation in public places.
As the sit-ins grew, angry people gave the students a big dose of hatred – served up hot and heaping. Coffee, poured down their backs. Milkshakes, flung in their faces. Pepper, thrown in their eyes. Ketchup – not on the fries, but dumped on their heads. They yelled at the students. “We don’t serve your kind!” “Go home!” “Goodbye!”

Soon folks were so busy arguing about who was right and who was wrong, that they stopped going to Woolworth’s and other segregated places. Some shops were forced to integrate to keep their businesses alive. But the struggle was far from over.

In April, an activist named Ella Baker organized a student leadership conference at Shaw University in North Carolina to help the young demonstrators.
Navajo photographer and author Monty Roessel explains Navajo weaving. His mother, Nalí Ruth, teaches his daughter, Jaclyn, how to weave the Navajo way. History is woven into the narrative.
Jaclyn Roessel sat anxiously on the edge of her chair. Spread across the floor in front of her was a Navajo blanket. She stared at the intricate design of the rug as she listened to her Nalí—her father’s mother—tell stories.

Today’s story was about the Long Walk. In the 1860s, the United States Army forced 8,000 Navajos to leave their homeland in what is now called the Four Corners area of Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and Colorado. The Navajos had to march 250 miles to Fort Sumner in eastern New Mexico. More than 3,000 people died from starvation, the cold, or bullet wounds.
But the story of the Long Walk is also one of triumph, because the Diné (the Navajo word for themselves, which means the People) never gave up hope that they would someday return to their homeland. After four years, their prayers were answered. The Navajos negotiated a treaty with the United States government that allowed them to go home, to Diné Bekayah, the land surrounded by the four sacred mountains.

To the Navajos, a home is more than walls and a ceiling. A home is everything around you. The design of the tradition, Navajo home, called a hogan, imitates the land. The walls are like four mountains, and the ceiling is round like the sky.
As Nalí Ruth ended the story, Jaclyn got off the chair and sat on the rug and tried to poke her finger through the yarn. She couldn’t. The rug was tightly woven, a sign of a good rug.

“Nalí Ruth, can you teach me to weave?” Jaclyn said.

“Shi Nalí, my son’s daughter, I was wondering when you were going to ask. I’ll teach you only if you are interested in learning the Navajo way to weave,” Ruth said…. “You must be willing to learn the songs and stories as well as the weaving process.”
Becoming Naomi Leon by Pam Muñoz Ryan
Eagle Song by Joseph Bruchac
The Heart of a Chief by Joseph Bruchac
How Tía Lola Saved the Summer by Julia Alvarez
Joey Pigza Swallowed the Key by Jack Gantos
Rain Is Not my Indian Name by Cynthia Leitich Smith
Return to Sender by Julia Alvarez
Rules by Cynthia Lord
Wanting Mor by Rukhsana Khan
Naomi Soledad León Outlaw is a soft spoken girl of Mexican and American descent. She lives with her great-grandmother, Mary and her little brother, Owen, in a trailer park in California. Naomi was abandoned by her mother, Skyla, who was too young to raise her children and wanted to “find” herself, alone. Skyla reappears after seven years to try and take Naomi away with her to Las Vegas to live with her and her new boyfriend, Clive. Skyla does not want Owen because of his disability. Mary will not let Skyla take Naomi away and decides to go to Mexico with friends in pursuit of finding their father. While in Mexico Naomi realizes she has always lived with the last name, Outlaw, and discovers that her father’s last name, León, was who she really was. They find their father in Mexico who writes a letter for Mary allowing her to continue raising his children. When the court date arrives, Skyla tries to convince the judge to grant her custody of the children. When the judge ask Naomi what would she like, she finally finds her voice and tells the judge the kind of person her mother really is.
On the inside though, I was different. I had experienced *Barrio Jalatlaco, Las Posadas*, and *quesillo*. I had walked on cobblestone streets and thrown pottery at a church, just for the sake of good luck. Me!

I had discovered my mother. I supposed Owen and I would always long for her a little and wondered what it would have been like if she had been different. Gram said Skyla could clean up her act and take us back to court someday but that we shouldn’t count those chickens before they hatched. Gram said it wasn’t likely that Skyla would make the effort to visit us, either, but if she did, I wouldn’t mind. I would like to feel her hands on my head, French braiding my hair again.
I had also found my father, who had loved me for a long time without being nearby. How many others were walking around and not even knowing that someone far away cared for them? Imagine all that love floating in the air, waiting to land on someone’s life!

Although we had discovered our parents, our lives with Gram were carved into our beings. We were her prizes, and that was good enough for us.

Santiago had taught me that you must carve what your imagination dictates so that what is inside can become what it is meant to be. In the end, the figure will reveal itself for what it really is.
It was true. In Mexico, I had seen carvings of wooden angels with horns, a parrot with a fish tail, a lizard with wings, a three-legged dog. I worked the same with people, too.

A mother with a cat’s claw.
A father with a lion’s heart.
A great-grandmother with a bird’s protective outstretched wings.
A mouse with a lioness’s voice.

I hoped my father was right, that like the figures we carved from wood and soap, I was becoming who I was meant to be, the Naomi Soledad León Outlaw of my wildest dreams.
Eagle Song

Bigtree is a young boy struggling to find his place in the Big Apple, his new home away from the reservation. With support from his father, the once bullied Danny learns to accept his new home by embracing his culture.
The Peacemaker and Aionwahta formed the plan for a Great League of Peace. The nations which had been at war would join together. They worked together for five years establishing the Great League. Then they returned together to Onondaga. Adodarhonh, who had done all he could to work against this league, knew they were coming. He hid himself so that no one could find him.

But among the Onondagas were two men who could transform themselves into animals. One of them became a bear and the other became a deer, and they went into the forest to seek Adodarhonh. When they came back, they said, “We have found Adodarhonh. He is terrible to see. His body has seven great bonds in it and his hair is filled with snakes.”

Then the Peacemaker and Aionwahta went with a great multitude of people to the place where Adodarhonh was hiding. As they went, they sang the Peace Hymn which Aionwahta had taught the people, the song given to him by the Great Turtle.
Their powerful song pierced the air like the cry of the eagle. And they came at last, singing the Peace Hymn, to Adodarhonh’s lodge.

Haii, haii Agwahw-yoh
Haii, haii Agwahw-yoh

They sang to heal the mind of Adodarhonh, and when he heard the Hymn of Peace, he could not move. Then the Peacemaker and Aionwahta entered Adodarhonh’s lodge. The Peacemaker held out his hand and straightened Adodarhonh’s body. Aionwahta combed the snakes from his hair. With his body and his mind healed, Adodarhonh stood and joined them.
Living on the Penacook Indian Reservation and attending school in the nearby town defines the two worlds of sixth grader, Chris Nicola. His other name, used mostly by grandfather, Doda, is Log Resting Firm on Both Shores Wide Enough to Walk Upon. This strong name accurately describes the eleven year-old boy’s ability to bridge the gap between these two communities. A young activist at heart, Chris seems to perceive people and events with wisdom beyond his years. He is grounded in tradition and family customs, looking after his elders, Doda and Auntie along with his younger sister Celeste. When his Language Arts teacher, Mr. Dougal writes CONTROVERSIAL TOPICS, on the board for the next group report project, his circle of friends instantly chooses him as their leader, and the discussion begins to select a subject to research and report on.
When it is time to commit to a topic, “Using Indian names for sports teams,” is his group’s unanimous choice. Very fitting considering the school’s team name is the Chiefs! After stirring up controversy over the team’s name, he leads his circle of friends through a presentation that bridges the way to positive change. Finally he completes his mission to save the island in the heart of the Penacook people from the casino developers by coming up with a plan that satisfies the needs of all. This compromise and solution accurately demonstrate his heart of a chief.
I listen, trying to hear more of Mito’s voice. But he is not saying anything more. The call is about to end. When we end a phone conversation we don’t say good-bye. It’s an English word and there is no word for good-bye in Indian. Usually we just wish the other person a good journey. But this time Auntie says something different before she hangs up.

When Auntie speaks in English, sometimes her words aren’t quite right. At least that is what my Language Arts teacher would say. Auntie has a Penacook accent and she has a hard time with letters like $F$ and sounds like $sh$. Words like Frenchman come out as Platzmon in Penacook.
And sometimes she leaves words out too. Instead of saying “I am going to go to town,” she might say “I go town.”

Some people would say she speaks broken English. But when she switches into Penacook, she speaks it with such beauty. Her voice gets stronger, even though it doesn’t get louder. There is so much power in her voice when she speaks Indian. I am sure that everything around is listening to her then, the birds, the trees, the wind.

She ends the call in Penacook, saying to Mito, “We need you.”

Except what she says means a lot more than that. It means that all of us, him included, need the person he really is.
I hear her hang up. She pads back into the room where Celeste is sound asleep. In the bed next to me Doda sighs and then rolls over. I guess he was listening too.

The call has made me think of so many things. I’m trying to feel happy. But mostly I feel worried. I wonder if Doda’s head is aching now. I wonder about what Auntie meant when she was talking to Mito about me.

I wonder when my father will find himself and bring the person he really is back to us all.
How Tía Lola Saved the Summer

Miguel lives in Vermont with his mother, little sister, and aunt (Tía) Lola. Miguel has grand plans to kick off the summer, but his plans are soon dashed when his mother invites the Sword family to come spend a week with them. Mr. Sword is friend of his mother; a single dad raising his three daughters. He is coming to see if Vermont might be a new home for him and his family. Just in time to ruin Miguel’s summer.

Tía Lola realizes how upset Miguel is and promises to keep the girls busy so they do not interfere with his summer plans and baseball practices. Tía Lola decides to have her own summer camp with all the children, and eventually, even Miguel joins in. They play different games and go on trips. During his week, everybody learns something new about themselves and conquer their one greatest obstacle. Thanks to Tía Lola this trip is better than anyone would have ever expected.
After hugging each girl, Tía Lola announces: “Welcome to Tía Lola’s summer camp!”

Summer camp? Miguel doesn’t know what on earth his aunt is talking about! And by the same looks on their faces, Mami and Juanita don’t either. But they do seem delighted to hear that Tía Lola is taking charge.

The middle one’s interest is piqued. “You didn’t say it was going to be a camp,” she confronts her father. “What kind of camp?” she adds more suspiciously.

“A magical one,” Tía Lola says, winking at the one and only Esperanza.

“I’ve never been to a magical camp,” little Cari admits, hugging her father’s leg tightly, something she does when she is feeling excited or shy.

“What do you say we go upstairs and settle you in?” Tía Lola suggests. “You might want to take a little rest. We have a long night ahead.”
“We do? Victoria’s face brightens. This camp is starting to sound like a teenager’s idea of fun.

“It won’t be scary, will it?” Little Cari had used up her quota of courage for today. After all, she has come as far as she has ever been from home to stay with some new friends Papa made in Vermont.

“Not scary at all,” Tía Lola assures her. “A nighttime treasure hunt.”

“A treasure hunt at night? But how can people even read the clues or see where the treasure is buried?” The middle one scoffs. But she sounds a tiny bit intrigued.

“I have ways to make you see in the dark!” Tía Lola says mysteriously. “Remember this is a magic camp!”
Joey Pigza is a young boy whose life is ruled by his ADHD. Joey is a smart, funny and caring boy whose loving qualities are overshadowed by his ADHD. At school, Joey is constantly in trouble for either sticking his fingers in a pencil sharpener, spinning in the halls, shouting out loud, and the worst of all: running in the hall with scissors and cutting a student’s nose.

Joey’s mother has to make the decision to give him ADHD medicine and place him in a special school. There, Joey finally gets the support he needs to learn to overcome his obstacles and return to his regular school with hope for the future.
Usually I wake up with springs popping inside my head, like I’m in the middle of a pinball game where I’m the ball, and I shoot out of bed and directly to the kitchen where I ricochet around after food until by chance I snatch some toast off the counter, then go slamming off the padded stool tops like they were lighted bumpers and zing up the hall and into the bathroom where I try to brush my teeth, but I brush mostly my lips and chin and then I explode back out the door and across the living room and carom off the furniture until mom gets a grip on me and wipes the toothpaste off my face and works a pill down my throat.
Then she holds the back of my head and pushes my face into her soft belly and just holds me like that for a few minutes, and if the meds are working I begin to settle down real well and when I pull my face away and look up at her she is smiling and stroking my head and if she is in a good mood we both start to laugh because it is so funny that I’ve just gone from being Ricochet Rabbit to Charlie Brown in no time flat. And this makes both of us happy.
Rain’s entire world comes crashing down when, on her fourteenth birthday, she finds out that her best friend Galen has died. For six months she stays in her house, finding ways to keep busy, and to keep her mind off Galen. Her brother tried convincing her to go to the Indian camp that her aunt is running that summer, but she has no interest. Ultimately, Rain decides that it is time to get out of the house, so she takes a job with the local newspaper photographing the campers at the Indian camp.

While working with the newspaper and photographing the camp, Rain finds out that for the last six months people in the town have believed she was part of the reason Galen died. This was very hard for Rain to understand, but she quickly realizes that only she and Galen know what happened the night he passed away and that she can’t spend her whole life being upset about what happened in the past because she cannot change it.
“My photographer,” the Flash said. “And I thought I lacked experience.”

Ignoring him, I spotted Aunt Georgia’s tomato-red hair. She was one of five people seated beneath a tree across the park. “There,” I said pointing. “Now all I have to do is ask them whether I can shoot the story.”

“Ask?” the Flash repeated. “We’re talking about a publicly funded program on public property.”

It seemed disrespectful to barge in with camera ready, and I hoped that Natalie remembered to call Aunt Georgia earlier this morning. Natalie used to click of her things to do, but lately she hadn't been herself.

“Why?” the Flash asked, glancing at my camera. “Will they think you’re trying to steal their souls or something?”

It required a supreme effort, but I decided to be the professional one, so I kept my mouth shut. The Flash followed me, and our footsteps sank into the soggy grass.
As the Flash I grew closer, Spence grinned at me. I’d heard Aunt Georgia speak to him now and then. The son of lawyers with an in-ground pool in their suburban backyard. A tad round for a Gap ad, though he dressed for the job. Played baseball. Into computers. He could’ve passed for a full-blood if it weren’t for his eyes. The only reason Spence and I hadn’t met already was that he’d been staying with his Osage grandparents in Pawhuska last summer when Aunt Georgia, Galen, and I had gone down to Okie City.

Twins Dmitri and Marie Headbird had kicked off their sandals and placed them side by side in the grass. They were two of the local Native teenagers Mrs. Owen had mentioned in her letter the editor.
Twelve year olds Tyler and Maria live on a dairy farm in Vermont. Tyler’s family owns the farm and is trying to keep the farm running after his father had an accident that left him unable to do as much work. Maria’s family has emigrated, undocumented, from Mexico, and her father and uncles have been hired to work on the farm.

In *Return to Sender*, Tyler comes to terms with having the Mexican family on the farm and befriends the girls, while Maria deals with her feelings of being an outsider, missing her mother, and the fear of her family being discovered and deported.
It is difficult to be the one different from my sisters. Some boys at my school made fun of me, calling me an “illegal alien.” What is illegal about me? Only that I was born on the wrong side of the border? As for “alien,” I asked the teacher’s helper, and she explained that an alien is a creature from outer space who does not even belong on this earth! So, where am I supposed to go?

Even at home, I feel so alone sometimes. I cannot tell Papa about the boys making fun because he would pull us out of school, especially now that he is so protective after you left. I cannot speak to my little sisters, as I don’t want to worry them anymore than they are. Besides, Ofie has such a big mouth, I am afraid she would tell Papa whatever I tell her. And how could any of them understand why I feel so lonely? I am not like my sisters, who are little American girls as they were born here and don’t know anything else. I was born in Mexico, but I don’t feel Mexican, not like Papa and my uncles with all their memories and stories and missing it all the time.
If only you were here, Mama, you would understand. Now that you are gone, Papa says I am to be the mother to my little sisters. “But who will be my mother?” I ask him. He just bows his head and gets so quiet for days on end. I’m not going to make him more sad by asking him that again.
Rules

Catherine is twelve, a great artist, and loving and caring sister. Catherine has a younger brother, David, who is autistic. Like any older sister should, she tries to protect him at all costs even if that means creating strict rules for him to follow.

Like any young girl, Catherine is insecure and worries about what other people think about David. Once Catherine meets Jason, a young boy in a wheel chair who cannot communicate, she realizes life is easier if you enjoy the small things that make you happy.
“Wear your seat belt in the car,” David states. “That’s the rule.”

“You’re right.” I click the seat belt across me and open my sketch book to the back pages. That’s where I keep all the rules I’m teaching David so if some-day-he’ll-wake-up-a-regular-brother wish doesn’t ever come true, at least he’ll know hoe the world words, and I wont have to keep explaining things.

Some of the rules in my collection are easy and always:

Say “excuse me” after you burb.

Don’t stand in front of the TV when other people are watching it.

But more are the complicated, sometimes rules.

You can yell on the playground, but not during dinner.

A boy can take off his shirt to swim, but not his shorts.

Sometimes people don’t answer because they didn’t hear you. Other times it’s because they don’t want to hear you.
I look between the fat boards and imagine my always-wish, my fingers reaching through the perfect top of David’s head, finding the broken places in his brain, turning knobs or flipping switches. All his autism wiped clean.

Tomorrow I’m going to tell mom she has a point about David needing his own words, but other things matter, too. Like sharing something small and special just my brother and me.

Kneeling beside David, our arms touching, our faces reflect side by side in the glass.

I let that be enough.
Wanting Mor

Overcoming the devastating obstacles of a loss of a loved one, a facial deformity, and abandonment, Jameela, the young protagonist Wanting Mor rises above adversity with grace and dignity. This novel is based on a true story about a girl living in post-Taliban Afghanistan. Her mother, or Mor, dies leaving her alone with her father, a self-centered man who turns his back on his grieving daughter. He remarries and when his new wife quickly grows tired of young Jameela, he takes his only daughter to the marketplace and leaves her on her own.

Jameela’s journey from lost child to confident young woman, gives a glimpse of life in a Muslim orphanage. Her Mother always told her “If you can’t be beautiful, you should at least be good. People will appreciate that.” Jameela is both beautiful and virtuous; her respect for traditions and courage against the unknown make her a well-loved character full of the essence of magnificence.
“Come, Jameela. Stand right here. I need to do something.” I grab hold of his sleeve. “Where are you going?” His face is twisted. He doesn’t look at me. “Never mind.” I let go of his sleeve. He hitches up his shoulder to make his shirt fall properly. Then he takes five steps out into the crowd and does a strange thing. He looks back at me for a moment. Just for a moment, our gaze is locked over the distance that separates us. Then some people pass in front of me and when they move away he is gone. (page 50)

There has been a new crop of arrivals at the orphanage. Some of the girls have families so poor they left them here, but at least they come to visit now and again. And then there are true orphans like Soraya, Zeba and Arwa. The only one who’s been totally abandoned is me, and they all know it.
I can see it in their eyes when they pass me in the hallway, and I can see it in the way they pause in their whispering when I come into the prayer hall. Girls in groups of two, with their heads bent toward each other, looking right at me, talking out of the sides of their mouths. Saying how could her father do such a thing? It’s unnatural. What’s wrong with her that he would do such a thing? What did she do to deserve it? They’ll stop after a while if I just leave them alone. If I pretend it doesn’t bother me and keep my head high, they’ll eventually stop. The scar on my lip has faded. I look almost perfect. I wish Baba could see me this way. Would he change his mind and want me back? (Page 89)
4-5 Band: Novels: 
Fantasy and Science Fiction Novels 
and Novellas

*Summer of the Mariposas* by Guadalupe Garcia McCall

Craig Low of Lee & Low Books also recommended: 
*Galaxy Games* 
*Monster in Mudball* 
(we ran out of time)
While swimming in the Rio Grande one lazy afternoon, the five Garza sisters encounter a sight that would change their lives forever: a mysterious dead body. In an effort to return the body to his family and home for a proper burial, the Garza sisters embark on a treacherous yet magical journey from Texas to Mexico. Along the way, they encounter icons of Mexican folklore such as La llorona, el chupacabra, and the Aztec goddess Tonantzin. Their epic adventure brings the girls closer together as well as to the answer they have been seeking as to the whereabouts of the father that left them.
Juanita came back into the room, looking more like herself again. “You’re a lousy sister!” she yelled.

“Enough!” I finally raised my voice the way Mamá does when she’s done putting up with them. “Now go to bed before I call Mamá back and tell her what’s really going on. And you, stop cursing, or I’ll wash your mouths out with Clorox.”

To my surprise, the twins flounced off the bed. All four of my sisters marched out and down the hall to the kitchen without another word. I went out the front door, locked it, and put the spare key to the deadbolt in my pocket. There was no other set of keys in the house to that door, so if they wanted to open it again, they’d have to wait until Mamá came home or jump out a window.

The thought had barely entered my mind when I heard the unmistakable sound of a window being slid open. I turned around to look at the darkened house. The only light was in Pita’s room, which faced the front.
You can’t back out of this! We out-vote you four to one!” Juanita screamed, her body halfway out the window.

I lifted my hand in the air, my index finger extended. “Rule Number One of the code of the cinco hermanitas: The eldest sister has the final word. Always. Good night.”

I left the yard, closing the gate behind me noisily, so they could hear me leaving even in the moonless night. Then I walked resolutely up the sidewalk toward Brazos Street. The thought of them escaping through a window made me cringe. I froze momentarily before I reached the corner, but then I realized they wouldn’t do that. They might be wild, but they depended on me for everything. If I wasn’t in on it, it usually didn’t fly. That was the beauty of following the code of the five little sisters. We really did do everything together.
4-5 Band: Novels: Historical Fiction Novels and Novellas

*Bat 6* by Virginia Euwer Wolff
*Morning Girl* by Michael Dorris
*One Crazy Summer* by Rita Garcia-Williams
*P.S. Be Eleven* by Rita Williams Garcia
*A Single Shard* by Linda Sue Park
World War II has just ended and life is slowly returning to normal. The Bear Creek Ridge and Barlow Road Grade schools are about to play their annual softball game. The sixth grade girls from each team train long and hard for this big game; it is their only opportunity. This year both schools welcome a new girl to team. Aki, a Japanese girl, will playing first base for Bear Creek Ridge. She and her family spent time in the Japanese internment camps during World War II. Barlow Road Grade School also has a new player, Shazam. She is living with her grandmother after losing her father in the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Bat 6 is told through the point of view of all the girls on the team. They take turns sharing about themselves, their teams, and the new girls. This all leads up to the big softball game where Shazam hurts Aki because she is Japanese. The girls then share how this affected them and how they come to terms with all that has happened.
Little Peggy, right field

While we were lining up to do the traditional shaking hands with Barlow team, I was watching Mr. and Mrs. Porter standing with the Barlow coach and his wife, all laughing their heads off about something. I had been quite nervous about trying to play well, and I had woken up too early in the morning, full of worry. But seeing those coaches laughing and friendly, I was suddenly reminded it was just a game, it is not life and death who wins.

But because I looked away at them I stepped in the wrong place in the lineup, and by accident I got between Aki and Lorelei. When I noticed my mistake and began to step out of line, we had to continue along shaking every hand, and Lorelei nudged me back into place ahead of her. so I ended up seeing something nobody else might have seen. It is because I am short and my head is lower to the ground, I suppose. Lorelei is much taller than me. She might not have looked down.
We were going along shaking hands and I saw a Barlow girl start to shake Aki’s hand and then pull back like from a snake you might see in front of you. Then she fisted her hand against her stomach and moved along the line. She shook my hand and moved on to Lorelei.

Refused to shake Aki’s hand.

I personally could not believe it.

I nudged Aki with my left hand while I was going on shaking with my right one. I said right up against her left ear, “I saw that. I’m gonna say something –” And Aki shook her head and said it was okay, it didn’t matter.
Morning Girl

Morning Girl is a boisterous, energetic, twelve-year-old who rises before the sun while her brother, Star Boy, is a creature of the night. The siblings live with their mother and father on an undisclosed Bahamian island in the year 1492. Life in their village is idyllic, they are at peace with nature and with each other, as much as any brother and sister could be. The story of this Taino family alternates from each child’s perspective and tells of village and family life, relationships, and ultimately, their reaction to change. At the end of the book, it is Morning Girl who witnesses what will inevitably become the biggest change of all, the first arrival of the Europeans who are in search of gold.
The wind was angry that I had discovered how to stop myself. It slapped my cheeks and banged my head and pulled at my elbows. And just as suddenly as it had come, my calmness was gone, yanked away from me.

“Mother,” I yelled. “Father, I’m here.”

At first there was no answer, nothing beyond the roar, but then...

“It’s all right, Star Boy,” came a gnarled voice, coiled as the twist of knotted wood. “Stay with us, and you will be safe.”

It was my grandfather, high above me.

“It’s you, isn’t it?” I whispered, and he laughed the way I remembered, when he used to hold me against his warm skin and tell me stories about the sort of man I would grow up to be.
“I’ll visit with you as long as this storm lasts,” he said. “You must sit very still, and you must never tell anyone that I was here or what I say. It will be a secret between us.”

“At least one person,” I begged him.

“You always argue, Star Boy,” he sighed. “All right. Only Morning Girl, but she won’t believe you.”

Then we talked and talked and talked.

Later, when the rain once again began to seek the ground, when the palm fronds still attached to trees could once again return to their usual shapes, when I caught sight of my mother running toward me through the tangle of broken branches and heard my father promising her that they would find me soon, I thanked my grandfather and told him good-bye.
Cassius Clay clouds, batter the 727 plane of sisters, Delphine, Vonetta, and Fern, as they embark on a cross county excursion to visit the mother who had abandoned them immediately after Fern’s birth. This rocky beginning continues throughout the story. The three sisters, raised by their father and Big Ma, their paternal grandmother, travel from the rules and structure of life in Brooklyn, New York, to a revolutionary life in Oakland, CA. Eldest sister, Delphine was charged with the responsibility of taking care of her younger siblings, while bridging the chasm that separates them all from their mother. With Cecile’s unusual behavior and uncommon visitors, the girls find their detached mother difficult to relate to.
Cecile’s unconventional parenting style includes closing herself inside the forbidden kitchen and refusing to cook for the girls. Forced to fend for themselves, the sisters walk down to The People’s Center, to eat breakfast each day and participate in a summer camp program run by The Black Panthers. Through the tough and battering changes that take place in many childhood summers a transformation occurs, and the sisters begin to develop an understanding of their poet mother and the tumultuous world of 1968.
Cecile didn’t care where we went or what we did on Saturdays and Sundays, as long as we stayed far away from her peace and quiet. Our first weekend, we had played Go Fish and tic-tac-toe in our room and waited for Cecile to announce that we were going to some adventurous place that existed only in California. By the second weekend I knew we had to have a plan. Since the sun rose high that Saturday, I figured it was a good day to go to the beach and collect seashells for souvenirs. Vonetta, Fern, and I had put on our bathing suits and sunglasses, and I’d asked Cecile to take us to the beach. I had never spoken Martian to someone and had them give me the look that could only be given to a Martian.
Instead of answering our question, Cecile gave us a look that said, *Who are you and what planet did y’all come from?* I ended up taking my sisters to the city pool, where we swam and splashed around without thinking about all that chlorine water knotting up our hair. When we’d come back to her house smelling like chlorine, I’d ask Cecile if I could use her hot comb to press our hair, seeing how knotty it got. ...

For our third Saturday in Oakland I had a better plan. I told my sisters, “We’re going on an excursion.” Miss Merriam Webster would have been proud. *Excursion.* To Vonetta’s and Fern’s uncomprehending faces, I said, “We’re taking a bus ride to our own adventure.” It didn’t make sense to fly three thousand miles to the land of Mickey Mouse, movie stars, and all-year sun and not see anything but Black Panthers, police cars, and poor black people.
P.S. Be Eleven

Delphine is eleven years old and lives in Brooklyn with her dad, grandma (Big Ma), and two younger sisters, Vonetta and Fern. Even though Delphine is only eleven she has a lot of responsibilities and things that she worries about. Her uncle recently returned from Vietnam and is not the happy, fun man he use to be. He began to use drugs and eventually left and did not return. This made Big Ma very upset, leading her to move back to her own house in Alabama.

Throughout the story, Delphine experiences many changes both at school and home. She shares these trials through letter writing with her mother in Oklahoma. Though life is tough, Delphine learn to makes the best of things and to just be ‘eleven’.
We raced to the mailbox, although it wasn’t much of a contest. I came in first, long-legged as I am, and Vonetta second. She kangaroo-hopped and waved her fists above her head like she had won a prize fight. Vonetta and I waited for Fern, who held the postcard. I’d put it in her hand for that reason. We couldn’t do a thing without that postcard. All this to soothe Fern’s wounded feelings from always coming in dead last. She panted hard when she reached us.

“Let me put it in,” Vonetta said.

“No,” Fern said between gulps of air. “I’m the mail carrier, so I get to put it in the mailbox.”

“But I beat you to the mailbox.”
I swiped the postcard clean from Fern’s hand and gave it Vonetta. Fern balled her fist and socked me, and I said, “Ow,” just to say “ow.” Vonetta dropped the postcard into the mailbox, then hopped and danced until Fern yelled, “Quit it!” I’m usually good at staying one step ahead of a major squabble, but my sisters seemed to have gotten better at keeping things stirred up between them.

We started back to the house in time to see Pa shuffling down the steps – and Papa’s no shuffler. Vonetta and Fern ran to him like nipping puppies. I lagged behind.

“Where you going, Pa?”
“Yeah, Papa. Where?”

Pa gave both a pat on the head and said, “Out.”

“Out where?” Fern asked. Only Fern could get away with tugging on Pa like that, although I also wanted to know. We had been gone from him for so long. Why was he leaving us?
A Single Shard

Set in Korea during the twelfth century, this story tells of an orphan, Tree-ear, who longs to become a potter like Min, whose work he most admires.
Tree-ear entered the city gates and stopped in midstep. How crowded it was! People, oxen, and carts jostled one another in the narrow streets; the houses were so close together that Tree-ear wondered how their residents could breathe. Behind him he heard shouts of impatience, as people tried to push past him. He moved on, swept along by the river of the traffic.

On both sides of the street shop stalls were open. Their owners shouted, plying their wares; the customers shouted, bargaining for the best prices. Never had Tree-ear seen so many goods displayed—or heard so much noise! How could the people of Puyo possibly hear themselves think?
There were stalls that sold food and drink already prepared, and stalls that sold vegetables and fish for cooking at home. One stall sold nothing but sweets. There were bolts of fine silk, trays of gemstones, wooden toys. All manner of household goods could be had, baskets and straw sleeping mats and wooden chests.

And pottery. Tree-ear stopped abruptly in front of one stall. It was stacked with small mountains of pottery—not celadon work, but the very dark brown stoneware known as onggi, for storing food.

The onggi seller’s stall displayed every size of vessel—from tiny sauce dishes to kimchee jars big enough for a man to stand hidden within. The wares were stacked in tall towers that seemed to tilt precariously.
4-5 Band: Picture Books: Contemporary Realistic Fiction

*Bird* by Zetta Elliot; Shadra Strickland, illustrator

*Brothers in Hope: The Story of the Lost Boys of Sudan* by Mary Williams; R. Gregory Christie, illustrator

*Four Feet, Two Sandals* by Karen Lynn Williams, Khadra Mohammed; Doug Chayka, illustrator
Bird

This is the story of a boy named Bird, who uses drawing to cope with the things going on in his life. At such a young age Bird sees his older brother struggle with the use of drugs. As a result his brother soon passes away. Shortly after his granddad passes away. Bird has a hard time understanding why his brother was not able to get better; he uses drawing as a way to remember his brother before he was sick and to help him get through this hard time in his life.
I like to draw.
I’m not real good at it yet, but I try to practice everyday. Uncle Son says that’s how you get better at a thing – do it over and over until you can practically do it with your eyes closed.

For now I keep my eyes open ‘cause I’m still learning how to get it right. It’s kind of hard.
Sometimes, the picture I draw on the page doesn’t look like the real thing. Other times, the picture I draw looks better that what I’m copying. That’s what I like about drawing – you can fix stuff that’s messed up just by using your imagination or rubbing your eraser over the page.
I draw the things I see in my neighborhood – busses and trees and buildings and people. But mostly I like to draw birds. That’s not why they call me Bird, though. Granddad gave me the name after I was born. He said I used to lay in my crib with my mouth wide-open. I’d cheep just like a baby bird in it’s nest, waiting to be fed. When I was little, I needed someone to look out for me. My big brother, Marcus, used to do that, but he can’t anymore.

Some days when my folks are working late I go up on the roof. I’m not suppose to do that. But I only stay for a little while, and I never go near the edge. I just sit and watch the birds fly. Most people think birds fly by flapping their wings, but that’s just partly true. They flap their wings for takeoff and landing, but once their up in the sky they just spread their wings and soar.
Brothers in Hope: The Story of the Lost Boys of Sudan

I was far from my home tending my animals when my village was attacked. I could hear bangs like thunder and see flashing lights in the distance. Suddenly an airplane was circling above. Clouds of dust rose from the ground and bullets began to rain down on my herd. Many of the animals were killed. Others ran away in fear.

My throat and eyes were full of dust, but I found my way to the forest, where I hid in the shadows of the trees.

When the storm of bullets passed, I ran back to my village to find my family, but everyone was gone. The houses were burning and everything was destroyed.

I began to wander down the road, and soon I met other boys who could not find their families. We began to search together.
As we walked, we met more boys on the road.
   At first there was just me—one.
   Soon one became many.
   Too many to count.
   Before war came, I had never seen so many people in one place.
   My village had only one hundred people. Now I was in a moving village with thousands of boys.
   Like me, the other boys were away from their villages tending their cattle when war came. The adults and girls had stayed behind.
   Some of the boys were only five years old. The oldest boys were not more than fifteen. We were children, not used to caring for ourselves.
Without our parents we were lost. We had to learn to take care of one another.

The older boys decided to have a meeting.

“We must work together if we are to survive,” one of the boys said. “We will form groups and choose a leader for each group.”

“Garang Deng!” Someone yelled. My name!

I had been chosen to lead a group of thirty-five boys. I was proud but scared. I knew how to take care of animals, not boys, but I did not want to let my fear keep me from helping my brothers.
Lina, her mother and her two little brothers live in a refugee camp in Pakistan. When camp workers bring clothes to the refugees, a fight breaks out as people struggle to get clothes for their families. Lina manages to find herself one sandal. She has not worn shoes in two years. When looking for the matching sandal she sees that another girl has found it first. They soon decide that they will take turns sharing the beautiful yellow and blue sandals and in the process, they become close friends.

One day Lina gets the good news that she and her family will be going to America. The girls decide to hold onto one sandal each until they meet again.
She looked around for the matching sandal. A girl stood nearby. She was thinner and
darker then Lina, and she wore a blue and yellow sandal.

“As-salaam alaykum.” Lina greeted her. “Peace be with you.”

The girl only stared. She was dressed in a shalwar-kameez. Her feet were cracked and
swollen, as Lina’s had been when she first arrived at the refugee camp.

Suddenly the girl turned, taking the matching sandal with her.

In the morning Lina went to do the washing, wearing one beautiful sandal.

She picked her way to the stream, careful to keep her sandal out of filth. Her old shoes
had been ruined on the many miles of walking from Afghanistan to Peshawar, the
refugee camp in Pakistan. She had carried her brother. Najiib, no bigger than a water jug
then, but just as heavy.
When she looked up from scrubbing, the girl from yesterday was standing over her. She wore one sandal that she bent over and removed.

“Grandma says it is stupid to wear only one,” she placed the sandal at Lina’s feet. Then she turned and walked away.

“Wait.” Lina grabbed both sandals and followed her. “I am Lina.”

The girl turned slowly. “I am Feroza.”

Lina held the sandal out. “We can share.”

“What good is one sandal for two feet?” Feroza frowned.

“You wear them both today and I will wear them tomorrow.” Lina smiled. “Four feet, two sandals.”

Feroza smiled too. She took the sandals and put them on. “Tomorrow they will be yours.”
Crossing Bok Chitto: A Choctaw tale of Friendship and Freedom by Tim Tingle; Jeanne Rorex Bridges, illustrator

Shin-Chi’s Canoe by Nicola Campbell; Kim LaFave, illustrator
Crossing Bok Chitto: A Choctaw Tale of Friendship and Freedom

This is the story of a Choctaw girl named Martha Tom and an African American boy named Little Mo who become friends even though they were separated by the Bok Chitto river. On one side of the river the Choctaw people lived and on the other side the enslaved Africans lived with their owners. Any slave who crossed the river would be free. One day Little Mo found out that his mother was going to be sold. This devastated the whole family, who sought a plan for escape. Martha had taught Little Mo how to cross the Bok Chitto, though it would not be easy. With the help of Martha Tom and other Choctaw women Little Mo and his family were able to cross the river to freedom by stepping on stones just under the surface of the river, where no one could see.
He grabbed seven burlap bag and gave one to each member of his family, saying, “Pack quickly, pack light, and pack for running. We may have to.” They did pack quickly, the did pack light, but they were not quick enough.

The men in the plantation saw them working late. They called for the guards with the dogs and the lanterns and the guns, and they surrounded the little house.

When Little Mo’s daddy stood with his family around him, he looked out the back door and said, “We could go out that way. It would be dark and maybe safer. But this night’s journey was not about darkness and safety. It was about faith. It was about freedom. We will go out the front door.”

And so they did, out the front door, down the front steps, walking just as Little Mo had reminded them – not fast, not too slow, eyes to the ground, away you go!
Then something remarkable happened. This family became invisible!

They walked into the circle of lanterns, but the light shone right through them. They walked so close to the dogs they could have stroked the dog’s fur, but even the dogs didn’t know they were there. They were invisible.

Soon the stood at the banks on the Bok Chitto. Little Mo looked to the clouds covering the moon and said, “Daddy, I’ve never been here at night. I can’t get us across. “

His father picked Little Mo up and sat him on his hip till their faces almost touched.

“Son, the hour is at hand,” he said. “You know that we call you Little Mo. But you know that is not your real name. Your name is Moses. Now, Moses, get us across the water!”
Shin-chi’s Canoe

Based on the experience of many of Campbell’s relatives, *Shin-chi’s Canoe* portrays two First Nation’s children being forcibly removed from their families to attend Canadian Indian Boarding Schools for most of the year. Shi-shi-eto, who has already attended the school, tries to help her six-year-old brother, Shin-chi, adjust. When the sockeye salmon return, the children are allowed to return home for the summer.
When the cattle truck arrived, their dad tucked a tiny canoe into Shi-shi-etko’s hand. “My children,” their mom said, with tears in her eyes, “If we could, we would keep you here at home. We would never, ever let you go, but it’s the laws that force us to send you away to the residential school.” Yayah squeezed them so tight they could hardly breathe. “We’ll be waiting for you to come home,” she said. Then Shin-chi and Shi-shi-etko climbed into the back of the cattle truck with all the children from their Indian reservation. Dust came in waves, getting in their eyes and in their noses, until they could hardly breathe. It followed the truck like a snake all along the valley.
“My Shin-chi, we will not see our family until the sockeye salmon return. These are the things you must always remember,” Shi-shi-etko said, gesturing to the trees, mountains and river below. “At night, when you go to sleep, remember the tug of the fish when you and Dad pulled the nets in and we made smoked and wind-dried salmon.” Shin-chi could not help himself. He looked at everything—the mountain with the trail that led to the caves, the deer in the field by their house. He memorized every fishing spot, the place where he caught the great big frog, the grasshoppers, the crickets and the slugs, until the rattle bump of the cattle truck rocked him to sleep. Shin-chi was dreaming when he heard Shi shi-etko say, “It’s time to wake up now, my Shin-chi.”
When he opened his eyes it was dusk, and all he could see was the dark silhouette of the church steeple.

“Remember, my English name is Mary. Your English name is David. And don’t forget, we aren’t allowed to talk to each other until next June.”

Shi-shi-etko gave him the tiny canoe that their father had made.

“This, my Shin-chi, is for you. No matter where you go, no matter what you do, be careful to keep it hidden.”

When they got off the truck the priests and sisters said,

“Juniors and intermediates, stand single file in separate lines. Boys stand here, girls stand over there. Then single file they marched inside.”
That night, in the junior girl’s wing, Shi-shi-etko wondered if her Shin-chi was okay. He was used to sleeping near his sisters. He had never slept alone.

Down the hall, in the junior boys’ wing, Shin-chi lay in bed wide awake. He held his tiny canoe safely in his hands. The sweet scent of cedar smelled just like his dad.

“Dad said the spring salmon come up the river first, Then the sockeye come in the summertime. That’s when we can go home again.” Finally he drifted off to sleep.
In the dinner hall the boys and girls sat on opposite sides of the room, brothers and sisters not allowed to talk to one another. They made up sign language to say, “Hi,” or “I miss you.”

For breakfast the children ate porridge and burnt toast. Through the doors they could see their teachers carrying steaming plates of bacon, eggs and potatoes from the farm.

For lunch they ate thin soup, and dinner was hard buns with stew. For dinner the teachers had meat, vegetables and corn. The children were never given enough food.
4-5 Band: Poetry

_The Dream Keeper and Other Poems_ by Langston Hughes; Brian Pinkney, Illustrator

_Elegy on the Death of César Chávez_ by Rudolfo Anaya; Gaspar Enriquez, illustrator

_When Thunder Comes: Poems for Civil Rights Leaders_ by Patrick J. Lewis
This is a poetry book that includes a variety of poems. These poems focus on the African American culture, and address subjects such as love, life, and dreams.
The Dream Keeper
Bring me all of your dreams,
You dreamers,
Bring me all of your
Heart melodies
That I may wrap them
In a blue cloud-cloth
Away from the too-rough fingers
Of the world.

Long Trip
The sea is a wilderness of waves,
A desert of water.
We dip and dive,
Rise and roll,
Hide and are hidden
One the sea.
    Day, night,
    Night, day,
The sea is a desert of waves,
A wilderness of water.
Reasons Why
Just because I loves you –
That’s de reason why
Ma soul is full of color
Like de wings of a butterfly.

Just because I loves you
That’s de reason why
Ma heart’s a fluttering aspen leaf
Why pass by.

Prayer
I ask you this:
Which way to go?
I ask you this:
Which sin to bear?
Which crown to put
Upon my hair?
I do not know,
Lord God,
I do not know.
Youth
We have tomorrow
Bright before us
Like a flame.

Yesterday
A night-gone thing,
A sun-down name.

A dawn-today
Broad arch above the road we came.

We march!

Merry-Go-Round
Where is the Jim Crow section
On this merry-go-round,
Mister, cause I want to ride?
Down south where I come from
White and colored
Can’t sit side by side.
Down south on the train
There’s a Jim Crow car.
On the bus we’re put in the back –
But there ain’t no back
To a merry-go-round!
Where’s the horse
For the kid that’s black?
Elegy on the Death of César Chávez

After Chávez’s untimely death in 1993, Rudolfo Anaya wrote this elegy. Chávez had done so much for migrants and farm workers, and was beloved and admired by many, as this inspiring elegy shows.
César is dead,
And we have wept for him until our eyes are dry,
Dry as the fields of California that
He loved so well and now lie fallow.
Dry as the orchards of Yakima, where dark buds
Hang on trees and do not blossom.
Dry as el Valle de Tejas where people cross
Their foreheads and pray for rain.

This earth he loved so well is dry and mourning
For César has fallen, our morning star has fallen.
The messenger came with the sad news of his death--
O, kill the messenger and steal back the life
Of this man who was a guide across fields of toil.
Kill the day and stop all time, stop la muerte
Who has robbed us of our morning star, that
Luminous light that greeted workers as they
Gathered around the dawn campfires.
Let the morning light of Quetzacóatl and Christian saint
Shine again. Let the wings of the Holy Ghost unfold
And give back the spirit it took from us in sleep.
Across the land we heard las campanas doblando:
Ha muerto César, Ha muerto César.

How can the morning star die? We ask. How can

This man who moved like the light of justice die?

Hijo de la Virgen de Guadalupe, hombre de la gente,  
You starved your body so we might know your spirit.

The days do carry hope, and the days do carry treason.
O, fateful day, April 23, 1993, when our morning Star did not rise and we knew that in his sleep César had awakened to a greater dream.

And we, left lost on this dark, dry Earth, Cursed the day la muerte came to claim The light within his noble body.

He was a wind of change that swept over our land. From the San Joaquín Valley north to Sacramento From northwest Yakima to el Valle de Tejas From el Valle de San Luis to Midwest fields of corn He loved the land, he loved la gente.
His name was like a soft breeze to cool the campesino’s sweat
A scourge on the oppressors of the poor.

Now he lies dead, and storms still rage around us.
The dispossessed walk hopeless streets,
Campesinos gather by roadside ditches to sleep,
Shrouded by pesticides, unsure of tomorrow,
Hounded by propositions that keep their children
Uneducated in a land grown fat with greed.

Yes, the arrogant hounds of hate
Are loose upon this land again, and César
Weeps in the embrace of La Virgen de Guadalupe,
Still praying for his people.
“Rise, mi gente, rise,” he prays.

His words echo across the land, like the righteous Thunder of summer storms, like the call of a Warrior preparing for the struggle. I hear his Voice in the fields and orchards, in community halls, In schools, churches, campesino homes and Presidential palaces.

“Rise, mi gente, rise.”
That was his common chant. Rise and organize, Build the House of Workers.
Build the House of Justice now!
Do not despair in violence and abuse.
Rise together and build a new society.
Build a new democracy, build equality,
And build a dream for all to share.

His voice stirs me now, and I rise from my grief.
I hear the words of the poet cry:
“Peace, peace! He is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life.”

I hear César calling for us to gather.

I hear the call to a new Huelga,
I hear the sound of marching feet
The guitarra strums of the New Movimiento
The old and young, rich and poor, all move
To build the House of Justice of César’s dream!

The trumpet of righteousness calls us to battle!
And the future opens itself like the blossom
That is his soul, the fruit of his labor.
He calls for us to share in the fruit.

“He lives, he wakes—‘tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.”
Do not weep for César, for he is not dead.
He lives in the hearts of those who loved him,
Worked and marched and ate with him, and those
Who believed in him.

His disciples know he is not dead.
For in the dawn we see the morning star!
El lucero de Dios!
Light comes to illuminate the struggle,
And bless the work yet to be done.

Throughout Aztlán we call the young to gather;
Rise and put aside violence and temptations.
Rise and be swept up by the truth of his deeds,
Rise not against each other, but for each other,
Rise against the oppressors who take your seat
And labor and sell it cheap.

“Rise, mi gente, rise!”

Our César has not died!
He is the light of the new day.
He is the rain that renews parched fields.
He is the hope that builds the House of Justice.
He is with us! Here! Today!
Listen to his voice in the wind.
He is the spirit of Hope,
A movement building to sweep away oppression!
His spirit guides us in the struggle.
Let us join his spirit to ours!
Sing with me. Sing all over this land!

“Rise, mi gente, rise!

Rise, me gente, rise!”
When Thunder Comes is a compilation of poems that reflect the individual work, and deeds of civil rights leaders from all different walks of life. The poems in this book tell the story of each of these leaders from Black to Latino to Indian, even including female leaders into the mix as well.
the activist

We wept when the man was taken,
But we knew it was meant to be.
Daylilies drooped in the garden;
Night birds fell dumb in the tree.
We expected the worst of the future,
For the future was seldom bright,
And they carried away on the killing day
The last of the first daylight.

She moved to the front unbeaten,
Stepped slowly up to the board.
When she lost the man to the Ku Klux Klan
Her silent shadow roared.
Out in the enemy country,
Death marshaled itself for a fight,
But she led a choir in the line of fire
The first of the next daylight.

Stand tall, stand all my children,
Put away the sinister guns..
Embrace the boys that Hate employs,
Like mothers do their sons.
Daylilies can bloom in the garden,
Night birds can sing in the night
When dignity has set us free
The rest of the best daylight.

Coretta Scott King
Civil rights leader
1927-2006
The Captive

I was a typist, nothing more.
I loved my life, I hated war.

But it was war that stole from me
My job, my life, serenity.

They put me in a hateful house—
Internment camp—and I, a mouse,

Refused to squeak like most of these
One hundred thousand Japanese,

Until the day I told the man
What constant thoughts my heart began:

I am a typist, nothing more.
And I am no conspirator!

For 18 months, they tired the sun
With talking. In the end, I won

The freedom to resume all three:
My job my life, serenity.

Mitsuye Endo
Japanese American
interred during WWII
1920-2006
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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
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