Building Bridges Behind Bars

Randall Enos, Ramapo Catskill Library System

rcls.org
Objectives

- To break the cycle of incarceration and low literacy
- To educate parents to become their child’s first teacher
- To instruct parents in the use of children’s books to teach the children in their lives
- To make personal connections with the children during the period of incarceration
- To provide a respite from the stress of prison life
3 Assumptions / 1 Not Assumption

Parents among the prisoners range from illiterate and poorly educated to highly educated – in other words like the general population.

The populations of the prisons you represent are male – so many of them are fathers.

The majority of them care about their children deeply.

Not assuming – that I know what you can and can’t have in your facility, so some of the titles listed might not be appropriate.
Research shows that communication between incarcerated parents and their children reduces the children's trauma and improves their social adjustment, as well as reduces recidivism for the parents.
Types of books that lend themselves to sharing

- Picture books
  - Wordless
  - Board
- Easy readers
- Graphic novels
- Nonfiction
- Popular (vs. problem stories)
- Classics
- Little Golden books - and other “mass market” books
- Short stories / or excerpts (such as the *Guys Read* series)
How do you choose books to read aloud with your child? There are many things to think about: how interesting the topic or characters might be for your child; an intriguing setting, time period, or plot; the liveliness or beauty of the language; or how engaging the illustrations are. Some books are more appropriate based on social and emotional development at each stage of a young child's life. Find guidance here in choosing great read alouds.

Read alouds for babies and toddlers

It's never too early to start reading to young children. Babies and toddlers are listeners, building their vocabulary before they can even talk.

What to look for in choosing books for babies and toddlers:

- Brightly colored pictures of simple objects.
- Simple texts, rhyming, and repetition.
- Books that introduce colors, shapes, counting, and letters.
- Lift-the-flap and sturdy pop-up books to encourage exploration.
- Board books and cloth books — perfect for young hands to manipulate.
Why is it important for me to read aloud to my child?

Children love to hear stories! Reading aloud to your children is a great way to build a strong relationship. The most important thing adults can do to help prepare children for success in school is to read aloud with them.

When children listen to a book, they build listening skills, language skills, vocabulary, memory, imagination, attention span, positive behavior patterns, and a positive attitude toward themselves and others.

When should I start?

It is never too early to start. Even reading to babies helps. Your child’s brain is 90% complete by the time he or she turns five. Reading to babies and toddlers helps them learn words and the building blocks of language. Children who are read to before they start kindergarten do better in school as they grow older.

How to make reading together easy and fun:

Anyone can “read” a book. You don’t have to read every word in the book. Read what you can, or make up a story based on the pictures.

Get close. Sit close to your child. Make sure your child can touch and see the book. Let your child point to pictures and turn the pages. Kids don’t always listen like adults. If your child wants to move around, or hear one part over and over, that’s okay.

Change your voice. Make your voice fit the words and action. If there is a lion, growl when the lion speaks. If there is a mouse, squeak. Yawn when a character is tired.

Slow down. Take your time. Give your child the chance to listen to the words and “see” what is happening in his or her imagination.

Ask questions and make comments. Connect the story to things your child has seen and done. For example, say “Bear is at the lake. Remember the day we went to the lake?” or “What do you think is going to happen next?”

Let your child pick out books. Kids who select their own books to read like reading more.

Have fun. Relax and enjoy yourself! If you have fun, your child will, too.

Reading with your children can be easy, fun, and free.

With a free library card from your local library, you and your kids can find lots of books to try. Sharing books with your children will help them later in school and in life. Reading together changes lives!
Some “Shareable” Notable Books
Younger Readers
GO AWAY!
CREepy PAIR OF UNDERWEAR!
THE DAY THE CRAYONS QUIT

By Drew Daywalt

From the illustrator of Stick and This Moose Belongs to Me
The Day the Crayons Came Home

Drew Daywalt

Oliver Jeffers

From the creators of the #1 bestseller, The Day the Crayons Quit
DRAW!

Raúl Colón
DRUM DREAM GIRL
How One Girl's Courage Changed Music
Margarita Engle
Newbery Honor Winner
Rafael López
Float

Daniel Miyares
Float

Daniel Miyares
The next morning...

It's another WANDA-ful day!

Wanda, come see who's on the TV!

My picture again!

Wanda, look outside!

BLING! BLING!

Maybe someone liked my picture!

A LOT of people liked my picture!

20 MILLION LIKES!

YOW!
Oh my GOSH!

I'm a REAL superstar?

Y-yes, I AM!

I was BORN to be a star!

We want FLOPPY DOG!

And I'm ready for my close-up!

Out of the way, little girl!

You mean Wilbur?

Floppy Dog?

Wilbur is the star?
WILBUR!

WILBUR!
Three months,

two weeks,

and one day.

That’s how long I’ve been stuck in this terrible prison, otherwise known as...
a second-grade classroom.
I was captured along with my friends Barry and Biter. I haven't seen them in months. We're being held in separate cells.

My wily jailers have made it impossible for me to escape.

I've been staying busy, though.

Because someday, and someday soon...

I have to keep my strength up.

I'm breaking out of this joint!

Chapter 1

All right, class, who would like to feed George Washington today?

Yes, my full name is George Washington. Go on, laugh it up.

Despite the cruelty of my jailers, I've learned how to play the part of "cute classroom pet." That way, they won't suspect a thing.

Aww, how sweet! He's burying his seed!

Look! Now he's burying an old ribbon and that broken pencil.

What do you think he does with all that stuff?

What do I do with all this stuff? I'll tell you.
Chapter 2

With a little creative thinking...

Mmmmph!

Mmmmph!

Mmmmph!

the Escape-O-Matic was finally ready for action.

starting zone

accelerator tunnel

ruler

spring

exit hatch
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Brains</th>
<th>The Brawn</th>
<th>The Bunny</th>
<th>The Villain</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Name:</strong> GW</td>
<td><strong>Name:</strong> Sunflower</td>
<td><strong>Name:</strong> Barry</td>
<td><strong>Name:</strong> Harriet</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Legal Name:</strong> George Washington</td>
<td><strong>Alias:</strong> Biter</td>
<td><strong>Alias:</strong> Mr. Whiskers, Fluffernutter</td>
<td><strong>Alias:</strong> Little Napoleon</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Species:</strong> Hamster</td>
<td><strong>Species:</strong> Guinea Pig</td>
<td><strong>Species:</strong> First-grade pet</td>
<td><strong>Species:</strong> Mouse</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Occupation:</strong> Second-grade pet</td>
<td><strong>Occupation:</strong> Kindergarten pet</td>
<td><strong>Occupation:</strong> First-grade pet</td>
<td><strong>Occupation:</strong> Fourth-grade pet</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Crimes:</strong> “I’ll break out of any cage that tries to hold me!”</td>
<td><strong>Crimes:</strong> “I have put my past crimes behind me and now live a life of quiet meditation. Namaste.”</td>
<td><strong>Crimes:</strong> “Snuggies, old black-and-white films, crisp carrots... Oh, crimes! Good heavens! I thought you asked about my favorite things.”</td>
<td><strong>Crimes:</strong> “You name it, I’ve done it, buddy.”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A HUNGRY LION

or A DWINDLING

ASSORTMENT of ANIMALS

written and illustrated by Lucy Ruth Cummins
Once upon time there was a hungry lion, a penguin, a turtle, a little calico kitten, a brown mouse, a bunny with floppy ears and a bunny with un-floppy ears, a frog, a bat, a pig, a slightly bigger pig, a woolly sheep, a koala, and also a hen.
Once upon time there was a hungry lion, a penguin, a turtle, a brown mouse, those two rabbits— one with ears that flopped, one with ears that did not— a frog, a bat, a regular-size pig, and a koala.
Wait a second.

It seems there was just a hungry lion, a turtle, only the floppy-eared rabbit, a frog, a bat, and a pig. And apparently? No one else.
Hooray!

Once upon a time there was an enormous, lovely four-tiered cake with buttercream frosting, a partying penguin, a twisting turtle, a calico kitten—who happens to be shimmying—a brown mouse (a bit of a wallflower), two bunnies line dancing, a sheep chatting with a frog, a bat doing his bat thing, a pair of pigs squealing with piggish delight, a contented koala, a happy hen . . .
A HUNGRY LION
or A DWINDLING
ASSORTMENT OF ANIMALS

written and illustrated by Lucy Ruth Cummins
THE INFAMOUS RATSOS

Kara LaReau  illustrated by Matt Myers
LAST STOP ON MARKET STREET

WORDS BY MATT DE LA PEÑA
PICTURES BY CHRISTIAN ROBINSON
From the bus stop, he watched water pool on flower petals.
Watched rain patter against the windshield of a nearby car.
His friend Colby climbed in, gave CJ a wave, and drove off with his dad.

“Nana, how come we don’t got a car?”
“Boy, what do we need a car for? We got a bus that breathes fire, and old Mr. Dennis, who always has a trick for you.”

The bus creaked to a stop in front of them. It sighed and sagged and the doors swung open.
A man climbed aboard with a spotted dog. 
CJ gave up his seat. “How come that man can’t see?”
“Boy, what do you know about seeing?” Nana told him.
“Some people watch the world with their ears.”

“That’s a fact. Their noses, too,” the man said, sniffing at the air.
“That’s a mighty fine perfume you’re wearing today, ma’am.”
Nana squeezed the man’s hand and laughed her deep laugh.
CJ looked around as he stepped off the bus.
Crumbling sidewalks and broken-down doors,
graffiti-tagged windows and boarded-up stores.
He reached for his Nana’s hand.
“How come it’s always so dirty over here?”

She smiled and pointed to the sky.
“Sometimes when you’re surrounded by dirt, CJ,
you’re a better witness for what’s beautiful.”
He thought his mama might laugh.

Her deep laugh, but she didn’t.

She patted him on the head and told him,

"My too. C’mon, now, come on."
MANGO, ABUELA, and ME

Meg Medina
illustrated by Angela Dominguez
Then I remember the word cards we taped in our classroom to help Kim. So, while Abuela fries our empanadas, I put up word cards, too, until everything is covered—even Edmund.

Soon we are playing Oye y Di—Hear and Say—all around the house.

But that night, she still calls my pillow a “palo” and she says Edmund is a “gangster.”

“We’ll keep practicing,” I whisper.
— ¡Mira! — digo —. ¡El escaparate se ha transformado en una selva llena de pájaros!
Y justo en medio hay un lorito que nos mira fijamente con ojitos que parecen frijolitos negros.
Acerco la cara al escaparate y pienso en la pluma roja que Abuela me regaló.
— ¡Comprémos! — le pido a mami.
— Pero, Mia, si ya tienes a Edmund — me dice mami.
— ¡Oh, no! No es para mí. Es para Abuela. ¡Es como el lorito que vivía en su árbol de mango! Le puede hacer compañía mientras estoy en el colegio.
MANGO, ABUELA Y YO

Meg Medina

ilustrado por

Angela Dominguez
YUPI MORALES presents

NIÑO

WRESTLES THE WORLD
NIÑO!

So superb are his talents that out-of-this-world contenders line up to challenge him.

Here comes the first one!

ARGGGWWGGGGG!
Niño defeats the Guanajuato Mummy with the Tickle Tackle!
Uh-oh,

**OLMEC HEAD** awaits his chance to bump skulls with Niño!

**NIÑO VS CABEZA OLMECA**

What will Niño do now?
Niño makes his Puzzle Muzzle move and Olmec Head's mind is blown! It is a real skull-cracker!
¡Ay mis hij
¡Mis hijos!

My children!

TA-DA!

Niño vs LA LLORONA

Niño’s Doll Decoy stuns the WEEPING WOMAN into submission!
... too terrifying for him.

NIPO VS CHAMUCO
But then the dreadful hour arrives. Oh, no!

Tick-tock!

¡Recórcholis!
Las Hermanitas are *rudas*.

Way to hold!

What a move!

Will they stop at nothing?

How is Niño going to win this time?
**NIÑO**

NEEN-yo

- Popsicle eater, toy lover, somersault expert. He can’t wait until his sisters are potty trained.
- **Battle Cry:** iAy, ay, ay, ahiya!
- **Lucha style:** Playful

**LAS HERMANITAS**

Las Er-mah-NEE-tahs

- Twice as terrible, double the diaper!
- **Battle cry:** Constant and loud
- **Lucha style:** Biting, pulling hair, poking eyes, and anything imaginably rude

**EL CHAMUCO**

El Cha-MOO-loh

- Powerful and rebellious, he likes to tempt people into doing bad deeds!
- **Temperament:** Fiery
- **Lucha style:** Placing obstacles and causing downfalls

**EL EXTRATERRESTRE**

El Extra-teh-RES-tek

- Space explorer, first reported hovering over the earth in his flying saucer in 1947.
- **Secret desire:** To see the world
- **Lucha style:** Abduction
SCHOOL'S FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

story by ADAM REX

pictures by CHRISTIAN ROBINSON
The school creaked. “Children?”
“All kinds of children. They’ll come to play games and to learn.”
“Oh,” said the school, “will you be here?”
“You’ll see me after the school day is over,” said Janitor. “Don’t worry—you’ll like the children.” But the school thought that Janitor was probably wrong about that.
SCHOOL'S FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

story by ADAM REX
pictures by CHRISTIAN ROBINSON
We Are GROWING!

By Laurie Keller
When Max’s dad came to pick him up on Friday night, he said, “Tomorrow, I will show you my new neighborhood.”

“Sorry, Dad,” said Max. “Tomorrow I have spy duty. You’ll have to call me Agent Pepperoni.”

“Oh,” said Dad. “Okay.”

“But you can be my helper spy,” said Max. “You can be Agent Cheese.”

“Not Agent Lightning? Or Agent Super-Cool Guy?” asked Dad.
Weekends with Max and His Dad

LINDA URBAN

ILLUSTRATED BY KATIE KATH
WHERE'S WALRUS?
WHERE'S WALRUS?
Middle Readers
DREAM SOMETHING BIG
The Story of the Watts Towers
by Dianna Hutts Aston
Collages by Susan L. Roth
Illustrator of New York Times bestseller Listen to the Wind
"I love El Deafo! It's everything you could want in a book: funny and touching and oh so smart."
— R. J. Palacio, author of Wonder
I was a regular little kid. I played with my mom’s stuff.

I watched TV with my big brother, Ashley, and my big sister, Sarah.

I rode on the back of my father’s bicycle.

WHEEEEEEEDDDDD!

I found caterpillars with my friend Emma.

And I sang:

WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE, A YELLOW SUBMARINE...
But then everything changed.

—A YELLOW SUBMARINE...

CECE?

GEORGE! DO SOMETHING! HURRY!

My parents rush me to the hospital.

PLEASE HURRY OR DON'T MISS THE TURN OH SHE LOOK SO MUCH WORSE PLEASE PLEASE PEAR GOD IN HEART OF GOD IS GO TO HAPPEN TO HERE'S THE H让他们
I am pulled away from my parents...

...and taken to a room. Somebody sticks a needle in my back.
But after many days of treatment, I am well enough to share a room with another sick kid.

Something is different, though. But what? I can’t quite figure it out.

CECE: CECE! WANT SOME ICE CREAM? HUH—I GUESS SHE DOESN’T WANT ANY.

For one thing, how come I never get any ice cream? The other kid gets it all the time!
Where is she?

I call out but she doesn't answer me!

When I finally find her, I know that everything is different. I think she knows it, too...

I CAN'T HEAR...
The Phonic Ear is enormous! It is heavy! And I am totally keeping it hidden!

The Phonic Ear has 2 cords. Here is one of them.

One of 2 thick, sticky plastic straps.

Underside of Phonic Ear: Freezing cold in winter, hot & sweaty in summer; therefore, underwear is a MUST!

Under the Phonic Ear are 4 SNAPS that keep straps in place.

Cute Rosette!

Phonic Ear:

It really has this sweet little "R"!

Interface:

Volume Knob

On/Off switch

Earpiece, or "earmold," that I stick in my ear. When it's not in my ear, it makes a high-pitched sound called "feedback."

Undervest!

Avert your eyes!

Sock top

Hey, Deafo.

Deafo.

You wanna call me "Deafo"? Go ahead!

Yeah, that's right!

Just call me...

El Deafo.
That's OK, say. Wait a minute—

I can't believe I did that! Argggh!


At me? Some people put on a real show when they start signing—almost like mimes!
This here dirt soup makes me think of Little House on the Prairie. Do you watch that show?

I love that show!

Hey! Let’s pretend that we’re Little House on the Prairie! Do you wanna be Mary or Laura?

Can I be Laura?

Yeah! I’ll be Mary. Whoa! That Scarlet Fever did a number on me! John-Boy, that you?

Ha ha ha! John-Boy—hee hee! Martha, I mean Mary—you’re in the wrong show!

What if Mary ended up on Star Trek or something?

Beam me back to the Prairie, Scotty!

You know, it’s Friday and all—you should ask your mom if you can spend the night!

I was thinking the exact same thing!
AHEM! GIRLS, IT IS WAY PAST YOUR BEDTIME...

AHHHH...

WELL, WE CAN STAY UP AND TALK!

CAN WE LEAVE A LIGHT ON?

SURE THING!

LOOK DOWN YOUR SHIRT AND SPELL "ATTIC"!

A-T-T-I-C?

MARTHA ANN!

...YOU KNOW WHAT WE SHOULD DO TOMORROW? WE SHOULD WALK DOWNTOWN AND GET CANDY BARS AND DRINKS AND STUFF...AND THEN WE CAN MAKE MORE DIRT SOUP...

...AND SO I SAID, WHAT IS THAT RUT STINKIN' SMELL? AND SHE SAID, THAT'LL BE YOU, SAID THAT! SO I SLEPT RIGHT OFF! I FELL!

I GOTTA GET SOME SLEEP! SURELY SHE WON'T NOTICE IF I TURN OFF MY AIDS...

...SO SLEEPY...
I lip-read Martha saying, “Did you just turn your hearing-aids off on me?”

Oh no! I’ve ruined everything!
Mike heads downtown, and I listen.

KNOW YOU CAN PROBABLY STILL SEE ME, I'M AT DAN'S HOUSE.

THIS IS A REALLY WEIRD "DATE"...
We get back to our seats just in time.

PST! That was SO COOL! How come you never told me you could do that?

Oh... I dunno.

OH! WELL & IT’S NEAT!

Is it my imagination, or is Ganny finally talking to me in a normal way? There’s hope for us yet!

Um, anyway... Mike told me to tell you that he was right! You’re a hero!

Of course I’m a hero—

I AM EL DEAFO!
ALL THE LETTERS LIVED TOGETHER IN A BIG HOUSE.
EVERYONE CAME RUNNING TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED.

E: ARE YOU OK??

HEY, WE ARE.

HERE'S THE CRIT ON WHAT HAPPENED.

WHY IS E IN THE STRAIN?

IS IT EXERCISING? EXERCISING?

AS ALWAYS, A TOOK ACTION.

I MADE AN EXCUSE AND CRYED.

ARE WE ALI?

I TOOK EXCUSES OUT OF OUR LIVES.
E-MERGENCY!
GUYKU

A Year of Haiku for Boys

BOB RACZKA  PETER H. REYNOLDS
If this puddle could talk, I think it would tell me to splash my sister.
Visit www.GuykuHaiku.com for fun projects, activities, free stuff, and more!
GUYKU
A Year of Haiku for Boys

BOB RACZKA

PETER H. REYNOLDS
I WANT YOU FOR U.S. ARMY
NEAREST RECRUITMENT STATION
SOMEWHERE
in the mid-Atlantic
fog of history, two
dark ships passed
in the night...
A BREAK FROM BATTLE
June 1918
Melfrecoy, France

Relieved from trench duty, Jim Europa
found a wooden piano in a remote
house and tuned it with an elbow. He sat
beneath a tree, and spent most of that
day and half the night writing songs—
"I'm an Observation Tower at My Own,"
"I've Got the Map of Your Heart,"—
pretending war was over there.

Later, while hospitalized after a gas
attack, Jim wrote his best known song,
"The Breeze and I," the ballad and lyric "On Patrol at No
Man's Land," whose refrain simulated
the sounds of actual bombardment.
WAR’S END
369th Infantry Regiment’s Offensive with the French Fourth Army
September 26-October 1, 1918
Sechault, France

Across the Dommise River, bracing for a massive blitz, the 369th heard only bird calls in shadows.

The moon took cover in a bunker of clouds.

When Fritz rose up, Frenchmen, Yanks, and Germans toppled like bowling pins onto a boneyard riverbank. A third of the regiment was either shrapnel-raked or pitched into unending oblivion.

In the Sechault ruins, buildings burned through the night—much like German provocation for Fighting on. Still, both sides knew the war was nearly over.

THE TALLY
Mustered in: 2,000 Harlem Hellfighters
Killed or wounded: 1,500 in 4 French campaigns

Citations: the Croix de Guerre to 171 Hellfighters, the Medal of Honor to 1 officer (white)

Known as: “The regiment that never lost a man captured, a trench, or a foot of ground.”

Jim Europe’s band: 90 musicians on parade; 30-50 in baptismal orchestra
STEP RIGHT UP

How Doc and Jim Key Taught the World About Kindness

by Donna Janell Bowman • illustrated by Daniel Minter
Spring 1889 stretched a blanket of wildflowers over Shelbyville, Tennessee, but William "Doc" Key barely noticed. He paced and fidgeted like an expectant father. He had been on hand for plenty of births before, but this one was special. Visions of a future champion racehorse darted through his mind as he comforted his mare Lauretta. Finally a dark, wet colt lay shivering at her side.

Doc knelt to welcome the little fellow, but something was terribly wrong. "He's the most spindly, shank-legged animal I ever did see," he said.

Most folks would have given up on the colt right then. But Doc had a kind streak that ran clear through his heart and all the way back to his childhood.
William Key was born into slavery in 1833. As a child in Shelbyville, he was full of questions about the world.

In some parts of the United States, educating an enslaved person was a crime. Even where it was not forbidden, many owners did not want their enslaved people to be educated. But John and Martha Key, William’s masters, like several others in Shelbyville, thought differently. So the Keys allowed William to join their sons for lessons.

Learning gave William a sense of freedom.
From the time William was about six years old, it was clear he had a special way with animals. No matter how wild or rascally the animals, William befriended them and tamed them. He especially loved horses.

A few years later, William’s masters started sending him across Bedford County to work with other farmers’ ornery animals. During these travels, William saw how some animals were neglected, beaten, and worked to death. He was gentle and patient with them instead. He thought nothing was worse than being hurtful.

William learned all he could about caring for the injuries and illnesses of animals and people. He paid special attention when his mother taught him how to distill roots and herbs into homemade remedies. As William worked at different farms and businesses, his doctoring skills developed, and his reputation grew across Tennessee. By the time he was a young man, William was so good at treating injuries and ailments that everyone started calling him Doc Key, or just Doc.
Under Doc's care, Jim's health improved, and his curiosity grew. Jim seemed to study Doc's every move, even when Doc played with his dog. Then one day, Jim staggered over, with a stick dangling from his mouth. Doc laughed and tossed the stick away. Jim stumbled after it like a clumsy dog.

"He was a knowing colt, I tell you," Doc said. "He showed me he could fetch, and proceeded to try to do the other tricks the dog could do." Jim learned to sit, play dead, act sick, and roll over on cue.

When Jim was about a year old, Lauretta died. Doc was heartbroken, but he also worried about Jim. The orphaned colt needed looking after night and day. So Doc coaxed Jim up the porch steps and through the front door of his house. The young horse made himself right at home.
When Doc was ready to hitch up the medicine wagon again, he decided to bring Jim along as his newest attraction. Doc held up a bottle of Keystone Liniment and announced for people to gather around. He told the crowd how his sickly, crippled colt had grown strong and healthy. Right on cue, Jim pretended to be sick. He limped and drooped and snorted and wobbled. Then Doc gave Jim a spoonful of medicine and massaged a dollop of Liniment into his legs. Suddenly Jim acted well again. He pranced around, frisky as a pup.

The audience clapped and laughed and lined up to buy Doc’s medicines.
BEAUTIFUL
JIM KEY
THE EDUCATED HORSE
Wright on course, headed for heaven. One two three four five six seven eight nine ten eleven twelve. Wright back down, but proud of himself.
clock
ERASERS WILL STICK BY YOU,
ON THAT YOU CAN DEPEND,
FORGIVING ALL YOUR DUMB MISSTAKES—

FRIEND RIGHT TO THE END.
36
Older Readers
By Kwame Alexander
Newbery Award-Winning Author of The Crossover

Booked
"BOLD! EXPLOSIVE! . . . I LOVE THE CROSSOVER. EVERYONE WILL." —NIKKI GIOVANNI

BY KWAME ALEXANDER
CHILD SOLDIER
When Boys and Girls Are Used in War

WRITTEN BY
Jessica Dee Humphreys & Michel Chikwanine

ILLUSTRATED BY
Claudia Dávila

CitizenKid.
www.CitizenKid.com
CHILD SOLDIER
When Boys and Girls Are Used in War

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CitizenKid
COURAGE HAS NO COLOR
THE TRUE STORY OF THE TRIPLE NICKLES
AMERICA’S FIRST BLACK PARATROOPERS
We Stank of Smoke

Smokejumping was a relatively new practice for the Bureau Service. The Triple Nickles were on the cutting edge of learning this new method of fighting fires. In the end, they had to get some additional training. First off, they had been taught to read smoke, not jump down into it! And jumping into a forest fire up like a million candles was a bad idea from dropping men as open flares.

The men were split into two groups: some stayed in Ponderosa, Oregon, and others went to Chico, California. In May and June, they trained as firefighters and smokejumpers, and more—Brady Higgs and Roger Sallwarden, the “Harley” men, learned how to collect and dismantle the balloons. The Bureau Service was not used to such tasks and asked them if they were the “Happy 3,” as they were called.

“They could walk up the hills like a cat,” Higgs wrote. He was impressed. “They taught us how to climb, hike, and what vegetation to cut.” Part of the flight training involved learning how to use a new kind of parachute dropped by a smokejumper named Frank Daly. They called Daly “crane gun.” They taught the ability to move, it was a tremendous advantage when putting down into a forest fire.

By July, the Triple Nickles were ready to be the L.A. Area’s only smokejumpers.

To check out the wind and fire blowing, they marched up the smoke decks from the fire. While they jumped, they had to make sure not to let any smoke get tangled up in trees. They had started at their premogee level before the fire, and then on to a simple one of smoke trucks. The only thing keeping those branches from flaring up their faces.
We felt it was a dodge to avoid using us in combat," Roger Walen said. He may have been right. In the meantime, they got to work. "We were soldiers. We did what we had to do," Morris said.

We Stank of Smoke

Since smokejumping was a relatively new practice for the Forest Service, the Triple Nickles were on the cutting edge of learning this new method of fighting fires. It would require some additional training. First off, they had been taught to avoid trees, not jump down into them! And jumping into a forest lit up like a million candles was a far cry from dropping onto an open field.

The men were split into two groups; some stayed in Pendleton, Oregon, and others were sent to Chico, California. In May and June, they trained as firefighters and smokejumpers, and some— including Walen and Biggs—learned how to collect and dismantle the bombs. The Forest Service men were excellent teachers.

"They could walk up the hills like a cat," Biggs wrote. He was impressed. "They taught us how to climb, use an ax, and what vegetation to eat." Part of the 355th's training involved learning how to use a new kind of parachute designed by a smokejumper named Frank Derry. These so-called Derry chutes gave jumpers the ability to steer— a much-needed advantage when coming down into a sea of trees.

By July, the Triple Nickles were ready to be the U.S. Army's only smokejumpers.

To check how the wind was blowing, they watched which way the smoke shifted from the fire. When they jumped, they had to make sure to hit any rocks or get tangled up in trees. They had traded in their parachute steel helmets for football helmets fitted with a simple square of wire mesh— the only thing keeping the branches from tearing up their faces.
COURAGE HAS NO COLOR
THE TRUE STORY OF THE TRIPLE NICKLES
AMERICA’S FIRST BLACK PARATROOPERS
DROWNED CITY
HURRICANE KATRINA & NEW ORLEANS
WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY DON BROWN
Early August, 2005
A SWIRL OF UNREMARKABLE WIND LEAVES AFRICA AND BREEZES TOWARD THE AMERICAS. IT DRAWS ENERGY FROM WARM ATLANTIC WATER AND GROWS IN SIZE.
On the morning of August 26, the National Weather Service announces that Katrina will hit New Orleans in twenty-four hours.

As it crosses the Gulf of Mexico, the swirling storm creates an air pressure in its center, or eye, that lifts the ocean's surface into a kind of massive bubble. Coupled with the water driven ahead of it by Katrina's high winds, New Orleans faces a surge of high water that will be twenty-five feet above normal.

Sirens, bullhorns, church sermons, and radio and TV sound the alarm. Many of the 1.2 million people living in New Orleans and its surrounding parishes, known as parishes, flee.

People who are fortunate to have a car jam the highways, and traffic crawls. One family spends ten hours traveling only seventy miles. Still, approximately 80 percent of residents evacuate, which is a remarkable success.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING, BUT THERE ARE CARS FLOATING DOWN [THE] AVENUE—IT LOOKS LIKE A RIVER.

IT'S GUSHING, GUSHING, GUSHING AND WE CAN'T OPEN THE DOOR—AND THEN THE WATER [IS] UP TO MY NECK.
People fight the flood, some succeed, others do not.
COAST GUARD MEN AND WOMEN TAKE TO THE AIR AND WATER, RESCUING PEOPLE OUT OF THE FLOOD AND OFF ROOFS. OVER THE NEXT TEN DAYS, THE COAST GUARD RESCUES 33,500 PEOPLE.
Friday, September 2.
Smoke from several fires wafts through the city center.
Explosions rock a nearby chemical storage plant.

Rubble and garbage are everywhere. Piles up. It would be two hundred times bigger than Egypt’s great pyramid.
DROWNED CITY
HURRICANE KATRINA & NEW ORLEANS
WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY DON BROWN
How They Croaked: The Awful Ends of the Awfully Famous

Georgia Bragg
Illustrated by Kevin O’Malley
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LOWRIDERS in SPACE

By CATHY CAMPER

Illustrated by RAÚL THE THIRD

“What a fantastically original, smart, funny, and drop-dead cool match of story, art, and form. ¡Muy caliente!”
—El Jefe JON SCIESZKA, bestselling author of The Stinky Cheese Man and Other Fairly Stupid Tales
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LOWRIDERS TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH

By Cathy Camper
Illustrated by Raúl the Third
I loved going to the library. It was the first time I ever saw black newspapers and magazines like JET, EBONY, THE BALTIMORE AFRO-AMERICAN, or THE CHICAGO DEFENDER.

And I’ll never forget my librarian, Coreen Harvey.

My dear children, read. Read everything.
AND OUT Poured THE EMOTIONS.

amen!

praise the Lord!
WE TOOK A NAME--THE NASHVILLE STUDENT MOVEMENT. BECAUSE OF OUR DISTRUST OF CENTRALIZED POWER, WE INSISTED ON A ROTATING LEADERSHIP.

WE WERE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER.

AND WE WERE READY TO ACT.
ONE OF THEM HAD READ THE F.O.R. COMIC ABOUT DR. KING AND MONTGOMERY, WHICH GOT THEM TALKING ABOUT NONVIOLENT ACTION.

I'M SORRY, BUT IT'S AGAINST STORE POLICY TO SERVE COLORED PEOPLE.
OUR NUMBERS WERE MULTIPLYING SO FAST THAT HUNDREDS OF VOLUNTEERS HAD NOT YET BEEN TRAINED IN THE WAY OF NONVIOLENCE, SO I WROTE UP A BASIC LIST OF "DOs AND DON'Ts" TO BE DISTRIBUTED.

**DO NOT:**
1. Strike back or curse if abused.
2. Laugh out.
3. Hold conversations with floor walker.
4. Leave your seat until your leader has given you permission to do so.
5. Block entrances to stores outside or the aisles inside.

**DO:**
1. Show yourself friendly and courteous at all times.
2. Sit straight; always face the counter.
3. Report all serious incidents to your leader.
4. Refer information seekers to your leader in a polite manner.
5. Remember the teachings of Jesus Christ, Mahatma Gandhi, and Martin Luther King. Love and nonviolence is the way.

**MAY GOD BLESS EACH OF YOU**
VIOLENCE DOES BEGET VIOLENCE,

BUT THE OPPOSITE IS JUST AS TRUE.

FURY SPENDS ITSELF PRETTY QUICKLY WHEN THERE'S NO FURY FACING IT.

THE BEATING SUBSIDED.
THE GROUP AT KRESS'S FACED HUMILIATION.

AT McCLELLAN'S, PAUL L'APRAD DREW PARTICULAR ATTENTION FOR BEING WHITE.
I was not afraid.

All right then, I'm placing you under arrest for disorderly conduct.

I felt free.

Liberated...
We wanted to change America—to make it something different, something better.

There were so many of us who thought that as we drove us out to sea...

We filled every empty wagon. The police had to go in Nashville.

February 23, 1960 was my first arrest.

The first of many.
TALE BETTER!
WIRY ALONG, NOW!

SUNDAY SCHOOL'S NEARLY OVER, AND THE NURSE SERVICE'LL BE STARTIN' SOON.

YES, MAM.

CLINK CLINK CLINK.

CLINK CLINK.
SAMURAI RISING

The Epic Life of Minamoto Yoshitsune

Pamela S. Turner

With illustrations by Gareth Hinds

WARNING:
Very few people in this story die of natural causes.

Charlesbridge
Minamoto Yoshitsune’s inheritance arrived early. The boy could not yet walk when his father left him a lost war, a shattered family, and a bitter enemy.

Yoshitsune’s father prepared for battle in the cold darkness of a winter night. Warrior pride demanded elegance, so servants led out two warhorses—one black and one white—for him to choose between. He ordered pine torches held aloft. The bronze and silver fittings on the horses’ saddles flashed and sparkled in the light.

“When one goes into battle, nothing is so important as one’s horse,” Yoshitsune’s father declared.

Yoshitsune’s father was the leader of the Minamoto samurai. Five hundred warriors followed him as he rode, astride his black warhorse, through the shadowy streets of Kyoto. Surely the commoners who lived along the way—fishmongers and silk weavers, carpenters and midwives,
All Ages
PRESS

HERE

Herve Tullet
PRESS HERE

Herve Tillet
The Water Princess

Based on the childhood experience of Georgie Badel

Written by Susan Verde
Illustrated by Peter H. Reynolds
I am Princess Gie Gie.
My kingdom...
the African sky, so wide and so close.

I can almost touch
the sharp edges of the stars.
I can tame the wild dogs with my song.

I can make the wind play hide-and-seek.

I can make the tall grass sway when I dance.
But I cannot make the water come closer.

I cannot make the water run clearer.

No matter what I command.
It is early morning. Still dark.

My mother wakes me. “Gie Gie, my princess, it is time to get up. We must collect the water.”
“Water, come! Do not make me wake before even the sun is out of bed!” I demand. “Come, please,” I say.

But the water won’t listen, and I know we will have to walk so far to the well.
The thirst comes quick—dry lips, dry throat.
I squeeze my eyes shut.
I see it.
Clear.
I dip my toes in it.
Cool.
I scoop it up and bring it to my lips.
Some have traveled farther than I, only to return home when the sun has gone to bed.
Maman holds our place while I play with friends. The dance continues. The water is flowing.
Maman boils enough water for drinking. We wait.

We wash our clothes.

We prepare food for cooking.

My father comes quickly from the fields to share in the drink and the meal. He scoops me up. “My princess, you have returned with the water.”
Maman brings one last cup
she has saved just for me.

“Drink, my princess. Sleep, my princess.
Tomorrow we journey again.”

“Maman,” I say as I close my eyes.

“Why is the water so far?
Why is the water not clear?

Where is our water?”
“Sleep,” she says.

“Dream,” she says.

“Someday you will find a way, my princess. Someday.”

I am Princess Qie Qie.
My Kingdom?
The African sky. The dusty earth.

And, someday,
the flowing, cool, crystal-clear water.

Someday...
Closing thoughts......

Funds – Lisa Libraries
Borrow from your local public library
Ask inmates what books they would like.
The End