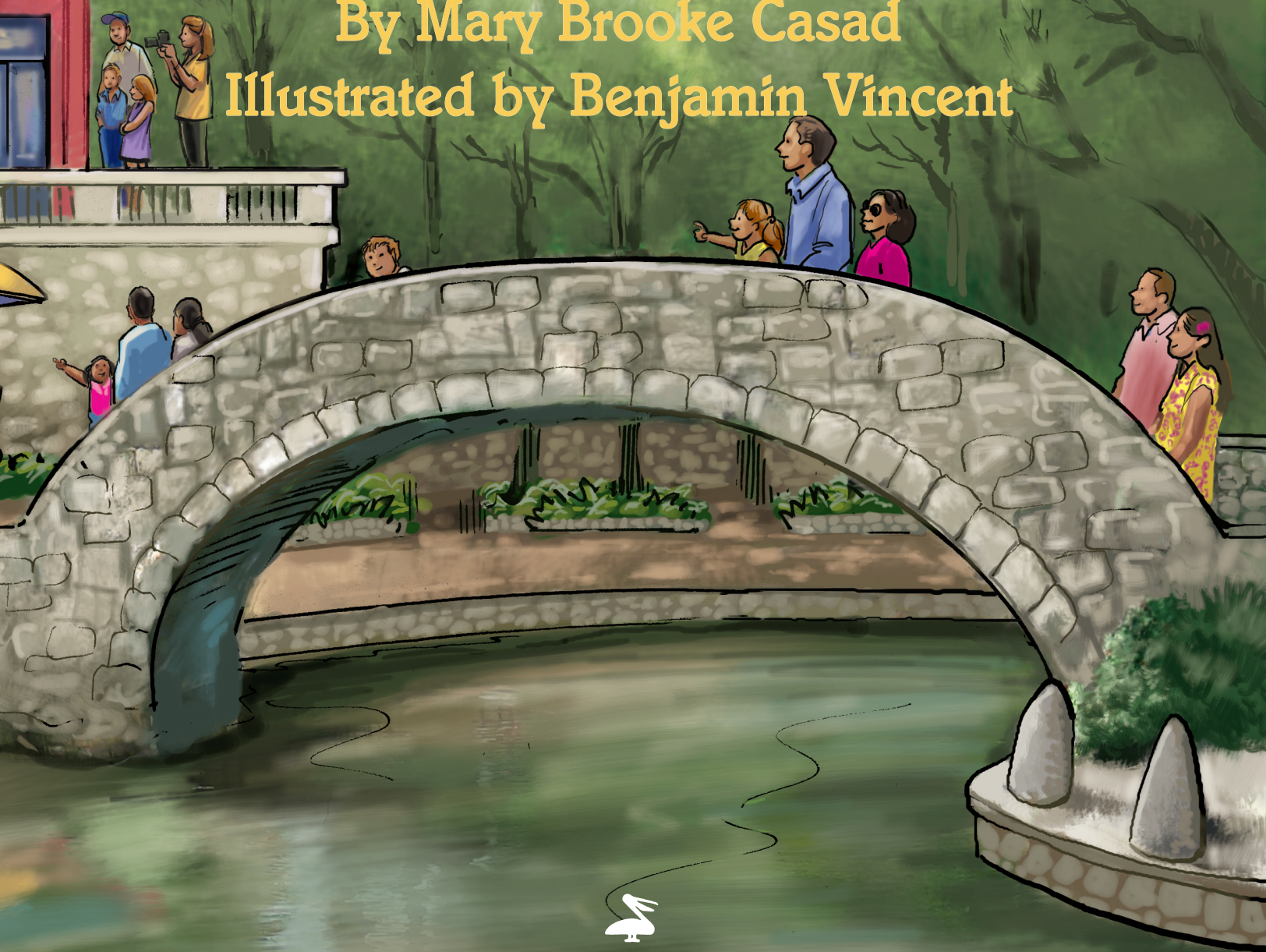


BLUEBONNET

at the
Alamo

By Mary Brooke Casad
Illustrated by Benjamin Vincent



PELICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

GRETNA 2013

*For “Mimi,” my grandmother Mary G. Kelley,
who taught me to always “Remember the Alamo!”*

Copyright © 2013
By Mary Brooke Casad

Illustrations copyright © 2013
By Benjamin Vincent
All rights reserved

*The word “Pelican” and the depiction of a pelican are
trademarks of Pelican Publishing Company, Inc., and are
registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office.*

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Casad, Mary Brooke.

Bluebonnet at the Alamo / by Mary Brooke Casad ; illustrated by
Benjamin Vincent.

pages cm

Summary: “While visiting the Alamo in San Antonio, Bluebonnet the armadillo meets another armadillo, whose family has lived there since the days of the famous battle. In fact, this armadillo has Jim Bowie’s knife. Can Bluebonnet convince him to leave it to the Alamo Museum so that the public can view it?”— Provided by publisher.

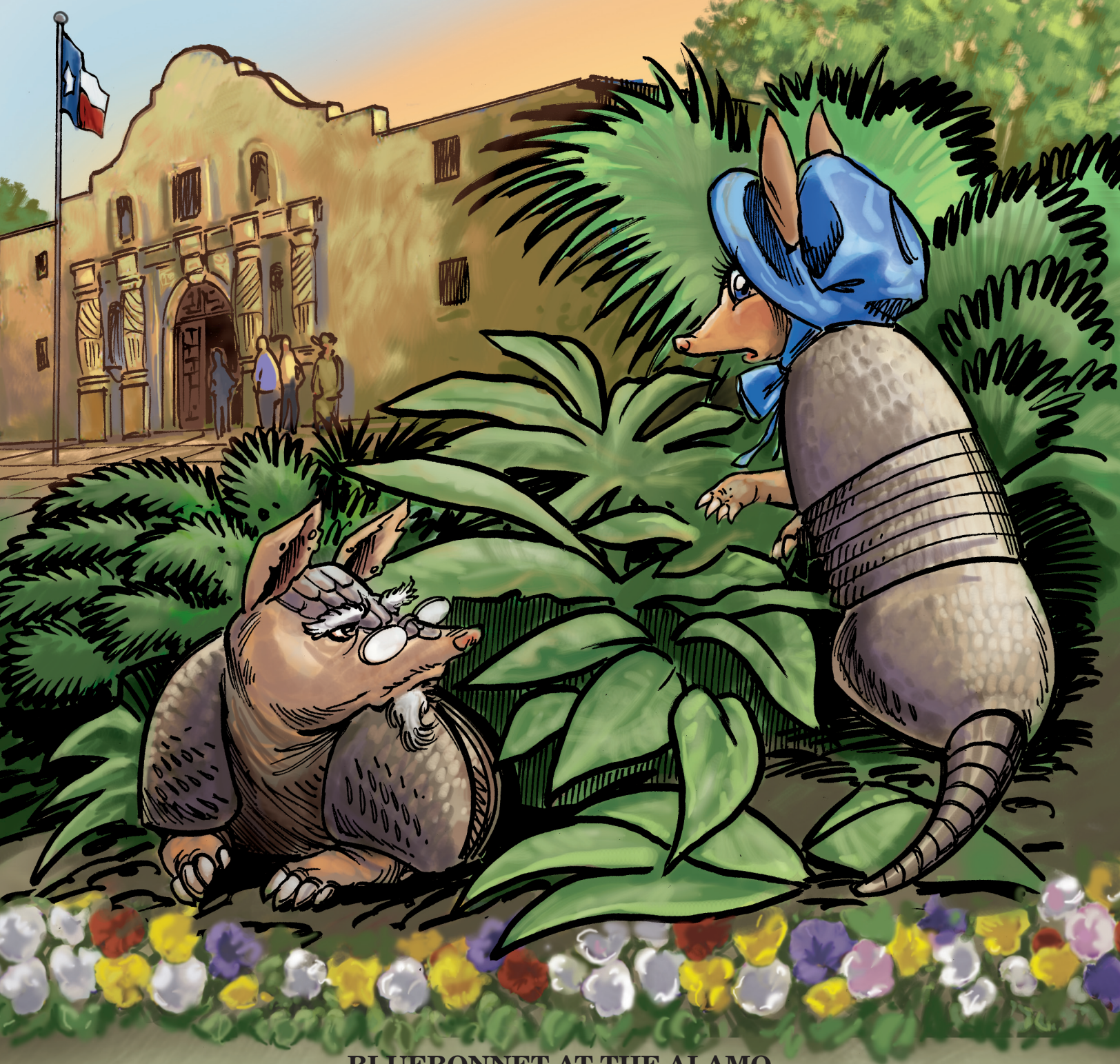
ISBN 978-1-4556-1806-4 (hardcover : alk. paper) — ISBN 978-1-4556-1807-1 (e-book) 1. Alamo (San Antonio, Tex.)—Juvenile fiction. [1. Alamo (San Antonio, Tex.)—Fiction. 2. Texas—Fiction. 3. Armadillos—Fiction.] I. Vincent, Benjamin, illustrator. II. Title. PZ7.C265Bmh 2013

[E]—dc23

2013012630



Printed in Singapore
Published by Pelican Publishing Company, Inc.
1000 Burmaster Street, Gretna, Louisiana 70053

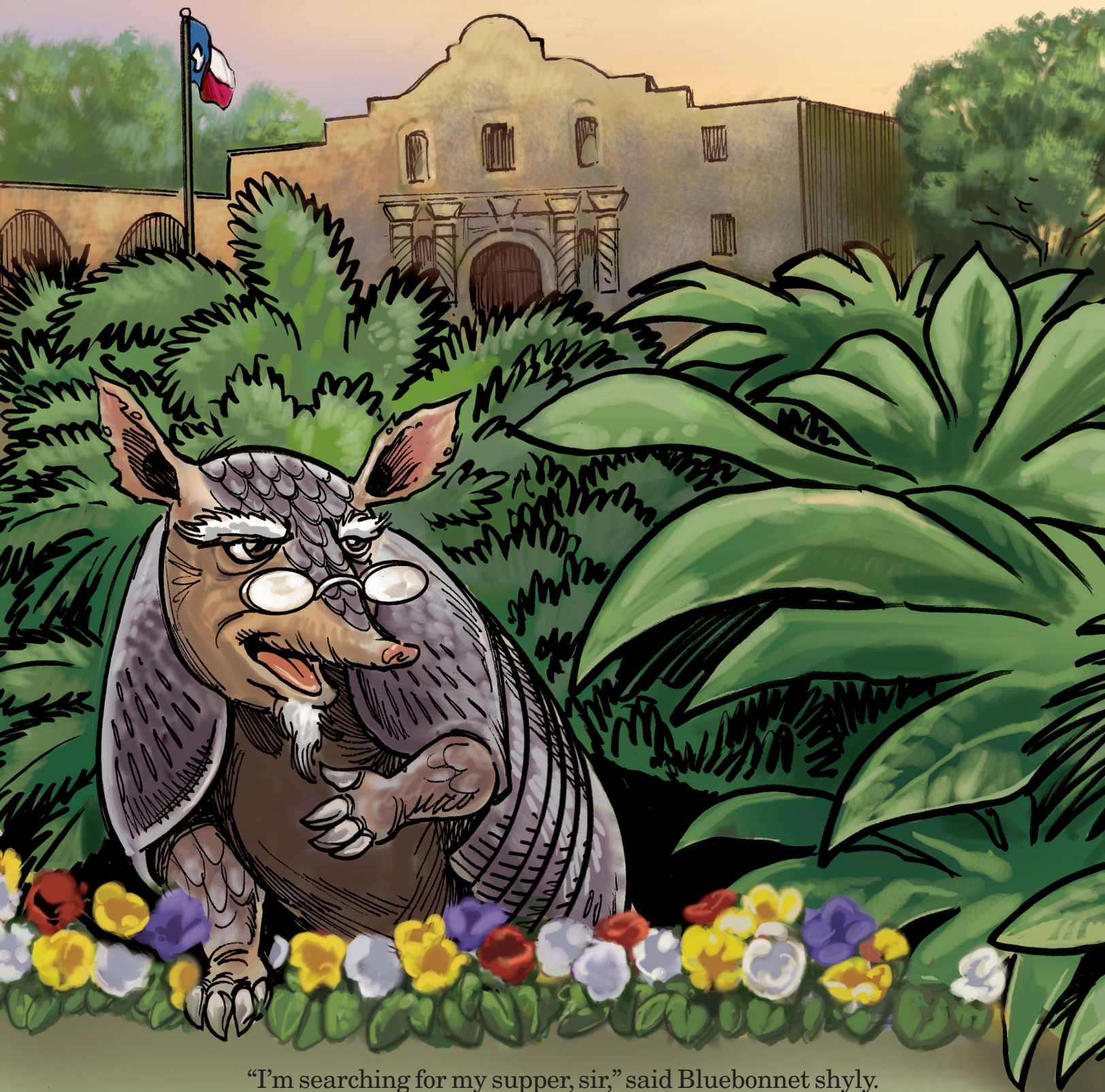


BLUEBONNET AT THE ALAMO

Bluebonnet made her way down the winding River Walk in the city of San Antonio, Texas. Soon, she was walking into the Alamo Gardens.

"I sure would like a big beetle for dinner," she said, digging into the earth with her claws. Suddenly, Bluebonnet heard a rustling in the bushes. Peering out from beneath her sunbonnet, she saw another armadillo.

"Well, young lady, just what do you think you're doing?" he asked gruffly.



"I'm searching for my supper, sir," said Bluebonnet shyly.

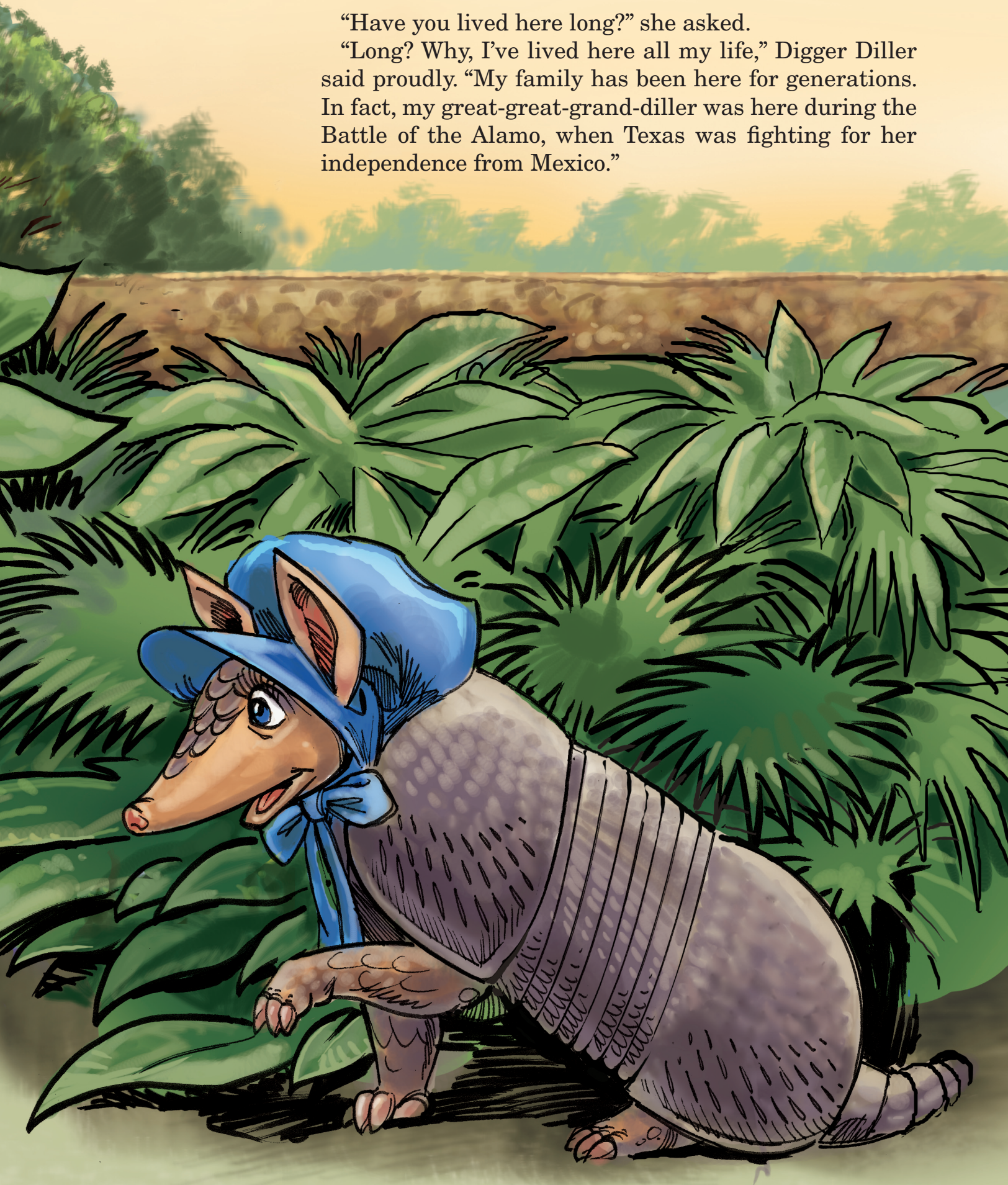
"Humph!" he snorted. "Well, you won't find any there, although I know of a place where you will find some. Just what did you say your name was?"

"I'm Bluebonnet," she replied. "I've come to see the Alamo."

"First time here, eh?" he asked. "Well, I can tell you all about it. Permit me to introduce myself. I'm Digger Diller."

“Have you lived here long?” she asked.

“Long? Why, I’ve lived here all my life,” Digger Diller said proudly. “My family has been here for generations. In fact, my great-great-grand-diller was here during the Battle of the Alamo, when Texas was fighting for her independence from Mexico.”





“What did Great-Great-Grand-Diller see?” Bluebonnet asked eagerly.

“The army of Mexican general Antonio López de Santa Anna arrived in San Antonio on February 23, 1836,” said Digger Diller. “The Alamo would be under siege for thirteen days. ‘Alamo’ is the Spanish word for ‘cottonwood.’ It was once a Spanish mission but became a fortress the Texans defended with their lives.”



“Great-Great-Grand-Diller watched Col. William Barret Travis draw a line on the ground with his sword. The commander challenged the defenders to stay and fight. All but one man crossed the line. Even Col. James Bowie, sick with pneumonia, was carried over the line on his cot. Then, Great-Great-Grand-Diller hurried back to his burrow, for he knew the fighting would be fierce. Beneath the ground in his diller den, he could hear the bugles sound. The burrow shook every time the cannonballs hit the fortress walls.”