



How Many Days to America?

A THANKSGIVING STORY

by Eve Bunting
illustrated by Beth Peck



When they were gone my father said: "We must leave right now."

"Why?" I asked.

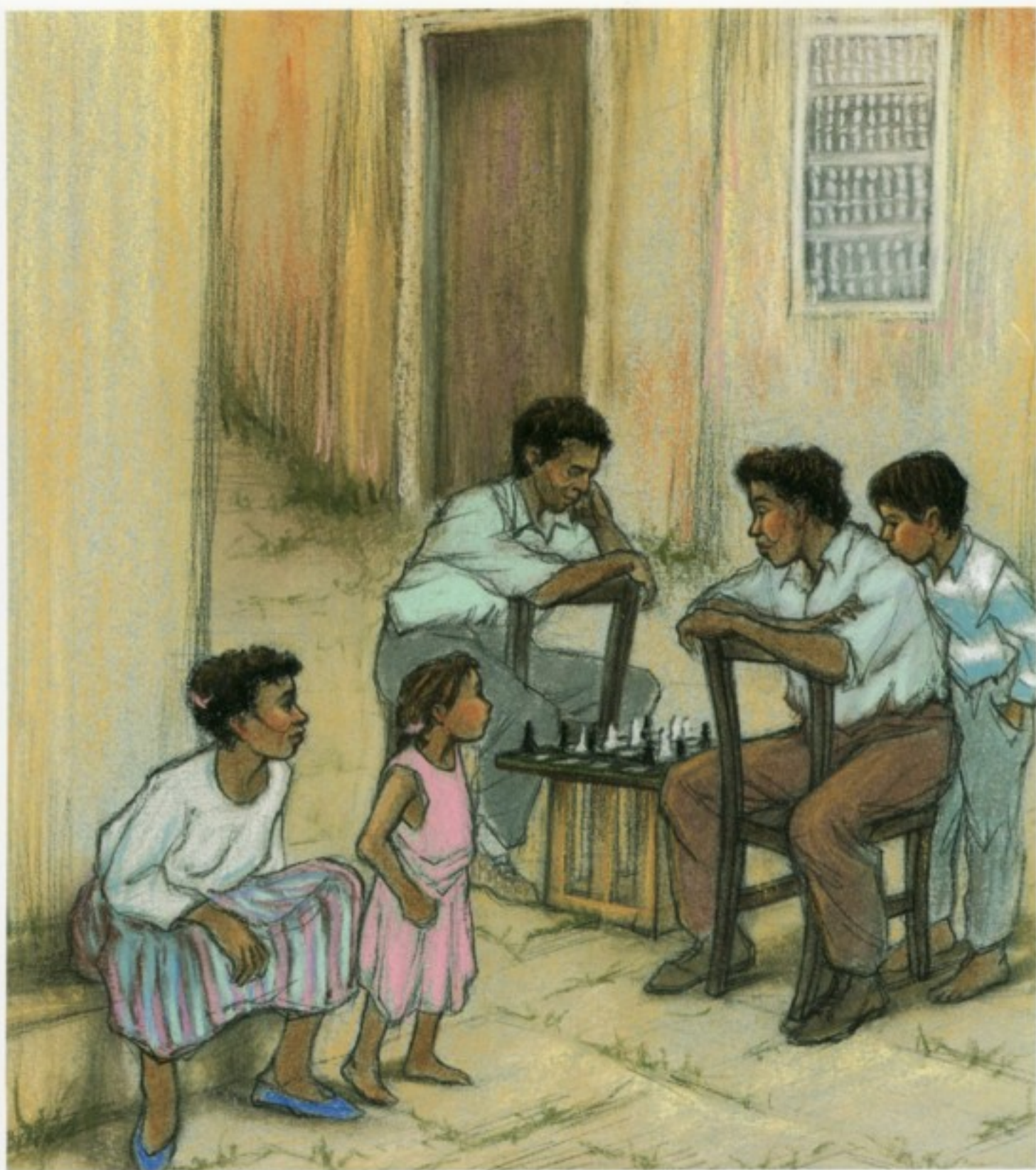
"Because we do not think the way they think, my son. Hurry!"

He would not let us take anything but a change of clothes.

My mother cried. "Leave all my things? My chair, where I sat to nurse our children? The bedcover that my mother made, every stitch by hand?"

"Nothing," my father said. "Just money to buy our way to America."





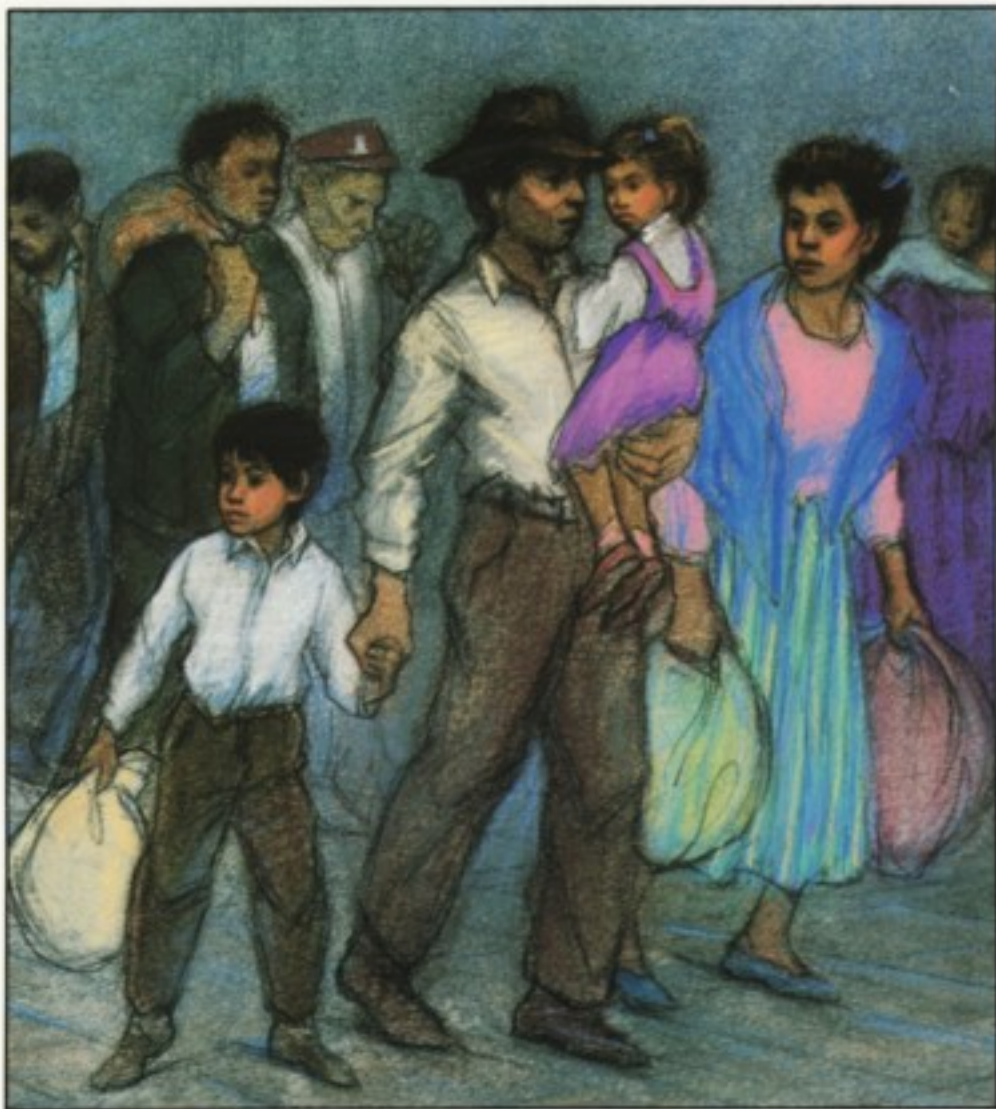
It was nice in our village. Till the night in October when the soldiers came.

My mother hid my little sister and me under the bed. When I peered out I could see my mother's feet in their black slippers and the great, muddy boots of the soldiers.





After the soldiers go, Father tells the family, "We must leave right now."
"Why?" the boy asks. "Because we do not think the way they think, my son.
Hurry!"



"A Thanksgiving story that knows no season or race, but is for everyone all year 'round."

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