

ABUELITA AND me



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Every day it's just Abuelita and me.
And inside, we have so much fun together.

Inside, we spend hours drawing pictures of monsters.
Abuelita tries her hardest, but my monsters are the scariest!

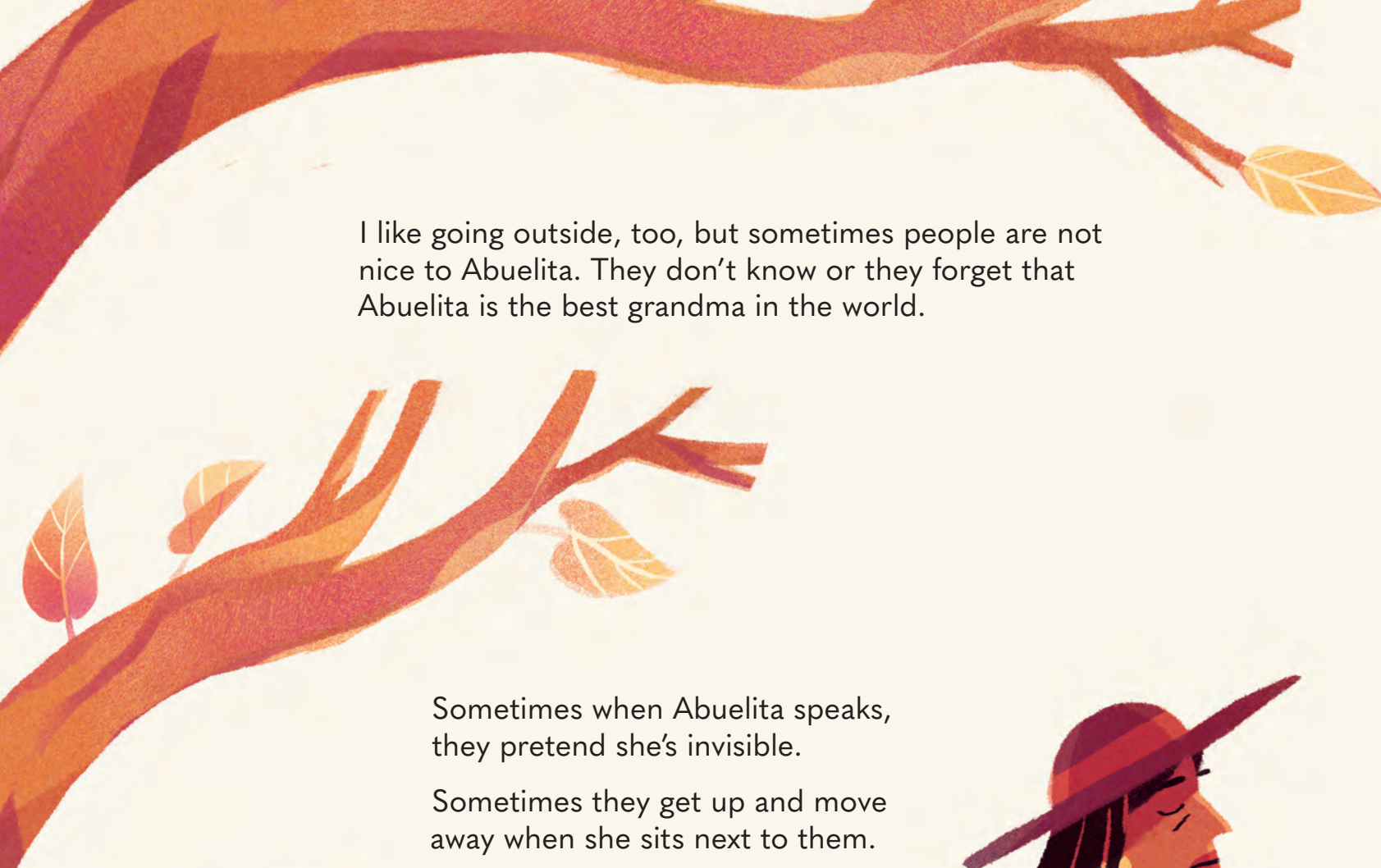


Inside, I paint my nails and Abuelita's.
I like to paint her nails pink and purple.
Abuelita doesn't mind that I accidentally paint her fingers.



Inside, we can be silly.
We flap our arms like birds,
so our nails dry before we go outside.





I like going outside, too, but sometimes people are not nice to Abuelita. They don't know or they forget that Abuelita is the best grandma in the world.

Sometimes when Abuelita speaks, they pretend she's invisible.

Sometimes they get up and move away when she sits next to them.



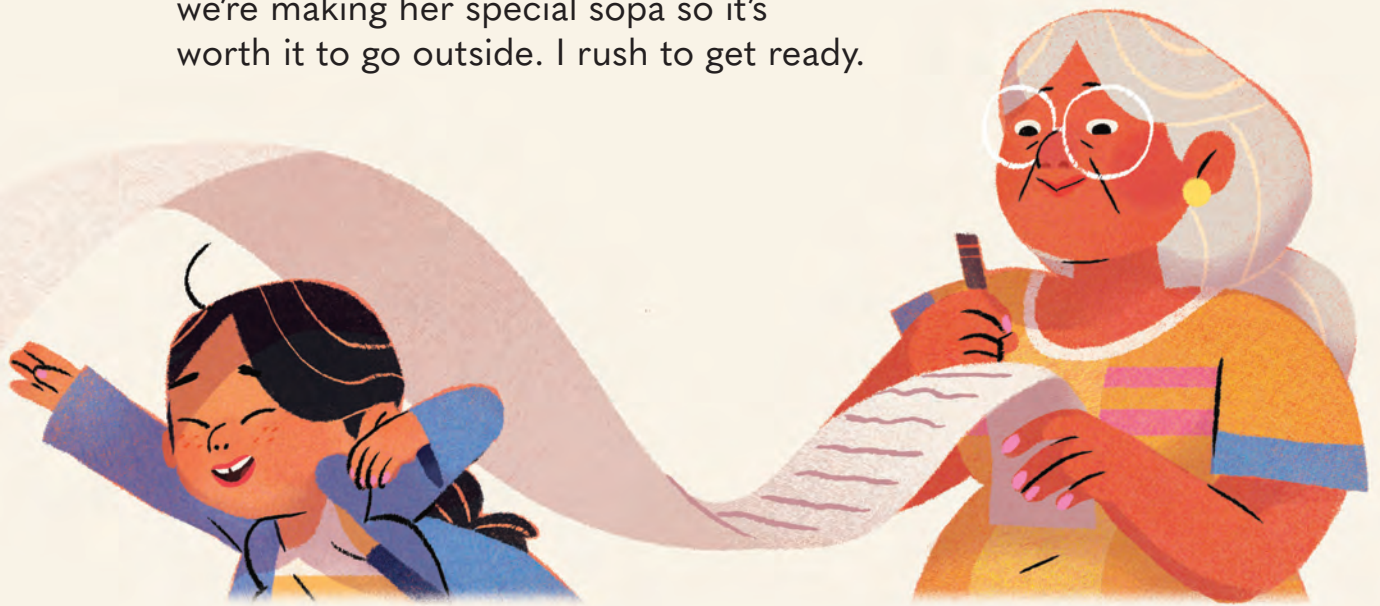
Sometimes they make mean faces when they see her.



No matter what happens outside, Abuelita always smiles and says, "It's okay, Amorcito."



Today, Abuelita winks at me because we're making her special sopa so it's worth it to go outside. I rush to get ready.



At the store, we find almost everything we're looking for to make Abuelita's special soup—everything except yuca.

Abuelita asks the grocery clerk if he knows where we can find it, but he says, "What? What? Huh? What did you say?"



And Abuelita keeps trying to ask for yuca, and she uses both its names, yuca and cassava, but the man gets tired of listening and swats her away like she's a mosquito.



We circle and circle the aisles,
but we don't find yuca.