

Assembly Member Daniel O'Donnell &
The New York Public Library

present

The First Community Writing Challenge
Spring 2017



Assembly Member Daniel O'Donnell

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New York
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Dear Families,

Welcome to my first Community Writing Challenge! For the past thirteen years, I have hosted an Annual Reading Challenge; however, I am excited to announce that now we want to hear from you! This year, we wish to engage with your stories – stories that celebrate the rich cultural and personal backgrounds through this year's theme, *Our Voices*. *Our Voices* asks that students

draw inspiration from their personal narratives to explore their own identities. For the Community Writing Challenge, all students were encouraged to produce and submit stories responding to the following prompt:

Think about all the things that make you, "you". Maybe it is the food you eat, the languages you speak, your family, your religion, where you grew up, the things you like and don't like, or your future goals. Maybe it is a combination of all of these things? It is your voice and the collection of Our Voices that make our community unique and diverse. Where are you from and what makes you, "you"?

In this booklet, you will find the work of a diverse and talented group of students who answered the above prompt through short stories, poems, vignettes, or artwork. This year's theme celebrates students' personal adventures, triumphs, challenges, and history, prompting students to be curious about, and appreciative of, the multicultural identity of our community – and to explore their own. I hope that *Our Voices* will showcase how diversity is our collective strength.

In addition to student submissions, in this booklet you will find a reading list of books that highlight diversity and historical narratives. The book list includes recommendations for Pre-K through eighth grade reading levels, along with some suggestions for advanced readers. Regardless of reading level, I encourage participants to explore whichever titles stand out to them.

Very truly yours,

Daniel O'Donnell
Assembly Member

Let's Get Started!

Estimadas familias:

¡Bienvenidos a mi primer Reto de Escritura de la Comunidad! Por los pasados trece años, he ofrecido un Reto Anual de Lecturas de la Comunidad; sin embargo, me emociona anunciar que ahora ¡queremos escuchar de ustedes! Este año, deseamos conocer sus historias –historias que celebran la riqueza cultural y personal mediante el tema de este año, *Nuestras Voces*. *Nuestras Voces* pide que los estudiantes se inspiren en sus narrativas personales para explorar sus propias identidades. El Reto de Escritura de la Comunidad invitó a todos los estudiantes a redactar y someter historias respondiendo la siguiente pregunta:

Piensa en todas las cosas que te hacen, "tú". ¿Tal vez es lo que comes, los idiomas que hablas, tu familia, tu religión, el lugar en el que creciste, las cosas que te gustan y las que no te gustan, o tus metas para el futuro? ¿Tal vez es una combinación de todas estas cosas? Es tu voz y la colección de Nuestras Voces que hacen a nuestra comunidad única y diversa. ¿De dónde eres y qué te hacen, "tú"?

En este librito, encontrarás el trabajo de un grupo diverso y talentoso de estudiantes que contestaron la pregunta del reto de escritura mencionado arriba con cuentos cortos, poemas, ilustraciones u obras de arte. El tema de este año celebra las aventuras, triunfos, retos e historias personales de los estudiantes, inspirándolos a ser curiosos, y a apreciar la identidad multicultural de su comunidad –y a explorar la propia. Espero que *Nuestras Voces* muestre cómo la diversidad es nuestra fortaleza colectiva.

Además de los trabajos de los estudiantes, en este librito encontrarán una lista de libros que destacan la diversidad y las narraciones históricas. La lista de libros incluye recomendaciones de niveles de lectura para estudiantes de prekínder hasta el octavo grado, junto con algunas sugerencias para los lectores avanzados. Independientemente del nivel de lectura, animo a los participantes a explorar cualquiera de los títulos que les llame la atención.

Cordialmente,

Daniel O'Donnell
Miembro de la Asamblea

2017 Writing Festivals Festivales de Escritura del 2017

Tuesday, May 30th
Martes 30 de mayo
4:00 – 5:00 p.m.

George Bruce Branch
518 West 125th Street
Between Broadway and Amsterdam

Biblioteca George Bruce
518 de la Calle 125
Entre Broadway y Amsterdam

Wednesday, May 31st
Miércoles 31 de mayo
4:00 – 5:00 p.m.

Bloomington Branch
150 West 100th Street
Between Amsterdam and Columbus

Biblioteca de Bloomington
150 de la Calle 100
Entre Amsterdam y Columbus

Thursday, June 1st
Jueves 1 de junio
4:00 – 5:00 p.m.

Morningside Heights Branch
2900 Broadway
at 113th Street

Biblioteca de Morningside Heights
2900 Broadway
en la Calle 113

Writing Submissions

When asked where I'm from and what makes me "me", finding an answer is pretty easy. I'm Danny O'Donnell from the Upper West Side, where I've lived for over 30 years, and have represented for 15. I grew up in Commack, Long Island, and I looked up to public servants like Robert and John F. Kennedy. What makes me "me" is what made those men who they were—service and a dedication to helping others. My husband, my friends, my staff, and each one of you reading this are a part of what makes me "me".

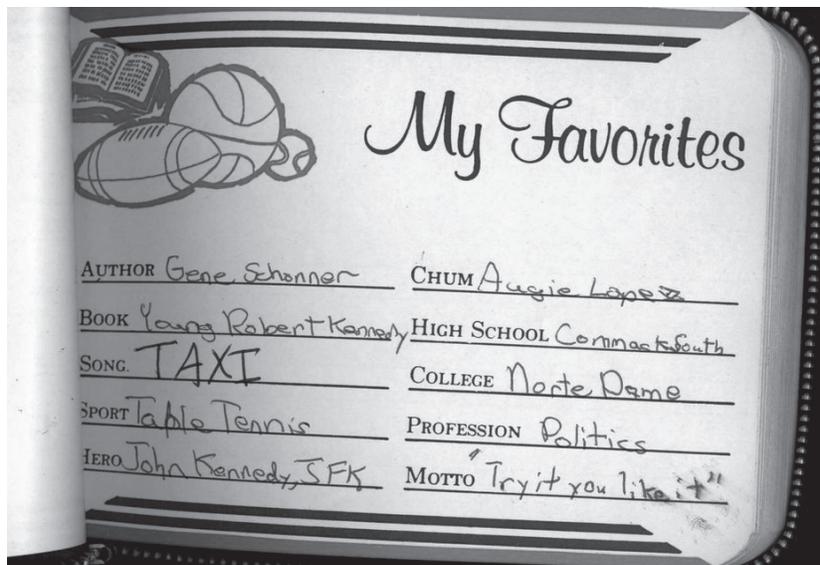
Danny



Spring 1969



Spring 2017



Adventure to the Creek *by Anna, Age 9*

“Eek! The grass is sooo high!” I said as I tramped through the waist-high grassy field. The grass swayed around me, and clung to my legs, refusing to let me catch up with my family.

“Maybe you should walk right behind Uncle Jerry, Anna,” my mom suggested. “He sort of flattens down the grass.”

I walked behind Uncle Jerry, which actually did help a little, but not that much. If only there was another way, I thought. Anything to escape this grass...

“I see the creek!” Uncle Jerry called, interrupting my thoughts.

“Yes!” I cried, relieved that we had almost made it.

Everyone seemed happy because we were almost there. Even Shadow the dog barked joyfully.

You see, my family and I went to visit relatives in Kansas, a different and faraway place compared to my home in New York City. Towards the end of the trip, we decided to make a stop by my great-grandma Mamu on her farm. Aunt Mary Jo and Uncle Jerry were also there when we visited. Looking for something to do, my mom, my sister Rachel, Uncle Jerry, Shadow and I decided to go to the creek.

We tramped down to the creek, occasionally slipping on mud or stopping to peel grass off our legs. Finally, we made it.

The creek was wonderful! The water moved at a steady beat, and it almost seemed as if it were telling me, “Swim in me. Play in me. Splash in me.” Well, Shadow did just that. She ran barking into the river and started to swim.

Laughing, my sister and I started to throw flat rocks into the water to see if they would skip, and explored the land nearby, while my mom chatted happily about how she used to play in the creek, and how different it was from when she was a girl. The creek was full of fun stories.

Too soon it was time to go back. I couldn’t wait for when I next got to go to the creek.

While we were walking back, I spied something that looked very old.

“Uncle Jerry,” I asked, “What is that old windmill doing in the yard?”

“Oh, that big thing,” he replied. “Well, you see, long ago there used to be a...”

While Uncle Jerry talked on and on, I smiled to myself, thinking my own thoughts. I was lucky to visit the farm. There are so many great things and stories, and I couldn’t wait to uncover them all.

A Young Recycler's Dream by Jason, Age 11, 5th Grade

Along the streets of Broadway and Harlem, you may notice a little boy working hard, collecting bottles to recycle and playing the guitar for the enjoyment of the people. I am this boy.

At first glance, you may pity me and think that I am from a poor family. Similarly, other people often point at me and think the same thing whenever they see me. But the reality is that I grew up in an upper-middle class family. My father is a doctor, and my mother has two masters' degrees and takes care of me full-time. Now knowing this, you may be confused as to why I am working so hard. But the truth is that I have a big dream in my heart. I would like to build a school in Haiti.

Two years ago, an article about children's life in Haiti shocked me. I read that natural disasters had damaged most of the schools for children, causing children my age to lose their chance of getting an education. This made me very sad and made me ask myself, "What can I do to help these kids?" The light bulb in my head that lit up told me that I should work to build a school in Haiti. Once I told my parents about this idea, they happily decided to support me in my endeavor.

To make my dream come true, I realized that I would have to work hard and earn money. This is why I began to recycle bottles, cans, and glass containers after school. By returning these objects to the bottle collection centers, I can exchange them for money. At the same time that I do this, I also play the guitar to earn money toward my goal. Through doing these things together, I have earned \$9,100 thus far.

Although there are some times when I think about giving up due to the way that some people misinterpret my efforts, I think of the problems that children in Haiti have been facing and this makes me strong again. Additionally, in the meantime, more and more people have taken notice of my work. Executives of two institutions, Columbia University and the Jewish Theological Seminary, now collect their bottles and then give them to me for recycling. Without the generosity of such kindhearted individuals, I could have never come so far, and knowing this, I am encouraged to work even harder.

My work has allowed me to realize that even the problems the Haitian children are facing can be overcome and that indeed one day hope can be found. I strive to bring light to these children's lives by making my dream come true. Through my efforts, I will build a school in Haiti so that I can give the children there a place where they can have the same educational opportunities that I have.

Kevin, Age 11, 6th Grade

What makes me, me? Well the answer to that is well the around me. My friends, the neighborhood that I live in what I celebrate, and the way I interact with others. My parents are from Korea which makes me Korean which makes my comfort group Koreans and therefore I have a lot of Korean friends. Once in a while I branch out and meet someone new that is the complete opposite of me. I do this because after all opposites attract just like magnets. In doing this I become more open minded about people. Everybody has a special talent something they enjoy doing, mine is humor. I can always find a way to make someone laugh. Either through political, sarcastic or just plain crazy jokes sometimes puns. Another thing that makes me different from others, are my fears. I have 2 fears one being autophobia the fear of being alone and the other glossophobia fear of public speaking without these fears this would not be me. I am different from others my name is different from others my name Kevin means handsome, kind, and gentle. The way I look makes me different from others. My parents make me different from others. Another thing that makes me different from others is the people who I love and care for people such as my mother, my father, and my sister. The way I live my life makes me different. My experiences make me different. My hobbies make me different I enjoy playing with friends and the mottos I live by. The way I view life makes me different I am my own unique self and I enjoy being myself and I'm proud of it. If everyone is unique in a way everyone has their own voice everyone is different from others there is no I am the same as. The smallest voices can make it major.

James, Age 9, 3rd Grade

My favorite movie is "Hidden Figures." It focuses on space which I didn't know much about. It also talks about racism. I learned a lot about how poorly blacks were treated.



Me Katherine Johnson

Write that I could do it.
If you did not believe so
Then you're wrong
Because I did.
Write that I worked
So hard at NASA it
Was like my second home.
Write that I did all
My work for my husband
Even though he died.
Write that I was me Katherine Johnson



Me Dorothy Vaughan

Write that I fought for a job
A job I could not have.
Never late
OR
Sick always there
AND on time.
Write that I knew I could not have the
Job as much as I tried
So guess what?
It made me try even harder.
Write that I was me Dorothy Vaughn



Me John Glenn

Write that I was the first
American to orbit space.
Write that I pleaded I could do it
And guess what?
I did!
Write that I shot up and went UP UP
UP high like a bird.
Write that I
Was me John Glenn.

Me Levi Jackson

Write that I knew the treatment
Was unfair
Write that I helped my
Wife who worked at NASA
Write that I thought why are
Blacks getting treated unfair?
My wife thought the kids would
Be scared if we actually showed them
What it looked like but I said
No they should see what it actually looks
Like.
Write that I was me
Levi Jackson

Uma, Age 11

You know how everybody has something that makes them special? Well, I have some things that make me special. My two languages I speak, my acting and swimming.

I was born in Manhattan so I speak English. My mom is from Spain so I also speak Spanish. I am fluent in Spanish because my mom has been speaking Spanish to me since I was born, even singing Spanish songs to me when I was still inside her. It makes me special because when we do the "3 Bee's" pledge in my school, PS 163, I and two other students do it in Spanish. This makes me feel really good. I can also speak to friends and older people who only speak Spanish and be a translator for them.

I also enjoy acting so much. I have been putting on little shows since I was 4, dressing up and acting. I guess you would call me outgoing. Acting is something where you don't have to be always great at it, but you have to be empathetic. You have to feel the other characters like you feel other people in your life. This way you can understand other people and say, "I get this person!" You come alive and let other people into your life.

I love swimming so much. I swim every week. Swimming is exercise and makes my body feel great. Doing a sport makes me feel proud of myself because I really try even though sometimes I really don't feel like doing it. It is always worth it even when it is hard.

I would like to be a psychologist or teacher when I'm older. Why? I love kids and want to help them feel safe and happy. Both my parents are teachers. I love working sometimes helping kids in my mom's class learn how to read better. Making kids feel happy makes me feel happy. It's so important to make all kids feel happy being WHO THEY ARE!

Lyla, Age 8, 2nd Grade

I love gymnastics. My future goal is to go to the Olympics for gymnastics. One day at practice, we were doing bars. Bars was my least favorite event. We were doing back hip circles and I was so scared to do back hip circles. I did not want to fall. After practice, I didn't want to do gymnastics anymore because I did not want to fall and get hurt. I did the next two practices and finished the season. But then I stopped doing gymnastics for the next year. When the year started to end, I was doing so much gymnastics at home, I asked my mom if I could start doing gymnastics again. So, my mom called the gym. The day after they gave me a skill test. A skill test is when they test you on skills to see what level you are. I was so scared I did not want to mess up. At the end, I thought I did a good job. They said you can go to intermediate. I was nervous to go back to gymnastics. I did not know if I was going to remember the skills but I knew I was going to try my best. I only had one class in intermediate because they sent me to pre-team. One month later, they put me into team. If you don't know what team is, you will find out. Team is when you train two or more days a week and 7 or more hours a week. And you go to competitions to compete against other gyms. You get a leotard and warm up too. You wait ready until the judge raises her hand and then you salute and begin your routine. Every meet you are going to be a little scared and nervous. But it is always fun. At my first gymnastics meet I was really scared. On bars, I fell. I was really upset. But at my second gymnastics meet I was still scared but not as scared. I did not want to fall again in my bar routine. I tried my best and had a good bar routine. Always remember if you do not enjoy gymnastics do not keep doing it. But if you do, remember to never give up and have fun. This is the story of how I became a gymnast. I love gymnastics and hope to be in the Olympics.

Happy the Way I Am by Julia, Age 18

“So, can you, like, hold a crayon?” one of the girls in my first-grade class asked.

I had been holding a pink Crayola in my right hand.

“In your funny hand?” she corrected herself.

I quickly switched the crayon from my “good” hand to my amputated limb, nicknamed Army. She watched in awe as Army made jagged motions that resulted in my name being scratched out on paper.

Having been amputated at three months old, I was accustomed to questions about my arm and what I could or couldn’t do. At school, I entertained the other six-year-olds with “magic tricks,” such as holding crayons, buttoning my coat, and drinking from a bottle. From my perspective, these were normal questions for any child to be asked. I never paid attention to the smirks on their faces or gleams in their eyes as they asked me to use Army to draw another ice-cream cone. It didn’t matter what they thought; I was happy the way I was.

In third grade, a new girl entered my grade. As nice as I tried to be to her, I couldn’t help but despise the way she made fun of Army, or as she called it, “Stumpy.” I didn’t know why it was an insult, only that her tone wasn’t meant to be affectionate. I hid from her, often hiding in the bathroom where I could cry without her knowledge or her taunts of “crybaby.”

As I grew older, I knew I had to start coming up with answers for questions like, “What happened to your hand?”, “Does it hurt?”, “Can you hold a crayon?”, “Why is it so funny looking?”, and “What did you do that made you such a freak?” Kids would always laugh after that question, no matter how many times my friends or baby brother said, “It’s not funny.” I tried to prepare myself to talk about Army, to tell them it wasn’t funny myself, but I never could. I didn’t know how to answer those questions.

One night, I sat in my mother’s room, holding her torso tightly as possible, in tears. I was struggling to answer those questions, without asking one of my own, one about why I had to lose my hand.

I had forgotten I was ever happy the way I was.

When I was in the 9th grade, my theatre group was given blue printer paper asked to write about perfection. The goal was to figure out what perfection meant to each of us, and to formulate a show based on that idea. I picked up a yellow pencil and watched everyone at my table struggle to write. I looked at the paper, and immediately knew just what to put down on that paper. For the first time, I found words to discuss Army. I could finally say how hard it was to watch everyone else tie their shoes perfectly and cut their own pancakes easily, while I had to ask for help with both. I could say that I hated having no control over my physical appearance or being isolated for being an amputee. None of that mattered.

I realized I was happy the way I am.

I was truly happy. Army was the one distinguishing feature I had. There were other girls with dirty blonde hair and brown eyes. Army was something that was all mine, something nobody else had. I had come far from the innocent days of impressing classmates with chicken scratching and I would still face the taunts over a simple procedure that happened at three months old. I had finally arrived at a point where I was truly happy with Army.

My director approached me a few days later. He asked if I would be comfortable delivering what I had written in the form of a monologue. I grinned.

“Yeah,” I agreed, “I’d be happy to.”

The Way It Ended Up *by Helena, Age 9*

*It all started when I was born
just a little girl all on her own
family of immigrants,
wanted to be president*

*Moved into three places
not so far away,
leaving by the second
nothing getting in her way
just one day
she plans to save the day!*

*The way, the way, the way, it ended up
A surprise to me
Because now that girl all on her own
Is proud to be the first generation to be born in America*

Danna

What makes you, “you” is a very simple question to ask, but such a complicated question to answer. It’s not just black and white because there isn’t one simple answer. There are so many contributors that make me, what I am, who I am ; That make me, “me”. I am going to share with you only the most important, the greatest factors of what makes me who I am.

I don’t have a lot to say about my mom and this is actually a good thing the only thing I’ll say is her acceptance of who I am greatly affected who I am, by always encouraging me to be myself.

After my parents got divorced my dad had some new rules in his house that were inappropriate, heck he didn’t even treat us like children. And he told me and my brother that we were not allowed to tell anyone about the rules in his house, especially my mom. I didn’t tell her for a whole year, but once I did she did not let us go to his house anymore, rightfully so. After that he made little to no effort to see us, and he caused me a lot of pain, but our relationship is now under construction. People who have been through pain can better sympathize with others and that is an important part of my personality.

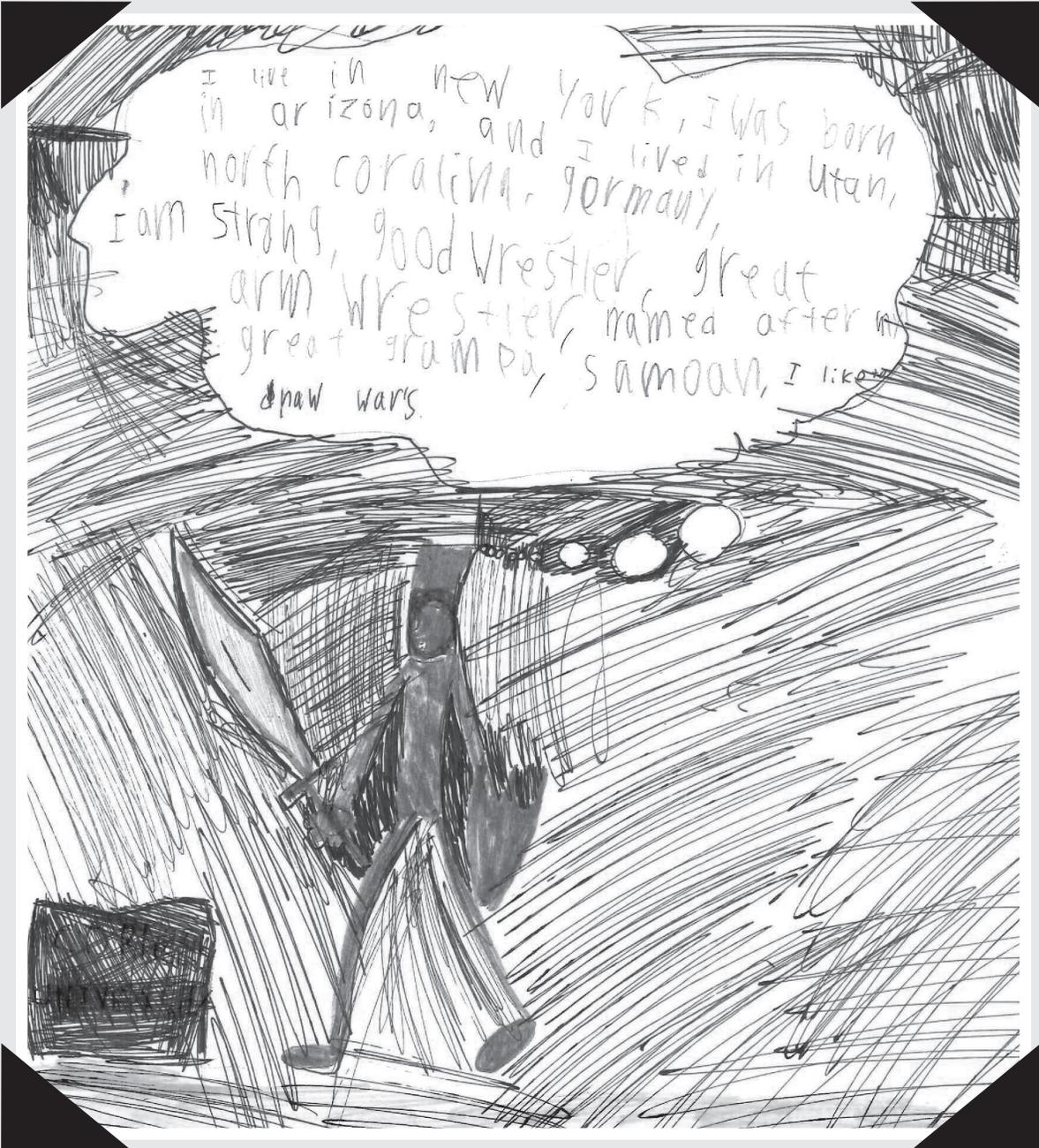
Since my dad wasn’t taking care of us properly at the time I felt obligated to help my brother, him being younger. This resulted in a special relationship that we still have now, where I bounce between the role of a fun friend or a responsible mother towards him. I like the special relationship we have because it’s made us closer than most siblings, but sometimes having a lot of responsibility over him feels like an obligation even when someone else is taking care of him and I get very stressed. Everyone who knows me well knows I have a special relationship with my brother and it’s a big part of me.

Sixth grade was very hard for me; Transitioning from a very easy, creative, “touchy feely” elementary school to a much more rigorous middle school, as I bet it was for many. Around the end of the year I went to Mount Sinai Hospital and was diagnosed with signs of anxiety and depression along with very mild ADHD. The only time I had the signs of depression was in sixth grade. Having this situation left me with better coping skills for the future.

But the biggest thing that came out of sixth grade was that I realized I am bisexual. Thinking back to past memories, some situations now made much more sense. For instance, in fifth grade there was a girl who I obsessed about. I went on and on rambling about her to my dad and his wife, and they were teasing me about it and saying I had a crush on her, which I did, and I was in huge denial because I didn’t even know I had a crush on her; In my perspective I just really wanted to be friends with her, but now looking back it’s so obvious I could laugh because it’s ridiculous that I didn’t realize it. When I came out both of my parents were very accepting of this new news along with my friends (although it was very awkward at times). I didn’t tell the rest of my family in Israel that summer. I knew they wouldn’t accept me because of their religion. But this year I told my grandparents who are now in denial, and acting as if it never happened, or even as if I’m wrong, as if I don’t know my own sexual orientation. This is such an important part of my life because it’s one of the things that I’m most open about out of every other aspect in my life.

What makes me is my strengths and weaknesses, the aspects of my life in which I’m accepted by my guardians and peers and the ones in which I’m not, the people I grew up with, and what I do about the problems and issues I face in life.

Artwork Submissions



Lincoln

Please refer to back cover to see artwork in color.



Uma, Age 11

Please refer to back cover to see artwork in color.



Eli

Eli Please refer to back cover to see artwork in color.

Suggested Reading Lists

Pre-K

J PIC LIONNI

Little Blue and Little Yellow By Leo Lionni

A little blue spot and a little yellow spot are best friends, and when they hug each other, they become green.

J PICTHONG

Green is a Chile Pepper By Roseanne Thong

A little girl discovers all the bright colors in her Hispanic American neighborhood.

J 303.37 N

A is for Activist By Innosanto Nagara

A is for Activist is an ABC board book written and illustrated for families who want their kids to grow up in a space that is unapologetic about activism, environmental justice, civil rights, LGBTQ rights, and everything else that activists believe in and fight for.

J PIC NAGARA

Counting on Community By Innosanto Nagara

Counting up from one stuffed piñata to ten hefty hens—and always counting on each other—children are encouraged to recognize the value of their community, the joys inherent in healthy eco-friendly activities, and the agency they possess to make change.

J-SPA PIC KENT

El perro con sombrero Por Derek Taylor Kent

Aunque Pepe logra fama y fortuna a través de su papel como perro de película, al disgusto de un gato celoso, Pepe desea una familia.

All New Book Ideas!

Kindergarten

J PIC YACCARINO

I Am a Story By Dan Yaccarino

A powerful picture book that celebrates storytelling from the past to the present and beyond.

J PIC R

Exclamation Mark By Amy Krouse Rosenthal

A punctuation mark feels bad that he doesn't fit in with the others until a friend reveals the possibilities that exist when differences are accepted.

J PIC RICHARDSON

And Tango Makes Three By Justin Richardson

At New York City's Central Park Zoo, two male penguins fall in love and start a family by taking turns sitting on an abandoned egg until it hatches. Based on a true story.

J PIC W

Angelina's Island By Jeanette Winter

Every day, Angelina dreams of her home in Jamaica and imagines she is there, until her mother finds a wonderful way to convince her that New York is now their home.

J-Spa PIC S

Que Montón de Tamales Por Gary Soto

Maria se pone el anillo de matrimonio de su mamá mientras ayuda a preparar la cena de Noche Buena. Luego se da cuenta que desapareció el anillo, y se preocupa en encontrarlo.

All New Book Ideas!

Grades 1-3

J PIC WEATHERFORD

Freedom in Congo Square By Carol Weatherford

As slaves relentlessly toiled in an unjust system in 19th century Louisiana, they all counted down the days until Sunday, when at least for half a day, they were briefly able to congregate in Congo Square in New Orleans. Here they were free to set up an open market, sing, dance, and play music. They were free to forget their cares, their struggles, and their oppression.

JFF 08-329

My Name is Gabito By Monica Brown

As a boy, Gabito had the ability to imagine many things. He lived in a small house with a large family. He would grow up to become a writer known as Gabriel García Márquez.

J-Spa PIC D

La Isla Por Arthur Doros

Una joven y su abuela toman un viaje imaginario a la isla del caribe donde se crió su mamá, y donde algunos de sus parientes aún viven.

J 813.54Y

All the Way to America: The Story of a Big Italian Family and a Little Shovel By Dan Yaccarino

This is the story of four generations of an Italian American family. It begins with an immigrant who came through Ellis Island with big dreams, a small shovel, and his parents' good advice: "Work hard, but remember to enjoy life, and never forget your family."

J B LOVELACE R

Ada's Ideas: The Story of Ada Lovelace, the World's First Computer Programmer By Fiona Robinson

A picture book biography of mathematician Ada Lovelace, the first computer programmer.

All New Book Ideas!

Grades 4-6

J 973.04 H

Portraits of Hispanic American Heroes

By Juan Felipe Herrera

An inspiring tribute to Hispanic Americans who have made a positive impact on the world. This visually stunning book showcases twenty Hispanic and Latino American men and women who have made outstanding contributions to the arts, politics, science, humanitarianism, and athletics.

J FIC DUMAS

It Ain't So Awful, Falafel By Firoozeh Dumas

Eleven-year-old Zomorod, originally from Iran, tells her story of growing up Iranian in Southern California during the Iranian Revolution and hostage crisis of the late 1970s.

J B THOMAS H

Tiny Stitches: The Life of Medical Pioneer

Vivien Thomas By Gwendolyn Hooks

Biography of Vivien Thomas, an African-American surgical technician who pioneered the procedure used to treat babies with a heart defect known as 'blue baby syndrome.'

J FIC PARK

Project Mulberry By Linda Sue Park

While working on a project for an after-school club, Julia, a Korean American girl, and her friend Patrick learn not just about silkworms, but also about tolerance, prejudice, friendship, patience, and more.

FIC MANZANO

La Casa en Mango Street Por Sandra Cisneros

Contado a través de una serie de viñetas — a veces desgarradoras, a veces profundamente alegres — es el relato de una niña latina que crece en un barrio de Chicago, inventando por sí misma en qué y en quién se convertirá.

All New Book Ideas!

Grades 7-8

J FIC GEPHART

Lily and Dunkin By Donna Gephart

Lily Jo McGrother, born Timothy McGrother, is a girl. But being a girl is not so easy when you look like a boy. Especially when you're in the eighth-grade. Norbert Dorfman, nicknamed Dunkin Dorfman, is bipolar and has just moved from the New Jersey town he's called home for the past thirteen years.

J 785.42 O

Jazz Day: The Making of a Famous Photograph

By Roxane Orgill

When *Esquire* magazine planned an issue to salute the American jazz scene in 1958, graphic designer Art Kane pitched a crazy idea: how about gathering a group of beloved jazz musicians and photographing them?

FIC D

Someone Like You By Sarah Desden

Halley's junior year of high school includes the death of her best friend Scarlett's boyfriend, the discovery that Scarlett is pregnant, and Halley's own first serious relationship.

B Satrapi

Persepolis By Marjane Satrapi

An intelligent and outspoken only child, Satrapi—the daughter of radical Marxists and the great-granddaughter of Iran's last emperor—bears witness to a childhood uniquely entwined with the history of her country.

SPA FIC ALVAREZ

De cómo las muchachas García perdieron el acento Por Julia Alvarez

Cuando las hermanas García—Carla, Sandra, Yolanda y Sofía—y sus padres huyen de la República Dominicana buscando refugio de la persecución política, encuentran un nuevo hogar en los Estados Unidos.

All New Book Ideas!

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B Lacks S

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