

# ARTURO and the NAVIDAD BIRDS

Written by Anne Broyles

Illustrated by KE Lewis

Translation by Gust Soanish



PELICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

GRETNNA 2013



*For Nadia, Oli, and Steffi, siempre con amor—A. B.*

Copyright © 2013  
By Anne Broyles

Illustrations copyright © 2013  
By KE Lewis

Translation copyright © 2013  
By Pelican Publishing Company, Inc.  
All rights reserved

---

*The word “Pelican” and the depiction of a pelican are trademarks of Pelican Publishing Company, Inc., and are registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office.*

---

**Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data**

Broyles, Anne, 1953-

Arturo and the Navidad birds / by Anne Broyles ; illustrated by KE Lewis ;  
translation by Gust Soanish.

pages cm

Summary: “It’s time for Arturo and his grandmother, Abue Rosa, to decorate their Christmas tree. Abue Rosa shares with him the family history of each ornament as it is hung. But what happens when Arturo plays with—and breaks—a glass bird?”— Provided by publisher.

ISBN 978-1-4556-1801-9 (hardcover : alk. paper) -- ISBN 978-1-4556-1802-6 (e-book) [1. Christmas decorations—Fiction. 2. Christmas trees—Fiction. 3. Grandmothers—Fiction. 4. Hispanic Americans—Fiction. 5. Spanish language materials—Bilingual.] I. Lewis, K. E., illustrator. II. Soanish, Gust, translator. III. Title.

PZ73.B6858 2013

[E]—dc23

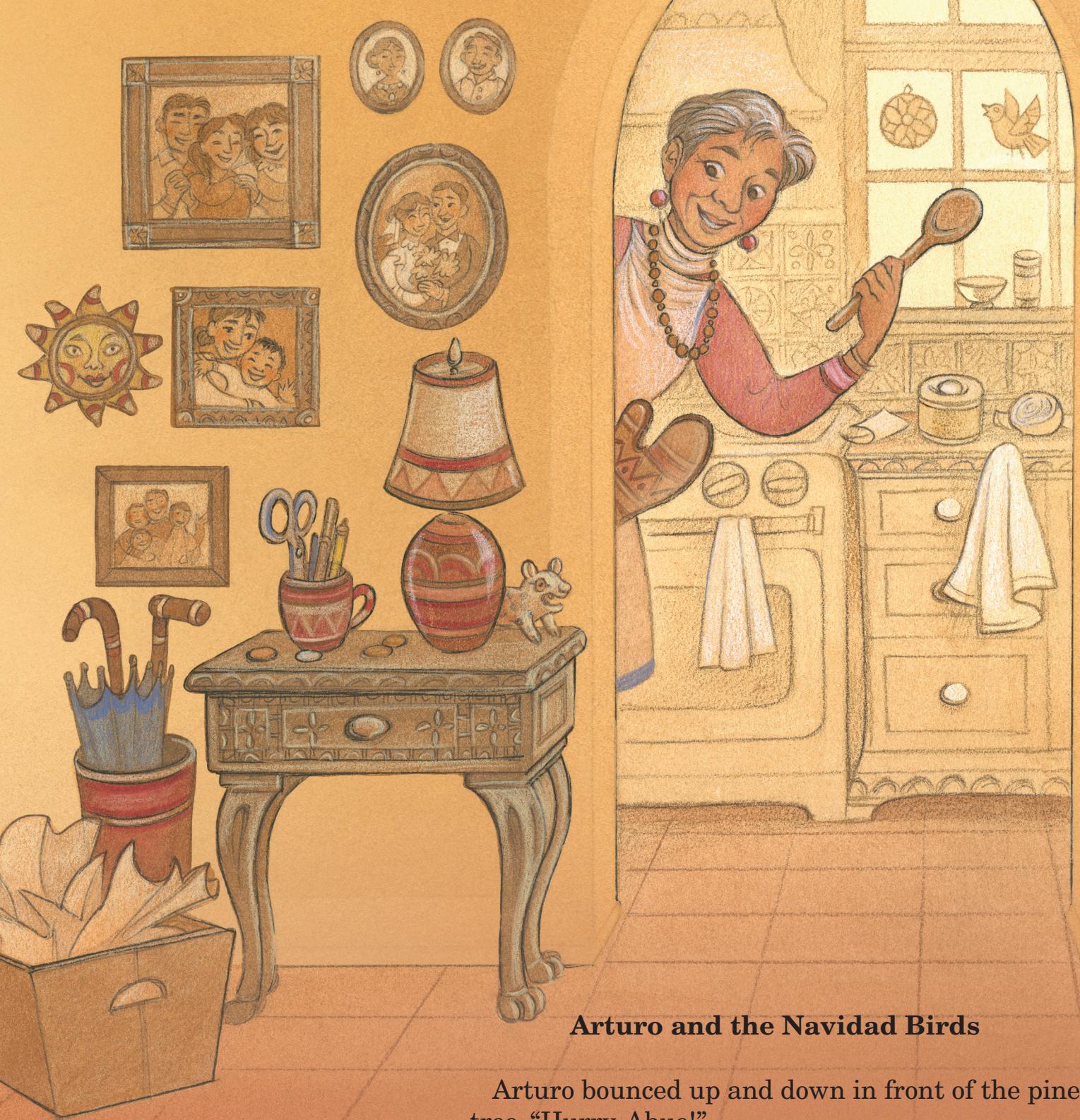
2013014399



Printed in Singapore

Published by Pelican Publishing Company, Inc.  
1000 Burmaster Street, Gretna, Louisiana 70053





### Arturo and the Navidad Birds

Arturo bounced up and down in front of the pine tree. "Hurry, Abue!"

His grandmother called from the kitchen, "*Momentito, mi'jo.*"

### Arturo y los Pájaros de Navidad

Arturo saltaba una y otra vez frente al árbol de pino. "Date prisa, Abue!"

Su abuela lo llamaba desde la cocina, "*Momentito, mi'jo.*"



Arturo frowned at the string of unlit lights. “Our Navidad tree looks empty.”

Abue Rosa wiped her hands on her apron as she bustled into the living room. “It will soon be full.”

Arturo frunció el ceño al mirar las luces de Navidad sin encender. “Nuestro árbol de Navidad se ve vacío.”

Abue Rosa secó sus manos en el delantal mientras caminaba dentro de la sala. “Pronto estará lleno.”

Arturo reached into a box of crumpled newspapers. He eased out a tiny half walnut shell in which slept a painted mouse. “Where’s this from?”

Arturo metió la mano en una caja de periódicos estrujados. Extrajo la mitad de una pequeña cáscara de nuez en la que dormía un ratón pintado. “¿De dónde viene esto?”

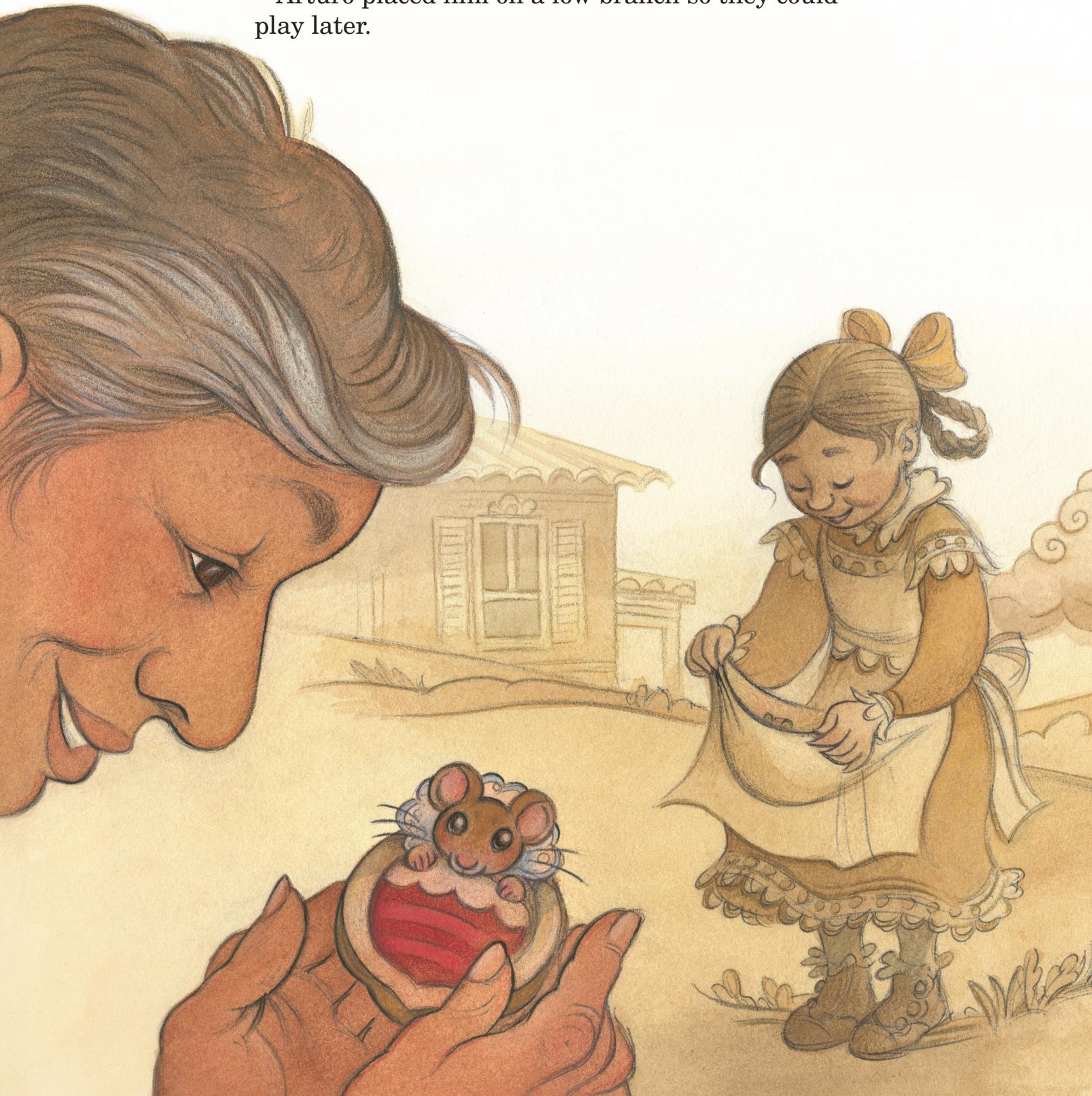


"My mother made it for me when I was four,"  
Abue Rosa said.

Arturo couldn't imagine his gray-haired  
grandmother as a girl.

"This mouse spent most of the time in my pocket,"  
she laughed. "I called him *Hermanito*—my little  
brother! Find him a good home on our tree."

Arturo placed him on a low branch so they could  
play later.



“Mi mamá me lo hizo cuando yo tenía cuatro años,” dijo Abue Rosa.

Arturo no podía imaginarse a su abuela canosa como una niña.

“Este ratón pasó la mayor parte del tiempo en mi bolsillo,” dijo ella, riendo. “Lo llamaba Hermanito! Encuéntrale un buen hogar en nuestro árbol.”

Arturo lo colocó en una rama baja para poder jugar después con él.

