

ROSIE REVERE, ENGINEER

by Andrea Beaty

illustrated by David Roberts

Abrams Books for Young Readers, New York

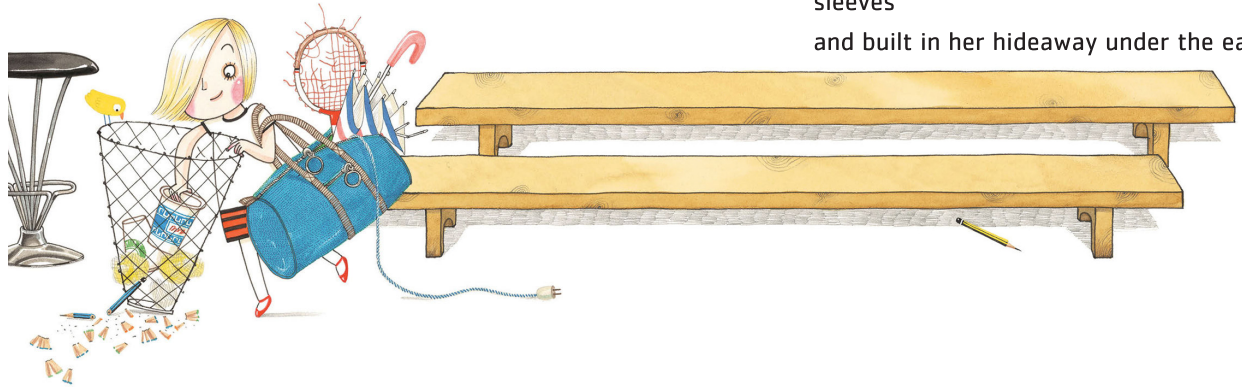


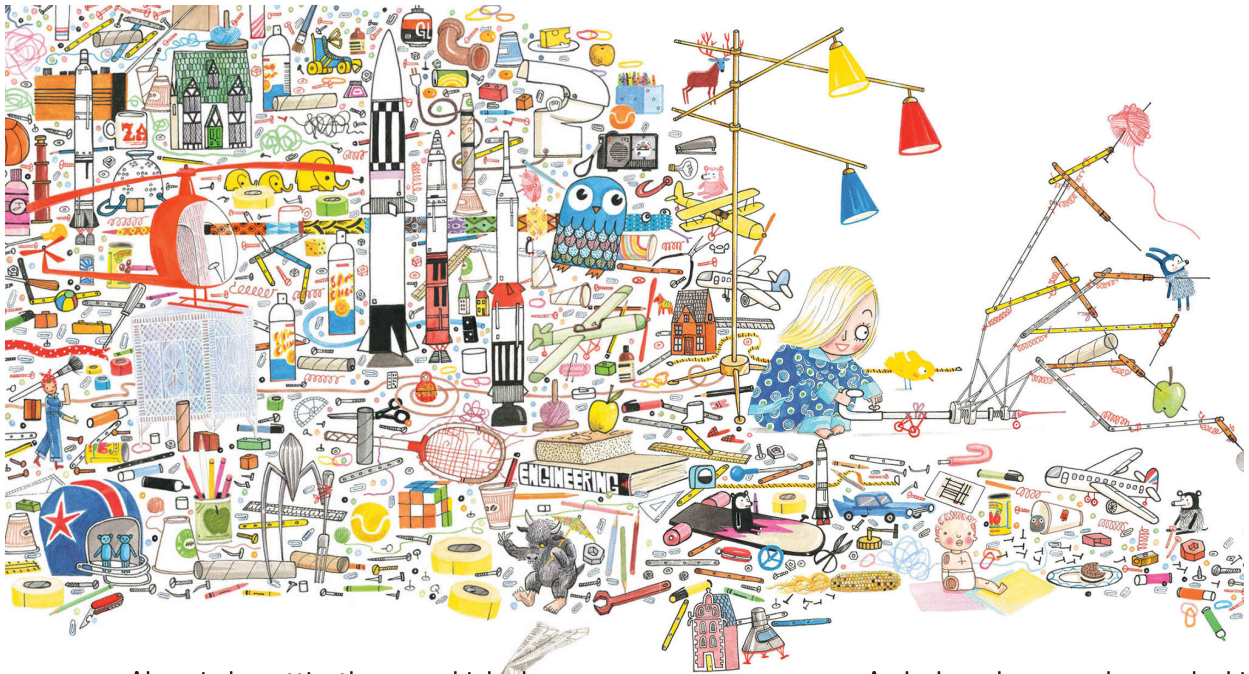
THIS IS THE STORY OF ROSIE REVER
who dreamed of becoming a great
engineer.

In Lila Greer's classroom at Blue Riv
Creek,

young Rosie sat shyly, not daring to
speak.

But when no one saw her, she peeked
trash
for treasures to add to her engineer's
And late, late at night, Rosie rolled up
sleeves
and built in her hideaway under the ea

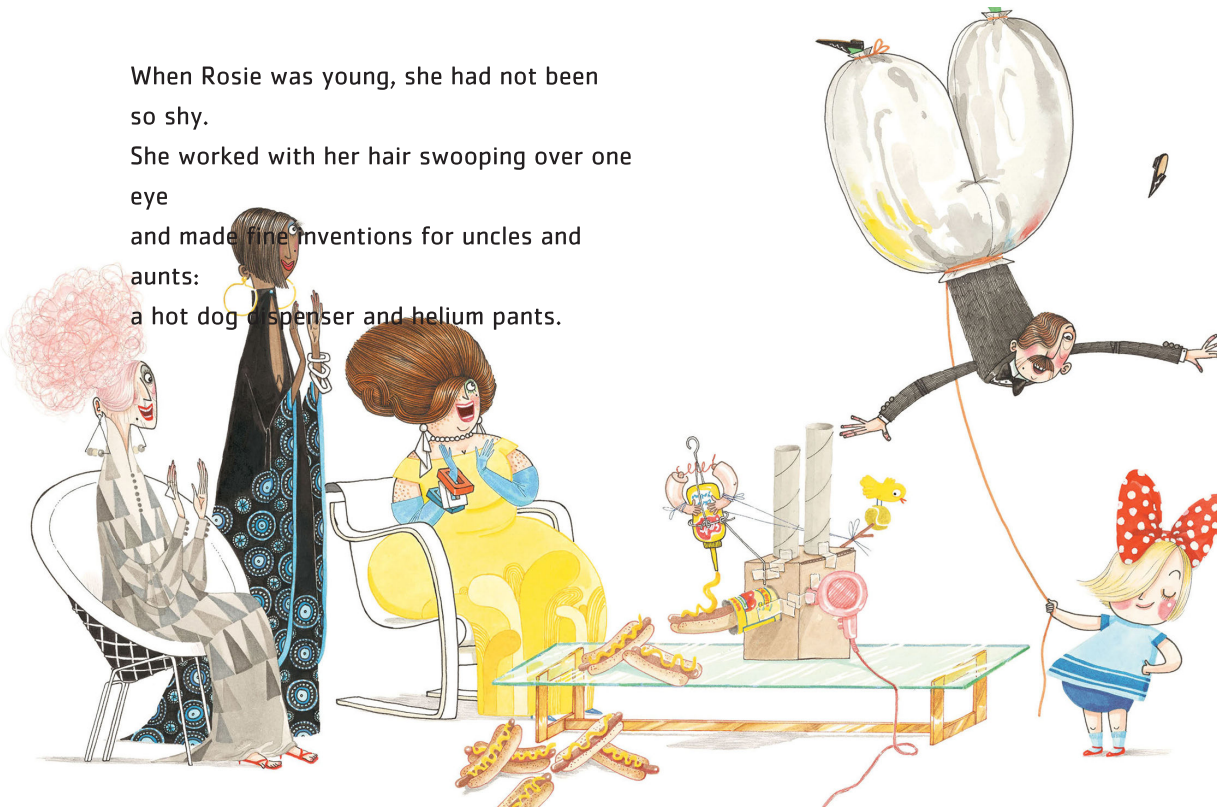


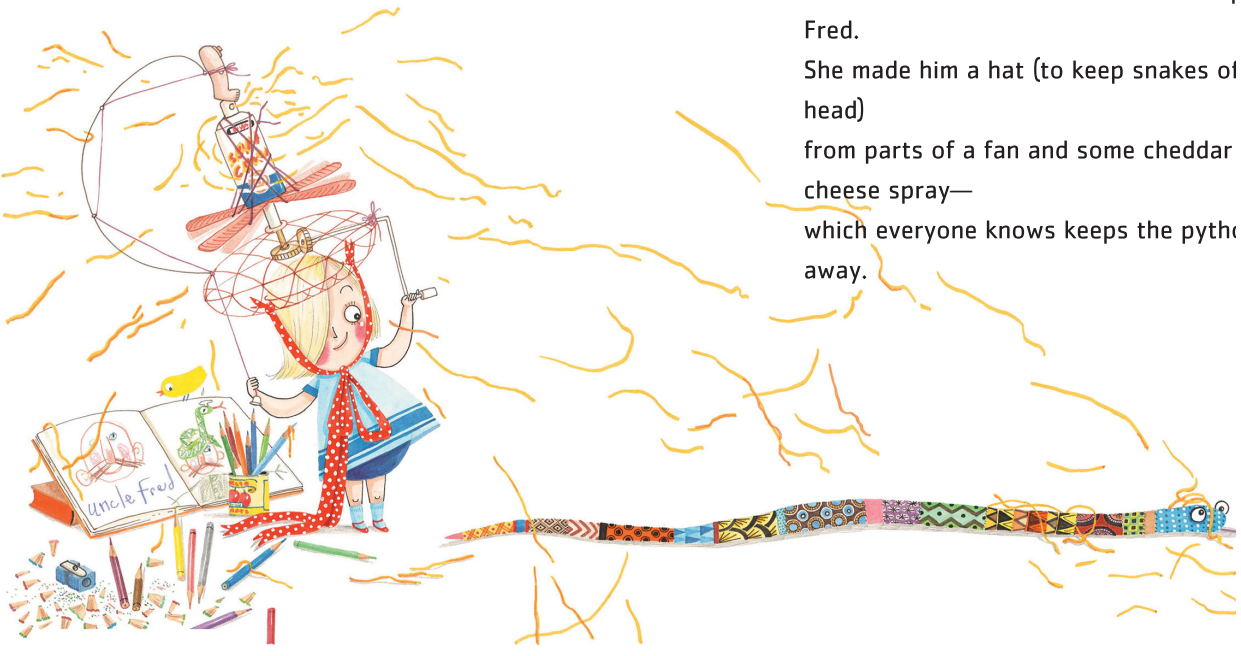


Alone in her attic, the moon high above,
dear Rosie made gadgets and gizmos she
loved.

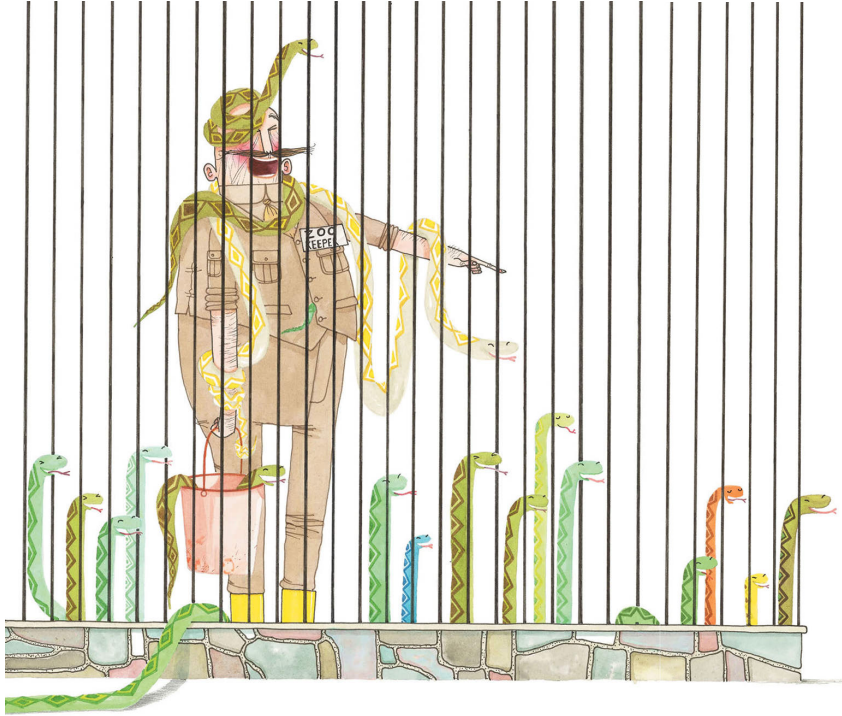
And when she grew sleepy, she hid
her machines
far under the bed, where they'd not
be seen

When Rosie was young, she had not been
so shy.
She worked with her hair swooping over one
eye
and made fine inventions for uncles and
aunts:
a hot dog dispenser and helium pants.

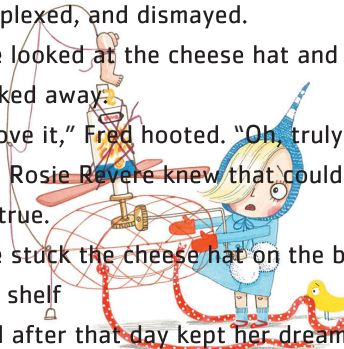


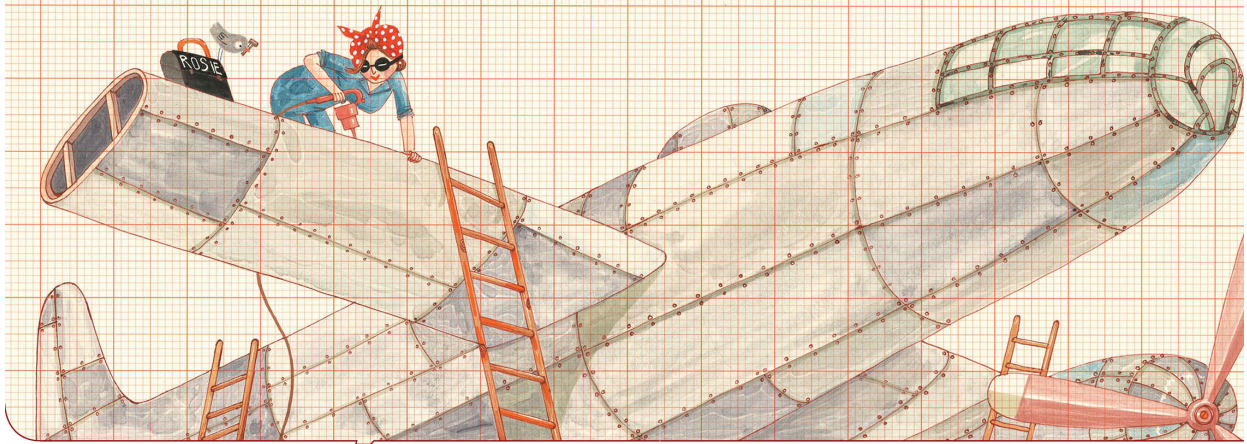


The uncle she loved most was Zookeeper
Fred.
She made him a hat (to keep snakes of
head)
from parts of a fan and some cheddar
cheese spray—
which everyone knows keeps the pyth
away.

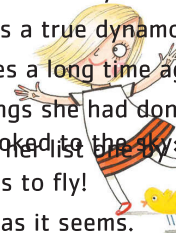


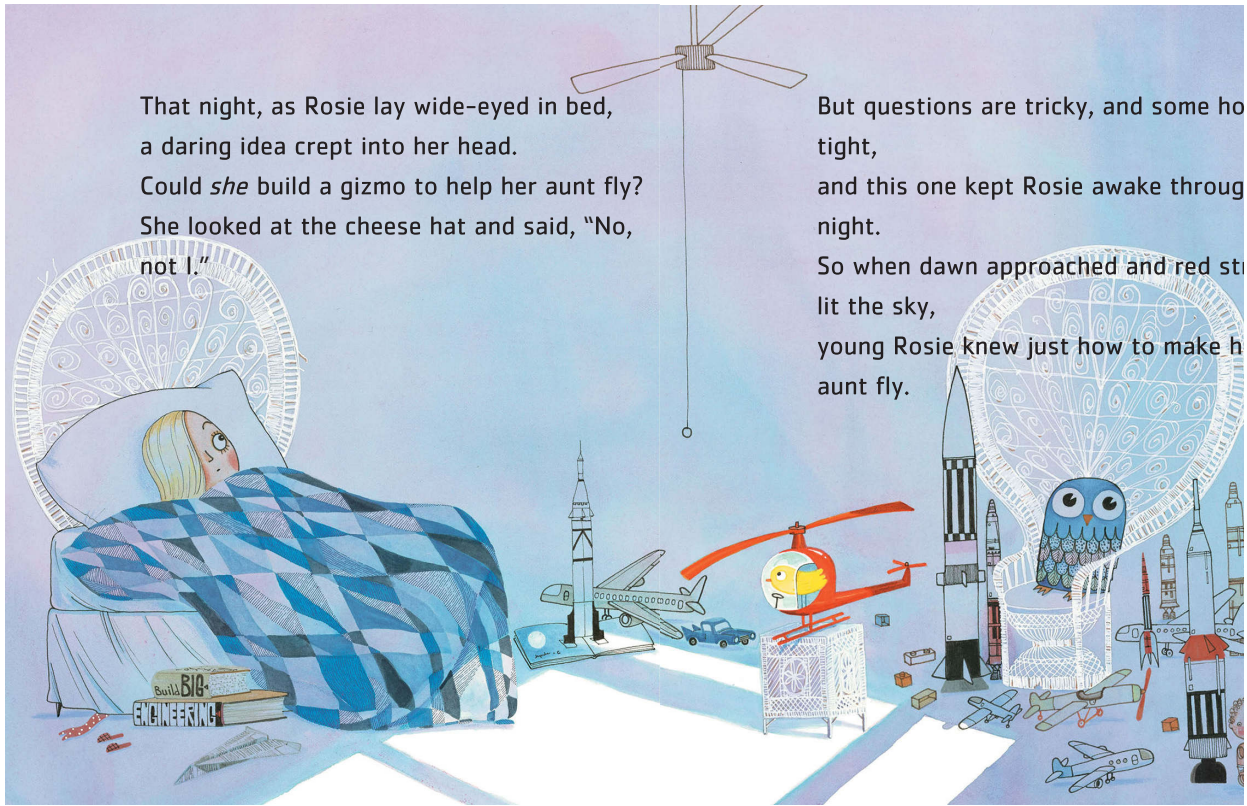
And when it was finished, young R was proud,
but Fred slapped his knee and he chuckled out loud.
He laughed till he wheezed and his filled with tears,
all to the horror of Rosie Revere, who stood there embarrassed, perplexed, and dismayed.
She looked at the cheese hat and looked away.
"I love it," Fred hooted. "Oh, truly But Rosie Revere knew that could be true.
She stuck the cheese hat on the b her shelf
and after that day kept her dream herself.





And that's how it went until one autumn day.
Her oldest relation showed up for a stay.
Her great-great-aunt Rose was a true dynamo
who'd worked building airplanes a long time ago.
She told Rosie tales of the things she had done
and gave a sad smile as she looked to the sky:
"The only thrill left on my list is to fly!
But time never lingers as long as it seems.
I'll chalk that one up to an old lady's dreams."

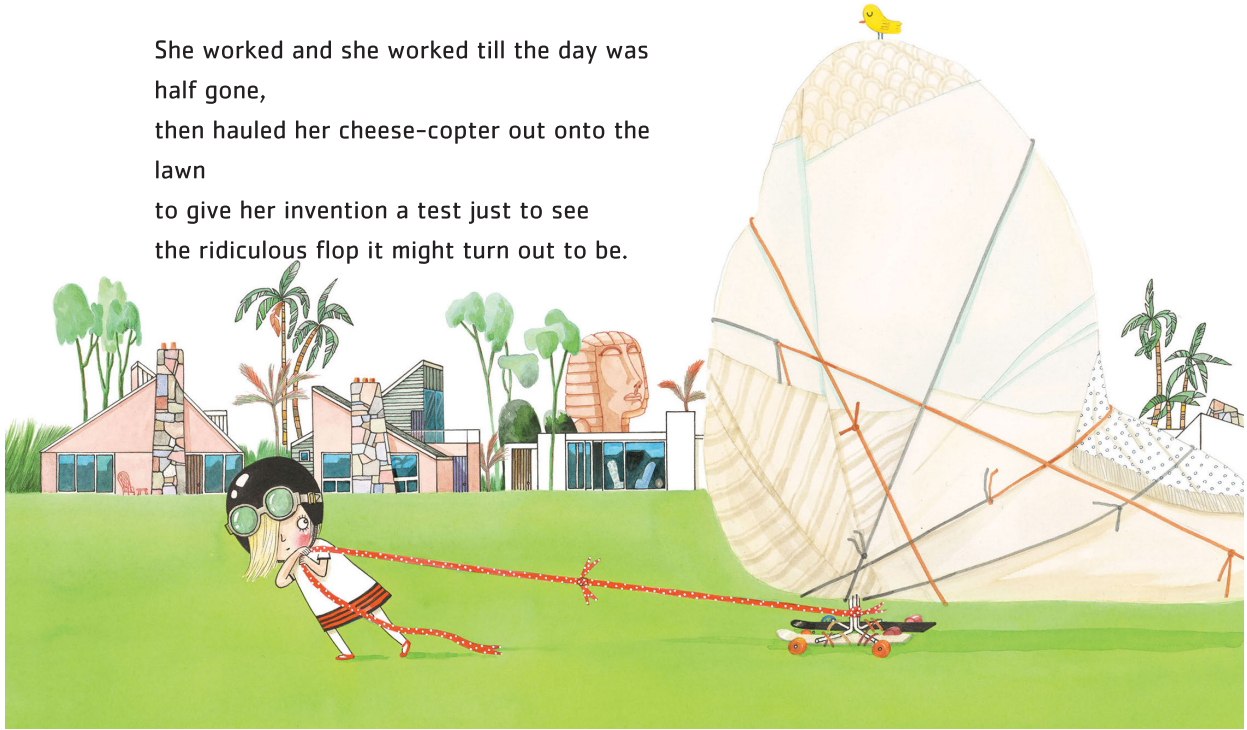




That night, as Rosie lay wide-eyed in bed,
a daring idea crept into her head.
Could *she* build a gizmo to help her aunt fly?
She looked at the cheese hat and said, "No,
not I."

But questions are tricky, and some ho
tight,
and this one kept Rosie awake throug
night.
So when dawn approached and red st
lit the sky,
young Rosie knew just how to make h
aunt fly.

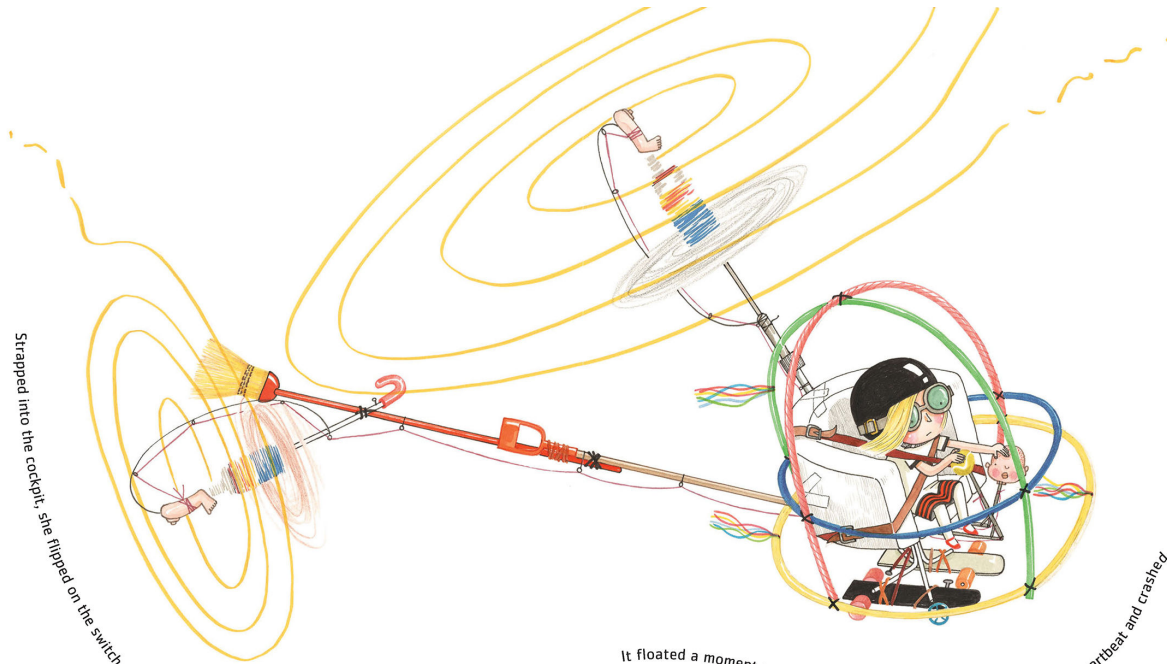
She worked and she worked till the day was
half gone,
then hauled her cheese-copter out onto the
lawn
to give her invention a test just to see
the ridiculous flop it might turn out to be.





Strapped into the cockpit, she flipped on the switch.

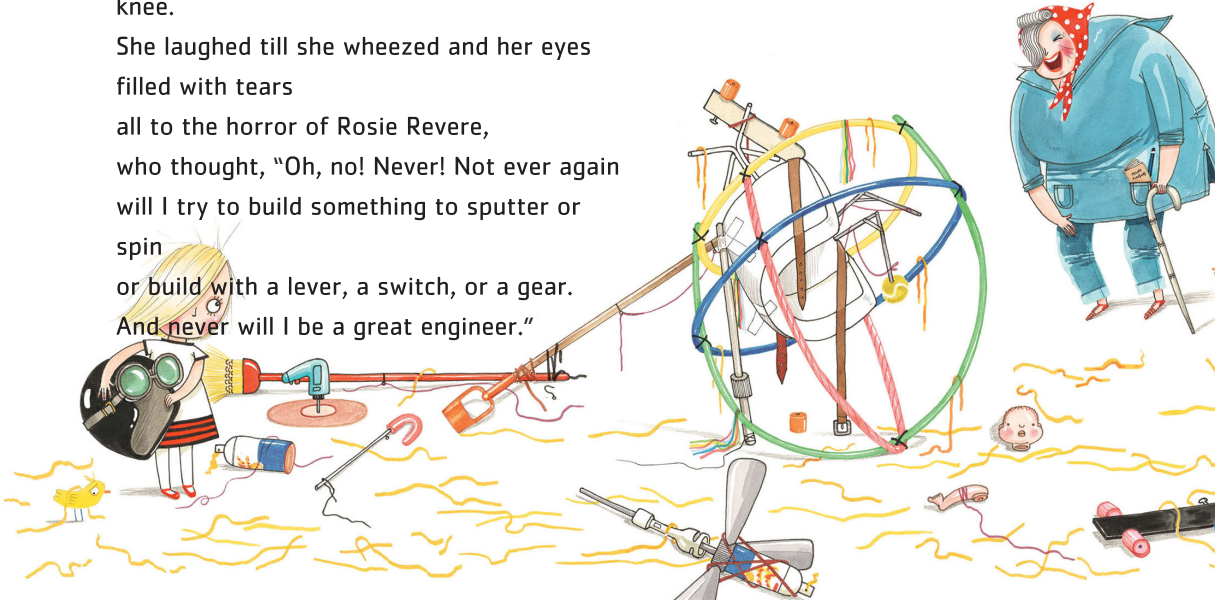
The heli-o-cheese-copter sputtered and twitched.



It floated a moment and whirled round and round, then froze for a heartbeat and crashed



Then Rosie heard laughter and turned round
to see
the old woman laughing and slapping her
knee.
She laughed till she wheezed and her eyes
filled with tears
all to the horror of Rosie Revere,
who thought, "Oh, no! Never! Not ever again
will I try to build something to sputter or
spin
or build with a lever, a switch, or a gear.
And never will I be a great engineer."





She turned round to leave, but then Gr
Great-Aunt Rose
grabbed hold of young Rosie and pulled
in close
and hugged her and kissed her and sta
to cry.

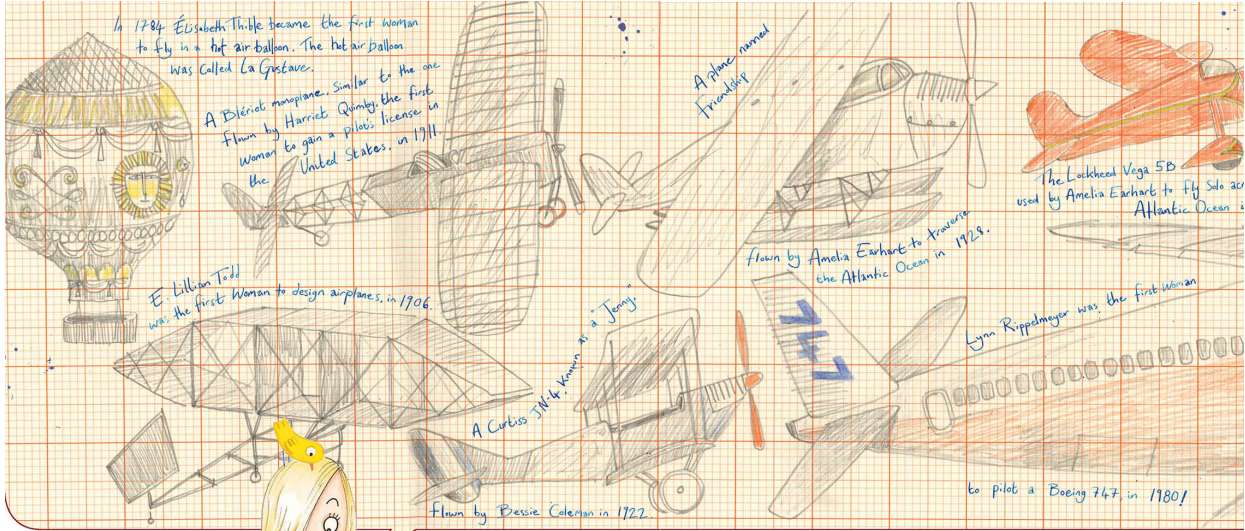
"You did it! Hooray! It's the perfect fir
This great flop is over. It's time for the
next!"

Young Rosie was baffled, embarrassed,
perplexed.

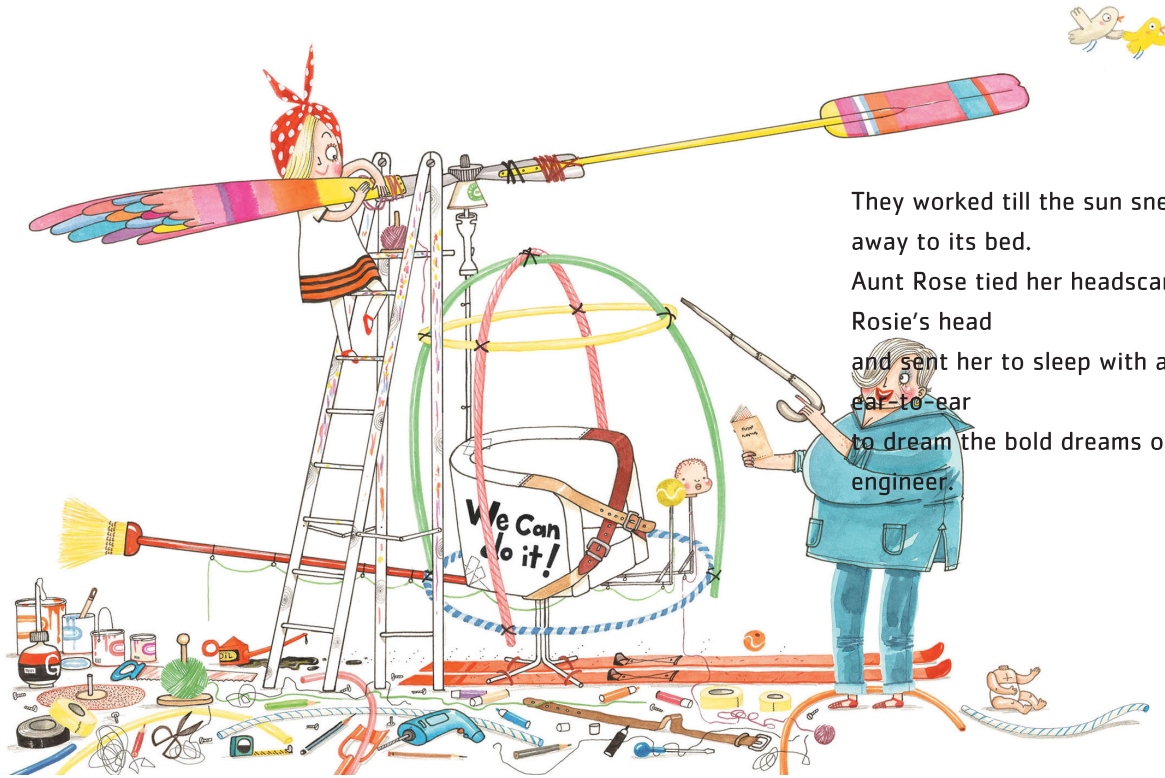
"I failed," said dear Rosie. "It's just ma
trash.

Didn't you see it? The cheese-copter
crashed."

"Yes!" said her great aunt. "It crashed.



"Your brilliant first flop was a raging success!
Come on, let's get busy and on to the
She handed a notebook to Rosie Reve
who smiled at her aunt as it all became clear.



They worked till the sun sneaked
away to its bed.
Aunt Rose tied her headscarf a
Rosie's head
and sent her to sleep with a sn
ear-to-ear
to dream the bold dreams of a
engineer.

At Blue River Creek all the kids in grade two
build gizmos and gadgets and doohickeys too.

With each perfect failure, they all stand and
cheer,
but none quite as proudly as Rosie Revere





With gratitude to our parents' and grandparents' generation

for doing what was needed when it was needed the most

HISTORICAL NOTE
 During World War II, millions of women in the United States, the United Kingdom, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and the Soviet Union, and other allied nations worked to provide the food and equipment needed for the war effort. Some worked on farms to grow food for the troops. Others built ships, airplanes, tanks, and jeeps. With the help of many women, American factories produced more than three hundred thousand aircrafts, eighty-six thousand tanks, and two million army trucks during the war. In the United States, these women were represented by Rosie the Riveter, the scarf-wearing fictional character whose slogan was "We can do it!"

The illustrations in this book were made with watercolors, pen, and ink on Arches paper. For more information on the paper used, please contact the publisher. The paper used in this book was also employed for and may be obtained from the Library of Congress. ISBN: 978-1-4197-0845-9

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