



Grannie Annie

Historical Family Stories

Written and Illustrated by Young People



from
The Grannie Annie
Family Story Celebration

Vol. 11



Grannie Annie, Vol. 11

Historical Family Stories from
The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration
Written and Illustrated by Young People

Saint Louis, Missouri

The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration

Welcome to the 2015/2016 Grannie Annie celebration of 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 from their family's history. The Grannie Annie experience leads young people to strengthen family and community bonds, encounter history in a personal way, and polish 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 eleventh annual volume of *Grannie Annie*. This year's stories are available in eBook and PDF editions, and are also published on The Grannie Annie's website.

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 with 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.

Copyright and Acknowledgments

Published by The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration, P.O. Box 11343, Saint Louis, Missouri 63105.

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. 11*, 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.

Cover illustration by Braden White.

Particular thanks to fiber artist Elda Miller, and graphics specialists TJ Jerrod and Josh Hagan.

Financial assistance for this project has been provided by the Chester D. and Elda F. Miller Foundation, Anne Perkins, Louise and Jack McIntyre, and other generous donors.

Anthology copyright © 2016 by The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration. All rights reserved other than those specifically excepted below. The owner of this electronic book is permitted to view it on more than one device, to freely forward it to others, and to share the file's download link, provided that such use is primarily for educational or personal use and not for compensation or profit. Individual stories, or the complete file, may be printed for personal or classroom use. Authors and illustrators as noted retain the copyrights to their works, included here with permission. If you wish to include one or more of the stories in a publication (print, electronic, or otherwise), you must contact The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration for permission, and you must give attribution to the individual author(s) and/or artist(s) and to The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration. If you have questions regarding your right to share these stories, please contact The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration at familystories@thegrannieannie.org.

Your tax-deductible donation will enable more young people to take part in The Grannie Annie, and will make the remarkable *Grannie Annie* published stories more widely available. Please mail your donation to the address at the top of this section or visit the donation page of The Grannie Annie's website: TheGrannieAnnie.org/DonatetoTheGrannieAnnie.html

Publisher's Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Grannie Annie : selections from the Grannie Annie family story celebration, an annual writing and illustrating opportunity for young people.

p. cm.

(Grannie Annie ; vol. 11)

ISBN 978-0-9969394-6-1

1. Oral biography. 2. Family history. 3. Family—Anecdotes.
4. Older people—Interviews. 5. Grandparents—Anecdotes.
6. Family folklore.

HQ518 .G72 2016

920—dc22

2008204710

Dedications

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

* * *

In honor of my beloved spouse,
Mary Sale,
who in her 87th year
continues to live a life of deep love
and profound gratitude

Honored by donor Anne Perkins

* * *

In memory of pioneers
Milo Ray and JoHannah Mickelsen McIntyre,
who understood the clay hills
north of Wolbach, Nebraska,
where they sowed wheat fields by hand,
and birthed ten children at home

Honored by donors Louise and Jack McIntyre

Contents

The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration

Copyright and Acknowledgments

Dedications

Story Settings Map, International

Story Settings Map, United States

A Word from Grannie Annie

Note to Parents and Educators

1. Chat and Thomas (before 1861*) by Gray Perry; North Carolina, USA
2. The Scalding Iron (1865) by Marion Grace Jones; North Carolina, USA
3. No Shoes, No Guardian, and No Protection (1893) by Fiona Hayreh; Missouri, USA
4. Coal Miners' Doctor (c. 1920s) by Mary Frances Blount; North Carolina, USA
5. The Man Who Saved the Chicks (c. 1935) by Adina Rohr; New York, USA
6. The War's Cons: My Great-Aunt's Story (1939) by Izabella Kulczycka; Alabama, USA
7. Henrik (c. 1940) by Kristin Nyenhuis; Illinois, USA
8. Watching Over Pearl Harbor (December 7, 1941) by Paige Hunt; Missouri, USA
9. One Suitcase Each (1941–1945) by Kiki Rosenthal; Colorado, USA
10. One Little Girl, One Night's Journey (1942) by Grace Andrews; Missouri, USA
11. The Troubling Telegram (1942) by Zachary Fink; Missouri, USA
12. The Precious Plum (c. 1942–1943) by Sophia Rose Kinninger; Missouri, USA
13. A Risky Plan (c. 1943) by Yael Zimmerman; New York, USA
14. My War Hero (1940s) by Sydney Lanier; North Carolina, USA
15. The Galloping Goat (1943) by Gregory Miller; Ohio, USA
16. The Brush and the Manicure Set (c. 1949) by Faigy Arnold; New York, USA
17. Seeds for the Future (c. 1950s) by Dylan Faulkner; North Carolina, USA
18. The Pathway (c. 1950) by Jaithra Mallipeddi; Missouri, USA
19. The World's Most Expensive Toaster (1958) by Molly Kuzma; North Carolina, USA
20. No-Shoe Sunday (1959) by Alli Grant Avery; North Carolina, USA
21. "Look! I Found a Bee!" (1960s) by Niasha Kodzai; North Carolina, USA
22. The Mysterious Man Who Lived in the Pipe (c. 1960s–1970s) by Julian L. Prakken; Missouri, USA
23. Uncle John's Pet Crow (1963–1964) by Anna Devine; Colorado, USA
24. Fifty Years Ago and One Hundred Years Later (1967) by Anagi Rhoda Shalomi Pieris; Missouri, USA

25. *Avi and the Sohoy-7* (November 27, 1969) by Tillie Yael Cohen; Colorado, USA
26. *Sandman* (1972) by Belle Sara Gage; Missouri, USA
27. *A Crabby Story* (c. 1974) by Cindy Zhu; North Carolina, USA
28. *Cold-Blooded Savior* (c. 1977) by Sofia Brantley; North Carolina, USA
29. *The Tale of Gardner's Hut* (c. 1980) by Whitley Anderson; North Carolina, USA
30. *Shame to Lose to You* (1982) by Benjamin Ni; Ohio, USA
31. *A Failed Attempt to Escape Vietnam* (1982) by Timothy Lai; Missouri, USA
32. *Eyes Straight Ahead* (c. 1985) by Bray Woodard; North Carolina, USA
33. *The Day America Fell Silent* (January 28, 1986) by Sarah Elmore; North Carolina, USA
34. *The Christmas Angel* (1988) by Sara Waida; North Carolina, USA
35. *Cow Patty Bingo* (c. 1990) by Ty Williamson; North Carolina, USA
36. *The Great Miracle* (September 11, 2001) by Shira Arieih; New York, USA

Illustrators of *Volume 11*

Invitation to Participate

Grannie Annie Storykeepers 2016 and Their Story Titles

Praise for The Grannie Annie

* 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 the approximate year.

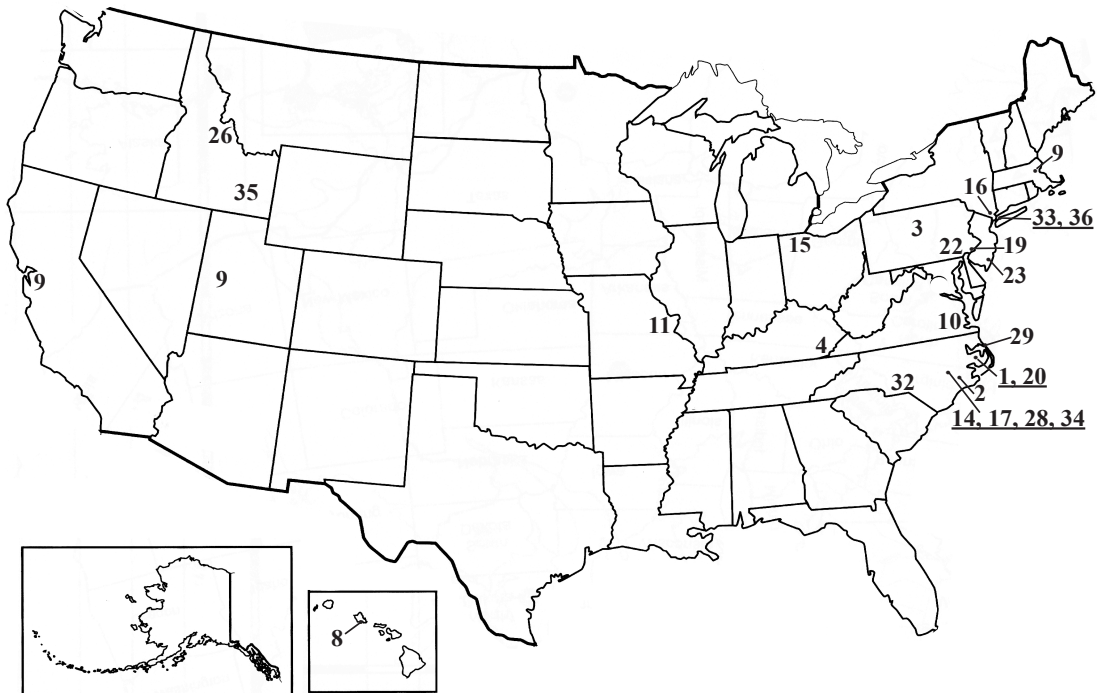
Story Settings Map, International

Numbers on map are story numbers. For locations in the United States, please see the next map.



Story Settings Map, United States

Numbers on map are story numbers.



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

The Grannie Annie is pleased to bring you its first completely "green" collection of historical family stories. Not only did no trees give their lives in the making of *Grannie Annie, Vol. 11*, you can now "have your eBook and share it, too": You are *free* to pass this book on to anyone you think may be interested. What a gift you will be giving!

The thirty-six family treasures included here span nearly 150 years and four continents — and the range of human emotions! In these memorable stories, readers meet family members who are brave, selfless, or fearful; resilient, angry, or proud; creative, relieved, or clever. You'll meet some family members who think *quickly*, on a mountain path or in Nazi-occupied Norway. Others do their best to make themselves comfortable in horse stalls or on fishing boats. One shakes his head at his own foolishness; another laughs at his own naïveté.

This published collection is a celebration of the 555 priceless family stories inspired by The Grannie Annie this year; these stories have been chosen for you to share with your family and others. Even so, you may want to preview the stories before sharing them with young or sensitive readers. These stories and illustrations are published as an eBook, as a PDF, and on The Grannie Annie's website.

May you have a rich reading experience and many opportunities to share these gems with others. We are so pleased you've joined us this year and hope you'll be back again next year for The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration!

Connie McIntyre and Fran Hamilton, Directors of The Grannie Annie

Listening is an act of love.

—Dave Isay, StoryCorps

Grannie Annie, Vol. 11

1. Chat and Thomas

before 1861;¹ Hyde County, North Carolina, USA

The story of Chat and Thomas has been passed down for many generations in my family. It was told by my great-grandfather to my grandmother, and finally to me. Now I would love to share it with you!

Chat and Thomas lived in Hyde County prior to the Civil War, near the community of Slocum. They both worked on the plantation of a man named Mr. Watson. Chat was a slave who worked in the fields, and Thomas, the overseer, was responsible for making sure that the work done by the slaves was done in a timely and efficient manner.

Chat was resentful and angry, and never tried to hide his bad feelings. Thomas was very impatient and always wanted things done his way. He especially had little patience with people with a bad attitude. From these two descriptions, it is already easy to tell that Chat and Thomas never got along with each other.

One oppressively hot day they started arguing about a horse on the farm. Thomas ordered Chat to water the horses, and when Chat said that he already had, Thomas was quick to accuse him of lying. Angry, Thomas picked up a nearby hoe and smacked Chat in the head. Yelling, mad, and bleeding, Chat grabbed a shovel and struck Thomas, killing him instantly.

Chat died from his wound as well. Both men were buried in the land behind the manor house in the woods. Several weeks after their burial, a servant rushed into Mr. Watson's dining room while he and his family were having supper. She told the Watsons to come quickly because Chat and Thomas were outside fighting. They thought she was crazy, because Chat and Thomas were obviously dead, but they followed anyway.

When they looked out the door, the whole family did indeed see two big balls of fire come up from the ground, hit each other repeatedly, and then go back — only to repeat again.

Many people since that time have claimed to see the lights in Hyde County. The fight once took place in the field adjoining my great-grandmother's land. Although she herself has never seen the fire, her father said he had. He vividly described one time as a young boy when he and his father were at the barnyard and watched the fire fight for thirty minutes. He said the lights truly looked like Chat and Thomas fighting.

Many people say that it is just a legend. My grandmother thinks that it could have been heat lightning, because it always happened on hot and humid nights. Despite this, all of those who have seen it claim that it was Chat and Thomas.

I guess next time I'm in Hyde County, I'll just have to see for myself.

Gray Perry; North Carolina, USA

1. 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.

2. The Scalding Iron

1865; Jones County, North Carolina, USA

The year was 1865, the last year of the Civil War.¹ My four-times-great-aunt lived on a farm in Jones County, North Carolina, with her family.

During this time, General Sherman and his Union troops were marching north from Georgia. Along their way they stole supplies and livestock from farms and plantations. In some cases they would even burn down houses. Their goal was to break the Southern spirit.

The word had spread that the troops were making their way toward Jones County. In preparation my family fenced in land deep in the forest to hide the livestock before the soldiers got there. That area of the forest is still known today as Horsepen Ridge.

On the day the Union troops arrived, everyone was going about their normal daily activities. They did not want the soldiers to think they were hiding anything. My aunt was in the kitchen of her farmhouse ironing. Irons back then were different from how they are now. They were made of real iron and were very heavy. To get the iron hot, it was placed in a fire.

A few of the soldiers went into the house and then into the room where my aunt was ironing. One of them asked her where the livestock were, but she did not say a word. She just kept ironing. He asked her repeatedly. Each time, he grew louder and angrier because she would not answer him.

Finally he slammed his hand down on the ironing board, demanding an answer. Still without a word, my aunt calmly put the scalding iron down on top of the soldier's hand. Furious, the soldier reached back to hit her, but another soldier grabbed his arm and stopped him. The Union soldiers got the message and left without getting what they wanted.

Generations of courageous women in my family have told this story, and they continue to tell it today.

Marion Grace Jones; North Carolina, USA

1. This civil war was fought between the United States (the Union) and the Confederacy, a group of Southern states that had formed a new country.

3. No Shoes, No Guardian, and No Protection

1893; near Waterville, Pennsylvania, USA

Two girls walked along a dirt path in the Pocono Mountains. They had no shoes, no guardian, and no protection. The older girl, Nina (NYE-nuh), my great-great-grandma, was nine, and her sister Dorothy was six. Nina had long brown hair, which she always tied up into a neat ponytail. Dorothy's hair was the same, but she let it hang loose.

The two sisters were heading home — home for them was a tent — after gathering berries for lunch. This was usual for them. They lived on the side of a mountain range in Pennsylvania. They grew all of their own food and pumped all their own water.

It was a clear day. The sun was shining, with a slight breeze in the treetops. The dirt road was as dusty as ever. It was a perfect day for gathering berries.

“Do you think this is enough berries for mother?” Dorothy asked, looking up at her big sister. She knew the answer — anything they could gather was enough.

“I think we'll be fine,” Nina said in her sweet, calming voice. “Mother will be delighted.”

Dorothy let out a small sigh of relief, though she didn't need it. Five minutes and they would be home and ready to have these delicious blueberries for lunch. The girls walked along in silence for a while, unaware of what was coming up to give their young hearts a jerk.

Nina and Dorothy turned the corner on the mountain range trail. There they saw, staring at them, a great big black panther — only feet away. His big green unblinking eyes were fixed upon them as if he was ready to pounce at any moment. Nina felt Dorothy give a small jump, but not enough to alert the panther.

Nina thought, “Stay calm,” as though trying to send the message to her little sister. Dorothy appeared to receive it, or else it was just common sense. Then Nina remembered something she had learned a while ago: If you sing to an animal, it won't attack you.

So, doing the only thing she could think of, she grabbed her sister's hand and began to sing a hymn. They skirted around the huge panther, knowing that at any moment it could pounce. Nina's hand sweated with every step she took. When they finally got around the panther — after what felt like forever — they let out their breath. They looked at each other, then took off at a run. They would have an exciting story to tell their waiting mother when they got home.

Fiona Hayreh; Missouri, USA

4. Coal Miners' Doctor

c. 1920s; Harlan County, Kentucky, USA

My great-granddad Harry King Buttermore, Jr. (whom I will call “Granddaddy”), grew up in a coal-mining town — Harlan, Kentucky — in the early 1900s. My great-*great*-granddad Dr. Harry King Buttermore was the family physician for four mines in Harlan County. His fee was \$2.50 per family per month. This included office visits, house visits, and any medication needed. Surgeries and childbirth were done for an additional fee. He worked eighteen to twenty hours a day. In the 1920s doctors made approximately \$10,000 a year.

The store in the mining camp was called a “commissary.” In addition to a store, the commissary included a post office, a barbershop, and a meeting place. There was even a movie theater located in the commissary.

Granddaddy was very interested in medicine. He liked to assist his dad every chance he got. He would sterilize the surgical equipment. He would also help during surgeries when needed. One time there was a tonsillitis outbreak in the mining camp. By 8:00 a.m. there were twenty-one children waiting in line to have their tonsils removed. Granddaddy was fourteen years old at the time. He helped hold the children still while they were put to sleep. Dr. Buttermore would remove the tonsils and adenoids, and extract any bad or baby teeth. If the patient was a boy, he would circumcise him as well. All of this would take only about ten minutes.

Dr. Buttermore also loved delivering babies. He delivered over 5,000 babies in his sixty years of practicing medicine. Many times the parents of the babies he delivered asked him to name the babies. If he couldn't think of a name, he would name them one of his own children's names. Granddaddy said there were many kids named “Harry” that he grew up with!

When Granddaddy was sixteen, he was asked to assist with a surgery on a man who smashed his foot in a mining accident. Granddaddy was asked to give the anesthetic to keep the patient sleeping during surgery. Granddaddy got so interested in the surgery that he lost track of how much anesthetic he was giving the patient. Evidently it was too much, and they almost lost the patient. Dr. Buttermore had to slap the patient several times to wake him up. Many years later, that same man went to work for Granddaddy in the mines. Granddaddy said that he was a lazy, sorry worker, and Granddaddy joked that he should have taken the man out of his misery during surgery. Of course, he was only kidding!

Dr. Buttermore and his wife, Kate, had seven children, and thirty-nine grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Many of them have careers in medicine, thanks to Dr. Buttermore's legacy and these stories of the past. My great-granddad Harry is still alive at age ninety-seven. He loves to tell stories, and I am thankful to be able to put some of them in writing.

Mary Frances Blount; North Carolina, USA

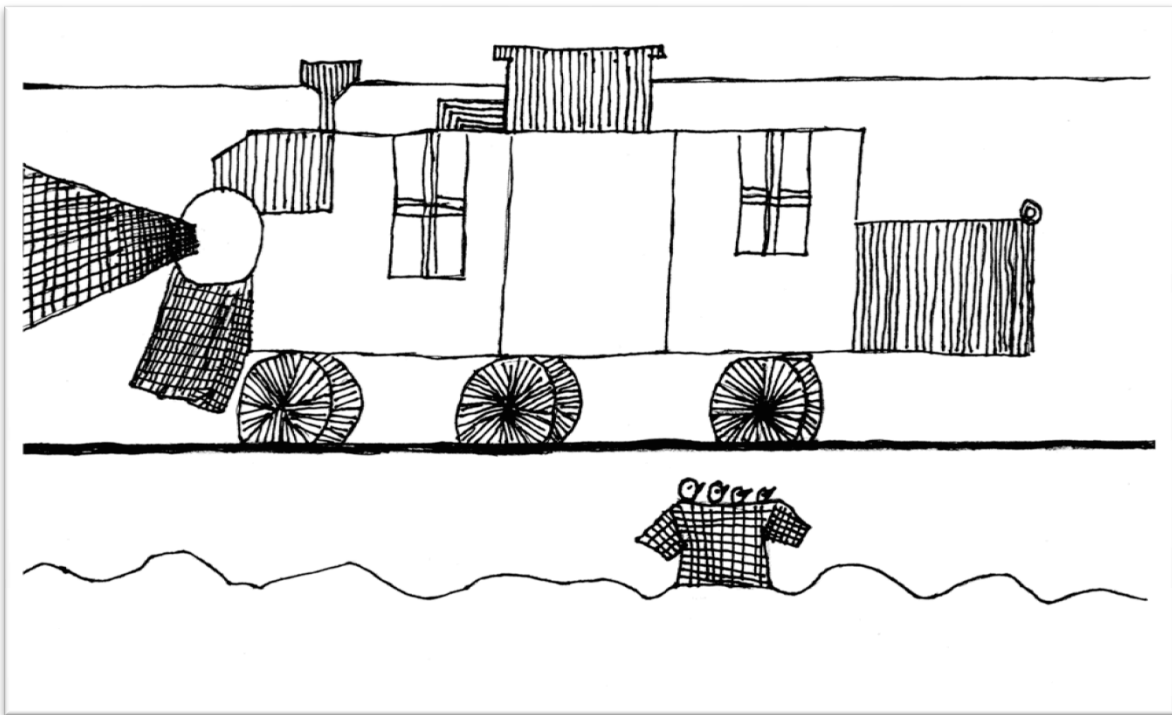
5. The Man Who Saved the Chicks

c. 1935; New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, Canada

Fifty bricks. That's how you keep chicks warm in the winter.

My great-great-grandparents were born in Poland. They moved to Canada with two boys before Hitler took over Poland. Things were very bad, because there was no work. My great-great-grandparents decided to buy a farm in New Glasgow and become farmers.

My great-great-grandfather Isaac ran an organization to get chicks for poor families and for his farm. One day Isaac was waiting for the train to come with crates of chicks. The smoking train came and dropped off the chicks onto the freezing white snow. Isaac did not know what to do to keep the chicks safe and warm.



Suddenly a poor man came over to Isaac and said, "You look like you need help."

Isaac replied, "Yes, I sure do."

The poor homeless man said, "Is there a farmer you can borrow bricks from?"

Isaac replied, "Yes." Together they went to the farmer and borrowed some bricks.

When they got back to the train station with the bricks, the poor man put the bricks on the potbelly stove that was in the station keeping the station warm. He then put the warm bricks around the chicks. The men layered the crates onto the horse and buggy with warm bricks between the crates and traveled back to New Glasgow.

The poor man asked Isaac if he could work for him on the farm.

Isaac said, "Yes, but I do not have money to pay you."

The man said, “That is okay. I just need food and a place to sleep.”

This story makes me feel proud and special, because my great-great-grandfather met a special person who ended up helping him and saving the chicks’ lives. This has taught me to always have a good helpful eye for others.

Adina Rohr; New York, USA

Illustrator: Ian Funk; Missouri, USA

6. The War's Cons: My Great-Aunt's Story

1939; Warsaw, Poland

“Do not hang on his neck when he comes in,” lectured Miss Helen, Ciocia Basia’s¹ father’s maid. “Do not climb on him. Do not shout at him.” Miss Helen was always lecturing her on polite etiquette.

“Remember he just had a surgery,” she further lectured.

Ciocia Basia could hear the elevator coming up. Veronica, another maid, was holding the door open, and her dad was coming in, leaning on her mom’s shoulder. He looked deathly pale.

He rested the whole day. The next day, he explained to Ciocia Basia that the Germans wanted to take over Poland and that there would be a war.

She pictured her dad on a ship saying, “Fire!” and the enemy’s ship sinking down underneath the ocean’s surface. War was glorious!

A few days later her dad came in in a very bad mood. “This whole war is in an uproar,” he said. “We have no equipment, nothing.”

She attempted to cheer him up by saying, “Daddy, this might be a small war, and we must win it. We are Polish and we are the bravest in the world. No one would dare to invade us.”

Yet the radio had said earlier, “Attention! German air forces have crossed the frontier and are heading towards Warsaw.”

Her father gathered all the maids, gave them money, and then sent them to their families until the war was over. He announced that his family would also be leaving Warsaw soon.

The air raid sirens then went off, and Ciocia Basia went with the other children to the shelter in the apartment building. They came with all of their toys, and it was all good fun. They knew that the planes would be knocked out of the sky like dead flies and that the Nazis were stupid to attack Poland, the bravest country in the world.

But the airships came in and killed Little Eva. That wasn’t the way wars were supposed to go. This wasn’t fun at all.

They moved the next day because the whole Polish Navy was going to be evacuated. All the officers’ families were to take only the luggage they could carry. Later they ended up at the train station to take a train to Pinsk. It would be a long journey.

After several days, everyone’s clothes were getting dirty. There wasn’t much food left, and the water was hot and stuffy. To make it all worse, everyone was smelly. Everyone tried to keep the train clean, but it wasn’t much help. The sun was extremely bright, and the train was getting hotter and hotter.

Later they heard planes getting close, which was normal, but this time there was a terrible noise and the train was shaking. Everyone was then ordered to get out, because the train had been hit by a bomb and the train might explode. This wasn’t how war was supposed to go.

Yet this was only the beginning of a long journey to England and then to the United States.

Izabella Kulczycka; Alabama, USA

1. “Ciocia Basia” is pronounced CHOH-chuh BAH-shuh. “Ciocia” is Polish for “aunt,” and “Basia” is a nickname for “Barbara.”

7. Henrik

c. 1940; Oslo, Norway

“Service before self.” This phrase means a lot. My great-grand-uncle named Henrik Palmstrom definitely lived by this saying. It was the spring of 1940 in the snowy country of Norway when the Nazis invaded. Many Norwegians made the decision to flee to safer countries, like England. Henrik, however, made the risky choice to stay. He was working at the University of Oslo, and life would be dangerous for him.

Henrik was living in Oslo when Norway was invaded. His vacation home, however, was a cabin in the wooded countryside. Henrik was against the Nazis, and he had been sending radio transmissions to the Resistance¹ ever since the war started. Henrik’s house was in a city, so the safest place for him to send these transmissions was from his cabin. Because of this, he ended up spending a lot of time there. Unfortunately, his cabin wasn’t always going to be so safe.

As winter was approaching, someone from Henrik’s work somehow found out what Henrik was doing. Like Henrik, this person also stayed, but for a much different purpose. Henrik stayed to fight the Nazis; however, this person stayed to *help* the Nazis. This person tattled on Henrik, and the Nazis planned to find him. Thankfully, someone else discovered that the Nazis were going to go after Henrik, and warned him.

After work that day, Henrik raced over the country roads to his cabin. When he got there, he was trembling with fear and excitement. What was he going to do? Henrik made up his mind. He packed a satchel and placed some important belongings, along with food, in the bag. He reached for his skis, put them on, and escaped out the back door. As the Nazis approached the cabin, Henrik was already on his journey, skiing under the snow-covered trees of the woods. He managed to silently disappear without getting captured by the Nazis.



Henrik kept skiing for a while. The snow glistened in the sunlight as his breath formed icy clouds floating in the air. He kept skiing east until he ended up at the Swedish border. He stayed in Sweden for a little while and then was able to take a boat to England. In England he worked for the Norwegian government in exile. He remained in the refuge of England for the rest of the war. He married an English girl but was able to return to his home in Norway once the war ended.

My great-grand-uncle Henrik was extremely selfless. When the Nazis invaded and everyone fled, Henrik decided to stay. He thought he could do much more to help the Allies² by staying than by simply running away. Instead of avoiding the problem, he met it face to face. Henrik was not concerned with the safety of himself but rather with the wellbeing of others. He might not have done something heroic, but because of his selflessness I think Henrik should be someone we look up to.

Kristin Nyenhuis; Illinois, USA

Illustrator: Braden White; Missouri, USA (Also on book cover)

1. The Resistance was an organization that worked, often secretly, against the Nazi takeover.
2. The Allies were the twenty-six countries, including Norway, Great Britain, the United States, France, and the Soviet Union (USSR), that fought against Germany, Japan, and other countries in World War II.

8. Watching Over Pearl Harbor

December 7, 1941; Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, USA¹

My great-grandpa could have died if he had not gone to church. While in the United States Navy, Great-Grandpa Frank and his brother were deployed to beautiful Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. They slept on the USS *Schley*, a World War I destroyer ship. Little did they know that a few hours later an attack from Japan would almost cost them their lives.

Frank woke up on Sunday, December 7, 1941, wanting to go to church. He walked next door to his brother's cabin and told him to get up, because they were going to mass. Bob, his brother, just continued to sleep, because he had stayed up late the night before. Frank again tried to rouse his sleeping brother, but to no avail. Frank then ripped off the sheets and threw open the curtains — and finally Bob awoke. Bob did not want to go to church, but gave up arguing and followed Frank out the door.

Frank led the way as they leisurely strolled up to church on a cloudless, sunny day. The church building stood on a hill, and from there you could see the expanse of Pearl Harbor. As the mass ceremony began, sirens started blaring. They were under attack!

Frank and Bob rushed outside, where a sickening sight met their eyes. What they saw would change the course of history. Japanese planes rained down bombs on the ships moored in Pearl Harbor. As terrified as they were, Frank and Bob knew they had to help.

Frank tore down the hill with Bob on his heels. They raced across the shore, trying to get to the USS *Schley*, but the wreckage in the water made it impossible to board the ship. A feeling of helplessness washed over Frank. Just as he was about to give up hope, Frank spotted a small sailing boat docked a couple of yards away. Frank and Bob clambered in and discovered that the boat was full of firefighting equipment. They pushed off into the harbor. While Bob drenched blazing fires on shore, Frank pulled drowning people out of the water.

Frank and Bob saved dozens of lives. If they had not gone to church that day, Bob and Frank could have died in the bombing. Frank believed God called him to church so he wouldn't die and so he could save other people. My great-grandpa Frank said that if you put your faith in God, he will keep you safe — and that is exactly what God did.

Paige Hunt; Missouri, USA

1. In 1941 Hawaii was a U.S. territory. It became the fiftieth state in 1959.

9. One Suitcase Each

1941–1945; Berkeley, California; Sevier Desert in Utah; Boston, Massachusetts — USA

One hundred years ago two sets of my great-great-grandparents arrived in California from Japan. In 1916 the Kumekawas owned a dry goods¹ store, and the Hibinos had just arrived in California and would go on to settle in Berkeley.

1920 and 1930 came and went. Mrs. Kumekawa had two girls and two boys; Mrs. Hibino had two boys.

World War II began for the United States when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor in 1941. The government was convinced that all people of Japanese descent might attack the United States.

A few days after the Pearl Harbor bombing, some government agents went to the Kumekawa house and the Hibino home. The families were told to evacuate and take one suitcase each. The families were put on a bus. They arrived in a holding area at the Tanforan Racetrack. They stayed in horse stalls.

That evening Nobu Kumekawa lay awake on a hard bed of straw. It itched and smelled, and she was cold. She had been forced to leave the University of California during her last semester.

A few months passed, and nothing changed. Then one day, government agents arrived and told everyone in the camp to get on a train.

“Why are you doing this to us? Where are we going?” Yoshi Hibino blurted out.

“Orders,” one of the officers said flatly. With that, he shoved Yoshi into one of the train cars with the rest of the people from the camp.

They were on the train for two days before they arrived in the Sevier Desert in Utah. Nobu opened the creaky door to their room and looked in. She saw a few rusty cots and a heater; everything was caked with a layer of sand. There were barbed wire fences, guard towers, and soldiers carrying rifles. In the winter it was windy and cold; in the summer everything was covered in sand, and the heat was unbearable.

For meals they sat at long tables and ate American foods: hot dogs, baked beans, potatoes, and other canned foods. The Japanese people of the camp didn’t like the food, so one day they took it upon themselves and cooked foods they liked: white rice, canned fish, and fresh vegetables that sometimes they even grew themselves.

“This is so depressing,” Nobu said one day as she looked out at the guard towers from her cot. She sighed.

Then her father said stoically, “They must have good reason for keeping us here for so long.” Some of the people were kept there for four years.

In 1943 Nobu left the camp to finish college at Boston University, and Yoshi got a job at a small company in Boston that sold dynamite. Nobu and Yoshi had dated in California before the war. Nobu finished college, and she and Yoshi got married that Christmas Eve.

In 1945 the war ended, and everyone else left the camp on a train. Nobu’s and Yoshi’s parents moved to Boston, Massachusetts.

Nobu went on to educate schools about the war. She also had three children, including my grandmother, Diane Hibino, who told me this story. She also told me to tell people about her family's experience in the camps so it won't happen again.

Kiki Rosenthal; Colorado, USA

1. A dry goods store sells cloth, clothing, and related products.

10. One Little Girl, One Night's Journey

1942; Surry, Virginia, USA

“Do you think she’ll be okay?” asked her mother worriedly. “I mean she’s just five.”

“My Sissie? Oh, she’ll have a great time with Great-Grandmother,” expressed her father confidently.

The little girl, who was five years old, was a very curious country girl who would finally spend the night at her grandmother’s. As she cooked her favorite meal on the wood stove, she dreamed about how her grandmother’s rooms would look.

The little girl walked up to the wood stove and peered in at the bubbling water. The bubbling water reminded her of the excitement bubbling inside her. “I’m going to Grandmother’s tonight,” she reminded herself while stirring the pot.

The smell wafted into the cozy den, and her mother wandered in saying, “The chicken smells wonderful! Are you excited to go to Grandmother’s?”

“Oh, yes! Jackie went to her grandmother’s house, and she said it was amazing!” exclaimed the little girl.

“How about you check if you’re all packed up?”

The little girl dashed to her room, her heart beating in her chest. She checked. “Yep, all packed.” She picked up her tomcat from the windowsill and gave him a hug and kiss goodbye.

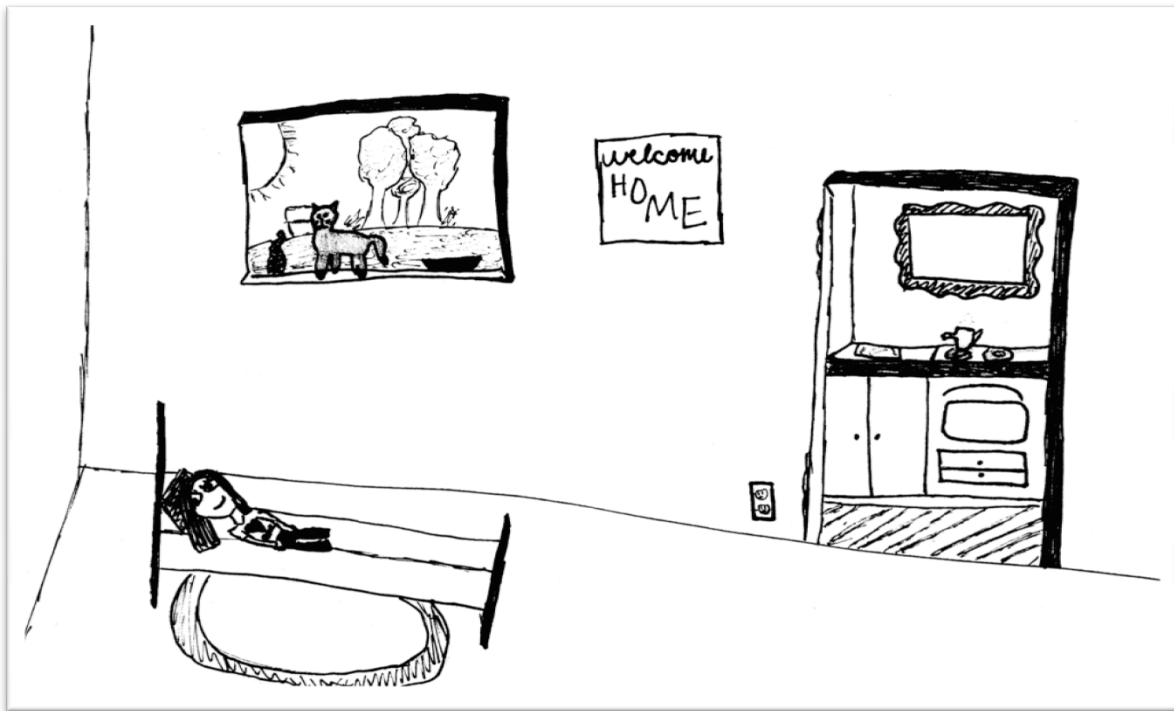
Once she was done eating her favorite meal, she skipped to the door. Then she squeezed on her Chucks, fastened the shoelaces in a double knot, and started her trip to her grandmother’s.

When the little girl arrived at her grandmother’s, she could smell the fragrances from inside. The little girl knocked on the door, and was greeted by the aroma of tea. Her grandmother took the hot kettle off the burner. After they had gotten settled and started their tea, Grandmother said, “Looks like there’ll be some frost in the morn’.” The little girl could see the frost creeping like fingers up the window.

They had chatted about many things and were ready to go to bed. They snuggled down under loads of covers, and Grandmother fell asleep.

The little girl was still wide-awake and unwinding from all the excitement. She felt sad suddenly, but had no idea why. She thought back to the beginning of the day when her dad had let her sleep in and skip her chores because today she got to go to Grandmother’s. “Oh, Daddy, how I miss you! I wish you were here with me to comfort me.” She sighed. The little girl leaned over and kissed her grandmother on the cheek, then crawled out of bed.

She grabbed her bag and started to walk out the door. She traveled down the hall to her parents’ room and told them she was staying in her own bed. As she tiptoed past her grandmother’s room to hers, her heart warmed. She was finally home.



You can get homesick anywhere. My grandmother Carol learned the hard way. Carol still laughs about the moment when she traveled the ten steps out her great-grandmother's door back to her own warm, cozy bed.

Grace Andrews; Missouri, USA

Illustrator: Jordan Preis; Missouri, USA

11. The Troubling Telegram

1942; St. Louis, Missouri, USA

In the year 1942, during World War II, my thirteen-year-old grandmother was sitting and enjoying breakfast with her family in their formal dining room on Flora Place in St. Louis, Missouri. My great-grandma was a dignified, elegant woman, and Great-Grandpa was a likable businessman who always had a twinkle in his eye.

Grandma dreamed of pancakes with mouthwatering syrup, and eggs that were fluffy and light. As she snapped back to reality, her food was served, and she began to eat. With stuffed cheeks, she looked out the window, and saw a young man ride up on a bike.

“Who is that, Mom?” asked my grandma, as she and her sister both devoured their food ravenously.

Great-Grandma took one look, and the color drained away from her face. “I — I think it’s a telegram,” Great-Grandma managed to stutter out.

Great-Grandpa looked like he was walking toward his death as he said, “Wait here, Emelia.” He slowly walked forward, opened the door, and stepped outside.

As the young man approached, Great-Grandma burst into tears and turned away so no one could see her horrified face. Grandma and her siblings were surprised, because their mother *never ever* cried.

Grandma looked away and stared down at her food, lost in her thoughts. All she could think was “Why? Why are they so upset about a telegram? Maybe it means something to them?” Then, finally, a grim thought struck Grandma. “Bill!” she thought, realizing that they hadn’t heard from her brother, fighting in World War II, in five weeks.

This was a telegram, the way the army delivered news! It could mean that Bill was either dead or horribly injured. Grandma looked out the window with tears spilling out of her eyes. Just then Great-Grandpa tipped the man, waved goodbye, and went back inside with a sad, fearful look on his tired face.

Then he opened the telegram.

Suddenly Great-Grandpa exploded with laughter, howling like a wolf. My great-grandma looked at him, startled and confused. Great-Grandpa finally calmed his outburst of laughter. “I—It’s not about Bill, honey. It’s about my retreat on Sunday. They say not to miss it.” Through his laughter he managed to read, “The food is going to be great.”

Great-Grandma ripped the telegram out of his hands, tore it up, and stomped on it until it was nothing but minuscule bits of crumpled paper.

Later the family discovered that Great-Uncle Bill hadn’t been able to write, because he had been shot in the hand, and he got home safely a couple of months later. Great-Grandpa went on his White House retreat and thoroughly enjoyed the fantastic food. Great-Grandma and the family never forgot Great-Grandpa’s troubling telegram.

Zachary Fink; Missouri, USA

12. The Precious Plum

c. 1942–1943; Berlin and rural Germany

This story is about my *oma* Ursula Schultz during World War II. (“Oma” means “grandmother” in German.) Oma is describing her journey from bombed Berlin to the rural countryside of Germany. She was eight years old at the time.

After the end of the bombing in Berlin, my mother Anna, my three-year-old sister Marianne, and I lived with my maternal grandparents in the basement of their destroyed apartment building in a makeshift shelter. I would play in all the rubble, and there was only a little food.

My father, Karl, had been taken captive by the Russian army. We had no knowledge whether he was still alive.

After some months the German government decided to send mothers with young children to parts of Germany that had not been destroyed during the war. My mother, little sister, and I were packed on buses to go to the north coast of Germany. Then we were gathered in a gymnasium, and the local families could pick whom they wanted to share their home with. My mother and my little sister were taken by a farmer to live on his farm. My mother had to work very hard helping to harvest the crop on that farm.

I was very sad to see my mother leave. I was scared to be separated from her and my little sister. But I was fortunate to be taken in by an elderly childless couple. They were very generous and cared a lot for me. For the first time in my life, I had a pretty room to myself. The room had an old grandfather clock that showed the movement of the sun and the moon. All my life since then, I have longed to own such a clock.

After a year passed, a man showed up at our house. He had short hair and was very thin and tall. I called the elderly couple, saying, “There is a stranger at the door!”

I had not recognized my father, who had returned safe from imprisonment in Russia. He had come to reunite our little family, and he moved us all to live with his great-uncle Joseph in North Rhine-Westphalia.

Joseph was a priest and had a big parish. He also had a big garden with a fruit orchard. In the middle of the orchard was a gorgeous plum tree. The plums were as big as eggs. I had never seen such delicious fruit in my life.

I had a little doll pram. One day I put a precious plum under the cushions to keep it safe.

After some time, the plum rotted! I had not eaten it, because it was so special to me!



After I heard this story for the first time from my oma, I have never looked at a plum, or eaten one again, the same way. I am sad for my oma — that she had to go through such hard times — but I am glad that I can learn from her experience.

Author and illustrator: Sophia Rose Kinninger; Missouri, USA

13. A Risky Plan

c. 1943; Tbilisi, Georgia, USSR¹

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to have a plan that could get you arrested? Well, someone had one. When my great-great-grandmother Bubby² Luba lived in Russia in 1943, Russia was in the middle of World War II. If you were Jewish, you couldn't *daven* in a *shul* (worship in a synagogue), so there was a traveling shul.

On Simchat Torah (a Jewish holiday) it was my great-great-grandparents' turn to host the shul in their home. Everyone was celebrating when a terrifying officer came in. He saw people celebrating and got mad. "What do you think you're doing? Don't you know Russia's in the middle of a war?" he screamed. Then he thought, "Such traitors! How dare they celebrate in the middle of a war!" Again he shouted, "I'm going to arrest you!"

Bubby Luba felt horrified. If they didn't do something soon, they would all get arrested!

Just then she had a plan. She whispered it to her husband, Zaidy³ Moshe, and Zaidy Moshe said, "Oh, we're not celebrating our holiday. We're celebrating for the Russian soldiers." Then he took a glass of vodka (an alcoholic drink) and said, "This is for the soldiers. Long may they live!" And the officer had to drink, too, so it would be respectful towards the soldiers.

Then Zaidy Moshe did another toast — and another and another until the officer got drunk and fell asleep. Then everyone left.

When the officer woke up, he asked, "Where is everyone? I have to arrest them!"

Bubby Luba said, "Nobody else is here."

"I'm going to tell my boss about this," the officer said.

Then Bubby Luba said, "If you do, I'll tell him that you got drunk on duty, and then you'll be the one in trouble."

So the officer left, and they didn't get arrested.

Yael Zimmerman; New York, USA

1. In 1943 Georgia was a republic in the Soviet Union (USSR). In 1991 it became an independent country.

2. "Bubby" is Yiddish for "grandma."

3. "Zaidy" is Yiddish for "grandpa."

14. My War Hero

1940s; Central Europe; Greene County, North Carolina, USA

I never knew my granddad David, because he died when my dad was only eleven years old. But the story of his life inspires me to never give up. My granddad was a remarkable man, because he fought in World War II and was able to overcome the struggles that many African-American men faced during that time period. My granddad is a hero to our family.

You see, my granddad went to a school that was approximately four miles from his house. The school that he attended was only a one-room building, which meant all grades were in the same class together. Also, he would have to walk to school every day, because there weren't any school buses. My granddad wanted to go to school, but he did not have any money to help support his family. When he was in the third grade, he dropped out of school. He had to drop out, because he had to farm to help provide for his family. His dad had died at a very early age, so he had become the man of the house. At the time he dropped out of school, he couldn't read or even write his name. He never returned to school, because he always had to work.

In 1941 the United States entered World War II. My granddad was drafted at the age of eighteen on November 6, 1942. Because of the fact that he couldn't read or write his name, when it came time for him to fill out the draft papers for the U.S. Army, he had to sign his name with an "X."

While he was in the army, he learned how to spell his name and read. He traveled to many different places, like Normandy (in northern France), Rhineland (now part of Germany), and other parts of Central Europe. When Granddad went to France, he learned how to speak French. That was a major thing for a black man to speak more than one language, especially since he had not learned how to read or write in the United States.

My granddad was in the segregated army. He was not allowed to fight beside the white soldiers. There were certain jobs he was not allowed to do while he was in the military.

He told his kids about having to dig foxholes¹ and then sleep in them, even during the cold winters and the hot summers. But even with the conditions, he did learn to read and write before being discharged on September 24, 1945.

My granddad faced a lot of adversity in life. My aunts and uncles have always talked about how strict my granddad was with all of them. He taught them how to work hard, but most of all he taught them that an education was very important. Evidence of this is that out of eleven kids, over eighty percent of them have attended and graduated from college. I think that is amazing when as a young man my granddad didn't even know how to read and write.

Sydney Lanier; North Carolina, USA

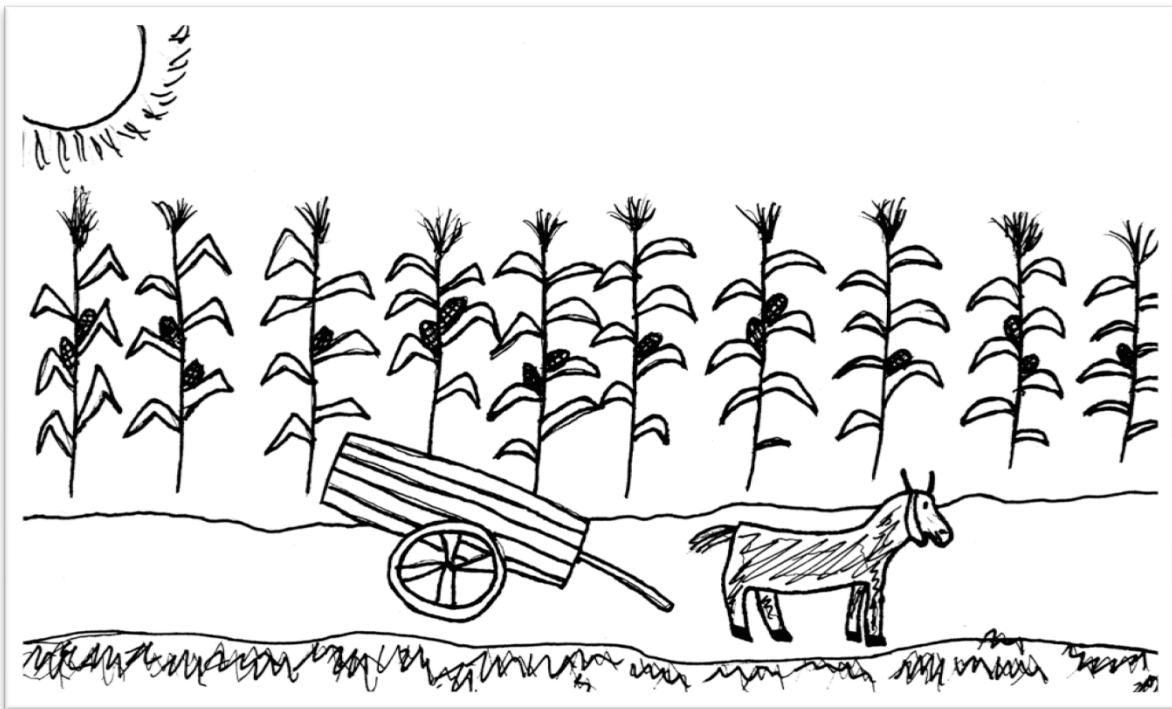
1. A foxhole is a shallow pit that provides some protection from enemy fire.

15. The Galloping Goat

1943; Toledo, Ohio, USA

It was the summer of 1943. My great-grandparents owned a small farm, where they grew vegetables. They also raised goats for their milk and chickens for their eggs.

Because goats are very playful when they are young, they are fun to be around. One afternoon my grandpa and great-uncle had a great idea. They decided to make a cart that the goat could pull through the field. They used some wood from orange crates and wheels from an old wagon. Then they made a harness from rope and attached it from the goat to the cart. My great-uncle, who was nine years old at the time, got into the cart and waited for the goat to start moving. But the goat was as still as a statue!



The boys tried to think of a way to make the goat move. They found an eight-foot-long pole and attached some string to the end of it. Then they went hunting for some food that the goat would like to eat. Their goats ate all sorts of things, such as grass, hay, and the bark off of trees. They even ate rose bushes with sharp thorns on them. But goats especially liked corn.

So the boys picked some field corn from the farm and tied an ear to the end of the string. My great-uncle picked up the pole, got back in the cart, and dangled the corn in front of the goat's face. All of a sudden the goat shot off like a bullet toward the chicken coop. The cart got stuck in the fence, and chickens went scattering everywhere. Luckily my great-uncle and the animals did not get hurt. Who knew a goat could gallop so fast?!

Gregory Miller; Ohio, USA

Illustrator: Samuel Sheldon; Missouri, USA

16. The Brush and the Manicure Set

c. 1949; Haverstraw, New York, USA

When my grandmother was growing up, she had to face great challenges. My grandmother, Elizabeth Cecile Berger, was born on February 15, 1938, in Vienna, Austria. When she was one year old, Elizabeth and her parents went on a boat to America because the Nazis had taken over Austria, and the Nazis hated the Jews. Elizabeth's family was Jewish.

When Elizabeth was eleven, she got polio. She went to a hospital called Haverstraw. She got so sick she was paralyzed. She couldn't sit up, stand, or walk.

My grandmother was really special, because even though her situation was difficult, she saw that there were other children who were in worse situations than she was. She was even able to help another girl.

It was Christmas/Chanukah time. The air around the hospital kitchens was filled with wonderful smells of latkes, cookies, mince pies, jelly donuts, homemade applesauce, pine trees, freshly baked bread, homemade chocolate, and much, much more. In the hallways were Christmas trees with shiny metal red and blue balls, lights, and homemade ornaments. On the windowsills were menorahs with flames dancing in the moonlight.

On one fine day firemen came to visit the children in a large polio ward. Elizabeth was in bed. She could move only her fingers. The firemen gave the children presents. The girl next to Elizabeth got a hairbrush. The girl's hair was shaved because she needed an operation. The girl didn't like her present — especially because she couldn't use it. The girl asked everyone in the room if they would trade with her. They were all happy with their presents, so they all said, "No." The girl was very disappointed.

Finally the girl approached Elizabeth. Elizabeth had gotten a wonderful manicure set. It had three colors of nail polish with scissors and a nail file in a beautiful leather case. Elizabeth didn't want to trade. The girl asked her hesitantly, "Can I trade with you?"

Elizabeth really wanted the manicure set. She knew the girl really wanted to trade with her. So even though Elizabeth had a brush like that one already and she was happy with her present, she decided she would trade. Then Elizabeth answered, "Sure, I've always wanted a brush like that one."

The girl replied excitedly, "You really want to trade?" and without letting Elizabeth answer, she said happily, "Thank you! Thank you!"

Even though she didn't get the present she wanted, Elizabeth was happy that she was able to help the girl. Throughout her life, Elizabeth's goal was to make people happy.

After several surgeries and a lot of physical therapy, Elizabeth regained her ability to walk. She was able to get married, have children and grandchildren, and have a career. She became an artist well known in Canada, and made people happy with her colorful watercolor paintings.

Faigy Arnold; New York, USA

17. Seeds for the Future

c. 1950s; Kinston, North Carolina, USA

My granddad Ernest Quincy Faulkner, Jr. always spoke about growing up on the farm in the 1950s. I can still see his thick, scarred hands and hear his deep, stern voice as he told of the days growing up and learning lessons of hard work and dedication. He would always start with “When I was a boy, things were much different. We did everything outside, and life was about tending to the crops. Everyday life on the farm was busy.”

Quincy, as my granddad was called, always started the tobacco season from a bag of seed and cared for his plants until harvest. Back in the old days, tobacco was planted in long, narrow soil beds in the cold February air. Each seed was placed in the rich soil by hand, and then the beds were covered with plastic to help keep them warm through the winter days. As the weather became warmer and the sun made the seeds sprout, Quincy would remove the plastic and cover the plants with wheat straw. As they grew, he would pull the weeds by hand, bending over the hundreds of plants that he had grown from seed.

Once the plants were ready, Quincy would pull each one up and place it in a basket to carry to the field. There he would work with his other workers to plant each tobacco plant. He bent over each hole and secured each plant with fertile soil. Everything was done by hand.

As the plants grew, Quincy was in the tobacco field in hot steamy weather to top and sucker¹ the plants, hoping for the best crop. One by one, he would pull off the sticky flowers and suckers between the leaves. With every plant, his body became more covered with tar.² With sweat pouring down his face, he’d look down the long row of plants and pray he could earn enough money for the year. Day in and day out, he tended to his plants. Rain or shine, there was work to do.

After many weeks, Quincy would look over a field of fully grown tobacco, and realize it was time to take the crop to the barns for curing.³ This took all of the members of the family. They moved down each row, pulling leaves. Then they sent the leaves to a barn, where ladies looped them onto sticks that were hung on racks. When a barn was full of tobacco leaves, it was “fired up” by burning wood in a fire pit. The rich smell flowed out of the barn and filled the hot summer day with the distinct smell of curing tobacco. This was how they cured tobacco during the 1950s.

Stories from a farming family have played a big role in where we are today. Day-to-day farming has changed, but the traditions have been passed down from my granddad to my father and now to me. Quincy planted the seeds of farming in all of us with his tales of his farming days. These stories have shaped me and will stay with me forever.

Dylan Faulkner; North Carolina, USA

1. To sucker a plant is to remove extra shoots, called “suckers,” from it.
2. This tar was actually the sticky sap from the tobacco plants.
3. To cure tobacco is to dry it out.

18. The Pathway

c. 1950; Lodidhalanka, Andhra Pradesh, India

This story goes back to my grandfather's childhood in Lodidhalanka, a small hamlet near the southeastern coast of Andhra Pradesh, India.

My grandfather was the youngest of eight children. His mother was illiterate, but his father could read and write. His family owned immense fertile farmland. The elder siblings worked on the farm to help their father, while the younger three brothers were sent to school to acquire an education. Sometimes the younger brothers would help out with some small chores, too.

The toughest struggle my grandfather went through was not at school itself, but getting there. He would walk with his brothers for a total of six and one-half miles in the morning and six and one-half miles back in the evening, the reason being that his village was too small to have a school. He walked mostly through rice paddy fields. There was no paved road back then, only small pathways.

But his struggles did not end there. On his way to the school, there was an irrigation canal coming directly from the River Krishna. He had to cross this canal to get to the school. It was usually very shallow, but during the monsoons,¹ the canal would become surprisingly deep. In order to cross it and remain dry, my grandfather and my great-uncles would take off their clothes and place them with their books on top of their heads and walk across the canal, with the cold river water up to their necks. In these conditions, my grandfather almost drowned once, but to his luck, one of his uncles was working in a field nearby and saved him.

Despite his struggles, my grandfather also had a lot of fun on his way to school. Due to flooding after harsh storms, the fish from the river would get stuck in nets in small creeks. They would jump about, rippling the water. My grandfather desired to take them home, but he didn't have any small baskets to contain them, so he would make a basket from leaves of nearby palm trees and carry them home. His mother would then cook fish curry for the family.

My grandfather is now 65, and is retired after successfully completing his career as a mechanical engineer. He still remembers his childhood days with pleasure. Though I have never been to Lodidhalanka, I imagine it is as beautiful as it was when my grandfather roamed its vast green fields.

Jaithra Mallipeddi; Missouri, USA

1. Monsoons are seasonal winds that blow off the Indian Ocean between June and September, bringing heavy rains.

19. The World's Most Expensive Toaster

1958; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, USA

Just last month I was driving with my grandparents during a brief trip to Pennsylvania. Despite the cost of gasoline having recently dropped, it seemed that my grandfather grumbled whenever we passed a certain ExxonMobil gas station near their home. After I had observed this behavior on repeated occasions, I asked him why he acted this way. He replied, "Why don't you ask your grandmother about the world's costliest toaster?" I was confused.

My grandmother met my grandfather in 1950. She was a twenty-one-year-old girl from the coal mining regions of Pennsylvania. My grandfather was a twenty-three-year-old United States Navy veteran who had served three years in the Pacific during World War II. Using his funds from the G.I. Bill,¹ he completed his college degree in textile engineering. After graduating, he landed a job with a chemical firm in Philadelphia. He was then ready to pop the question to my grandmother. This meant she too would have to move to Philadelphia.

However, before this could become a reality, she also needed to find a job. My grandfather's salary was too meager to support a newlywed couple. Fortunately, my grandfather's sister was able to land my grandmother a job in Philadelphia as a billing clerk at a regional office for the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Standard Oil of New Jersey (Esso) was one of the companies formed from the breakup of the Standard Oil monopoly founded by John D. Rockefeller. My grandparents were married on February 16, 1952. My grandmother started her new job the following Monday, on February 18.

My grandmother worked at Esso for six years, until she became pregnant with my oldest uncle. Back then, once a woman began to "show," it was expected for her to resign, since it was thought to be inappropriate for her to continue to work in that condition. As part of her salary, the company had established a profit-sharing plan. When it came time to leave, she had the option of either rolling one third of the accrued value of this savings plan into Esso stock or cashing it out for approximately \$1,000. In addition there was the extra incentive of a brand-new Sunbeam T-20B toaster for cashing out.

The latter offer proved irresistible for the young couple still living in a two-room apartment with their first child on the way. With the extra money, my grandparents bought some U.S. savings bonds, new rugs, and a set of kitchenware to go along with that marvelous new toaster.

In 1973 Esso became Exxon, and in 1999 it merged with Mobil to form ExxonMobil. Although no one can predict the future, if my grandmother had kept the approximate \$1,000 of Esso stock back in 1956, it is estimated that the value of that stock today would be over \$137,000. On the other hand, she did keep the toaster for almost fifteen years.

So if you're ever looking for sound financial advice, don't ask my grandparents!

Molly Kuzma; North Carolina, USA

1. The G.I. Bill was a law that provided financial help to veterans. A G.I. is an enlisted person in the U.S. armed forces. Originally "G.I." stood for "government issue" or "general issue."

20. No-Shoe Sunday

1959; Plymouth, North Carolina, USA

On one crisp Saturday in the fall of 1959, Suzy Waters and her brothers, Charlie, Gary, and Carl, Jr., were playing king of the mountain. This was a game played on the huge mound of peanut plants before they were put into bales. The goal of the game was to make it to the top of the “mountain” without being pushed off by the other kids. They had played all day long with their eleven cousins who also lived on Styons Road in Plymouth, North Carolina.

That afternoon one of Suzy’s cousins had a brilliant idea — to bury all of the children’s shoes so they wouldn’t have to go to church the next day. They all loved this idea much more than the thought of waking up early and putting on their Sunday best. So, instead of cleaning their shoes like their mama and daddy had told them, they dug a big hole out in the field to bury every single pair of shoes. Then they hid their tracks very well, which later led to their downfall.

That evening their parents became slightly suspicious when all fifteen of the children had “lost” their shoes. Eventually someone spilled the secret to their parents. Jack and Melrose Waters were furious, but it was too dark and late at night to make the kids look for the shoes. Therefore the kids woke up when the sun rose to dig up the fields and look for the pile of shoes. To their amazement, the shoes were not found. During this time each child had only one pair of shoes to call their own. The children would wear them to school during the week and would then clean and polish them on Saturdays for church the following morning. Suzy’s parents were so enraged they made all of the children go to church in their socks! They were as mad as fire when they had to purchase each child a brand-new pair of shoes.

Now my grandma Suzy Waters Arrants tells me this story before bed every time she spends the night with us. It is by far my favorite of her stories. I cannot wait to tell my grandchildren about their great-great-grandmother’s adventure back in 1959. I will cherish her sweet memories forever.

Alli Grant Avery; North Carolina, USA

21. “Look! I Found a Bee!”

1960s; near Mutare, Manicaland, Zimbabwe

On a warm and sunny day at the Mutambara Mission in Zimbabwe, a large family of five boys were all playing throughout the yard while they were waiting for their mother to finish cooking food. The second-oldest boy, William, was playing outside with the third-oldest son, Don, running around and chasing bugs, when William stumbled upon a large bumblebee.

William got a giant grin on his face as he grabbed the large bee by the wings. The bee struggled and tried to escape the young boy’s clutches, but the bee was unsuccessful, and the bee was still filled with rage as William walked up to his brother Don.

“Don, look! I found a bee!” William exclaimed, showing the bee to his brother. “Wow!”

“Can I hold it?” Don said excitedly.

At that point William thought of an evil prank. “Sure,” William said. “All you have to do is give me your hand so the bee can have a place to sit.”

Don excitedly did as his brother said, and waited for his brother to give him the bee. William then reached out his hand and put the angry bee into the palm of his antsy younger brother. With no hesitation, the bee dug his immense stinger into the hand of the boy and proudly flew away as the boy screamed. Don ran around the yard hysterically as his older brother had tears in his eyes from laughing.

Then Don turned to his brother and yelled, “I am going to tell Mom!”

The two boys ran as fast as they could. Don flung open the door and ran through, as William trailed behind until they reached the kitchen.

When Don got to the kitchen, he started babbling out words in an attempt to explain to his mother his dilemma.

“This is it,” William thought, seeing his brother tell his mother about what had just happened.

The fear in William started welling up more and more until he heard his mother say, “William, I can’t understand what he is saying. Do you know what happened?”

Now was his chance to get away with what he had done, so he had to come up with something believable to tell his mother. “When we were playing outside, I saw a bee on a bush,” William said, staring at his younger brother. “And when I showed it to Don, he hit it, and it stung him in the hand!” William exclaimed, looking terrified. Don was now scowling at his older brother, who was grinning mischievously.

“Well, I guess we should bandage your hand,” the boys’ mother said, staring at Don sympathetically. The two disappeared to their mom’s bedroom, and William celebrated that he had managed to get away with such a deed.

The two boys were back to playing together the very next day, and their parents didn’t learn the truth behind this story until both children were adults. The two boys always laughed about the time when William found a bee.

Niasha Kodzai, daughter of William; North Carolina, USA

22. The Mysterious Man Who Lived in the Pipe

c. 1960s–1970s; East Petersburg, Pennsylvania, USA

When I was a child, my brother Mike and I lived near a railroad underpass. Sometimes Mike and I would play in the large pipe that went under the train tracks. One day in the fall we entered the pipe and found a wood fire that was still warm, some cans of food, bottles of drink, and some old clothing. It looked as if someone (or something) was living in the underpass. We were afraid but curious.

Later that night, when our parents were asleep, we snuck out of the house and crept along the road to the pipe. A strange glow came from the end of the tunnel. We peered inside and saw the silhouette of a figure against the light of the fire. He was dressed in shabby clothes, had a long beard, and was very disheveled. Mike accidentally kicked a stone. It skittered down the embankment, and made a loud racket in the still of the night. I told Mike to run for it.

The figure turned, looked in our direction, stood, and yelled, “Who’s there?” in a growly voice.

We turned and fled home, frightened — but we laughed as we ran. Mike said that the figure looked like he had just come out of a cage of angry wolves.

The next morning Mom left us at home when she went to the store. A short time later there came a knock on our front door. We peered out a side window and saw standing there the mysterious man from the underpass. There was a large knife in his belt. He turned in our direction, and we quickly ducked out of sight.

He continued banging on the door, but we didn’t answer. Instead we hid in our bedroom and waited for Mom to return home. Eventually the knocking stopped.



Some time later we peeked out the back window and saw the man on his knees in our yard using his knife to cut dandelions, which he carefully placed in a shoulder bag. I had no idea what he was doing. When he had cut all the dandelions, he got up and slowly walked away.

When my dad told me this story when I was very young, it made me think that some people can be good and some can be bad.

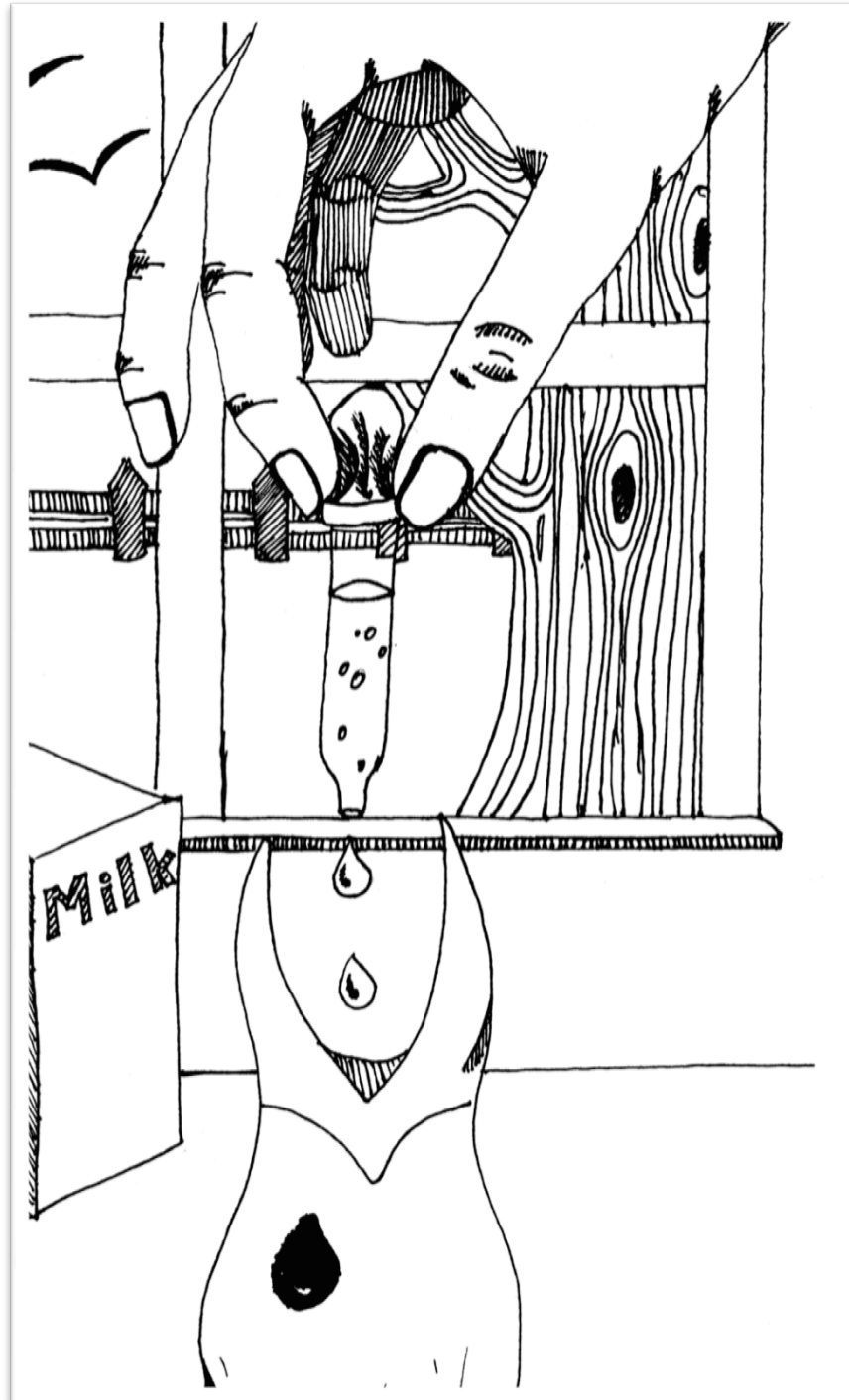
Julian L. Prakken; Missouri, USA

Illustrator: Hayden Fowle; Missouri, USA

23. Uncle John's Pet Crow

1963–1964; Northfield, New Jersey, USA

In April of 1963, when my great-uncle John was a little boy, he climbed a tree and took a baby crow out of its nest. He raised the crow and named him Midnight. When the crow was younger, Uncle John fed him milk out of an eyedropper. As Midnight got older, John fed him cat food. Midnight grew to be a very large bird. John loved Midnight, and Midnight loved John's family.



John clipped his primary feathers with scissors so Midnight could not fly. As Midnight got older, John decided to let him grow his feathers back until they were long enough for him to fly. But Midnight had never flown before, so he didn't know how. Every day John took Midnight outside and threw him into the sky. One day John noticed him falling a little differently. After a few more tries, Midnight could fly!

At first Midnight had no idea how to turn. He flew straight into a nearby wood, hit a tree, and fell down. John ran into the woods after his pet. There he found a very angry Midnight walking around in the woods. Soon Midnight learned how to turn. Every day he would fly behind John and follow him to school. Midnight would hide in the trees until recess came. Then he would fly down and chase the children.

Midnight was a very clever bird. Sometimes he would fly way up into the sky and fly with other crows, but when John called his name, he would come down. Everyone in the neighborhood knew of Midnight. When someone addressed a letter to my great-grandfather and put "House with the Crow" because they didn't know his address, the mailman knew exactly where to deliver the message.

Midnight was also a mischievous bird and sometimes got into trouble. One time a man came to John's house and told him Midnight was two streets down throwing garbage everywhere. Midnight also liked to stand in the middle of the street and scream at cars as they passed by on either side of him.

All the fun with Midnight ended when he pecked the chief of police's daughter and was taken away. When John received the official certificate of death, he was filled with sadness. He hid behind boxes in the garage and cried all day, because he didn't want his brothers to find him and make fun of him. He was fourteen years old, and his best friend in the whole world was gone.

When I heard this story, I felt sympathy for my uncle. Even after all these years, when he gets to the end of the story you can hear the sadness in his voice. I know that Midnight will never be forgotten.

Anna Devine; Colorado, USA

Illustrator: Sophia Brieler; Missouri, USA

24. Fifty Years Ago and One Hundred Years Later

1967; Kandy, Central Province, Sri Lanka

Almost fifty years ago, in 1967, Sri Lanka, my parents' country of origin, celebrated one hundred years of the introduction of tea by James Taylor in the Loolecondera Estate. That year, Cuckoo Mama, my daddy's brother, was battling his first year of leukemia cancer. It was virtually a death sentence, and my grandparents impoverished themselves in seeking a cure for their son. However in 1967, they "walked on the moon," because that year Cuckoo Mama won first prize in the national costume competition to mark the Tea Centenary.

Daddy was four, and my grandmother, Atcha, dressed him as a teapot. When Daddy swayed to one side, colored water resembling tea would flow from the pot's spout. Daddy's eldest brother, eleven-year-old Aiya Mama, went dressed as a tea planter with an extraordinarily large hat. Atcha spent most of her time and energy on creating a beautiful terraced tea plantation, a replica of the first tea plantation, Loolecondera Estate. Atcha had beautiful homemade dolls resembling tea pickers dotted across the tea plantation plucking tea. Three-year-old Alex Mama was dressed as a tea bush. Of the four boys, Cuckoo Mama's costume was the simplest. Six-year-old Cuckoo Mama went dressed as a centenarian: a white-haired, white-bearded, bare-footed, spectacled old man in a tattered sarong, leaning on his staff.

Unfortunately for Daddy and Alex Mama, there were many other teapots and tea bushes, and they were eliminated early from the competition. Aiya Mama survived a little longer: His costume was spectacular, but when the judges asked him what was the name of the estate, he gave the wrong answer and was eliminated. The sole survivor of Atcha's beautiful creations was Cuckoo Mama's costume, another unique creation. Leading the field with his slow gait, the man was the message: Centenarian Cuckoo Mama refused to be hurried by the crowd behind him. The judges' decision was unanimous: Not only did Cuckoo Mama look like a one-hundred-year-old man, but he also behaved like one. He walked the talk.

The first prize was a tea set made especially for the occasion with the words "Ceylon Tea Centenary" emblazoned on the china. Only one of its kind was ever produced, and it still remains a cherished heirloom for Daddy's family. This heirloom is also very special to Daddy's family because Cuckoo Mama never lived to be a hundred; he died from the leukemia two years after he won the prize. Atcha, the creative genius, is also no more.

To me, remembering Cuckoo Mama's story, the take-home message is the importance in life of walking the talk, of the person *being* the message. It is kind of like character: Who you are must come from within you and not by the pressure from the world outside.

Anagi Rhoda Shalomi Pieris; Missouri, USA

25. Avi and the Soho-7

November 27, 1969; east of Ismailia, Egypt¹

Avi Simon, my grandma's cousin, was going through a lot when he was fourteen years old. In August 1962 his parents (survivors of the Holocaust) had just gotten divorced, and he and his mom moved to Israel from post–World War II Romania. Like all Israeli youth, Avi joined the Israeli army, the IDF.² He started a few months after the Six-Day War.³ He graduated in 1968 as a second lieutenant, and was sent to the Suez Canal to command three tanks.

On November 27, 1969, it was a beautiful winter morning. The temperature was seventy-two degrees, and it was super-sunny as Avi's tank was stationed across from Ismailia (an Egyptian town on the west side of the canal). Four Israeli soldiers started the day by covering the tank in a camouflage net. Avi was sitting in his tank, like always. Jean, the gunner, was sleeping. Katz was taking a shower, and Avi and Shmulick were playing an intense game of chess.

“You'll never win,” Shmulick chanted. “I am a master at chess.”

“Don't bet all your money on that,” Avi replied. “I think you'll be surprised by my skills.”

That's when the ground started rumbling. Everything on the ground was being tossed up. Avi looked up at the tremendously big Soho-7 flying in the sky.⁴ He felt like his heart was beating in his stomach. Avi looked around. No one moved. It seemed like Avi was the only one who knew what was going on. Avi jumped to the gun, ripped off the net around the turret, and as fast as he could, started ferociously shooting at the plane. Boom, crackle! Boom, crackle! Boom, crackle! Avi was scared to blink; he didn't want to miss any sudden movements of the Soho-7. He shot and shot at the fuel tank. He watched as the bullets flew from his machine gun to the fuel tank. It was a direct hit! He had fired the whole chain of 250 bullets. At this point Katz was running toward the tank, naked from the shower, with an Uzi⁵ on his shoulder.

Avi froze, thinking again about what had just happened. He watched smoke come out of the plane and fill the air with a damp smell. The plane was down. Avi's heart was still pounding from astonishment as the smoke diffused. Avi loosened his tight grip on the heavy machine gun and looked back at his tank buddies' shocked faces. The look on Avi's face told it all. They slowly began to realize what had just happened: Avi had just shot down a plane with a machine gun.⁶

This is an important story in my family, and it should be remembered, because it shows you what you can do when you trust your instinct and do what's right for your country.

Tillie Yael Cohen; Colorado, USA

1. Israel had captured this land on the Sinai Peninsula in 1967, but returned control of the land to Egypt in 1982.

2. The IDF (Israeli Defense Forces) include all military — ground, naval, and air forces.

3. In the Six-Day War, which took place between June 5 and 10, 1967, Israel fought against Egypt, Syria, and Jordan.

4. “Soho-7” was a nickname that the soldiers gave to the Sukhoi Su-7, a fighter-bomber.

5. An Uzi (OO zee) is an Israeli gun that can fire bullets rapidly and continuously.

6. The author's family reports that extensive ballistics examinations conducted by the Israeli Air Force confirmed that Avi's machine gun had indeed shot down the plane.

26. Sandman

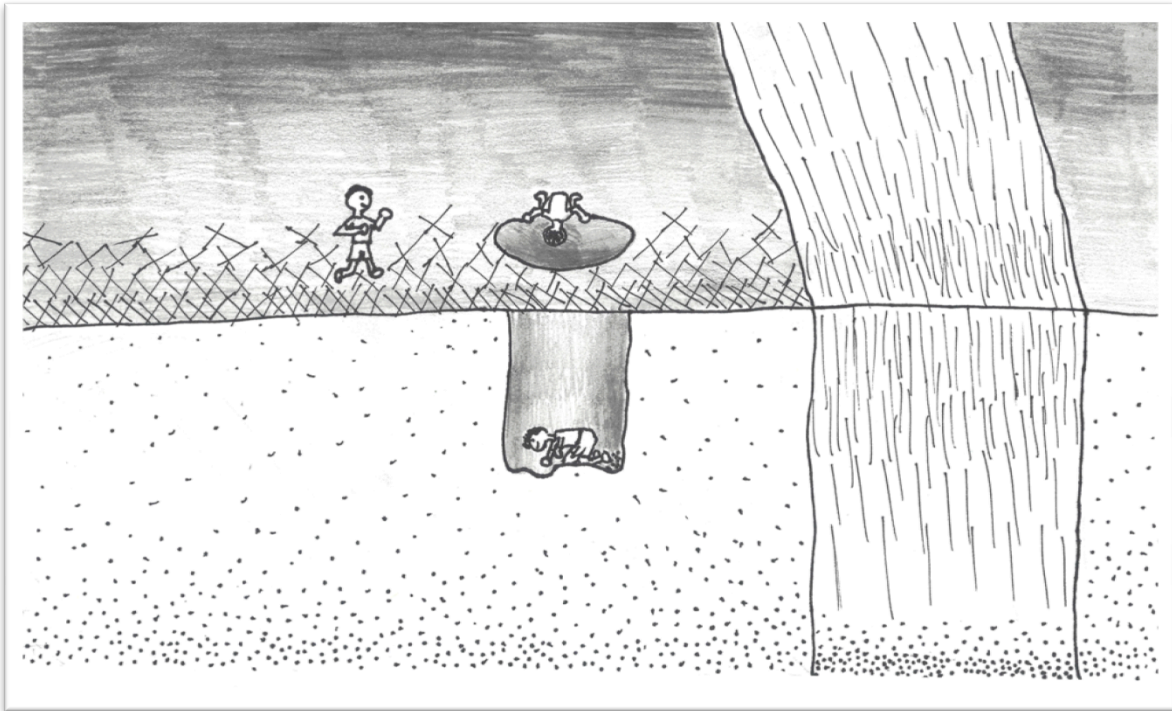
1972; near Salmon, Idaho, USA

It was a beautiful summer day in Idaho, and I was rafting down the Salmon River with my family and friends — the perfect way to spend my summer vacation. In fact, if I could go back in time, there isn't a single thing I would change about that day. Well actually, come to think of it, I *would* cut out the part where I almost died.

We had taken a break from rafting. The adults were making sandwiches for lunch, and us kids were splashing around in the water until that got boring. We needed a challenge.

My brother suggested we dig a huge tunnel into the side of the riverbank. The other kids approved, and we all began digging. The sand wedged under our fingernails and scraped our arms, but we didn't mind. The prospect of digging a gigantic hole was enough to overcome pain.

As time passed, the tunnel grew until it went so deep into the bank that we had to crawl in to dig deeper. Since I was the smallest kid, it was natural that I was chosen to crawl in, since it was easiest for me to wiggle out. In and out I went, transporting handfuls of sand. The further I dug, the darker it got, until I was blindly thrashing about. For kids looking for a challenge, the obvious solution to this problem is not to stop digging, but instead to dig another hole down from the surface to let in sunlight.



So we took a break from digging our original hole and started digging the *window*. Once the window reached the tunnel, I went back to wiggling in and out. Unfortunately, the window made the tunnel unstable and CRASH! It collapsed! I desperately tried to push up, but to no avail. The sand on top of me was so heavy, there was no way I could get out. I was buried alive!

The sand burned my eyes and clogged my nose and ears. There was a tiny air pocket since my hands were below me in a plank position, but every time I inhaled, my lungs got a fresh coat of sand, tickling my throat and making the next breath more difficult. I thought if I could lower myself, I could get enough momentum to push out, but when I did, the sand crushed me even more. There was no room. I was running out of air. *I'm going to suffocate! I'm going to die!*

After what seemed like hours, my friends dug me up. I used my last ounce of strength to climb out of the hole, and I was rather disappointed at my welcome. The clueless adults were still making sandwiches. As for my friends, they didn't even seem relieved to see me. In fact, they were laughing at me, chanting, "Sandman! Sandman!" Angry, I plugged my sand-clogged ears. To this day, my brother still calls me "The Sandman."

This is my dad's story, which nearly cost him his life — and mine.

Belle Sara Gage; Missouri, USA

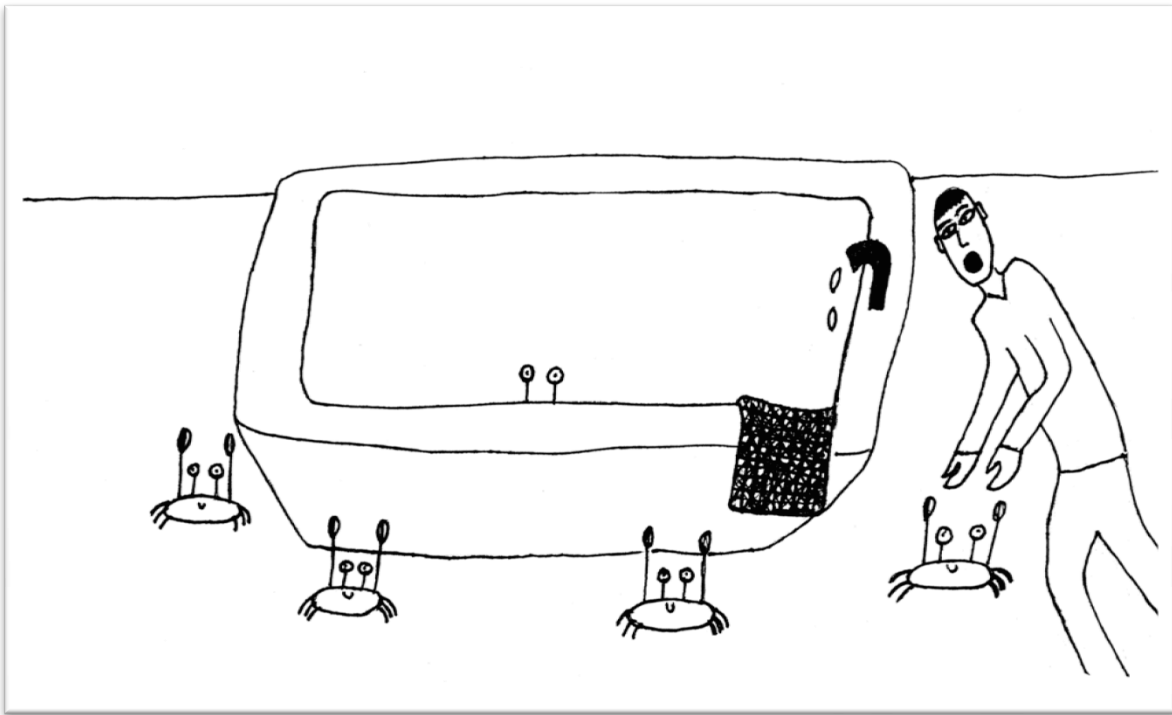
Illustrator: Carissa Lieberman; Missouri, USA

27. A Crabby Story

c. 1974; Nanjing, Jiangsu, China

It was a stormy night in Nanjing in August of 1974. To pass the time, my mother and Uncle Tao were playing cards in the living room. Suddenly the lights flickered, and they were enveloped in darkness. Not knowing what to do, because their parents had gone out for supplies, they huddled around a candle in the living room to hopefully wait the storm out. It was silent, except for the heavy pitter-pattering of the rain and the occasional roar of thunder.

All of a sudden, a clinking sound came from upstairs. It grew louder, as the sound of more feet joined in and started getting closer. Scared and not knowing what to do, my mother and Uncle Tao held the candle and slowly crept up the stairs. In their minds, they thought the worst, but really it was something much more surprising. It was crabs!



Dozens of crabs were scuttling through the hallway and on the stairs. Somehow, they had escaped. A few days before the storm, my grandparents had gotten live crabs from the market. They hadn't been able to eat them all, so they had put the remaining crabs in a bathtub. Apparently the crabs figured out a way to climb out of the bathtub by stacking themselves on top of each other. Scrambling around, my mother and Uncle Tao tried to catch the crabs before their parents returned. It was pretty difficult to see, because there was no light except for the one candle. They also had to be careful so the crabs didn't pinch them.

The sound of the door opening — and voices — interrupted the night. Their parents had returned.

They went upstairs to see what all of the ruckus was about and were greeted with a confusing, yet hilarious, sight. In the candlelight they saw their panic-stricken children running around

trying to catch crabs. Grabbing flashlights, they quickly came to their children's aid. Instead of putting the crabs back in the bathtub, they put the crabs in a giant ceramic pot that was at least three feet deep. Satisfied with what they'd accomplished, they decided to call it a day.

The next morning when they woke up, the rain had stopped. In the kitchen they were met with a surprise: They hadn't caught all of the crabs. A few of them were hiding under the table and cabinets.

These crabs represent us as people. One crab alone wouldn't have been able to escape. In order to achieve greatness, many times we will find that we will need to rely on others' help and support to reach our goals instead of doing things alone.

Cindy Zhu; North Carolina, USA

Illustrator: Ally Osterhoff; Missouri, USA

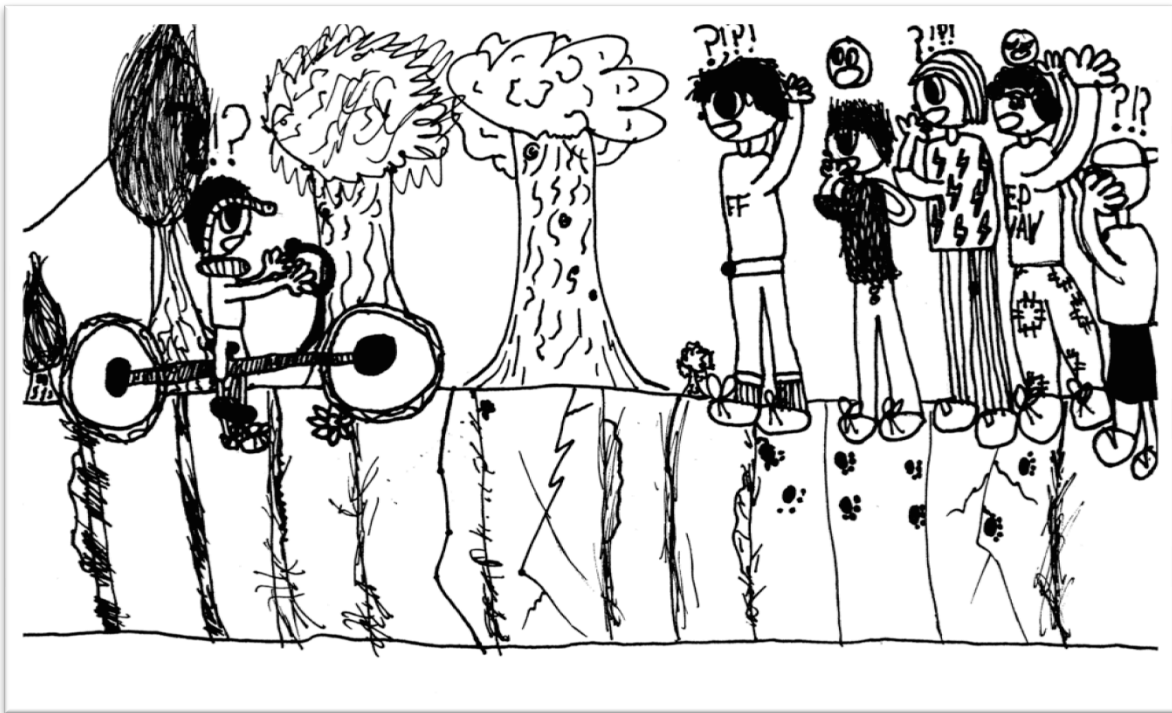
28. Cold-Blooded Savior

c. 1977; Goldsboro, North Carolina, USA

It was a warm summer Saturday. I had just wolfed down my breakfast, for I was eager to go on my weekly bike ride to downtown. I was going to get a donut for myself, and a white mouse for my four-foot pet rat snake. I had caught him earlier in the spring in my neighbor's garden. I would normally have taken this ride alone, but today I took my snake, because it was such a warm, beautiful day.

I started riding the three-mile journey to Mickey's Pastry Shop. It was a long trek over hills and train tracks, under a bridge, and through a bad section of town. My snake, a gorgeous brownish-green pattern, was draped around my neck, resting his head on my chest.

As I went under the bridge and out the other side, I saw movement in the trees to my right. I looked a little closer and saw a gang of five teenage boys up to no good. One of the boys noticed me and pointed at me with menacing eyes. The whole gang turned and started aggressively marching towards me, blocking my path. I brought my bike to a sudden halt, my hands quivering as I tightly gripped the handlebars.



I tried to think of something to say or do that would help me, but all I managed to eke out was a meek, high-pitched “Hey, fellas.” Being a skinny eleven-year-old boy, I thought that all hope was lost. As the gang closed in on me, my snake lifted his head from my chest to see why I had stopped. Suddenly the lead gang member stopped dead in his tracks. With wide eyes he pointed in fear and yelled out, “He got a bo’ strictor!”

I saw panic in all of their faces as they scattered in all directions. My snake and I were all alone, and a huge sense of relief filled me. My harmless rat snake had just unknowingly saved both of our lives. He got an extra fat mouse that day.

Sofia Brantley, daughter of the narrator; North Carolina, USA

Illustrator: Rachel Benitez Borrego; Missouri, USA

29. The Tale of Gardner's Hut

c. 1980; Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, USA

The thump of the car passing over cracks in the Wright Memorial Bridge woke my dad. It was 1980, and his family was on their way to Kitty Hawk for a week at the "Hut." Below him was the Currituck Sound, and in the distance was Kitty Hawk, the entry to the Outer Banks of North Carolina.

The Hut was built in the 1930s by my dad's uncle Gardner. He borrowed money from his uncle to purchase the land, and used lumber from his father and free labor from his friends to build the Hut. It's a traditional Outer Banks-style cottage, with wood floors and walls, a large kitchen table, and a wrap-around porch. My dad's favorite place in the whole house was a bed located on the beach side of the cottage. The gentle ocean breeze and shade from the porch made it a perfect place to nap.

Two landmarks, Wink's and Art's Place, are just steps away from the Hut. Wink's, which opened in the 1950s, sold anything a ten-year-old could want. They had ice cream, glass-bottle Pepsi, candy bars, kites, wind-up balsa airplanes, and many types of beach toys. Art's Place wasn't exactly kid-friendly. Art himself was friendly, but make no mistake, Art's was a bar, and the patrons tended to be the free-spirited crowd known to inhabit the Outer Banks; however, Art's had the best hamburgers on the beach — and Galaxian, the best video game ever! My dad and his brothers feel certain they spent enough on Galaxian to buy Art's next boat.

Being a family of three boys and two girls, there was always opportunity for trouble. My dad and his brothers would bury trashcans in the sand and use bacon to attract sand fiddler crabs. At night, they couldn't wait for their sisters to go bed; then they would release the crabs in their bedrooms. The clicking of crab claws on the wood floor punctuated my aunts' screams, and must have created quite a commotion. Knowing my grandma was on her way, the boys would make a hasty exit out the window, onto the porch roof, and onto the nearby dune. Showing up later that night covered in sand, they were still in trouble, but would find Grandma much more forgiving.

My dad received his first boogie board that summer. It was white with yellow trim, and it made catching waves so much easier than the wooden skim boards. He would paddle out to the breaks as his mom stood at the shore, motioning and yelling for him to come closer. As soon as he would catch a wave and ride all the way to the shore, it was time to paddle back out for another.

Sadly, Uncle Gardner passed several years ago. I hope he recognized all the joy his cottage brought my dad and his family. Dad still loves to visit the Hut whenever we are in Kitty Hawk, and he loves to get a Pepsi from Wink's.

Whitley Anderson; North Carolina, USA

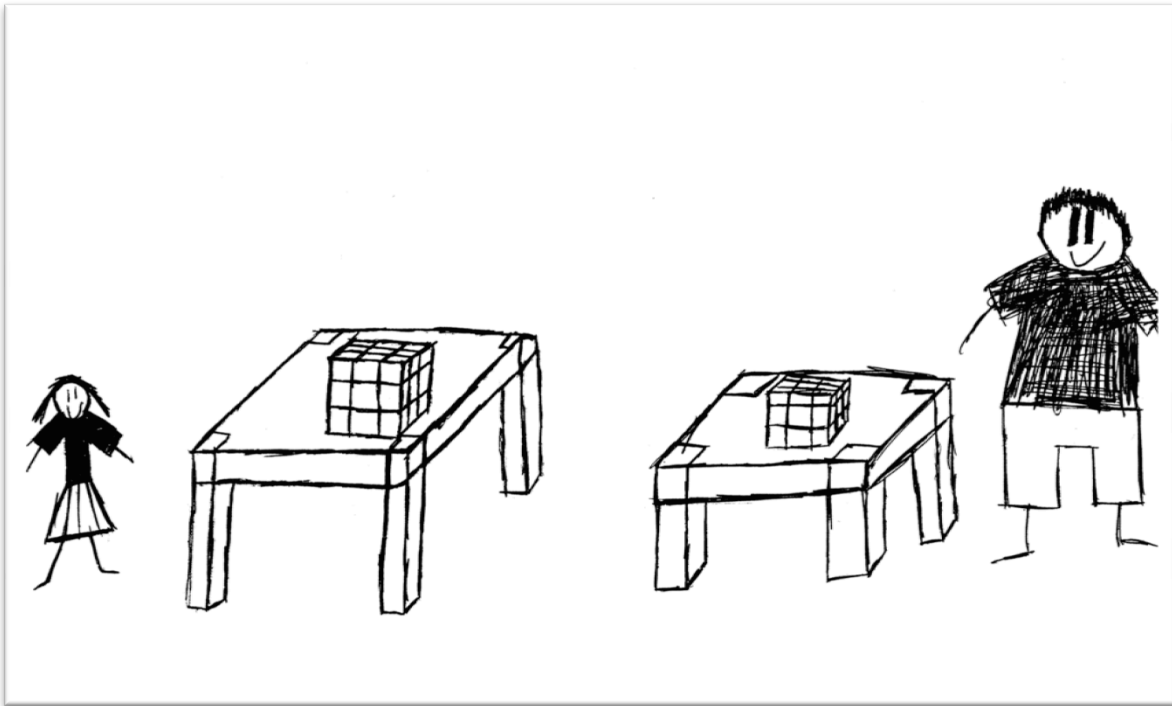
30. Shame to Lose to You

1982; Shanghai, China

My grandma told me something that I never knew — that in my family we have someone who won third place in a college Rubik's Cube competition. In 1982 my mom, Tianyu Weng, participated in a Rubik's Cube contest when she was six. With 41.05 seconds, Tianyu got third place. At that time Tianyu was only in kindergarten.

About six months before the competition, my grandpa Weichang Weng bought Tianyu her first Rubik's Cube. When she first started, it took her about ten to twenty minutes to finish one side of the cube. After practicing by the manual, she could finish all six sides of the Rubik's Cube in ten minutes all by herself. Normally, it takes about 130 steps to complete all six faces according to the manual. But one of my grandpa's classmates discovered a new method to solve the Rubik's Cube within 70 steps. Tianyu learned from this person and mastered the skills he taught her. After daily practice, she could solve all six faces within one minute.

Then one day my grandpa took Tianyu to his old college to visit. They ran into a campus Rubik's Cube competition, and my grandpa asked if Tianyu could participate. Nobody thought she would win, so they allowed her to compete with those college students. Surprisingly, she beat all other competitors, to place first in the first round. The college students felt it was a shame to lose to a six-year-old, so they requested making the first round a preliminary round and having a new, final round. Before the contest started, they made the most difficult pattern of a Rubik's Cube, in which each tile was a different color from the tiles next to it.



In the final round Tianyu was third to solve all six faces of the Rubik's Cube, with a time of 41.05 seconds. This news spread very quickly, and a reporter from a very famous Shanghai evening newspaper even went to Tianyu's kindergarten to interview her. She became the first

one in our family to appear in a newspaper. In the report it says, “According to an American professor — James G. Nourse, the author of the book *The Simple Solution to Rubik’s Cube*: Anyone who can solve six faces within three minutes can be deemed a master. Tianyu did it under one minute, so she can be called a super master.”

My grandparents still keep the newspaper clipping that reported the event and interview with Tianyu. At that time, Tianyu, my mom, was only six years old, and she beat almost all college students who participated. My grandparents were very proud of her. So am I.

Author and illustrator: Benjamin Ni; Ohio, USA

31. A Failed Attempt to Escape Vietnam

1982; Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam

After the Vietnam War¹ ended in 1975, my dad's family suffered hardship as other Vietnamese families did. My grandpa was put in political prison camp for five years because he had worked for the old government. He was released in 1980 but faced unemployment. To find a better future for his family, my grandpa took my dad and uncle on a journey to escape Vietnam by boat when my father was ten years old. Even though it seemed a failure at that time, it was a blessing from God.

On June 1, 1982, my grandpa and uncle warily walked to a big fishing boat, pretending to be fishermen working for the boat owner. My dad took a bus ride to the pick-up location in Ho Chi Minh City. For five hours he waited with seventeen others at a tiny house located next to a canal with pitch-black water and an unforgettable smell of raw sewage.

At 10:00 p.m. a small fishing boat arrived. My dad and others climbed into the boat and sat in the "brace" position.² They were covered with fishing net, bananas, and tarps to avoid detection by the police. They rode two hours in heat and humidity, always fearing authorities who might find them. Then my dad reunited with my grandpa and uncle on a bigger fishing boat.

The "mother boat" was limited to eighty people but became overloaded with one hundred trying to escape Vietnam. Two hours into the journey, the boat's engine stopped working. Water had leaked into the engine room, causing the engine to shut down. My grandpa helped other men to fix the engine while they attempted to continue moving.

After two hours the boat was finally fixed, and the journey continued. Around 5:00 a.m. the boat encountered the coast guard patrol. The captain tried to avoid it but surrendered after a thirty-minute chase, when the coast guard started shooting and throwing grenades at the boat.

Consequently my grandpa, uncle, and dad were jailed in the prison camp for people trying to escape the country. My dad and uncle stayed in the area for women and children, while my grandpa resided in a separate jail cell. Even though my dad was shocked and scared, he remained tough to take care of my uncle. After twenty-one days my dad and uncle were released. My grandpa was transferred to a different jail and then released after two years.

Even though the escape failed, it was a blessing from God. According to my grandparents, if the boat had not been stopped, everyone would have perished at sea due to the overload and water-leaking problems.

In April 1991 my dad's family came to America via a special program called "Humanitarian Operation," which was approved by the United States government. Even though it was a long wait and my dad's family had been through a lot, my dad says it was worth it. He believed that it was God's plan, and he thanked God for it.

Timothy Lai; Missouri, USA

1. In the Vietnam War, North Vietnam and other communist countries fought against South Vietnam, the United States, and other non-communist countries. After the war, North Vietnam and South Vietnam became one country under communist rule.

2. Sitting in the brace position means to sit with your body folded together in a way that will help protect it in case of a crash.

32. Eyes Straight Ahead

c. 1985; Troy, North Carolina, USA

“Left at the light.” Cautiously, Belinda turned onto North Main. It was one o’clock, and traffic in Troy was light.

Mr. Greene sat on the passenger side with a clipboard. It was Belinda’s third driver’s education lesson. She was a high school sophomore at West Montgomery and had always worn dresses. Her mother never owned pants and never had driven a car.

“Right. Use your signal.” Belinda’s hands were at 10 and 2.¹ Her eyes stared directly ahead, never looking in the rear or side-view mirror. She looked only straight ahead; she wanted so much to pass the course.

“Right on Russell and keep straight,” Mr. Greene spoke. They had circled a city block and were back at Route 27. The high school was on Highway 109, four miles ahead. Belinda drove between 38 miles per hour and 41 miles per hour. All was quiet in the car. Shortly they arrived at the turn to the school.

Belinda wanted to make the turn into the school, but Mr. Greene said nothing. Therefore, Belinda kept driving straight, passing the school.

Before long, Belinda crossed into the next county. She had been to Albemarle about six times. She would go to Sky City to purchase bolts of cloth.

Belinda kept driving through Albemarle, then through the next town. Belinda drove straight, hands at 10 and 2, eyes dead ahead. Mr. Greene was quiet, so on they drove.

The Montgomery County school buses left her school at 3:15 p.m. Belinda dared to take her eyes from the road and looked at her wristwatch: 2:15 p.m. She might miss her bus. Belinda pulled the car off the road, already two counties from her school. Belinda turned the car around.

Mr. Greene was quiet. This time Belinda went a little faster than the speed limit, but still Mr. Greene was quiet. Belinda thought she must be doing a great job.

When they pulled into the school parking lot, kids were loading the buses. Belinda parked the car and ran to the bus, the car’s motor still running.

Belinda had parked the driver’s education car beside Sally Thompson’s car. Sally was a senior and drove to school. The slumped Mr. Greene on the passenger side of the car caught Sally’s attention. She tapped on the window, “Hey, Mr. Greene.”

Mr. Greene didn’t move. Sally yelled to the assistant principal. When Assistant Principal Jones reached the driver’s education car, Mr. Greene could not be awakened. Mr. Jones noticed the medical bracelet on Mr. Greene’s wrist that said “DIABETIC.”

Now, diabetic comas aren’t usually punch lines in jokes. Do not worry; Mr. Greene slept in his own bed that night. What *does* make a good joke is a two-and-one-half-hour driver’s education session across North Carolina. The next day the West Montgomery principal told Belinda what had happened.

Belinda eventually learned how to drive correctly. She learned to make sure to keep her passengers happy and conscious.

Bray Woodard, great-niece of Belinda; North Carolina, USA

1. If the steering wheel were a clock with 12 at the top, her hands were where 10 and 2 would be.

33. The Day America Fell Silent

January 28, 1986; Huntington, New York, USA

Some say that you never forget where you were and what you were doing on a memorable day such as 9/11 or the day of the Boston Marathon bombing or, more recently, the Paris attacks. My mother is no exception. This particular day, January 28, 1986, was also her birthday.

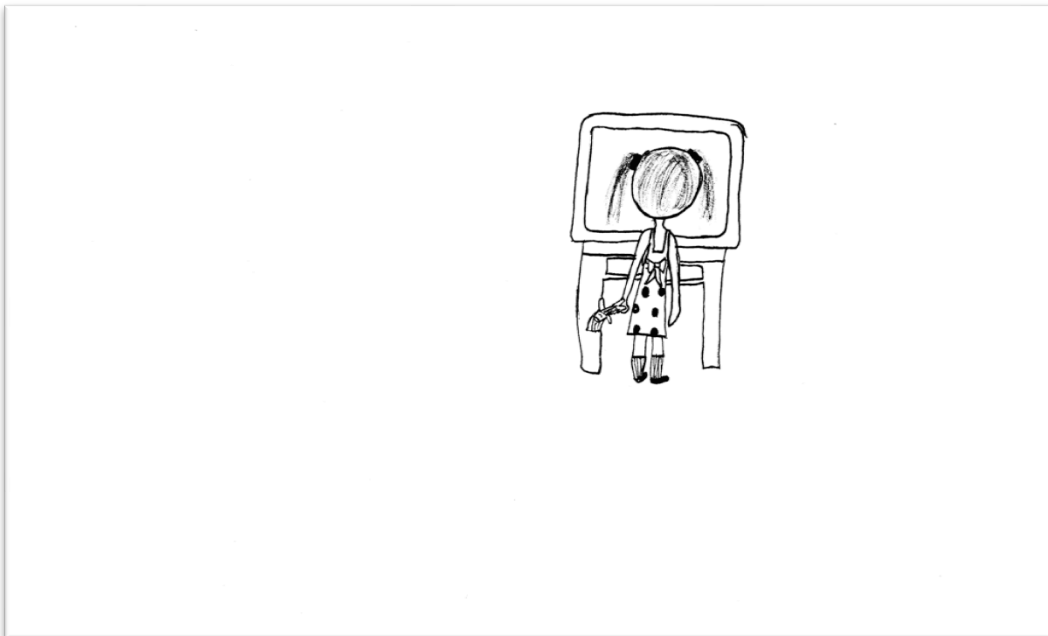
It was winter, and the ground was covered with freshly fallen snow. Since it was a snow day for my mom, she stayed at home and did what normal kids do: play outside with friends or read or sit by the fire. It had recently been announced on the news that the *Challenger*, the first spacecraft to travel up into space with a teacher inside, was just about to be launched. NASA had been delaying its launch, but they decided to launch it on this day because they thought it was ready now.

Everyone in the household huddled around the gigantic television, eagerly waiting to see how the launch went. But no one expected what was about to unfold. As the spacecraft successfully lifted off the ground, cheers, hugs, and kisses were given all around. People shook hands, and some cried.

Nobody could have predicted what would happen next. Not yet out of sight, the *Challenger* gave a sudden jolt but kept traveling up into the sky, trying to continue its voyage. Many people were confused, but shook off their confusion and assumed this was all part of NASA's plan.

All of a sudden, the spacecraft erupted into a fiery explosion, sending bits and pieces of debris thousands of feet down to the ground. This atrocity was being filmed and broadcast live all over the country, and no one could do anything to stop it now. Everyone in my mother's house abruptly stopped celebrating and turned back to the television screen to observe the horrific scene. They all watched with gaping mouths resembling the painting *The Scream*. So many mixed emotions were being strewn about the room: first, confusion — and then sorrow. Then the room was filled with an eerie, melancholy quiet.

Everyone in America fell silent.



Author: Sarah Elmore; North Carolina, USA

Illustrator: Natalie Vanderschaaf; Colorado, USA

34. The Christmas Angel

1988; Kinston, North Carolina, USA

Betsy, my mother, stared into the twinkling glass of the snow globe. Admiring the two girls rejoicing in the silvery, feathery snow, she longed for her only Christmas wish, which was snow. She hoped it would snow, but she realized it would require a tremendous miracle.

Her father, Wade Allen, also yearned for snow. Mom had an ordinary childhood other than watching her father. She remembered focusing on her father's breathing motion anywhere and everywhere he would move, for he'd had several heart attacks previously in her childhood. But something extraordinary would occur on December 19, 1988.

Now it was the seventeenth of December, eight days until Christmas, and Betsy constantly gazed at the fuzzy television screen. She knew that it was going to be cool for Christmas, but not cold enough for the possibility of snow. She continually listened to the forecast.

She walked into the kitchen to find her father sitting at the table reading the newspaper. She knew talking to him would make her hopeful. He always had a small twinkle in his eye and a slight grin that comforted Betsy and signaled that everything would be okay.

Wade adored talking about his favorite time of the year, Christmas — especially since it was arriving quickly. He loved everything about the holiday, like watching Mom decorate the tree with strands of red and green twinkling lights, admiring the glossy, slick wrapping paper of the presents, and savoring the aroma of cherries and walnuts in his mom's fruitcake cookies.

But that day Betsy felt like something was empty inside of Wade. She knew something was going to be wrong.

Her father took his last breath on December 18, 1988. The day was sluggish, and everyone was depressed. The furious rain pounded on Betsy's window and reminded her of Wade's voice. She'd loved it when her father had exclaimed, "I love you!" in a very scratchy, yet comforting, voice. Those three words were the difference between hope and succumbing.

Betsy also remembered how her father had spoiled her. She would write notes to her father if she badly desired a toy, and sneak into his bedroom at night to quietly place the note on his bathroom counter. When he read it, he would chuckle, and Betsy knew he would get the toy for her.

Betsy quickly fell asleep that night, listening to the rain and remembering the sentimental memories of her beloved father.

Mom awoke to her bedroom freezing cold. She strolled into the cozy den and sat. As she peered out the window, thinking of her father and her wish, she saw a single blur that seemed like a snowflake. She thought she was imagining it until it started showering snow! She could not believe her eyes. She thought of only one explanation of how it snowed.

She started sobbing. She knew that her father was creating snow for her to signal that everything would be okay and that he would always be watching over her. That day it snowed twelve inches, and that was the only white Christmas my mother has ever experienced!

Sara Waida; North Carolina, USA

35. Cow Patty Bingo

c. 1990; Fort Hall, Idaho, USA

Have you ever heard of bingo? Have you ever heard of cow patty bingo? About twenty-five years ago in Fort Hall, Idaho, my mother, Deanna Williamson, played it. It was played mostly by Indians¹ on Indian reservations,² but was always open to the public. At the time, my mother was very poor and did not have many forms of entertainment. Cow patty bingo was one of the main ways to entertain herself.

It was played in an open field sectioned off by string and spray paint. There would be one cow in the middle, and it would wander around and graze on the grass. People there would bet on where the cow would poop. The first patty would be first place, the second patty would be second place, and the third patty would be third place. Most of the prizes were money, but every now and then a gift card would be the award.

After school or on the weekend, Deanna would go to the field with her two friends Bernie and Mickey; they would usually place bets on squares and find seats. The bleachers were usually full, so they almost always sat on the grass next to the field. While they waited, they would get a snack or go to one of the craft tables along the woods. The Indians would sell items like dreamcatchers,³ clothing, and beadwork.

Deanna played several times before she gave up. She never won a game, but she was one square away one time. Both of her friends won once for first place and twice for third. Deanna quit mainly because sometimes it took a very long time for the cow to poop. While waiting, many of the folks watching would drink beer and begin getting rowdy. That's when she and her friends knew it was time to leave.

Sometimes when the power goes out, my mother and I mark off a cutting board and drop a piece of paper on it as a mini-version of cow patty bingo. Sometimes Deanna tells our family about the games she played at the field. If she hadn't gone there, she would not have met the lady who taught her how to cook Indian ghost bread.

Ty Williamson; North Carolina, USA

1. The terms "American Indian" or "Native American" are preferred by some. Others prefer to use the name of the specific tribe or nation.

2. A reservation is land managed by an Indian tribe under the U.S. government, but not under the government of the state where it is located.

3. A dreamcatcher is believed to give its owner good dreams. It consists of a circular frame with loose netting, and is decorated with feathers and beads.

36. The Great Miracle

September 11, 2001; Queens, New York, New York, USA

The date of my brother's bris¹ was September 11, 2001. That was also the day when something major happened in New York.

My great-grandmother was weak; it was hard for her to get out of bed. My great-grandmother lived with her son, and another five sons lived in her neighborhood. The day of my brother's bris my great-grandmother woke up early and rushed out of bed. At 4:30 a.m. her son found her dressed and waiting at the kitchen table. She asked politely, "Can you please take me to my great-grandson's bris?"

Her sons, my great-uncles, whispered, "It is really not nice to make our mother get back into bed." They decided to cancel their business meeting scheduled that morning at the Twin Towers and travel with my great-grandmother to the bris.

My parents were so surprised to see her that they could not speak! She had to be entertained the whole time. My parents said to her, "How are you? You are so cheerful today."

All she answered was, "This makes me so happy, just to be here."

My great-grandmother was not surprised when my brother was named after her late husband, my great-grandfather. She said, "I knew it."

After the bris my great-uncles drove her home. Then they turned around and began to drive to work. As they got closer to Manhattan, they had tons of traffic, and they smelled smoke. They turned on the radio and found out that the Twin Towers had crashed! They turned around and drove straight home. They thanked G-d² in their hearts for saving them.

This story makes me so happy and thankful that my great-uncles were saved. We all know that the Torah³ teaches us that the reward for honoring parents is a long life. It is clear to me that my great-uncles' lives were saved in the merit of the tremendous respect they had for their mother — not only on the day of the bris, but every day of her life.

Shira Arieh; New York, USA

1. A bris is a Jewish circumcision and naming ceremony that brings a baby boy into the Jewish community.
2. This incomplete spelling is a show of respect.
3. In Judaism, the Torah is the law of God contained in the first five books of the Jewish Bible, which is known to Christians as the Old Testament.

Illustrators of *Volume 11*

5. Ian Funk; Missouri, USA — “The Man Who Saved the Chicks”
7. Braden White; Missouri, USA — “Henrik” (Also on cover)
10. Jordan Preis; Missouri, USA — “One Little Girl, One Night’s Journey”
12. Sophia Rose Kinninger; Missouri, USA — “The Precious Plum”
15. Samuel Sheldon; Missouri, USA — “The Galloping Goat”
22. Hayden Fowle; Missouri, USA — “The Mysterious Man Who Lived in the Pipe”
23. Sophia Brieler; Missouri, USA — “Uncle John’s Pet Crow”
26. Carissa Lieberman; Missouri, USA — “Sandman”
27. Ally Osterhoff; Missouri, USA — “A Crabby Story”
28. Rachel Benitez Borrego; Missouri, USA — “Cold-Blooded Savior”
30. Benjamin Ni; Ohio, USA — “Shame to Lose to You”
33. Natalie Vanderschaaf; Colorado, USA — “The Day America Fell Silent”

Invitation to Participate

The Grannie Annie Family Story Celebration invites you to discover, write, and submit a story from your family’s history. Your story can be humorous, tragic, inspirational — it can be about *anything* that happened in your family before you were born. The annual submission deadline is February 1. Complete details, including the guidelines and required submission form, are available on The Grannie Annie’s website: TheGrannieAnnie.org/SubmitStories.html

Grannie Annie Storykeepers 2016 and Their Story Titles

Dalia Aaronson — “The Horror on the Plain”
A. J. Ackerburg — “The Story of 9/11”
Noa Acobas — “My Grandmother Loves Ice Cream”
Olivia Acree — “A Big Journey for a Little Girl”
M. J. Akins — “The Lodge”
Rachel Alexander-Lee — “Two Disasters and a Wedding”
Zachary Allen — “The Fourth Friend”
Anthony A. Anderson — “Love at First Sight”
Sam Anderson — “The Dead Truck”
Whitley Anderson — “The Tale of Gardner’s Hut”
Grace Andrews — “One Little Girl, One Night’s Journey”
Miller Andrews — “Quinn Miller and Co.”
Emily Angel — “Mt. Mitchell Madness”
Shira Arieh — “The Great Miracle”
Faigy Arnold — “The Brush and the Manicure Set”
Raizy Aryeh — “The Dark Blackout”
Alli Grant Avery — “No-Shoe Sunday”
Marie Baird — “Hot Air, Cold Hearts”
Joseph Baker — “The Maffitt Theater”
Marissa Barnes — “That Night”
Alexandra Barnwell — “Ski Pioneers”
Eryn Barrett — “Peter Navarre: War of 1812 Scout”
Reynolds Barringer — “A Close Call”
Johans Bars — “Volleyball Tryouts”
Emma Batterman — “The North Carolina Incident”
Olivia Bauer — “Cops and Robbers”
Isabelle Bechtel — “Minnie Mouse”
Jaykob J. Bechtold — “Farm Life”
Rachel Becker — “The Hidden Torah Scroll”
Yocheved Becker — “The Unforgettable Donkey Ride”
Kassidy A. Beckworth — “Love at First Sight”
Sari Beer — “My Grandmother to the Rescue”
Mia Bell — “The Crazy Cow”
Savannah Beltrami — “*Il Viaggio*”
Ethan Belval — “The Little Treasure”
Naomi Sarah Ben Baruch — “Escaping to Siberia”
Noama Chana Ben-Ami — “Deadly War”

Orianna Bennett — “The Ill-Fated Buggy Ride”
Rachel Berkowitz — “First Lawyer Almost”
Helen R. Berry — “Surgeon and the Soldier”
Grace Bindbeutel — “Saved by a Stick of Gum”
Brady Bissell — “Taming Angel”
Ava Blair — “The Dinosaur Who Stole Second Base”
Jane Bleakley — “Embarrassed at the Big Meeting”
Hayden Blizzard — “Out of Nothing”
Mary Frances Blount — “Coal Miners’ Doctor”
Hunter Blythe — “Difficult Times”
Julia Bollard — “Cause of the Fire”
Dina Bondi — “The Honest Man”
Sofia Brantley — “Cold-Blooded Savior”
Lily Brentarth — “A Brother to Remember”
Artur Breternitz — “Waves”
Margaret Jae Briner — “Home Sick”
Jade Broka — “A Dog on the Roof!”
Jacob Brown — “Christmas Morning”
Zoe’ Brown — “The Lost Boy That Was Found”
Mark Brugner — “The Accident of Truth or Dare”
Ava Bruni — “Crazy Moving Days”
Abigail Bruseo — “World War II”
Abigail Bryce — “Life in a Hospital”
Mitchell Brydge — “Faith over Fear”
Alicia Bulla — “A Chicago Life”
Bailey Bunn — “Not Forgotten”
Matthew Burgess — “The Kettle Car Adventure”
Emilee Burney — “Fawn, the Special Three-Legged Dog”
Parry Bute — “Jam-Making and a Spanking”
Brandon Cabrera — “A Helping Hand”
Kevin Caccamo — “The Hero”
Ellie Callier — “True Love”
Izzy Cancila — “The Birds”
Sophia Candeloro — “Steak Swiper”
Ava Cardenas — “A Sound in History”
Grant Carey — “How My Parents Met”
Zachary Carff — “Wiggles on the Run”
Anna Carpenter — “On the Ropes”
Caroline Carter — “Life or Death”

Abigail Cavaness — “The King of the Barn”
Yuvan Chali — “The Carnival”
Becca Chimento — “Mother’s Red Hair”
Lincoln Chimento — “The Last Laugh”
Allison Christiano — “The Car, the Pizza, and the Basketball Game”
Natalie Christiano — “An Incidental Love Story”
Mackenzie Clark — “Flying Penguins”
Caroline Claus — “The Dog Hero”
Adam Clements — “Split Pea Soup”
Sophia Clifton — “Christmas Pageant”
Leah Cohen — “My Grandmother’s Life in Russia”
Tillie Yael Cohen — “Avi and the Soho-7”
Hailey Colley — “The Embarrassing Moment”
Caroline Collver — “The Big Bad Wolf”
Aidan Comiskey — “Lost”
Noah Coomes — “Think Before You Act”
Gabriella Coonan — “Embarrassed”
Amy Cooper — “Tunneler, Dairy Worker, Hitchhiker”
Lilly Corcoran — “The Romantic Gesture”
Charlotte Cotes — “Runaway Horse”
Lily Croy — “Chicken Dog Food Soup”
L. E. Crystal — “Zaidy and the Yeshiva Boys”
McKinley Curran — “Bye-Bye Birdie”
Ayana Currie — “Aunt Glenda’s Incredible Life”
Nicholas Curry — “The First Practice”
Jack Dacey — “The Cotton House”
Joseph Dailey — “Fire on the Jeep!”
Zachary Dantuono — “A Dog in a Shower”
Gracie Dark — “The Perfect Proposal”
Adina Davidov — “My Mother’s Greatest Moment”
Sarah Davidov — “The Clever Vet”
Yehudit Davidov — “The Beekeeper”
Colleen Davis — “Kidnapped”
Paige Davis — “Lessons from an Undead Cat”
Josette de Villiers — “Meeting in the Sky”
Jack Deppner — “The Mystery of the Murder of Martin Luther King, Jr.”
Anna Devine — “Uncle John’s Pet Crow”
Nechama Diamantstein — “The Very Silly Incident”
Ella Dieter — “The Bombing on Charles’s Ship”

Charlie Dismukes — “Tim, the Builder”
George Dismukes — “Not So Sweet”
Grayson Dismukes — “Near-Death Experience in the Cemetery”
Essence Dobbelaere-Buchman — “Near Miss”
Claire Donnelly — “The Biggest Teaser”
Margaux Dufrene — “An Amazing Victory”
Ava Dutro — “The New Cat”
Grace Ebenhoh — “Would You Like Me to Be Your Mother?”
Adam Ebling — “The One That Didn’t Get Away”
Timmy J. Edelman — “Emergency Landing”
Taylor Edrington — “The Plane Crash”
Esti Ehrenkranz — “The Robbery”
Rivka Miriam Mindy Eisenbach — “The Adventure of Pinchas”
Sama Elhamouly — “Nadia’s First-Grade Life”
Luke Elking — “The Terrible Tractor Tragedy”
Lily Elmore — “Levi Carter — Prisoner of War”
Sarah Elmore — “The Day America Fell Silent”
Malka Engbar — “Coming to America”
Ryan Englert — “Love and Loss”
Shira Epstein — “The Honest Gas Station Worker”
Shayna Erlbaum — “The Tattletale”
Dylan Faulkner — “Seeds for the Future”
C. J. Fekete — “My Mother Versus Tiger Shark”
Sam Fiala — “Bad Idea”
Zachary Fink — “The Troubling Telegram”
Jacob Fisher — “My Uncle Got Run Over by a Tractor”
Frumi Fixler — “Saved by an Aunt”
Kate Fogarty — “Switching Schools”
Nicola Camille Forth — “Mimi and Tata Make the Grade”
Gavriel Fox — “Chocolate Cake”
Avi Friedman — “A College Adventure Like No Other”
Devora Friedman — “The ‘Secret’ Message”
Nechama Friedman — “A Diamond Ring Gone Missing”
Luc Fuller — “Flash Flood Rescue”
Ellie Furstein — “The Snipe Hunt”
Ava Gadacz — “Back to War”
Belle Sara Gage — “Sandman”
Belle Sara Gage — “Shark Attack”
Lily J. Gage — “The Newspaper Incident”

Bente Gahler — “Vacation Swap”
Taft Gantt — “Randy’s Short But Adventurous Life”
Devora Garfunkel — “Freedom”
Ainsley Gasiorski — “From World War II to the Red, White, and Blue”
Landon Gates — “Blessing in Disguise”
Sophia Gebrial — “The Snake”
Mark Geer — “One Little Mistake, One Big Accident”
Alex Geety — “My Mom’s First Day at Work”
Nicholas Georges — “Going to Canada for the First Time”
Nick Giannotti — “Life in Italy”
Garrett Gilgo — “The Day My Dad Almost Died”
Rachel Ginsberg — “The Keeping”
Joseph Gladwell — “Sometimes the Good Old Days Weren’t So Good”
Clara Goebel — “The Self Punch”
Emily Goldstein — “Family a World Away”
Elishevah Golpariani — “My Uncle’s Escape from Iran”
Giovanni L. Gomez — “The Start of a Legacy”
Josh Good — “The Reluctant Roller Coaster Rider”
Austin Gothman — “Supershot Challenge”
Cole Grady — “Three-Day Journey”
Gage Grady — “Embarrassment at the Ceremony of Peace”
Ryan Grafenberg — “My Uncle and the N.C.I.S.”
Kyle Graham — “Skeeter, the Monkey”
Emily Gravette — “Dark and Sad”
Luisa Grbcich — “The Puppy!”
Michael J. Green — “When Life Gives You Vacuums and Ball Bearings”
Katrina Greene — “Creme-Colored Couch”
Nathan Grewe — “The Revenge”
Elijah Griffies — “Fada”
Kruesi Griffin — “The Chocolate Bars”
Reed Grimm — “Crash and Burn”
Ryan Gross — “When Will I Get a Job?”
Danielle Guckes — “Inaugu . . . What Now!?”
Alan Gutschmit — “When Snakes Fly”
Aiden Gwin — “The Switchboard Grannie”
Kamal Habal — “Taking Care of Fatima”
Emma Hakas — “How My Dad Became a Cardiologist”
Ryan Hall — “The Journey”
Arista Hampton — “Up in Smoke”

Emma Hankins — “Polly Finds Her Way Home”
Stewart Hardee — “The Outbreak”
Maya Harpaz — “Filming in Alaska”
Jackson Harris — “The Dark Shape”
Rina Hassan — “From Morocco to Monsey”
Garrett Havrilla — “The Trouble-Making Redhead”
Marian Havrilla — “The Puddle”
Alyson Hayden — “The Pink Lace Underpants”
Fiona Hayreh — “No Shoes, No Guardian, and No Protection”
Olivia Healy — “Swimming in the Basement”
Gabrielle Heim — “Toy Car”
Gitty Hellman — “How Words Can Hurt”
Samuel L. Henry — “The Richtofen Wing”
Cody Herbst — “The Life of a Farmer”
Caitlin Hereford — “Rags”
Claire Hertzfeld — “A Minnesota Nightmare”
Carter Hickel — “The Cow in the Kitchen”
Eric Hillen — “The Pit Stop”
Nastia Hnatov — “It Was the Fish”
Shayna Hoch — “A Pickle Problem at Nosher’s Paradise”
Amiya Holmes — “Tragedy of Terry”
Beau Holmes — “Little Sister’s Revenge”
William Holt — “A Lesson About Discrimination”
Mary Helen Hood — “Hijacked to Cuba”
Rachel V. Hoose — “Whiteout”
Cole Howard — “Good Thing to Get Lost”
Kristin Howell — “Daredevil”
Sydney Lee Howell — “Wild Indian”
Olivia Hu — “The Test”
Katie Huang — “All Shook Up”
Paige Hunt — “Watching Over Pearl Harbor”
Lauren Hussing — “A Job Well Done”
Adina Isakov — “The Great Marriage”
Gabriella Shani Isakov — “Malka’s Adventure”
Shreya J. Iyengar — “The Big Escape”
Avivit Izrailov — “The Squirrel and My Dad”
Lauren Jachimiak — “A Smart Boy Never Given a Chance”
Johanna Jachna — “To Pledge Allegiance”
Meghan Jachna — “Knothole Club to Baseball Champs”

Geddy L. Jackson — “The Cinnamon Rolls”
McKenna Jacobi — “The Adventure of MiMi and Mr. Whiskers”
Gabriel Jarvis — “Campground Chaos”
Isabella Claire Johannes — “The Calf-Tastrophe”
Abby Johler — “A Dog and a Milkshake”
Avery Johnson — “Snore Attack”
Charles Ashley Johnson — “A Cautionary Tale”
Emma C. Johnson — “The Chocolate-Brown Trunk”
Landen Johnson — “Twisting Eve”
Lucy Johnson — “A Near-Death Experience”
Aidan A. Jones — “Midnight Mission”
Ella Jones — “One Lucky Witch”
Lucas Jones — “The Tragedy of Bumping into a Table”
Mackenzi Jones — “The Gold Fox”
Makenzie Elizabeth Jones — “Runaway Parents”
Marion Grace Jones — “The Scalding Iron”
Perrin Jones — “Hunting the Shrew”
Brooke Jordan — “Tall Ships Parade”
Tyler Jordan — “General Robert F. Hoke”
Adeline Jowdy — “Onion-Ring Backfire”
Dominic Kary — “Seven to the Face”
Chana Tova Kasirer — “The Miracle”
Landon Kearney — “A Marine’s Journey”
Mattie Keenhold — “Allison”
Hannah F. Keller — “The Light on 2300 Churchill Road”
Sarah Rhys Keller — “Sibling Trouble”
Nate Kern — “Almost Shot”
Cole Kimack — “Super Mom”
Olivia Kimack — “The Salad Incident”
Alexandra King — “Adventure to Alaska”
Sophia Rose Kinninger — “The Precious Plum”
Rose M. Kleinfelter — “The Blizzard of the Rocky Mountains”
Kylie Klinck — “My Experience with War”
Aidan Kline — “Lost in the Woods”
Jackson Knop — “The Incredible Man of Sports”
Niasha Kodzai — “Look! I Found a Bee!”
Jake Koerner — “Car Crash”
Alina Kohout — “Wild Imagination”
Joey Kopec — “First Car”

Dina Kornbluth — “From an Orchard to Ellis Island”
Shani Koss — “A Bad Move”
Max Kraemer — “The Great Sea Squall”
Brendan Kronberg — “Kittens! Or Are They?”
Sydney Krudys — “Summer Sunburn”
Izabella Kulczycka — “The War’s Cons: My Great-Aunt’s Story”
Leanne Kurian — “The First Earthquake”
Connor Kutchback — “Who’s There?”
Molly Kuzma — “The World’s Most Expensive Toaster”
Cardine Kypson — “Journey to America”
Julianna LaBarbera — “A Tough Decision”
Timothy Lai — “A Failed Attempt to Escape Vietnam”
Elanor Lamb — “Snowstorm!!!”
Zachary Lambert — “The Big Storm”
Parker Lancaster — “Alton Pugh Hill, Junior”
Caroline Landry — “Now or Never”
Annabelle Marie Lane — “The Explosion and the Runaway Jeep”
Naomi Lang — “An Experience to Never Forget”
Leah Langer — “The Great Escape”
Sydney Lanier — “My War Hero”
Chana Lapp — “The Trip of Excitement”
Jessica Larson — “The Hairy Envelope”
Luke Laughlin — “Lightning Strikes”
Meirah Leban — “My Grandmother’s Cake Shop”
Adeline Leonard — “Determination Equals Success”
Tehilla Levant — “Canada Dry”
Chani Levy — “Lost on the Highway”
Andrew Lewis — “When the Wiggles Shook Seattle”
Betsy Lewis — “Pearl Harbor Survivor”
Jasmine Li — “A Lesson Learned”
Rachael Lin — “Skiing Catastrophe”
Devorah Lind — “Totty’s Turtle Story”
Shira Linkow — “Meeting the President”
Taylor Llewellyn — “The Storm of the Century”
Liam Lloyd — “Flying Rocks”
Kara Loewrigkeit — “The Journey”
Samuel Loiterstein — “Oy Vey!”
Trinity Lopes — “A Call from God”
Adelyn Lowry — “My Amazing Dad!”

Lucas Scott Lowry — “That Summer in Europe”
Hannah M. Luetkemeyer — “The Button Cake”
Sophie Luke — “The College Dream”
Francie Luna — “The Whitewater Adventure”
David Lupton — “Courage in the Face of Darkness”
Ashley Lytle — “The Risk”
Hayes Mahoney — “Coming Home”
Scarlette E. Maier — “Hammer-Clenching Terror”
Jaithra Mallipeddi — “The Pathway”
Logan K. Mann — “My Mother’s Baptism”
Aspen Manning — “Dewey Dog and the Gravy Biscuit”
Ella Marcus — “A Hair-Raising Experience”
Jason Marin — “A Trip ’Round the Country”
Daniel Martin — “The Incident of 1991”
Sydney Maynor — “The Wedding Escapade”
Shani Mazel — “The Black Sea”
Payton McCormick — “The Dream of Bad Luck”
Jack McDonald — “Duke”
Ian McKie — “Out of the Frying Pan . . .”
Trey McLawhorn — “Bell on the Buoy”
Colin McMasters — “The Skunk”
Patrick McMurray — “The Time the Indians Came”
Brennan McNamara — “Standing Up in a Canoe Is Not a Good Idea”
Morgan McPhaul — “Granddad’s Fast Ride”
Avigail Mehrnia — “Revolution in Iran”
Orly Meirov — “My Grandmother and the Squirrel”
Caroline Mentel — “Meant to Be”
Mackenzie E. Meyer — “The Beginning”
Ally Meyers — “Puppy Surprise”
Gregory Miller — “The Galloping Goat”
Naomi Miller — “Vindow”
Noah Miller — “My Grandpa’s Story”
T. J. Miller — “The Disappointing Trip”
Victoria Mills — “Bat vs. New Yorker”
Anna Minichiello — “Gratitude”
Owen Minichiello — “Crazy John”
Kaden James Missey — “Grounded by a Bike”
Caleb Moellenhoff — “The Nice Lady from the Tax Department”
Abby Moeller — “Trauma at Sea”

Alyssa Monahan — “Why Is the House So Cold?”
Riley Monroe — “February Fever”
Riley E. Moore — “Simple-Green Road Trip”
Nicholas A. Mormino — “Grandpa’s No-Good Job”
Anna Katherine Morris — “Young Love”
Meira Moskowitz — “The Nazis Came”
Elia Movahed — “Loss of a Job, But Not Dignity”
Will Mueller — “A Bad Date”
Zachary Mueller — “Christmas Surprise”
Madelyn Muhr — “The Peas on the Plate”
Chava Munk — “The Explosion”
Sean Murphy — “One Lucky Man”
Braeden Murray — “The Snakes Attack at Lake Guntersville”
Hugh Hayes Muschany — “Gluey Beard”
Miriam Nat — “The Secret Switch”
Sasha Nelson — “Al Pacino, My Dream, and I”
Patrick Nettler — “The Blessed Mother”
Connor Joshua Neumeyer — “My Brother, My Angel”
Juliette Neveu — “Sticks and Stones”
Thomas Newhall — “Crazy Christmas”
Elise R. Newman — “The Dinner Conversation”
Benjamin Ni — “Shame to Lose to You”
Dominic Nickoli — “Attack Iraq”
Isaac Grant Niekamp — “Sweet Tooth Secret”
William Nienaber — “Mr. Bleach”
Elijah Novak — “A Bachelor of World War I Named Joseph”
Natalia Affinito Novak — “*La Famiglia*”
Kristin Nyenhuis — “Henrik”
Amelia O’Connor — “A True Hero”
Maddie O’Hern — “Happy Birthday!”
Abigail Obert — “The Life-Changing Disease”
Kate Orrick — “Shaken But Not Stirred”
Sydney Osorio — “Helen Francis”
Michael Outlaw — “The Long Journey”
Sophia Paige — “The Mystery Accident”
Paige Panus — “It’s a Dangerous Life at Sea”
Patrick Park — “The Fire”
Ben Parrott, Jr. — “The Parrott Brothers”
Ravi Patel — “The Life of My Great-Grandfather”

Alice Paul — “A Life in Beautiful Belize”
Lucy Peacock — “Adventures in the Outback”
Thomas Peacock — “Making the Pack”
Jack Peel — “The Grass Car”
Charlotte Pennington — “Alone at the Gas Station”
Ryann Perkins — “*Amore a Prima Vista*”
Claire Perry — “Grannie Panties”
Elyza Perry — “The Misshapen Steak”
Gray Perry — “Chat and Thomas”
Reagan Perry — “Just Right”
Anagi Rhoda Shalomi Pieris — “Fifty Years Ago and One Hundred Years Later”
Kylie Plumb — “The Flying Pioneer”
Matthew Politte — “The Game of Army That Went Wrong”
Vaiden Pollard — “Peril in Pakistan”
Cristian Ponce — “The Bahrain Heroes”
Hu Poston — “They Called Him Pappy”
Hunter Powell — “The Perfect Day”
John E. Powers III — “You Can Always Help Those in Need”
Wyatt Powley — “My Uncle Charlie’s Mission: Provide Promise”
Julian L. Prakken — “The Mysterious Man Who Lived in the Pipe”
Zachary Puetz — “Explosive Accident”
Carson Radcliff — “Attacked by a Mob”
Evan Raezer — “Growing Up on the Farm”
Naama Rambod — “In Prison”
Morgan Ramthun — “Hawaii’s Last Chance”
Abby Reed — “Brrrrrrrrrr!”
Matthew Reinsch — “Trouble in Texas”
Helen Remington — “Love at First Sight”
Yita Baila Richter — “The Troublesome Squirrel”
Colin Ring — “Not by Our Own Understanding”
Marcella Rispoli — “Accident on Route 15”
Jade Wen Hong Robb — “The Adventure of a Lifetime”
Kate Robinson — “Grandma and the Dirt Bike”
Ria Rohatgi — “Meeting My Grandfather”
Adina Rohr — “The Man Who Saved the Chicks”
Sarah Ronen — “My Awesome Dad’s Trip to Israel”
Alaina Ronning — “My Papa and His Parakeet”
Avery Rosenberg — “The Day Memories Drown”
Kiki Rosenthal — “One Suitcase Each”

Jordan Rothanburg — “The Schoolday Blizzard”
Rachel Rothman — “Car Ride”
Victoria Rotyiano — “My Great-Grandma”
Souvik Roychowdhury — “Entering America”
Miri Rubin — “Surprise in the Bath”
Logan Russel Rudolph — “On Thin Ice”
Matthew Ryals — “What’s That Smell?”
Tioni Marshe’ Saddler — “The Forgotten Birthday”
Haley Sager — “Not Quite Bank Robbers”
Morin R. Samples — “The Trash Can”
Briana Santalucia — “My First Job”
Alexander Santana — “The Hero”
William Saye — “Walking Among Giants”
Jake Scharr — “The Wrapping Paper”
Aleigha Schnable — “Pennies with Pulley”
William Schober — “Hiding from the Secret Service”
Shifra Schottenfeld — “Inventing Ahead of His Time”
Meira Schuck — “The Broken Handle”
Colin Seebeck — “Arrested”
Rylee Sheeks — “Crazy Farm Animals”
Luke Shelton — “Vacation”
Yehudit Leah Shemesh — “The Unexpected Dinner”
Erica Shi — “Confusion”
Annessa Shively — “First Date Fiasco”
Allie Shreves — “Colin’s Shower Accident”
Abby Sickels — “Saved by the Class”
Leah Siegler — “Hard Times in Russia”
Catie Siipola — “Duffy”
Luke Silvey — “Sleepaway Camp”
Chana Simon — “A Never-Ending Sickness”
Sarah Simon — “Sleepaway Camp”
Connor Sims — “Potatoes”
Miles Sims — “My Mom, Uncle Big Mike, and the Canoe”
Dev Singh — “Festivities of Dewali”
Hargun Singh — “Forgetting Homework”
Parker Sinnott — “Seeking Adventure on the Great Lakes”
Hannah Skrobonja — “The Car Crash”
Ward Sloan — “Eagle’s Nest”
Sarah Smolyanova — “How My Great-Grandparents Met”

Shanna E. Snow — “The BIG Mistake”
Cody Snyder — “Follow Your Dreams”
Emily Sohn — “All Because of a Handkerchief”
Elayna Sonnenberg — “Worst New Year’s Day Ever!”
Belle St. John — “That Poor Bird”
Isiah Stafanelli — “Hundreds Left, Four Returned”
Rockie Stern — “Saving Lives in Dark Times”
Joy Stevens — “The Peach Plantation”
Evan Stigall — “Serving in Germany”
Sam Stillman — “Foreign Library”
John M. Stocks — “Hurricane Floyd”
Sarah Stockton — “Lost at Lincoln Park”
David Stoner — “One Lucky Shot”
Olivia Stransky — “Where Did Dad Go?”
Jakob C. Stratman — “The Little Baby That Brought Love”
Reilly Stromberg — “Close Encounters of the Electric Kind”
Michael Sturm — “Sovia”
Weaver Sumrell — “Weave, the Turkey Man”
Adam Sutter — “Holiday Disaster”
Walker Swanson — “How Larry Bird Flew Out of My Uncle’s Wishes”
Brandon Swenson — “Bad Luck on Their Honeymoon”
Louis H. Takacs — “Building Giants’ Stadium”
Alex Tarlas — “Perseverance”
Reed H. Taws — “Lost on the Seas of Liquor”
Bryson Taylor — “My Amazing Family Story”
Marshall Taylor — “Watch Out, Pops!”
Shifra Tchatchanachvili — “Purim Killed Stalin”
Will Thessen — “Hot Hands”
Camille Thompson — “The Hat”
Murphy Thompson — “The River to Nowhere”
Naomi Thomson — “Under the Picnic Bench”
Golda Tkachenko — “The Cat My Mom Found”
Max Tomko — “The Love Story”
Sydney Topelson — “On My Way to Antarctica”
Carly Torbit — “Hit by Seventy-Five”
Daniel Torres — “Lost Dog”
Ethan Toschlog — “The Blizzard of 1976”
Christina Trexler — “Honeymoon Typhoon”
Samuel Tribble — “Treaty Rights”

Faigy Trop — “How Does It Feel to Be Poor?”
Isaiah Tucker — “The Horrible Scars”
Kyle Turik — “A Fever in the Storm”
Hayden C. Turley — “The Crash”
Madison Turner — “The Immigration”
Joey Ursul — “The Paper Airplane”
Jackson Van Paris — “A Little Plane in a Big Storm”
Emily Vest — “Boogeyman”
Ava Grace von Almen — “The Man of Many Talents”
Seth Von Lehmden — “A Hero’s Homecoming”
Yocheved Ariell Wagman — “Great-Grandma Bertie — A True Inspiration”
Sara Waida — “The Christmas Angel”
Anabelle Waldron — “Take It to the Top”
Winfield Warren — “The One-Hundred-and-Ten Pounder That Got Away”
Ada Weems — “Happy Heart, Happy Home”
Aviva Ruth Weiser — “The First House”
Leonie Marie Victoria Welch — “The Invasion of 1974”
Elisheva Welcher — “A Misunderstanding”
Gracie Wessels — “The Journey of a Lifetime”
Matthew Wheelis — “A World War II Boot Camp Surprise”
Braeden White — “Mimi Delays a Flight”
Cameron James Whitt — “The Little Blue Plymouth”
Sarah Wiederlahr — “Learning from His Son”
David Wilkerson — “Summertime in Europe”
Gus Wilkerson — “A New Beginning”
Matthew Willenbrink — “Grandpa Goes for a Swim”
Mallory Williams — “The Journey”
Natalie A. Williams — “One, Two, Three: Snap”
Amelia Williamson — “Pills and Potions”
Elena Williamson — “Smarter Than the Grade”
Ty Williamson — “Cow Patty Bingo”
Luke A. Willis — “Coming to America”
Cole Willyard — “Don, Big Red, and the Church”
James Winkeler — “The Christmas Crazy Car”
Bray Woodard — “Eyes Straight Ahead”
Sonja Woolley — “Dad’s Life Lesson #43”
Joshua Worland — “A Very Snowy, Cold, Hot-Chimney-Like Story”
Anna Yarbrough — “The Engagement”
Anna Yerofeyev — “Poor Little Larry Bird”

Shifra Yosopov — “The Boy Who Cared”
Drew Young — “The Hurricane on Santanoni Range”
Zahava Bracha Yusupov — “Lending a Hand”
Ahava Yusupova — “How Yael Moved to America”
Matteo Zavaglia — “A Legal Decision”
Adam Zell — “Getting Cocky”
Jakob Zeroth — “A Trip to Remember”
Cindy Zhu — “A Crabby Story”
Yael Zimmerman — “A Risky Plan”
Alex Zoellner — “Five Months Early”
Brandon Zoltek — “Wedding Madness”

Praise for The Grannie Annie

My daughter, Sophia Rose, contacted my mother in Germany after her language arts teacher suggested that she write a story about my mother in World War II. The two had a wonderful e-mail and phone correspondence over a couple of weeks. When I saw the final draft of my daughter's writing, I read a story my mother had never told me. My daughter created a new memory of my mother's life through her writing. What an amazing gift The Grannie Annie gave our family!

—Petra Swidler, Parent; Missouri, USA

Because of The Grannie Annie, I have been motivated to continue writing and am now working on my first novel!

—Aaron Schnoor, Author, *Grannie Annie, Vols. 5, 6, and 7*; Grannie Annie Selection Committee 2014, 2015, and 2016; North Carolina, USA

When young people participate in The Grannie Annie and discover, and then reflect upon, their family's stories and the family stories of others, the experience can create in each of these young authors an enhanced sense of appreciation, understanding, and "connection." Thank you to The Grannie Annie for giving our communities young people who will see our diversity as an asset rather than a deficit, will recognize the sameness even in our differences, and will bring to our world a bit more compassion.

—Dr. Phil Hunsberger, Senior Partner, Educational Equity Consultants

This is my daughter's first time submitting her writing outside her school. It's very encouraging to her. She loves reading and writing. I believe this experience will have a great impact on her.

—Daniel Liu, Parent; New Jersey, USA

When I showed my student his illustration in the book, the whole class gave him an ovation. Thanks so very much for providing him with this opportunity to succeed.

—Clayvon Wesley, Teacher; Missouri, USA

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

—G-g Metzger, Teacher; Texas, USA

Publication of our daughter's story is special to us for so many reasons. . . . Both my mother and grandmother passed away a few years ago. Growing up, I heard this story countless times from my grandmother. It's wonderful seeing that story told through my daughter's words.

—Andrea Rominger, Parent; Alabama, USA

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

—The Reading Tub™, www.TheReadingTub.com

The Grannie Annie provides the perfect opportunity for students to start asking questions about their families' past — not just the facts, but the stories. Then as they write, students begin to understand how *telling a story* differs from *writing a biography of facts*.

—Mark Futrell, Teacher; North Carolina, USA

Year after year, my fifth-grade students are eager and excited to submit their work to The Grannie Annie. The experience of submitting a manuscript — with the hope of publishing — gives newfound meaning to their learning. The students stand taller when they become cognizant that the world is benefiting from their contribution.

—Rebecca Friedman, Teacher; Maryland, USA

Orion's writing a family story was extremely important to his grandmother, who had a serious illness. When he called her to tell her that his story was going to be published, she was as happy

as anyone had seen her in months. She read the story to anyone who would listen. I can't even begin to tell you the positive impact that this has had on our family.

—Andrew Jones, Parent; Pennsylvania, USA

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

My students were so excited to write their family stories! Since the stories were written during our immigration unit, the students had even more reason to ask their families questions. The stories really enriched our classroom discussions and helped the students to connect to the concepts being taught.

—Amy Del Coro, Teacher; New Jersey, USA

Since my mother died recently, I have been cleaning out her house and going through her things and wondering, “Who made this quilt? Who’s in this old photo?” Trying to remember the family stories that she told me has really driven home the need to preserve family history. It is so wonderful that The Grannie Annie encourages this continuity of memories.

—Beverly Miller, Teacher; Alabama, 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”; Georgia, 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

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*

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*

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

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

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.

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

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

Our son’s *oma* is overwhelmed that her “story” is in print in *Grannie Annie*. . . . 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*