

William and the Mysterious Brame

**An Original Short Story and Activity Kit
for Families and Educators**

Short Story and Activity
Written by Katherine Paterson

With Additional Educational Support Materials by
The National Children's Book and Literacy Alliance



June 2020

OVERVIEW

Included in this story and activity kit is an original short story written for young people by beloved author Katherine Paterson. Katherine has kindly shared this story with us, so we can share it with you. Please be sure to read her introduction for an explanation of the genesis of the story.

Following the introduction and story, you will find reading and writing activities that complement “William and the Mysterious Brame” and maximize the educational opportunities provided by the story. We invite you to use these activities as you see fit and to be as creative with them as you desire. You are also invited to print the story and activities and share them as needed. *Note: This file is formatted to be printed double sided.*

This story and activity kit was created by The National Children’s Book and Literacy Alliance. If you did not download this from our website, please be sure to visit thencbla.org and OurWhiteHouse.org for additional educational materials—all created to get kids of all ages reading, writing, and thinking!

TABLE OF CONTENTS

WILLIAM AND THE MYSTERIOUS BRAME:

An Original Short Story and Activity Kit for Families and Educators

• Introduction.....	3
• The Story.....	4
• Activities for Home and in the Classroom.....	13
About Katherine Paterson	15
MORE Author Resources	16

INTRODUCTION

Most of us are not essential workers during the Covid-19 crisis, so we're in our own homes unable to go out and do many of the things we are accustomed to doing. Stephanie Tolan, a writer friend of mine, decided to use some of her enforced alone time, cleaning out and reading old letters. She found a letter from me written in 1985 and got such a laugh from it that she called me up so I could laugh, too.

Some people might imagine that I don't get worried when I have a new book coming out. If you're one of those people, this letter will prove you wrong.

"Want to hear my latest career bad dream?" I ask in the letter. "I dreamt I walked into Prince's Bookstore and JoAnn, the bookstore owner, says: 'Oh, by the way, your new book has come in. 'That's funny,' I say. 'I haven't got my copy yet,' wondering why she has this strange look on her face. She takes me back to a large closet, and there on the shelf are these coffee cans with greenish labels, a picture on the front and the title, *Come Sing, Jimmy Jo*. I open one of the cans. Inside are over-sized bits that look like a cross between Flintstone vitamins and dog biscuits. 'What are you supposed to do?' I ask JoAnn. 'You chew them,' JoAnn explains, 'and each piece gives you a part of the story.'

There are hundreds of pieces in the can. 'But!' I cry, 'how do you know which piece to chew when?' JoAnn smiles this painful smile. 'That's part of the fun,' she says. 'Everyone chews them in a different order, so everyone gets a different story. It's the latest thing.'

'It's the craziest thing I ever heard of!' I am in agony. 'How could Virginia, my editor, do this to me?' I remember her mumbling something about trying a *new format* for the book. Now I am furious. I am rushing to find a phone to scream at my publisher.

Meantime, JoAnn shows me a five-pound coffee can put out by Random House or somebody with big pieces. But this can comes with directions, telling you which piece to chew when. So now I know that I've gotten the cheapo treatment as well as this insane format.

I am still yelling when I wake up in the traditional cold sweat."

By the time Stephanie finished reading me my 35-year-old dream, I was in hysterics. I had to share this crazy story. I sent it to my son John and asked him to put it on my Facebook page. He refused. "You need to turn it into a story," he said.

John and his wife Jen are both working full time from home during the crises. They are also homeschooling Aiden, a fourth grader and Peyton, a third grader. So I turned my crazy dream into a story for them. They got it first, so I am now re-gifting a slightly used story to you. I hope you have fun with it.

– Katherine Paterson, May 11, 2020

WILLIAM AND THE MYSTERIOUS BRAME

By Katherine Paterson (mostly)

Author's Note: This book is for Aiden and Peyton.

William was bored. Really bored. Out of his skull bored. His best friend, Richie, was off to a fancy summer camp, while William was stuck at home with a long, hot summer stretching out before him and nobody to do stuff with.

He turned on the TV and flipped through all the channels, but there was nothing, nothing worth watching. He went to his game shelf, but there wasn't any game you could really play by yourself. His dog, Webster, loved to chew puzzle pieces, so he was sure there were pieces missing from all the puzzles. He lay down in the middle of the living room floor and sighed so loudly that his mother could hear it from the kitchen.

"What's the matter now, William?"

The way she said it didn't sound as sympathetic as maybe she meant it to.

"I'm bored!"

His yell brought his mother from the kitchen to the living room door with one hand on her hip. "Well, you could clean up your room. Dig into all that stuff on your floor. Who knows what treasures you might uncover."

"Not funny, Mom."

"You can always read a book."

"Books. Books. Books. They're all alike."

His mother bit her lip. He knew she wanted to argue but was trying hard not to. "We could go to the library." She started taking off her apron.

"Why bother? All they've got is books and more books." He said this even though he knew perfectly well that the library had lots of different things, but his mother would want him to check out a stack of books if they went. And he was NOT in the mood for even one book. "Books are all alike," he said. "One word after another. One page after another. One chapter . . ."

She wasn't listening anymore. She was getting her purse and car keys. "Come along," she said. "Let's see what Mrs. Albright has that's new."

William struggled up off the floor and followed his mom out the door and into the car. All the way to the library she faked a voice like a tour guide pointing out the sights along the way.

"Mom," he said. "I've been down these streets ten billion times. Nothing. Nothing has changed."

So his mom stopped trying to be pleasant and drove straight on to the library without another word.

"Are you coming in?" she asked when he slumped further down in his seat.

"Why?" he said. "There's nothing new in there. Just books."

She came around and opened his car door. “Get out of the car,” she said. “Now.” This tone of voice meant business, so William, sighing loudly, unfastened his seat belt.

He dragged himself after her up the library steps, muttering under his breath, so that anyone who saw him would know he wasn’t going into that place willingly.

Mrs. Albright was at the front desk. “Well, it’s the Whittles. How are you?”

“We’re fine, thank you, Margie,” said his mother and poked William with her elbow.

William grunted something that may have been “Hi,” but it was hard to tell. Books. Books. Books. He was surrounded by them. One word after another. One page after another. One chapter . . .

“How can I help you?” the librarian asked.

“Mrs. Albright is speaking to you, William.”

“Got anything new?” he mumbled, knowing she didn’t.

If William had been looking at anything besides his shoelaces, he might have noticed a very peculiar expression on Mrs. Albright’s face.

“Well, um, as a matter of fact. . . we do have something new.”

William looked up suspiciously. “What do you mean *new*?”

“Several publishers are featuring them this season. They’re especially for the um ‘young people of today who are looking beyond the traditional form of literature.’

We were curious when we read about them, so we bought a couple. They cost a lot more than our usual new books, but . . . um . . . they are certainly different from anything else we have. They’re supposed to be more like a game than an ordinary book.”

Now, William was interested. This didn’t sound like the same old, same old. “Can I see them?”

“Of course. We haven’t put them out because, well, we just aren’t sure . . . Come with me. You’ll see what I mean.”

They followed Mrs. Albright to the back room where a volunteer was mending books. His mom stopped to say “hello,” but William grabbed her arm and rushed to catch up with Mrs. Albright who was opening the door to a closet. She turned on the light revealing shelves holding new books needing to be processed, old books needing mending, and donated books for the next used book sale. Nothing new there that William could see.

But then Mrs. Albright went to the very back of the closet where in the shadows there was a short shelf. On it William could just make out the shape of two jars. They seemed to have screw tops and reminded him of pickle jars. One of the jars was about twice the size of the other.

Mrs. Albright brought them out into the room and put them down on an empty table. Usually if something is packed in a jar you can see the contents. The plastic of these jars, however, was almost black. Affixed to them were brightly colored paper labels that looked something like . . . something like book jackets? Sure enough. There was a picture, a title, an author’s name and the name of a publisher. A book in a jar. Wow.

“They’re actually books?” Mom sounded incredulous.

Mrs. Albright's face twisted into a lopsided smile. "Ye---es, so they claim. As I said, they are advertised as a combination of a game and a book. They're-um-um-um called, 'brames.'"

Without even asking permission, William grabbed the smaller jar. He twisted the lid. Somebody had apparently opened it before because it came off easily. Inside he could see hundreds, maybe thousands of little pieces that looked like a cross between Flintstone vitamins and training treats for a toy poodle.

His mother was leaning over his shoulder. "What on earth are you supposed to do with these?" she asked the librarian.

"You chew them," Mrs. Albright explained. "And every piece gives you a part of the story."

William could hardly contain his excitement. This was *really* new.

"But how do you know which piece to chew when?" his mother asked.

Mrs. Albright's smile got even more twisted. "The publishers say that's part of the fun. Everyone chews them in a different order, so everyone gets a different story. They tell me it's the latest thing in publishing."

"Oh, yeah!" William exclaimed. It was just what he wanted. "I gotta check it out!"

"I have to warn you," the librarian said. "There is a problem with our usual lending policy. We pride ourselves on being a free library, but we can't let these—um—brames out for free. I think you realize that if a jar comes back and all the pieces have been eaten, or if some of the pieces have been even slightly chewed, we can't ever lend the—um—brame out again. It would not only be unfair to the next patron, but also the health department . . . You can see our problem."

"I certainly can," said Mom.

"They cost so much, if we actually carried them, we'd have to charge patrons for them."

"Of course," said his mother.

"But I gotta have it," said William. He couldn't remember needing anything more in his whole life than one of these jars—books, games, brames or whatever they were.

His mom peered into the jar. It was hard to do because William was clutching it to his chest. "The pieces are tiny," she said. "And I don't see any directions."

"No, not in *that* can," said the librarian. "The larger can has directions—of sort—and the pieces are a bit larger. But, of course it's much more expensive."

"Yes, it would be."

"Please, Mom, please."

"I'm guessing they cost an arm and a leg."

Mrs. Albright's smile turned apologetic. "I'm afraid we have to ask \$50 for the small jar and \$100 for the large. It's terrible, but we have to recover the cost. The town cut our budget to ribbons, and I don't dare tell the trustees that I've spent our precious funds on . . . well, on these."

"Just get me this little one. I don't need any directions, really. And you can make it my Christmas present. I won't ask for anything else this year, promise."

His mother shook her head and grimaced.

“I’ll take out the garbage every day for the rest of my life.”

His mother raised a doubtful eyebrow.

“Please. Please! I ‘ll go visit Great Aunt Mabel without complaining.”

“I don’t think I’d better count on your promises.”

“Pul—leeze, Mom. Pu—leeze!”

William’s pleas were echoing through the room and bouncing off the walls. The library volunteer was staring at them. Mom’s face was getting redder by the minute. “Can you take a check?”

“Of course,” said the librarian.

William could not remember ever being so happy. He raced down the library steps and to the car.

“Did you fasten your seatbelt?” His mom was looking at him in the rearview mirror. “No! Don’t you dare open that jar in the car. There’ll be little crumbly pieces all over the back seat.”

“Okay okay.” William reluctantly re-screwed the lid. How in the world was he supposed to wait until he got home to dig into his new treasure?

The minute he got into the house, he unscrewed the lid and stuck his hand in.

His mother was hanging up her coat. She didn’t even turn around. “That’s got to last until Christmas a year from now, remember? You’d better not eat it all at once.”

William dropped the fistful of pieces. He felt around for a piece that seemed a little larger than the rest. His mother was watching him carefully as he put it into his mouth and began to chew.

“Well?” his mother asked.

“Well, what?”

“What does it taste like?”

If he were to be honest, he would have to say it tasted like a cross between one of Webster’s dog biscuits and a piece of straw “It’s okay,” he said.

“And?”

“And what?”

“What does it say?”

“Oh.” Yes, there were words coming into his mind as he chewed. “Uh. Just a minute. . .” He chewed some more. “It says, ‘came to see.’”

“Came to see what?”

“I don’t know. It’s not on this piece.”

“Humph,” said his mother. “Let me know when you find out. I’ll be on my computer trying to earn back . . .” But she didn’t finish the sentence.

Although he had promised himself not to eat another piece before supper, he couldn’t help it. This was great. He loved a story with lots of suspense. But now he couldn’t wait. He had to know what whoever had come to see what. He reached into the jar and pulled out another

piece. “Madison,” he chewed. Madison? Was that the name of a place or the name of a person. And if it was a person, was it someone today or the fourth president of the United States?

He looked closely at the label on his jar to try to get a clue. It showed a boy walking a dog along a city sidewalk. There were cars on the street, so it wasn’t a non-fiction biography about President James Madison, thank goodness. He was definitely not in the mood for an *educational* brame. Still, he would like to know if Madison was the boy or the dog or the town. Did he or it come to see Madison or did Madison come to see . . . This brame was definitely going to be a challenge. *I really like challenges*, he told himself, but he thought he’d take a rest from chewing for a while. His jaws felt tired.

After supper he excused himself from the table. “Would you like a game of Monopoly?” his dad asked.

“Not tonight, thanks. I think I’ll just go on up and read, uh, chew a while.”

His dad looked at his mom for an explanation. Usually William jumped at the chance to play Monopoly with him. “Chew?” he asked.

“I’ll explain later,” his mom said.

William hurried up the stairs and to his room. He wasn’t eager to hear his mother’s explanation for that \$50 dollar check she’d written this afternoon. He knew it represented about a third of a week’s groceries, and his mother was a very careful, generic, no-brand-names-shopper.

Webster trotted up after him, but he quickly shut the door in his dog’s face. He couldn’t risk Webster chewing any of these pieces. Although, he almost giggled, if Webster got hold of the brame, William might end up owning the only dog in the world who could actually read.

He straightened his bed until the quilt was almost smooth. He didn’t dare sit on the floor. If he opened the jar there, he might never find the lost pieces. But by the time he got himself settled cross legged on his bed, he was too impatient, so when he opened the lid, a bunch of pieces fell out on the quilt. He wasn’t sure if he should put them all back in or just go ahead and chew them. He put a few back and screwed the lid back on. He picked up a piece. “When,” he read/chewed.

This was more like it. “When Madison came to see” was almost a sentence, wasn’t it? Or was it supposed to be: “When ***came to see Madison?” Or did the “when” belong in another place entirely?

He picked up a second piece, it was a bit larger than the first. “Would she ask,” it said. So maybe Madison was a girl. Or the boy’s mother? Or his teacher? Or . . .” You could tell by the picture on the front of the jar that the main character was a boy, so someone else was the “she.” He tried another piece. “Missing,” he chewed. Oh, great. Something or someone was missing. It was going to be a mystery story. He loved mysteries—well, he used to, before he got tired of books.

He picked up a small piece. “but” he chewed. *But*? That was hardly worth working his jaws over. The brame was cheating just to give you a word like “but.” A bit grumpily he picked up another very small piece. “and,” he chewed. “Oh, come on,” he muttered at the jar. *You can do better than that*. He picked up a larger piece. “Thursday at midnight” Now that was more like it. He began eating the pieces a bit faster. “Brian” “the dog” “can’t” “saw” “where” “let me guess” His jaws were working hard. This was certainly not one of those mystery stories that you couldn’t put down until you’d read the last word. Maybe he should just pick up the rest of the

pieces off the quilt and put them back into the jar until tomorrow when his jaws weren't quite so tired.

He reached over to his bedside table and swept a Lego tower, a torn paperback, and two empty plastic glasses to the floor. The Lego tower broke into pieces, which scattered over and under the dirty clothes and other junk on the floor. He felt a slight pang. The tower had taken days to assemble, and that was with a lot of help from Richie. Oh, well. It was more important to keep the brame pieces safe.

Although there were an awful lot of pieces still in the jar, maybe if he accidentally dropped a few on the floor Webster would find them and help a little bit with the chewing. At the rate he was going he'd still be chewing Christmas after next.

The following morning William's jaws felt as though he had spent the night chewing a huge wad of bubble gum, and his mouth tasted like sawdust. It took him a minute to remember the brame. There had to be a better way to get the story than sitting on his bed chewing.

He went downstairs clutching the brame jar.

"Good morning, William," his mother said cheerfully. "I see you're taking good care of your new—uh. . ."

"Brame."

"Yes, of course, brame. I thought I might make you some pancakes this morning. I have some fresh blueberries."

"Thanks, but I'll just have a bowl of—of—uh—cereal."

His mother gave him a funny look. William adored blueberry pancakes. "Okay," she said. "Why don't you put on your clothes before breakfast?"

"Do I have to?"

"No," she said. "You're on vacation. But since you can get your own cereal, I think I'll vacuum the living room."

As soon as William heard the *vroom* of the vacuum cleaner, he got down a cereal bowl and fetched milk from the fridge. Next he sat down at the kitchen table, carefully took out a handful of brame pieces, put them into the bowl and covered them with milk. His mother had already set a place for him at the table, so he picked up a spoon and took a bite and chewed. Somehow the milk didn't cover up the dog biscuit/straw hat taste. He sprinkled a spoonful of sugar over the bowl. Then, a second spoonful just to make sure.

By the time he took his next bite, the pieces in the bowl had already gotten soggy, so the word or phrases were melting into each other as though they were already partly chewed. Cautiously, he took a spoonful.

sonenosktreabuMado

It wasn't going to work at all. His handful of pieces had turned to mush—sweet mush. Really sweet mush. "Bleah!"

"Are you all right, William?"

Nuts. She'd stopped vacuuming and started listening.

“I’m fine,” he lied, even though he was very far from fine. He held his breath. What if she came in here and . . .but, no, the vacuum was going again.

William tiptoed over to the sink and washed out his cereal bowl, sending the mush down the drain. He turned on the cold water and the dispose-all.

Wait! Were those little squeaking sounds coming out of the pipe actually words or word mush? Of course not. It was only his imagination.

When he was sure it was all gone, he went into the living room.

“Mom?”

She turned off the vacuum. “What is it, William?”

“I changed my mind. Can I still have blueberry pancakes?”

His mother gave him a huge smile. “Well, that’s more like it. I’ve got the batter all made. It won’t take a minute.”

You can say one thing for blueberry pancakes, thought William, pushing the last pancake around his plate to make sure he sopped up all the maple syrup, You can’t beat the taste of blueberry pancakes for covering up whatever taste was in your mouth before them.

The next morning his jaws were a little less tired, so he thought he might be able to try some more brame pieces. He snuck down to the kitchen and poured some maple syrup into a cup. He decided that syrup, unlike milk wouldn’t turn a piece to mush, but it would make it taste better. And today he would only chew one piece at a time.

Back on his bed, he chose a medium sized piece, dipped it into the syrup and began to chew slowly.

THE END

THE END? How could it be the end of the brame? There were, yes, hundreds, maybe thousands, of pieces still in the jar. You can’t have the end of a story when you don’t even know what the beginning or the middle are. That doesn’t make sense. And he’d probably washed great hunks of the beginning and the middle down the dispose-all yesterday.

“SCREEBIES!” he yelled. He was so mad at the brame that he didn’t even realize that ‘screebies’ was one of Ramona Quimby’s favorite cuss words. He sighed. Ramona was a character in a book, several books, and in every single one of those books there was a beginning, a middle and an end.

THE END. *Pah!* That did it! William was madder than he had ever been in his life. He was just going to throw the whole jar into the outside garbage can. No, he’d better keep the jar. It would be too obvious to his parents that he’d thrown his whole Christmas present for the next two years into the trash. But he had to do something. And he certainly couldn’t talk to his parents about it. His mother had paid \$50 for the brame. He’d practically forced her to. And he knew money was tight. He’d overheard his parents talking about it when he was supposed to be in bed.

But he had to do something. *What do you do with the mad that you feel when you feel so mad you could bite?* William almost laughed at the song on his old Mr. Roger’s record. Biting was not something he felt like doing right now. But he did want to do something.

His mother was doing something on her computer, so he sneaked into the kitchen and took the phone down and dialed.

“Abercrombie Free Public Library,” It was Mrs. Albright’s friendly voice.

William cupped his hand around the phone and whispered into it. “Mrs. Albright? This is William Whittle.”

“Oh, William, how are you? Are you—um—enjoying your—um—brame?”

“That’s just it Mrs. Albright,” Mrs. Albright. “To tell you the truth . . .”

“Ah,” she said as if she already understood William’s problem. “Well, as I’m afraid you know, there’s a no-return policy.”

“Can I return it to the publisher?”

“No, they’re not accepting returns either.”

“That’s just not fair!”

“No, it isn’t.”

“What is a kid supposed to do then?”

“You could write a review?”

“What do mean?”

“All the big booksellers let you rate a book from one to five stars and then ask for comments or reviews.”

“Like a book report?”

“Sort of.”

“I don’t have a computer.”

“Could you ask one of your parents . . .?”

“Mom spent all that money . . .”

“I see. You’d be welcome to use one here at the library.”

His mother looked surprised when William asked for a ride to the library. “I need to look some stuff up,” he said.



If you are reading William’s story, you need to help him. Please stop and write William’s review of the Brame for him and give it as many stars as you think it should have.

William hit SUBMIT and took a deep breath. He felt much better.

“All done?” his mother asked when he came back to the desk.

“Yep,” he said.

Mrs. Albright smiled her regular, happy smile. “Would you like to see some of our new books, William? We’ve got a couple of great mystery stories.”

“Sure,” said William. “Why not?”

His mother looked at him. “All done with your–uh–brame?” she asked.

“For now,” he said. “My jaws are tired from all that chewing.”

Mrs. Albright and his mother both laughed. So did William.

He opened one of his books in the back seat of the car. No danger of losing pieces. It was just word after word, page after page, chapter after chapter. What a great way to make a book.

THE END

©2020 by Katherine Paterson; *The National Children’s Book and Literacy Alliance*

ACTIVITIES FOR HOME AND IN THE CLASSROOM

MAKE AND SWAP BRAMES!

After young people have read “William and the Mysterious Brame” by Katherine Paterson, invite them to create their own brames and share them with friends and siblings.

Requirements:

Gather the following:

- At least two participants
- Writing materials: a computer with a printer or pencil and paper
- Jars with lids or boxes with covers
- A sense of fun and adventure!

Instructions:

1. Each participant writes a story. The story should be short—one page or two at the most.
2. Print or write out an additional copy of each story, and put one copy in a safe, secret place. Be sure there is space between the lines.

WARNING: Do NOT show your story to anyone else playing this game!

3. Cut up the other copy of your story into words or short phrases.
4. Make your own brame by putting the cut-up pieces into your jar or box, cover, and shake well.
5. Swap brames with a fellow participant to assemble.

WARNING: Do NOT chew the pieces! At least not until after the game is done.

6. Read the brames.
7. *Optional:* Compare each brame with its original, uncut story.

WRITE A BRAME REVIEW

Toward the end of “William and the Mysterious Brame,” the reader is asked to write a review of the brame that William had gotten from his local library.

Write a Review of the Brame in “William and the Mysterious Brame”

Writing a review of a story or book provides an excellent opportunity for young people to analyze a text and share their analysis and conclusions using the written word. Ask young people to write a review of William’s brame and to include a star rating. Kids in distance learning situations can share their reviews with others by reading them on the phone, sending by email, or publishing to a family or school online newsletter or blog. In a school setting, students can submit to a class or school newspaper, newsletter, or literary magazine.

Write a Review of Kid-Created Brames

Using the instructions in “Make and Swap Brames,” have your kids create their own brames, share with others, and then write reviews of each one. For kids in isolation, creating brames and sharing them by leaving in a mailbox or on a doorstep could be a fun way to get and keep kids reading!

Create Your Own Rating Scale

Books are often rated using a 5-star system, with five stars awarded to the best books. When asking kids to write reviews, ask them to get creative and make up their own rating system. What else might they use to design a rating scale? Emojis? Icons? Numbers with fun descriptions?

Have kids brainstorm their own system then write or draw their ideas. Be sure they include an explanation for the scale, such as “one smiley face indicates this story is a yawn” or “five dragons means this book is so hot you need to read it NOW.”

Tips for Writing a Review

Following are tips for writing a review of a brame, book, movie, TV show, or even a cartoon:

- Start by summarizing the plot and characters.
- Describe the elements of the story you liked, as well as those you may have found disappointing: What worked? What didn’t work? Did the story come to a satisfying end?
- Offer a conclusion. Explain whether you would recommend this story to other readers or not. If you are using a star rating system, include the number of stars you would assign to the story.
- Be sure to explain your opinions.

Also, be sure to check out “Analyzing Arts, Criticizing Culture: Writing Reviews With The New York Times,” which features writing prompts and lesson plans that encourage students to write about food and fashion, movies and music, books, and buildings for a global audience. Here is the link: <https://www.nytimes.com/2019/11/06/learning/unit-2-analyzing-arts-criticizing-culture-writing-reviews-with-the-new-york-times.html>

ABOUT KATHERINE PATERSON

Katherine Paterson is the author of more than 30 books, including 16 novels for children and young people. She has twice won the Newbery Medal, for *Bridge to Terabithia* in 1978 and *Jacob Have I Loved* in 1981. *The Master Puppeteer* won the National Book Award in 1977 and *The Great Gilly Hopkins* won the National Book Award in 1979 and was also a Newbery Honor Book.

For the body of her work she received the Hans Christian Andersen Award in 1998, the Astrid Lindgren Memorial Award in 2006, and in 2000 was named a Living Legend by the Library of Congress. In 2019 Katherine was awarded the E.B. White Award by the American Academy of Art and Letters “in recognition of an exceptional lifetime body of work.”

She is a vice-president of the National Children’s Book and Literacy Alliance and is a member of the board of trustees for Vermont College of Fine Arts. She is also a honorary lifetime member of the International Board of Books for Young People and an Alida Cutts lifetime member of the US section, USBBY. She is the 2010-2011 National Ambassador for Young People’s Literature.

The Patersons have four grown children and seven grandchildren. Katherine currently resides in Vermont with her faithful dog, Pixie.



MORE AUTHOR RESOURCES

Websites and Online Articles

- Katherine Paterson’s Website: KatherinePaterson.com
- Katherine Paterson’s Facebook Page: [Facebook.com/Terabithia](https://www.facebook.com/Terabithia)
- Education Resource Guide that includes educational materials for Katherine Paterson’s books *The Great Gilly Hopkins* and *The Same Stuff as Stars*: https://thencbla.org/wp-content/uploads/2015/07/Katherine_Paterson_Education_Resource_Guide.pdf
- Readers Theatre Script for “The Handmaid of the Lord” by Katherine Paterson: <https://thencbla.org/wp-content/uploads/2015/10/Readers-Theater-Script-Handmaid-of-the-Lord.pdf>
- “Summoned by Books,” an NCBLA Interview with Katherine Paterson: <https://thencbla.org/education/interviews/an-interview-with-katherine-paterson/>
- “The Child in the Attic,” a Speech by Katherine Paterson: <https://thencbla.org/education/speeches/the-child-in-the-attic/>
- “Are You There God,” a Speech by Katherine Paterson: <https://thencbla.org/education/speeches/are-you-there-god/>

Videos

- Reading Rockets interview in 2011 about reading aloud with families, the joys of writing historical fiction, and the challenge of adapting classic works: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=q3EAhJEjCSQ>
- Reading Rockets interview in 2010 about Paterson’s childhood, raising a family, the challenges of writing, and her favorite books for children: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KJLaLc_kaZc
- Commencement address at Johnson State College in May 2010: http://www.greenmountainaccess.tv/index.php?option=com_jvideo&view=watch&id=74
- Laura Ingalls Wilder speech in 2013: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4_KJYDwfmMw
- “Lyddie and the Power of Historical Fiction” at Lowell National Historical Park in 2013: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dmQi-cYLZ-0>
- Interview with Kate DiCamillo on becoming a writer: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QdVtSj2W68w>
- Interview with Kate DiCamillo about the writing process: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GprltUiL-YQ>

©2020 by Katherine Paterson; *The National Children’s Book and Literacy Alliance*