

# ANNIE AND THE OLD ONE

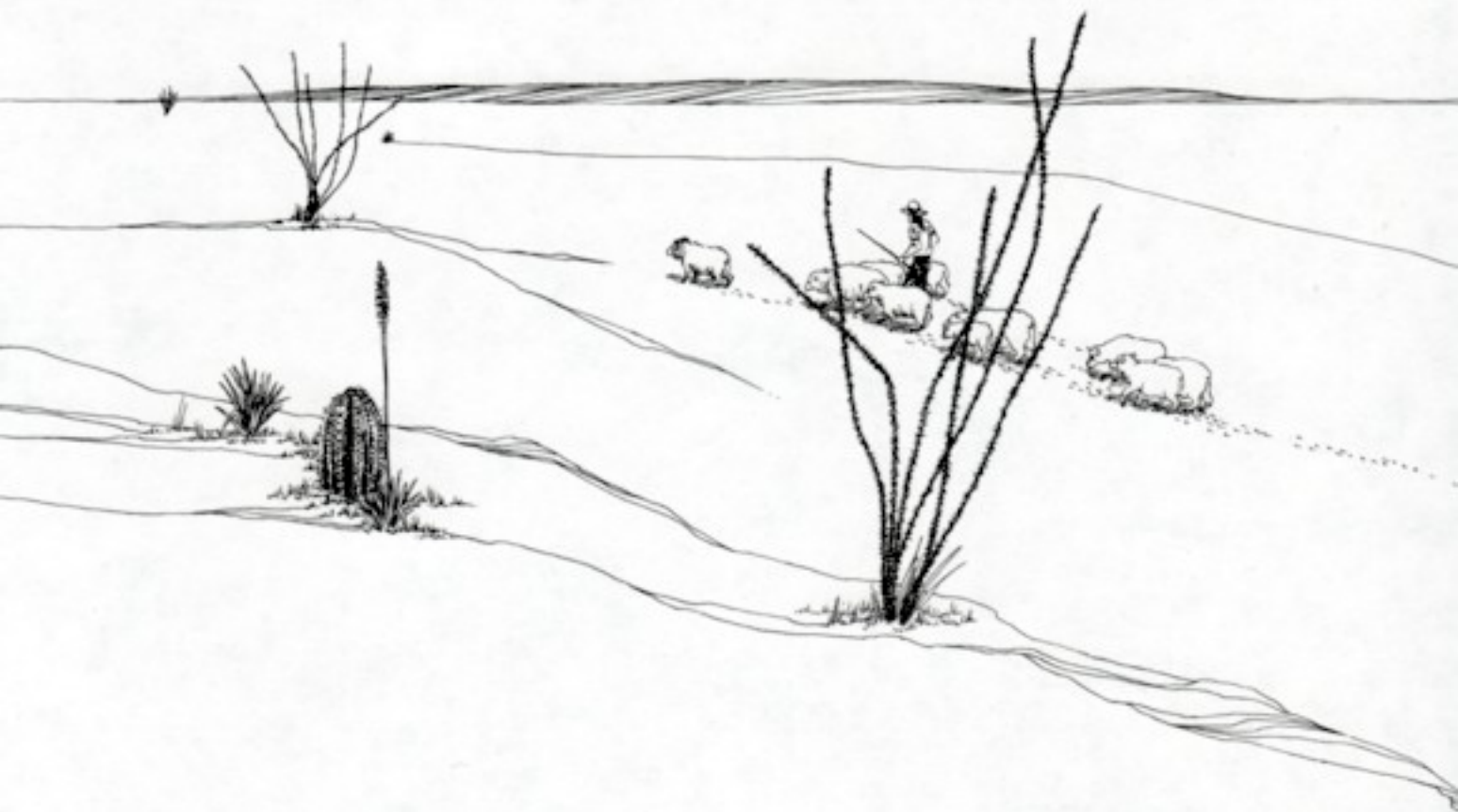
by Miska Miles

*Illustrated by Peter Parnall*





Annie's Navajo world was good—a world of rippling sand, of high copper-red bluffs in the distance, of the low mesa near her own snug hogan. The pumpkins were yellow in the cornfield, and the tassels on the corn were turning brown.



Each morning, the gate to the night pen near the hogan was opened wide and the sheep were herded to pasture on the desert.

Annie helped watch the sheep. She carried pails of water to the cornfield. And every weekday, she walked to the bus stop and waited for the yellow bus that took her to school and brought her home again.





Best of all were the evenings when she sat at her grandmother's feet and listened to stories of times long gone.

Sometimes it seemed to Annie that her grandmother was her age—a girl who had seen no more than nine or ten harvestings.

If a mouse skittered and jerked across the hard dirt floor of their hogan, Annie and her grandmother laughed together.

And when they prepared the fried bread for the evening meal, if it burned a bit black at the edges, they laughed and said it was good.

There were other times when her grandmother sat small and still, and Annie knew that she was very old. Then Annie would cover the thin knees of the Old One with a warm blanket.

It was at such a time that her grandmother said, "It is time you learn to weave, my granddaughter."



"Many writers . . . have tried to present the concept of death to children; Miska Miles has done it with this wise story of a Navajo girl and of her grandmother."

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