

Grannie Annie



Vol. 6 Expanded
Selections from
The Grannie Annie
Family Story Celebration
An Annual Writing Contest for Young People

The Grannie Annie *Family Story Celebration*

The mission of [The Grannie Annie](#) is to celebrate family stories! Students in U.S. grades 4 through 8 and homeschooled or international students 9 through 14 years of age are invited to interview their family storykeepers and write a story based on their interview. The Grannie Annie experience leads students to discover and save family stories, encounter history in a more personal way, and hone their writing skills. Students are encouraged to share their story with their family, school, community, and The Grannie Annie.

The works of fifty-eight young authors from two age categories, chosen to represent the submissions received this year, are included in this sixth annual collection of Grannie Annie family stories—the first to be published as a PDF. Thirty-eight of these stories also appear in *Grannie Annie, Vol. 6*, a paperback book.

The Grannie Annie mission—to discover, share, and celebrate family stories—springs from a belief in the transformative power of “story.” The simple, genuine family stories in this book can help us connect with people in today’s world and people from times past. In unexplainable ways, these stories foster feelings of unity with people whose lives may seem very different from our own. Quietly, surely, the world moves one step closer to peace.

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Vol. 6 Expanded

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An Annual Writing Contest for Young People

Saint Louis, Missouri

The Grannie Annie welcomes—and desires to receive and publish—family stories from students of every race, ethnicity, national origin, religion, and creed.

Because the stories in *Grannie Annie, Vol. 6 Expanded*, were captured from the oral tradition, they represent a unique blend of history, legend, and opinion. Accuracy—historical or otherwise—is not guaranteed, and the views represented are not necessarily those of the authors, directors, or publishers.

Particular thanks to graphics specialists Josh Hagan, Jeff Hirsch, Doug Nolte, and Harvey Huynh; and to language specialists Graziella Postolache, Steven Zu, and Joseph A. De Luca.

Quilt handmade by Elda Miller.

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Your tax-deductible [donation](#) will enable more young people to take part in The Grannie Annie, and will make the amazing, inspiring stories in the anthologies more widely available.

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In memory of Ann Guirrerri Cutler,
whose passion for saving family stories
inspired The Grannie Annie
1944–2007

In memory of
Marie Jensen Pedersen—Old Marie—
whose brave activism helped the women of Denmark
become among the first in the world to win the right to vote
1823–1907
Honored by donors Louise and Jack McIntyre

Contents

- The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration 3
- Story Settings Maps 13
- A Word from Grannie Annie 15
- Note to Parents and Educators 17
- The Great Bull Ride (c. 1665*) 21
Timothy Marshall; Ohio, USA
- Chief Blue Jacket (c. 1770s–1795) 23
Katelyn Putzier; Idaho, USA
- Return to Sender (c. 1883–1884) 25
Andrew Tuller; Idaho, USA
- Josie and the Wild Cow Chase (1889) 28
Abby Urnes; Missouri, USA
- Terror on the High Seas (1912) 31
Ethan Northup; Idaho, USA
- From Covered Wagon to Airplane (1919) 33
Aaron Schnoor; North Carolina, USA
- Don't Mess with Granny! (c. 1928) 36
Brian Byerly; Tennessee, USA
- Hard Times (c. 1930s) 38
Deborah Renée Kroenke; Missouri, USA
- Great-Grandpa Joe and the Jolly Hearts Club (c. 1930s) 40
Brendan J. De Luca–Rodenberg; Florida, USA
- The Tornado (c. 1930) 42
Cade Grossart; Nebraska, USA

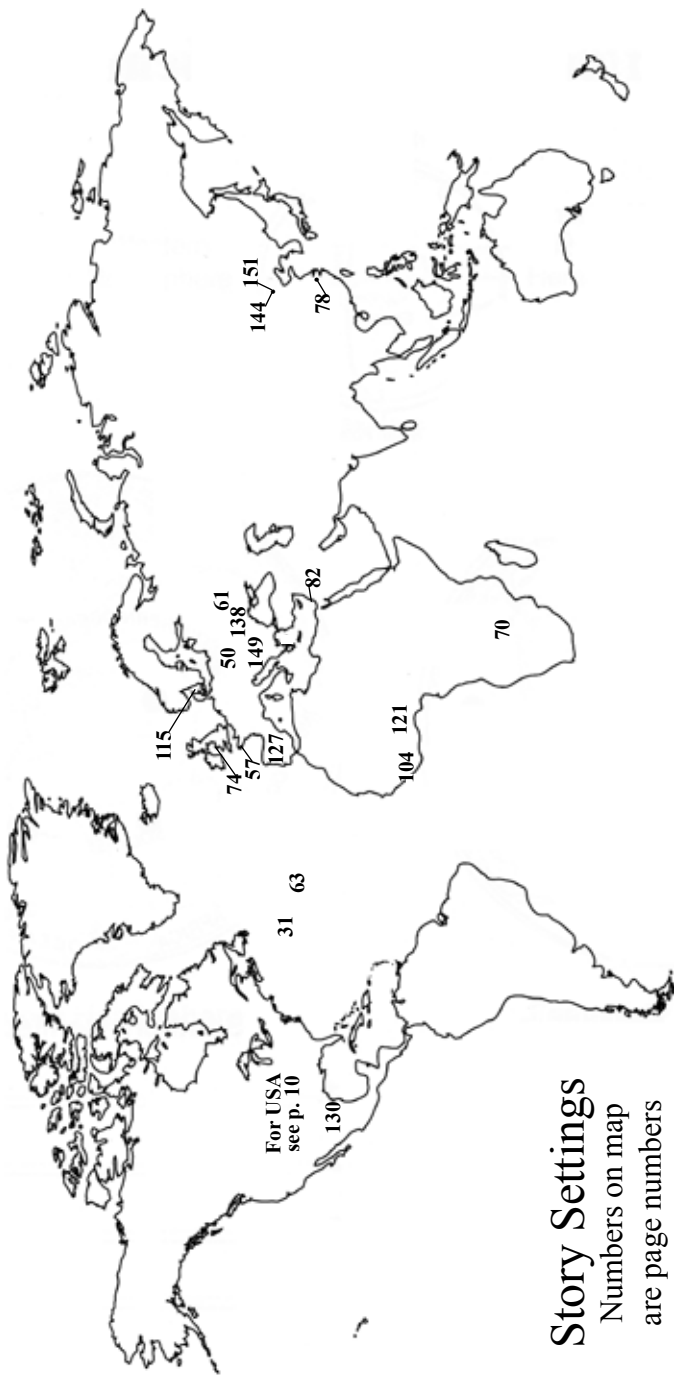
* The time setting of each story is noted in parentheses here and also on the story pages. Where the exact year is unknown, “c.” (circa) indicates “approximate year.”

- The Abandoned House (1937) 44
Kayla Rother; Nebraska, USA
- Granny Sweetpea and the Swamp Cabbage
Catfish (1937) 46
Breanna Fernald; Florida, USA
- The Thief Who Received a Gift (c. 1939) 48
Caleb Yates; Indiana, USA
- A Courageous Soldier (1939) 50
Alexander Baszczij; New Jersey, USA
- Stuck in the Quicksand (early 1940s) 52
Hannah Myers; Ohio, USA
- Pop! (c. 1940s) 54
Madison Kirkwood; Alabama, USA
- Flag of Freedom (1940s) 57
Ellie Guyader; Alabama, USA
- Knock 'em Out (1940s) 59
Jeff Dicker; Missouri, USA
- A Lucky Save (1941) 61
Michelle Favichia; New Jersey, USA
- Ocean Waters (1941) 63
Amanda Diamond; Missouri, USA
- The Uncontrollable Mare (c. 1942) 65
Karleen Alma Kolar; Nebraska, USA
- Extreme Makeover: Statue Edition (c. 1943) 67
Caitlin Magruder; Missouri, USA
- Warning: Crocodiles Ahead (c. 1943) 70
Joe Sandahl; Idaho, USA
- A Close Call (c. 1943) 72
Isaac D. Aderman; Michigan, USA

- Oranges on the Beach (c. 1943) 74
Caitlin Harper; Idaho, USA
- The Big *Different* (1943) 76
Keyonna Austell; Missouri, USA
- Jumping Wonders (c. 1944) 78
Aleesha Shi; Missouri, USA
- Hero (1945) 80
Shannon Flynn; Missouri, USA
- The Independence War of Israel (1948) 82
C. Abraham Rosenthal; Colorado, USA
- The Santa Hunt (c. 1952) 84
Bergin Downs; Missouri, USA
- The Swimming Hole (c. 1954) 86
Noah L. Brickey; Missouri, USA
- The Bear That Read the Comics (1954) 88
Travis Black; Missouri, USA
- The Aftermath of Rheumatic Fever (1956) 90
Ellie McCrary; Missouri, USA
- Sweet Home Alabama (c. 1960s) 92
Kaytlyn Sneed; Missouri, USA
- The Annoying Parrot (c. 1960s) 95
Lane T. Brown; Nebraska, USA
- A Big-League Dreamer (c. 1960s–2008) 97
Rogan Pransky; Ohio, USA
- Fishing (1962) 100
Adi Elinoff; Colorado, USA
- The Key Lime Pie (c. 1964) 102
Jonah R. Defez; Colorado, USA

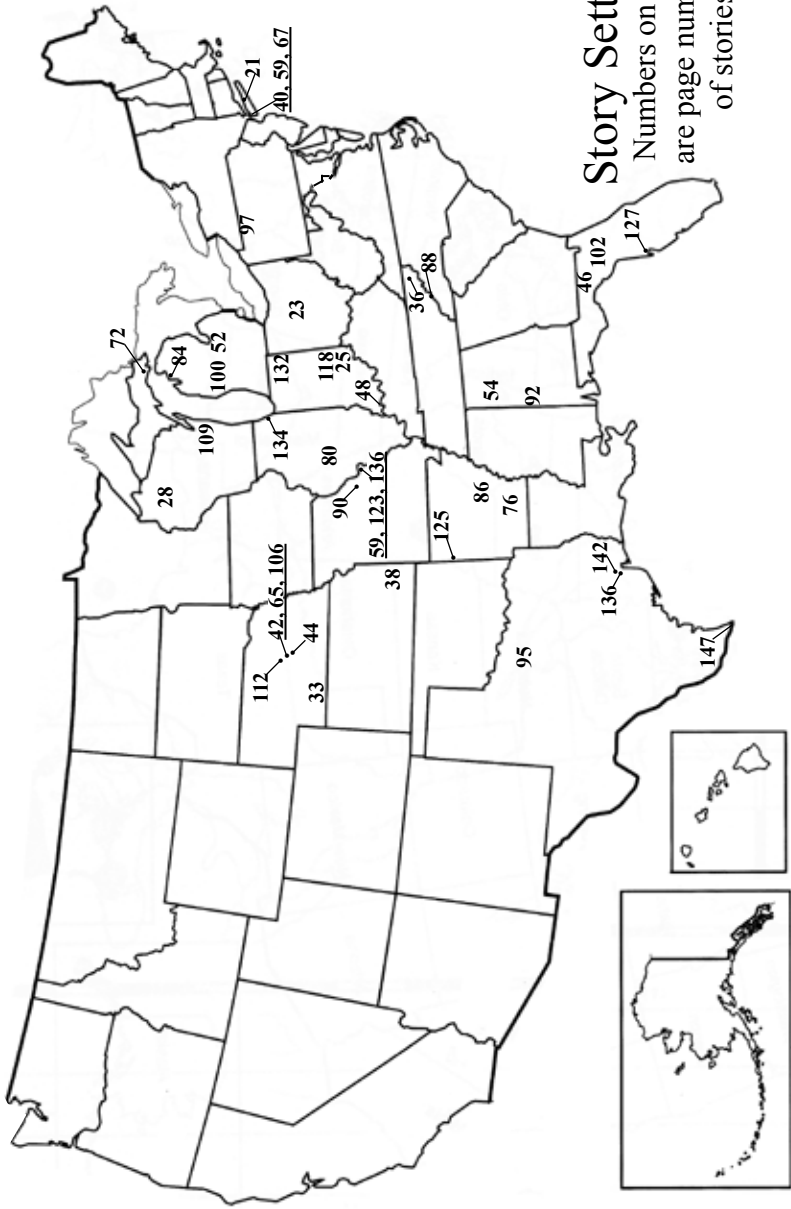
- The Termite Storm (1966–1968) 104
Hannah Marvin; Missouri, USA
- Super Dog (c. 1968) 106
Michael Schumacher; Nebraska, USA
- Bronto on the Beach (c. 1968) 109
Elisabeth G. Knutson; Wisconsin, USA
- Uncle Bob to the Rescue (1970) 112
MaKenna Rother; Nebraska, USA
- Real Storms (c. 1971) 115
Alex Souris; Texas, USA
- Hide Away (c. 1975) 118
Sarah Holdeman; Texas, USA
- Innocent Punishment (April 8, 1975) 121
Adinawa Adjagbodjou; Texas, USA
- Temporary Home (1975–1979) 123
Molly Newport; Missouri, USA
- One Last Test (1975) 125
Michael Salley; Texas, USA
- A New Land, A New Life (1977–1979) 127
Madeleine Cuan; New Jersey, USA
- Life-Changing Journey (c. 1978) 130
Jose Enrique Rojas; Texas, USA
- What Sticks, Half-Lick? (1978) 132
Olivia Thomas; Ohio, USA
- Karma (1979) 134
Matthew Leigh; New Jersey, USA
- The Magic of Writing (c. 1980–2010) 136
Julia M. Wang; Missouri, USA

Omul în Zbor (Romanian) (c. 1984)	138
Catalina Ecaterina Tarasov; Călărași, Moldova	
The Flying Man (English Translation) (c. 1984)	140
Catalina Ecaterina Tarasov; Călărași, Moldova	
Stop! Grandpa! Stop! (1985)	142
Isaac Eastlund; Missouri, USA	
Tiananmen Square Crackdown (1989)	144
Shirley Yu; Missouri, USA	
Mother Knows Best (1995)	147
Veronica Zapiain Luna; Missouri, USA	
My Epic Journey (1995)	149
Almira Mujic; Idaho, USA	
A Lucky Day (1999)	151
Jinghang Zhang; Missouri, USA	
Illustrators of <i>Volume 6 Expanded</i>	153
<i>Volume 6</i>	154
Honorable Mention Stories	158
Invitation to Participate	160
Praise for The Grannie Annie	161



Story Settings

Numbers on map
are page numbers
of stories



Story Settings

Numbers on map
are page numbers
of stories

A Word from Grannie Annie

Some Native American nations so valued their histories that they designated a tribal storykeeper. My mother filled that role in our family for decades, and before that, our family storykeeper was Mom's mother, my grandmother Randazzo.

Gramma Randazzo lived with us when I was a child. She didn't speak English well; however, at an early age I learned to say "Tell me a story about the Old Country" or "Tell me again the story about the baker's daughter who had dough under her fingernails." Then she would begin, in her broken English that made the stories even more fascinating to me. She told me stories about the olive groves on the family estate in Italy, about Grampa Randazzo's brothers and all their escapades, and about the family's early years as immigrants in Brooklyn. Mom carried on the tradition with her own repertoire of stories—about teaching in a one-room school, about blizzards and floods on the farm, and about rolling up the rug and inviting the neighbors over to dance.

I was fascinated by their tales and still am. I have written down many of their stories, saved them in keepsake books so they won't be lost. They're a treasure to read now, just as I had hoped, but I find I saved more than the stories themselves. Listening had been a way to be close to Gramma Randazzo. When I read Gramma's stories now, I remember sitting near her, hearing the stories from Gramma herself. When I read Mom's stories now, I remember aunts and uncles and cousins gathering around the kitchen table to listen. By

sharing their stories, Gramma and Mom created a sense of family, a sense of closeness and security, that will stay with me forever.

April 2006
Ann Guirrerri Cutler
The Original Grannie Annie

Note to Parents and Educators

Prepare to race and dive, gallop, collide, and disappear into . . . the pages of this sixth collection of Grannie Annie family stories!

You'll hear the screech of a playground whistle and the ricochet of bullets, set a trap for St. Nick—and catch a look you don't deserve. You'll find bravery at the old swimming hole and at the border, and when the trip is over you'll find love waiting for you on the old porch swing.

This year's journey—through 300 years of world history—proceeds chronologically: The first story in this collection takes place on the back of a bull in 1665; the final story brings you up to date with one of several “recent”—and memorable—immigration stories. This year's stories take place in fourteen countries on four continents—and in international waters! Turn back to pages 13 and 14 to see for yourself. And a note to readers of this PDF edition: If you enjoy holding a lovely book in your hands, you will want to [order](#) *Volume 6*, the paperback book that includes thirty-eight of the stories included in this volume.

Please note that while the published Grannie Annie stories are intended for family members of all ages, you may want to screen the stories for sensitive or younger readers.

Happy reading! May your horizons be broadened. May you be inspired, challenged, and entertained. May you go on to discover (and share) a family story of your own . . . and then join us again next year for The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration!

Connie McIntyre and Fran Hamilton
Directors of The Grannie Annie

Listening is an act of love.
—*Dave Isay, StoryCorps*

Grannie Annie, Vol. 6 Expanded

The Great Bull Ride

c. 1665*

Smithtown, Long Island, New York, USA

Richard Smyth (Smith), my ancestor, was the founder of Smithtown, Long Island, New York. He was a cavalry soldier for Cromwell's army.** Richard met some natives when he went to Long Island. He made an agreement with some of these Indians in 1665. They had heard he was a good horseman, so they challenged him to ride a bull. He would get the land that he rode around from sunrise to sunset while riding a bull.

This might seem strange, but Richard actually trained bulls for riding instead of horses. Richard chose his best bull and set out early in the morning. First he rode to the west. He turned south near a pond. At the pond he and his bull stopped for an enormous drink and some bread to eat. The valley that Richard stopped in is named Bread and Cheese Hollow, because that is where he ate his lunch. Richard continued east after lunch. Richard and his bull made their way back to the start by sunset. The Indians couldn't believe their eyes. They gave him the land that he had ridden around. Richard claimed the land and named it Smithtown.

Many people think this story is a legend. People figured the distance he rode, and some say it would be impossible to ride thirty-five miles in one day. Others think maybe he rode on the summer solstice to gain more

* The setting of each story is noted below its title. In cases where the exact year is not known, "c." (circa) indicates that the year given is approximate.

** Cromwell's army overthrew King Charles I and the monarchy in the English Civil War.

hours of sunlight. Many people have different thoughts on how he could have accomplished his goal or whether it is a legend. My great-great-aunt told me this story, and I am telling you. Another interesting fact is there is a bronze statue of a bull in Smithtown, Long Island, New York, that supposedly represents the bull Richard Smyth rode on his journey.

Timothy Marshall
Ohio, USA

Chief Blue Jacket

c. 1770s–1795
Ohio Territory, USA

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be an Indian? Well, my great-great-great-great-grandfather Marmaduke van Swearingen got that chance. Marmaduke would never regret his choice.

It was a bright sunny day in Ohio Country.* Marmaduke and his younger brother Charles were hunting rabbits for their family's dinner when they saw a big fat rabbit. They slowly crept toward it and were about to shoot it when out of nowhere a couple of Shawnee Indians stepped out of the trees, scaring the rabbit away. The Indians indicated that the boys were now their captives. Marmaduke knew a little Indian language and asked them to leave his little brother alone, and in turn he would live with them forever. The Indians agreed quickly amongst themselves and slowly led Marmaduke deep into the untamed wilderness of Ohio Country.

Marmaduke quickly learned the ways of the Indians. The Indians gave him a new name—Little Rabbit—relating to the time they had found him with his brother. He slowly earned their trust and became one of them. If a white man saw him, he would think Little Rabbit was an Indian.

The Shawnee did not like the white men and wanted to fight, but their war chief wanted peace. The Shawnee did not like this, and they decided that Little

* Ohio Country (also called the Ohio Territory) was an area west of the Appalachian Mountains and north of the Ohio River.

Rabbit should lead them into war. (By this time, Little Rabbit had become their chief.) With this new position he got a new name and title: War Chief Blue Jacket.

Chief Blue Jacket won many battles for the Shawnee and became legendary with the whites and all Indian tribes. In 1795 he lost the Battle of Fallen Timbers against General “Mad” Anthony Wayne. Because he lost this battle, he had to sign the Treaty of Greenville, and he later signed the Treaty of Fort Industry. Chief Blue Jacket died several years later in 1808 at the age of about sixty-eight.

Katelyn Putzier
Idaho, USA

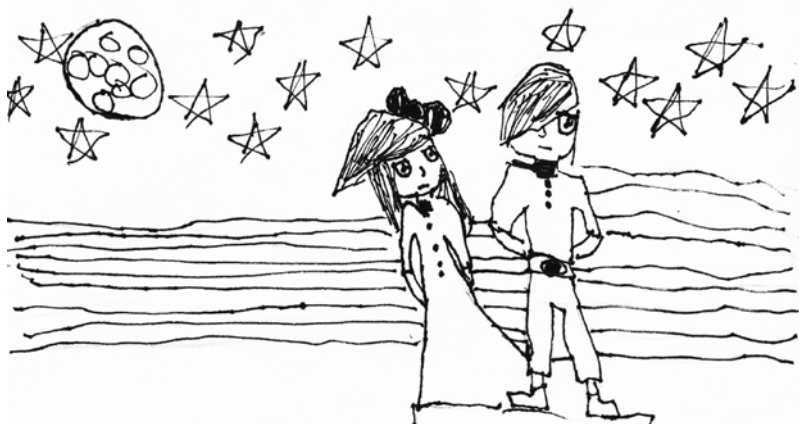
Return to Sender

c. 1883–1884

Jefferson County, Indiana, USA

What would you do if your wedding day was nearing and you saw your bride for the first time in decades? What would you do if you remembered her as beautiful with long black hair, but the person standing on the train platform was a shriveled, disheveled old woman who was a little off in the head? Would you honor your commitment to marry her, or recoil in disgust and beg to send her back? My great-great-great-grandfather John Eble was faced with this situation, and you may be surprised at his solution.

It all started in 1883, when his first wife, Grace Hayes Eble, died. John was lonely and depressed, and sought another love. A woman named Elizabeth came to mind. They had first met in Germany when they were in school many years before. John remembered Elizabeth fondly—and as being beautiful and well kept. He had learned that she, too, had been widowed.



Anastasia Small

An idea hatched in John's head. He decided to write a letter to Elizabeth. In that letter he stated that he wished for her to come to America and marry him. She agreed. John sent her money to come to America. She came by boat and train; therefore, it took a long time for her to arrive. After the long wait, the special day finally came.

That day, John felt as light-hearted and happy as a schoolboy, even though he was sixty-seven years old. When the train finally pulled into the station, what had been excitement and anticipation soon changed to shock and anger. The beautiful girl that he remembered from his school years was gone, and what was left was a somewhat senile and wrinkled little old lady. Feeling cheated, he hesitated to speak. He was angry and disappointed, but he took her to his home.

After Elizabeth was at his house for a few days, John discovered that she was a disaster in the house. She couldn't cook, speak English, clean a house, or learn about personal hygiene! At this point, John thought it was too much and wanted to send her back to Germany. His children said that he had made a commitment to marry her and he had to honor it.

Not wanting to cause anger among his children, John came up with an interesting solution. He solved the problem by building a separate room onto his house just for Elizabeth. There she would live comfortably by herself, and he would live on the other side of the house and not have to interact too much with her. She was happy with the set-up of the room.

Thanks to his innovative idea and willingness to compromise, they lived happily for six years until

John's death. His daughter Louise then moved into the house and took care of Elizabeth until she died twenty years later. This goes without saying: When things seem bad, try to compromise and work for a solution where everyone is happy.

Andrew Tuller
Idaho, USA

Josie and the Wild Cow Chase

1889

Glen Flora, Wisconsin, USA

In the year 1889, my great-great-grandmother Josephine Eming and her family ran a small trading post in the town of Glen Flora, Wisconsin. Though a small business, it did well, and many people liked it. Every day, Josie would help sweep the front porch.

One fine spring day, Josie was tidying up the front display when a young man of the Sioux tribe rode up. Before she could call out a greeting, the man untied one of the cows tethered off to the side and rode away! Without thinking, Josie grabbed a sharp stick and hopped on her horse. She *had* to rescue that cow, for it was one of only seven.

The dust danced in Josie's eyes, and she almost lost the criminal in the haze several times, the black-spotted cowhide fading in and out. The man started shouting curses at her.

"Neep-po! Neep-po!" he cried. Josie knew the area's culture well, and knew that this meant *I'll kill you!* in the Dakota language. She dug in her heels and galloped closer to the crazed rider. Their hooves left resonating thuds on the open Wisconsin hills, Josie slowly but surely gaining on him. Fortunately, the cow was incapable of moving fast for very long, so it wasn't long before they were only an arm's length apart. The thief was wise enough to release the cow so he could escape. Josie dismounted and soothed the disgruntled cow. They began to slowly retrace their path to the



Rebecca Rotty

trading post. Little did she know, she would have a lot more to show for that day than a memorable story.

The next morning a hearty knock came at the door. Josie arrived, flustered and breathing heavily, and flung it open. To her surprise, the chief of the tribe stood on their humble wooden porch cradling a beautiful belt. There were pristine pink, gorgeous green, wonderful white, and glittering gold beads scattered on its surface like wayward stars. He apologized for the behavior of his people and presented the belt to the astonished teenager.

“One side represents peace, and the other, war,” he explained, gesturing to the intricate patterns on either side. “We are at peace. You are a very brave girl.” And with that, he left the aforementioned girl clutching the beaded belt.

The belt stayed in the family for many years. Despite the fact that several of the beads are missing, nowadays the belt never leaves the town in which it was acquired, and it now resides in a museum there. Although

it is pretty and valuable, it is not very well known. Of the few people who do see it, many do not know its story or meaning. For our family, it is a precious heirloom representing the courage of our ancestors and of all the pioneers who settled the Western frontier.

Abby Urnes
Missouri, USA

Mother Knows Best

1995

Mexico–United States border near Brownsville, Texas

In the summer of 1995 my parents were not yet married. My dad had already proposed. My mom had said yes, but there was one big problem: My mom lived in Mexico City, and my dad lived in the United States. It was going to be hard to bring my mom to America without a marriage visa. Along the way my dad learned many lessons. The biggest lesson was *You should have listened to me.*

My dad drove from St. Louis, Missouri, to Mexico City with a small trailer to pick up my mom and half brother, Jose (who was nine at the time), and all their belongings. Driving from St. Louis to Mexico was the easy part. The hard part was getting them from Mexico across the border to Brownsville, Texas.

They arrived at the checkpoint with their car and a full trailer. My mom suggested that she and Jose should walk across the border. My dad said no, because he was afraid they would split apart. They all went into the customs house together. They told the man that they were going to visit some friends—and they were—but while they were there, they were also going to get married. They got permission to go across, but the guy had not seen the trailer full of stuff.

They left happy and relieved. The car next to them was being sniffed for drugs by guard dogs. They watched the dogs for two minutes too long. The guy ran out and knocked on the window and said, “You are not

just visiting. You're not going anywhere. Give me your visas." Without her traveler visa my mom could not cross the border or get married to dad.

My mom, dad, and brother went back to the customs house. They waited for the supervisor to come. The officer was furious, because he felt they had lied to him. He had called the supervisor, hoping she would send them back to Mexico City. When she arrived, she asked questions in English to my dad but in Spanish to my mom and brother, trying to see if they were lying or telling the truth. My dad was so nervous he turned very white; he almost threw up and fainted. My mom, on the other hand, was cool, calm, and collected. They could kind of tell that she knew what they were doing. To their relief and surprise the supervisor said, "Okay, you are good to go." The officer, on the other hand, was even more upset.

My mom, dad, and brother went straight to the car, turned on the engine, and left without waiting one more second. Once they crossed the border, they had a sigh of relief and were smiling and laughing. Then my mom said, "You see—you should have listened to me."

Veronica Zapiain Luna
Missouri, USA

My Epic Journey

1995

Srebrenica, Bosnia and Herzegovina

The hardest part of my life was living through the Bosnian War. It was a horrible time. I still get images in my head about it. Just thinking about the war gives me goosebumps. It was about fifteen years ago, but I remember it like it was yesterday. The loud sounds of gunshots filled the air, cannons were fired, and different parts of houses were found everywhere.

I was sitting in my living room with my family when a cannon hit the top corner of my house! I ran to the door, but it collapsed on my left leg. When we all got out, I had to stand there and watch my house fall apart. It was awful. I just wanted to get out of that place as fast as possible, but I couldn't because the Serbians surrounded the whole country. There was no way to escape. There was no food to eat, and it was hard to sleep because shots kept being fired. Also, I worried about my kids every day, hoping they were alive. Can you imagine that? You are hungry, tired, and worried all at the same time. It's a lot to take on all at once. The thing that kept me alive was the food that was dropped down from the airplanes. It really was a sight to see.

The U.S. Army came with buses. They picked up kids and women, and took them to a different area far away. Men had to walk six days straight to get there. The bus took us to some sort of campsite. There were more than one thousand people there! We all had to stay there for eight days. We were fed and we got rest, but we

hadn't showered for weeks! All I had to sleep on was a rough blanket on the grass.

After eight days at the campsite, the bus took me and several others to a gigantic gymnasium, where we slept on mattresses that were lined up one by one on the ground. We got food, rest, and shelter. More than one hundred people were there! We all stayed together in the gymnasium for three months! As time went on, houses were rebuilt, and I, my youngest son, and my new daughter-in-law all moved into a house. My granddaughter Almira Mujic was born in that house. We were there for about two and a half months. We later moved into a bigger house in a bigger city and stayed there for about three years. After that, we decided to move to America.

I lost much during the war. I lost my oldest son, my youngest sister, and my nephew. But I also gained a few things. I gained courage, strength, and stability. The war made me appreciate how lucky I am to have healthy food, a nice shelter, good hygiene, a medical program, and so much more. I went through a remarkable experience.

Almira Mujic
Idaho, USA

A Lucky Day

1999
Beijing, China

My parents weren't born in America. They were both born in China but decided to move to America later. However, to do this, they were each required to obtain a visa first.

My mother was a good scientist who would benefit America, so she was allowed to obtain a visa along with my father. They went to the embassy in Beijing after working very hard to set up a date and waiting a very long six months. But then my mother fell into a state of panic and desperation as she remembered something: She needed evidence that she was a good scientist worthy of obtaining a visa—evidence that my mother did not have with her at the moment.

The evidence (publications, discoveries by my mother, etc.) was in my mother's office in Tianjin. My parents were in Beijing. They couldn't go back after painstakingly applying for a date to obtain their visas! What could they do? Fortunately, my grandmother was with my mom. Also fortunately, there was a store with a fax machine and a phone very close to the embassy. With these two elements, my mother hatched a plan.

The plan went like this: While my mother waited in line, my grandmother was to go to the store, phone her friends in Tianjin, and ask them to fax the evidence over to the fax machine in the store. There were a lot of papers, so my grandmother had to take a pile of pages as the rest of the evidence was being printed, take it to

my mother (who was standing in line), run back, and repeat. (They had to do this because who knew where my mother would be in line after all one hundred pages were printed?) As my grandmother did this, the people in the embassy and store were all probably wondering why a fifty-year-old woman was sprinting up and down the street. There was only one flaw in the plan: The store owner asked my grandmother to pay. But after much intense arguing, the store owner eventually let my grandma have the pages for free.

As my mother waited urgently—as she slowly moved to the front of the line—my grandmother came rushing in with the evidence. My mother handed these papers in to the person behind the counter, who asked a few simple questions to verify that this evidence was legitimate. My mother answered these questions easily. After all they had gone through, my parents were finally allowed to obtain their visas!

My mother was incredibly lucky to have been granted a visa, considering the circumstances. She was lucky to be a good scientist, lucky to have my grandmother around when she was waiting for her visa, lucky that the embassy was near that little store with the phone and the fax machine, and very lucky to have thought of that idea. Because of the luck that my mother experienced on that lucky day, she is now living happily in the United States of America.

Jinghang Zhang
Missouri, USA

Illustrators of Volume 6 Expanded

- p. 25 Anastasia Small; Missouri, USA
- p. 29 Rebecca Rotty; Missouri, USA
- p. 31 Jasphlina Armonie Simmons; Missouri, USA
- p. 34 Aaron Schnoor; North Carolina, USA
- p. 47 Kylie Paplanus; Missouri, USA
- p. 56 Monica Ehret; Missouri, USA
- p. 68 Gina Reeves; Missouri, USA
- p. 70 Baylee Dornbach; Missouri, USA
- p. 72 Rickie Sanford; Missouri, USA
- p. 85 Tanja Marinkovic; Missouri, USA
- p. 97 Marissa Pineda; Missouri, USA
- p. 106 Breanna Radosh; Missouri, USA
- p. 110 April Jewel Johnson; Missouri, USA
- p. 113 Tanner Beck; Illinois, USA
- p. 116 Ida Simone Casmier; Missouri, USA
- p. 119 Matt Hurt; Missouri, USA
- p. 135 Diana Reyes; Missouri, USA

Volume 6
a paperback book

Volume 6 Stories and Authors

- The Abandoned House
Kayla Rother; Nebraska, USA
- A Big-League Dreamer
Rogan Pransky; Ohio, USA
- Chief Blue Jacket
Katelyn Putzier; Idaho, USA
- A Courageous Soldier
Alexander Baszczij; New Jersey, USA
- Extreme Makeover: Statue Edition
Caitlin Magruder; Missouri, USA
- Flag of Freedom
Ellie Guyader; Alabama, USA
- The Flying Man
Catalina Ecaterina Tarasov; Calarasi, Moldova
- From Covered Wagon to Airplane
Aaron Schnoor; North Carolina, USA
- Granny Sweetpea and the Swamp Cabbage Catfish
Breanna Fernald; Florida, USA
- The Great Bull Ride
Timothy Marshall; Ohio, USA
- Hard Times
Deborah Renée Kroenke; Missouri, USA

Hero
Shannon Flynn; Missouri, USA

Hide Away
Sarah Holdeman; Texas, USA

The Independence War of Israel
C. Abraham Rosenthal; Colorado, USA

Innocent Punishment
Adinawa Adjagbodjou; Texas, USA

Josie and the Wild Cow Chase
Abby Urnes; Missouri, USA

Jumping Wonders
Aleesha Shi; Missouri, USA

Karma
Matthew Leigh; New Jersey, USA

Life-Changing Journey
Jose Enrique Rojas; Texas, USA

A Lucky Save
Michelle Favichia; New Jersey, USA

Mother Knows Best
Veronica Zapiain Luna; Missouri, USA

My Epic Journey
Almira Mujic; Idaho, USA

A New Land, A New Life
Madeleine Cuan; New Jersey, USA

Pop!
Madison Kirkwood; Alabama, USA

(continued on next page)

- Return to Sender
Andrew Tuller; Idaho, USA
- The Santa Hunt
Bergin Downs; Missouri, USA
- Stop! Grandpa! Stop!
Isaac Eastlund; Missouri, USA
- Stuck in the Quicksand
Hannah Myers; Ohio, USA
- Super Dog
Michael Schumacher; Nebraska, USA
- Sweet Home Alabama
Kaytlyn Sneed; Missouri, USA
- The Swimming Hole
Noah L. Brickey; Missouri, USA
- Temporary Home
Molly Newport; Missouri, USA
- The Termite Storm
Hannah Marvin; Missouri, USA
- The Thief Who Received a Gift
Caleb Yates; Indiana, USA
- Tiananmen Square Crackdown
Shirley Yu; Missouri, USA
- Uncle Bob to the Rescue
Makenna Rother; Nebraska, USA
- Warning: Crocodiles Ahead
Joe Sandahl; Idaho, USA
- What Sticks, Half-Lick?
Olivia Thomas; Ohio, USA

Volume 6 Illustrators

Tanner Beck; Illinois, USA

Uncle Bob to the Rescue

Baylee Dornbach; Missouri, USA

Warning: Crocodiles Ahead

Monica Ehret; Missouri, USA

Flag of Freedom

Matt Hurt; Missouri, USA

Hide Away

Tanja Marinkovic; Missouri, USA

The Santa Hunt

Kylie Paplanus; Missouri, USA

Granny Sweetpea and the Swamp Cabbage Catfish

Marissa Pineda; Missouri, USA

A Big-League Dreamer

Breanna Radosh; Missouri, USA

Super Dog

Gina Reeves; Missouri, USA

Extreme Makeover: Statue Edition

Diana Reyes; Missouri, USA

Karma

Rebecca Rotty; Missouri, USA

Josie and the Wild Cow Chase

Aaron Schnoor; North Carolina, USA

From Covered Wagon to Airplane

Anastasia Small; Missouri, USA

Return to Sender

Honorable Mention Stories

The Compassionate Grocer

Josh Konecek; Missouri, USA

The Dream

Maddie Dowdle; Idaho, USA

Falling Head over Heels

Noa Remi; Missouri, USA

Falstaff Brewery

Elizabeth Dempsey; Missouri, USA

The Fishing Trophy

Bailand Johnson; Idaho, USA

Friendship Never Forgotten

Colin Oakley; Nebraska, USA

Funny Lumps of Meat

Gani Perez; Missouri, USA

German-Class Climber

Jennifer Wayland; Missouri, USA

Jump, Aunt Jeanie, Jump!

Madelyn Gerken; Ohio, USA

The Mass Migration

Thomas De Gasperis; New Jersey, USA

Milk Duds

Kaitlyn Lagasca; New Jersey, USA

My Great-Grandpa's Journey

Lucas Shanker; Missouri, USA

The Rat Pack

Madison Purvey; New Jersey, USA

Stuck in the Mud

Noor Rahman; Missouri, USA

Surprise Endings

Victoria Vatter; New Jersey, USA

A War Hero

Bryce Wood; Nebraska, USA

Invitation to Participate

Please join us for the 2011/2012 Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration. The submission deadline for *Grannie Annie, Vol. 7*, is February 1, 2012. Complete [details](#), including the required entry form, are available on The Grannie Annie website.

Praise for The Grannie Annie

I am always on the lookout for ways to share my students' writing and am thrilled to have discovered *The Grannie Annie*. Everyone had so much fun finding out about past family events, and I'm proud of the stories the students produced.

Beverly Miller, Teacher; Alabama, USA

The Grannie Annie challenged my students to go beyond their comfort zone, to write for a broader audience, and to see that learning goes beyond the four walls of a classroom.

Ann-Marie Harris, Teacher; Maryland, USA

The Grannie Annie is a good start for kids to get published. And I love the way *The Grannie Annie* helps people understand their family history. It also helps children get closer to their families.

Andrew Malphurs, Author of the *Grannie Annie, Vol. 5*, story "Grandpa's Saddle"

Stories connect people in families and communities, giving them a common language and understanding of the present as well as the past. Through *The Grannie Annie*, generations connect as students take time to listen to the stories of their older relatives—and learn from them. Then, as the students write and share their stories, the connections multiply.

Amy Glaser Gage; Children's author, writing teacher, and consultant to *The Grannie Annie*

The Grannie Annie is remarkable in its goals and in its approach. Recording and sharing the stories of preceding generations goes to the heart of education—it teaches us who we are as family members, citizens, and members of human civilization. The interviews have the dual benefit of preserving the history of our

ancestors and giving our younger generations the chance to ask the questions and consider the issues that are important to *them*.

Matthew Lary, Co-author of *Victory Through Valor: A Collection of World War II Memoirs*

The Grannie Annie is all about connection. As it hearkens back to the original Grannie Annie, it continues her tradition of oral storytelling to link generations and cultures. Grannie Annie family stories written by young people illuminate a long span of history, often revealing family values honed from adversity or triumph and tempered by humor and love.

Janet Grace Riehl, Author of *Sightlines: A Family Love Story in Poetry & Music*

Although most students in our Eastern European village live next door to family members from earlier generations, The Grannie Annie prompted them to talk with their grandparents in new ways—and to discover the customs and challenges of times past. In addition, stories from the Grannie Annie books have given my students a glimpse of the world outside their village, where differences may abound but the underlying human condition remains the same.

Martin Ellinger-Locke, Peace Corps volunteer in Glodeni, Moldova

As I'm sure is the objective of The Grannie Annie, this was a lovely experience, and now memory, for Andrew and his grandpa. There are no words for that.

Susan Barton Malphurs, Parent; Georgia, USA

The Grannie Annie offers my students an excellent opportunity to record and share stories from their family histories. By interviewing relatives, the students learn to appreciate and experience the triumphs and the troubles of their ancestors. These stories should be preserved for these students and for future generations, and The Grannie Annie provides this worthwhile opportunity that benefits all generations.

Susan Jewell, Teacher; Nebraska, USA

Since first becoming involved with The Grannie Annie, we look forward every year to the truly unique and heartwarming stories each student brings to the classroom.

Brian Billings and Laura Amburgey, Teachers; Ohio, USA

It is a privilege to be a part of The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration. This wonderful anthology helps to shape our children's identity by providing them with the opportunity to understand and value their ancestry.

Jodi J. De Luca, Ph.D., Parent; Florida, USA

This book should be on the bookshelves in all elementary and junior high schools. . . .

The Reading Tub™, www.TheReadingTub.com

Grannie Annie is a beautiful collection of stories—educational, funny, exciting, touching. . . .

Linda Austin, Author of *Cherry Blossoms in Twilight: Memories of a Japanese Girl*

When kids learn details about what life was like decades ago, the past comes alive for them. History becomes real—and they want to know more! The Grannie Annie provides an opportunity for kids to be inspired by their own family's history—and to share it with the world.

Florrie Binford Kichler, Patria Press, www.PatriaPress.com

The Grannie Annie proved to be a valuable experience for the students in my school. . . . When the children shared the stories, some students who are normally quiet or reserved got to shine because of something really neat that they wrote about.

Dianne Elson, Teacher; Indiana, USA

Thank you for starting such a heartwarming project where *all* the kids are winners, whether their stories are published or not.

G-g Metzger, Teacher; Texas, USA

We had an incredible time working on [our daughter's *Grannie Annie*] story. It was a great way for Amy to learn about the rich heritage from which she comes—and to get more writing experience to boot.

Ruth Whitaker, Parent; Texas, USA

Perhaps the greatest value of the Grannie Annie stories is something not written in the book. When a child interviews an older relative, the child gets to know a person he or she may have taken for granted. The relative gets to tell a story that might have been lost. A bond is created or strengthened. A story is recorded for posterity. New memories are woven, and—just maybe—a writer is born.

Lulu Delacre, Author/illustrator of *Salsa Stories*

Our son's *oma* is overwhelmed that her “story” is in print in *Grannie Annie*. She is thankful for the opportunity to tell it! Every family member and family friend has a signed copy.

Karie Millard, Parent; Indiana, USA

Taking time away from your technology-filled life to join in *The Grannie Annie* is like trading fast food for Sunday dinner at Grandma's.

Debra K. Shatoff, Ed.D., Family therapist and author of *In-Home Child Care: A Step-by-Step Guide to Quality, Affordable Care*

Teachers and parents, if you want to motivate students to love writing, ask them to write for *The Grannie Annie*.

Bonnie M. Davis, Ph.D., Author of *How to Teach Students Who Don't Look Like You: Culturally Relevant Teaching Strategies*, www.A4Achievement.net

The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration

Young People Learning and Sharing Family Stories

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