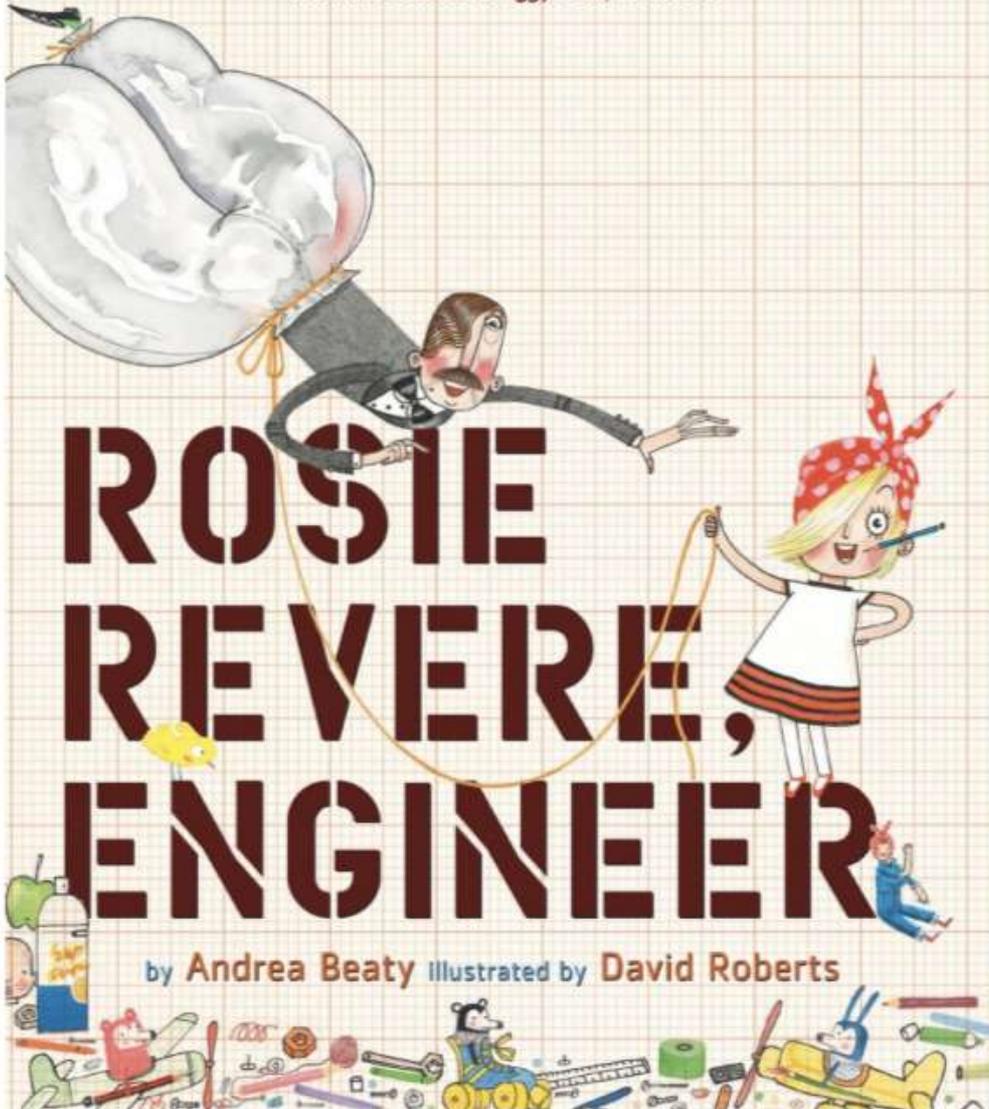
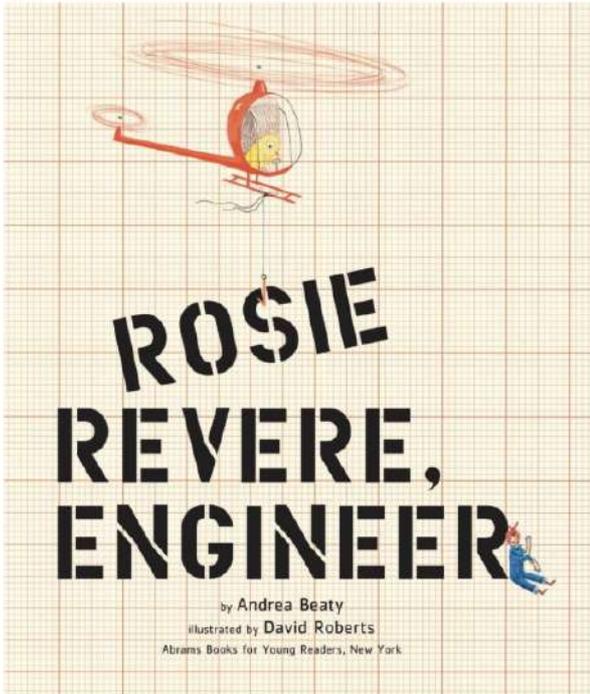
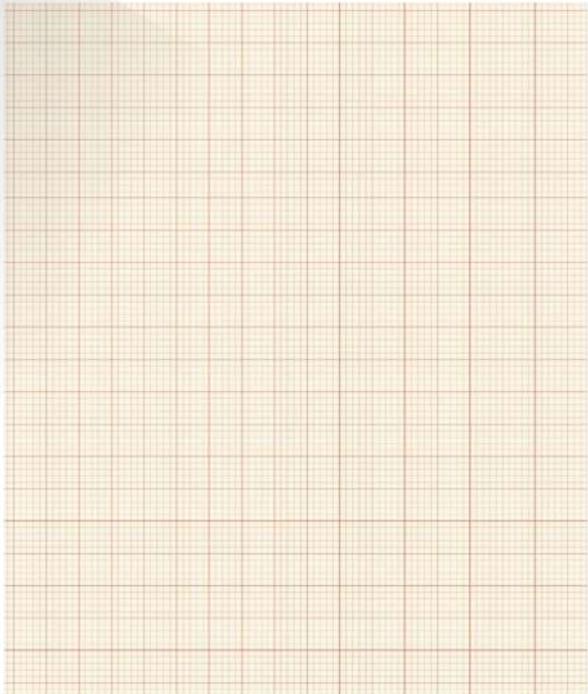


From the creators of *Iggy Peck, Architect*





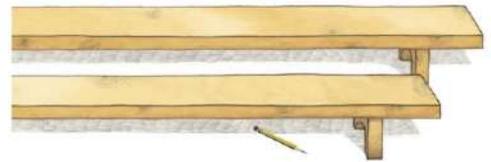


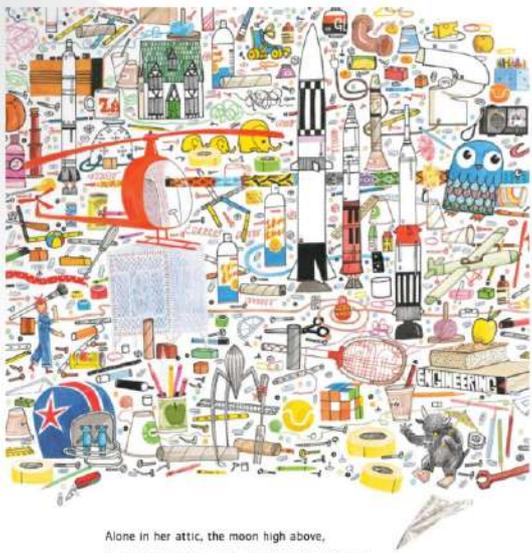
THIS IS THE STORY OF ROSIE REVERE,  
who dreamed of becoming a great engineer.  
In Lila Greer's classroom at Blue River Creek,  
young Rosie sat shyly, not daring to speak.



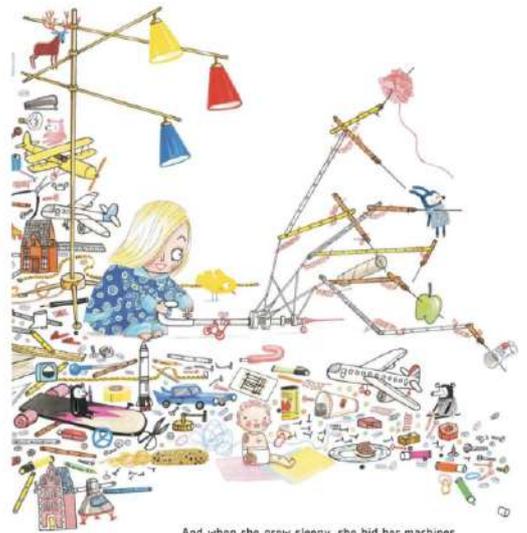


But when no one saw her, she peeked in the trash  
for treasures to add to her engineer's stash.  
And late, late at night, Rosie rolled up her sleeves  
and built in her hideaway under the eaves.





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.

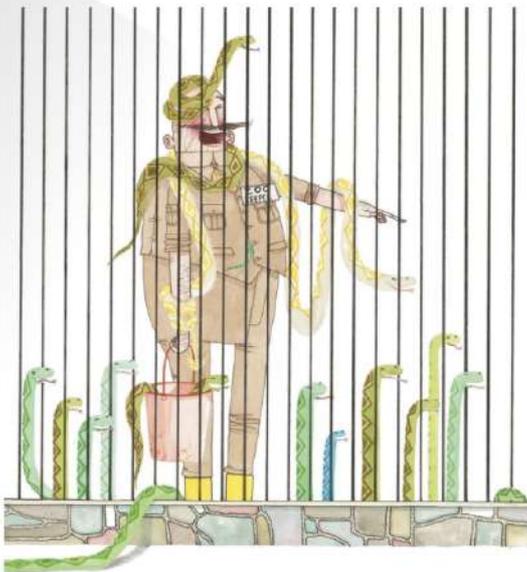
When Rosie was young, she had not been so shy.  
She worked with her hair swooping over one eye  
and made fine inventions for uncles and aunts:  
a hot dog dispenser and helium pants.



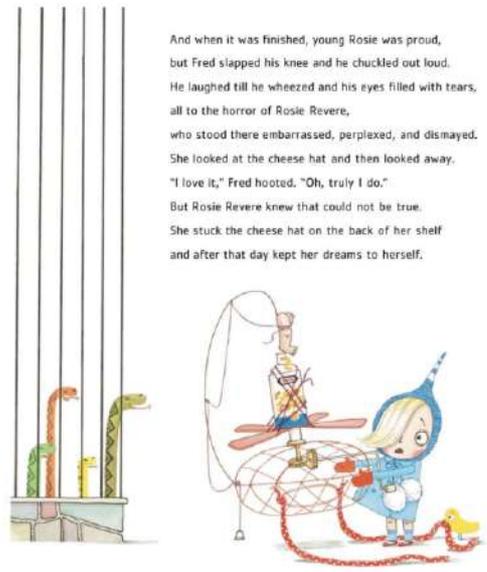


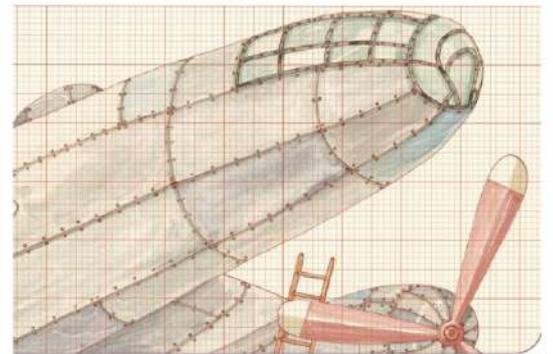
The uncle she loved most was Zookeeper Fred.  
She made him a hat (to keep snakes off his head)  
from parts of a fan and some cheddar cheese spray—  
which everyone knows keeps the pythons away.





And when it was finished, young Rosie was proud,  
but Fred slapped his knee and he chuckled out loud.  
He laughed till he wheezed and his eyes filled with tears,  
all to the horror of Rosie Revere,  
who stood there embarrassed, perplexed, and dismayed.  
She looked at the cheese hat and then looked away.  
"I love it," Fred hooted. "Oh, truly I do."  
But Rosie Revere knew that could not be true.  
She stuck the cheese hat on the back of her shelf  
and after that day kept her dreams to herself.



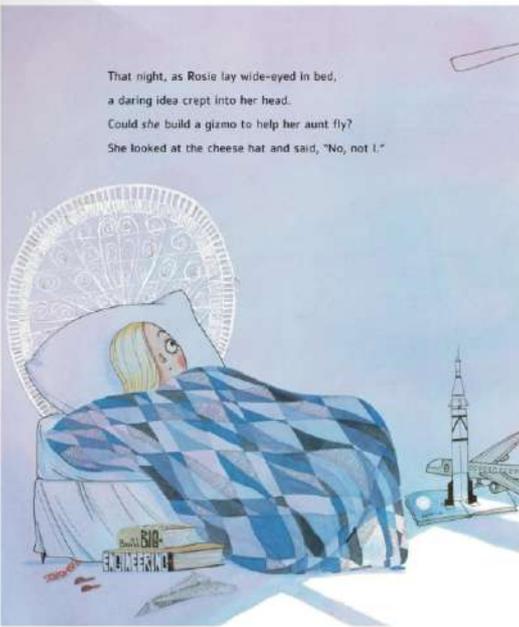


And that's how it went until one autumn day,  
Her oldest relation showed up for a stay.  
Her great-great-aunt Rose was a true dynamo  
who'd worked building airplanes a long time ago.  
She told Rosie tales of the things she had done  
and goals she had checked off her list one by one.

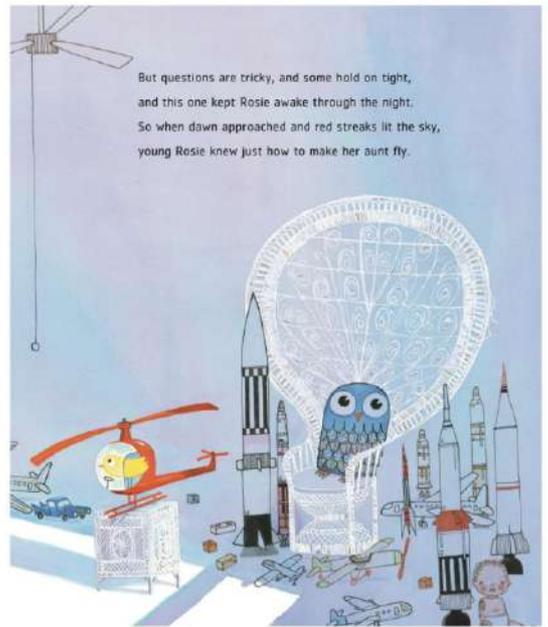
She gave a sad smile as she looked to the sky:  
"The only thrill left on my list is to fly!  
But time never lingers as long as it seems.  
I'll chalk that one up to an old lady's dreams."



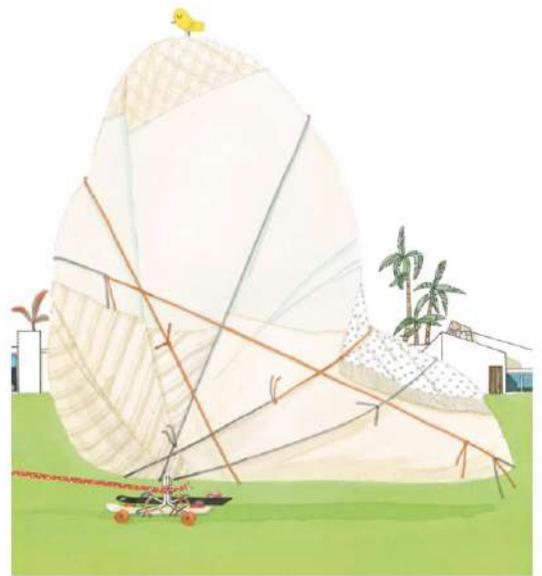
That night, as Rosie lay wide-eyed in bed,  
a daring idea crept into her head.  
Could she build a gizmo to help her aunt fly?  
She looked at the cheese hat and said, "No, not I."

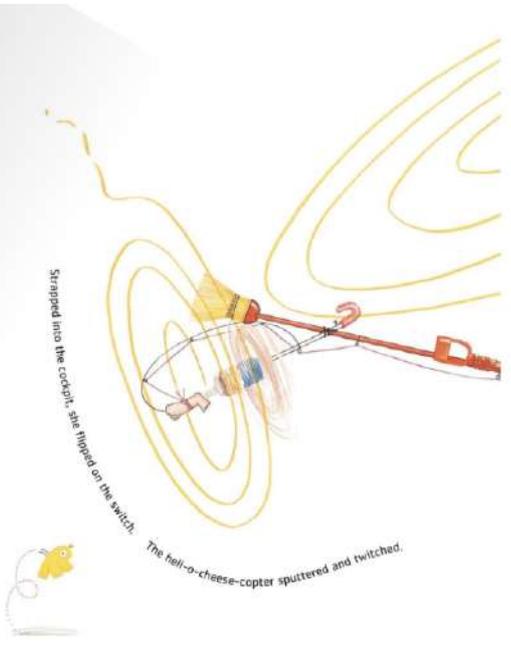


But questions are tricky, and some hold on tight,  
and this one kept Rosie awake through the night.  
So when dawn approached and red streaks lit the sky,  
young Rosie knew just how to make her aunt fly.

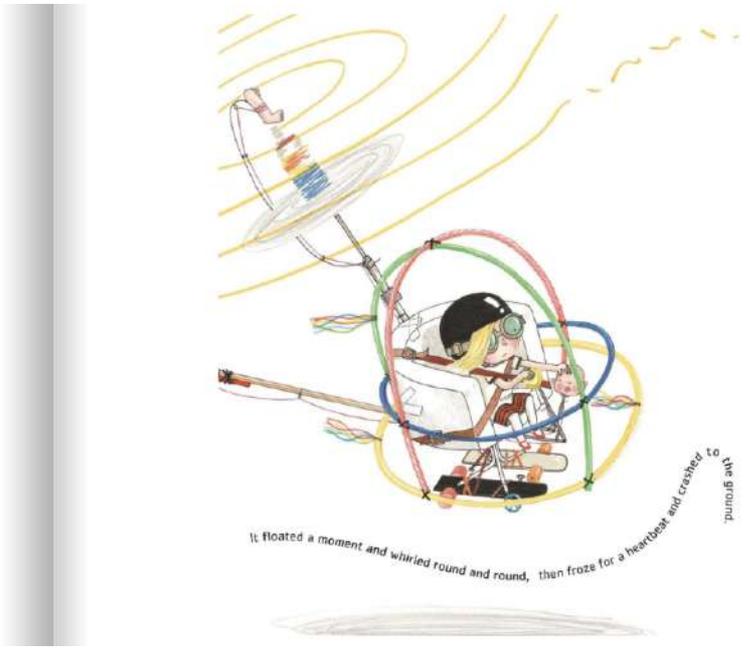


She worked and she worked till the day was half gone,  
then hauled her cheese-copter out onto the lawn  
to give her invention a test just to see  
the ridiculous flop it might turn out to be.





Strapped into the cockpit, she flipped on the switch. The hel-o-cheese-copter sputtered and twitched.



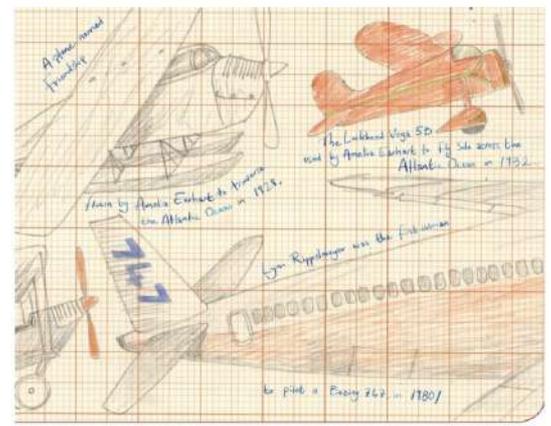
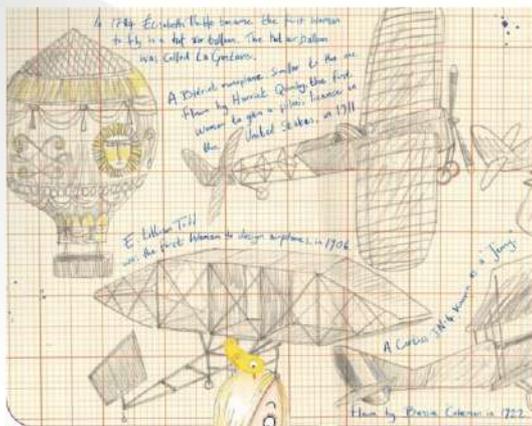
It floated a moment and whirled round and round, then froze for a heartbeat and crashed to the ground.

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-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 try!  
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 made of trash.  
Didn't you see it? The cheese-copter crashed."  
"Yes!" said her great aunt. "It crashed. That is true.  
But first it did just what it needed to do.  
Before it crashed, Rosie ...  
before that ...  
it flew!"



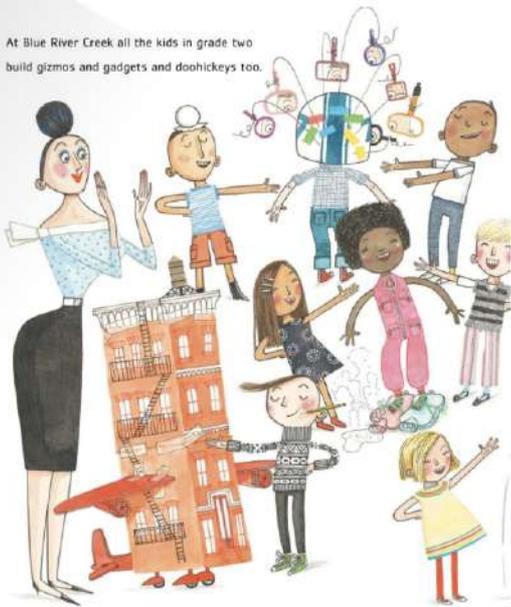


"Your brilliant first flop was a raging success! Come on, let's get busy and on to the next!" She handed a notebook to Rosie Revere, who smiled at her aunt as it all became clear. Life might have its failures, but this was *not* it. The only true failure can come if you quit.

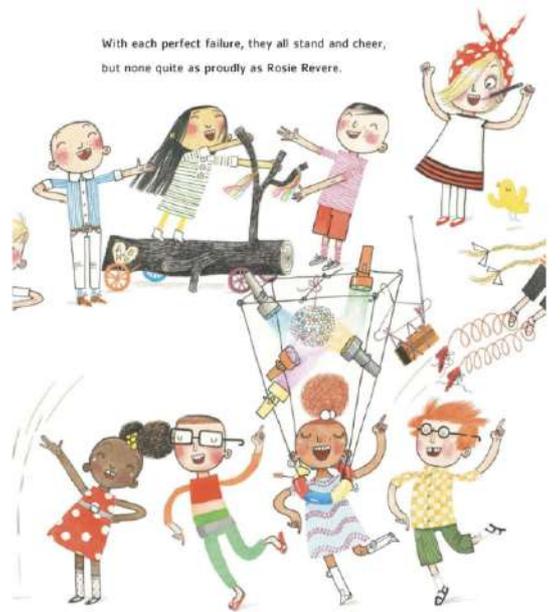


They worked till the sun sneaked away to its bed,  
Aunt Rose tied her headscarf around Rosie's head  
and sent her to sleep with a smile ear-to-ear  
to dream the bold dreams of a great engineer.

At Blue River Creek all the kids in grade two  
build gizmos and gadgets and doohickeys too.



With each perfect failure, they all stand and cheer,  
but none quite as proudly as Rosie Revere.





With gratitude to our parents' and grandparents' generation  
for doing what was needed when it was needed the most  
—A. B. & D. R.

#### HISTORICAL NOTE

During World War II, millions of women in the United States, the United Kingdom, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, the Soviet Union, 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 some pieces, pencil and graph paper were also employed.

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