



AUTHOR'S NOTE

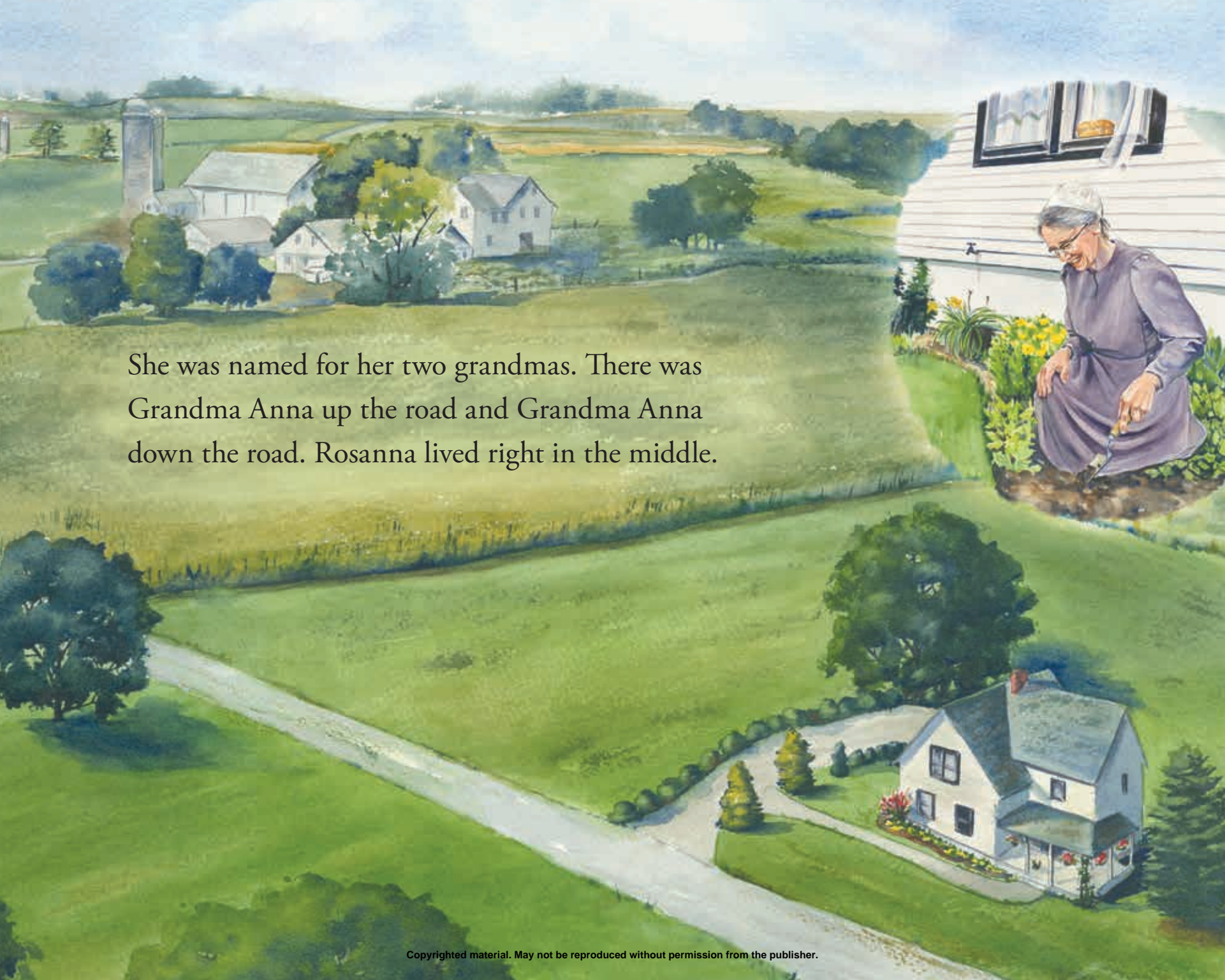
Once upon a time, there was a real little girl named Rosanna who lived between her two grandmas: Grandma Anna up the road and Grandma Anna down the road. The little girl had a big imagination, loved her grandma-up-the-road's stale cookies, and often hid in the willow tree to get out of work. One day, that little girl grew up to be my mother. While the conversations in *Rosanna in the Middle* are fictionalized, most of the details are true.





Once, in a country
place in Wisconsin,
lived a girl named Rosanna.





She was named for her two grandmas. There was
Grandma Anna up the road and Grandma Anna
down the road. Rosanna lived right in the middle.



Grandma Anna up the road always gave Rosanna a sugar cookie when she came to visit. The cookie always came from the round red cookie jar that sat in her kitchen, and it always had a special grandma flavor. Rosanna had never tasted that flavor anywhere else.

“Don’t you know those cookies are stale?” Rosanna’s big sister Loretta asked.

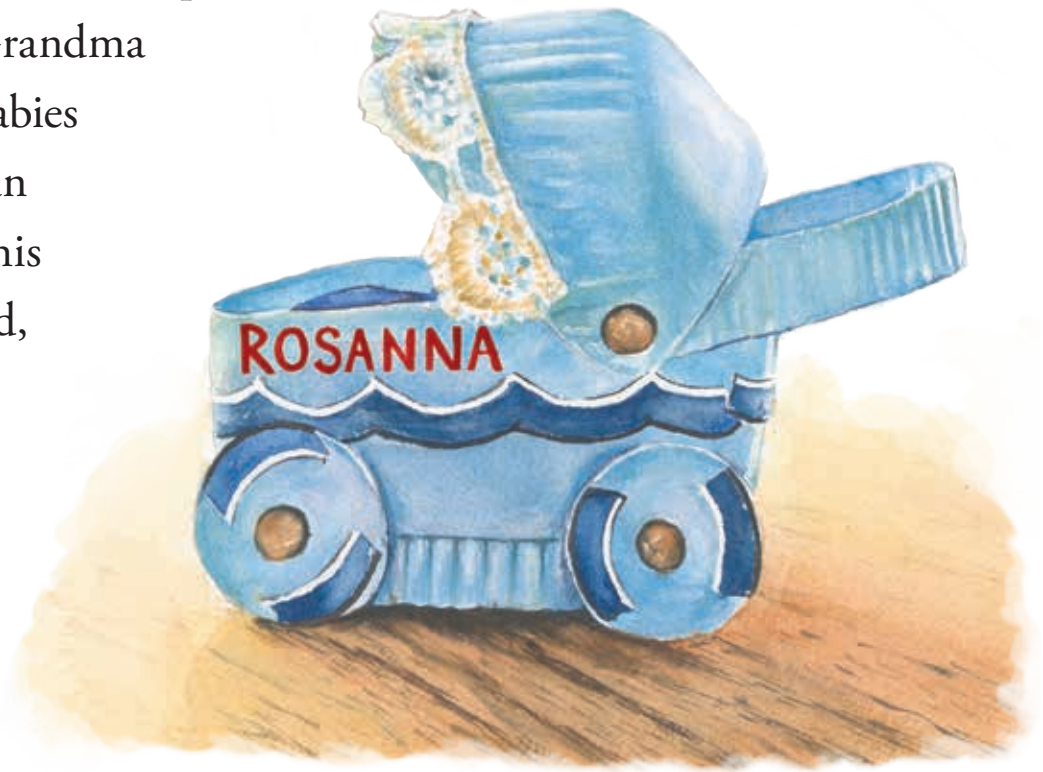
“I like them that way,” Rosanna said.



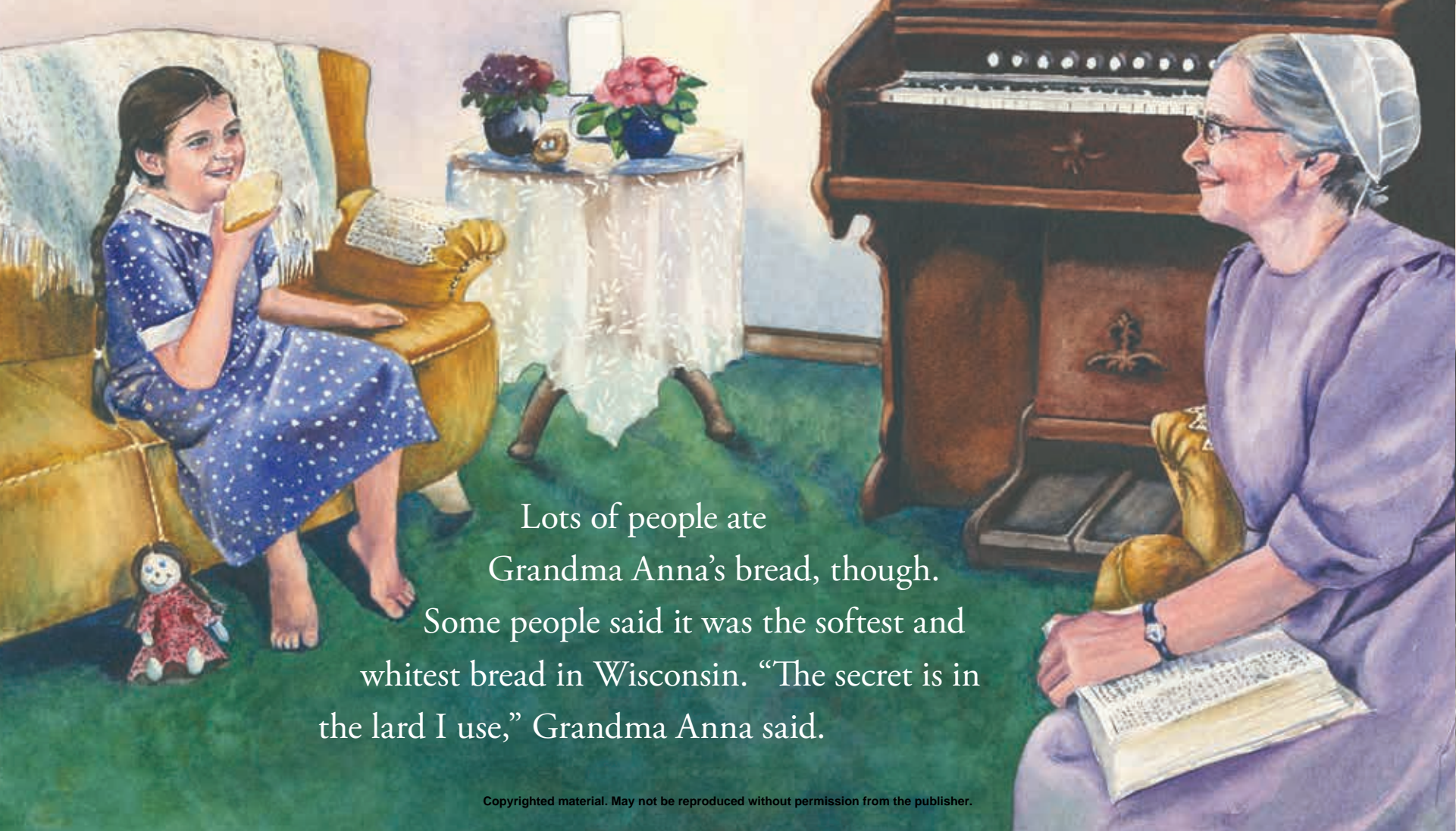


Grandma Anna up the road laughed a lot. For Rosanna's eighth birthday, she gave her a tiny blue baby buggy with lace edging and ROSANNA pasted in red letters on the side.

"I made it myself from an empty detergent bottle," Grandma Anna said. "Your babies will always stay clean when they ride in this buggy!" She laughed, and Rosanna laughed with her.



Grandma Anna down the road came from Pennsylvania,
a fancy place. In her front room sat an organ no one
ever played and prickly cactuses no one ever touched
and a tiny nest with tiny eggs no bird ever hatched.



Lots of people ate
Grandma Anna's bread, though.
Some people said it was the softest and
whitest bread in Wisconsin. "The secret is in
the lard I use," Grandma Anna said.

Grandma Anna down the road loved
beautiful things. Every Sunday,
Rosanna and her mom and sisters and
little brother sat beside her in church.
Sometimes, afterward, they went to her
house for lunch. Grandma Anna always
served them water in real glass
tumblers, and she always
put flowers on the table.

