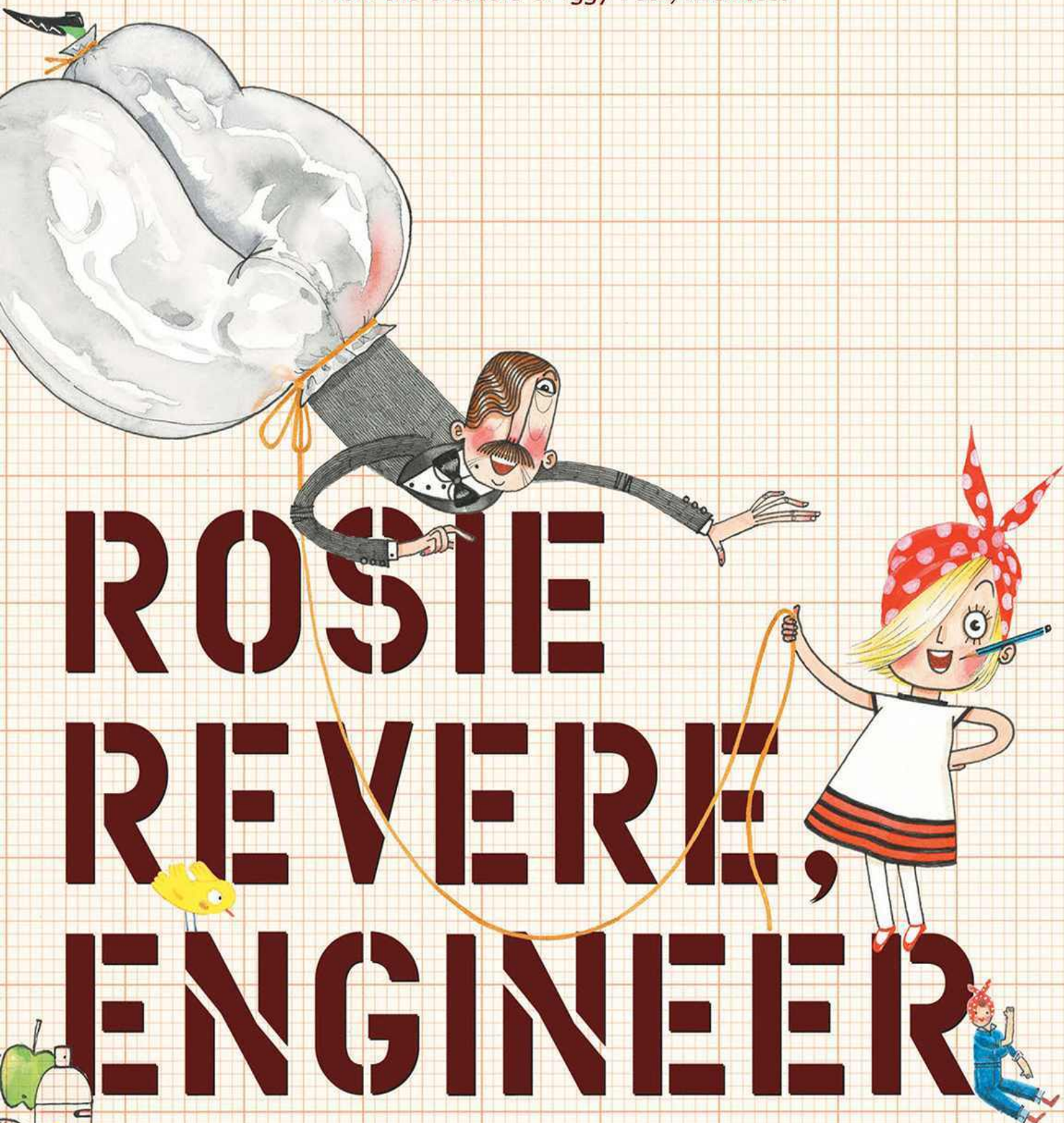


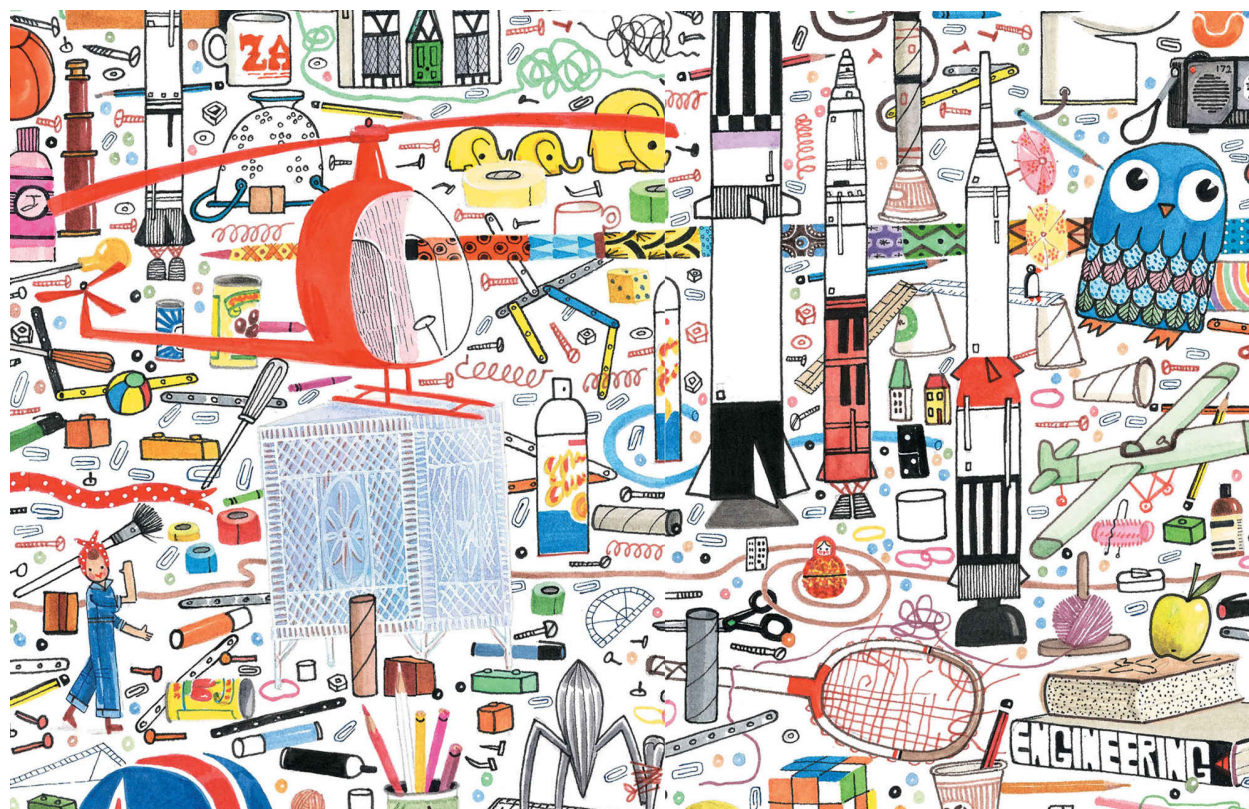
From the creators of *Iggy Peck, Architect*

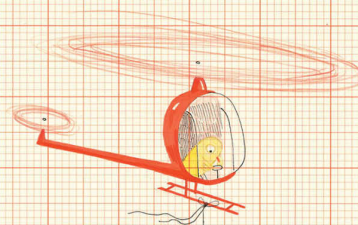


# ROSIE REVERE, ENGINEER

by Andrea Beaty illustrated by David Roberts







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illustrated by David Roberts

Abrams Books for Young Readers, New York



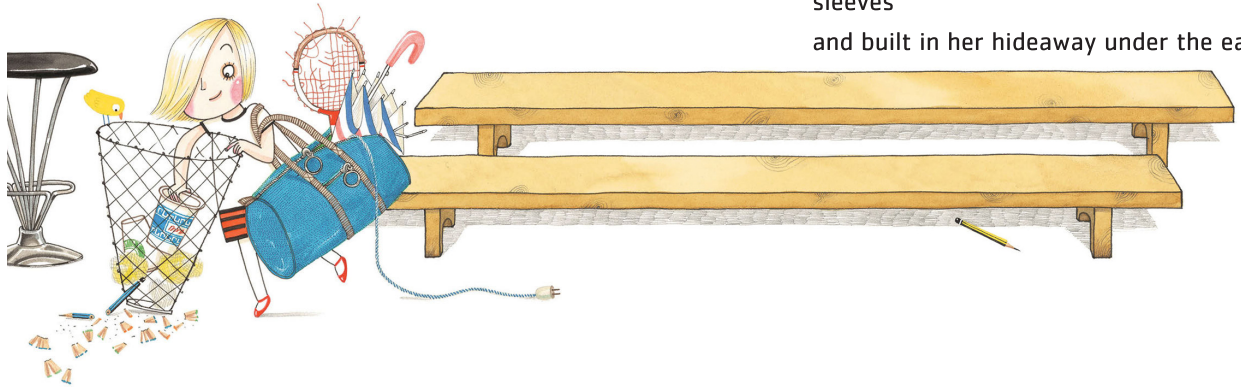
THIS IS THE STORY OF ROSIE REVEI  
who dreamed of becoming a great  
engineer.

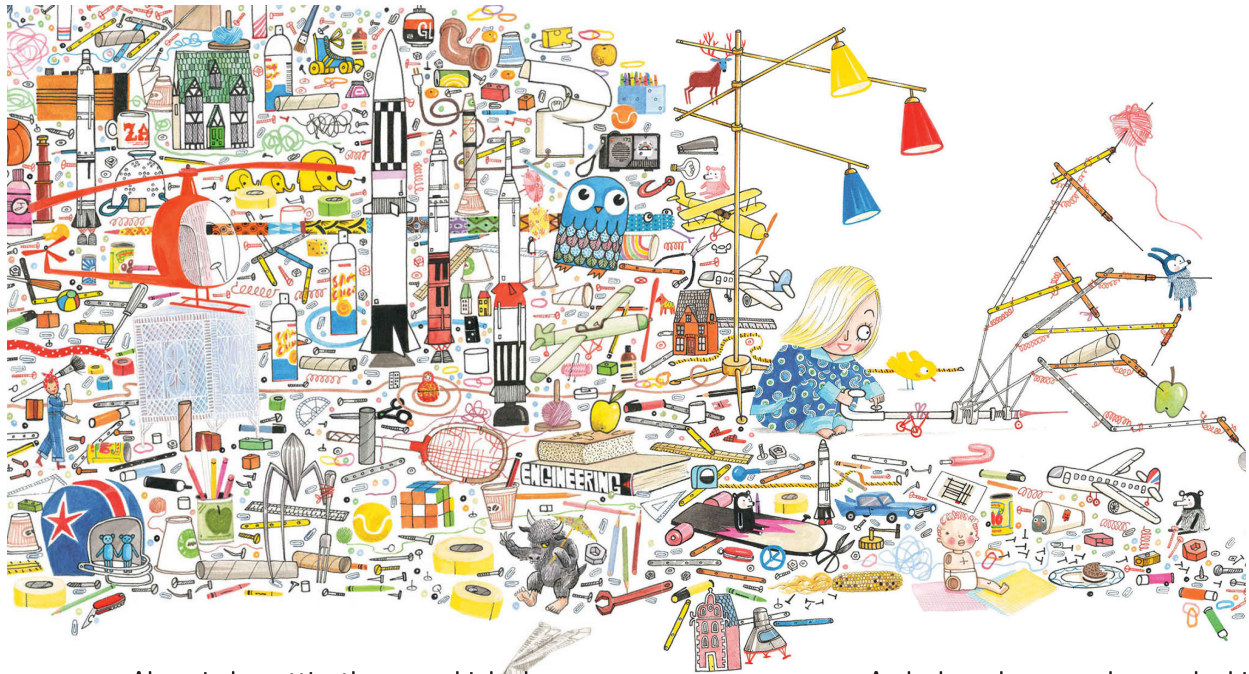
In Lila Greer's classroom at Blue River  
Creek,

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

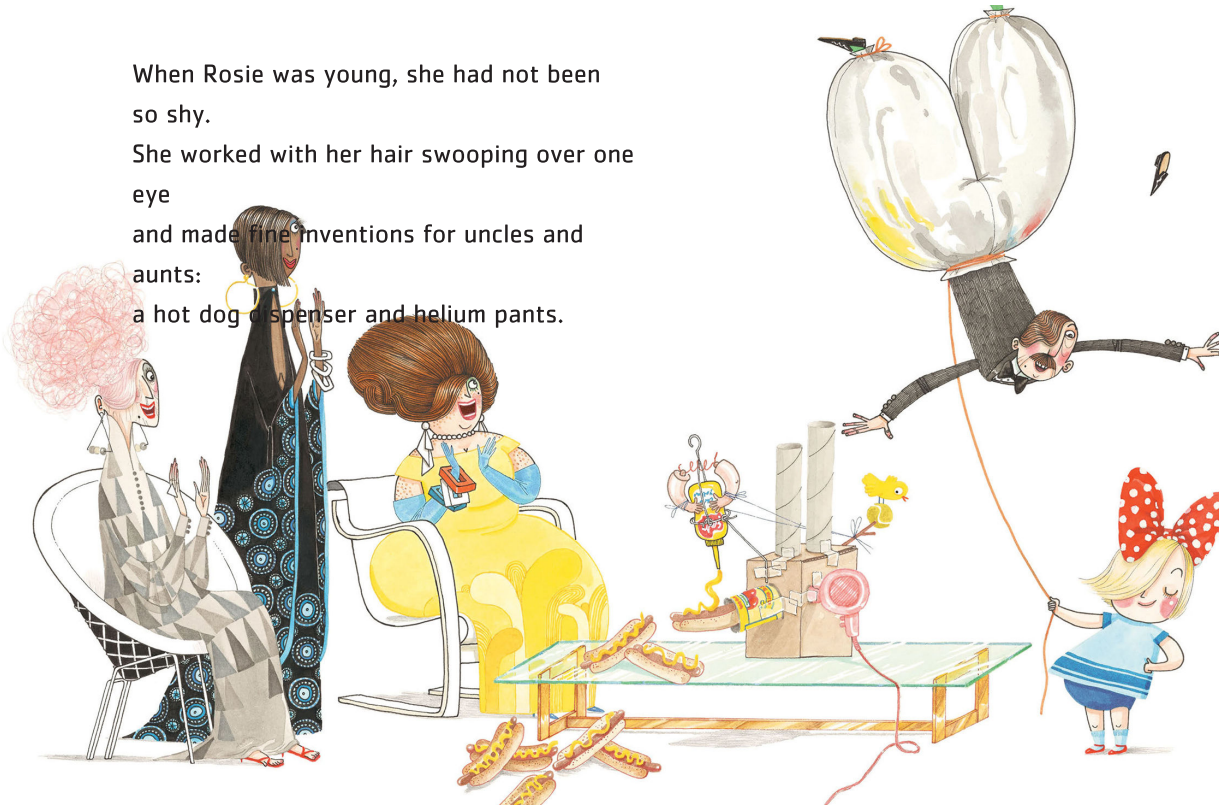


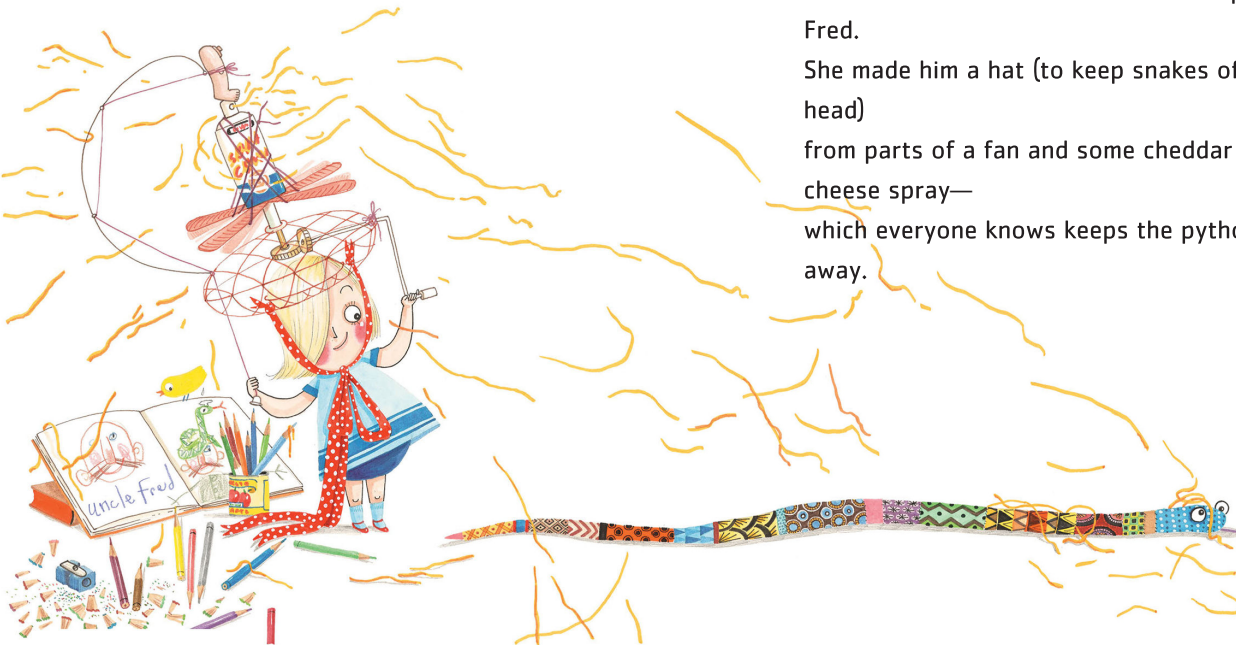


Alone in her attic, the moon high above,  
dear Rosie made gadgets and gizmos she  
loved.

And when she grew sleepy, she hid  
her machines  
far under the bed, where they'd never  
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.





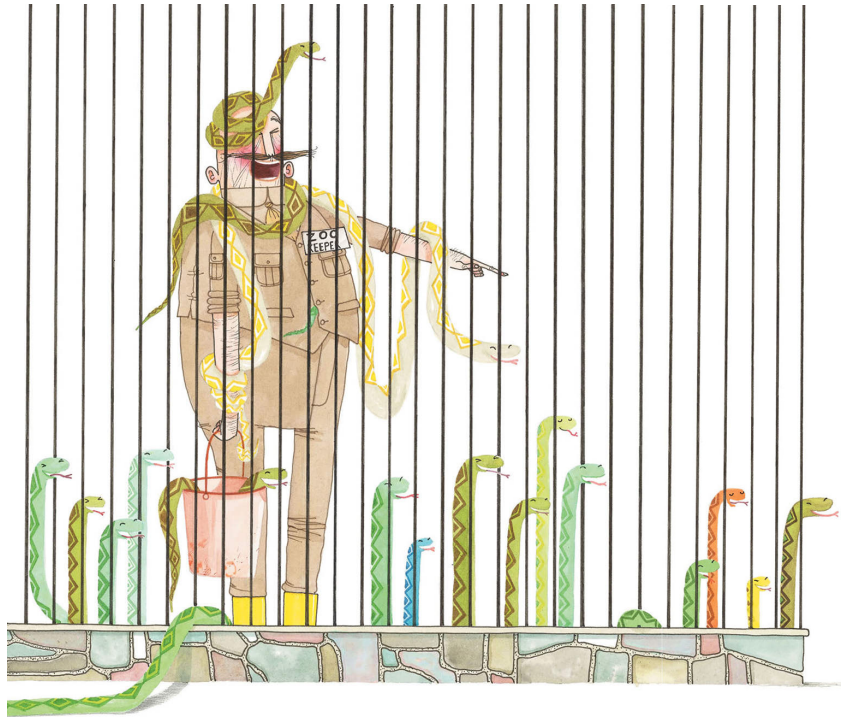
The uncle she loved most was Zookeeper  
Fred.

She made him a hat (to keep snakes off  
head)

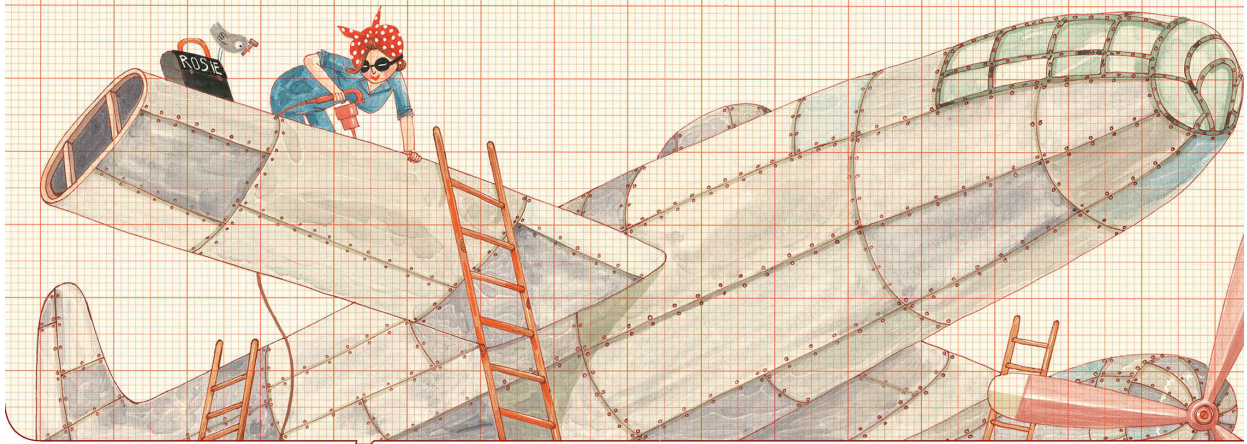
from parts of a fan and some cheddar  
cheese spray—

which everyone knows keeps the pythons  
away.

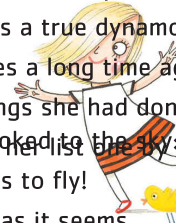




And when it was finished, young R  
was proud,  
but Fred slapped his knee and he  
chuckled out loud.  
He laughed till he wheezed and his  
filled with tears,  
all to the horror of Rosie Revere,  
who stood there embarrassed,  
perplexed, and dismayed.  
She looked at the cheese hat and  
looked away.  
"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.



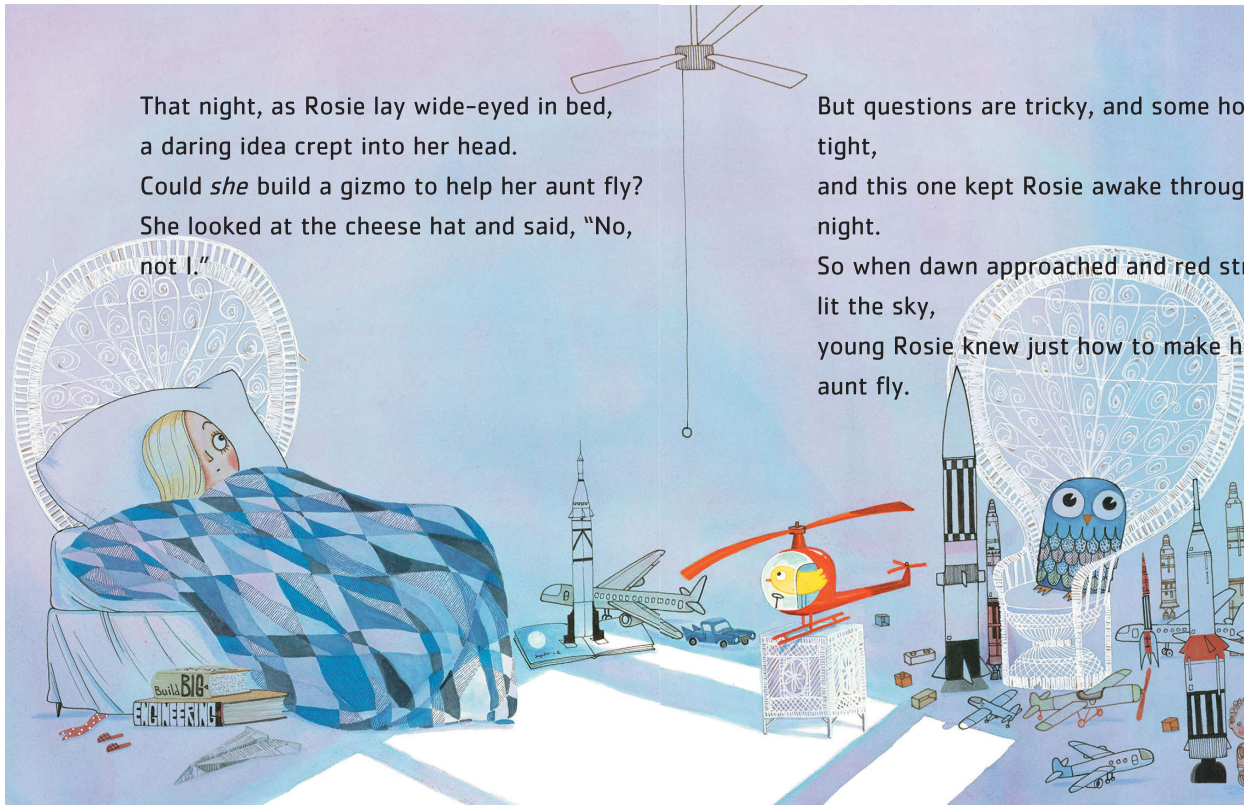
And that's how it went until one autumn day.  
 Her oldest relation showed up for a stay.  
 Her great-great-aunt Rose was a true dynamo  
 who'd worked building airplanes a long time ago.  
 She told Rosie tales of the things she had done  
 and gave a sad smile as she looked to the sky:  
 "The only 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."

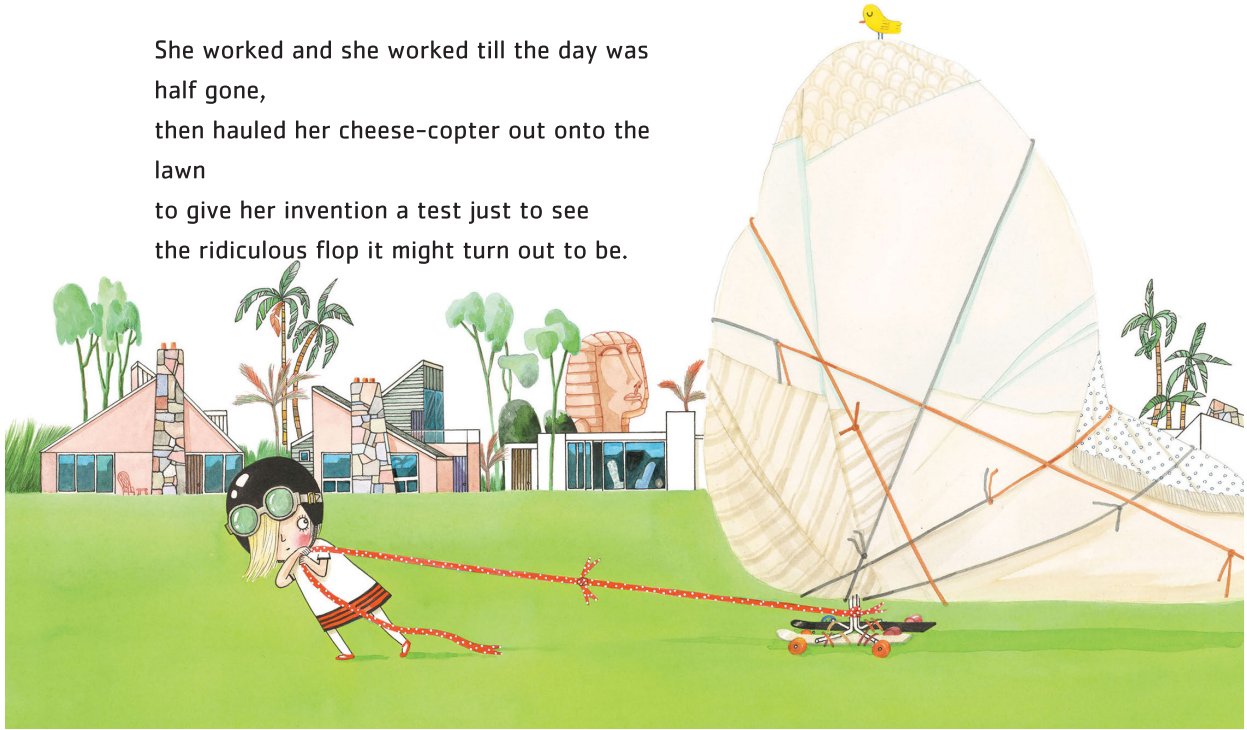
But questions are tricky, and some ho  
tight,  
and this one kept Rosie awake throug  
night.

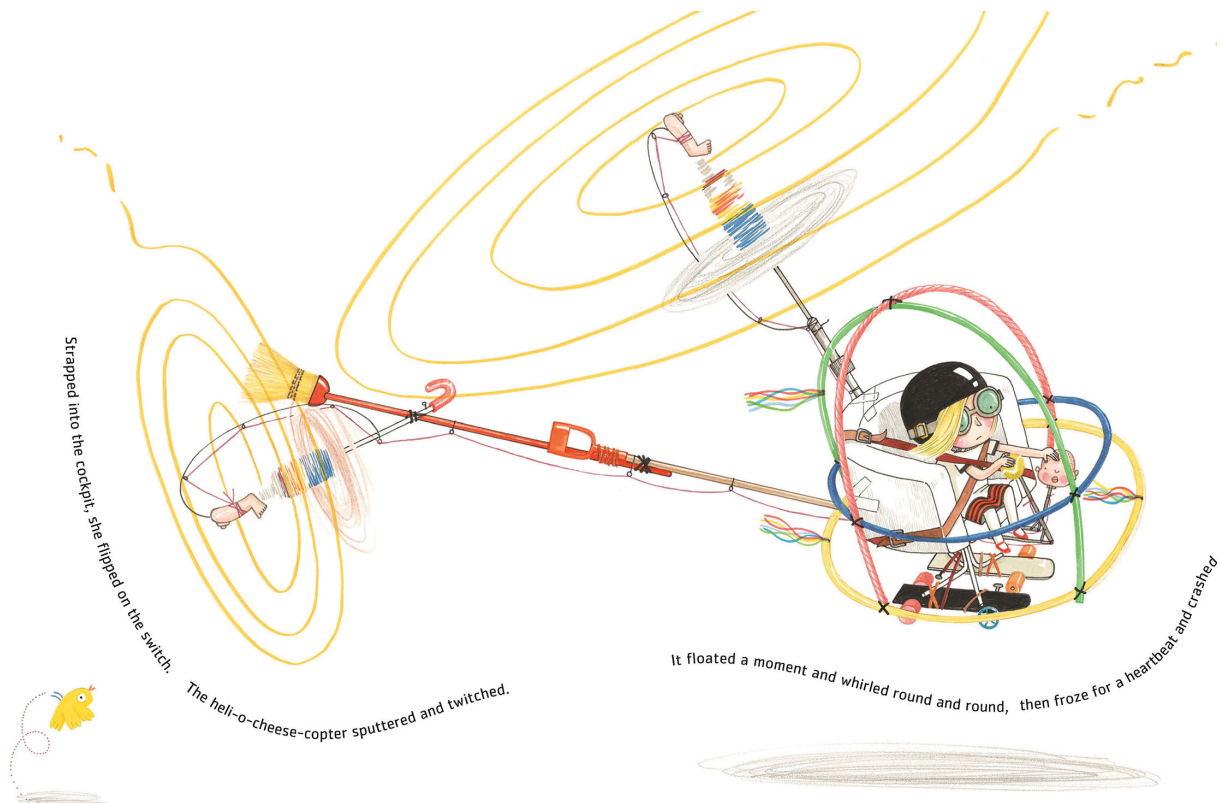
So when dawn approached and red st  
lit the sky,  
young Rosie knew just how to make h  
aunt fly.





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

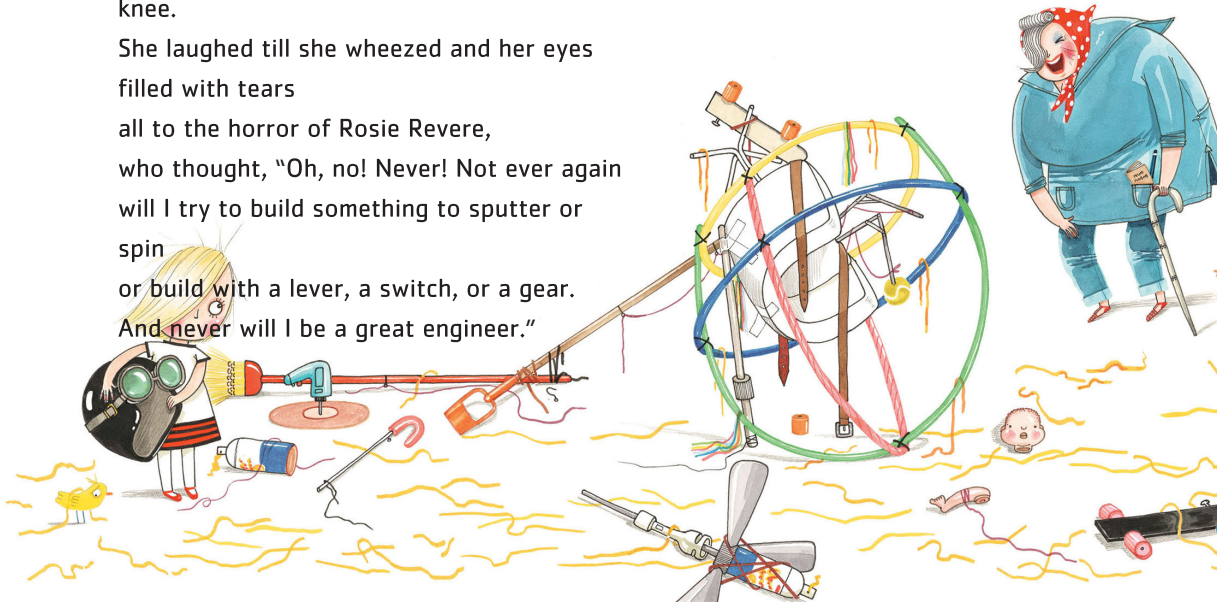
Then Rosie heard laughter and turned round  
to see

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 Great-Aunt Rose grabbed hold of young Rosie and pulled her in close and hugged her and kissed her and started to cry.

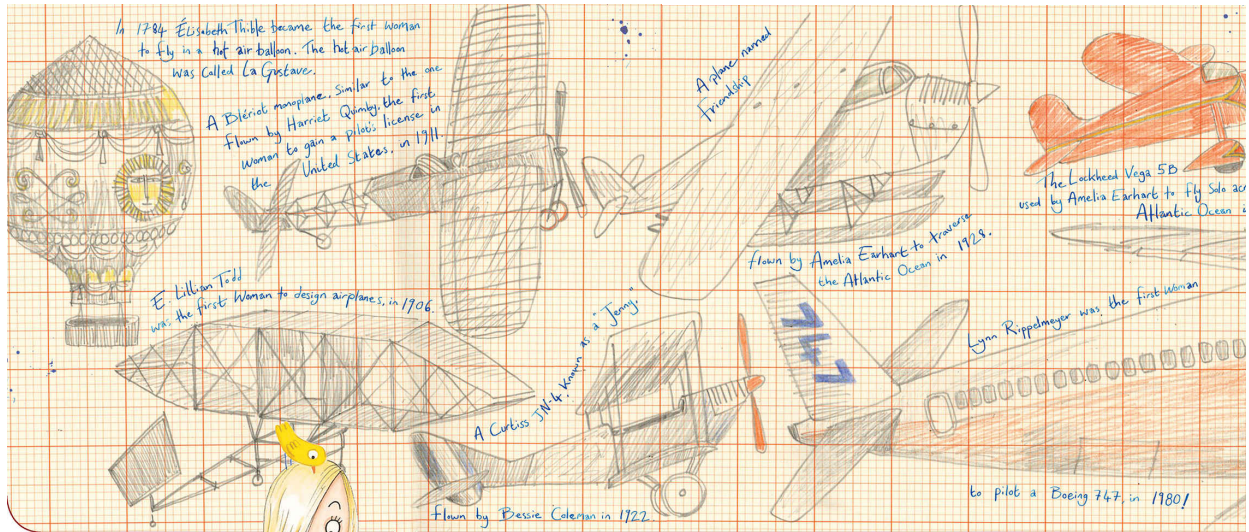
"You did it! Hooray! It's the perfect first! This great flop is over. It's time for the next!"

Young Rosie was baffled, embarrassed, perplexed.

"I failed," said dear Rosie. "It's just my 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 Rever who smiled at her aunt as it all became clear.



to dream the bold dreams of a  
engineer.



but none quite as proudly as Rosie Revere

A colorful illustration of children playing. In the background, three children are gathered around a large log that has been transformed into a play structure with wheels and a pulley system. One child is standing on the log, another is pulling a rope, and a third is standing nearby. In the foreground, four children are running and playing. One child is holding a kite string, and another is holding a kite. The scene is lively and joyful, with children in various poses of movement.



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 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!"

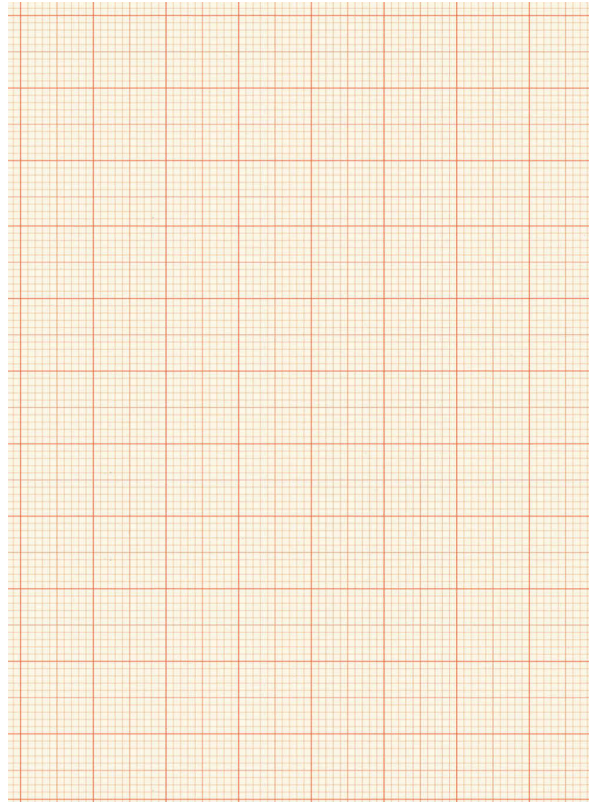
The illustrations in this book were made with watercolors, pen, and ink on Arches paper. For details of purchase in bulk quantities, contact the publisher or may be obtained from the Library of Congress.  
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capture the emotion and action of this imaginative story."

—SCHOOL LIBRARY JOURNAL

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