Project Common Core: Toward an Inclusive Appendix B

K-1 Band

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Biography and Autobiography
Concept Books
Folklore
Informational Texts
Picture Books
  Contemporary Realistic Fiction
  Fantasy
  Historical Fiction
Poetry
Poetry and Song
Wordless Book
Catching the Moon: The Story of a Young Girl's Baseball Dream by Crystal Hubbard; Randy DuBurke, illustrator
José: Born to Dance by Susanna Reich; Raul Colón, illustrator
A Library for Juana by Pat Mora; Beatriz Vidal, illustrator
My Name Is Celia by Monica Brown; Rafael López, illustrator
Rosa by Nikki Giovanni; Bryan Collier, illustrator
Seeds of Change: Planting a Path to Peace by Jen Cullerton Johnson; Sonia Lynn Sadler, illustrator
Tito Puente: Mambo King/Rey del Mambo by Monica Brown; Rafael Lopez, illustrator
Catching the Moon: The Story of a Young Girl's Baseball Dream

This biography is about the legendary Marcenia Lyle, who overcame the obstacles of race and gender to pursue her dream of becoming a baseball player.
Marcenia Lyle loved baseball. She loved the powdery taste of dust clouds as she slid through them. She loved the way the sun heated her hair as she crouched in the outfield, waiting for fly balls. And she loved the sting in her palm as a baseball slammed into it, right before tagging a runner out.

If there was anything in the world better than baseball, Marcenia didn’t know what it was. She dreamed of growing up to be a professional ball player, so she could play all the time.

“I wish I knew why you liked baseball so much.” Mama sighed as she gently washed Marcenia’s hair.

“It’s just fun.” Marcenia said, giving her mother the same response she always did.
“Playing dolls is fun,” Mama said.
Marcenia blew a puff of lather from her palm. “Not as much fun as baseball.”

After Marcenia crawled into bed, Papa appeared in the doorway. “What did you learn in school today?” he asked.
“Ummm…” Marcenia thought for a moment. “Some history?” Papa crossed his arms. “And how did your team do in the game after school?”

“Harold got a triple in his first bat, and Clarence tagged out two runners,” Marcenia said eagerly. “I struck out my first time at bat, but then I caught a deep fly ball that would have scored the tying run for the other team if I’d missed it. We won, 11-0.”
“And you also ripped another dress,” Papa said, dismayed. Then he kissed Marcenia’s cheek and turned off the light, leaving her alone with moonlight and shadows and her dream of becoming a baseball player.

The tiny house was still. Marcenia could almost hear her mother’s needle and thread moving through the fabric as she sat at the kitchen table mending Marcenia’s dress.

After a while Marcenia heard Papa’s voice. “I wish she would think about school as much as she thinks about baseball.”

“She wants to be a baseball player when she grows up,” Mama said with a sad chuckle. “I just want her to be happy.”
José!: Born to Dance

José Limon was born in Mexico but due to the civil war, he and his family left Mexico for the United States. The transition in school was hard but after three years José learned English and began drawing. After the death of his mother he decided to move to New York City to pursue his dream of becoming an artist. His dream as an artist came to an end, opening the door to a fulfilling dream of becoming a dancer. He developed his own style of dancing that made him known around the world.
Months passed and the war raged on. Safety lay across the border in the United States. Perhaps Papa could find a job there. José’s family took a train to Nogales, close to the border. Soldiers sat on top of the train, their guns at the ready. The train crawled through the hot desert. As the sun set, José heard the sound of an accordion—a slow, mournful song. “O, Soñador...”

For two years José and his family lived in Nogales, waiting and waiting for permission to enter the United States. Finally Papa’s work permit arrived, stamped with an official seal. They packed their bags and set out across the northern frontier. Adiós, Mexico. At José’s new school the children gathered around the teacher to read aloud from their books. When José read, the other children laughed at his poor English.
At first José cried. Then he stamped his foot in fierce determination. PUM! I will learn this language better than any of you, he said to himself—though it seemed nearly impossible. But within three years Jose could speak English with confidence. He was quick to learn new words and translated for Mama whenever they went. Crimson. Radiant. Liberation. By sixth grade Jose had become known for his colorful drawings. Among his many younger brothers and sisters he was famous for his pictures of trains. Everyone thought he would become an artist.
But José loved music, too. As a teenager he practiced the piano at all hours of the day and night. When his fingers flew, his spirit soared. AHH!

After José finished high school in Los Angeles, Mama became very sick.
This biography of Juana Inés takes place in the 1600s. Since she was three years old she wanted to learn how to read. She wouldn’t let anybody tell her “no,” and was not going to settle for being a housewife. She followed her sister to school, and one day she asked the teacher if she could stay. She was quickly learning to read and write. When Juana turned ten years old, her parents allowed her to go live in Mexico City with her aunt and uncle. Though she was not permitted to go to the school, her uncle hired a tutor. Juana continued reading and learned new languages. She then went to live in the palace in Mexico City where she was a lady in waiting; she continued reading. In a scene where she was the only woman in the room she had to prove she was as knowledgeable as the male scholars. Finally, Juana decided to become a nun; she enjoyed the quietness of the convent, and there she created her own library. It was one of the biggest libraries in the Americas.

Vidal used a microscope to paint her exquisite illustrations.
One morning Juana’s big sister said, “Juana Inés, I can’t play with you today.”

“Why?” asked Juana.

“I’m going to learn to read at the neighbor’s house,” said her sister.

“I’m going to read books like Abuelo.”

“Me too! I want to go with you!” said Juana Inés. “Mama, I want to learn to read!”

“But you’re too little, Juana Inés” her mother said.

Everyday Juana and her mother watched her sister leave for school. One morning when her mother was busy, Juana followed her sister, hiding carefully behind trees and bushes. When the big girls went inside, Juana stood on her tiptoes and peeked in the window. She saw the girls reading and writing.
The next day, Juana again followed her sister to school, but she didn’t hide. She walked up to the teacher and said, “Señora, I want to read. Por favor, will you teach me?”

The big girls giggled at such a small student, but the teacher looked carefully at Juana. Finally, she said, “Yes, you may come to school, Juana Inés, but you must study and behave.”

“I am quiet like a turtle,” said Juana.

“First you must learn your letters—A, B, C, D … ,” said the teacher.

“Why?” asked Juana.

“We make words with letters. Look, r-o-s-a.” Juana Inés looked at the letters for rose and saw soft red petals.

At home she wrote her letters again and again. She started reading, and she started writing her rhymes too. “Do you want me to write you a song for your birthday, Mama? I will say you shine like a beautiful star, una estrella bella, or maybe that you smile like a pretty rose, una rosa bermosa. Yes!”
Brown, Monica, and Rafael López (Illus.). *My Name Is Celia: The Life of Celia Cruz/La vida de Celia Cruz*. Flagstaff, AZ: Luna Rising, 2004.
Written in English and Spanish, this biography tells of the Cuban salsa dancer, Celia Cruz. Her loving and musical family helped launch her career, which led to her being named the “Queen of Salsa.” Her opening line, “Sugar,” was to remind her audience of all that she loved about Cuba even while living, and loving, New York City.
SUGAR! My voice is strong, smooth, and sweet. I will make you feel like dancing.
Close your eyes and listen. My voice feels like feet skipping on cool wet sand, like running under a waterfall. My voice climbs and rocks and dips and flips with the sounds of congas beating and flips with the sounds of congas beating and trumpets blaring.
Boom boom boom! beat the congas.
Clap clap clap! go the hands.
Shake shake shake! go the hips.
I am the Queen of Salsa and I invite you to come dance with me!
Open your eyes.

My costumes are as colorful as my music, with ruffles, beads, sparkles, and feathers. They shimmer and shake as I move my graceful arms and legs to the beat of the tropics and the rhythm of my heart.

In my mind I carry that place I am from and the places that I’ve been. When I sing, memories of my childhood come back to me, spilling into my songs.

I was born in Cuba, an island in the middle of the Caribbean Sea. My Cuba was the city of Havana.
Our family had a warm kitchen filled with the voices of women and men—grandparents, brothers, sisters, cousins, and friends. We ate rice, beans, and bananas and filled our bellies with love and warm coffee with milk and lots and lots of sugar.

In the evenings, I would help my mother put the younger children to sleep by singing them soothing, sweet lullabies.

My father worked long and hard on the railroad but loved coming home to us each day. He would sit in the backyard and sing with us. He gave us the gift of his music and filled our hearts with hope. ... We may have been poor, but music cost nothing and brought joy to us all.
Rosa

This book tells the story of Rosa Parks, and what happened on the day she did not give up her seat on the bus. Rosa was on her way home from work, thinking about the special dinner she would make for her husband. The bus driver rudely told her to get out of her seat on the neutral section of the bus, but when Rosa refused to move the police were called and she was arrested. This started a movement; it caused the people in Montgomery to stop using the bus; they walked instead. Then almost a year after Rosa was arrested the Supreme Court ruled that segregation on buses was not fair. Rosa Parks played a big part in helping African Americans gain civil rights.
“I said give me those seats!” the bus driver bellowed. Mrs. Parks looked up in surprise. The two men on the opposite side of the aisle were rising to move into the crowded black section. Jimmy’s father muttered, more to himself than anyone else, “I don’t feel like trouble today. I’m gonna move.”

Mrs. Parks stood to let him out, looked at James Blake, the bus driver, and then sat back down.

“You better make it easy on yourself!” Blake yelled.

“Why do you pick on us?” Mrs. Parks asked with the quiet strength of hers.

“I’m going to call the police!” Blake threatened.

“Do what you must,” Mrs. Parks quietly replied. She was not frightened. She was not going to give in to that which was wrong.
Some of the white people were saying aloud, “She ought to be arrested,” and “Take her off this bus.” Some of the black people, recognizing the potential for ugliness, got off the bus. Others stayed on, saying amongst themselves, “That is the neutral section. She had a right to be there.”

Mrs. Parks sat.

As Mrs. Parks sat waiting for the police to come, she thought of all the brave men and women, boys and girls who stood tall for civil rights. She recited in her mind the Brown versus Board of Education decision, in which the United States Supreme Court ruled that separate is “inherently unequal.”
She sighed as she realized she was tired—not tired from work but tired of putting white people first. Tired of stepping off sidewalks to let white people pass, tired of eating at separate lunch counters and learning at separate schools.

... 

And the people walked. They walked in the rain. They walked in the hot sun. They walked early in the morning. They walked late at night. They walked at Christmas, and they walked at Easter. They walked on the Fourth of July; they walked on Labor Day. They walked on Thanksgiving, and then it was almost Christmas again. They still walked.
This stunningly illustrated biography of Nobel Peace Prize Winner Wangari Maathai details her early life and education. Maathai’s mother had taught her from childhood that the mugumo trees of the Kikuyu in Kenya held a special place in the culture and must not be cut down. When Maathai came back from the United States where she had gone to study, she found that many mugumo trees had been cut down, leading to desertification and hunger. She initiated a community-led project to restore the environment by planting millions of trees, thus beginning the Green Belt movement.
Wangari had an idea as small as a seed but as tall as a tree that reaches for the sky. “Harabee! Let’s work together!” she said to her countrywomen—mothers like her. Wangari dug deep into the soil, a seedling by her side. “We must plant trees.”

Many women listened. Many planted seedlings. Some men laughed and sneered. Planting trees was women’s work, they said. Others complained that Wangari was too outspoken—with too many opinions and too much education for a woman.

Wangari refused to listen to those who criticized her.

Instead she told them, “Those trees [you] are cutting down today were not planted by [you] but by those who came before. You must plant trees that will benefit the community to come, like a
seedling with sun, good soil, and abundant rain, the roots of our future
will bury themselves in the ground and a canopy of hope will reach the
sky.”

Wangari traveled to villages, towns, and cities with saplings and
seeds, shovels and hoes. At each place she went, women planted rows
of trees that looked like green belts across the land. Because of this
they started calling themselves the Green Belt Movement.

“We might not change the big world but we can change the
landscape of the forest,” she said.

One tree turned to ten, ten to one hundred, one hundred to one
million, all the way up to thirty million planted trees. Kenya grew green
again. Birds nested in new trees. Monkeys swung on branches. Rivers
filled with clean water. Wild figs grew heavy in mugumo branches.

Mothers fed their children maize, bananas, and sweet potatoes until they could eat no more.

As the Green Belts moved farther across Kenya, powerful voices rose up against Wangari’s movement. Foreign business people, greedy for more land for their coffee plantations and trees for timber, asked, “Who is this woman who can change so many lives with a sapling? Why should we give up our land and profits for trees?”

They made a plan to stop Wangari.
Tito Puente: Mambo King/Rey del Mambo

Tito Puente was born to play music. Born on the streets of Harlem he grew up winning school talent shows. With the support of his family and friends he became an Grammy award winning musician. He was known as the King of Mambo and began the Latin Jazz movement.
Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, clap your hands for Tito Puente... The Mambo King plays and sways as people dance. The mambo, the rumba, and the cha-cha!

Before he could walk, Tito was making music. He banged spoons and forks on pots and pans, windowsills and cans.

Tum Tica!
Tac Tic!
Tum Tic!
Tom Tom!

He was so loud his neighbors in Spanish Harlem said, “Get that boy some music lessons!” And that is exactly what his mother did.

Tito loved to dance too!

Tap Tippy!
Tap Tip!
Tap Tap!

Every year his church held a Stars of the Future Contest. Little Tito danced and spun and tapped and drummed and...

Tito won! He was named King of the Stars. Over the years, Tito became the King four times!

When he wasn’t playing music, Tito played baseball with sticks on the streets of his neighborhood.

Tito performed at parties, restaurants, and clubs. His first band was called Los Happy Boys, and their music made people happy.
During World War II, Tito was in the navy. He joined the ship’s band and learned to play the saxophone and write music. After the war, Tito went to the Julliard School of Music and dreamed of having his own band.

On weekends Tito played magical mambos and beautiful cha-chas with different bands at the Palladium Ballroom in New York City. People loved dancing to salsa and the rhythms of Tito and his timbales. Still, he wished he could be the bandleader...
ABeCedarios: Mexican Folk Art ABCs in English and Spanish by Cynthia Weill and K. B. Basseches; Moisés and Armando Jiménez, wood sculptors

Just in Case: A Trickster Tale and Spanish Alphabet Book by Yuyi Morales

Just a Minute: A Trickster Tale and Counting Book by Yuyi Morales

My Colors, My World/Mis colores, mi mundo by Maya Christina Gonzalez
ABeCedarios: Mexican Folk Art
ABCs in English and Spanish

Weill, Cynthia, K. B.
Basseches, and Moisés
and Armando Jiménez,
(wood sculptors).
ABeCedarios: Mexican Folk
Art ABCs in English and
Spanish. El Paso, TX: Cinco
This abecedarian teaches letters of the alphabet while introducing children to the intensely colorful and delicate folk art of wooden sculptures of Mexico. Children are also introduced to many animals. Written in English and Spanish, English Language Learners can see the relations between cognates, for example, “elephant” and “elefante.”
the Armadillo * el Armadillo
the Buffalo * el Búfalo
the Coyote * el Coyote
el Chapulín

Ch is no longer a letter in the Spanish alphabet, but the sound is still in use. the grasshopper
the Dolphin * el Delfín
the Elephant * el Elefante
the Flamingo * elf Flamenco
the Gorilla * el Gorila
the Hippopotamus * el Hipopótamo
the Iguana * la Iguana
the Jaguar * el Jaguar
the Koala * el Koala
the Lion * el León
la Llama

Ll is no longer a letter in the Spanish alphabet, but the sound is still in use. the llama

the Monkey * el Mono
the Nutria * la Nutria
el Ñu

Ñ is in the Spanish alphabet only. the gnu

the Ocelot * el Ocelote
This is a story written in mostly English, but includes one Spanish work for every letter in the alphabet. In the story the skeleton is trying to find the perfect gift to bring to the party and the name of all the gifts are written in Spanish; these Spanish words are then followed by the English meaning. This Spanish alphabet book is a great way to help students who are learning English.
Oh, my. He had forgotten a present for Grandma Beetle!

“Don’t worry.” Zelmiro smiled. “You surely must know, the best present to give a friend is the thing she would love the most.”

Of course! Señor Calavera went looking and chose especially for Grandma Beetle...

Un Acordeon.
An accordion for her to dance to.

Bigotes.
A mustache because she had none.

Cosquillas.
Tickles to make her laugh.

Un Chiflido.
A whistle he trapped in a bag.
The ghost clapped. “Your gifts are a vision!” Señor Calavera hummed while he tried the presents to his bike.

“But, I wonder,” Zelmiro said, “are they what Grandma Beetle would love the most? Why don’t you look again, my friend? Just case …”

Señor Calavera thought for a moment. He still had some time.

So, he searched once more and packed ...

Dientes.
Teeth for a good bite.

Una Escalera.
A ladder to reach past the sky.

Una Flauta.
A flute he made from a branch.

Granizado.
A snow cone flavored with syrup.
“Your presents stop me cold!” The ghost squirmed in delight. Señor Calavera didn’t know he could be so good at finding presents! “But, I wonder,” Zelmiro said, “are they what Grandma Beetle would love the most? Why don’t you look again, my friend? Just in case ...” It wasn’t late yet, Señor Calavera realized. So, he poked around and picked ... Una Historieta. A one-of-a-kind comic book. Instucciones. Instructions to find all things lost. Un Jaguar. A jaguar to keep her safe. Un Kilo. More than two pounds for balance and weight.
This is a story written in mostly English, but goes through numbers one through ten in both Spanish and English. In the story the skeleton is trying to get Grandma Beetle to go out for her birthday, but she stalls by listing all the things she has to do. She says each number in Spanish and then says the number in English. This Spanish counting book is a great way to help students who are learning how to count in English.
“Just a minute, Señor Calavera,” Grandma Beetle said. “I will go with you right away, I have just THREE pounds of corn to make into tortillas.”

Señor Calavera rolled his eyes. He had to be patient sometimes.

TRES Three stacks of tortillas, counted Señor Calavera, and he put on his hat.

“Just a minute, Señor Calavera,” Grandma Beetle said. “I will go with you right away, I have just FOUR fruits to slice.”

Señor Calavera frowned. This was taking more time than he expected.

Cuatro Four fruit made into salad, counted Señor Calavera, and he motioned that they should go.
“Just a minute, Señor Calavera,” Grandma Beetle said. “I will go with you right away, I have just FIVE cheeses to melt.”

Señor Calavera tapped his fingers. This was getting out of hand!

Cinco Five melted cheeses, counted Señor Calavera, and he hurried to help Grandma Beetle with her sweater.

“Just a minute, Señor Calavera,” Grandma Beetle said. “I will go with you right away, I have just SIX pots of food to cook.”

Señor Calavera threw up his hands. What else could he do?

SEIS Six pots of delicious food, counted Señor Calavera, and he offered Grandma Beetle his arm.
“Just a minute, Señor Calavera,” Grandma Beetle said. “I will go with you right away, I have just seven piñatas to fill with candy.”

Señor Calavera shook his head in disbelief. It was getting late.

SIETE Seven pinatas full of candy, counted Señor Calavera, and he held open the door for Grandma Beetle.
Written in English and Spanish, the author recalls all the colors she sees in the desert and among her family.
Sometimes, in the desert where I live,  
the wind blows very, very hard.  
Desert sand covers everything.  
Everything the same color...  
I open my eyes extra-wide to find the colors in my world.  
Of all the colors I find,  
I like hot **Pink** the best.  
It’s the color of the desert sunset.  
I wear **Pink** in the morning.  
I wear it in the afternoon.  
I wear it all the time.
On hot day, I go to the shady side of the house.
I make mud pies with squishy brown mud and orange marigold flowers.
I invite purple irises to be my guests for tea.
Yellow pollen peeks at me.
Back on the sunny side of the house,
the cactus grows green and sharp.
In the backyard, I sway on my swing.
I helped my Papi build it and paint it
the perfect shade of red.
When my Papi comes home from work,
I see his shiny black hair.
I love all of the colors in my world.
Every day I watch the hot pink sky
turn into dark blue night.
Baby Rattlesnake retold by Lynn Moroney, as told by Te Ata

I, Doko: The Tale of a Basket by Ed Young

Little Oh by Laura Krauss Melmed; Jim Lamarche, illustrator
Baby Rattlesnake

Baby Rattlesnake is desperate for his own rattle, but when he gets one he doesn’t know how to use it responsibly. He begins to play tricks on his neighbors and continues to misuse his rattle until a tragic event strikes leaving Baby Rattlesnake with only his family to comfort him. This book teaches young children the importance of responsibilities and that there are consequences when they take it for granted.
One day, Baby Rattlesnake said to his mother and father, “How will I know a chief’s daughter when I see her?”

“Well, she’s usually very beautiful and walks with her head held high,” said Father.

“And she’s very neat in her dress,” added Mother.

“Why do you want to know?” asked Father.

“Because I want to scare her!” said Baby Rattlesnake. And he started right off down the path before his mother and father could warn him never to do a thing like that.

The Little fellow reached the place where the Indians traveled. He curled himself up on a log and he started rattling. “Chh-Chh-Chh!” He was having a wonderful time.

All of a sudden he saw a beautiful maiden coming toward him from a long way off. She walked with her head held high, and she was very neat in her dress.

“Ah,” thought Baby Rattlesnake. “She must be the chief’s daughter.”
All of a sudden he saw a beautiful maiden coming toward him from a long way off. She walked with her head held high, and she was very neat in her dress.

“Ah,” thought Baby Rattlesnake. “She must be the chief’s daughter.”

Baby Rattlesnake hid in the rocks. He was excited. This was going to be his best trick. He waited and waited. The chief’s daughter came closer and closer. When she was in just the right spot, he darted out of the rocks.

“Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch!”

“Ho!” cried the chief’s daughter. She whirled around, stepping on Baby Rattlesnake’s rattle and crushing it to pieces.

Baby Rattlesnake looked at his beautiful rattle scattered all over the trail. He didn’t know what to do. He took off for home as fast as he could.

With great sobs, he told Mother and Father what had happened. They wiped his tears and gave him big rattlesnake hugs. For the rest of that day, Baby Rattlesnake stayed safe and snug, close by his rattlesnake family.
This is the story about a basket that was bought by a married couple. This basket was used for many tasks such as carrying the baby in the field, carrying items, and eventually bringing the woman to her funeral when she passed away. The basket is passed down to the couple’s son and he and his wife use the basket for similar tasks. Then one day the man and his wife decide to use the basket to carry the man’s father away because he is becoming to much to care for, until their son who is very wise talks his father out of it. Then they all go back to living together, thanks to the young boy.
The boy became a man and soon married a girl from a nearby village. For that grand occasion, I was scrubbed and cleaned to carry her dowry to her new home. Children cheered as we passed. I was proud.

Within a year, a baby was born, and we named him Wangal. Now Wangal rode in me when his mother helped in the fields. But another disaster struck. Working one day culling grain, Yeh-yeh slipped and broke his hip. From then on, he and I stayed home with the baby.

Wangal, Yeh-yeh and I became inseparable as everyday we sat by the cooking fire and listened to Yeh-yeh’s wonderful stories.
When Wangal turned ten, he, too, helped in the fields, leaving the aging Yeh-yeh home alone. I was often left too. I was also growing old.

One day, a log rolled out of the fire near me and caused an alarm. Luckily, a neighbor stopped it from spreading. The man and the woman were nervous. How could Yeh-yeh have let the fire start! Now quarrels often broke out between Yeh-yeh and the young couple.

One night, I heard whispers from the man and the woman after everyone had retired to bed. “Yeh-yeh is too old. It is time to put him on the temple steps,” the woman said. “The priest will take better care of him.”

Wangal heard, too. So did Yeh-yeh! He was not happy. “Even a bird like a crow would feed his feeble father,” he said in a trembling voice. What could I, a basket do!
Little Oh

This is a story about a woman who makes an origami girl one night; when she wakes up the origami girl has come to life. The woman calls the origami girl Little Oh. She spends hours singing and telling stories to Little Oh, but this causes her to stop doing her work. The woman notices that they are out of food, so she decides to make a tea set and sell it at the market. Little Oh goes along with her mother to the market and is then lost when a dog knocks over the basket. Little Oh, a paper doll, is outside on her own. With the help of a crane she is brought to the home of a man and his son. The man and his son return Little Oh to her mother, and then to everybody's surprise Little Oh turns into a real girl. Her mother then marries the man and Little Oh and the boy become brother and sister.
Just when she feared she would surely melt away, the door flew open and out dashed a boy on his way to school. He picked up the paper heart and handed it to his father. “A message for you!” he teased. The man turned it over and read the smudged writing.

“Number One Pink Petal Lane,” he said. “That’s just around the corner.”

The man walked his son to school, then knocked at Number One Pink Petal Lane. Little Oh mother opened the door. She moved slowly, her shoulders bent with grief for her lost origami daughter.

Bowing, the man held out the paper heart. The woman reached for it. As their fingers met, the heart vanished, and before their amazed eyes appeared a real little girl.

No one was more astonished than the girl herself, who spun around laughing, then shouting, “I’m Little Oh, mother!” and danced into the woman’s arms.
“You know the rest,” said the mother, sitting by the window with her son. “The man and woman fell in love and married, and Little Oh and the boy became sister and brother. As for the white crane, she built her nest on their rooftop above the beautiful garden that the whole family tends together.”

Smoothing the boys hair, the woman concluded, “And now my telling is over, though the story is far from done.”

The boy smiled at his mother and father. Then he stood up and stretched and ran outside to play with Little Oh.
The Bee Tree by Stephen Buchmann and Diana Cohn; Paul Mirocha, illustrator

Over in Australia: Amazing Animals Down Under by Marianne Berkes; Jill Dubin, illustrator

When the Shadbush Blooms by Carla Messinger and Susan Katz; David Kanietakeron Fadden, illustrator
The author and the illustrator traveled to Malaysia’s rainforest to write about the way honey is collected there. The book begins with a narrative of a young boy, Nizam, whose grandfather will climb the extremely tall tualang tree for its honey. A ritual of prayer and story are part of the process. Informational text follows on the Malaysian people, rainforests, honey, and honeybees.
There are more than 20,000 kinds of bees in the world. Surprisingly, most of them do not make honey! There are only about 660 kinds of bees that make honey. These include bumble bees, stingless bees and true honey bees. True honey bees are domesticated, kept by beekeepers in white hive boxes, like our familiar European honey bees. Honey bees store surplus honey in their wax combs, making it easy for people to harvest. This is the honey sold in farmers markets and on supermarket shelves.

Many wild honey bees live in the tall Asian rainforests. The giant honey bee, called *Apis dorsata*, is the world’s largest honey-maker. The bees are one inch long, with colorful bands of orange, black and brown, and smoky dark wings. They make their nests under the wide branches
of the tallest trees, especially the tualang trees. The bees make beeswax which they shape into huge two-sided combs. Their nests hang like half-moons under the protective tree branches. Each comb is six feet across and three or four feet wide! Thirty thousand or more giant honey bees live on the surface of the nest. Their bodies form a living “bee blanket” several bees deep—it keeps the nests dry even during a monsoon downpour.

The most amazing thing about these Asian honeybees is their migration as a colony from place to place—following the new blooms—to harvest nectar and store it as honey. Each October or November in the forests surrounding Pedu Lake in Peninsular Malaysia, the migrating bees arrive at the bee trees and build new wax nests.
Over in Australia: Amazing Animals Down Under

The author and illustrator convey the richness and variety of Australian life. Readers are introduced first through poetry, building phonological awareness. Then, through informational text, readers are introduced to marsupials, monotremes, and other aspects of life science endemic to Australia.
Over in Australia
In a swamp in the sun
Lived a fierce crocodile
And her little hatchling one.
“Snap,” said the mother.
“I snap,” said the one.
So they snipped and they snapped
In a swamp in the sun.
Over in Australia
Looking like a kangaroo
Lived a small waalby
And her little joeys two.
“Hop,” said the mother....
Australian Animals Are Amazing!

Although Australia is called a continent because it’s so big, it is also an island, surrounded by vast areas of ocean. Because of its isolation, some animals established themselves there and nowhere else. In other word, they are endemic, or native to the country. Australia is unique in that around 80 percent of its animals are endemic. They live in Australia’s primary ecosystems: desert, forests and grasslands.

Many Australian mammals are marsupials …, a special kind of mammal in which the mothers give birth to their young and then carry their babies in a pouch until they are able to survive on their own. The best known marsupials are kangaroos. There are 46 different kangaroo species in Australia. Koalas and wombats are also familiar marsupials. Only a few marsupial species are found outside of Australia, one of them being the opossum.
Marsupials aren’t the only unusual mammals in Australia. There are also *mammals that lay eggs!* These are called *monotremes.* Two such animals that live in Australia are the platypus and echidna.

Australia also has the greatest number of reptiles of any country—917 species. Reptiles mentioned in this book include the crocodile, gecko, lizard, and python.
When the Shadbush Blooms

This beautifully written book gives information about Lenape life hundreds of years ago, and Lenape life now. On a two-page spread, throughout the book, are represented traditional life of days gone by, and contemporary life. Today’s Lenape have picnics, play soccer, rake leaves, and sled in the snow. Then and now, Lenape life is tied to the cycle of the seasons.
When the leaves fly like red and yellow wings, and nuts tumble from the trees, Dad makes the house snug and warm before cold weather. My brother and I rake a huge pile of leaves and jump in.

When gray skies drop flakes that glitter like falling stars, my brother and I climb the hill. Grandpa gives us a push at the top, and we fly down. The dog races after us, barking.

When the days grow short, and the trees creak and crack with the cold, Grandma mends our winter clothes and Grandpa tells us all stories. While we settle in, Mom fixes a snack. I ask to hear my favorite story twice.

When the berries ripen, dangling like tiny hearts, we go berry picking. My brother and I race to see who can pick the fastest. The baby tastes her first berries. Her smeared face makes me laugh.
When the air hums with the wings of bees, my brother and I chase the crows from our garden. Together we gather honey. My brother ducks when a bee buzzes too close. I lick from one finger a drop as sweet as summer.

When tall stalks rustle and the ears of corn have grown fat, we roast corn with our friends. While Grandma carefully takes her corn off the cob, I gobble mine fast. The baby plays a new doll, and my brother scores a goal for his team.

When grasshoppers patter in the fields and the evenings echo with insect song, we enjoy the autumn harvest. Mom finds a pumpkin so big she can hardly carry it. Grandma shows the baby a beautiful gourd. My brother and I catch grasshoppers.
Bringing Asha Home by Uma Krishnaswami; Jamel Akib, illustrator

*Featherless/Desplumado* by Juan Felipe Herrera; Ernesto Cuevas, Jr., illustrator

*Going Home, Coming Home* by Truong Tran; Ann Phong, illustrator

*The Good Luck Cat* by Joy Harjo; Paul Lee, illustrator

*Hot Hot Roti for Dada-ji* by F. Zia; Ken Min, illustrator

*I Love Saturdays y domingos* by Alma Flor Ada

*Jingle Dancer* by Cynthia Leitich Smith; Cornelius Van Wright and Ying-Hwa Hu, illustrators

*Keepers* by Jeri Watts; Felicia Marshall, illustrator
My Very Own Room by Amanda Irma Pérez; Maya Christina Gonzalez, illustrator

On My Way to Buy Eggs by Chih-Yuan Chen

Quinito’s Neighborhood/El vecindario de Quinito by Ina Cumpiano; José Ramírez

SkySisters by Jan Bourdeau Waboose; Brian Deines, illustrator

What Are You Doing? by Elisa Amado; Manuel Monroy, illustrator

What Can You Do With a Paleta? by Carmen Tafolla; Magaly Morales, illustrator

When I Am Old With You by Angela Johnson; David Soman, illustrator
Bringing Asha Home

Krishnaswami, Uma, and Jamel Akib (Illus.).
At Rakhi, the festival of siblings, a young boy waits in anticipation of his adopted sister to arrive from India. After long delays, finally Asha arrives.
During winter break in December it’s cold and snowy. One day, when I’m folding paper airplanes, Mom shows me a picture that has come in the mail.

“This is your baby sister,” she says. “Her name is Asha.”
It’s only a picture, but it feels as if she’s looking right at me.
“Did you choose her name?” I ask.
“No,” says mom. “She was given her name when she was born. Asha means ‘hope.’”
“I hope she’s here for my birthday,” I say. Mom says she hopes so too.

My eighth birthday comes and goes in March, but Asha is still in India.
One Sunday morning I go out in the backyard with Dad. He checks the bolts on the swing set. He oils the links on top. I try out one of the swings. It goes high without squeaking. “We could get a special baby swing seat for Asha,” I say. “Like in the playground.” “We certainly could,” Dad replies. “What a good idea.” All spring we wait. More pictures of Asha arrive in the mail, and I make more paper airplanes. I pretend that India is in the living room and America is upstairs. “Look, Mom,” I call. “My plane’s taking Dad to India.”
Then I scoot down to the living room and send the plane zooming back toward the stairs.

“Where’s it going now?” Mom asks.

“It’s bringing Asha home, to America,” I tell her.

Mom smiles and sighs. She gets a faraway look in her eyes, and I know she’s thinking about Asha, too.
Featherless/Desplumado

Tomasito, who has spina bifida, lives in a trailer with his father. Tomasito’s father gives him a pet bird that has a deformed leg; their stories, and successes, parallel each other. Tomasito overcomes alienation and hopelessness by learning to believe and rejoice in himself when he is given the opportunity to play in a soccer game in his wheelchair. The story is told in both English and Spanish, the two translations complementing each other on the page. This book is also significant because it reflects working class life and a nontraditional family.
Under the morning sun, Papi waits with me for my school bus.
“You’ve been grumpy all morning,” he says,
“You didn’t want to eat, didn’t want to go to school. What is it, Tomasito?”
“At school nobody ever invites me to play! At recess, I sit alone and count soccer balls slamming into the net!”
“Things take time, Tomasito, Paciencia,” Papi says. The chairlift screeches and jerks me into the bus. Patience?
On the soccer field, Coach Gordolobo blows the whistle.
“We are the Fresno Flyers!” shouts Marlena as she throws her arm around the goalie.
“Not me, I’m from Mendota, remember?” I yell from the sidelines.
I look down at my wheelchair. Flyers?
After the game, I push-push and huff over to Marlena.
“You want to play?” she asks.
“But I can’t kick the ball,” I say.
“Be a Flyer!” she says. “Use your wings!”
Wings? Does she mean my wheelchair?
At night, in our trailer, I pull a feather from my pillow and place it at the pebble foot of the featherless bird.
“This is so your toes will warm up, and maybe your own feathers will grow,” I say as I stroke Desplumado’s scrunchy leg.
Windy clouds swirl around the moon like a soccer net of mist. “Fresno Flyers! Practice! Let’s go!” Marlena yells from the soccer field. Kids race across the grass, swooping like kites above an emerald sea. No one notices how fast I spin my wheels. Will I ever catch up? Will they ever see me?
This is the story of a young girl named Ami Chi who is visiting Vietnam with her parents. This is where her parents grew up, this was their home, but for Ami Chi this place was different from America, the only home she ever knew. Vietnam had things that she has never seen, like people selling roosters at the market or new foods such as dried bananas. Even the games are different. In the beginning Ami Chi did not like this new place, but after spending some time and developing a close relationship with her Vietnamese grandmother, she finds that though Vietnam is different it is still a special place. She learns she has two homes—one in Vietnam and one in America.
“Hey! Come back!”

I chase the rooster through the stalls and crash into a woman stacking mangoes. She’s still shouting at me as I turn the corner. I run faster but I can’t catch that dumb bird.

Out of nowhere a boy and girl race past me. I see them ahead, chasing the flustered rooster. It doesn’t know which way to go. Suddenly the girl darts in and grabs the rooster. By its bright red belly.

In my awkward Vietnamese I say gratefully, “Cam on.” Thank you. “You’re welcome,” the girl says in English. “My name is Thao, and this is my brother Tuan.”

The rooster squawks in my arms and then settles down as I pet him. We walk back to where Tuan, who is fifteen, left his motorbike. Thao tells me she’s seven, one year younger than I am.
Tuan and Thao take me to their mother’s stall, where she sells tiny canaries. “You can even eat the bones, Tuan says. I’m not so sure I want to try them, so Thao offers me some dried baby bananas instead. They’re better than candy. I could spend my whole life eating dried baby bananas.

The other customers at the stall seem curious about me. Can they tell I’m not from here?

Tuan says something to his mother and takes off on his motorbike. Thao brings out a pair of chopsticks, and a bunch of smaller sticks that she spills on the ground. “Looks easy,” I say as Thao picks up one of the small, slender sticks with her chopsticks. She can lift each stick so the others don’t move even a little bit. She is patient and her fingers are careful. But when it’s my turn, my clumsy fingers can’t get it right. “Try again,” Thao says. Finally, I start to get it. I can’t wait to show Mom.
Woogie is a cat who brings good luck to her family members, helping them win at bingo and find lost earrings. But Woogie is fast using up her legendary nine lives. For example, she slices her tail in a car motor, is bitten by a dog, and gets caught in a dryer while it’s on. One day, Woogie goes missing. Despite desperate attempts to find Woogie, to no avail, her family cannot, so they leave her favorite food and toys for her on the front steps. Woogie comes back with her ear half bitten off—her tenth life. Woogie is at home, safe and sound with her very loving family.
My aunt Shelly from Oklahoma says some cats are good luck. You pet them and good things happen. There aren’t many in the world. Maybe one in millions and billions.

Woogie is a good luck cat. Aunt Shelly pet her on the way to bingo and came back with money to buy us all new shoes. I pet her when I lost my favorite beaded earrings I planned to wear to the spring powwow, then found them under my bed.

Aunt Shelly says cats have nine lives, but Woogie’s nine lives, for all her good luck gifts, went fast.
The third life I only heard about when I got back from the grocery store. Mom told the story for weeks. She had turned the dryer on and gone upstairs. It was a good thing she had forgotten her coffee, because when she came back down, who did she see spinning and yowling in the dryer window?

The fourth life I don’t like to talk about. My cousin Krista’s dog chased Woogie and almost ate her. She looked like a soggy washrag. She had to get stitches, and she limped for a month.

The fifth life was Woogie’s own fault. She got in a fight with my cousins Megan and Ben’s cat over a bird. I don’t like that about cats, but Aunt Shelly says they are born to hunt.

Her sixth life was lost when she fell from the top of a tree. She was- you guessed it- hunting birds. I thought cats always landed on their feet. Woogie landed on her head.
Hot, Hot Roti For Dada-ji

This is the story of a boy named Aneel who is spending time with his grandparents who are visiting. Dada-ji (Aneel’s grandfather) tells Aneel a story about hot, hot roti. If you eat the hot, hot roti you will have super strength. When the story is over, Aneel and Dada-ji want to eat some hot, hot roti, but everybody at the how it too busy to help, so Aneel and Dada-ji decide to make it on their own. After working very hard to make the hot, hot roti, they were finally done and it came out just right. Then Aneel and Dada-ji go back to having fun and enjoying their time together.
“Don’t worry, Dada-ji,” said Aneel. “I watch Mom make roti all the time. I’ll help you get your power back.

Aneel opened the kitchen cupboard. He pushed past the rice and the red lentils. He pushed past the spices and the green lentils. “Watch out!” cried Mom.
Aneel found the flour and dumped some into a big bowl.
Aneel found the salt and dumped that in too.
“Ai hai! Oh dear!” exclaimed Dadi-ma. “So much?”
But Dada-ji loved salt.
Next Aneel added the water.
“Tch! Tch!” cried Mom. “So much?”
Kiran laughed at the watery mess, but Aneel didn’t care. He just dumped in more flour.
AACHOO! Kiran sneezed into a floury cloud.
“Arre wah! The boys has talent,” cried Dada-ji.
Aneel mixed the flour and water and added more salt and began to knead the dough.
He punched... and pushed... and he pulled.
“Arre wah! Exactly like Dadi-ma.” shouted Dada-ji
When the dough was smooth, Aneel rolled it into balls – enough for a roti stack as high as the ceiling.
Then Aneel grabbed a rolling pin and one of the balls. The stuck here and the dough stuck there, but Aneel didn’t give up. He rolled north, and he rolled south. He rolled east, and he rolled west.
“Hunh-ji!” cheered Dada-ji. “Here it goes!”
Bit by bit the first roti began to form.
“It looks like the U.S.A!” Kiran said, and laughed.
“Roti can be any shape, right, baba?”
Aneel rolled out more and more balls of roti dough.
“Dekho! Look! Roti number ten is a perfect circle,” remarked Dadi-ma.
“Hunh-ji. Practice makes perfect,” said Dada-ji.
I Love Saturdays y domingos

A young girl tells us about her weekends spent with her grandparents who are from different cultural backgrounds. On Saturdays she spends the day with her father’s parents who are European and she gets to experience everything about their culture. On Sundays she does the same with her mother’s parents who are of Hispanic descent. She tell us about her days using Spanish words when talking about her Abuelito and Abuelita. This young girl shows us that regardless who she is with they share the same love of their granddaughter.
Saturdays and Sundays are my special days. I call Sundays *domingos*, and you’ll soon see why.

On Saturdays, Grandma serves me breakfast: milk, scrambled eggs, and pancakes. The pancakes are spongy. I like to put a lot of honey on my pancakes. Grandma asks me, “Do you like them sweetheart?” And I answer, “oh, yes, Grandma, I love them!”

*Los domingos, Abuelita* serves me a large glass of papaya juice and a plate of eggs called *huevos rancheros*. The *huevos rancheros* are wonderful. No one makes them better than *Abuelita.*

*Abuelita* asks me if I like them: -*Te gustan, hijita?”* First I need to swallow, and then I answer-*Si, Abuelita, me encantan!*
Grandma has a tabby cat. Her name is Taffy.
I roll on the carpet and call. “Come, Taffy, let’s play.”

*Abuelita* has a dog. His name is *Canelo*. When
I go to the garden *Canelo* follows me. I call
out to him: -Ven, Canelo. Vamos a jugar!

Grandma collects owls.
Every time that she and grandpa go on a trip
she brings back an owl for her collection.
Each one is different. I count them: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve... to see how her collection is growing.

Abuelita loves animals. When she was little she lived on a farm. She is glad that now they have a large backyard so she can keep chickens. One of her hens has been sitting on her eggs for many days. Now the chicks have hatched. I count them: *Uno, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco, seis, siete, ocho, nueve, diez, once, doce...*
Jingle Dancer

Jenna and her family are members of the Muscogee tribe, also known as the Creek Nation. After watching her grandmother do the jingle dance she wants to be a jingle dancer at the next powwow, which is a celebration of the Muscogee. She needs jingles for her dress to make the jingle sound. She asks family and friends who could not dance at the next powwow for jingles and lets them know she will be dancing for them. Every night she sews jingles to her dress and practices her dance. The night of the powwow she makes everyone proud with her jingle dance.
Tink, tink, tink, tink, sang cone shaped jingles sewn to Grandma Wolfe’s dress. Every time Grandma bounce-step brought clattering tink as light blurred silver against jingles of tin.

Jenna daydreamed at the kitchen table, tasting honey on fry bread, her heart beating to the brum, brum, brum, brum of the powwow drum.

As Moon kissed Sun good night, Jenna shifted her head on Grandma Wolfe’s shoulder. “I want to jingle dance, too.”
“Next Powwow, you could dance Girls,” Grandma Wolfe answered. “But we don’t have enough time to mail-order tins for rolling jingles.”

Again and again, Jenna watched a videotape of Grandma Wolfe jingle dancing. When Grandma bounce-stepped on TV, Jenna bounced-stepped on family room carpet.

But Jenna’s dress would not be able to sing. It needed for rows of jingles.

As Sun fetched morning, Jenna danced east to Great-aunt Sis’s porch. Jenna’s bounce-steps crunched autumn leaves, but her steps didn’t jingle.
Once again, Great aunt Sis told Jenna a Muscogee Creek story about Bat. Although other animals had said he was too small to make a difference, Bat won a ball game by flying high and catching a ball in his teeth.

Rising sunlight reached through a windowpane and flashed against... what was it, hanging in Aunt Sis’s bedroom?

Jingles on a dress too long quiet.

“May I borrow enough jingles to make a row?” Jenna asked, not wanting to take so many that Aunt Sis’s dress would lose its voice.

“You may,” Aunt Sis answered, rubbing her calves. “My legs don’t work so good anymore. Will you dance for me?”
Keepers

This is the story of a boy named Kenyon who loves listening to his grandmother’s stories. She explains to him that she is the keeper of these stories until she passes it on to another girl. Kenyon wanted to be the next keeper but he was a boy. Kenyon does not mind and goes out searching for a gift for his grandmother’s ninetieth birthday. While looking around he sees a brand new baseball glove and buys it, forgetting all about his grandmother’s gift. When he finally remembers it is too late, but Kenyon ends up coming up with an even better idea for a gift; Kenyon write all of his grandmother’s stories into a book. His grandmother is so happy that she tells him that she was wrong and that he is the next keeper of her stories.
Mrs. Montgomery strolled up the walk with the biggest strawberry shortcake ever. “Happy Birthday,” she said, setting the cake before Little Dolly. “Make a wish and blow out all these candles. It isn’t everyday you turn ninety, you know.” She reached over and hugged Kenyon.

The cake was delicious and everyone had a good time.

“Don’t that beat all,” Little Dolly said after everyone had left. “Best birthday I’ve –” Little Dolly stopped as her foot pushed on Kenyon’s present.

“Well, looks like it ain’t over yet,” she said. “Hand that box to me, Kenyon.”

Little Dolly ripped the paper off as Kenyon shifted from foot to foot. He started apologizing. “It’s not much, I know. Not like a carriage ride or a strawberry shortcake...”

He stopped when he saw her eyes sparkling.

She carefully lifted the gift from the box and delicately touched the handmade book.
“They showed us how to do that at school,” Kenyon explained. “How to bind it and all. And inside I put –”
“Yes ma’am.”

Little Dolly pulled Kenyon next to her. Tears were spilling over and dancing down her cheeks. “It seems that I was wrong Kenyon,” she said. “A keeper don’t have to be a girl. You’ve done a fine job here, child. Now, I’m going to need to teach you a few things all keepers got to know. And then, well, you’ll need to add some of your own stories. Maybe a few baseball stories, eh?

Kenyon smiled and slipped his into Little Dolly’s. It was definitely all wallop-bat day.
This is the story of a girl who lives with her parents and five younger brothers. They also frequently have relatives who come stay with them from time to time. With all these people in the house she has no space of her own. She then gets an idea; she can turn the storage closet into her own room. After talking to her mother they decide that it is a good idea. She couldn’t be happier, she would finally have her own room. The whole family helps her, they turn the old storage room in a comfortable new bedroom for her.
I sat down among the boxes. My mother must have heard me because she came in from the kitchen.

“Mama, it’s perfect,” I said, and I told her my idea.

“Ay mijita, you do not understand. We are storing my sister’s sewing machine and your uncle’s gardening tools. Someday they will need their things to make a better living in the new country. And there’s the furniture and the old clothes,” she said. Slowly she shook her head.

The she saw the determination on my face and the tears forming in my eyes. “Wait,” she said, seriously thinking. “Maybe we could put these things on the back porch and cover them with old blankets.”

“And we could put a tarp on top so nothing would get ruined,” I added.

“Yes, I think we can do it. Let’s take everything out and see how much space there is.”

I gave her a great big hug and she kissed me.
After breakfast we started pushing the old furniture out to the back porch. Everyone helped. We were like a mighty team of powerful ants.

We carried furniture, tools, and machines. We dragged bulging bags of old clothes and toys. We pulled boxes of treasure and overflowing junk. Finally, everything was out except for a few cans of leftover paint from the one time we had painted the house.

Each can had just a tiny bit of paint inside. There was pink and blue and white, but not nearly enough of any one color to paint the room.

“I have an idea,” I said to my brothers. “Let’s mix them!” Hector and Sergio helped me pour one can into another and we watched the colors swirl together. A new color began to appear, a little like purple and much stronger than pink. Magenta!

We painted and painted until we ran out of paint.
Shau-yu’s father sends her to the store to buy eggs. Along the way, she picks up a blue marble, and her imagination allows her to see the world as a giant blue ocean in which she becomes fish. Later, she picks up glasses and pretends to be her mother to the shopkeeper, who plays along with her. The panel of judges who awarded this book in Taiwan called the book one that would “’make children feel there is endless happiness, humor and warmth in their every day lives’” (n. p.)
“May I go outside and play?” Shau-yu asks.
“I need you to go to the store first,” her father replies.
“We’re out of eggs.”
Shau-yu puts the money in the right pocket of her skirt.
(There are no holes in that pocket.)
Outside, she follows the cat’s shadow. He’s walking on the roof.
She peeks around the wall. “Woof, woof,” she barks, just as Harry usually does.
She picks up a lost marble. It’s blue, the color of cats’ eyes.
Looking through the blue eye...
The windows are blue; the walls are blue.
The houses are blue; the sky is blue.
The world becomes a blue ocean world.
“I am a little fish, swimming in the big, blue sea.”
(Shau-yu means “little fish.”)
Stepping on the falling leaves, “Chi-cha, chi-cha,” Shau-yu’s steps sound like people eating crunchy cookies.
Under the tree sits a pair of glasses that wants someone to wear them.
Shau-yu looks like Mother now.
Everything is blurry.
It’s a blurry world.
But Shau-yu knows the way.
There’s the shop, over there, near that pole.
“Hello shopkeeper. I would like to buy some eggs please, eggs for making fried rice. I am cooking fried rice for my family tonight.”

“Here are your eggs, madam. And maybe your little girl, Shau-yu, would like some chewing gum?”

“Hmmm. I think she would.”

“Does the chicken lay the egg first? Or does the egg hatch into a chicken?” Shau-yu wonders.

Shau-yu notices two beautiful flowers on the corner of the wall. The water on their petals sparkles like diamonds. “I should bring these flowers home,” she thinks.

The gum has lost its flavor. It’s still good for blowing bubbles, though. Pop! It wakes Harry like magic.

Ding, dong!

“Hello! I’ve had such a busy day.”
Quinito’s Neighborhood/El vecíndario de Quinito

Starting with his family, Quinito knows everyone’s occupation, including that his father is a nurse, and his mother is a carpenter. Written in both English and Spanish, the book shows Quinito’s connection with his family and community, and an awareness of the all the things people can become.
My mami is a carpenter. My papi is a nurse.
My abuela drives a big truck. My abuelo fixes clocks.
Sometimes my abuela brings broken grandfather clocks to my abuelo’s shop.
My tía is a muralist. My tío teaches dance.
My grown-up cousin Tita goes to clown school.
Her brother, my primo Ruperto, is a dentist. He checks people’s teeth.
My neighbors, Rafi and Luis Manuel, go to work very early.
Rafi bakes bread and Luis Manuel sells it.
Mrs. Hernández sells Rafi’s bread at her bodega, too.
And her daughter, Sonia Isabel, counts the money in the bank on the corner.
Guillermo is our mailman. Guillermo is going to marry Sonia Isabel. Doña Estrella is a seamstress. She is sewing a wedding dress for Sonia Isabel. Mr. Goméz is Doña Estrella’s neighbor. He is also my teacher at school. Mrs. Gómez is a crossing guard. She helps me cross the street. And I am a very busy person, -too. I have to tell Mr. Goméz that my mami is a carpenter and my papi is a nurse.
SkySisters

Two sisters of the Ojibway nation go for a walk on a cold and snowy night. Along the way, they see moonlit landscapes for miles on end, ice sickles, and a rabbit; they speak softly so as not to scare it away. They also encounter a deer. Atop a hill, they watch for the Sky Spirits (the Northern Lights). The sky is filled with marvelous colors, and the sisters decide to call them SkySisters.
Something stirs in the shadows beneath the branches. “Nishiime, don’t move.” Nimise speaks low. “You’ll scare it away.”

She stops and points at a fluffy, white rabbit. But I see something bigger bounding toward us. It is moving quickly. I try to tell my sister, but the words will not come. I tug on her arm and point.

“What is it?” she asks, yet she does not look away from the rabbit. It is too late to warn her. The huge shape is in front of us. My sister whirls around, gasps, and holds on to my arm. I suck in my breath and hold her arm. We stand motionless as we stare into the eyes of a deer.

The deer looks at us and does not move away. With strong legs, she paws at the snow before us. She waits a moment, then turns and runs gracefully toward the river.
A howl breaks the silent night. Then another. The cried are long and loud. I quiver and move closer to my sister.

“What is it?” I speak so that I can barely hear my own words.

Sister’s eyes are wide with excitement. “It’s a coyote!” she bursts out. “He’s singing to us. Listen.” The coyote sings his song once again and stops.

“He’s waiting for an answer,” says Allie. She cups her hands around her mouth. I do the same, and together we howl back the coyote song. Low at first, then louder. The coyote answers. So do we. A few more calls, and then all is quiet.

My sister and I look at each other and grin. Allie’s grin is as big as mine.
Chepito doesn’t want to go to school to learn to read until he meets a man reading the newspaper to learn who won the game; a girl reading a humorous book; tourists reading a guidebook; and, others who have other purposes for reading. The story is set in Guatemala.
“What are you doing?” asked Chepito.
“Reading a manual,” answered the greasy mechanic.
“Because I can’t figure out what’s wrong with this stupid car.”
“What are you doing?” asked Chepito.
“Reading this magazine,” answered the young woman.
“So I can choose a beautiful hairdo for the dance tonight.”
"What are you doing?" asked Chepito.
"Reading the hieroglyphics on this stela," answered the archeologist.
"Because they tell about a war that happened right here more than a thousand years ago when the Maya kings ruled this place."

Chepito got home just in time.
After lunch Chepito's mother and his little sister, Rosita, walked over to the school with him.
Chepito looked into his classroom. He saw a shelf with books on it and decided to go in.
"What are you doing?" he asked the teacher.  
"I am going to read this book to you," she answered.  
Chepito ran all the way home from school.  
He went in the door and sat down on a chair. He pulled a book out of his bag.  
"What are you doing?" said his mother.  
"I'm reading a book," answered Chepito.  
"I'm reading a book," answered Chepito.  
"Did you learn how to read on your first day of school?" asked his mother.  
"No, but I can tell by the pictures," said Chepito.  
"Shall I read you a story, Rosita?" he asked.  
"Why, why, why?" she sang.  
Chepito was about to say, "Because it's fun."  
But before he could, Rosita answered, "Yes. Read it to me."
What Can You Do With a Paleta?

A little girl’s excitement over the arrival of the *paleta* (an ice-fruit desert, like a popsicle) prompts her to imagine all the things that can be done with a paleta: painting, choosing, making new friends, cooling off, and so on. This book is written in English and Spanish.
Where the big velvet roses bloom read and pink and fuchsia,
where the accordion plays sassy and sweet,
where the smell of crispy tacos
or butterfly tortillas
or juicy fruta
floats out of every window,
and where the paleta wagon
rings its tinkly bell
and carries a treasure of icy paletas
in every color of the sarape...
THAT’S my barrio!
You can dance to the accordion, 
you can smell the tacos, but…  
WHAT can you DO with a paleta? 
You can paint your tongue purple and green,  
and scare your brother!  
Or maybe learn to make tough decisions.  
Strawberry? Or coconut?  
You can make new friends,  
give yourself a big, blue mustache,  
or create a masterpiece!  
You can use one to cool off, like Mama does!
Tío once won a baseball game
by offering one to the batter
(right when the ball was being pitched!)
You can help the señora at the fruit stand
make it through a long, hard day.
But I think the very best thing to do with a paleta is to...
lick it and slurp it
and sip it and munch it
and gobble it all down.
This is the story of a girl and the relationship she has with her Grandaddy. She tells all the things they do together, like playing cards and sharing breakfast. These are things that they will also do with him when she is old.
When I am old with you, Grandaddy, we will play cards all day underneath that old tree by the road.
We’ll drink cool water from the jug and wave at all the cars that go by.
We’ll play cards till the lightning buds shine in the trees...
... and we won’t mind that we forgot to keep score, Grandaddy.
When I am old with you, Grandaddy, we will open up that old cedar chest and try on all the old clothes that your grandaddy left you.
We can look at the old pictures and try to imagine the people in them.
It might make us cry...
but that’s O.K.
In the mornings, Grandaddy, we will cook bacon for breakfast and that’s all.
We can eat it on the porch too.
In the evening we can roast corn on a big fire and invite everyone we know to come over and eat it. They’ll all dance, play cards, and talk about everything.

When I am old with you, Grandaddy, we can take a trip to the ocean.
Have you ever been to the ocean, Grandaddy? We’ll walk on the hot sand and throw rocks at the waves. We can wear big hats in the afternoon like everyone else... ... and we’ll sit in the water when the day gets cool.
When our trip is over we will follow the ocean as far as we can, so we’ll never forget it.
When I am old with you, Grandaddy, we will get on the tractor and ride through the fields of grass.
Tar Beach by Faith Ringgold
Tar Beach

In *Tar Beach*, Cassie flies over the New York City taking ownership of everything she touches. What really belongs to her is the George Washington Bridge. She soars the sky looking down on the rooftop where her family spends some summer nights on their building eating, playing games, and relaxing. She does not have much but she knows that with her imagination she has everything.
I will always remember when the stars fell around me and lifted me up above the George Washington Bridge.

I could see our tiny roof top, with Mommy and Daddy and Mr. and Mrs. Honey, our next door neighbors, still playing cards as if nothing was going on,

and BeBe, my baby brother, lying real still on the mattress, just like I told him to, his eyes like huge floodlights tracking me through the sky.

Sleeping on Tar Beach was magical. Lying on the roof in the night, with stars and skyscraper buildings all around me, made me feel rich, like I owned all that I could see.

The bridge was my most prized possession.
Daddy worked on that bridge, hoisting cables. Since then, I’ve wanted that bridge to be mine.

Now I have claimed it. All I had to do was fly over it for it to be mine forever. Can wear it like a giant diamond necklace, or just fly above it and marvel at its sparkling beauty. I can fly—yes, fly. Me, Cassie Louise Lightfoot, only eight years old and in the third grade, and I can fly. That means I am free to go wherever I want for the rest of my life.
Daddy took me to go see the new union building he is working on.

He can walk on steel girders high up in the sky and not fall. They call him the cat.

But he still can’t join the union because Grandpa wasn’t a member.
Little Sap and Monsieur Rodin by Michelle Lord; Felicia Hoshino, illustrator
Shi-shi-etko by Nicola I. Campbell; Kim LaFave, illustrator
Thanks to the Animals by Allen Sockabasin; Rebekah Raye, illustrator
This is a story about a girl named Little Sap who helps on her father’s farm and also takes dance classes while she is growing up in Cambodia. Little Sap is at a disadvantaged from the other girls because her feet are ore, hurt and not as soft as the others’. Little Sap struggles on until one day her hard work and determination pays off. Little Sap embarks on a journey to France in which she would have to endure sea life for many days. Little Sap finally arrives and gets right to work performing for the king and an artist known as Auguste Rodin, who sketches her. This is a based on a true story of the Colonial Exhibition in France in 1906; Rodin became captivated by the Cambodian dancers, especially one.
As the years passed, Sap’s awkward movements began to turn into graceful poses. The poses became dances, and the dances told stories. Sap practiced to the beat of a calfskin drum: TEP-TUP-TEP-TUP-TAP. She bent her hands like the fronds of a sugar palm curving toward the ground. Her toes curled upward. The bowl-shaped finger cymbals sang to the dancers: CHHEPP-CHHING! CHHEPP-CHHING!

Soon whispers from the other girls mingled with the drumbeats and chimes of the cymbals. Sap heard news of a wondrous journey. The princess would be traveling with her dancers to an exhibition in France! Sap had never before thought of leaving Cambodia. Now she was going to be dancing for important people in a faraway land across the ocean.
The day of the journey came, and Sap boarded a ship larger than any she could have imagined. The huge boat creaked and groaned under the weight of the king and his entourage, which even included a few elephants.

Sap had never felt such cold breezes. Tiny bumps raised on her arms. Her skin felt sticky. She tasted salt on her lips.

Some days the sea was smooth and the ship rocked soothingly, like the hammock of Sap’s babyhood. Other days were stormy. The boat shuddered and the sea spit. Sap felt she was drifting farther and farther away from all the things she had ever known—her family and her life in the palace.
After weeks crossing uncertain seas, Sap saw France for the first time, wrapped in fog. She huddled on the deck near Princes Soumphady and the other dancers. When the ship reached port, Sap watched and the crew wind thick ropes around the pilings to anchor it. The fog cleared, and Sap stared into the crowd beyond, full of feathered hats and finery. She gaped at the homes settled into the hillside. How different everything was from Cambodia!
By law, Shi-shi-etko must leave her family and reservation to go to the Indian Boarding School. She and her grandmother, Yahyah, take a walk to gather memories for Shi-shi-etko’s memory bag, which will help nurture her while she is away from her family.
They went to visit silver willow, red willow, sage brush, cottonwood, Labrador bushes and even kinnikinnick.
They visited blueberry, salmonberry, saskatoon, and huckleberry bushes.
They found bitterroot, wild potato and wild celery patches.
On and on they went through fields of wild roses, Indian paintbrush, fireweed and columbine.
Shi-shi-etko promised herself, “I will remember everything.”
Each plant they came to, she listened carefully to its name.
Then asked once, twice, even three times,
“Is it food or medicine, Yayah?”
Is it always safe?”
Each plant they came to, she listened carefully to its name. Then asked once, twice, even three times,
“Is it food or medicine, Yayah?
Is it always safe?
Then whispering its name,
she placed dried berry,
root, flower and fragrant leaf
into her bag of memories.
That night when Shi-shi-etko crawled under her patchwork quilt, she counted her fingers and said, “One, only one more sleep.”
At home the cattle truck that gathered children waited. Shi-shi-etko picked up her bag of memories, a pinch of tobacco for offering, then went out the back door to her favorite place beneath a great big fir tree.
Thanks to the Animals

Passamaquoddy Indians must move their lodgings for the winter months: Joo Tum’s family packed to go. Accidentally, without his family knowing, Zoo Sap fell off of the sled. The animals of the forest surrounded Zoo Sap to keep him warm, until his family came back for him the next day.
Winter had arrived. Joo Tum worked for days preparing for the trip north with his family.

He took apart their house near the shore and stacked the cedar logs on the big bobsled. Everyone helped.

They packed the family sled with his tools and with meats and fish and vegetables harvested during the summer, when the days were long. It was loaded to the very top with precious food, but Joo Tum made sure there was room for his children to ride in the back.

Everyone dressed in warm sealskin clothes for the long trip. It was time to go to their winter home in the deep woods. The horses pulled the sled slowly through the new snow.
Zoo Sap was not yet walking, but he was a strong baby, born in the spring. He rode on the sled with the other children. As the shadows grew long, the older children slept. But then little Zoo Sap stood up and tumbled off the sled! Oh, how Zoo Sap cried! His voice filled the sky. The animals of the forest were alerted by his crying. First to come were the beaver. They knew they had to keep him warm and dry, so they put their tails together and cradled Zoo Sap. Zoo Sap still cried, so the moose came. Then the bear, the caribou, and the deer. The fox and the wolf came too. And all the big animals lay together in a circle.

Then the other, smaller animals came— the raccoons, porcupines, rabbits, weasels, and mink. The muskrat and otter and the squirrels and mice came, too.
K-1 Band: Poetry

All the Colors of the Earth by Sheila Hamanaka
Chugga-Chugga Choo-Choo by Kevin Lewis; Daniel Kirk, illustrator
Estrellita se despide de su isla/Estrellita Says Good-bye to Her Island by Samuel Caraballo; Pablo Torrecilla, illustrator
From the Bellybutton of the Moon and Other Summer Poems by Francisco X. Alarcón; Maya Christina Gonzalez, Illustrator
Giving Thanks: A Native American Good Morning Message Chief Jake Swamp; Erwin Printup, illustrator
How Far Do You Love Me? by Lulu Delacre
Jonathan and His Mommy by Irene Smalls; Michael Hays, illustrator
Laughing Tomatoes and Other Spring Poems by Francisco X. Alarcon; Maya Christina Gonzalez, Illustrator

Listen to the Desert/Oye al desierto by Pat Mora; Francisco X. Mora, illustrator

My People by Langston Hughes; Charles R. Smith Jr., Illustrator

Night Garden: Poems from the World of Dreams by Janet Wong; Julie Paschkis, illustrator

Sopa de frijoles/Bean Soup by Jorge Argueta; Rafael Yockteng, illustrator

Tan to Tamarind: Poems About the Color Brown by Malathi Michelle Iyengar; Jamel Akib, illustrator

Young Cornrows Callin Out the Moon by Ruth Forman; Chabi Bayoc, illustrator
This is a book that describes people and other things on earth using colors. The message the author is sending in this book is that everybody and everything in this world is different, but it is all beautiful.
Children come in all the colors of the earth –
The roaring browns of bears and soaring eagles,
The whispering gold of old summer grasses,
And crackling russets of fallen leaves,
The tickling pinks of tiny seashells by the rumbling sea.
Children come with hair like bouncy baby lambs,
Or hair that flows like water,
Or hair that curls like sleeping cats in snoozy cat colors.
Children come in all the colors of love,  
In endless shades of you and me.  
For love comes in cinnamon, walnut, and wheat,  
Love is amber and ivory and ginger and sweet  
Like caramel, and chocolate, and the honey of bees.  
Dark as leopard spots, light as sand,  
Children buzz with laughter that kisses out land,  
With sunlight like butterflies happy and free,  
Children come in all the colors of the earth and sky and sea.
This delightful board book features diverse characters working on a train that carries freight. They go through mountains, valleys, and tunnels built of blocks to unload the freight in the city. Night falls, and the little boy, who is African American, goes to bed holding his train, ready to play again the next day.
Sun’s up!
Morning’s here.
Up and at ‘em, engineer.
Chugga-chugga choo-choo,
whistle blowing,
whoooooooon!
whoooooook!
Hurry! Hurry!
Load the freight.
To the city.
Can’t be late.
Through the country
on the loose.
Engine black
and red caboose.
Chugga-chugga choo-choo,
Wheels a-turning,
whooooooooo!
whooooooooo!
‘Round the mountains, high and steep.
Through the valleys, low and deep.
Into tunnels, underground.
See the darkness. Hear the sound.
Chugga-chugga choo-choo, echo calling, 
whooooooooo!
whoooooooo!
whoooooooo!
whoooooooo!
whoooooooooo!
Across the river swift and wide.
A bridge goes to the other side.
Chugga-chugga choo-choo, there’s the city,
whooooooooo!
whoooooooooo!
In the station workers wait.
Ready to unload the freight.
Boxcars empty.
One by one.
The sun is setting.
Job well done.
Tired-tired
choo-choo,
night is falling,
whooooooo!
whooooooo!
whooooooo!
Sleepy-sleepy choo-choo,
till tomorrow.
whooooooo!
whooooooo!
Estrellita se despide de su isla/Estrellita Says Good-bye to Her Island

Estrellita must say good-bye to her lovely island of Puerto Rico. She recalls the sounds, smells, sights, tastes, and feelings of her first home.
Estrellita was sadly saying
From the window of the giant plane,
“Good-bye my precious, little island,
darling piece of my heart!
I am leaving, perhaps without knowing
When I will hug you again,
But you will forever be my beloved,
My everything, beyond compare, my native soil.
Wherever my life happens to be,
I shall dream of you everyday.
Wherever my mind happens to be,
I shall forever remember:
The call of your beautiful rooster
Wishing you good morning,
And the clear and proud warble
Of your restless swallows.
The sound of your warm seas,
That were refreshing to my soul,
And the sweet, gallant coquí
Jumping and frolicking in my bed.
The little white mountain goat,
With whom I played so much,
And the taste of your delicious mango
And that of your juicy guava.
The scent of your untouched countrysides
And of your colorful prairies,
And my friends romping down
Your mysterious roads.
Your joyful, beautiful people
Dancing *plena* in the plazas,
And the aroma of the hot coffee
Scenting their humble homes.
The brilliance of your magical sun  
Painting your mountains gold,  
And the clear melodies of illusion  
From your fine and famous guitars.  
Your silver moon illuminating  
The route of the little fishing boat,  
The bright red of dawn accentuating  
Your green and eternal beauty.
Your skies, your rivers, your charm
All of which the painter dreams,
And the glorious marble notes
Of your exquisite Caribbean song.
And the tender, angelic hug
Of my grandma Panchita
Who, like you, is my little love,
My light and my precious little pearl!”
This is an imaginative poetry book written in both English and Spanish. Children will enjoy reading the variety of poems, all about the summer. This is a perfect poetry book for students who are learning English.
Green Grass
we love
to go shoeless
on green grass

Mother Earth
loves to tickle
our bare feet

Blue
I face south
“blue” I cry

same color –
the sea, the sky

Hierba Verde
nos gusta
andar descalzos
entre la hierba verde

a la Madre Tierra
le encanta hacernos
cosquillas en los pies

Azul
miro al sur
grito “azul”

un color:
cielo y mar
Niebla del monte

tierno
tender

aliento
breath

de montañas
of mountains

vaho
playful

juguetón
stream

que nubla
clouding

las ventanas
the windows

de la panadería
of the village

del pueblo
bakery

los antojos
the golden

de oro
eyeglasses

de mi padre
of my father

el parabrisas
the windshield

de la camioneta
of my family’s

familiar
station wagon

cuando cruzamos
as we cross

la Sierra Madre
Mexico’s western

Occidental
mountain range
Girasol
algo
de flor
algo
de sol

Yemas matutinas
mi tía Reginalda
siempre nos servía
unos ricos desayunos
pequeños soles amarillos
que en platillos se sonreían

Sunflowers
somewhat
a flower
somehow
a sun

Morning Yolks
Auntie Reginalda
always served us
delicious breakfast –
little yellow suns
smiling in our plates
Antigua sabiduría
después
de trabajar
todo al día
como
campesino
de sol a sol
ordeñando
vacas
dormilonas
lavando
limpiando
dando de comer
a todos los animales
los chiquitos
y los grandotes
reparando
cercas
acequias
escardando
regando
su maíz
mi tío Vicente
descansando por fin
en su mecedora
muy calmado
bajo las estrellas
nos decía:
“mañana
empezamos
todo de nuevo”
Ancient Wisdom

after
working
all day

as a farmer
from dawn
to dusk

milking
sleepy
cows

washing
cleaning
feeding

all the animals
the small ones
and the big ones

repairing
fences
waterways

weeding
watering
his cornfield

Uncle Vicente
finally resting
in his rocking chair

would tell us
very calmly
under the stars:

“tomorrow
we’ll start
all over”
Giving Thanks: A Native American Good Morning Message

Author’s Note: “The words in this book are based on the Thanksgiving Address, an ancient message of peace and appreciation of Mother Earth and all her inhabitants. These words of thanks come to us from the Native people known as the Haudenosaunee, also known as the Iroquois or Six Nations—Mohawk, Oneida, Cayuga, Onondaga, Seneca, and Tuscarora. The people of the Six Nations are from Upstate New York and Canada. These words are still spoken at ceremonial and governmental gathering held by the Six Nations.

Children, too, are taught to greet the world each morning by saying thank you to all living things. They learn that according to the Native American tradition, people everywhere are embraces as family. Our diversity, like all the wonders of Nature, is truly a gift for which we are thankful.”

The book includes the address in the Mohawk language at the end of the book.
To be a human being is an honor, and we offer thanksgiving for all the gifts of life. Mother Earth, we thank you for giving us everything we need. Thank you, deep blue waters around Mother Earth, for you are the force that takes thirst away from all living things. We give thanks to the green grasses that feel so good against our bare feet, for the cool beauty you bring to Mother Earth’s floor. Thank you, good foods from Mother Earth, our life sustainers, for making us happy when we are hungry. Fruits and berries, we thank you for your color and sweetness. We are all thankful to good medicine herbs, for healing us when we are sick. Thank you, all the animals in the world, for keeping our precious forests clean. All the trees in the world, we are thankful for the shade and warmth you give us. Thank you, all the birds in the world, for singing your beautiful songs for all to enjoy.
We give thanks to you, gentle Four Winds, for bringing clean air for us to breathe from the four directions. Thank you, Grandfather Thunder Beings, for bringing rains to help all living things grow. Elder Brother Sun, we send thanks for shining your light and warming Mother Earth. Thank you, Grandmother Moon, for growing full every month to light the darkness for children and sparkling waters. We give you thanks, twinkling stars, for making the night sky so beautiful, and for sprinkling morning dew drops on the plants. Spirit Protectors of our past and present, we thank you for showing us ways to live in peace and harmony with one another. And most of all, thank you, Great Spirit, for giving us all these wonderful gifts, so we will be happy and healthy every day and every night.
How Far Do You Love Me?

This poem of an adult’s love for a child depicts the Grand Canyon in Arizona, Cenote Dzitnup in Mexico, Machu Picchu in Peru, a glacier in Antarctica, the Serengeti Plain in Tanzania, the Sinai Peninsula in Egypt, the Provence in France, the Alps in Switzerland, the Ladakh in the Himalayas, the Mekong River in Vietnam, Kangaroo Island and the Great-Barrier Reef in Australia, and Vieques, Puerto Rico.
I love you to the top of the peaks lit by the morning sun . . .
To the depths of the cave where a spring seeps sweet water . . .
To the place where the eagle is lost gliding along the rim of the sky.
I love you straight through to the glacier’s oldest blue . . .
To the meeting of the sun and the mist painting a rainbow curve . . .
I love you to the crests of the desert
where the wind sweeps sand from the dunes . . .
To the fields of flowers that lace lavender through the air.
I love you the whole length of the river
as it slides down the slopes
and curls through the valley
slowly finding the sea.
I love you to the mountaintop
that stretches through the clouds . . .
To the bright blossom of a water lily
happily rooted in the marsh . . .
To the crown of the eucalyptus tree
tickling the belly of the sky.
I love you to the crannies of the corals
rough and twisted on the ocean floor.
And how far do you love me?
I LOVE YOU TO THE MOON!
Jonathan and His Mommy

This is a great book to enact, and a rich vocabulary-builder. Jonathan and him mom walk in all kinds of ways, and eventually return home.
I like to go walking and talking with my mom.

First we zigzag walk down the street;
It looks strange to the people we meet.

Then we take big giant steps, big giant steps,
And talk in loud giant voices,
And we say big things the way giants must talk:
“I say, did you see
That hu-mon-gus mammoth among us?”
After that we take itsy-bitsy baby steps,
Itsy-bitsy baby steps,
And talk in tiny baby voices
About baby things: itsy-bitsy spiders,
Tiny dreams, and small marshmallows.

Next we take bunny steps,
Hop-hop hop-hop-hop (hip-hop, too, sometimes),
As we wriggle our noses and wiggle our ears;
We look so funny that we end up in tears.
Tears that dry with the wind
As we take fast running steps, fast running steps,
Running our race.

You’re the winner, I’m the misser,
I see on my mom’s face.
Sometimes she can’t keep up with my fast pace.

So I slow it down,
And we do slow-motion steps,
Sloow-moootion steps,
As we talk about molasses
And birthdays and how long they take.

And just before we’re about to fall asleep...

We take a leap onto our toes
And do ballet steps, ballet steps,
Arms in the air, twirling round and round,
Till our feet touch the ground.

Then we do crazy crisscross steps,
Crazy crisscross steps.
Mommy steps and I step,
And our legs cross;
Mommy steps and I step,
And our legs crazycross.
The one who makes the last step
Is the boss of the crisscross.

After crossing a fast and our last crisscross,
We move on to reggae steps, reggae steps,
Hips swaying, feet step-step-sliding side to side,
Bodies moving to the beat of our hearts.
Then we take backward steps, backward steps,
And go to all the places we’ve been...

Which is good because
By that time we’re tired...

And we take Jonathan-and-Mommy steps,
Jonathan-and-Mommy steps,
And walk our way home.
Laughing Tomatoes and Other Spring Poems

This is an imaginative poetry book written in both English and Spanish. Children will enjoy reading the variety of poems, all about the spring. This is a perfect poetry book for students who are learning English.
First Rain
is it raining
or
is the sky
crying.

Spring
the hills
are starting
to crack
a green smile
once again

Laughing Tomatoes
in our backyard
we plant
tomatoes

the happiest
of all
vegetables

with joy
they grow round
with flavor

laughing
they change
to red

turning
their wire-framed
bushes

into
Christmas trees
in the spring
Ode to Corn
father
mother
gift from
the sun

earth
water
air
light

like
the races
of the world
you appear

black
yellow
red
and white

your tender ears
are born
pointing
to the sky

the wind
careses
your silky
hair

sister
brother
green
dear

my hands
will harvest
your veiled
big smiles
Tortilla
each tortilla
is a tasty
round of applause
for the sun

Chile
sometimes
a bit is all it takes
for a supernova
to explode

Cinco de Mayo
a battle
in some
history books

a fiesta
of music
and colors

a flag

waving
occasion

a flirting
dance
and a piñata

orchata
corn chips
and guacamole

a mango
with some chile
and lemon

a cry
of joy
and spring

yes, summer
vacation is just
around the corner
Listen to the Desert/Oye al desierto

Listen to the desert, pon, pon, pon.
Listen to the desert, pon, pon, pon.
Oye al desierto, pon, pon, pon.
Oye al desierto, pon, pon, pon.

Listen to the owl hoot, whoo, whoo, whoo.
Listen to the owl hoot, whoo, whoo, whoo.
Oye la lechuza, uuu, uuu, uuu.
Oye la lechuza, uuu, uuu, uuu.
Listen to the toad hop, plop, plop, plop.
Listen to the toad hop, plop, plop, plop.
Oye el sapito, plap, plap, plap.
Oye el sapito, plap, plap, plap.

Listen to the snake hiss, tst-tst-tst, tst-tst-tst.
Listen to the snake hiss, tst-tst-tst, tst-tst-tst.
Silba la culebra, ssst, ssst, ssst.
Silba la culebra, ssst, ssst, ssst.
Listen to the dove say coo, coo, coo.
Listen to the dove say coo, coo, coo.
La paloma arrulla, currucú, currucú, currucú.
La paloma arrulla, currucú, currucú, currucú.

Listen to the fish eat, puh, puh, puh.
Listen to the fish eat, puh, puh, puh.
Oye pescaditos, plaf, plaf, plaf.
Oye pescaditos, plaf, plaf, plaf.
Listen to the mice say scrrt, scrrt, scrrt.
Listen to the mice say scrrt, scrrt, scrrt.
Oye ratoncitos, criic, criic, criic.
Oye ratoncitos, criic, criic, criic.

Listen to the rain dance, plip, plip, plip.
Listen to the rain dance, plip, plip, plip.
La lluvia baila, baila, plin, plin, plin.
La lluvia baila, baila, plin, plin, plin.
Listen to the wind spin, zoom, zoom, zoom.
Listen to the wind spin, zoom, zoom, zoom.
Oye, zumba el viento, zuum, zuum, zuum.
Oye, zumba el viento, zuum, zuum, zuum.

Listen to the desert, pon, pon, pon.
Listen to the desert, pon, pon, pon.
Oye al desierto, pon, pon, pon.
Oye al desierto, pon, pon, pon.
My People

Langston Hughes brings his poem *My People* to life with photographs by Charles R. Smith Jr. This book shows how beautiful it is to be an African American.
The night is beautiful, so the faces of my people. The stars are beautiful, so the eyes, of my people. Beautiful, also, is the sun. Beautiful, also, are the souls of my people.
A collection of poems about dreams.
Gently Down the Stream

Like one fast fish,
I’m swimming free,

water washing
over me,

seeing clear
through eyes like glass,

following
a moonlight path,
one fast fish,
no breathing troubles,

followed by
a trail of bubbles,

swimming long,
swimming lean,

swimming gently
down the stream.
Dog Dreams

Our sad old dog kicks his feet, twitches, growls in his sleep, whimpers, snarls, yelps awake.

I scratch behind his ears and take him out to let him sniff the trees, let him walk, chase the breeze, nose in air, eyes closed tight, chasing dreams into the night.
Sopa de frijoles/Bean Soup

Argueta, Jorge, and Rafael Yockteng (Illus.). Sopa de frijoles/Bean Soup. Toronto: Groundwood,
Written in English and Spanish, this is one in a series of cooking poems by the same poet, and illustrated by different artists: *Tamalitos, Arroz con leche/Rice Pudding*, and *Guacamole*. Other artists are Margarita Sada, Fernando Vilela, and Domi.
For a yummy bean soup all you need are...

two cups of beans white red or black as night

a big head of garlic with fragrant cloves white as midday

a huge onion red white or yellow as the dawn

as
Excerpt

and a pot
round as the moon
and as deep
as a little lake.

You need six cups
of natural water
not with bubbles
or tastes
just plain pure water
pure water and nothing else

and a little salt volcano
nestled
in the bowl of the spoon.

First spread
the beans
out on the sky of the table.
The beans are stars.

Throw away
any little pebbles.
When the beans touch
they clink a little song.
You can sing too.

Oh, what a yummy soup
soupy soup
beany soup.
It will be eaten by
my brothers
my sister
my mom and my dad

and me.
Soooo delicious!

Pour water
into the pot
watery water
lovely granny
whose caresses
give us life.
Tan to Tamarind: Poems About the Color Brown

This collection celebrates all the shades of brown, with poems called *Tan, Sienna, Topaz, Bay, Sepia, Cocoa, Ocher, Beige, Sandalwood, Coffee, Adobe, Tamarind, Spruce, Nutmeg*, and *Brown*. Iyengar writes that, as a child growing up in North Carolina, she was made to feel her skin color was “a dirty, ugly color”; she would try to scrub it white. Gradually she learned that brown is a beautiful color, and she is now happy to look in the mirror.
Topaz
Brown.
Topaz brown.
Polished golden topaz brown.

A precious brown stone, catching the light,
glows inside with red-orange fire.

Bright, translucent brown.
Glassy, glossy brown.

A splendid brown topaz
Set in gold, glimmers
on the ring finger of
My mother’s elegant brown hand.
Sienna Brown.

Sienna brown.

Rusty, dusty, coppery brown.

Reddish-brown mountains, our Southwest home.

Dad hears coyotes calling, I spot their sandy tracks

Four o’clock breeze drifts the smell of sage

across our sienna path.

Strong, unyielding brown.

Warm, abiding brown.

Keep going! You can make it!

We scramble over the rocks, brush past juniper branches, to reach the top and look out across our sunset canyon, sienna brown.
Sandalwood Brown.
Sandalwood brown.
Muskyscented sandalwood brown.

Ajji’s sandalwood jewelry box holds her golden bangles, the earrings that belonged to her own Ajii.
Every ornament knows a story.

Balmy, sweet-smelling brown.
Spicy, incense-wafting brown.

Beti, Ajii tells me, when you’re grown up,
all these things will be for you.

A hint of sandalwood scent clings to her sari, hovers around her hands velvety-soft and sandalwood brown.
A little girl shares all the wonderful activities, sights, tastes and smells in South Philadelphia in the summer.
We don't have no backyard
frotyard neither
we got black magic n brownstone steps
when the sun go down

we don't have no backyard
no sof grass rainbow kites mushrooms butterflies
we got South Philly summer
when the sun go down
cool after lemonade n black eye peas
full after ham hocks n hot pepper greens
corn bread coolin on the stove
n more to watch than tv

we got double dutch n freeze tag n kickball
so many place to hide n seek n
look who here Punchinella Punchinella
look who here Punchinella inna zoo
we got the ice cream man
we got the corner store
red cream pop
red nails Rick James and Bump the Rock
n we know all the cheers

we got pretty lips
we got callous feet healthy thighs n ashy knees
w got fine brothers we r fine sistas
n
w got attitude
we hold mamma knees when she snap the naps out
we got gramma tell her not to pull so hard
we got sooo clean cornrows when she finish
n corn bread cool on the stove

so you know
we don really want no backyard
Frontyard neither
cuz we got to call out the moon
wit black magic n brownstone steps
Poetry and Song

Arrorró, mi niño/Latina Lullabies and Gentle Games by Lulu Delacre

Cada Niño/Every Child: A Bilingual Songbook for Kids by Tish Hinojosa; Lucia Angela Perez, illustrator
Delacre has compiled fifteen songs and lullabies from many Latin countries; some she sang to her own children. Written in Spanish and English, each of the lullabies and games are set to music by Cecilia Esquivel and Diana Sáez at the end of the book.
A Little Egg

This little finger bought a little egg, this one decided to cook it, this one sprinkled it with salt, this one tasted it, and this naughty chubby one gobbled it up!

Have your child make a fist. Starting with the little finger, lift a finger as you say each line. With the last line, tickle your child under the arm.

Five Baby Chicks

My auntie owns five baby chicks. One sings for her, another one cheeps, and three others play a grand symphony.

(another finger play)
There, There

There, there,
little frog’s tail.
If today you don’t heal
tomorrow you will.

Fluffy Chicks

Fluffy chicks like singing
Cheep, cheep, cheep,
whenever they feel hungry,
whenever they feel chilly.

Mama hen now brings them
wheat and golden corn,
feeds them tasty dinners,
blankets them with feathers.

Huddled all together
under her two wings
till the break of dawn,
the fluffy chicks will dream.
Cada Niño/Every Child

Written in English and Spanish, Hinojosa provides eleven delightful songs, creating the opportunity for children to experience literacy and music together; songs and songbooks are a powerful way to learn to read. A CD is available.
Every child believes in good tomorrow brings,
every child’s our faith to hold.
What we leave behind and want for them to find is what we are today.
Laughter, voices, tender choices, their love gives to us.
Sad the day we take away their sweet liberty.
La la la....
Siempre Abuelita/Always Grandma

Siempre siempre abuelita
yo recordaré
Tus sonrisas, tus caricias
tu modo de ser
Siempre siempre abuelita
por la vida iré
llena de tu fiel cariño
no te olvidaré.

Always, always, Abuelita, I’ll remember true
your embraces, ways, and faces
that belong to you.
Always, always, Abuelita,
all my life I’ll be
full of love,
I won’t forget that you have given me.
Always, always, Abuelita, all my life
I’ll be full of love,
I won’t forget that you have given me.
Mirror by Jeannie Baker
This is a book that tells the story of two different families; one is Morocco and one in Australia. The author shows what daily life is like for both families using beautiful illustrations. Though the families appear different, they also have some things in common.
There are two boys and two families in this book. One family lives in the city in Australia, and one lives in Morocco, North Africa. The lives of the two boys and their families look very different from each other, and they are different. But some things connect them... just as some things are the same for all families no matter where they live.
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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