

ANA
and the
CALABASH



by REBECCA MIGDAL



One morning, when Ana went to pick beans in her family's milpa, she heard a loud noise...



Papa spoke politely to the driver of the bulldozer, asking him to please stop destroying their farm.



That night, Ana dreamed about a blue butterfly. The butterfly flew to Grandmother's calabash tree, and landed on one of the round fruits.



The Lord of Xibalba came, driving a bulldozer, pushing down tree after tree. Ana picked the Calabash head from the tree, and ran.



Shouting, the Lord of Xibalba jumped down from his bulldozer. Ana ran toward the calabash tree, reached up and climbed.



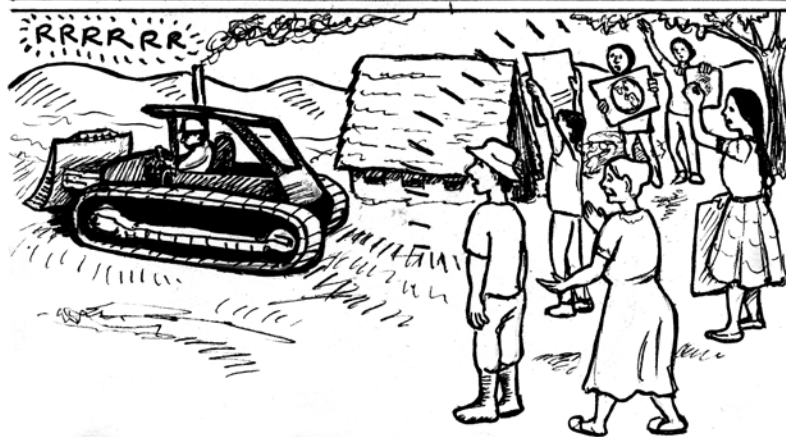
When Ana woke up, the blue butterfly was there. She followed it to Grandmother's calabash tree, and saw the bulldozer.



When the bulldozer driver arrived, Ana was far up in the top branches of the tree. "Come down!" the driver yelled. Ana shook her head.



Mama and Papa appeared, with baby Milo. "Come down!" Papa shouted. Mama wrung her hands. But Ana knew she could not let the calabash tree die.



Papa talked to the driver again. The driver waved his paper, but this time, Papa shook his head. Finally the bulldozer drove away.



Ana climbed down from the tree, and hugged Papa. "What will we do when the bulldozer returns?" Papa said. "Without corn, our village will starve."



Their friend Cristina reminded Papa about the time the loggers came. Julian Cho led the villages in protest, and the loggers had to leave. "My brother Julian was brave," she said, "And we must be brave."



The next morning all of the villagers, took a bus to the big city. Everybody held signs and chanted slogans. And after a while, the village got a paper from the government, giving the families the right to farm their land, forever.