

One day Grace's teacher said they would do the play *Peter Pan*.
Grace knew who she wanted to be.

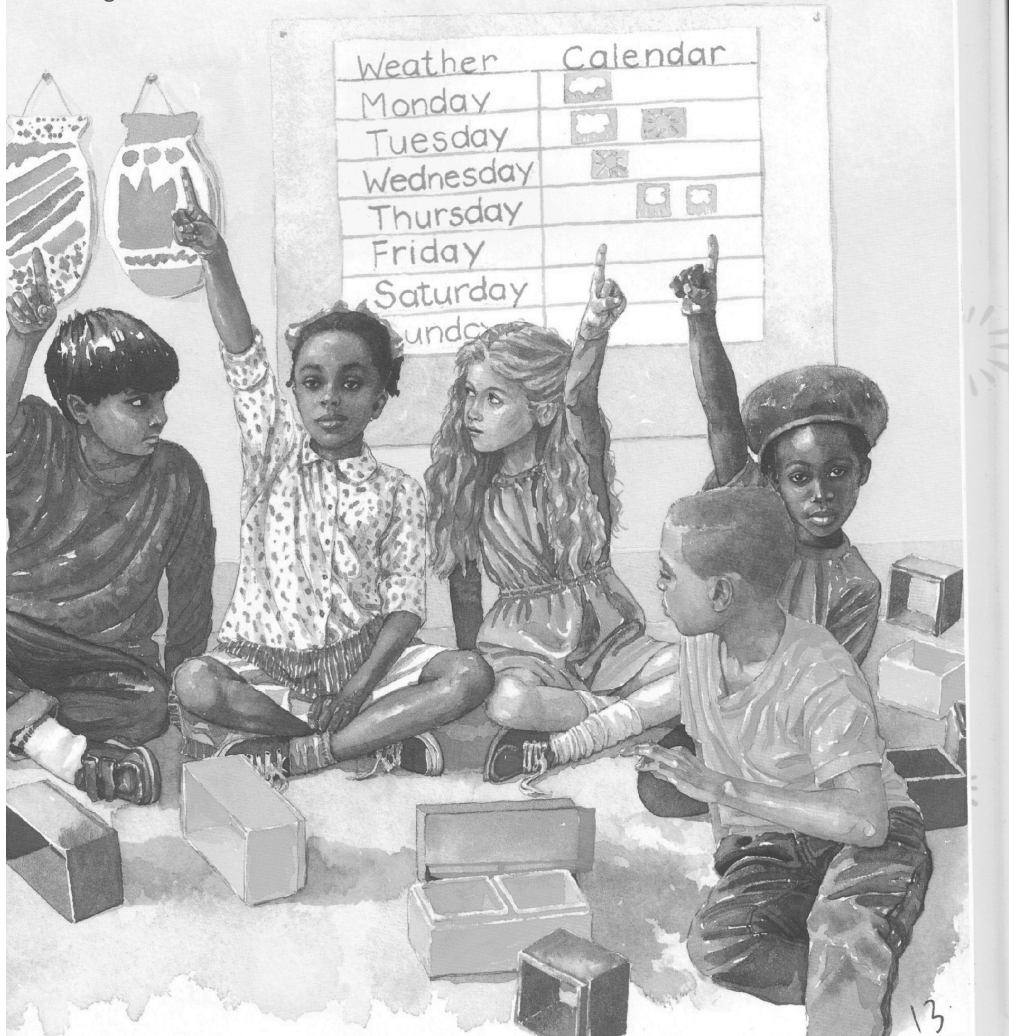
When she raised her hand, Raj said, "You can't be Peter—
that's a boy's name."

But Grace kept her hand up.



"You can't be Peter Pan," whispered Natalie. "He isn't black." But Grace kept her hand up.

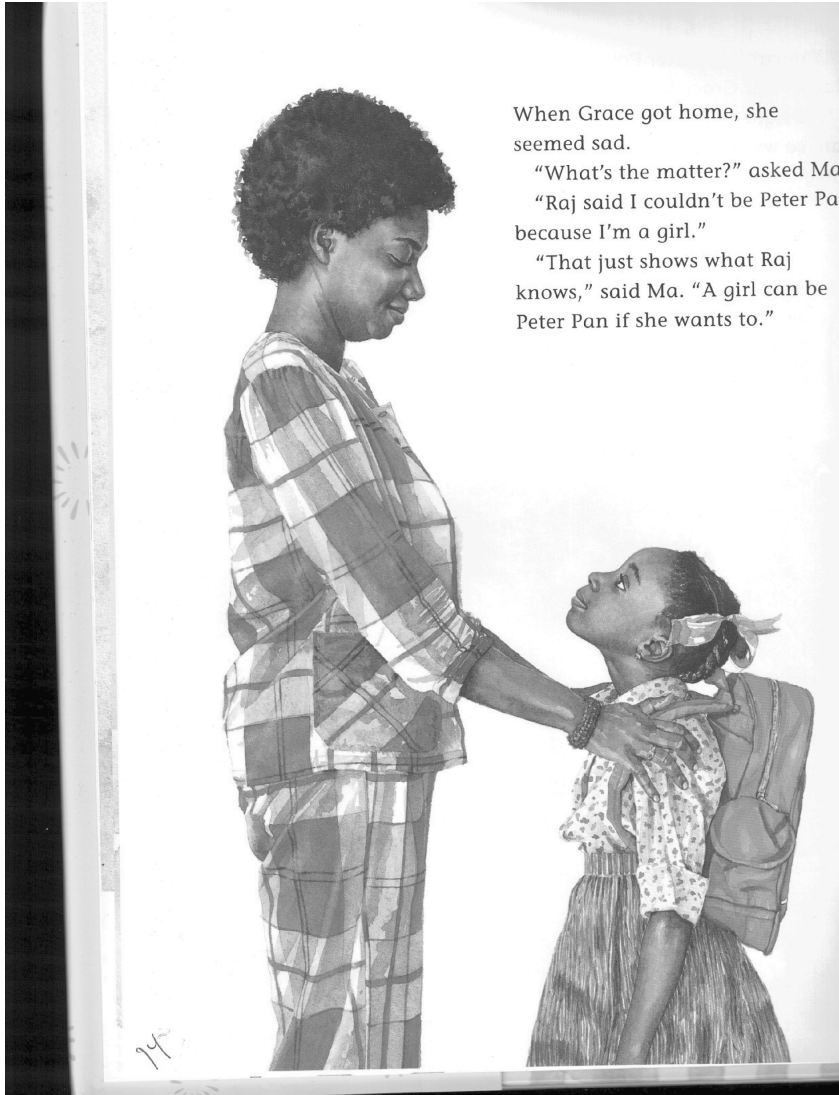
"All right," said the teacher. "Lots of you want to be Peter Pan, so we'll have to have auditions next week to choose parts." She gave them words to learn.



When Grace got home, she seemed sad.

"What's the matter?" asked Ma.
"Raj said I couldn't be Peter Pan because I'm a girl."

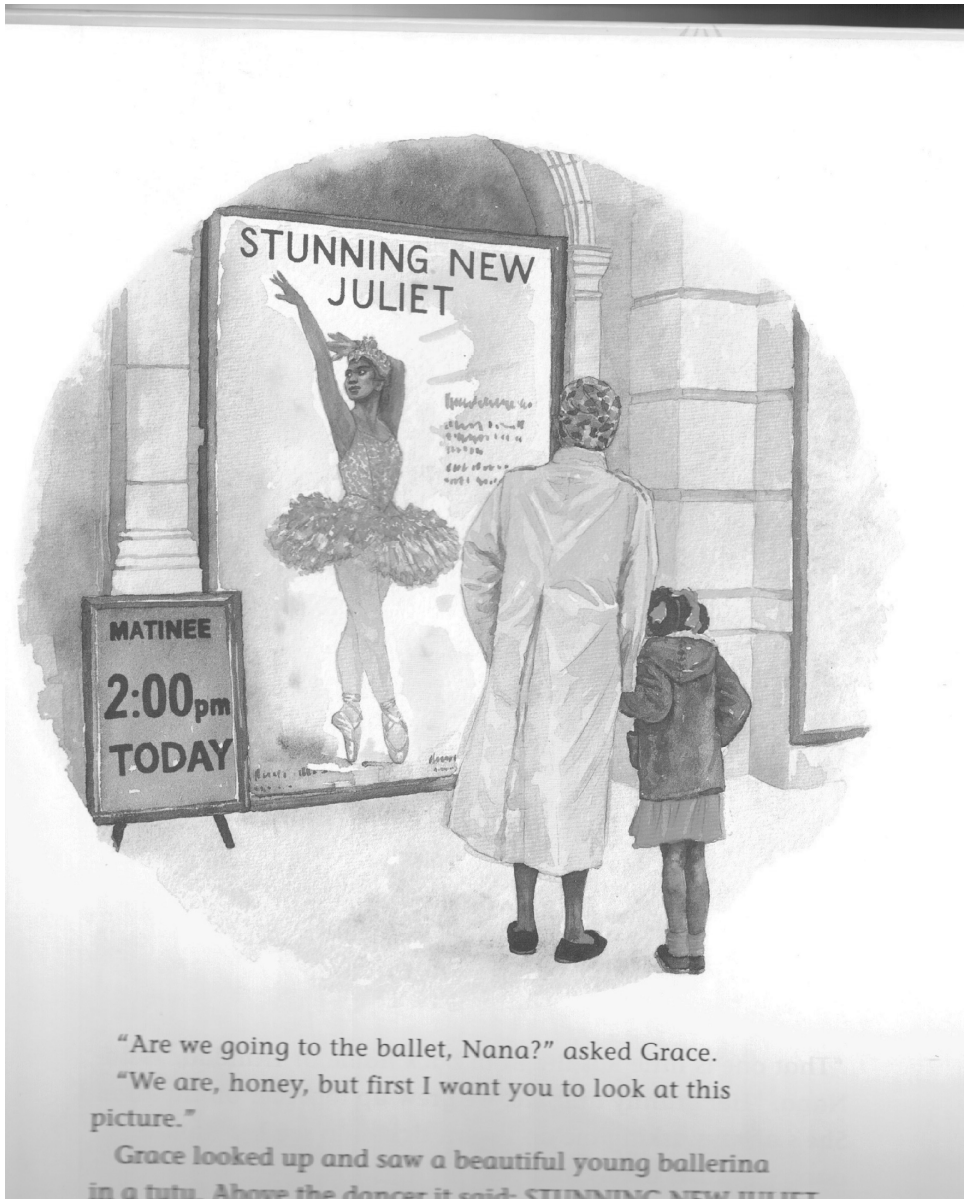
"That just shows what Raj knows," said Ma. "A girl can be Peter Pan if she wants to."





Grace cheered up, then later she remembered something else. "Natalie says I can't be Peter Pan because I'm black," she said.

Ma looked angry. But before she could speak, Nana said, "It seems Natalie is another one who don't know nothing. You can be anything you want, Grace, if you put your mind to it."

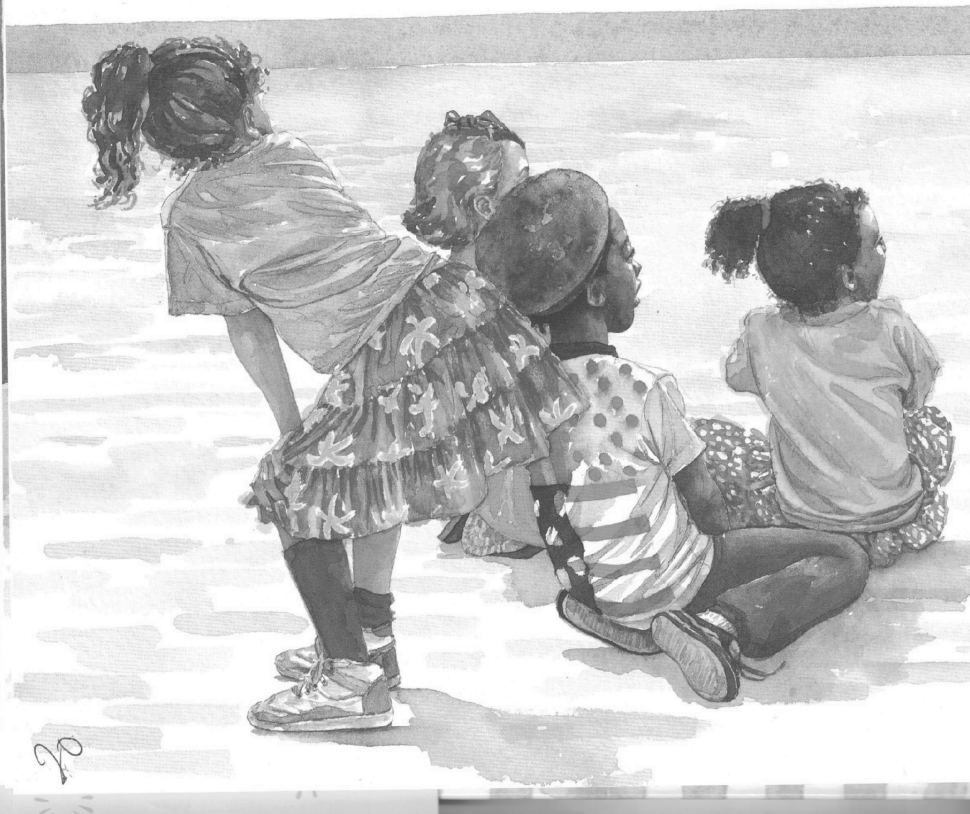


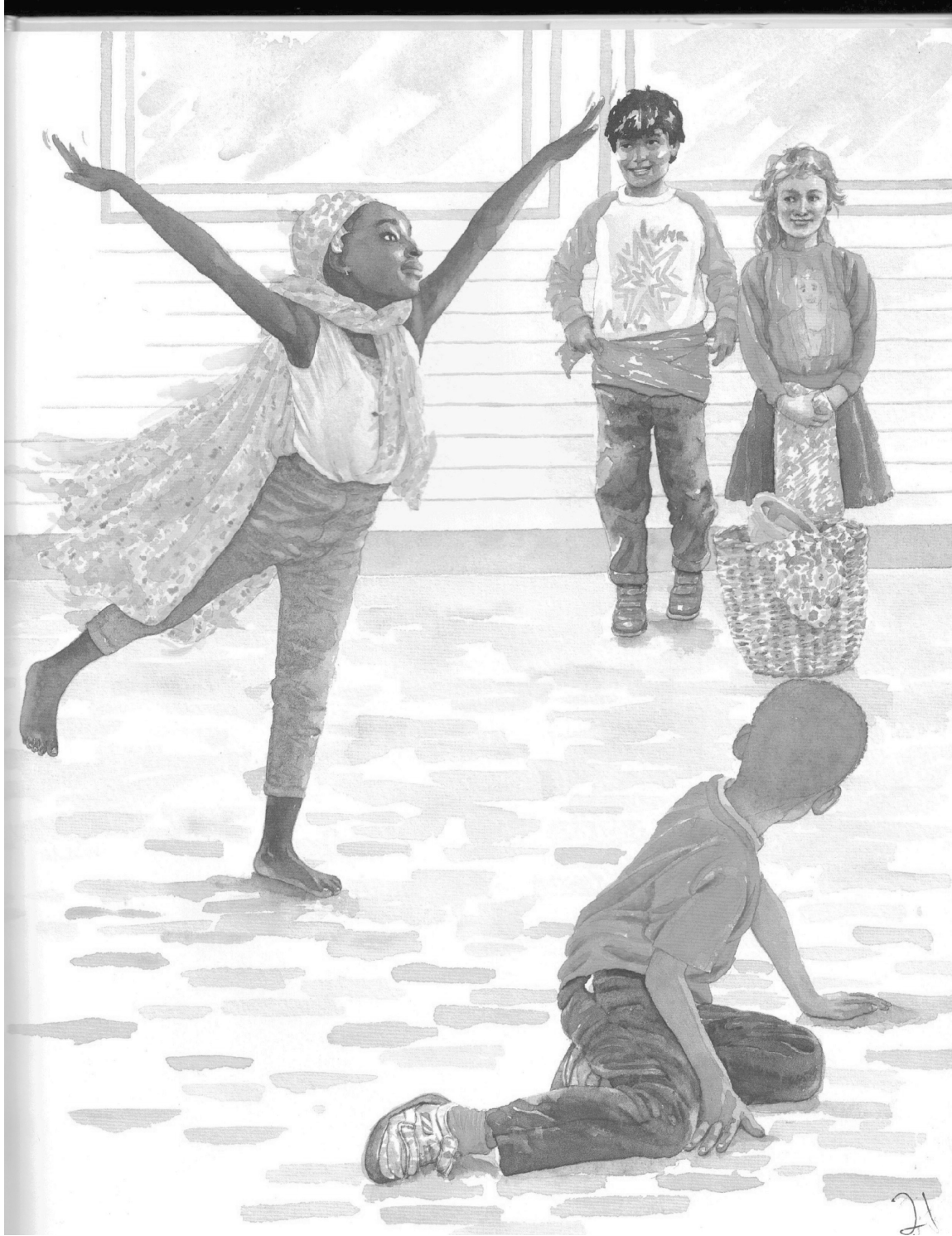
On Monday the class met for auditions to choose who was best for each part.

When it was Grace's turn to be Peter, she knew exactly what to do and all the words to say—she had been Peter Pan all weekend. She took a deep breath and imagined herself flying.

When it was time to vote, the class chose Raj to be Captain Hook and Natalie to be Wendy. There was no doubt who would be Peter Pan. *Everyone* voted for Grace.

"You were fantastic!" whispered Natalie.







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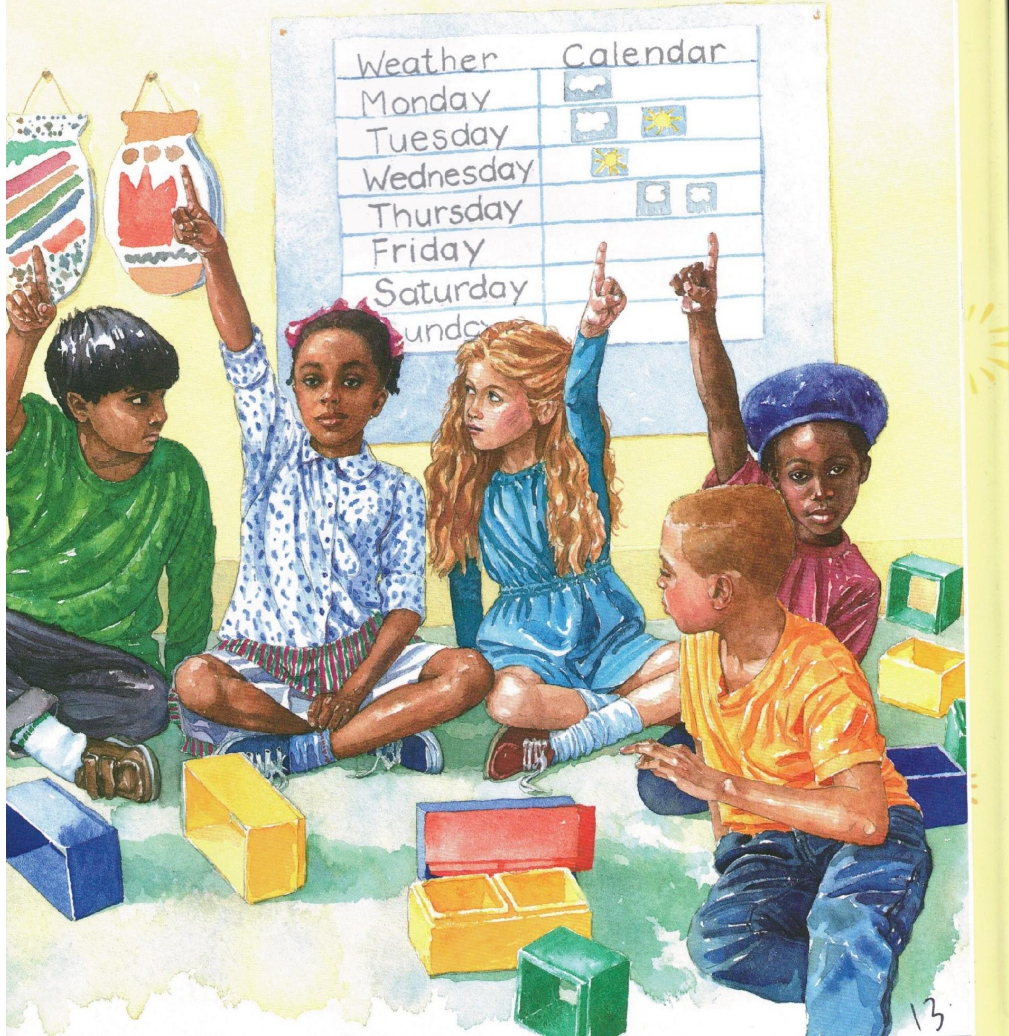
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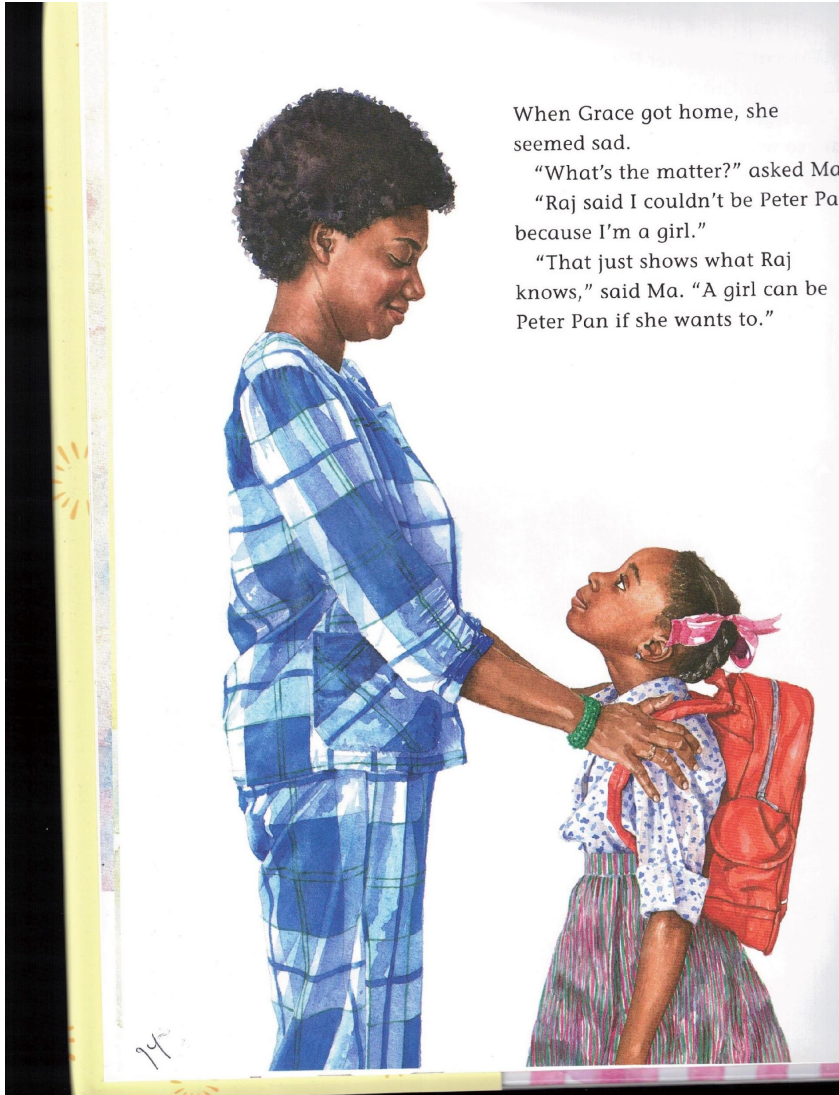


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“Are we going to the ballet, Nana?” asked Grace.
“We are, honey, but first I want you to look at this picture.”
Grace looked up and saw a beautiful young ballerina in a tutu. Above the dancer it said: STUNNING NEW JULIET

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