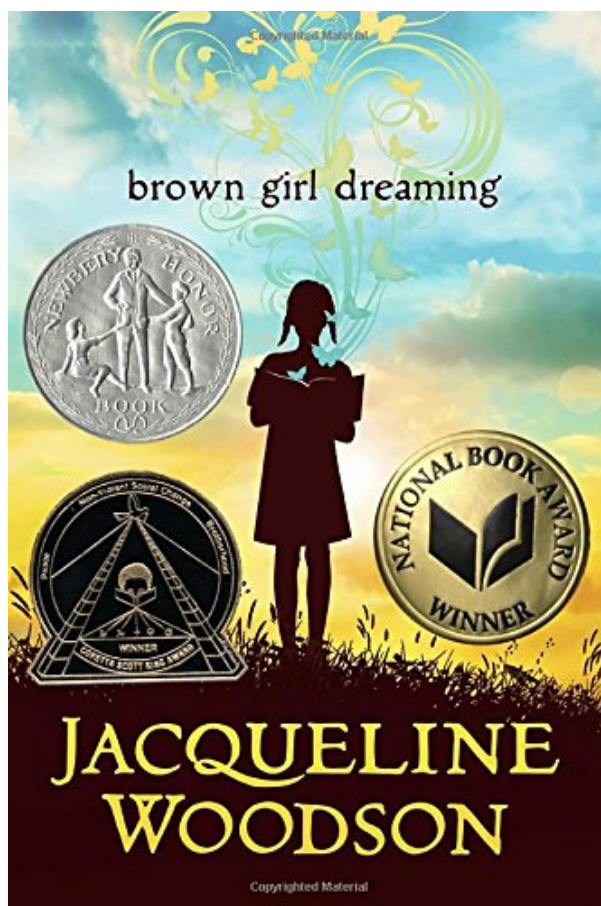
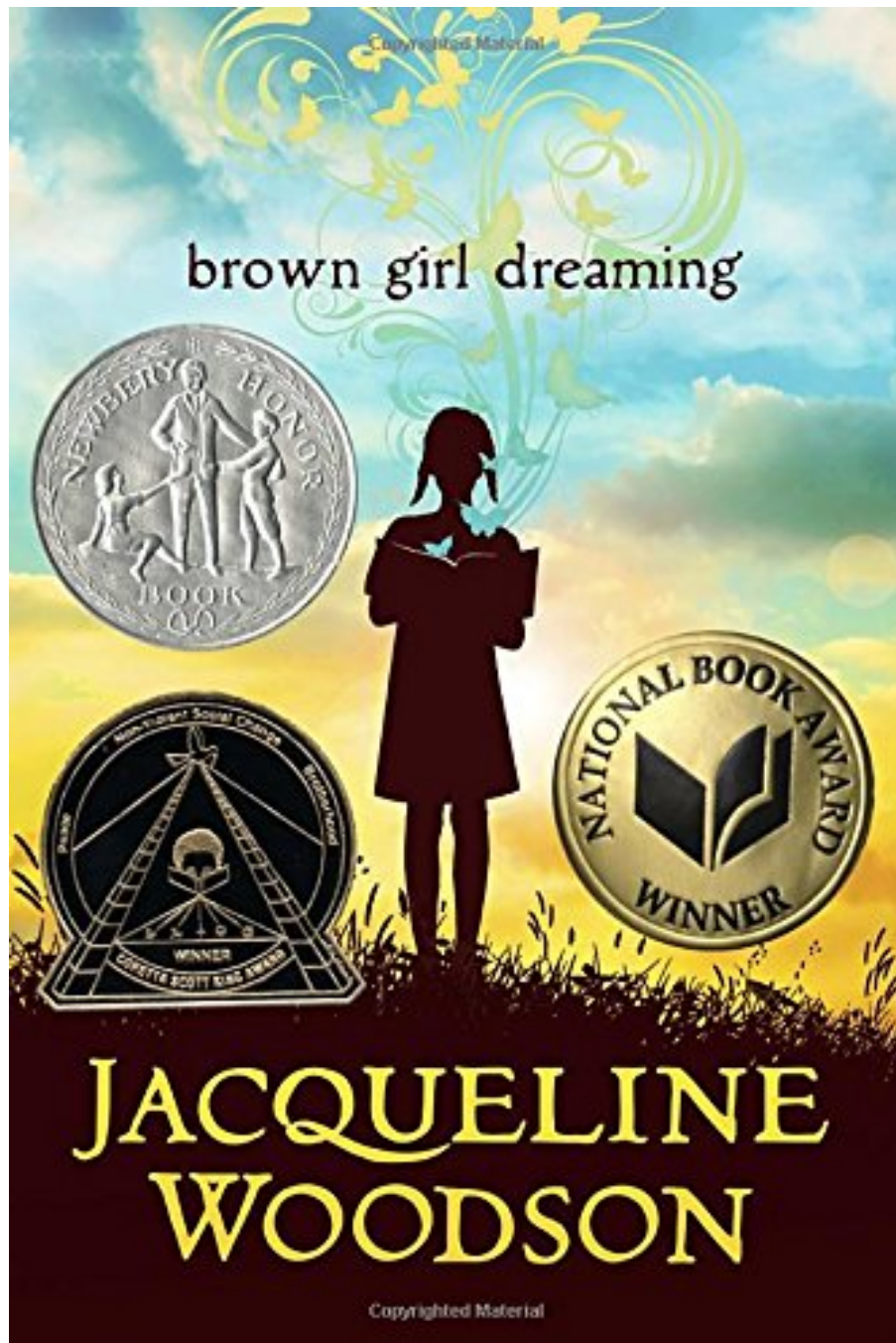


# BROWN GIRL DREAMING (NEWBERY HONOR BOOK) BY JACQUELINE WOODSON



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BY JACQUELINE WOODSON PDF





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# **BROWN GIRL DREAMING (NEWBERY HONOR BOOK) BY JACQUELINE WOODSON PDF**

As known, lots of people claim that publications are the windows for the world. It doesn't suggest that purchasing book *Brown Girl Dreaming (Newbery Honor Book) By Jacqueline Woodson* will indicate that you could purchase this globe. Simply for joke! Reviewing a publication *Brown Girl Dreaming (Newbery Honor Book) By Jacqueline Woodson* will certainly opened someone to assume better, to maintain smile, to delight themselves, and to encourage the understanding. Every publication likewise has their unique to affect the viewers. Have you understood why you review this *Brown Girl Dreaming (Newbery Honor Book) By Jacqueline Woodson* for?

## Review

\* “The writer’s passion for stories and storytelling permeates the memoir, explicitly addressed in her early attempts to write books and implicitly conveyed through her sharp images and poignant observations seen through the eyes of a child. Woodson’s ability to listen and glean meaning from what she hears lead to an astute understanding of her surroundings, friends, and family.” — Publishers Weekly, STARRED REVIEW

\* “Mesmerizing journey through [Woodson’s] early years. . . . Her perspective on the volatile era in which she grew up is thoughtfully expressed in powerfully effective verse. . . . With exquisite metaphorical verse Woodson weaves a patchwork of her life experience . . . that covers readers with a warmth and sensitivity no child should miss. This should be on every library shelf.” — School Library Journal, STARRED REVIEW

\* “Woodson cherishes her memories and shares them with a graceful lyricism; her lovingly wrought vignettes of country and city streets will linger long after the page is turned. For every dreaming girl (and boy) with a pencil in hand (or keyboard) and a story to share.” — Kirkus Reviews, STARRED REVIEW

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\* “A memoir-in-verse so immediate that readers will feel they are experiencing the author’s childhood right along with her. . . . Most notably of all, perhaps, we trace her development as a nascent writer, from her early, overarching love of stories through her struggles to learn to read through the thrill of her first blank composition book to her realization that ‘words are [her] brilliance.’ The poetry here sings: specific, lyrical, and full of imagery. An extraordinary—indeed brilliant—portrait of a writer as a young girl.” — The Horn Book, STARRED REVIEW

\* “The effect of this confiding and rhythmic memoir is cumulative, as casual references blossom into motifs and characters evolve from quick references to main players. . . . Revealing slices of life, redolent in sight,

sound, and emotion. . . . Woodson subtly layers her focus, with history and geography the background, family the middle distance, and her younger self the foreground. . . . Eager readers and budding writers will particularly see themselves in the young protagonist and recognize her reveling in the luxury of the library and unfettered delight in words. . . . A story of the ongoing weaving of a family tapestry, the following of an individual thread through a gorgeous larger fabric, with the tacit implication that we're all traversing such rich landscapes. It will make young readers consider where their own threads are taking them." — The Bulletin of the Center for Children's Books, STARRED REVIEW

\* "Woodson uses clear, evocative language. . . . A beautifully crafted work." — Library Media Connection, STARRED REVIEW

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Jacqueline Woodson ([www.jacquelinewoodson.com](http://www.jacquelinewoodson.com)) is the 2014 National Book Award Winner for her New York Times bestselling memoir *BROWN GIRL DREAMING*, which was also a recipient of the Coretta Scott King Award, a Newbery Honor Award, the NAACP Image Award and the Sibert Honor Award. Woodson was recently named the Young People's Poet Laureate by the Poetry Foundation. She is the author of more than two dozen award-winning books for young adults, middle graders and children; among her many accolades, she is a four-time Newbery Honor winner, a three-time National Book Award finalist, and a two-time Coretta Scott King Award winner. Her books include *THE OTHER SIDE*, *EACH KINDNESS*, the Caldecott Honor Book *COMING ON HOME SOON*; the Newbery Honor winners *FEATHERS*, *SHOW WAY*, and *AFTER TUPAC AND D FOSTER*, and *MIRACLE'S BOYS* which received the LA Times Book Prize and the Coretta Scott King Award and was adapted into a miniseries directed by Spike Lee. Jacqueline is also the recipient of the Margaret A. Edwards Award for lifetime achievement for her contributions to young adult literature, the winner of the Jane Addams Children's Book Award, and was the 2013 United States nominee for the Hans Christian Andersen Award. She lives with her family in Brooklyn, New York.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.  
february 12, 1963

I am born on a Tuesday at the University Hospital  
Columbus, Ohio  
USA—  
a country caught

between Black and White.

I am born not long from the time  
or far from the place  
where  
my great, great grandparents  
worked the deep rich land  
unfree  
dawn till dusk  
unpaid  
drank cool water from scooped out gourds  
looked up and followed  
the sky's mirrored constellation  
to freedom.

I am born as the south explodes,

too many people too many years  
enslaved then emancipated  
but not free, the people  
who look like me  
keep fighting  
and marching  
and getting killed  
so that today—  
February 12, 1963  
and every day from this moment on,  
brown children, like me, can grow up  
free. Can grow up  
learning and voting and walking and riding  
wherever we want.

I am born in Ohio but  
the stories of South Carolina already run  
like rivers  
through my veins.

second daughter's second day on earth

My birth certificate says: Female Negro  
Mother: Mary Anne Irby, 22, Negro  
Father: Jack Austin Woodson, 25, Negro

In Birmingham, Alabama, Martin Luther King Jr.  
is planning a march on Washington, where  
John F. Kennedy is president.  
In Harlem, Malcolm X is standing on a soapbox  
talking about a revolution.

Outside the window of University Hospital,  
snow is slowly falling. So much already  
covers this vast Ohio ground.

In Montgomery, only seven years have passed  
since Rosa Parks refused  
to give up  
her seat on a city bus.

I am born brown-skinned, black-haired  
and wide-eyed.  
I am born Negro here and Colored there

and somewhere else,  
the Freedom Singers have linked arms,

their protests rising into song:  
Deep in my heart, I do believe  
that we shall overcome someday.

and somewhere else, James Baldwin  
is writing about injustice, each novel,  
each essay, changing the world.

I do not yet know who I'll be  
what I'll say  
how I'll say it . . .

Not even three years have passed since a brown girl  
named Ruby Bridges  
walked into an all-white school.  
Armed guards surrounded her while hundreds  
of white people spat and called her names.

She was six years old.

I do not know if I'll be strong like Ruby.  
I do not know what the world will look like  
when I am finally able to walk, speak, write . . .  
Another Buckeye!  
the nurse says to my mother.  
Already, I am being named for this place.  
Ohio. The Buckeye State.  
My fingers curl into fists, automatically  
This is the way, my mother said,  
of every baby's hand.  
I do not know if these hands will become  
Malcolm's—raised and fisted  
or Martin's—open and asking  
or James's—curled around a pen.  
I do not know if these hands will be  
Rosa's  
or Ruby's  
gently gloved  
and fiercely folded  
calmly in a lap,  
on a desk,  
around a book,  
ready  
to change the world . . .

it'll be scary sometimes

My great-great-grandfather on my father's side  
was born free in Ohio,

1832.

Built his home and farmed his land,  
then dug for coal when the farming  
wasn't enough. Fought hard  
in the war. His name in stone now  
on the Civil War Memorial:

William J. Woodson  
United States Colored Troops,  
Union, Company B 5th Regt.

A long time dead but living still  
among the other soldiers  
on that monument in Washington, D.C.

His son was sent to Nelsonville  
lived with an aunt

William Woodson  
the only brown boy in an all-white school.

You'll face this in your life someday,  
my mother will tell us  
over and over again.  
A moment when you walk into a room and

no one there is like you.

It'll be scary sometimes. But think of William Woodson  
and you'll be all right.

the beginning

I cannot write a word yet but at three,  
I now know the letter J  
love the way it curves into a hook  
that I carefully top with a straight hat  
the way my sister has taught me to do. Love  
the sound of the letter and the promise  
that one day this will be connected to a full name,

my own

that I will be able to write

by myself.

Without my sister's hand over mine,  
making it do what I cannot yet do.

How amazing these words are that slowly come to me.  
How wonderfully on and on they go.

Will the words end, I ask  
whenever I remember to.

Nope, my sister says, all of five years old now,  
and promising me

infinity.

hair night

Saturday night smells of biscuits and burning hair.  
Supper done and my grandmother has transformed  
the kitchen into a beauty shop. Laid across the table  
is the hot comb, Dixie Peach hair grease,  
horsehair brush, parting stick  
and one girl at a time.  
Jackie first, my sister says,  
our freshly washed hair damp  
and spiraling over toweled shoulders  
and pale cotton nightgowns.  
She opens her book to the marked page,  
curls up in a chair pulled close  
to the wood-burning stove, bowl of peanuts in her lap.  
The words  
in her books are so small, I have to squint  
to see the letters. Hans Brinker or The Silver Skates.  
The House at Pooh Corner. Swiss Family Robinson.  
Thick books  
dog-eared from the handing down from neighbor  
to neighbor. My sister handles them gently,  
marks the pages with torn brown pieces  
of paper bag, wipes her hands before going  
beyond the hardbound covers.  
Read to me, I say, my eyes and scalp already stinging  
from the tug of the brush through my hair.  
And while my grandmother sets the hot comb  
on the flame, heats it just enough to pull



my tight curls straighter, my sister's voice  
wafts over the kitchen,  
past the smell of hair and oil and flame, settles  
like a hand on my shoulder and holds me there.  
I want silver skates like Hans's, a place  
on a desert island. I have never seen the ocean  
but this, too, I can imagine—blue water pouring  
over red dirt.

As my sister reads, the pictures begin forming  
as though someone has turned on a television,  
lowered the sound,  
pulled it up close.  
Grainy black-and-white pictures come slowly at me  
Deep. Infinite. Remembered

On a bright December morning long ago . . .

My sister's clear soft voice opens up the world to me.  
I lean in  
so hungry for it.

Hold still now, my grandmother warns.  
So I sit on my hands to keep my mind  
off my hurting head, and my whole body still.  
But the rest of me is already leaving,  
the rest of me is already gone.

the butterfly poems

No one believes me when I tell them  
I am writing a book about butterflies,  
even though they see me with the Childcraft encyclopedia  
heavy on my lap opened to the pages where  
the monarch, painted lady, giant swallowtail and  
queen butterflies live. Even one called a buckeye.

When I write the first words  
Wings of a butterfly whisper . . .

no one believes a whole book could ever come  
from something as simple as  
butterflies that don't even, my brother says,  
live that long.

But on paper, things can live forever.  
On paper, a butterfly  
never dies.

# **BROWN GIRL DREAMING (NEWBERY HONOR BOOK) BY JACQUELINE WOODSON PDF**

[Download: BROWN GIRL DREAMING \(NEWBERY HONOR BOOK\) BY JACQUELINE WOODSON PDF](#)

New upgraded! The **Brown Girl Dreaming (Newbery Honor Book) By Jacqueline Woodson** from the best author as well as publisher is currently readily available right here. This is the book Brown Girl Dreaming (Newbery Honor Book) By Jacqueline Woodson that will certainly make your day reading ends up being completed. When you are looking for the published book Brown Girl Dreaming (Newbery Honor Book) By Jacqueline Woodson of this title in guide establishment, you may not locate it. The problems can be the restricted versions Brown Girl Dreaming (Newbery Honor Book) By Jacqueline Woodson that are given up guide store.

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A New York Times Bestseller and National Book Award Winner

Jacqueline Woodson, the acclaimed author of *Another Brooklyn*, tells the moving story of her childhood in mesmerizing verse.

Raised in South Carolina and New York, Woodson always felt halfway home in each place. In vivid poems, she shares what it was like to grow up as an African American in the 1960s and 1970s, living with the remnants of Jim Crow and her growing awareness of the Civil Rights movement. Touching and powerful, each poem is both accessible and emotionally charged, each line a glimpse into a child's soul as she searches for her place in the world. Woodson's eloquent poetry also reflects the joy of finding her voice through writing stories, despite the fact that she struggled with reading as a child. Her love of stories inspired her and stayed with her, creating the first sparks of the gifted writer she was to become.

A National Book Award Winner

A Newbery Honor Book

A Coretta Scott King Award Winner

Praise for Jacqueline Woodson:

Ms. Woodson writes with a sure understanding of the thoughts of young people, offering a poetic, eloquent narrative that is not simply a story . . . but a mature exploration of grown-up issues and self-discovery.”—The New York Times Book Review

- Sales Rank: #2001 in Books
- Brand: Woodson, Jacqueline
- Published on: 2014-08-28
- Released on: 2014-08-28
- Format: Deckle Edge
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: 8.50" h x 1.19" w x 5.88" l, 1.05 pounds
- Binding: Hardcover
- 352 pages

Review

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february 12, 1963

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a country caught

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I am born not long from the time  
or far from the place  
where  
my great, great grandparents  
worked the deep rich land  
unfree  
dawn till dusk  
unpaid  
drank cool water from scooped out gourds  
looked up and followed  
the sky's mirrored constellation  
to freedom.

I am born as the south explodes,  
too many people too many years  
enslaved then emancipated  
but not free, the people  
who look like me  
keep fighting  
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so that today—  
February 12, 1963  
and every day from this moment on,  
brown children, like me, can grow up  
free. Can grow up  
learning and voting and walking and riding  
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I am born in Ohio but  
the stories of South Carolina already run  
like rivers  
through my veins.

second daughter's second day on earth

My birth certificate says: Female Negro  
Mother: Mary Anne Irby, 22, Negro

Father: Jack Austin Woodson, 25, Negro

In Birmingham, Alabama, Martin Luther King Jr.  
is planning a march on Washington, where  
John F. Kennedy is president.

In Harlem, Malcolm X is standing on a soapbox  
talking about a revolution.

Outside the window of University Hospital,  
snow is slowly falling. So much already  
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In Montgomery, only seven years have passed  
since Rosa Parks refused  
to give up  
her seat on a city bus.

I am born brown-skinned, black-haired  
and wide-eyed.  
I am born Negro here and Colored there

and somewhere else,  
the Freedom Singers have linked arms,  
their protests rising into song:  
Deep in my heart, I do believe  
that we shall overcome someday.

and somewhere else, James Baldwin  
is writing about injustice, each novel,  
each essay, changing the world.

I do not yet know who I'll be  
what I'll say  
how I'll say it . . .

Not even three years have passed since a brown girl  
named Ruby Bridges  
walked into an all-white school.  
Armed guards surrounded her while hundreds  
of white people spat and called her names.

She was six years old.

I do not know if I'll be strong like Ruby.  
I do not know what the world will look like  
when I am finally able to walk, speak, write . . .  
Another Buckeye!  
the nurse says to my mother.  
Already, I am being named for this place.

Ohio. The Buckeye State.  
My fingers curl into fists, automatically  
This is the way, my mother said,  
of every baby's hand.  
I do not know if these hands will become  
Malcolm's—raised and fisted  
or Martin's—open and asking  
or James's—curled around a pen.  
I do not know if these hands will be  
Rosa's  
or Ruby's  
gently gloved  
and fiercely folded  
calmly in a lap,  
on a desk,  
around a book,  
ready  
to change the world . . .

it'll be scary sometimes

My great-great-grandfather on my father's side  
was born free in Ohio,

1832.

Built his home and farmed his land,  
then dug for coal when the farming  
wasn't enough. Fought hard  
in the war. His name in stone now  
on the Civil War Memorial:

William J. Woodson  
United States Colored Troops,  
Union, Company B 5th Regt.

A long time dead but living still  
among the other soldiers  
on that monument in Washington, D.C.

His son was sent to Nelsonville  
lived with an aunt

William Woodson  
the only brown boy in an all-white school.

You'll face this in your life someday,

my mother will tell us  
over and over again.  
A moment when you walk into a room and

no one there is like you.

It'll be scary sometimes. But think of William Woodson  
and you'll be all right.

the beginning

I cannot write a word yet but at three,  
I now know the letter J  
love the way it curves into a hook  
that I carefully top with a straight hat  
the way my sister has taught me to do. Love  
the sound of the letter and the promise  
that one day this will be connected to a full name,

my own

that I will be able to write

by myself.

Without my sister's hand over mine,  
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How amazing these words are that slowly come to me.  
How wonderfully on and on they go.

Will the words end, I ask  
whenever I remember to.

Nope, my sister says, all of five years old now,  
and promising me

infinity.

hair night

Saturday night smells of biscuits and burning hair.  
Supper done and my grandmother has transformed  
the kitchen into a beauty shop. Laid across the table  
is the hot comb, Dixie Peach hair grease,



horsehair brush, parting stick  
and one girl at a time.  
Jackie first, my sister says,  
our freshly washed hair damp  
and spiraling over toweled shoulders  
and pale cotton nightgowns.  
She opens her book to the marked page,  
curls up in a chair pulled close  
to the wood-burning stove, bowl of peanuts in her lap.  
The words  
in her books are so small, I have to squint  
to see the letters. Hans Brinker or The Silver Skates.  
The House at Pooh Corner. Swiss Family Robinson.  
Thick books  
dog-eared from the handing down from neighbor  
to neighbor. My sister handles them gently,  
marks the pages with torn brown pieces  
of paper bag, wipes her hands before going  
beyond the hardbound covers.  
Read to me, I say, my eyes and scalp already stinging  
from the tug of the brush through my hair.  
And while my grandmother sets the hot comb  
on the flame, heats it just enough to pull  
my tight curls straighter, my sister's voice  
wafts over the kitchen,  
past the smell of hair and oil and flame, settles  
like a hand on my shoulder and holds me there.  
I want silver skates like Hans's, a place  
on a desert island. I have never seen the ocean  
but this, too, I can imagine—blue water pouring  
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As my sister reads, the pictures begin forming  
as though someone has turned on a television,  
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Grainy black-and-white pictures come slowly at me  
Deep. Infinite. Remembered

On a bright December morning long ago . . .

My sister's clear soft voice opens up the world to me.  
I lean in  
so hungry for it.

Hold still now, my grandmother warns.  
So I sit on my hands to keep my mind  
off my hurting head, and my whole body still.  
But the rest of me is already leaving,  
the rest of me is already gone.

the butterfly poems

No one believes me when I tell them  
I am writing a book about butterflies,  
even though they see me with the Childcraft encyclopedia  
heavy on my lap opened to the pages where  
the monarch, painted lady, giant swallowtail and  
queen butterflies live. Even one called a buckeye.

When I write the first words  
Wings of a butterfly whisper . . .

no one believes a whole book could ever come  
from something as simple as  
butterflies that don't even, my brother says,  
live that long.

But on paper, things can live forever.  
On paper, a butterfly  
never dies.

Most helpful customer reviews

80 of 83 people found the following review helpful.  
Jacqueline Woodson's BROWN GIRL DREAMING is a literary gift  
By Cyrus Webb  
Less than one day.

That is how long it took me to take the journey with Jacqueline Woodson through her book BROWN GIRL DREAMING---and boy was it worth every moment.

Woodson has a way of telling a story through words that is a true gift. Whether utilizing the simplicity of the Haiku like HOW TO LISTEN (Even the silence \* has a story to tell you. \* Just listen. Listen) or sharing a narrative about God, Family or Herself, we are able to get snapshots into what helped her become the woman she is today.

There are the clever poems about her identity and wanting an afro as well as the realization of wanting to be a writer and how some might see that as not wanting enough. There are the poems I can definitely connect with about Faith and God and wanting to please Him---and not wanting to leave others that we love behind.

Throughout it all there is hope: something that is not always easy to hold on to when you are going through challenges both inside and outside yourself---but it is definitely necessary if you are going to survive.

Brimming with nostalgia and a real grasp of the power of words, BROWN GIRL DREAMING is the realization of a dream for readers.

49 of 51 people found the following review helpful.

this book is BEAUTIFUL. It is deeply personal

By Emily

I don't even know why I'm reviewing this, when it is so clear everyone has the same review: this book is BEAUTIFUL. It is deeply personal, yet eloquent. The poetry is succinct, yet paints a vivid picture of each scene. If I could write, I wish it was like this. Woodson is able to communicate her memories in a way that appeals to both kids and adults: it's clear, emotional, and deeply moving. It incorporates national history with personal history in a fascinating way. I love it. I love this book and I want everyone to read it.

On a completely biased standpoint, this era of American history is what I studied in college, so anything about that time is always a favorite of mine. But this...even more so. This is a perfect combination of my love of history and middle-grade books. So it's a winner in my mind.

But on a totally non-biased standpoint, it very well may be the next Newbery. Complex poetry, historical insight, a personal memoir...this book will last through history. This is what our grandkids will be reading in school. I truly think so. Now go. Go and read it. And step into the shoes of an African American girl in the era of change.

64 of 69 people found the following review helpful.

Hold fast

By E. R. Bird

What does a memoir owe its readers? For that matter, what does a fictionalized memoir written with a child audience in mind owe its readers? Kids come into public libraries every day asking for biographies and autobiographies. They're assigned them with the teacher's intent, one assumes, of placing them in the shoes of those people who found their way, or their voice, or their purpose in life. Maybe there's a hope that by reading about such people the kids will see that life has purpose. That even the most high and lofty historical celebrity started out small. Yet to my mind, a memoir is of little use to child readers if it doesn't spend a significant fraction of its time talking about the subject when they themselves were young. To pick up *Brown Girl Dreaming* by Jacqueline Woodson is to pick up the world's best example of precisely how to write a fictionalized memoir. Sharp when it needs to be sharp, funny when it needs to be funny, and a book that can relate to so many other works of children's literature, Woodson takes her own life and lays it out in such a way that child readers will both relate to it and interpret it through the lens of history itself. It may be history, but this is one character that will give kids the understanding that nothing in life is a given. Sometimes, as hokey as it sounds, it really does come down to your dreams.

Her father wanted to name her "Jack" after himself. Never mind that today, let alone 1963 Columbus, Ohio, you wouldn't dream of naming a baby girl that way. Maybe her mother writing "Jacqueline" on her birth certificate was one of the hundreds of reasons her parents would eventually split apart. Or maybe it was her mother's yearning for her childhood home in South Carolina that did it. Whatever the case, when Jackie was one-years-old her mother took her and her two older siblings to the South to live with their grandparents once and for all. Though it was segregated and times were violent, Jackie loved the place. Even when her mother left town to look for work in New York City, she kept on loving it. Later, her mother picked up her family and moved them to Brooklyn and Jackie had to learn the ways of city living versus country living. What's more, with her talented older siblings and adorable baby brother, she needed to find out what made her special. Told in gentle verse and memory, Jacqueline Woodson expertly recounts her own story and her own journey against a backdrop of America's civil rights movement. This is the birth of a writer told from a child's perspective.

You might ask why we are referring to this book as a work of historical fiction, when clearly the memoir is based in fact. Recently I was reading a piece in *The New Yorker* on the novelist Edward St. Aubyn. St.

Aubyn found the best way to recount his own childhood was through the lens of fiction. Says the man, “I wanted the freedom and the sublimatory power of writing a novel . . . And I wanted to write in the tradition which had impressed me the most.” Certainly there’s a much greater focus on what it means to be a work of nonfiction for kids in this day and age. Where in the past something like the *Childhood of Famous Americans* series could get away with murder, pondering what one famous person thought or felt at a given time, these days we hold children’s nonfiction to a much higher standard. Books like Vaunda Micheaux Nelson’s *No Crystal Stair*, for example, must be called “fiction” for all that they are based on real people and real events. Woodson’s personal memoir is, for all intents and purposes, strictly factual but because there are times when she uses dialogue to flesh out the characters and scenes the book ends up in the fiction section of the library and bookstore. Like St. Aubyn, Woodson is most comfortable when she has the most freedom as an author, not to be hemmed in by a strict structural analysis of what did or did not occur in the past. She has, in a sense then, mastered the art of the fictionalized memoir in a children’s book format.

Because of course in fiction you can give your life a form and a function. You can look back and give it purpose, something nonfiction can do but with significantly less freedom. There is a moment in Jackie’s story when you get a distinct sense of her life turning a corner. In the section “grown folks’ stories” she recounts hearing the tales of the old people then telling them back to her sister and brother in the night. “Retelling each story. / Making up what I didn’t understand / or missed when voices dropped too low . . . / Then I let the stories live / inside my head, again and again / until the real world fades back / into cricket lullabies / and my own dreams.” If ever you wanted a “birth of a writer” sequence in a book, this would be it.

At its heart, that’s really what *brown girl dreaming* is about. It’s the story of a girl finding her voice and her purpose. If there’s a theme to children’s literature this year it is in the relationship between stories and lies. Jonathan Auxier’s *The Night Gardener* and Margi Preus’s *West of the Moon* both spend a great deal of time examining the relationship between the two. Now *brown girl dreaming* joins with them. When Jackie’s mother tells her daughter that “If you lie . . . one day you’ll steal” the child cannot reconcile the two. “It’s hard to understand how one leads to the other, / how stories could ever / make us criminals.” It’s her mother that equates storytelling with lying, even as her uncle encourages her to keep making up stories. As it is, I can think of no better explanation of how writers work than the central conundrum Jackie is forced to face on her own. “It’s hard to understand / the way my brain works – so different / from everybody around me. / How each new story / I’m told becomes a thing / that happens, / in some other way / to me . . . !”

The choice to make the book a verse novel made sense in the context of Ms. Woodson’s other novels. Verse novels are at their best when they justify their form. A verse novel that’s written in verse simply because it’s the easiest way to tell a long story in a simple format often isn’t worth the paper it’s printed on. Fortunately, in the case of Ms. Woodson the choice makes infinite sense. Young Jackie is enamored of words and their meanings. The book isn’t told in the first person, but when we consider that she is both subject and author then it’s natural to suspect that the verse best shows the lens through which Jackie, the child, sees the world.

It doesn’t hurt matters any that the descriptive passages have the distinct feeling of poems to them. Individual lines are lovely in and of themselves, of course. Lines like “the heat of summer / could melt the mouth / so southerners stayed quiet.” Or later a bit of reflection on the Bible. “Even Salome intrigues us, her wish for a man’s head / on a platter – who could want this and live / to tell the story of that wanting?” But full-page written portions really do have the feel of poems. Like you could pluck them out of the book and display them and they’d stand on their own, out of context. The section labeled “ribbons” for example felt like pure poetry, even as it relayed facts. As Woodson writes, “When we hang them on the line to dry, we hope / they’ll blow away in the night breeze / but they don’t. Come morning, they’re right where / we left them / gently moving in the cool air, eager to anchor us / to childhood.” And so we get a beautiful mixing of verse and truth and fiction and memoir at once.

It was while reading the book that I got the distinct sense that this was far more than a personal story. The best memoirs, fictionalized or otherwise, are the ones that go beyond their immediate subjects and speak to something greater than themselves. Ostensibly, *brown girl dreaming* is just the tale of one girl's journey from the South to the North and how her perceptions of race and self changed during that time. But the deeper you get into the book the more you realize that what you are reading is a kind of touchstone for other children's books about the African-American experience in America. Turn to page eight and a reference to the Woodsons connections to Thomas Woodson of Chillicothe leads you directly to *Jefferson's Sons* by Kimberly Brubaker Bradley. Page 32 and the trip from North to South and the deep and abiding love for the place evokes *The Watsons Go to Birmingham – 1963*. Page 259 and the appearance of The Jackson Five and their Afros relates beautifully to Rita Williams-Garcia's *P.S. Be Eleven*. Page 297 and a reference to slaves in New York City conjures up *Chains* by Laurie Halse Anderson. Even Jackie's friend Maria has a story that ties in nicely to Sonia Manzano's *The Revolution of Evelyn Serrano*. I even saw threads from Woodson's past connect to her own books. Her difficulty reading but love of words conjures up *Locomotion*. Visiting her uncle in jail makes me think of *Visiting Day* as well as *After Tupac and D Foster*. And, of course, her personal history brings to mind her Newbery Honor winning picture book *Show Way* (which, should you wish to do *brown girl dreaming* in a book club, would make an ideal companion piece).

It's not just other books either. Writers are advised to write what they know and that their family stories are their history. But when Woodson writes her history she's broadening her scope. Under her watch her family's history is America's history. Woodson's book manages to tie-in so many moments in African-American history that kids should know about. Segregation, marches, Jesse Jackson, Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X. One thing I really appreciated about the book was that it also looked at aspects of some African-American life that I've just never seen represented in children's literature before. Can you honestly name me any other books for kids where the children are Jehovah's Witnesses? Aside from Tom Angleberger's *The Qwickpick Papers* I'm drawing a blank.

The flaws? Well it gets off to a slow start. The first pages didn't immediately grab me, and I have to hope that if there are any kids out there who read the same way that I do, with my immature 10-year-old brain, that they'll stick with it. Once the family moves to the South everything definitely picks up. The only other objection I had was that I wanted to know so much more about Jackie's family after the story had ended. In her Author's Note she mentions meeting her father again years later. What were the circumstances behind that meeting? Why did it happen? And what did Dell and Hope and Roman go on to do with their lives? Clearly a sequel needs to happen. I don't think I'm alone in thinking this.

I'm just going to get grandiose on you here and say that reading this is basically akin to reading a young person's version of *Song of Solomon*. It's America and its racial history. It's deeply personal, recounting the journey of one girl towards her eventual vocation and voice. It's a fictionalized memoir that nonetheless tells greater truths than most of our nonfiction works for kids. It is, to put it plainly, a small work of art. Everyone who reads it will get something different out of it. Everyone who reads it will remember some small detail that spoke to them personally. It's the book adults will wish they'd read as kids. It's the book that hundreds of thousands of kids will read and continue to read for decades upon decades upon decades. It's Woodson's history and our own. It is amazing.

For ages 9-12.

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# **BROWN GIRL DREAMING (NEWBERY HONOR BOOK) BY JACQUELINE WOODSON PDF**

Well, when else will you find this possibility to get this publication **Brown Girl Dreaming (Newbery Honor Book) By Jacqueline Woodson** soft documents? This is your good chance to be right here and get this fantastic publication **Brown Girl Dreaming (Newbery Honor Book) By Jacqueline Woodson** Never leave this publication prior to downloading this soft documents of **Brown Girl Dreaming (Newbery Honor Book) By Jacqueline Woodson** in link that we offer. **Brown Girl Dreaming (Newbery Honor Book) By Jacqueline Woodson** will actually make a large amount to be your best friend in your lonesome. It will be the best partner to improve your company and pastime.

## Review

\* “The writer’s passion for stories and storytelling permeates the memoir, explicitly addressed in her early attempts to write books and implicitly conveyed through her sharp images and poignant observations seen through the eyes of a child. Woodson’s ability to listen and glean meaning from what she hears lead to an astute understanding of her surroundings, friends, and family.” — Publishers Weekly, STARRED REVIEW

\* “Mesmerizing journey through [Woodson’s] early years. . . . Her perspective on the volatile era in which she grew up is thoughtfully expressed in powerfully effective verse. . . . With exquisite metaphorical verse Woodson weaves a patchwork of her life experience . . . that covers readers with a warmth and sensitivity no child should miss. This should be on every library shelf.” — School Library Journal, STARRED REVIEW

\* “Woodson cherishes her memories and shares them with a graceful lyricism; her lovingly wrought vignettes of country and city streets will linger long after the page is turned. For every dreaming girl (and boy) with a pencil in hand (or keyboard) and a story to share.” — Kirkus Reviews, STARRED REVIEW

\* “[Woodson’s] memoir in verse is a marvel, as it turns deeply felt remembrances of Woodson’s preadolescent life into art. . . . Her mother cautions her not to write about her family but, happily, many years later, she has and the result is both elegant and eloquent, a haunting book about memory that is itself altogether memorable. — Booklist, STARRED REVIEW

\* “A memoir-in-verse so immediate that readers will feel they are experiencing the author’s childhood right along with her. . . . Most notably of all, perhaps, we trace her development as a nascent writer, from her early, overarching love of stories through her struggles to learn to read through the thrill of her first blank composition book to her realization that ‘words are [her] brilliance.’ The poetry here sings: specific, lyrical, and full of imagery. An extraordinary—indeed brilliant—portrait of a writer as a young girl.” — The Horn Book, STARRED REVIEW

\* “The effect of this confiding and rhythmic memoir is cumulative, as casual references blossom into motifs and characters evolve from quick references to main players. . . . Revealing slices of life, redolent in sight, sound, and emotion. . . . Woodson subtly layers her focus, with history and geography the background, family the middle distance, and her younger self the foreground. . . . Eager readers and budding writers will particularly see themselves in the young protagonist and recognize her reveling in the luxury of the library and unfettered delight in words. . . . A story of the ongoing weaving of a family tapestry, the following of an individual thread through a gorgeous larger fabric, with the tacit implication that we’re all traversing such

rich landscapes. It will make young readers consider where their own threads are taking them.” — The Bulletin of the Center for Children's Books, STARRED REVIEW

\* “Woodson uses clear, evocative language. . . . A beautifully crafted work.” — Library Media Connection, STARRED REVIEW

#### About the Author

Jacqueline Woodson ([www.jacquelinewoodson.com](http://www.jacquelinewoodson.com)) is the 2014 National Book Award Winner for her New York Times bestselling memoir *BROWN GIRL DREAMING*, which was also a recipient of the Coretta Scott King Award, a Newbery Honor Award, the NAACP Image Award and the Sibert Honor Award. Woodson was recently named the Young People’s Poet Laureate by the Poetry Foundation. She is the author of more than two dozen award-winning books for young adults, middle graders and children; among her many accolades, she is a four-time Newbery Honor winner, a three-time National Book Award finalist, and a two-time Coretta Scott King Award winner. Her books include *THE OTHER SIDE*, *EACH KINDNESS*, the Caldecott Honor Book *COMING ON HOME SOON*; the Newbery Honor winners *FEATHERS*, *SHOW WAY*, and *AFTER TUPAC AND D FOSTER*, and *MIRACLE'S BOYS* which received the LA Times Book Prize and the Coretta Scott King Award and was adapted into a miniseries directed by Spike Lee. Jacqueline is also the recipient of the Margaret A. Edwards Award for lifetime achievement for her contributions to young adult literature, the winner of the Jane Addams Children’s Book Award, and was the 2013 United States nominee for the Hans Christian Andersen Award. She lives with her family in Brooklyn, New York.

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february 12, 1963

I am born on a Tuesday at the University Hospital  
Columbus, Ohio  
USA—  
a country caught

between Black and White.

I am born not long from the time  
or far from the place  
where  
my great, great grandparents  
worked the deep rich land  
unfree  
dawn till dusk  
unpaid  
drank cool water from scooped out gourds  
looked up and followed  
the sky’s mirrored constellation  
to freedom.

I am born as the south explodes,  
too many people too many years  
enslaved then emancipated  
but not free, the people  
who look like me  
keep fighting

and marching  
and getting killed  
so that today—  
February 12, 1963  
and every day from this moment on,  
brown children, like me, can grow up  
free. Can grow up  
learning and voting and walking and riding  
wherever we want.

I am born in Ohio but  
the stories of South Carolina already run  
like rivers  
through my veins.

second daughter's second day on earth

My birth certificate says: Female Negro  
Mother: Mary Anne Irby, 22, Negro  
Father: Jack Austin Woodson, 25, Negro

In Birmingham, Alabama, Martin Luther King Jr.  
is planning a march on Washington, where  
John F. Kennedy is president.  
In Harlem, Malcolm X is standing on a soapbox  
talking about a revolution.

Outside the window of University Hospital,  
snow is slowly falling. So much already  
covers this vast Ohio ground.

In Montgomery, only seven years have passed  
since Rosa Parks refused  
to give up  
her seat on a city bus.

I am born brown-skinned, black-haired  
and wide-eyed.  
I am born Negro here and Colored there

and somewhere else,  
the Freedom Singers have linked arms,  
their protests rising into song:  
Deep in my heart, I do believe  
that we shall overcome someday.

and somewhere else, James Baldwin



is writing about injustice, each novel,  
each essay, changing the world.

I do not yet know who I'll be  
what I'll say  
how I'll say it . . .

Not even three years have passed since a brown girl  
named Ruby Bridges  
walked into an all-white school.  
Armed guards surrounded her while hundreds  
of white people spat and called her names.

She was six years old.

I do not know if I'll be strong like Ruby.  
I do not know what the world will look like  
when I am finally able to walk, speak, write . . .  
Another Buckeye!  
the nurse says to my mother.  
Already, I am being named for this place.  
Ohio. The Buckeye State.  
My fingers curl into fists, automatically  
This is the way, my mother said,  
of every baby's hand.  
I do not know if these hands will become  
Malcolm's—raised and fisted  
or Martin's—open and asking  
or James's—curled around a pen.  
I do not know if these hands will be  
Rosa's  
or Ruby's  
gently gloved  
and fiercely folded  
calmly in a lap,  
on a desk,  
around a book,  
ready  
to change the world . . .

it'll be scary sometimes

My great-great-grandfather on my father's side  
was born free in Ohio,

1832.

Built his home and farmed his land,  
then dug for coal when the farming  
wasn't enough. Fought hard  
in the war. His name in stone now  
on the Civil War Memorial:

William J. Woodson  
United States Colored Troops,  
Union, Company B 5th Regt.

A long time dead but living still  
among the other soldiers  
on that monument in Washington, D.C.

His son was sent to Nelsonville  
lived with an aunt

William Woodson  
the only brown boy in an all-white school.

You'll face this in your life someday,  
my mother will tell us  
over and over again.  
A moment when you walk into a room and

no one there is like you.

It'll be scary sometimes. But think of William Woodson  
and you'll be all right.

the beginning

I cannot write a word yet but at three,  
I now know the letter J  
love the way it curves into a hook  
that I carefully top with a straight hat  
the way my sister has taught me to do. Love  
the sound of the letter and the promise  
that one day this will be connected to a full name,

my own

that I will be able to write

by myself.

Without my sister's hand over mine,

making it do what I cannot yet do.

How amazing these words are that slowly come to me.  
How wonderfully on and on they go.

Will the words end, I ask  
whenever I remember to.

Nope, my sister says, all of five years old now,  
and promising me

infinity.

hair night

Saturday night smells of biscuits and burning hair.  
Supper done and my grandmother has transformed  
the kitchen into a beauty shop. Laid across the table  
is the hot comb, Dixie Peach hair grease,  
horsehair brush, parting stick  
and one girl at a time.  
Jackie first, my sister says,  
our freshly washed hair damp  
and spiraling over toweled shoulders  
and pale cotton nightgowns.  
She opens her book to the marked page,  
curls up in a chair pulled close  
to the wood-burning stove, bowl of peanuts in her lap.  
The words  
in her books are so small, I have to squint  
to see the letters. Hans Brinker or The Silver Skates.  
The House at Pooh Corner. Swiss Family Robinson.  
Thick books  
dog-eared from the handing down from neighbor  
to neighbor. My sister handles them gently,  
marks the pages with torn brown pieces  
of paper bag, wipes her hands before going  
beyond the hardbound covers.  
Read to me, I say, my eyes and scalp already stinging  
from the tug of the brush through my hair.  
And while my grandmother sets the hot comb  
on the flame, heats it just enough to pull  
my tight curls straighter, my sister's voice  
wafts over the kitchen,  
past the smell of hair and oil and flame, settles  
like a hand on my shoulder and holds me there.  
I want silver skates like Hans's, a place

on a desert island. I have never seen the ocean  
but this, too, I can imagine—blue water pouring  
over red dirt.

As my sister reads, the pictures begin forming  
as though someone has turned on a television,  
lowered the sound,  
pulled it up close.

Grainy black-and-white pictures come slowly at me  
Deep. Infinite. Remembered

On a bright December morning long ago . . .

My sister's clear soft voice opens up the world to me.  
I lean in  
so hungry for it.

Hold still now, my grandmother warns.  
So I sit on my hands to keep my mind  
off my hurting head, and my whole body still.  
But the rest of me is already leaving,  
the rest of me is already gone.

the butterfly poems

No one believes me when I tell them  
I am writing a book about butterflies,  
even though they see me with the Childcraft encyclopedia  
heavy on my lap opened to the pages where  
the monarch, painted lady, giant swallowtail and  
queen butterflies live. Even one called a buckeye.

When I write the first words  
Wings of a butterfly whisper . . .

no one believes a whole book could ever come  
from something as simple as  
butterflies that don't even, my brother says,  
live that long.

But on paper, things can live forever.  
On paper, a butterfly  
never dies.

As known, lots of people claim that publications are the windows for the world. It doesn't suggest that purchasing book *Brown Girl Dreaming (Newbery Honor Book) By Jacqueline Woodson* will indicate that you could purchase this globe. Simply for joke! Reviewing a publication *Brown Girl Dreaming (Newbery Honor Book) By Jacqueline Woodson* will certainly opened someone to assume better, to maintain smile, to

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