

Grannie Annie



Vol. 7

Selections from
The Grannie Annie
Family Story Celebration
Written and Illustrated by 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 illustrate their story and then share their work with their family, school, community, and The Grannie Annie.

The works of thirty-six young authors and twelve young artists, chosen to represent the submissions received this year, are included in this seventh annual volume of *Grannie Annie*. This book is also available as a PDF edition.

The Grannie Annie mission—to inspire young people to discover, write, illustrate, and share historical 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.

Grannie Annie
Vol. 7

Selections from
The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration
Written and Illustrated by 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. 7*, 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 fiber artist Elda Miller, language specialist Krzysztof Hyrc, and graphics specialists Josh Hagan, Jeff Hirsch, and Harvey Huynh.

Financial assistance for this project has been provided by the Missouri Arts Council, a state agency.

PDF anthology copyright © 2012 by The Grannie Annie. All rights reserved with these exceptions: The purchaser is permitted to view this PDF book on more than one device and to print one copy for personal or classroom use. In addition, individual stories may be printed for classroom use, or by the authors and illustrators, who also retain the copyrights to their works, printed here with permission.

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 annual [collections](#) more widely available.

Published in the United States of America by Connie McIntyre, P.O. Box 11343, Saint Louis, Missouri 63105; in conjunction with Portico Books, P.O. Box 6094, Chesterfield, Missouri 63006, www.GrammarAndMore.com.

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

In memory of
John and Grace Grizel McIntier
who in 1718, with their three young sons,
sailed to the Colonies
from the Kingdom of Ireland—
Honored by donors Louise and Jack McIntyre

Contents

[The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration](#) 1

[Story Settings Maps](#) 9

[A Word from Grannie Annie](#) 11

[Note to Parents and Educators](#) 13

[Who Tricked Whom?](#) (1872*) 17
Blaine Instone; Ohio, USA

[Cooking for Jesse James](#) (c. 1875) 19
Molly Berenbaum; Colorado, USA

[No Objections](#) (1886) 21
Maddy Scannell; Missouri, USA

[My Grandma's Moccasins](#) (c. 1890–1895) 23
Camryn E. Baldwin; North Carolina, USA

[The Whistling Doctor](#) (1890s–1920s) 26
Evie Sugg; North Carolina, USA

[Hardly Horses](#) (c. early 1900s) 28
Stoney Taylor; North Carolina, USA

[A Mystical Blessing](#) (c. 1919) 31
Emuna Shiller; Maryland, USA

[Two Pockets Too Many](#) (c. 1927) 33
Elizabeth Moore; North Carolina, USA

[El Polvo](#) (May 23, 1932) 35
Megan Ewy; North Carolina, USA

[Finding Grandpa](#) (1935–1955) 37
Anna Matherne; Georgia, USA

[The First Snow](#) (1939) 39
Yifu Zhu; Missouri, 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.”

- [Billy the Goat](#) (c. 1941) 43
Brianna Jones; Alabama, USA
- [The Six Fiancés](#) (c. 1942) 45
Tristan Hecht; Colorado, USA
- [The Escape](#) (1944) 47
Katie Korein; Missouri, USA
- [Peanuts](#) (c. 1945–1946) 50
Shelby Lloyd; Alabama, USA
- [The Attic Attack](#) (c. 1945) 52
Joshua Metcalf; Tennessee, USA
- [Turnip Greens to Automobile](#) (c. 1946–1955) 55
Samuel Elijah Parkhurst; Tennessee, USA
- [Don't Drive the Truck!](#) (1947) 57
Brock T. Wertzbaugher; Ohio, USA
- [The Neighborhood Olympics](#) (c. 1948) 59
Alex Marin; North Carolina, USA
- [My Mother, the Bear](#) (1948) 61
Jane Robertson; Ohio, USA
- [Twisted Path](#) (c. 1950s) 63
Rachel Gopichand; North Carolina, USA
- [Uncle Tom's Rocket](#) (1952) 65
Aaron Schnoor; North Carolina, USA
- [Overnight Journey](#) (1955) 67
Supriya Ellina; Missouri, USA
- [Trapped on a Ship!](#) (1956–1957) 69
Tyler Lynch; New Jersey, USA
- [The Central High Nine](#) (1957) 72
Spencer Sullivan; North Carolina, USA
- [My Pakistani Hero](#) (c. 1963) 74
Aman Rahman; Missouri, USA
- [Bear Invasion](#) (c. 1965) 76
Iris Li; Missouri, USA

[Obachan's or Ojichan's Cooking? The Answer Is Obvious](#)

(c. 1970) 79

Maya Cassady; Alabama, USA

[Funny Money](#) (1972) 81

Ava Elizabeth Mederos; New Jersey, USA

[A Really Embarrassing Moment](#) (1974) 84

Anya Tullman; Missouri, USA

[My Mom and the Birch-Tree Bridge](#) (1976) 86

Nolan Bishop; Ohio, USA

[The Downfall of Joey Smernivak](#) (c. 1977) 88

Will Klenk; Arizona, USA

[The Importance of Friendship](#) (1978) 90

Arielle Williamson; Colorado, USA

[Snow Sledding](#) (late 1970s) 92

Anna Cui; Missouri, USA

[Touched by a Saint](#) (1980) 94

Alli Hanna; Ohio, USA

[An Important Change](#) (1990) 96

Gabrielle Lewis; Texas, USA

[Illustrators of *Volume 7*](#) 98

[Additional Stories Published on the Grannie Annie Website](#) 99

[Grannie Annie Storykeepers 2012](#) 100

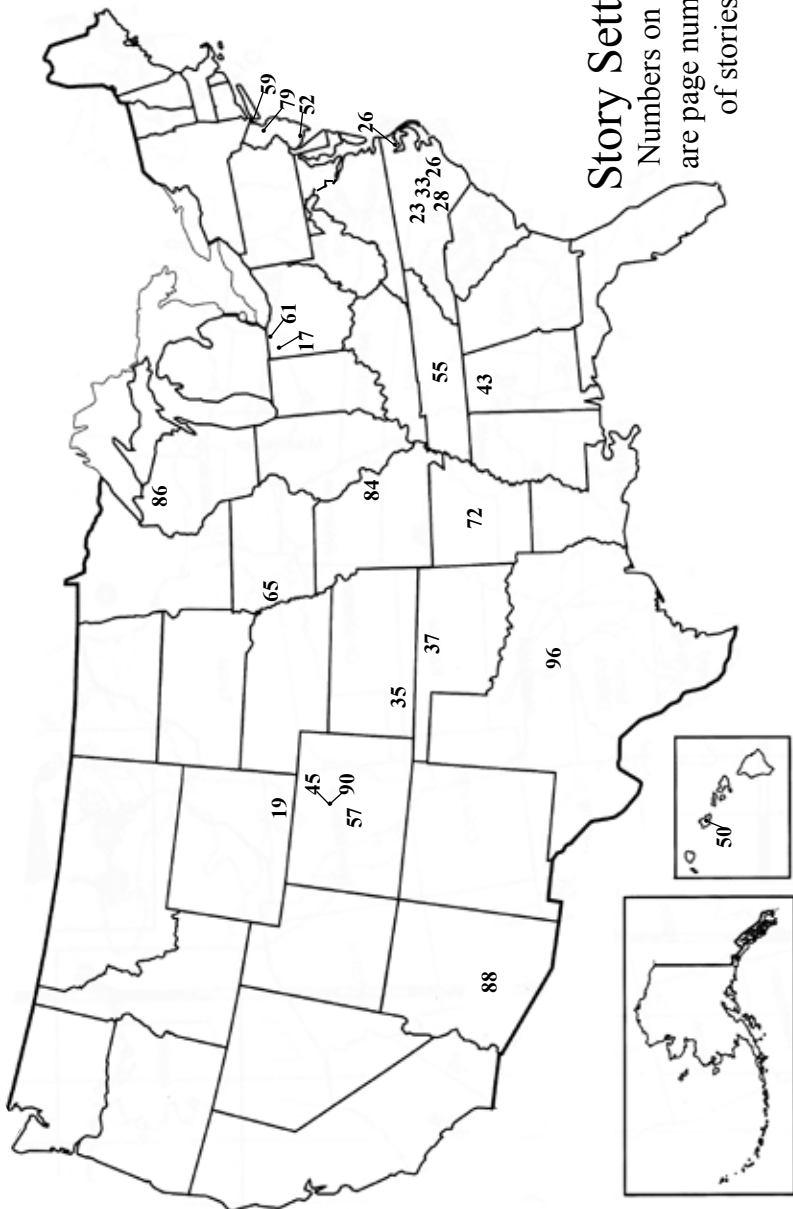
[Invitation to Participate](#) 103

[Praise for The Grannie Annie](#) 104



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.

Ann Guirrerri Cutler
The Original Grannie Annie
April 2006

Note to Parents and Educators

Be entertained, be enlightened, and be taken by surprise through the engaging family stories in this seventh volume of *Grannie Annie!*

As you explore the pages that follow, you're likely to cross paths with a bear—or two!—or a hard-hearted outlaw, or be swallowed by a cloud of dust. You may be jolted by an explosion or forced down a path you didn't choose. You'll definitely be found out—and be wiser for it. But relax—you'll also have plenty of opportunity to revel in your first snowfall, relive a favorite victory, and ponder the unexplainable.

The thirty-six historical family stories in this book will carry you from the cold winter of 1872 through chilling racial challenges in 1990, with plenty of heartwarming stops and adventures in between. You'll visit seventeen U.S. states and nine countries in Europe and Asia—and sail on the Mediterranean Sea! Turn back to the maps on pages 9 and 10 to find where in the world each story takes place. This book is also available in a PDF edition, and the stories and illustrations—along with ten additional stories—are also published on the Grannie Annie website.

The Grannie Annie stories are chosen with families in mind. You may wish to read the stories, however, before sharing them with sensitive or younger readers.

We're so pleased to be able to pass these stories on to you, and are thankful that you're part of the Grannie Annie family. We hope you'll be inspired to discover and share some of your own family stories, and that you'll join us again for next year's celebration!

Connie McIntyre and Fran Hamilton
Directors of The Grannie Annie

Listening is an act of love.

—*Dave Isay, StoryCorps*

Grannie Annie, Vol. 7

Who Tricked Whom?

1872*

Defiance, Ohio, USA

This story is about my great-great-great-great-grandfather Gorman Siler and his encounter with four Native Americans. The story was told to Wesley Sheets (Gorman's grandson) and passed through the generations to my grandmother Jackie Instone. As it is told, sometime in the winter four Native Americans walked up to Gorman's two-story log cabin. The family farm was located in Tiffin Township, near Defiance, Ohio. The year this story took place was 1872.

The Native Americans wanted to take some of Gorman's hard cider** from the barrel that he kept filled in his barn. Since it was so cold out, the men had a hard time finding food so that they could feed their families. Gorman didn't want to give up all of his cider, because he needed it for *his* family. He also didn't want to see the men get sick from drinking too much. So he said he would make a deal with them.

Gorman decided to hand them an old wicker basket. He said that they could take any of the hard cider that they could carry in the basket. He was absolutely sure that they couldn't do this, and indeed the Native Americans shook their heads, took the basket, and walked away.

* 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.

** Hard cider is an alcoholic drink made from fermented apples.

While the Native Americans were gone, they came up with a plan. Gorman was very surprised when they came back. They had dipped the basket into the water of a nearby creek a number of times. When they did this, water froze, filling in all the gaps in the basket. They now had a basket that would hold liquid!

Gorman was a man of his word, so he had to keep his end of the deal. The men filled the basket and walked away with all the hard cider that the basket could hold, happy that they were able to get some at all.

Blaine Instone
Ohio, USA

Cooking for Jesse James

c. 1875
Laramie, Wyoming, USA

My Jewish great-great-grandmother Fannie G. Bauman was a wonderful cook who would cook for anyone. She made amazing meals for her family every night. Fannie would also cook for friends. Once, she even cooked for the most famous outlaw in United States history—Jesse James.

One windy day in Laramie, Wyoming, Fannie was helping her two children get ready for school. “Go on, Harry, or you’ll be late. Here, Helene, take your coat,” said Fannie.

She smiled to herself as she watched out the kitchen window as her two young children hurried down the street to school. Suddenly the door opened behind her. “Did Harry or Helene leave something?” Fannie wondered. But when Fannie turned around, it wasn’t her children. It was the famous outlaw Jesse James.

She was going to be robbed, and she knew it. But Fannie couldn’t let Jesse James have her husband Abe’s valuable gold watch, which he had left in the kitchen. Unfortunately, it didn’t look like she had much of a choice. Jesse James had brought a gun.

“Give me all your money!” yelled Jesse James.

Fannie snatched the money they kept in their house and dashed back to the kitchen.

“Bring me all your valuables!” he said. She gathered the silver and ran back, hoping desperately he wouldn’t notice the watch. He took the silver and glanced around for anything else, about to take off like a dirty cat

that saw a bathtub. Then Jesse James spotted the watch. Jogging over, he picked it up and examined it for cracks or scratches. Fannie prayed he would find a blemish and leave the watch alone.

As he was about to take it, all the anger at the injustice boiled up in Fannie. How dare he barge in with a gun and demand their valuables!

In one sentence that could easily have cost Fannie her life, she burst out, “I demand you give me that watch back!” Surprised at herself, Fannie retreated.

Then Jesse James began to chuckle. “Maybe you’re right! I’ve taken enough. Have your watch back,” he said.

“Oh! Thank you!” said Fannie, a little surprised that her demand had actually worked.

“You’re welcome!” Jesse James said, still laughing.

Fannie offered him a pot of coffee. When she handed Jesse James a cup, he refused to drink it. What if Fannie was trying to poison him? He made her drink first, and when nothing happened, he cautiously sipped. He enjoyed the coffee. Fannie really was an amazing cook. Finally, he ran off down the street, and Fannie was left to reflect.

She decided that everybody—even the most evil, hard-hearted criminal—has some good inside. That is still true today, and it’s something I try to live by. If you can remember something positive about the person you’re angry at, it diffuses your anger a little bit.

Though Fannie Bauman is no longer with us, her lessons, kindness, and cooking are things that will be remembered for a long time.

Molly Berenbaum
Colorado, USA

No Objections

1886

Merxheim, Germany

One day in 1886, my great-great-grandfather Gustav Fried awoke to the cock-a-doodle-doo of a rooster and the smell of oatmeal wafting into his room. He peered out the window, where cows were roaming the flat German countryside. Gustav was usually supposed to take care of the cows, but he was tired of the pasture. He wanted to fulfill his dream to become a young businessman in America.

Instead of putting on his rubber boots and heading outside, Gustav went downstairs, where his mother and father were eating breakfast. Awkwardly, he eased into the conversation. Finally, Gustav worked up his nerve and blurted out, “I want to move to America.”

Gustav’s parents were shocked; he was to inherit the farm and continue in his father’s footsteps. After a huge argument, Gustav convinced them that he should at least ask Uncle Otto, the family patriarch. He packed a tin of water and set off down the road.

A few hours later, Gustav still hadn’t arrived. His legs were aching, and the sun was frying his back like a strip of bacon. Gustav was so drained that he stretched out on the ground to nap. When he awoke, the sun had set and the sky was streaked with navy and gold. He paced back and forth, debating what to do. Quickly, he turned around and ran home.

When Gustav’s parents asked him what Uncle Otto had said, he simply replied, “He posed no objections.” So

his reluctant parents bought him a cheap boat ticket to New York.

Gustav's friends and family went to see him off, and Uncle Otto was there, too. Gustav's parents greeted Uncle Otto, and they struck up a conversation. Uncle Otto said, "I think that you are stupid to let your kid go on a boat to America when he could stay home and take care of you."

Gustav's parents' jaws dropped. But Gustav's bags had already been packed, his ticket had been bought, and he had boarded the ship. The only thing his parents could do was make snide comments in future letters.

Gustav made his uncomfortable trip to America, where he had a relative in Fairmont, Minnesota. He had scraped together enough money to buy a train ticket and a meal. As he was walking around the city, waiting for his train, he saw a fruit vendor selling apples. Gustav had never seen apples before, so he bought an entire bushel. He considered it a wise investment, because he thought he could resell them for a profit. That was until he realized that apples were common in America and that his money was gone.

So the bushel of apples became Gustav's food. He lived with his Minnesota relative a few years, until he made enough money to move to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and fulfill his dream of becoming a businessman. In Milwaukee, he met his wife and started a family. He ran a successful factory until he retired and passed away.

Maddy Scannell
Missouri, USA

My Grandma's Moccasins

c. 1890–1895

Randolph County, North Carolina, USA

Today people in North Carolina usually own at least ten pairs of shoes. They can go to the store and buy a pair whenever they want. Today the shoes that we buy could have been made in China, Italy, South America, or Japan. But that wasn't the case when my great-grandma Evelyn Cleveland Moffit was a child.

Evelyn was born in 1885, twenty years after the Civil War. She was named after Grover Cleveland, because he was the president of the United States at the time. She grew up in Randolph County, North Carolina, before there were any cars, and before houses had electricity or running water. She was raised in a farm family and spent most of her time at home feeding the chickens and harvesting corn, peas, and potatoes. She and her sister, Blanche, were the only children.

My grandma Evelyn told my dad a lot of stories about the way things were when she was a child. He has told many of those stories to me, and one of my favorite ones is about an old Indian man who would come around every spring and make shoes for my grandma Evelyn's whole family. The old Indian had long grey braids and wore a beaded necklace, and he would come riding up to her house on a white mule. He carried a lot of leather and tools on the back of his mule.

The Indian cobbler would stay with them for the night. As they sat by the fire, eagerly watching him do his work, he would tell them the latest news from the other farms and neighbors he had visited.



Kyleen Brumit

To begin the task of making their shoes, he would first go out to the woodpile and choose a piece of wood that he would use to carve into a form called a “shoe last.” He would always start by carving the last into a perfect match for the foot of the person who had the biggest feet. After that, he would cover the last with the leather he had brought. He used a special type of leather to make the shoelaces that he would use to pull the leather tight around the wood.

When he had finished making the first pair, he would remove the last and whittle it down to make it match the foot of the person that had the second-biggest feet. He kept doing this until he had carved it down to match the foot of the person that had the smallest feet, which was Evelyn.

The next morning he would eat breakfast with the family. Then they would pay him for the shoes he had made. After that, he would get his tools and his leather, put them on the back of his mule, and go to the next house. Evelyn’s family wouldn’t see him again until the next spring. The shoes had to last her the whole year. Even though she had other shoes, she said that the Indian moccasins were her favorite.

Camryn E. Baldwin
North Carolina, USA

The Whistling Doctor

1890s–1920s
Warsaw and Edenton, North Carolina, USA

He was known by his walk and his whistle.

This is a story about my great-grandfather on my mother's side of the family who overcame polio to become a doctor. Can you imagine becoming really sick at age two—your legs so weakened that you couldn't hold your weight to walk—and then not being able to get any real help until age eleven?

My great-grandfather's name was Leonidas Polk Williams. He was born in 1892 on a small farm outside Warsaw in North Carolina to a family that had a lot of love but not a lot of money. My mom tells the story that after her grandfather got so sick, his parents saved and saved for years so they could take him, their oldest son, to The Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, where he was finally able to get fitted for braces so that he could begin to learn to walk.

My great-aunt Ruth, who lived to be 101 years old, described her brother, whom she called "Lonnie," pulling himself around their family farm, grabbing onto whatever he could find to get around—weeds, tree trunks, even at times his brothers' and sisters' legs. He would not give up, and he kept his spirits high. There was so much to do on the farm that he wanted to be involved.

He became the first one in that family to go to college and go to medical school. In his good heart and with his thankfulness to his family, he also sent his brothers and sisters to college before he even considered

getting married after medical school. He felt that his sisters and brothers had done more than he had been able to do on the farm, and he wanted to do something for them.

After my great-grandfather finished college and medical school, he became a doctor in Edenton, North Carolina. That is where he met my great-grandmother and where my grandmother Peggy grew up. One of my great-grandfather's patients remembers that when he was sick as a little boy—his house just one block away from Dr. Williams's office—he would always know when the doctor would arrive, because he could hear him walk with his limp down the hallway, and he was always whistling.

My great-grandfather was an inspirational person who felt as if he had been given a second chance. He never ever complained and always had a smile on his face. He was just a happy person, and everybody knew that. I think his determination and happiness on the inside made my grandmother special, and the way she raised my mom has continued my great-grandfather's type of strength. He didn't have a strong body, but his mind and kind heart made up for it. I think he has our family all inspired to always have a smile on our faces and to keep our spirits high. Even though he died a long time ago, I think I can imagine him whistling.

Evie Sugg
North Carolina, USA

Hardly Horses

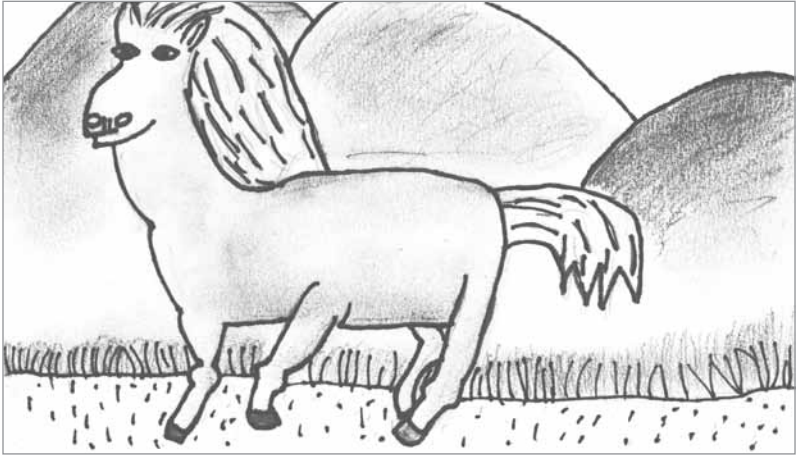
c. early 1900s
Rockingham, North Carolina, USA

My great-grandmother's name was Lucy Mae Grice Rainwater. For a great deal of time she lived on the Cannonball Plantation on Sandhills Road in Rockingham, North Carolina, across the street from where the Pleasant Grove Baptist Church now stands. She died at age ninety-one in 2010. She will always be loved and missed. She knew her time to pass on was coming, but she was not afraid. She embraced it with a smiling face and a happy demeanor that gave joy to us all until the very end.

Great-Grandma's lively memory was always bursting with stories waiting to be told. I never knew my great-grandmother to tell a lie, and she told this story since she was a child. This story—which is completely true, might I add—was passed down to my grandmother, who passed it down to my mother, who in turn told it to me. And I am here to tell it to you.

It was dusk one day in the early 1900s. My great-grandmother was lying in the dirt road, something she did a great deal, after a long day of playing with her younger brother (great-uncle William) and her younger sister (great-aunt Elmare). It was very quiet—quiet enough to hear a pin drop. Instead of hearing such, my three great-relatives heard hoof beats.

Moments later, a herd of wild horses barreled up the road toward them, snorting and neighing in a frightening fashion. My grandmother jumped up on her



Arifa Klokič

strong ten-year-old legs, taking her siblings with her. A flash of strong muscles beneath a flaxen coat, a whine slicing through the quiet night, and strong hoof beats vibrating the ground—they were going to be trampled.

But the moment never came. Just as Great-Grandma Rainwater thought the end would come, the horses disappeared right before her stunned eyes. It was as if they had never been there. One thought rang clear through her mind: *Impossible!* For a moment, she stared at the space where the horses had been, at the cloud of dust they had never kicked up, the hoofprints they had never made. Then, still holding on to her brother's arm, she raced into her house, already planning what to say to her parents.

After she claimed her story, with William and Elmare as witnesses, her parents—my great-great-grandparents—believed her story. Their belief in the true claim stemmed from the fact that other people had reported seeing the “horses.” Everyone in the small

town had a story to tell about the horses, and some still remember it. Were the horses real? I believe so. What do you think?

Stoney Taylor
North Carolina, USA

A Mystical Blessing

c. 1919
Velyatyn, Czechoslovakia*

This story is about my great-grandfather and his brother. In 1919 my great-grandfather Nandor was a really little kid. He lived in Czechoslovakia with his family, and he had a lot of brothers and sisters. In those days they didn't have medicine like they have today, so people got sick more often from infection and viruses. Nandor and his brother Volf got sick, and the doctors were not able to help them. Their parents were very concerned and worried, because they didn't know if their sons were going to live or die.

The boys' parents became desperate and were searching for answers. They heard about a rabbi who seemed very mystical. This rabbi studied Kabbalah,** and people believed that his blessings were very powerful. The boys' parents hoped to find this rabbi, because they wanted a special blessing from him. Eventually, they *did* find him, and they took their two sick boys to see him. The rabbi looked at the boys as if he had known them all his life.

In order to heal the boys, he gave them each an extra name. These names were special because they meant "longevity." My great-grandfather was named "Zayde," which means "grandfather," and his brother Volf was given the name "Alter," which means "older."

* Velyatyn is now within the boundaries of Ukraine.

** Kabbalah is an ancient set of Jewish teachings that explain the mysteries of the universe.

Over the next few weeks and months the boys' health got significantly better each day. Everybody considered it a tremendous miracle, and the parents were very grateful to the rabbi.

But the story does not end here. Both Nandor and Volf grew up and moved to America. They each got married and had a family. Nandor worked as a furrier and then became a rabbi. Volf worked in a restaurant and lived in New York. Interestingly, Nandor had four daughters and would have twelve grandchildren today, but after the first grandchild was born, Nandor died. We believe that the rabbi's blessing—the extra name, meaning “grandfather,” given to him when he was a young boy—allowed him to live just long enough to become a grandfather. Volf, who was given the extra name that meant “older,” lived until he was in his nineties. He was among the oldest in his generation.

Never underestimate the power of rabbis and doctors, because they can help you.

Emuna Shiller
Maryland, USA

Two Pockets Too Many

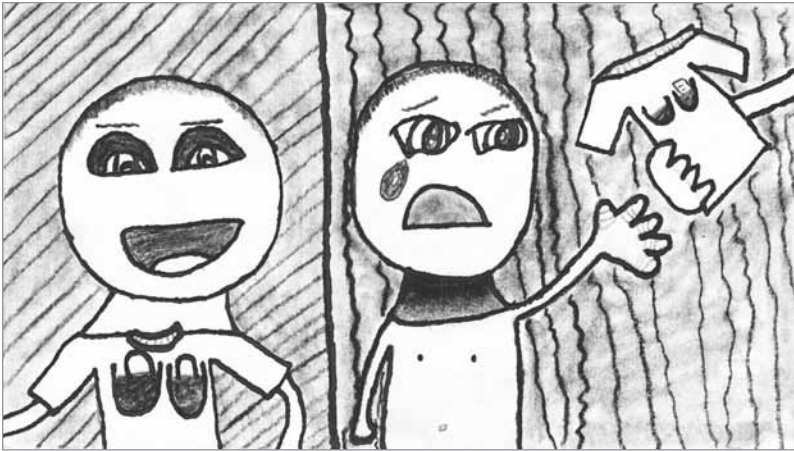
c. 1927

Sanford, North Carolina, USA

When my great-grandfather Willie was about twelve years old, the Great Depression was just beginning. Clothes cost too much for his family to buy, so his mother (my great-great-grandmother) made all of his and the family's clothes. One time, when she made him a shirt, she had two extra scraps of cloth. It doesn't sound like much, but with barely any money to live off of, they had to take what they could get. So instead of saving those two scraps for a quilt, she sewed them on the front of the shirt to make two pockets. Willie was so excited about those two pockets! He thought he was so grown-up with not one, but two, pockets.

So the next day, Willie went to the henhouse and got two eggs. He put one in each pocket. Then he walked to the general store, about four miles away, and traded the eggs for a pouch of tobacco. He took one egg out from each pocket and put the small pouch of tobacco into one of them. Willie figured that if he was grown-up enough to have two front pockets, he was grown-up enough to chew tobacco.

When he got home, he found his mother waiting at the door. First she asked him if he knew that two eggs were missing from the henhouse. He said that he did. Next she asked him if he knew what happened to them. He said that he did. Willie said that he went to the general store to trade them for something. She asked what he traded them for, and he proudly pulled out the pouch of tobacco from one of his front pockets.



Kody Hoppen

His mother calmly put the tobacco back in his shirt pocket and walked him back to the store four miles away. When the two of them got to the store, she calmly asked the store worker to trade the tobacco back for the eggs. They traded. Then Willie and his mother walked the four miles back home.

When they arrived back home, Willie's mother asked for his shirt. He gave it to her, and she took off both pockets from the front of his shirt! Willie was so disappointed, but he knew he deserved it. He knew better than to try to chew tobacco when he was just twelve years old. However, he learned a lesson from all of this: Don't abuse privileges!

Elizabeth Moore
North Carolina, USA

*El Polvo**

May 23, 1932
Fowler, Kansas, USA

Here, in a house on the outskirts of the quaint little town of Fowler, Kansas, lived my grandmother Viola's family of five. Viola lived with her parents, Marvin and Callie Weber, and her two siblings. Her papa was a quiet and unassuming man. On May 23, 1932, her papa became one of the greatest unknown heroes ever. He was not one to show off and flash his badge of honor.

On that fateful day, far in the distance they saw it coming. My grandmother's family had never seen any storms like this before. Instead of rain, there was dust; instead of wet, there was dry. The dust storm was burying everything in its path, bearing down on the small defenseless town. They watched the Kremblins' farmhouse, just about 100 yards away, become a victim of the storm. During this fiasco, all you could hear was the howling of the wind.

There was something disrupting the sound of the wind though. Far away in the distance there was a smudge of a figure yelling out for help as it was getting consumed by the dust. Upon seeing this sight, Viola's papa sprinted to the victim in hopes of saving him. Her mama begged for him to come back, but he was long gone. In seconds after he had run to help, he was obscured by the dust. The darkness and the roar of the wind consumed all. Where did the storm come from? They didn't know. How did it

* *El polvo* is Spanish for "dust."

come? This was just another unanswered question. Why did it come? Only God knew.

“Papa! Papa!” the children hollered. “Please come back!” But there was no response, and all they could do was wait. As quickly as her mama could, she yanked all her children into her bedroom and covered each of their mouths with a thin rag. After getting all of them situated, their mama left to go search for her husband.

While my grandmother and her siblings were waiting for their parents to come back, their papa finally reached the figure screaming in the dust. It was not just any figure; it was their young neighbor Joseph Kremblin. He had gotten lost on his way across his family’s farm once the storm came. After he had gotten swallowed up by the dust, he did not know where to go, so he yelled for help, hoping someone would come to save him. His wish came true once my grandmother’s papa arrived. He scooped up little Joseph and ran to his house in the distance.

By then, my grandmother’s mama was yelling at the top of her lungs for her husband to come back, so he just followed her voice home. Once he arrived, he took everyone back into the bedroom and waited for the storm to cease.

As the storm lifted, they began to dig out of the muck. If my grandmother’s papa had not saved little Joseph, his descendants would not be here today. He was a true hero that day.

Megan Ewy
North Carolina, USA

Finding Grandpa

1935–1955
Enid, Oklahoma, USA

“When the dust comes, you run. You get to the closest shelter and stay until the dust goes away. Then you get home as quick as possible,” said my seventy-seven-year-old grandpa as I heated up his coffee in the microwave. “Growing up in Enid, Oklahoma, in the 1930s wasn’t exactly a field of clover. The Dust Bowl was people versus dust, but in my own life there were other struggles as well.”

“Grandpa, I know adults were grave and grim, but what about children? Did children find a way to have fun?” I asked.

“Yes and no,” he said. “I know I did. Me and my buddies had a bet going once. We wondered who could climb highest on this picket fence. I always watched from the sidelines, but walking home one day I decided I’d try my luck. That fence never seemed so tall in my life!

“Well, I started out all right. My fingers found all the right grips and little footholds. I hoisted myself up farther and farther. Above me I saw no one. I was winning!” Grandpa said. “The sweat ran into my eyes as I reached for what seemed to be the top of Everest, and, surprisingly, there was only air. I was at the peak of the picket!” He paused and took another sip of his midnight-colored coffee. I heard Grandma banging around in the kitchen, making dinner.

Grandpa looked out the window and continued, “As a kid, I always wanted to be Superman. I’ll never

forget my tenth Halloween. At school we were allowed to wear our costume, so I requested a Superman costume from Mother. She consented, and I wore it to school.”

“Really, Grandpa?”

“Really,” he said before rolling his eyes, “. . . on the wrong day.”

I giggled.

“All the kids were making fun of me, so I ran to Grandpa’s house—”

I interrupted, “My great-*great*-grandpa?!”

“Yep. We were always together, like husk and corn. With cape flying out behind me, I ran to his house for refuge. He allowed me to stay there all day. My parents never found out. Boy, if they had, I wouldn’t be here today. Well, at least my *bottom* wouldn’t be,” he chuckled, setting his coffee cup down. Coming into the room, Grandma presented a pot roast like a first-place trophy. I licked my lips.

Grandpa smiled. “My father, well, he didn’t really want me to go to school. He thought it was a waste of time, thought I should work on the farm instead. ‘School’s no place for a boy. . . . That’s a woman’s place.’ I always told him, ‘Maybe so, but I’m going to get a good education.’ I was always pretending to be something I wasn’t. I pretended to be a mountain climber that day on the fence, or Superman on Halloween. But when I said I was going to college, I *meant* it. I was going to find myself there,” he said. “And I did.”

Anna Matherne
Georgia, USA

The First Snow

1939

Tianbasha, Changning, Baoshan, Yunnan, China

Do you take snow for granted? How would you feel if you didn't see it for decades at a time? It all started in 1939, when my grandpa was five years old. He was in his hometown, Tianbasha. It was a fairly cool place, but very dry. It was in the high mountains; the altitude was about 2,300 meters.

It was Chinese New Year's Eve. My grandpa was playing with his siblings and friends in a straw house, under a cloudy sky. The whole family was there, adults still talking and laughing after eating a satisfying dinner. There was a warm fire in the middle of the room, while the kids streamed in eating sweet rice cake. After they



Malakai Lewis Hagood

were done, my grandpa went to bed early, along with his friends.

Right when they got into bed, there was a loud crack of thunder and almost immediately, lightning. The rest of the night was filled with flashes of lightning and cracks of thunder. My grandpa finally gave up trying to stay awake and let sleep wash over him.

A loud noise woke him up. It felt like he had slept only for seconds. The other kids were already up and dressed. They, too, were wondering what all the noise was. “What do you think that noise was?” he heard someone ask.

“No idea,” said another. He hurried to the room where the kids were sitting. “Maybe fireworks?” He saw their faces light up. “Cool!” they all chorused.

“Then let’s go and see!” he said.

They hastily put on their coats and went outside. A tremendous gush of cold wind washed over them, and with stupendous effort they opened their eyes. Everything was pure white as mouths dropped open in surprise. “What do you think that is?” my grandpa asked his mystified friends. Then another loud crack rattled their ears. It turned out to be bamboo cracking and falling from the weight of the snow.

Seconds later, the adults came out, talking and laughing. They abruptly stopped as they saw the snow.

“Snow . . .” one of the adults whispered.

“Snow?” one of my grandpa’s friends asked loudly. “What kind of word is that?”

They all turned toward the farming field. My grandpa finally asked the obvious question: “Can we play in the snow?”

The adults sighed. “Fine, but don’t take too long.” The kids spent the rest of the day in the snow. With over two feet of snow, they had snow fights, went sledding, buried themselves in the snow, and more. The next day their hands were starting to crack and bleed because they had forgotten to put on lotion before they started playing in the snow the previous day. My grandpa wondered what it would look like to actually see snow falling from the sky.

In 2007, he was seventy-three. He went back to his hometown, where he actually saw snow falling. It snowed for twenty hours straight that day. My grandpa still remembers clearly the two times he saw snow.

Yifu Zhu
Missouri, USA



Kameron Ricketson

Billy the Goat

c. 1941
Fellowship, Alabama, USA

My great-great-great-aunt Katie Thomas was a sophisticated, stylish, fashionable woman. However, she lived in a rural area. Even so, one day on her farm in 1941, she was wearing a satin skirt, her favorite top, and high heels. She was inside her house, folding her small, but beautiful, selection of clothes. Suddenly she had to use the restroom. At that time, people there didn't have electricity or indoor restrooms. They had outhouses.

As Aunt Katie was walking to the outhouse, tripping in her heels, her husband's—Uncle Will Thomas's—mean, ferocious, wild billy goat, Billy, came running as fast as a bullet, straight for her. He had big horns and white scruffy hair. Aunt Katie ran as fast as a flash of lightning straight into the outhouse and slammed the old wooden door. Billy crashed into it.

Aunt Katie was trapped inside the outhouse! She called, "Catherine, Mary Ann, help me!" As she desperately yelled for her cousin, Catherine Thomas, and her friend, Mary Ann Strachan, to help her, she heard a loud banging and crashing sound on the outside of the outhouse. Then all of a sudden, two sharp horns tore through the door, leaving holes in it. Aunt Katie was terrified.

Finally Mary Ann and Catherine arrived. Billy ran straight for them. Both girls leaped to the top of the fence and jumped down on the other side of it and got rocks. They jumped back on top of the old fence and threw the

rocks at Billy. Aunt Katie had opened the door just a little, slowly getting out. Billy darted at the door once more. Aunt Katie quickly got back inside the outhouse. The girls kept throwing bigger rocks at Billy, trying to distract him so Aunt Katie could escape. In the meantime, Billy kept head-butting the door harder than before.

Aunt Katie yelled across the yard, “Mary Ann, go and get Will, and tell him to come and get his wild goat to stop ramming the door.” Instead of going to get him, Mary Ann sneaked home, because she didn’t want to get hurt by the insane goat. Finally Aunt Katie got so hot inside the outhouse—and so mad because Billy hadn’t stopped crashing into the door—that she swung the door open and dashed after Billy, chasing him halfway down the road, kicking him on his bottom.

Then Uncle Will came walking up from the back of the house. Aunt Katie was sitting on the ground, looking at him and the goat, furious and tired. Billy was far from her, looking terrified. Catherine looked at all three of them and knew that something bad was about to happen. Then Uncle Will said, “How was y’all’s day today?” Aunt Katie pulled him inside the house and started yelling at him.

After that day, Billy never came close to Aunt Katie, and whenever Aunt Katie was around Billy, he always acted like he had never done anything bad in his whole life.

Brianna Jones
Alabama, USA

The Six Fiancés

c. 1942
Denver, Colorado, USA

My great-grandmother Helen Milstein grew up in Denver. She was youngest of her siblings. She, unlike most girls at the time, went to college. Just before America joined World War II, she was a construction agent and was dating six men. Her construction business started working for the army just before the war. Every one of her boyfriends was asked to leave for the war.

The first one came to her and said, “I am leaving to join the war, but before I leave, I have a question for you: Will you marry me?”

Helen thought to herself, “If I say no, he may not have any motivation to live, so I will say yes,” and she replied, “Yes,” just before he left.

The same happened with the rest of her boyfriends. Every day they were away at the war, she wrote to them all.

One day one of her fiancés came home. As she wondered what to say to him, he said, “I am sorry, but I don’t think the engagement will work out.”

And she replied, “I sadly agree,” in the most polite voice she could muster.

When her second fiancé came home, she said, “I am really upset, but I don’t believe that the engagement will work out.”

“Are you sure?” he replied.

“Well, I said yes because I didn’t know if you would live if I did not say yes.”

After all of her fiancés came back, she told them the entire story.

Two years later she met my great-grandpa. On their first date she told *him* the entire story.

“That is hilarious,” he said. “When did you last talk to them?”

“I talk to them all the time.”

“Are you very good friends with them?”

“Yes.”

Five years later she got married to my great-grandpa.

This story is important because it is one of the only stories about my great-grandma, and it has taught me to think about other people’s welfare, because she only got engaged to the men so that they would live through the war.

Tristan Hecht
Colorado, USA

The Escape

1944
Munkacs, Hungary

Gustav Schonfeld prays to forget his dark past. He tries to focus only on memories filled with picnics in the park, nights sitting around the piano, and family meals prepared by his mother. Those were happier times, fun times, family times, and times he likes to remember. However, those happier times changed without warning.

A simple knock at his front door changed his life forever. The Hungarian gendarme on the other side of that door harshly shouted, “Open the door! You’re being arrested for violation of religious beliefs.” Before there was time to respond, his front door burst open, and in marched ten armed soldiers. They immediately dragged his grandmother, mother, brother, father, and him into the street and forced them into a truck. No screaming or begging for them to stop was heard. No level of resistance worked against these heavily armed soldiers. Throughout that night, the soldiers collected other terrified and bewildered Jewish neighbors. They were forced to sit in silence or face a machine gun placed inches from their face.

Eventually, they stopped at a train station, where everyone was forced to board an overcrowded boxcar. Gustav remembers holding on tightly to his family members in order to stay with them. Thereafter, they traveled in the freezing and cramped boxcar for hours, without rest, food, or water. It was horrifying, terrifying, and most of all, unexplainable.

After what seemed like days, the train finally stopped. Gustav, only ten years old, was scared. He saw large buildings with smoke billowing out of chimney stacks. He heard screaming and crying coming from those buildings. He saw sickly people being pushed around by soldiers with shotguns. As lines were being formed, his father grabbed him and whispered, “Tell them you’re sixteen. It will save your life.” While it *did* save his life, that was the last day Gustav would see his younger brother and grandmother.

In the concentration camp, Gustav was separated from his family and housed in a 300-man overcrowded building. He was forced to sleep on wooden bunk beds without bedding, and often go without food. He worked long hours and got very little sleep. Eventually, men started disappearing from his cabin. Gustav didn’t know if they went to another building, a different camp, or worse.

One night, without explanation, the eleven remaining men in his building were lined up outside. Gustav knew this meant the firing squad—and his death. As the men gathered into a circle, Gustav moved to the middle. The guns started firing, and all the men fell, including Gustav. Luckily, Gustav was not shot. Instead, he faked his death and later that night escaped.

Gustav eventually immigrated to the United States, where he made significant accomplishments in medicine, including serving as chairman of the Department of Medicine at Washington University and making significant contributions in medical research. Most important, he leaves a legacy of a wonderful wife,

two sons, one daughter, three granddaughters, and three grandsons. Without his bravery and courage, the world would have missed a medical and philanthropic marvel.

Katie Korein, granddaughter of Gustav's best friend
Missouri, USA

Peanuts

c. 1945–1946
Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, USA

It's 1945, and my great-grandfather is in Hawaii addressing his latest letter to his family in south Alabama. After months of hard work in the North Atlantic and South Pacific during World War II, he will be among the last of the troops to go home. He is in the United States Navy, and it is more convenient to send the ground and air troops home first. As he sends the letter, he dreams about going home and seeing his family again. Little does he know that he will spend another eighteen grueling months on the humid, intolerable island.

Days later, he gets a response from his sister, telling him about the latest happenings at home. He suddenly hears rattling in the envelope. He reaches in and grabs a handful of peanut seeds. They may be just peanuts to you, but to him they are a link to his family and home. He sprints to his quarters and finds a space outside to plant the peanuts.

He plants the seeds in a small plot behind his barracks. Each day, he tends to the plants, thinks about his family, and wonders how long he'll be stuck there. A tropical island may seem like paradise to some people, but not to him. All he wants is to go home and enjoy his family traditions, such as Thanksgiving dinner and an Easter feast. But he has no idea when he'll go home.

The peanut plants have finally gone to seed and died, and the next generation of plants is growing. He

has given some of the seeds to his neighbors and has shown them how to grow peanuts. Months have passed, and the peanuts are prospering. Thanks to his guidance, several neighbors have started their own peanut gardens. Although some are skeptical, many Hawaiians are excited to have an inexpensive and delicious new food to add to their diet.

Later, a message arrives from the United States military: He will be able to enter the United States in two weeks. He is so excited to go home and see his family again. My great-grandfather was important because he introduced Hawaii to a delicious and nutritious plant that is loved all over the world.

Shelby Lloyd
Alabama, USA

The Attic Attack

c. 1945

Port Norris, New Jersey, USA

Sitting on the porch, my grandfather Frank Schubert waved goodbye to his parents as they drove away with all the rest of his family. He had a long day ahead of him. With no school, a long day was just what he wanted—time to play and eat, and lots of stuff to do.

Frank was happy. He went inside to listen to his records of Hank Williams and Crazy Otto, and read a book. Then he stepped outside for some fresh air. *Sniff, sniff.* *Cookies? *Sniffffff* Chocolate cookies at the neighbor's house! I wish I lived there!* Well, he soon remembered that his neighbors had said to come over anytime, and this was as good a time as any!

That was an enjoyable part of his day. Suffice it to say he ate lots of cookies and had some milk, and then he went home and went to bed.

Now my grandfather Frank had an active imagination. By day this is a superpower, but at night it is a horde of monsters. On this particular night he had been thinking of a robber. He had even imagined footsteps outside. Then he heard a noise—not an imaginary noise—a distinct gunshot: **BLAM!**

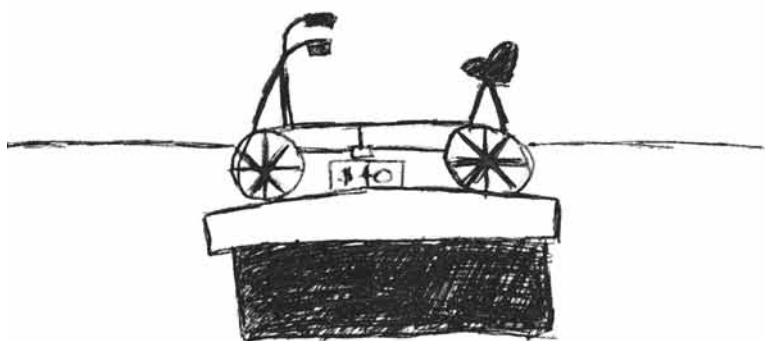
His eyes shot open. He shot up and grabbed his hunting gun. Then he heard more shots: **BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!** The robber was definitely in the attic—and had lots of bullets! Frank loaded and cocked his rifle. He snuck up the stairs, looking for the light cord. He found it, and decided to turn the light on—and in the

perpetrator's confusion, get him. He turned on the light, ran up the rest of the stairs, and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Reach for the sky!"

Frank suddenly realized that the attic was empty. There were four empty root beer bottles, and there was root beer everyway. With this information and the fact that their root beer contained yeast (and thus the longer the root beer sat, the fizzier and more powerful it became), Frank realized that the "gunshots" had been exploding root beer bottles.

B-r-r-r-r . . . Frank heard a car. Everybody had just gotten home! Frank suddenly realized who would be blamed, so he quickly went to bed and went to "sleep." When his family came in, Frank's parents checked on him. He pretended to be sound asleep and fooled them. His sisters, however, checked on the attic. They obviously wanted root beer. Boy, were they surprised when they saw the mess, and *they* had to clean it up.

Joshua Metcalf
Tennessee, USA



Turnip Greens to Automobile

c. 1946–1955
Murfreesboro, Tennessee, USA

Back in 1946, my grandfather wanted a bike. He was seven years old at the time, and like most seven-year-old boys, he wanted a bike! Bikes were about forty dollars at the time, and my grandfather's father didn't have the money to buy a bike. My grandfather thought about how to get that bike. Finally, he had it—a way to earn forty dollars.

My grandfather went to my great-grandfather and asked how much his dad would give him if he cut and washed turnip greens from the family garden. My great-grandfather replied, "Ten cents a pound." So my grandfather cut and washed, and cut and washed, and cut and washed until he had ten dollars. A bushel of turnips brought in about seventy cents. Between sowing, waiting, and harvesting, my grandfather wasn't getting anywhere fast.

So my grandfather took his ten dollars in turnip-green money and bought a hog. He kept the hog in a fenced-in dog pen. My grandfather asked my great-grandfather, who owned a grocery store, for all of the store's unsellable, rotten food. After a while of living on rotten fruits and vegetables, the hog was sold for forty dollars. Those forty dollars bought a bike!

That isn't the end of the story—not by a pig's tail. After a few years, my grandfather wanted a motor scooter. Unfortunately, motor scooters cost quite a bit of money. The lack of money hadn't stopped my grandfather from

getting a bike; it wouldn't stop him from getting a motor scooter. My grandfather got a paper route and rode his bike on it. After a time, my grandfather saved enough for a motor scooter.

After a few more years, my grandfather, now sixteen years old, wanted a car. So with that trusty motor scooter, my grandfather got an expanded paper route. After a little while, the money from the extended paper route bought a car.

That's how my grandfather went from a seven-year-old cleaning turnip greens to a sixteen-year-old driving a car. My grandfather showed he was industrious, and he persevered for things he wanted. That is pretty motivating to me!

Samuel Elijah Parkhurst
Tennessee, USA

Don't Drive the Truck!

1947
Cañon City, Colorado, USA

My grandmother told me a story about my grandfather Doug Wertzbaugher that took place in 1947. Doug was ten years old, and he had an eleven-year-old brother named Chuck and a nine-year-old sister named Lulu. They lived in a small town in Colorado, and there were fields this way and that. Their father owned a big brown, somewhat rusted pickup truck.

When their mother and father weren't looking, the three children would get in the pickup truck and start driving it. The only problem was that not one of the children was tall enough to reach the pedals, so they had to co-op drive. Doug would operate the pedals however Chuck told him to from the driver's seat as he steered, and Lulu would ride shotgun and enjoy the ride.

When they got to their usual stop—the fields around their town where there were at least twenty kids every day eating Popsicles—they would invite the Popsicle-eating children into the bed of the pickup truck and give them a ride. Later they would have the children exit the bed, and they would stealthily ride home, park the truck, and act as if nothing had ever happened.

But one day things didn't go as they should have. Everything began ordinarily. They snuck out and drove the truck to the field and had Popsicle-eating kids enter the bed of the pickup truck, which they rode around in, but the truck got stuck in a muddy ditch. So they snuck home without the pickup truck and acted like nothing

had ever happened. Doug and Chuck were playing catch while Lulu walked around and picked various flowers and picked off their petals one by one while softly whispering something too quiet to hear.

By suppertime, their father had realized his truck was gone. He asked Doug and Chuck, “Have you boys seen my truck?”

Chuck was the one to answer, and he responded by saying, “Now that you mention it, when Doug and I went into the garage to get our baseball stuff, it wasn’t there.” Technically, he wasn’t lying.

When their father asked Lulu, she said, “Well, I haven’t got any idea of where it could be. But maybe someone stole it.”

“Oh, well, thanks for your help, sweetie,” he said.

The next day Lulu told her father that she had been thinking. She said, “Maybe a thief took it to the fields.”

Chuck, Doug, Lulu, and their father went to the fields, and it wasn’t long before they found the truck. When they reached it, it was in the very place they had left it—in a muddy ditch. Their father went to look at the bed of the pickup truck and saw . . . Popsicle sticks. “Oops!” Lulu said.

After that, the children didn’t see the truck for a while—or Popsicles, or what life was like outside of their rooms.

Brock T. Wertzbaugher
Ohio, USA

The Neighborhood Olympics

c. 1948
the Bronx, New York, New York, USA

“It was 6:00 a.m., and my alarm had just gone off. I leaped out of my bed, dashed to the window, and tore open the curtain. It was a beautiful Saturday morning in the middle of summer. Just the kind of day all boys love—it was a great day for an adventure!

“I quickly changed and charged out the door of our apartment building and onto the busy sidewalk of my South Bronx neighborhood. Immediately I hurried toward the place where our annual neighborhood Olympics was held. It was a small park across from my favorite restaurant, Lombardi’s, a pizza place that my family and I go to occasionally. When I arrived, I discovered that a few of my stickball teammates were already there, because they lived close to our field and our games were first.

“Three hours later it was the bottom of the ninth, and there were no outs. The Highbridge Bombers were up for their last at-bats. There were men on first and second base. At shortstop, I wiped my sweaty hands on my pants and waited for the pitch. Our team was up 5–4, but you never know what will happen in close games like this. So far, our team had blazed through the tournament without any tightly contested games. But now, in the championship game, it looked like we had finally met our match. The game had been back and forth until the seventh inning, when we gave our defense some breathing room by scoring three runs.

“CRACK! The loud noise of stick and sock ball colliding sent me back to reality and diving to my left for a fast bouncer. I quickly got up from my position between second and third base and flipped the ball to third for the first out.

“Unfortunately, our pitcher walked the next batter and seemed to be getting a bit nervous. We called a timeout, and our team huddled at the mound to converse with our ace. After the discussion, he seemed calmer and set his sights on striking the next hitter out. We breathed a sign of relief when he did just that.

“Then I gulped. My cousin Charlie was coming up to the plate. Of all the batters on the other teams, he was the one I would least like to pitch to. After two strikes he rubbed his hands together and grinned at our pitcher in such a way that it looked like he was saying “Bring it on!” The next pitch was a curveball, and Charlie smashed it.

“The ball was going deep, maybe even out of the park. I held my breath and watched as our center fielder, Joe, snagged the ball just before it hit the ground! Hooray! We had won! The whole team jumped on Joe and congratulated him. This was one of the happiest moments of my life.”

My grandfather’s voice drifted off, and you could see that he was still in that moment. . . .

Alex Marin
North Carolina, USA

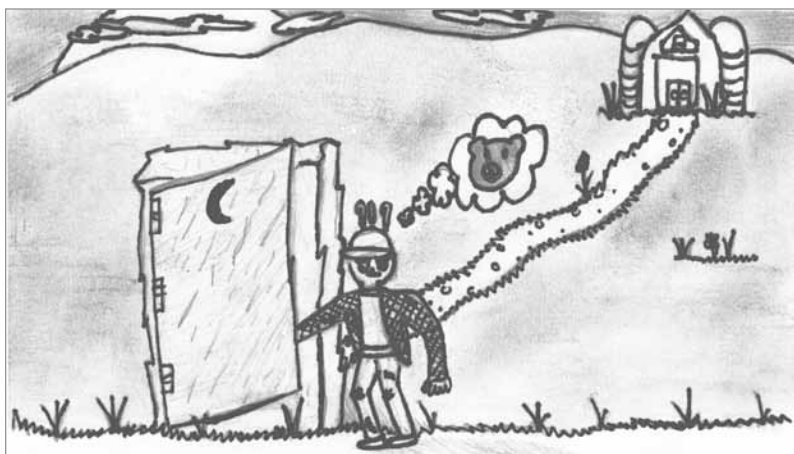
My Mother, the Bear

1948

Swanton, Ohio, USA

It was the winter of 1948 when my grandpa (we call him “Papa”) came the closest he has ever come to passing out. He grew up on a farm and had many chores, one of them being to milk the cows. At that time, there was word out that there were black bears in the northwest Ohio area. The rumor made everyone fear seeing a bear.

On my papa’s farm the only bathroom was the outhouse, about 150 yards away from the farmhouse. After milking the cows was finally completed, my papa was to go out to the outhouse to relieve himself before he went back inside his house to get ready for bed. With “black bears” loose, my papa would run to the outhouse as fast as his legs could carry him. He would then do his daily routine of reaching his hand inside the dark outhouse and feeling around the familiar area to make sure that there was nothing or no one inside it.



Jordan Tyler

Well, on this particularly cold and windy evening, after his chore of milking the cows was done, he ran toward the outhouse. He did his usual routine of reaching his hand inside the outhouse. But this time he was not to find the outhouse empty. Instead, he felt thick, cozy fur in place of the usual emptiness. That is when my papa screamed, and froze in his tracks.

Suddenly a familiar voice came from within the outhouse. “Joey, it’s me.” He immediately recognized the voice of his mother. She had on her large muskrat fur coat, because it was so cold that night. When his hand had touched the fur coat, my papa had immediately thought that a black bear was in the outhouse.

What a great relief to realize that it was not a big black bear, but his own mother. My papa’s brothers and sisters thought that it was very amusing, but being a twelve-year-old, he did not. Years later, he was able to laugh and tell stories about his scary night of meeting the “bear” in the dark outhouse.

Jane Robertson
Ohio, USA

Twisted Path

c. 1950s
New Delhi, India

On a serene morning in the 1950s, Sirumal Gopichand, my grandfather, began preparing his chemistry lesson for his next class at New Delhi College (NDC). Working as a full-time chemistry professor at NDC, Grandpa looked forward to another exciting day of teaching, learning, and analysis. Little did he know just how exciting his day was about to become.

At approximately 10:30 that same morning, armed radical Muslim militants invaded New Delhi College and surrounding schools, offices, and houses. Paralyzed with fear, the students and teachers watched in horror as the militants threw chairs, assaulted innocent adolescents, and fired deafening shots through the air. After the brief, yet vicious, tirade, the militants sent the students and faculty home to make the hardest decision of their lives. They were given three choices: leave the country within twenty-four hours, convert to Islam, or be shot on sight.

As Grandpa made the two-hour journey home, he processed the commands given to him: Move to a foreign country he knew nothing about, convert to a religion he did not believe in, or be violently murdered along with every member of his family. Being the man he was, he couldn't bear the thought of losing his precious family, whether it be at the hands of the gun or a religion he did not believe in. As he approached his home, he knew exactly what he had to do.

After quickly explaining the dire predicament to his wife, Lila, they hurriedly began packing as much clothing and as many valuables as they could fit into their meager supply of suitcases. Just minutes later, the four children arrived from school, blissfully unaware of the critical situation engulfing their hometown. After yet another hurried explanation, Sirumal reached under his bed for the pistachio tin that housed their life savings and meager retirement.

With the money wisely distributed through their seven suitcases, Grandpa led his family to the airport to purchase six tickets to the Philippines, the closest country accepting the sudden influx of immigrants. Eight nerve-racking hours later, all six members of the Gopichand family safely arrived in the Manila airport, thousands of miles away from the mayhem taking place in India's capital.

With the Philippines' shortage of teaching jobs, Grandpa knew that continuing his career as a chemistry professor was out of the picture. With this knowledge, he soon started a small buy/sell business just blocks from his family's shared group home. But after months of moving through temporary group housing, Grandpa was finally able to purchase and move into a spacious house with his large family. With his family in his heart, a little money in his pocket, and a small business under his management, Grandpa went on to prosper and provide for his family through the twisted paths of life.

Rachel Gopichand
North Carolina, USA

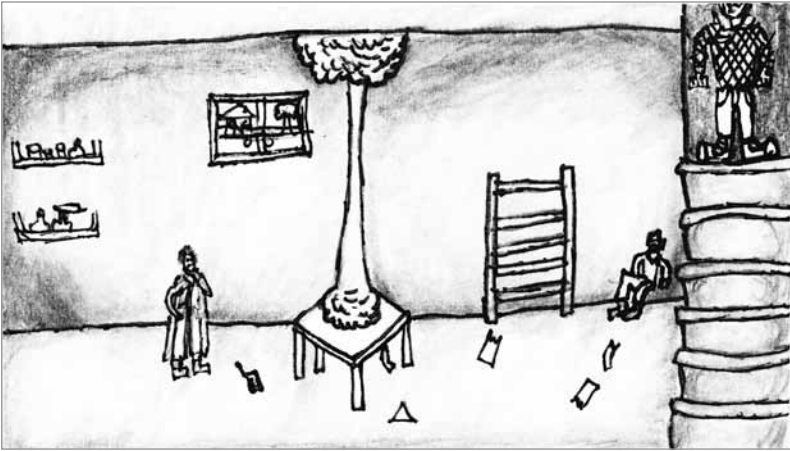
Uncle Tom's Rocket

1952
Onawa, Iowa, USA

It was a fine summer day in 1952, and my great-uncle Tom Berry (who was maybe twelve years old at the time) was anxious to try his new Gilbert chemistry set that his sister Connie (my grandmother) had passed down to him. His new experiment involved trying to create an engine for a metal rocket, and helping Uncle Tom was his friend Jack. Jack and Uncle Tom had decided that the logical propellant for the rocket's engine was gunpowder, so they both took powder out of a number of firecrackers and attached it with a fuse to the rocket.

Both boys were ready for the lift-off. They ignited the fuse and waited in happy anticipation. The boys had made two big mistakes, however: They had lit the rocket in the basement, and they had done it when Uncle Tom's dad was in the house, taking a nap on the couch. With a noise louder than ten Hiroshima explosions combined (as Uncle Tom described it), the rocket zoomed upwards and exploded. The noise echoed through the whole house, and instantly Uncle Tom's father jumped off the couch and sped to the basement, prepared to see the worst.

Much to his relief, Jack and Uncle Tom were still alive. Both had run up the stairs right before the explosion, so neither of them had been injured. Except for charred pieces of rocket everywhere, the basement had also escaped unscathed. Jack quickly remembered that he had some chores to attend to at home, so he left the scene of the crime as soon as possible.



Luis Medina

Although that experiment was not very successful, that did not deter Uncle Tom from trying more experiments. He also constructed an electric chair that was supposed to get hot. Deciding that wasn't exciting enough, he added a magneto* from an old-fashioned telephone, making a nice spark on the chair. Although this project might have been successful, Uncle Tom could never get any volunteers to sit in it.

Hearing this story about my great-uncle's early ambitions to be a scientist always makes me laugh, and someday I hope my grandchildren get an opportunity to read and laugh at this story as well.

Aaron Schnoor
North Carolina, USA

* A magneto is a small machine that creates an electric pulse.

Overnight Journey

1955

Guntur, Andhra Pradesh, India

My grandpa made his way to the train station slowly, having planned out his time so he would arrive at the station at exactly 7:00 p.m. It was the summer of 1955 in India, and my then-sixteen-year-old grandpa was returning home to retrieve records and certificates he needed to get into the high school he had wanted to go to since he was little. The principal had told him to come back the next day with everything he needed. My grandpa was excited, despite the strain of the sun beating down on his back. The heat was fierce, bearing down on the only place in the world where the sun was so outspoken.

My grandpa arrived about eight minutes later. He pulled out his ticket and waited—ten, fifteen, twenty minutes—but there was no sign of his train. Finally he walked over to the ticket counter and asked, “Where is the 7:00 train to Varagani?”

“The last train to Varagani was at 6:00, sir,” the man replied.

“But my tick—”

“There must have been a misprint. Let me see.” The man behind the counter looked at the ticket, and sure enough, there had been a misprint.

“When’s the next train?” my grandpa questioned.

“Tomorrow—10:00 in the morning.”

“Thanks,” my grandpa responded with slight sarcasm.

Now he only had one choice: walk the fifteen miles to Varagani. It was now 8:00 p.m., and the sun was gradually turning into a dark sea of twilight and angry clouds. My grandpa could tell that it was about to rain. The rain started as a sprinkle, but steadily grew stronger.

My grandpa arrived at a tremendously oversized cornfield almost impossible to get through. But the largeness of the field was only in width. He trudged through the wet mud, and about halfway through, he ran, tired of the scratchy and tattered edges of the plants. A clearing was finally visible.

The next part of his journey would be a small dirt road with a stream at the end. My grandpa's legs were getting wearier and wearier. He counted each passing minute in his head like a big grandfather clock.

He soon became aware that he was approaching the whistling stream, and crossed over into it. The water was waist-high and overwhelming. Rocks poked his feet, but he kept going. At the edge on the other side of the stream, my grandpa lifted his soaking-wet self up and sprinted the short remaining distance.

By midnight, my grandpa was home. His mom and dad asked what had happened and expressed their worried feelings. My grandpa explained, and his parents said no more. He was sent to bed immediately, and the next morning he took the earliest train and arrived at his high school, excited to finally become a student there. He submitted his papers. The journey had definitely been worth it, because my grandpa was now an official student at the high school he had always wanted to go to.

Supriya Ellina
Missouri, USA

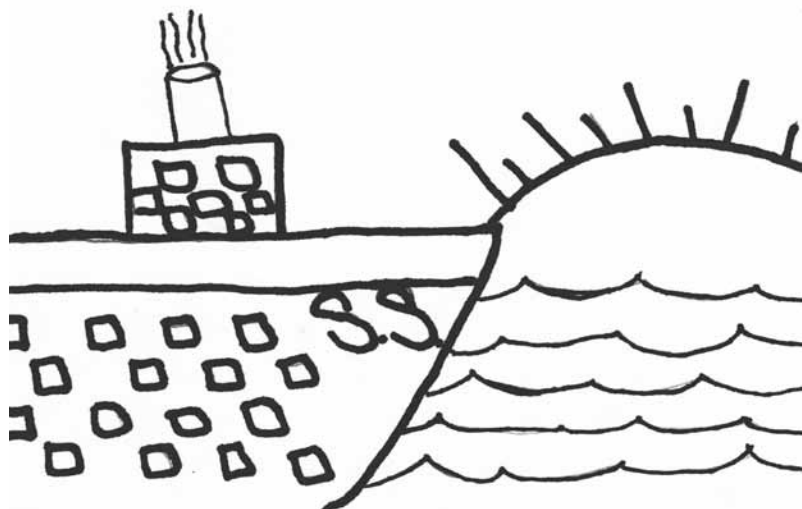
Trapped on a Ship!

1956–1957
Mediterranean Sea

Imagine being trapped somewhere that you couldn't leave, smelling only the salt and sea. Imagine waves rocking the ship back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. Just work, work, work. That's what life was like for my grandpa (Poppop) in 1956 and 1957.

"Hooonnnk! Hooonnnk! Hooonnnk!" bellowed the ship's horn. Poppop walked up the ramp grimly. It was time to set sail in the United States Navy—across the Mediterranean Sea! The ship's engine roared to life. Poppop, who was on the deck, waved goodbye to his friends, knowing that he wouldn't see them for a long time.

One morning Poppop woke up, suddenly startled that he was in a triple bunk bed and not in his usual



Taylor Eaton

comfy bed at home. Then he remembered, “Oh, yeah. I’m on a ship.” It was Day One of many.

Chores! Chores! Chores! Using the Morse code, Poppop signaled the other ships to keep away!

Besides the many jobs on deck, Poppop and the other 400 sailors had to practice shooting. A plane would fly by the ship. Using the big guns, the sailors would aim and try to shoot a fluttering target, which was attached to the plane with a long rope. That’s dangerous, in my opinion. A sailor could accidentally shoot the plane, which could kill or badly injure the pilot!

I’ll tell you another thing Poppop practiced. Suppose Poppop or another sailor fell overboard. They had to practice how to swim back to the ship. First some workers would lower the cargo net to the side of the ship. Then Poppop and the other sailors would leap overboard into the deep, dark sea! Finally they would swim back to the cargo net and climb up it onto the deck. Emergency sirens would sometimes go off, warning that sharks were approaching! Poppop told me a story about a man who was a slow swimmer. But when the siren went off, he was *fast*. In fact, his nickname became “Olympic Swimmer.”

Poppop really missed his family and friends, but luckily he was able to receive and send mail. I think it’s pretty cool! First some mailmen (or women) would fly across the sea until they caught up with a ship. Then they would connect the mail to a small parachute and let it glide down onto the ship. When the sailors wanted to send mail, they would put all the letters and packages into a large net. On the helicopter, the mailmen would reel up the mail, using a crane. Finally the helicopter

would fly away to drop off the mail at the post office. I'd like *my* mail delivered that way.

It was a *very* hard life, but Poppop got through it. He is now a proud veteran of the United States Navy, and I'm proud of him!

Tyler Lynch
New Jersey, USA

The Central High Nine

1957
Little Rock, Arkansas, USA

My grandmother and my great-aunt were part of the history of the civil rights movement. They attended a high school in Little Rock, Arkansas, called Little Rock Central High. In 1957 nine black students enrolled in their school, which had always been a white high school. The federal government said segregation was unconstitutional and black students should be able to attend white schools. Their high school made national news, because people resisted the black students coming to the white high school.

My grandmother was in ninth grade, and my great-aunt was in tenth grade. Their mother really did not care about the black students coming to their high school. She did not get involved.

The governor of Arkansas tried to stop the black students from coming to school. Many businesspeople in Little Rock did not want the black students to attend white schools, so they pressured the governor. One of the businesspeople that did not want the black students to attend the school was a prominent business owner. His daughter later was one of the white kids who caused problems. At first the police escorted the black students to the school. After that, the soldiers at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, had to help, and then the Arkansas National Guard.*

* The National Guard was brought under federal control by President Eisenhower.

Many of the students, both black and white, were scared. Some of the white students picked on the black students. Some white students wanted to be the black students' friends, but they were afraid they would get picked on. My grandmother and my great-aunt tried to avoid what was going on. The black students had to put up with terrible treatment from some students. Many of the problems were brought on by parents.

The school was closed for the 1958-1959 school year. During that time, my grandmother and great-aunt went to a school in the county. When Little Rock Central opened back up, my great-aunt returned to school there, but my grandmother did not. The black students have been honored many times at my great-aunt's class reunion for helping to make things better for black students everywhere.

Spencer Sullivan
North Carolina, USA

My Pakistani Hero

c. 1963

Rawalpindi, Punjab, Pakistan

Sometimes a simple act of kindness is all it takes.

It was the middle of January, around 1963, and my grandpa was playing in the street with his friends. They were playing a friendly game of cricket when someone yelled, “There is a sick man laying in the fields!” My grandpa was so concerned that he took some of his friends to see what was happening.

When he got to the fields, he found an old man who looked very sick and miserable. Even though the weather was perfect during the day, my grandpa knew the nights were a different story. The temperature at night was below freezing. This man had been in the fields all night.

My grandpa knew he had to get the man to the hospital immediately. He took the man to the local Civil Hospital in a horse buggy (horse cart). That was the best kind of transportation at the time. The doctor said the man was very sick and suffered from hypothermia. That is when you are exposed to cold weather for too long and your body temperature drops very low. When you get hypothermia, you are in danger of death.

The doctor gave the man intravenous fluid, through a vein. My grandpa prayed the man would be okay.

Every day before going to school, my grandpa would stop at the hospital to check on the man. When the man fully recovered, my grandpa felt so grateful. After

all, he *did* save someone's life. The Quran* tells us that if you save someone it's like you saved all of mankind. If my grandpa and his friends hadn't found the man and saved him, the man would have died.

My grandpa says that from that day onward he knew exactly what he wanted to be: a doctor.

Aman Rahman
Missouri, USA

* The Quran (also Qur'an or Koran) is the holy book of Islam.

Bear Invasion

c. 1965
Shang-Zhi, Hei-Long-Jiang, China

My grandfather lived in the northern part of China in the mountains when he was young. People in his village planted crops. One summer around 1965, when the crops were growing tall, a bear came. It destroyed some of their crops and livestock.

The villagers were afraid of the bear and thought it might one day hurt someone. My grandfather and his friend decided to hunt down the bear before it could cause any more damage. They packed their rifles, food,



water, blankets, and a tent. Then they set off to find the bear.

On the first day, they didn't find the bear. At night they made a bonfire and set up the tent on the soft ground of the forest floor. The next day they woke up to the birds chirping. They ate breakfast, then packed up their stuff again.

Finally, they found the bear roaming around between some trees. It was a black bear with ruffled fur and long teeth. It looked like it was a small bear. The bear appeared quite skinny. My grandfather and his friend silently dropped their baggage and hid behind the trees. They swung their rifles so that they were aimed at



the bear. The bear smelled them and started cautiously sniffing around the trees they were hiding behind. In a panic, my grandpa and his friend fired a long string of bullets at the bear.

Most of the bullets missed, but one hurtled into the bear's hind leg. Another lodged itself in the bear's shoulder. Yet another hit the bear's forearm. The bear was furious. It gave a mighty roar and stood up on its hind legs. It loomed over my grandfather and his friend, who were actually quite tall.

What had seemed to be a small bear now seemed enormous. It swung its paw at my grandfather. This gave him and his friend a good aim at the bear's heart. My grandfather fired at the bear's heart before his friend could react. Almost all the bullets hit the bear. The bear gave a final roar and fell to the ground, dead as a stone.

My grandfather and his friend took the bear home. They shared the bear meat with the whole village. Bear paws were delicacies in China then. My uncle got to eat some (my mom wasn't born yet).

I feel bad for the bear. It might have had cubs. I wonder what bear paws taste like. I'm glad that my grandfather and his friend survived to tell this amazing story.

Iris Li
Missouri, USA

Obachan's or Ojichan's Cooking? *The Answer Is Obvious*

c. 1970
Piscataway, New Jersey, USA

When my mom and my aunt were children, my *obachan*, meaning “grandma,” had to deliver my great-grandfather’s ashes to Japan. The ashes had to go to Japan, because it is traditional to return ashes to the family grave. When Obachan was in Japan, she wanted to visit her friends and relatives. Therefore, she was gone for a long time. It was heaven for Obachan, but it was the opposite for my mom and my aunt, who were stuck in the United States with my *ojichan*, meaning “grandpa.”

Mom and Aunt Akiko stayed at Ojichan and Obachan’s house in New Jersey. They had to eat the same dinner over and over again, because Ojichan was awful at cooking. He could not cook anything except rice. Well, Ojichan would cook the rice in a canteen, not a pan. He would put some rice into the canteen, and he would put it over an open fire. Then he would burn it—and not on purpose either. So every night they would eat burnt rice. Even though Ojichan was not a great cook, he was an excellent storyteller. He would sit down on the ground and tell my mom and aunt stories.

One of the stories he told was about when he was in World War II. He was just a child working in the rice fields. Then he would see airplanes—American war planes—coming. He would then hide in the bamboo, because the bamboo was so thick the pilots couldn’t shoot at him. Then the planes would come so close to

the ground that Ojichan could touch them. The pilots then would shoot. After that, a flare of anger would flash through him. He thought, “Why would they kill the villagers?” He would watch a lot of people be killed every time a plane flew in. It amazed me that growing up he learned to hate Americans—and that he could love my dad. My dad is American.

When Obachan got home to New Jersey, Mom and Aunt Akiko hadn’t just missed Obachan herself, but her cooking, too. Obachan’s cooking was superb and a lot better than Ojichan’s. Even though the cooking was a bad experience for my mom and my aunt, the experience would turn into a great story and teach them a lot about their heritage.

Maya Cassady
Alabama, USA

Funny Money

1972

Funchal, Madeira, Portugal

It was a warm summer day scented by all the colorful flowers in my family's garden in Madeira, Portugal. "I don't know, Elsa. Are you sure this is a good idea?" my five-year-old sister, Angela, asked. Angela was very tiny for her age, but she had huge expressive eyes and a huge brain to match.

"Angela, this plan is *genius!*" my seven-year-old sister, Elsa, exclaimed while cutting out paper money from my brother's schoolbook.

"Maria!" my sisters called for me. When I walked into the room, they handed me paper coins and told me that we were going to the candy store. I was very happy. I love candy.

"Now, Maria, when you give the man the money, place it on the counter. Don't hand it to him," Elsa told me seriously. She was a pretty accomplished schemer, even at the age of seven.

After listening to my older sisters' instructions, I skipped into the candy store. It was such a colorful store; it was like every kid's dream. The whole store was filled with every treat a child could crave. I placed the "money" on the counter and pointed out which yummy candies I wanted to purchase. The clerk handed me the bag full of my candies, and I said, "Thank you." Then I ran out of the store like my sisters had told me to do.

My sisters were waiting outside for me. When the clerk noticed I had given him fake money, he ran out of



Zoe Brenizer

the store to confront us, but we were already running home. The clerk then ran after us. He was having a hard time catching us, because he was laughing so hard.

“I’m sorry, sir. Here is the money for the candy my daughter took,” Mom said, handing the exhausted clerk the money.

“Thank you. I just find it hilarious that a five- and seven-year-old could trick a three-year-old into stealing candy!” he laughed.

I didn’t get in trouble, but my sisters sure did. That is one of the few memories I have from Madeira. I left Madeira when I was five, but that is a completely different story for a totally different time.

Ava Elizabeth Mederos, daughter of Maria
New Jersey, USA

A Really Embarrassing Moment

1974
St. Louis, Missouri, USA

Everyone has an embarrassing moment now and then. If it's spilling soup down your brand new shirt or accidentally wearing pajamas to school when it's not pajama day, everyone gets embarrassed sometimes. But this is a story about a really embarrassing moment—one that, no matter how hard you try, you can't forget.

My aunt Leeny and her husband, Ed, were at their son Marc's football game. He was a rookie for his team, and this was his first game.

"Look, honey! Here comes Marc!" Ed said excitedly, pointing to the field. Aunt Leeny looked down from the stands and saw that, sure enough, her son was jogging into view. Marc was number 43 and looked very husky in his Vikings uniform. The couple watched proudly as their son got into position as the team's fullback. Despite all of the noise in the crowd, Aunt Leeny and her husband could hear the quarterback make the starting call: "Ready—hike!"

Then, as if in a trance, Aunt Leeny rose to her feet as the quarterback handed the ball to Marc. As Marc began to run toward the goalposts, my aunt began to run down the stone steps that led to the field. Then as number 43 crossed the 20-yard line, Aunt Leeny was straddling the barrier that separated the stands from the field. As the fullback ran down the stretch with the crowd on its feet, Aunt Leeny began running down the sideline, her curly red hair blowing behind her.

“Go, Marc!” she yelled as she ran.

All of a sudden the crowd’s attention was drawn to the crazy middle-aged woman running down the sideline screaming for her son. Barely anyone even saw the rookie fullback run into the end zone, the ball held tightly in his hands. It was a shame that barely anyone even saw the touchdown, because Marc, in his first game, on his first play, had run thirty-one yards to put his team in the lead. But no, the crowd was watching the woman, highly amused.

“Go, Marc! Yay! That’s my son! His first game! I’m so proud! I love you, my little honey bunny!” she cried.

Meanwhile, Marc didn’t even notice that his mother was going bonkers on the sideline; he was busy being high-fived by his fellow team members. But Aunt Leeny was still going at it, practically doing jumping jacks and yelling herself hoarse.

It was then that the crowd began to laugh. They cackled, they giggled, they howled at this crazy woman.

And then Aunt Leeny woke up from her “trance.” “Where am I?” she thought to herself. Looking around at the crowd roaring with laughter and Marc celebrating in the end zone, she put two and two together.

For good measure, she gave one more “Go, Marc!” and sulked off the field, her head hung low. Aunt Leeny never did anything so embarrassing again. At least, I don’t think she did.

Anya Tullman
Missouri, USA

My Mom and the Birch-Tree Bridge

1976
northern Wisconsin, USA

One clear fall day, my mom and her family were closing down the land that they owned on Round Lake in wooded northern Wisconsin. While my grandpa was busy taking down the pier planks for the winter, my mom and my uncle Dave decided to go adventuring.

They had been warned many times by my grandparents to never cross the birch-tree bridge that led to a Native American reservation on the other side of the rocky creek. However, on that warm and sunny day, my mom let her curiosity get to her. While my uncle Dave was smart enough to turn back, my mom walked straight past the no-trespassing sign and into the thick woods.

After a few steps into the woods, she saw a few old trailers, a very large fire pit, and two or three handmade totem poles. Feeling scared because she had crossed the old bridge, my mom turned back and ran home. Unfortunately, someone must have seen the very white blonde hair she had when she was young.

A few minutes after getting back to the family land, a loud pickup truck pulled into the dirt drive-up. Two Native American men got out and went to talk to my grandpa, who was still moving planks from the pier. My mom was worried they were coming to behead her!

Once they pulled away, my very upset grandpa told my mom that the reason the men had come was to make sure she was all right. They had animal traps



Taylor Eaton

planted throughout the woods on their land, and often bow hunted there as well. They were concerned for her safety. After realizing she wasn't going to be on a totem pole herself, my mom decided the punishment for crossing the bridge didn't sound all that bad. By the way, she mastered how to clean out an outhouse for the winter that day!

Nolan Bishop
Ohio, USA

The Downfall of Joey Smernivak

c. 1977
Phoenix, Arizona, USA

Joey Smernivak*—ugh. Even the name gives me chills. Joey was the stereotypical bully at my dad’s old school—huge, angry, and always looking for a way to make your life terrible. But things were about to change. This is the story of how my dad and his best friend, Dano, brought “The Great” Joey Smernivak to his knees.

Some people overlook the true power of old World War I field phones, the only long-distance communication devices at that time. The field phones were very important during the war for transmitting messages from one post to another, as long as the phones were connected by wires.** But my dad and Dano found out that they could be so much more.

During Dano’s family vacation to Canada, he happened to stumble onto one of these rare field phones in an old thrift store, and a whole world of opportunity revealed itself. When Dano arrived home, it was all he could do not to sprint over to Mike’s (my dad’s) and show him the unruly power that the phone held within. But as it was late into the night, he was forced to wait.

The next morning Dano awoke earlier than usual and sprinted out the door to catch Mike before he departed for school. He turned onto Mike’s street and ran until the two-story stucco house was in front of him.

* This name has been changed.

** The wires were strung above the ground or buried.

He was still out of breath when Mike walked outside, but he managed to utter, “Look!” as he dove his hand into the blue backpack and pulled out the field phone.

Mike became giddy with excitement and asked, “What does it do?!”

Dano suppressed a queer chuckle and told him to hold the ends of the long wires connected to the top of the phone. He then slowly flipped the switch to turn it on and ZAP! An electric charge flowed from the phone into Mike, who through clenched teeth muttered, “Awesome.”

Before they could talk any more, none other than Joey Smernivak strutted around the corner with his posse of the dirtiest, roughest kids in school. He walked over to Dano and ripped the red and blue wires from his hand. “What is this? Just a stupid toy for you two losers? This . . . is . . . stuuupid!” He then took the wires, shoved them up his nose, and turned around to the “gang.” “See guys? It’s just a kids’ toy.”

Time seemed to slow down in those few seconds. Dano glanced at Mike with a glint in his eyes and a joyous smile on his face. The click of the switch as Dano turned the phone on echoed out like the holy chorus, and electricity danced down the wires. Joey yelped, and his hair stood on end. He then ran down the street with the wires still stuck in his nostrils and the phone pulsating wave after wave of electricity through his body. Dano looked at Mike and said with an almost crazed look, “Awesome.”

Will Klenk
Arizona, USA

The Importance of Friendship

1978

Denver, Colorado, USA

My mom, Ronit, has always told me to cherish my friends. I have always wondered what she meant by that. I realized what she meant when she told me this story.

It was the fall of 1978. Ronit and her family were moving from Tel-Aviv, Israel, to Denver, Colorado. Ronit was seven years old. Not knowing how to speak English was only part of the problem; she also would not have any friends and would have very little family.

On the day before they left, the bags were packed, and the house looked empty. Every picture on the wall was taken down. Every chair was gone. The air felt cold. The rooms felt empty, like an unpainted canvas.

“Why do we have to leave?” Ronit asked quietly.

The room was silent. No one replied.

“Why do we have to go?” Ronit asked again.

Ronit’s mother replied, “It’s for your father.”

After a flight that was twelve hours, Ronit and her family arrived in Denver. The air felt different, and everything looked different. The language sounded foreign. Ronit was confused and didn’t know what to expect.

School started a few long weeks after Ronit got to Denver. It was a small Jewish elementary school. The building was made of big bricks. The inside was very colorful due to the many pictures and worksheets on the

walls. The building was stuffy, and there were many kids running around the hallways. Even though there were tons of kids and lots of colors, Ronit was not happy.

The entire class picked on Ronit. No one liked her. She sat in the back of the room, not knowing any word the teacher said. Even the Hebrew they learned sounded different from the Hebrew Ronit knew. During recess Ronit sat in the corner crying. She stared at all the kids playing on the playground. She wished she were back in Israel with her friends, playing on the playground.

One day Ronit went to school, and as usual she was sobbing. Soon she heard someone say, “Crybaby!” and point at her. Ronit realized the class had just given her a new nickname. Even though she didn’t know what crybaby meant, she kept on crying harder.

During recess, people approached Ronit but called her a crybaby. Then a girl about her height with freckles and pigtails came up to her. Ronit was ready for her to point and make fun of her, but instead the girl sat down next to her. Ronit was surprised. She stopped crying and wiped her tears.

“Shalom,” she said.

That day Ronit made a friend. From that day on, Ronit was excited to go to school. Even though Ronit and her new friend couldn’t communicate verbally, they used motions and hand movements to communicate. Ronit never cried again.

I now realize that you really need only one friend to be happy. The girl with pigtails was that one friend to my mom. This is also why you have to cherish your friends, because without them you wouldn’t be happy.

Arielle Williamson
Colorado, USA

Snow Sledding

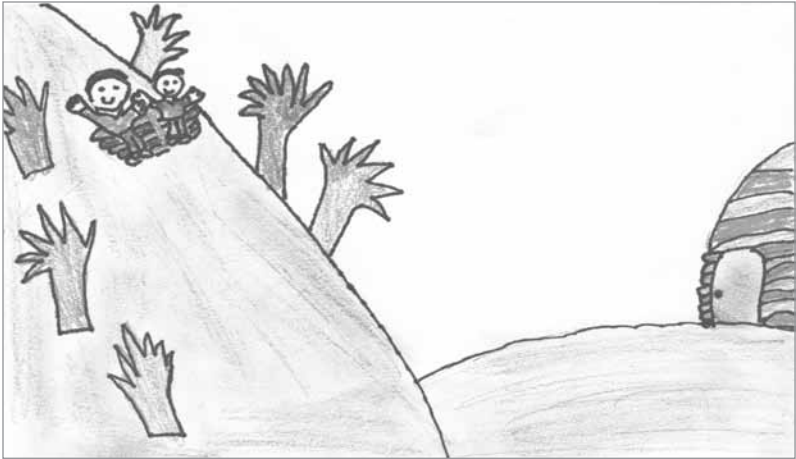
late 1970s
northeast China

Have you ever had to work for the whole day? No resting, playing, or even stopping to stand for a while? My dad experienced this a long time ago.

During the 1970s my dad lived in Northeast China in a house no bigger than a log cabin. Every day he and his siblings would do lots of chores. During the winter, twice a week, the wood for the fireplace would run out, so my dad and his siblings would go to get some more. They would bundle up and walk outside. Then they would run as fast as they could up a not-too-steep hill, and there would be a small snow-covered forest at the top. The hill was not that far from the house. When they got to the top, they used their little axes, and they would cut down small trees. When they cut enough wood to last about a week, they would start to lug the logs down the hill. Since the logs were very heavy and the slope was very slippery, they would slip and fall down the hill instead.

So they decided that when they left the house, they would each stuff a thick rope into their pocket and take it with them to the forest. Now they would each get out their ropes and tie two logs together. When they finished, they would tie the rest of the trees they cut down onto the two logs. Then each of them would gather three or four small twigs and hop onto the sled they had made. Now they could slide down the hill and have fun!

My dad and his companions all had on thick coats with tons of layers. They would slide down the hill so fast



Yuridia Gomez

with the cold wind roaring in their faces. They would use the twigs they had taken and stick them in the ground to steer them around boulders and sharp rocks poking out of the ground. When they got to the bottom of the hill, they stuck the twigs in the ground to slow them down to a stop. They could see their little cottage. Some warm tea sounded too good to be true. They grabbed the ropes and lugged the logs the rest of the way. This procedure took almost from lunch to dinner, and my dad still had a lot of work to do!

I have learned so much from this story about how you can always have fun while you work. I have used this story in so many situations in my life. This goes with a rule: Work can always go with fun!

Anna Cui
Missouri, USA

Touched by a Saint

1980
Rome, Italy

It was a bright, sunny day in Rome, Italy. My mom was living there for two years, because her dad was working for the American embassy. Mom was eleven years old when she went on a field trip with her school. This was no ordinary field trip though; she was going to the Vatican. The Vatican is a city within Rome where the pope lives. The pope is the head of the whole Catholic Church. At this time, the pope was John Paul II.

On the day my mom's school went, the Vatican was very crowded. She was stuck way back in the crowd with her school friends and family. She wanted to get to the front of the aisle so she could see the pope walk down to the altar. Luckily, some kind people let her through to the front. As she emerged, my mom caught a glimpse of the pope walking down the aisle. He was shaking everyone's hand and then shook my mom's. Just like everyone else, she was thrilled!

When he was walking away, my mom shouted, "Kocham Cię!" which means "I love you" in Polish. Pope John Paul II was the first and only Polish pope. My grandma is 100 percent Polish, so this pope was very special to my family. My mom was shocked when the pope turned around, walked toward her, smiled, and put his hand on her cheek. That was a very amazing moment for my mom. The only sad part was that none of her family or friends got to see it.

Then about a week later my grandma got a phone call. It was from one of her friends who had gone to the Vatican. Her friend said, “Did you like that picture of Debbie and the pope?” My grandma was confused and shocked at the same time. Apparently, Vatican photographers had snapped a picture at the exact second that the pope patted my mom on the cheek. My grandma immediately went to the Vatican and bought the picture. To this day we still have the picture hanging up in our house.

Pope John Paul II died on April 2, 2005. He was eighty-four years old. He is on the way to becoming a saint, so because of that . . . my mom has been touched by a saint!

Alli Hanna
Ohio, USA

An Important Change

1990
central Texas, USA

As a seventh grader living in the twenty-first century, I can honestly say no one has ever given me a hard time because my mother is white and my father is African-American. I have never endured racist comments coming my way; however, I can't say the same for my dad. In 1990, racism was still a problem in the small Texas town where my parents were attending college. The university was predominantly white, as were the fraternities on campus. It was hard for minorities to feel comfortable, and even harder for them to join a fraternity.

My dad and six of his friends, who were all sophomores in college, decided this situation had to change and that they were the ones who could make this change happen. They met with the president of the university and told him, "Minority students aren't comfortable here. We want to start our own chapter of Alpha Phi Alpha." This organization is an African-American fraternity, and my dad and his friends thought it was important to bring groups to campus that celebrate different cultures. After some discussion with the university president and with the fraternity's national headquarters, their request was accepted.

Starting this fraternity was brave of them, considering the environment of the college and the surrounding town. Just twenty miles away, the Ku Klux Klan, a group that has tormented and killed African-

Americans because its members believe minorities don't deserve freedom or equality, was active. The Klan wasn't that violent in the town where my parents lived, but still, everyone was aware of its presence. The group sometimes held rallies nearby to remind everyone of its existence and its beliefs. Its members yelled slogans like "White power!" just to see if they could intimidate local residents.

Because of the racist atmosphere, my mother and father received dirty looks when they were out in public or on campus. People would say things to them like "You don't belong together!" One time they were in a restaurant, and the waiter refused to serve them food. My dad had grown up on military bases his entire life. No one had ever treated him this way or called him offensive names. My dad thought that bringing in an African-American fraternity would slowly diversify his school, a change the school badly needed.

I can't fathom why people would be racist. As my dad told me this story, I didn't understand why my caramel-colored skin would make me a target of hatred. My skin color does not determine who I am or how I act. My dad showed me this in abundance when he helped start a chapter of Alpha Phi Alpha in a small-minded and slightly racist town.

Mahatma Gandhi said, "You must be the change you wish to see in the world." My dad and his fraternity embody this quote; they changed their campus and the mindset of the people around them. That change speaks for itself, and I'm glad to share my dad's story.

Gabrielle Lewis
Texas, USA

Illustrators of Volume 7

- p. 24 Kyleen Brumit; Missouri, USA
- p. 29 Arifa Klokič; Missouri, USA
- p. 34 Kody Hopen; Missouri, USA
- p. 39 Malakai Lewis Hagood; Missouri, USA
- p. 42 Kameron Ricketson; Missouri, USA
- p. 54 Jamie Truong; Missouri, USA
- p. 61 Jordan Tyler; Missouri, USA
- p. 66 Luis Medina; Missouri, USA
- p. 69 Taylor Eaton; Missouri, USA
- pp. 76, 77 Johansy Avila; Missouri, USA
- p. 82 Zoe Brenizer; Illinois, USA
- p. 87 Taylor Eaton; Missouri, USA
- p. 93 Yuridia Gomez; Missouri, USA

*Additional Stories Published
on the Grannie Annie Website*

www.TheGrannieAnnie.org/Stories.html

Washed Away (c. 1908)

Hayden T. Evans; Ohio, USA

A Success Story Driven by Ambition to Learn

(c. 1920s–1930s)

Raghuram Selvaraj; New Jersey, USA

The Scary Airplane Ride (c. 1923)

Thomas Francis; Missouri, USA

The Definition of a Nightmare (c. 1940s)

Nick Huger; Arizona, USA

One More Survivor (1942)

Caleb Wedgle; Colorado, USA

My Life My Way (1947) (illustrated by the author)

Alison Siegel; Colorado, USA

A Day to Remember (1964)

Jordan Pack; Ohio, USA

Blizzard of '78 in a Small Town (1978)

Robert Nicely; Ohio, USA

The Miraculous Journey to America (1985)

Eden Hariri; Maryland, USA

My Opa Left His Fingers on Kilimanjaro (1990)

Kyle Ehlers; North Carolina, USA

Grannie Annie Storykeepers 2012

Congratulations to the following young people for discovering, writing, sharing, and submitting a story from their family's history!

Avigayil Aaronson • Brandon A. Adam • Heath Akin
Brennan Albright • Kathleen Alcock • Haley Alldredge
Thomas E. Andersen • Rex Anderson • Nicholas Aulov
Frank Bahr • Brianna René Baldwin • Camryn E. Baldwin
Isabelle Baptista • Danika J. Barr • Delaney M. Barr • Hasani Barr
Taji Barr • Molly Berenbaum • Josh Berger • Autumn Bergman
Daniel Berkovich • Max Bernickus • Alice Birchfield
Samantha Birt • Nolan Bishop • Sydney Blanker • Emily Blochinger
Maycie Bloom • Jonathan Bonker • Stephen F. Bowen IV
Elizabeth Brenneman • Faith Briars • Melanie Gayle Brown
Anthony Bumpass • Keely Butcher • Nicolas Caglia
Emmett Camferdam • Gabriel Campos, Jr. • Maya Cassady
Michelle Cella • Stephanie Chalef • Trent Chapman • Ida Chen
Andy Christensen • Conor Christie • Mitchell J. I. Clarke
Aidan Colgan • Madison Contat • Jamie Corter
Gavin J. Courtman • April Cucciniello • Anna Cui
Sarah Cunningham • Molly Curley • Billy Dainoski
Brianna Danielson • Antonio Danino • Jack Davenport • Cleo Davis
Katie Davis • Caroline Kirby Dent • Katherine Donnelly
Brendan J. De Luca-Rodenberg • Matthew Dengler • Brian Dolan
Corinne Dolan • Kezia Douglas • Tiernan Doyle • Andrew Draper
Ryley Dugan • Kyle Ehlers • Supriya Ellina • Amanda Ellington
Danielle Essex • Emily Essig • Hayden T. Evans • Megan Ewy
Mariah Faria • Thomas Francis • Victoria Freeman • Drew Fritz
Sam Galbraith • Mary Gerding • Tommy Gerding • Wil Gilder
Claire Gilliland • Nisa Goffin • Odellia Goliger
Adrianna M. Gomez • Alexia Gonzalez • Rachel Gopichand

Chip Gottschalk • Kelsey Gratz • Christian R. Greene
Zachary Greene • Julia Greenwald • Megan Gregory • Rachel Guest
Ari Gugino • Jake Guhr • Madeleine Gutschmit • Noa Hahn
Gilad Halzel • Raiven Hamilton • Alli Hanna • Eden Hariri
Kelsie Hartley • Nicholas Hassenfelt • Tristan Hecht • Ellie Henry
Louis Hermansohn • Seth Hobbs • Jackie Hoffman
Sarah Hoffman • Ede Anne Holiday • Meghan Huber • Nick Hugerl
Blaine Instone • Marina Iskander • Melody Jandoli • Brianna Jones
Maizy Judson • Molly Kaiser • Jordan Kassanoff • Evelyn Kastner
Ethan Keirstead • Will Keller • Marji Kennedy • Rowan Kerr
Meghan Kilby • Sarah King • Bradley Kistner • Will Klenk
Elisabeth G. Knutson • Ruth Kathleen Knutson • Rachel Koeniger
Samantha Kohlstedt • Shanae Kooima • Katie Korein
Lauren Krause • Cayleigh Ana Kruse • Blake Krzeminski
Jessica Kujalowicz • Ari Kutzer • David Last • Kennon Later
Ryan Le Bouef • Joseph Leaf • Alexander Leary • Jake Lepore
Gabrielle Lewis • Grace Chang Li • Iris Li • Jake Liebman
Aaron Linderman • Drex Lindsey • Shelby Lloyd
Tripp Lochmoeller • Michael Loh • Andrew Lopuch • Holly Louis
Kayla Luney • Tyler Lynch • Kelly M. • Tommy Macrane
Kaitlyn Madson • Haley Maguire • Jillian Mann • Alex Marin
Jack Markert • Payton Markvicka • Nathaniel Allan Marsters
Hebron Marut • Anna Matherne • Kyle R. McClelland
Andrew E. McCurdy • Allison McGinnis • Zev McMillen
Mary McMurray • Annie McNutt • Ava Elizabeth Mederos
Griffin Mendel • Logan Mercer • Hannah Lizzy Metcalf
Joshua Metcalf • James Metzger • Alex Milliken • Sally Miran
Miranda Momhineway • Elizabeth Moore • Sam Mowbray
Riley Myers • Grayson Nabors • Chris Naing • Isabella Narducci
Robert Nicely • Arielle Noam Chase • Richard Nordhues
Stephen J. Oberle • Sean O'Brien • Tanner Ofе • Katrina Olivas
Ruby Olson • Chase S. Osorio • Kendall Owens • Jordan Pack

Jake Palmer • Michaela Ann Pampin • Madeline Parish
 Samuel Elijah Parkhurst • Alexandra Parrish • Alana Perlmutter
 Jadon Perryman • Brodey Phillips • Kaylee Phillips • Kelly Phung
 Olivia Poles • John Paul Pound • Elizabeth Quilhot
 Aman Rahman • Benson Eli Ratliff • Alex Reed • Carson Reed
 Alexandria Reid • Sophia Renner • Jane Robertson
 Spencer Robinson • Kathryn Roth • MaKenna Rother
 Claire Rowe • Kyle Ruban • Hans Rudolph • Elizabeth Sachs
 Kendall Sack • Madison Salloum • Thiago Santos • Isabella Saxton
 Maddy Scannell • Danit Schinagel • Jared Schmitt • Aaron Schnoor
 David Scholink • Michael Schumacher • Joseph Schwab
 Holly Schwarting • Raghuram Selvaraj • Julia Senkfor
 Marisa Senkfor • Zanie Love Shaia • Matt Sharpe
 Carmen Shelton • Emuna Shiller • Sam Shoykhet • Hannah Sidell
 Alison Siegel • Jack Simon • Sarah Simpson • Caleb Skeltis
 Marshall Small • Brianna Smith • Fulton Smith • Mick Smith
 Abbigale Sneed • Zoe Spector • Rachael Spelman • Elyse Splichal
 Ethan Stein • Louis R. Stein • Clay Stepp • Benjamin Stetson
 Kloey Stock • Victoria Strunk • Samantha Sucheck • Evie Sugg
 Spencer Sullivan • David Lyle Summers, Jr. • Evan H. Sutter
 Micah Tang • Sophie Taylor • Stoney Taylor • Zayn Tewart
 Nicholas Theall • Samuel Lukas Thomas • Sam Todd
 Kailyn Towslee • Joseph W. Tozzi • Travis Tracy
 Tayneshea Tucker • Anya Tullman • Simone Valentino
 Lauren Vanlandingham • Sai Varanasi • Ellie Vasey • Nils Veidis
 Audrey Voogd • Andrew Vreeland • Adam Waltke • Nick Waltke
 Justin Wayne • Caleb Wedgle • Gabrielle Weiss
 Brock T. Wertzaugher • Patrick Henry Westendorf • Dani Wides
 Mytallius Williams • Arielle Williamson • Spencer C. Winberry
 Mary Winkle • Emily Witt • Olivia Womack • Jordan Worth
 Charlie Yeldham • Matthew Yokum • Nicole Youngclaus
 Gabriel Zaborowski • Yifu Zhu • Lindsay Zugelder

Invitation to Participate

Please join us for the 2012/2013 Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration. The submission deadline for *Grannie Annie, Vol. 8*, is February 1, 2013. Complete [details](#), including the required entry form, are available at www.TheGrannieAnnie.org.

Praise for The Grannie Annie

I would like to thank you for giving Yifu such an encouragement, and working diligently to publish his first article! Our families in China are very happy to hear about this. It is an amazing experience to me that I witness that a part of my family heritage is being connected from my father to my son through the event you support! Thank you!

Yuxing Feng, Parent; Missouri, USA

Thank you so much for creating such a wonderful writing opportunity for young people. I look forward to the students participating each year and reading the published stories.

Amy Del Coro, Teacher; New Jersey, USA

Writing for *The Grannie Annie* helps my students feel confident as writers, which in turn provides their imaginations with a comfortable setting in which to create.

Katelin Moquin, Teacher; Missouri, USA

My son “harvested” several stories from my father, including one that appeared in *Grannie Annie, Vol. 1*. My father has since passed away, and I am forever grateful that my son recorded these stories before it was too late. I doubt he would have done so if it had not been for *The Grannie Annie*.

Karen Metcalf, Parent; Tennessee, USA

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.

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

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*

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

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.EducatingForChange.com

Grannie Annie Order Form

Grannie Annie, Vol. 7 – Paperback edition
\$14.95 each for 1–4 copies; \$10 each for 5 or more;
\$10 each for participating parents and teachers

_____ Vol. 7 (Paperback) _____
Qty. Total price

Grannie Annie, Vol. 7 – PDF edition
\$5 each

_____ Vol. 7 (PDF) _____
Qty. Total price

Previous vols.: \$10 each; \$25 for a set of *Vols. 4–6*;
\$40 for a set of *Vols. 2–6*

_____ Vol. 2 _____ Vol. 3 _____ Vol. 4 _____ Vol. 5 _____ Vol. 6
Qty. Qty. Qty. Qty. Qty. Total price

Domestic shipping: \$5.00 for one book; \$.50 for each
additional book up to \$17.50 maximum. (For international
shipping, contact order@thegrannieannie.org)

_____ Shipping

Total Due _____

The Grannie Annie is a nonprofit organization. Any
amount included above your Total Due is tax deductible.
Thank you for your support!

Donation Amount _____

Total Enclosed _____

____ Check or money order enclosed (to The Grannie Annie)

Print name, shipping address, and contact information

Name

Street

City State ZIP

Phone (day or evening?) E-mail

Mail form to The Grannie Annie, P.O. Box 11343, St. Louis, MO 63105.
You may also order and donate online at www.TheGrannieAnnie.org or
through Portico Books: phone or fax (toll free) 888-641-5353.
Purchase orders are welcome. Orders placed through Portico Books by
customers in Missouri, Texas, or Kansas will be subject to sales/use tax.

The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration

Young People Learning and Sharing Family Stories

I would like to thank you for giving Yifu such an encouragement, and working diligently to publish his first article! Our families in China are very happy to hear about this. It is an amazing experience to me that I witness that a part of my family heritage is being connected from my father to my son through the event you support! Thank you!

Yuxing Feng, Parent; Missouri, USA

Thank you so much for creating such a wonderful writing opportunity for young people. I look forward to the students participating each year and reading the published stories.

Amy Del Coro, Teacher; New Jersey, USA

Writing for The Grannie Annie helps my students feel confident as writers, which in turn provides their imaginations with a comfortable setting in which to create.

Katelin Moquin, Teacher; Missouri, USA

My son "harvested" several stories from my father, including one that appeared in Grannie Annie, Vol. 1. My father has since passed away, and I am forever grateful that my son recorded these stories before it was too late. I doubt he would have done so if it had not been for The Grannie Annie.

Karen Metcalf, Parent; Tennessee, USA

\$5.00