



MEET THE



Gran

Age: 65

Favorite Saying: "No guts, no glory."

RV's Name: the Beast

Future Goal: to climb Mount Everest

Best Quality: happy

CHARACTERS



Ana

Age: 11

Hidden Talent: moonwalking

Favorite Board Game: checkers

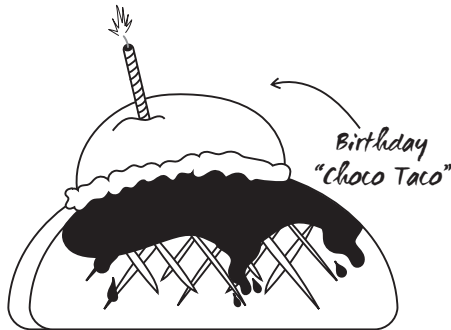
Biggest Fear: a bug will climb into her ear and lay eggs

Best Quality: curious

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BIRTHDAY GIRL

Ana Salazar was excited. It was her birthday. She was 11 years old. And she was ready to celebrate. Her grandmother was with her. They were at Fresh Mex Grill. It wasn't a party. But it was perfect.



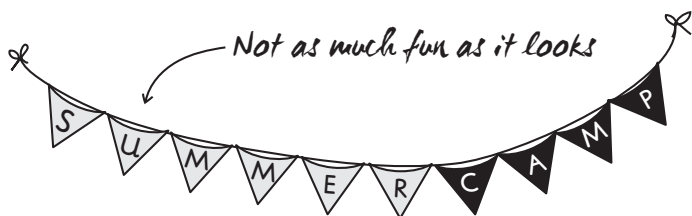
Ana's real birthday already passed. It was on Sunday. The party was that



day. Nothing big. It was just Ana and her parents. And her brother, Jason. It was fun. But today was special. Her grandma was cool. The coolest person Ana knew.

“Do you have summer plans?” Gran asked.

Ana’s smile faded. “Summer camp,” she said sadly. “I hate camp, Gran. It was awful last year. This time won’t be any better.”



Ana changed the subject. She wanted this day to be happy. “Do you have plans?”

Gran nodded. “I’m taking a trip in my RV. I’ll be driving to New Orleans,” she said. “It’s for my new book. It’s about traveling

through the U.S. Seeing odd sights. And eating cheap but good food.”

“That sounds fun,” Ana said.

Gran was awesome. Her name was Casey Davis. She was 65. And she could do anything.

Gran didn’t just write books. She ran marathons. She also flew planes. And she had been a nurse in the army. Ana saw her medals. Most were for being brave.



“Can I go with you?” Ana asked.

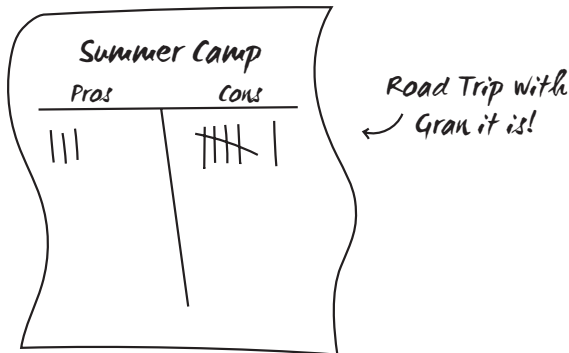
Gran smiled. “I’d love that. But your mom and dad might not.”

“But, Gran,” Ana said. “I’ve lived here my whole life. I’ve never been far from San Diego. *Please* take me with you.”

Gran said she would think about it.

Ana could see it now. The two of them off on a big adventure. Just the idea was exciting.

And think of what they would see. Deserts. Mountains. Big rivers. And big cities. There would be so many stories to tell. What if she had a choice? Road trip or camp? Camp would lose.



It was after lunch. Gran dropped Ana off at home. “Come in with me, Gran.” But Gran had to go. She had a meeting. It was about her book.

Ana said goodbye. Then she ran to the door. She was out of breath by the time she got inside.

“Mom! Dad!”

“We’re in here,” Mom called out.

Ana ran to the living room. “Gran is going on a trip. She’s going to New Orleans. She wants me to go.”

“Slow down,” Mom said. “What is this about?”

“It’s Gran. She’s going on a trip. She’s taking the RV. And she said ...” Ana stopped. “What’s wrong, Dad? Are you mad?”

Casey Davis was Mom’s mother. Dad and Gran had never gotten along. “Ana,” he said.

“A trip like that is long. And Gran is over 60 years old. It might not be safe.”

Mom looked at Dad. “I’m sure Ana would be safe.” Then Mom looked at Ana. “What about summer camp? Your friends? You’d miss out on the fun.”

“I hate camp,” Ana said. “Something bad always happens. One girl almost drowned last year. And we all got sick. Gran will take good care of me. I *have* to go on that trip.”

