



J didn't like the school in Winter Hill. In Winter Hill, they laughed at me. Elizabeth laughed most of all.



I never raised my hand to answer a question, but when Miss Stickley called on me, I had to say something. My English wasn't perfect yet, so Elizabeth always giggled at whatever I said. Miss Stickley would stare at her, and then she'd shut up. But later, in the schoolyard, she'd say, "You talk funny, Molly. You look funny, Molly." And then she'd sing a song:

"Jolly Molly,
Your eyes are awf'ly small.
Jolly Molly,
Your nose is awf'ly tall."

Hilda and Kitty would sing the song too, and sometimes even Fay and Emma. They all admired Elizabeth. She brought peppermint sticks to school and handed them out to all her friends at recess.



One day Elizabeth and Hilda followed me halfway home, singing that terrible song.

"Jol-ly Mol-ly, Your eyes are awf'ly small. Jolly Molly, Your nose is awf'ly tall."

I started to run.



Molly's first thanksgiving

olly doesn't think she has much to be grateful for as her first American Thanksgiving draws near. Her classmates giggle at her imperfect English and make fun of her Russian clothes. Molly's mother only makes things worse when she helps with a class Thanksgiving project by making a little doll that looks more like a Russian refugee than a New England Pilgrim. But that tiny Pilgrim could be exactly what Molly needs to find a place for herself in America.

"A fine read-aloud and discussion starter."

—School Library Journal

"A thought-provoking Thanksgiving read-aloud."

—ALA Booklist

Reading Rainbow Review Selection



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