

I Love Saturdays y domingos

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Genre

Realistic fiction tells a story that could really happen. Read to find out why this girl loves Saturdays and *domingos*.



Question of the Week
How are cultures alike and different?



Saturdays and Sundays are my special days.
I call Sundays *domingos*, and you'll soon see why.

On Saturdays, I go visit Grandpa and Grandma.
Grandpa and Grandma are my father's parents.
They are always happy to see me.
I say, "Hi, Grandpa! Hi, Grandma!" as I walk in.
And they say, "Hello, sweetheart! How are you?
Hello, darling!"



I spend *los domingos* with *Abuelito y Abuelita*.
Abuelito y Abuelita are my mother's parents.
They are always happy to see me.

I say: —¡*Hola, Abuelito! ¡Hola, Abuelita!*— as I get
out of the car.

And they say: —¡*Hola, hijita! ¿Cómo estás?*
¡*Hola, mi corazón!*

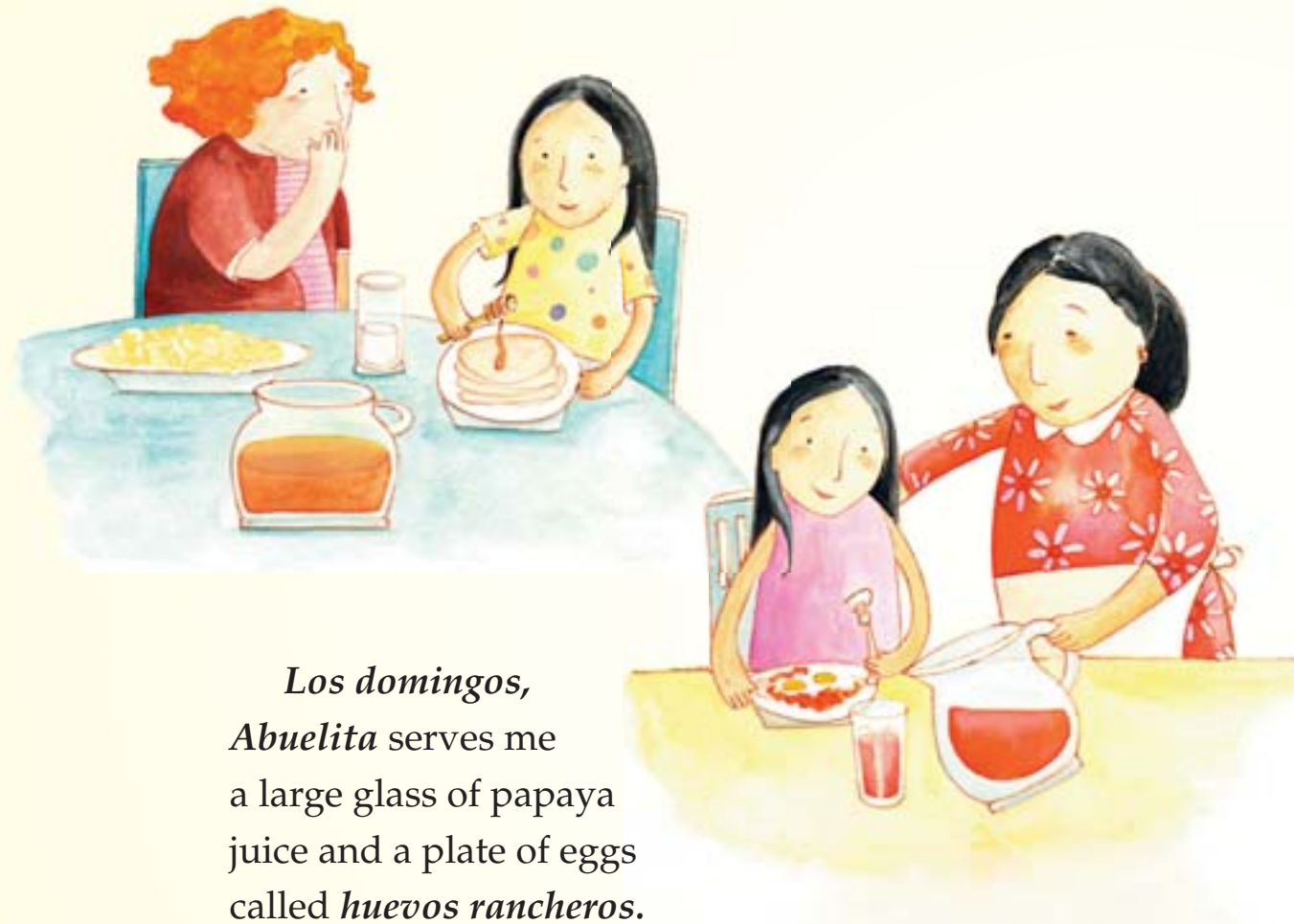


On Saturdays, Grandma serves me breakfast: milk, scrambled eggs, and pancakes.

The pancakes are spongy. I like to put a lot of honey on my pancakes.

Grandma asks me, "Do you like them sweetheart?"

And I answer, "Oh, yes, Grandma, I love them!"



Los domingos, Abuelita serves me a large glass of papaya juice and a plate of eggs called *huevos rancheros*.

The *huevos rancheros* are wonderful.

No one makes them better than *Abuelita*.

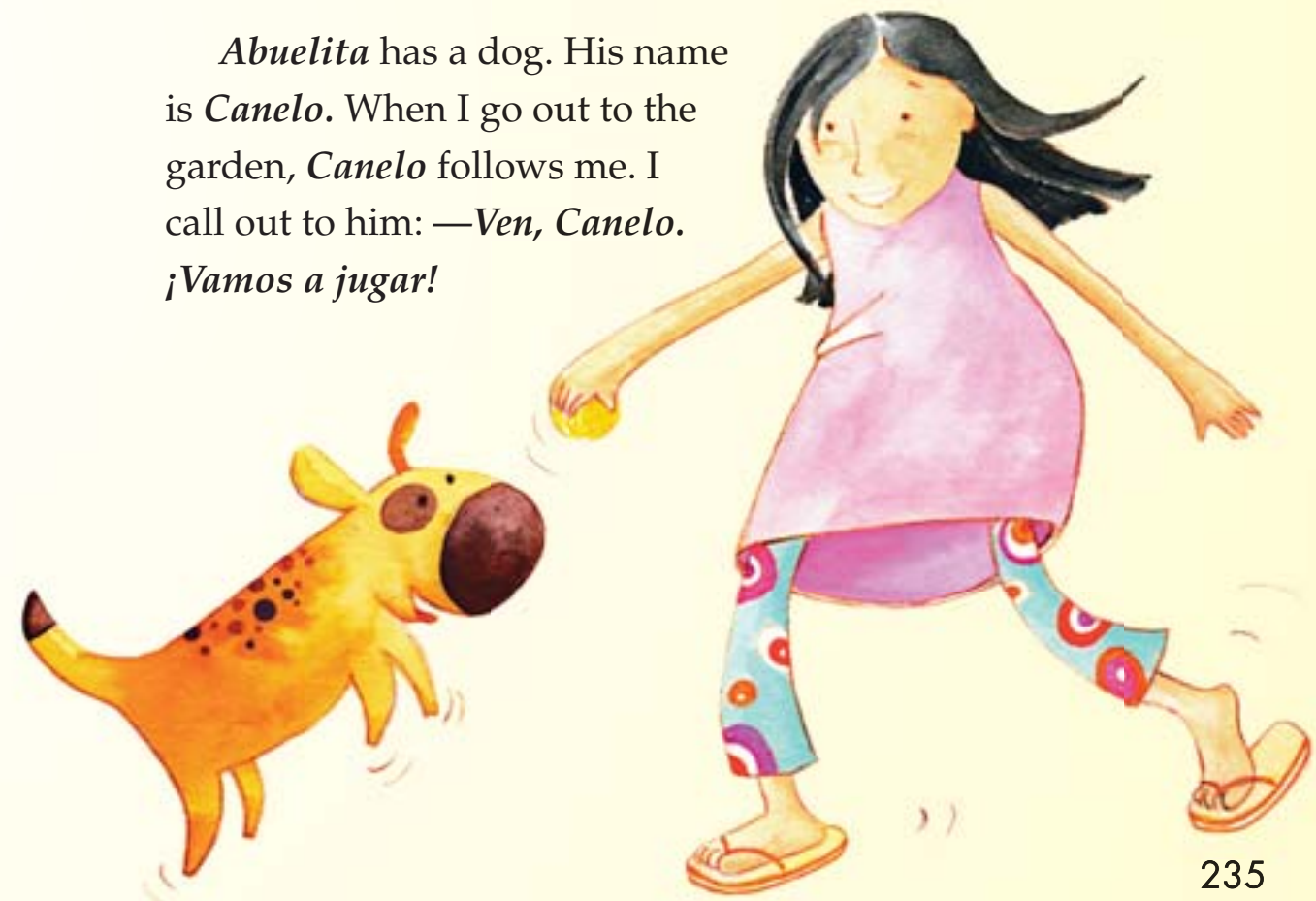
Abuelita asks me if I like them: —¿Te gustan, hijita?

First I need to **swallow**, and then I answer: —Sí, *Abuelita*, ¡me encantan!

Grandma has a tabby cat. Her name is Taffy. I roll on the carpet and call, "Come, Taffy, let's play."



Abuelita has a dog. His name is *Canelo*. When I go out to the garden, *Canelo* follows me. I call out to him: —Ven, *Canelo*. ¡Vamos a jugar!



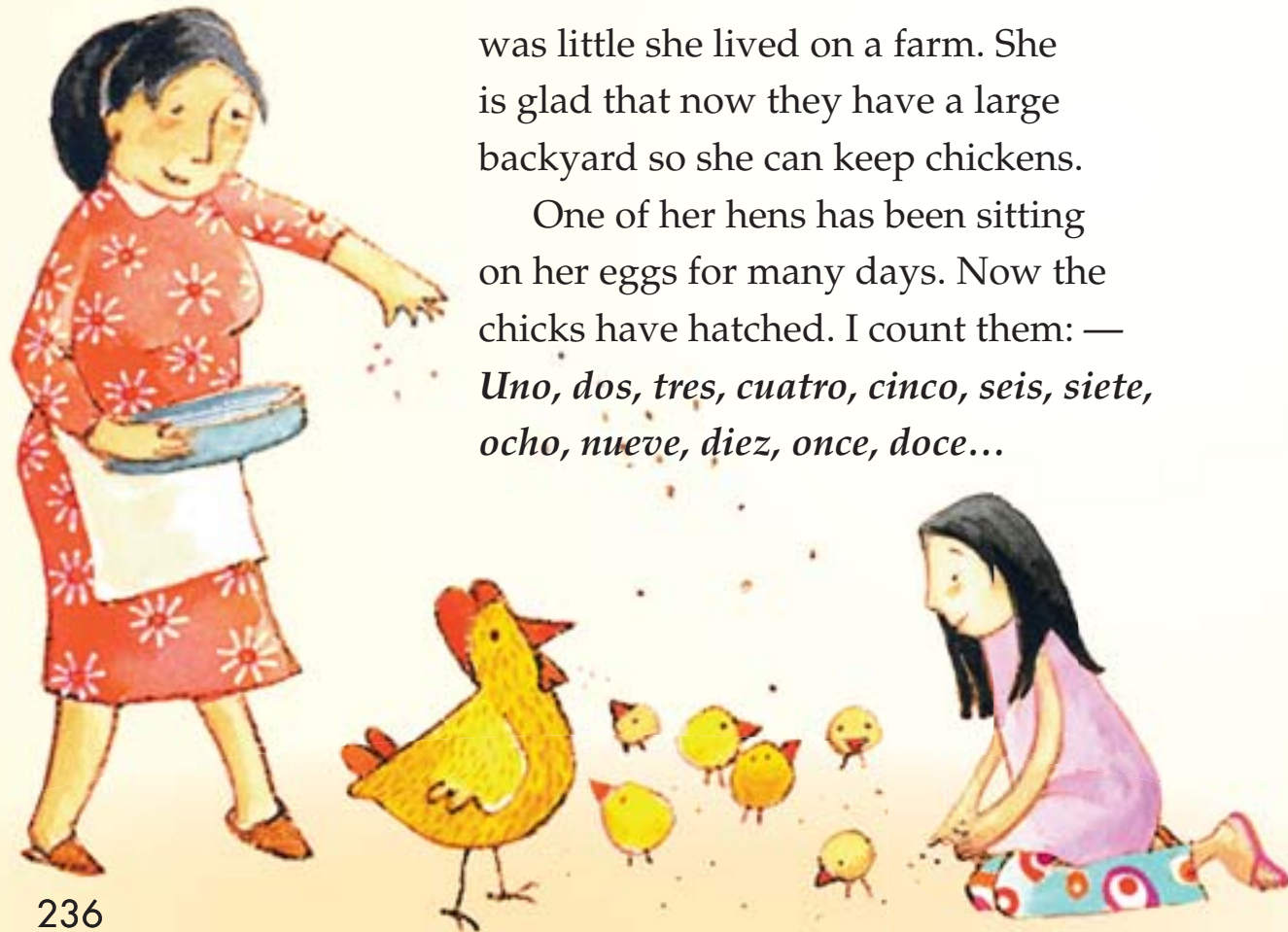
Grandma collects owls. Every time that she and Grandpa go on a trip she brings back an owl for her collection.

Each one is different. I count them: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve...to see how her collection is growing.



Abuelita loves animals. When she was little she lived on a farm. She is glad that now they have a large backyard so she can keep chickens.

One of her hens has been sitting on her eggs for many days. Now the chicks have hatched. I count them: — *Uno, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco, seis, siete, ocho, nueve, diez, once, doce...*



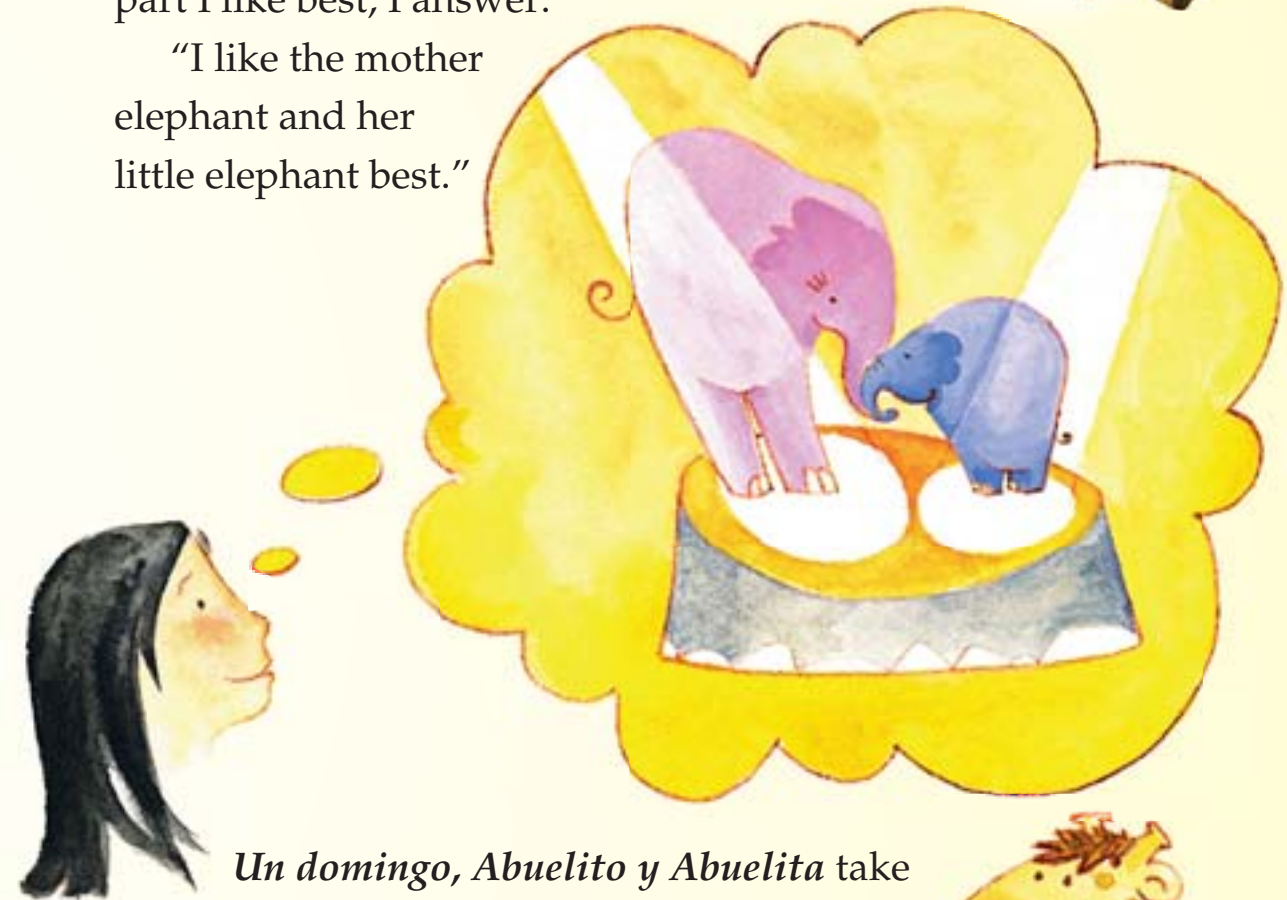
One Saturday, Grandpa and Grandma play a movie about the **circus** for me on their VCR.

"I like the circus, especially the lions and tigers," says Grandpa.

"And the giraffes," says Grandma.

When Grandma and Grandpa ask me what part I like best, I answer:

"I like the mother elephant and her little elephant best."



Un domingo, Abuelito y Abuelita take me to a real circus.

—*Me encanta el circo, Abuelito*—I say.

—*Mira los leones y los tigres*—says *Abuelita*.

—*¡Y las jirafas!*—*Abuelito* adds.

When they ask me what I like best, I say:

—*La mamá elefanta y su elefantito.*



Grandpa has a beautiful aquarium. He keeps it very clean.

"Look at that big fish!" Grandpa says, and points to a big yellow fish.

"I like the little ones," I answer.

It's fun to watch the big and little fish. I watch, my nose pressed against the glass, for a long time.



Abuelito takes me to the seashore. He loves to walk by the ocean. We sit on the pier and look down at the water.

—*Mira el pez grande*— *Abuelito* says. He points to a big fish.

—*Me gustan los chiquitos*— I answer, and show him some little silver fish that are nibbling by a rock.

We stay at the pier *un buen rato*, for a long time.

Grandpa knows I love surprises.

One Saturday, when I arrive, he has blown up a bunch of balloons for me. The balloons look like a big bouquet of flowers: yellow, red, orange, blue, and green.

"What fun, Grandpa" I say, and run with my balloons up and down the yard.



Un domingo, Abuelito also has a special surprise for me. He has made me a kite. The kite is made of colored paper and looks like a giant butterfly: *amarillo, rojo, anaranjado, azul, y verde*.

—*¡Qué divertido, Abuelito!*— I say. And I hold on to the string of my kite as it soars high in the air.





Grandpa likes to tell stories.

He tells me about how his mother, his father, and his older brother came to America in a big ship from Europe.

He also tells me about growing up in New York City. When he was a young boy, he delivered papers early in the morning, before school, to help his family.



Abuelito also likes to tell stories.

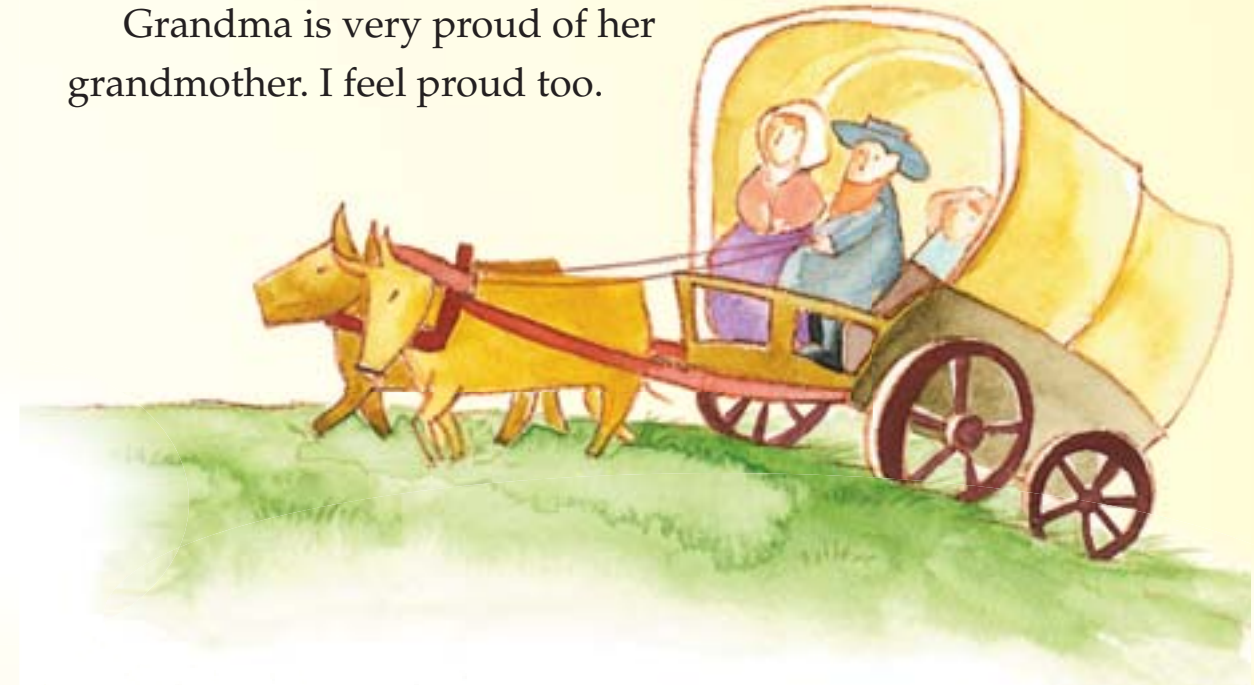
He tells me about the times when he was growing up on a *rancho* in Mexico. He worked in the fields when he was very young.

He also tells me how his father went to Texas, looking for work, and *Abuelito* was left in charge of his family. And he was only twelve!

Grandma loves to tell me about her grandmother whose parents came to California in a covered wagon. It was a long and **difficult** trip.

Grandma's grandmother was born on the trail. Later she became a teacher.

Grandma is very proud of her grandmother. I feel proud too.



Abuelita loves to tell me about her *abuelita* and her *mamá*. Her *abuelita*'s family are Native Americans.

Abuelita is very proud of her Indian blood because the Indians really know how to love the land.

Abuelita feels *orgullo*, and I feel *orgullo*, too.

It's my birthday. This time, Grandpa and Grandma come to our house. They have brought me a new doll.

Grandma has made her a dress in my favorite color.

"What a beautiful doll, Grandpa!" I tell him, and I give him a big kiss.

"What a pretty blue dress! Thank you, Grandma, I love you very much!" I say.



Abuelito y Abuelita also come.

Abuelito has made me a dollhouse.

Abuelita has made me a dress for my birthday party. The dress is exactly like my doll's dress.

Abuelita and Grandma must have planned this surprise together!

—*¡Qué linda casa de muñecas, Abuelito!*

¡Gracias!— I say, and give *Abuelito* a big hug.

—*¡Y qué bonito vestido azul, Abuelita! El azul es mi color favorito*— I tell her. —*Gracias, Abuelita. Te quiero mucho.*

All my cousins and friends come to the party. We gather together to break the *piñata* that my Mom has filled with gifts.

Abuelito is holding the rope to make the *piñata* go up and down.

We all line up. The younger kids in front.

Abuelita covers our eyes with a folded scarf so that we can't see the *piñata*.

Some say, "Happy birthday!" and some say —*¡Feliz cumpleaños!*

For me it's a wonderful day, *un día maravilloso*.

