My Name is Gabriela
by Monica Brown
illustrated by John Parra

My name is Gabriela Mistral. It is a name I chose myself because I like the sound of it. I love words and sounds and stories.

When I was a little girl, I lived with my mother and Emelina, my sister, in a small house in the beautiful Elqui Valley in Chile. From my bedroom window I could see the Andes Mountains.

When I couldn’t sleep I would look up at the mountains and wonder what could be beyond them. Zebras with polka dots? Rainbow-colored flowers? Angels reading books?

I loved words – like the sounds they made rolling off my tongue and I liked the way they could express how I felt.

When I saw a butterfly fluttering, I noticed the way the words fluttering butterfly sounded together – like a poem.

I taught myself to read so that I could read other people’s words and stories. I read stories about princes and princesses, about monsters, and about birds and flowers.

I also liked to write poems, sing songs, and tell stories using the words that I knew. I told stories about happy times and sad times, about mothers and babies and little children.

I liked to play school with the children of my village. I pretended to be the teacher, and my friends, Sofia, Ana, and Pedro, were my pupils.

Pedro would always say that I was mean because I made him write his ABCs until he knew all the letters of the alphabet. But I told him that the alphabet is important. How else would he create words and tell his stories without it?

In our pretend class we sang songs like:

The baby chicks are saying,
Peep, peep, peep.
It means they’re cold and hungry.
It means they need some sleep.

That was Sofia’s favorite song. During recess we had fun, running and chasing and laughing and playing.

When I grew up I became a real teacher and writer. I taught the children of Chile, and many of my students became teachers themselves.

I still wrote poems – happy poems, sad poems, stories of mothers and children. But I also wrote poems about animals – about parrots and peacocks and even rats!

I also traveled to far away places. I never saw zebras with polka dots or rainbow-colored flowers, but I met wonderful children and their teachers.

I traveled to Europe – to France and Italy.
I traveled to Mexico.
I traveled to the United States.
Everywhere I went, I wrote and taught and met teachers. I saw how all over the world, people wanted their children to learn.

My stories traveled the world with me. People like to read my happy stories, my sad stories, my stories of women and children, my stories of parrots and peacocks, of old lions, and of the fisherfolk, who slept in the sand and dreamt of the sea.

And because people from all over the world loved my stories so, I was given a very special prize – the Nobel Prize for Literature.

When I accepted the grand award, I thought of the beautiful mountains outside of my window in Chile, of my mother and sister, of the children of my village, and of all the stories that still need to be told.