

## iA bailar! Let's Dance!



By / Por Judith Ortiz Cofer Illustrations by / Ilustraciones de Christina Ann Rodriguez



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Summary: A young girl and her mother put on their red dresses and dance their way through the barrio, collecting friends and neighbors along the way as they go to the park to hear her father's salsa band play.

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This book is for my grandson, Elias John, and with love and gratitude to his parents, Tanya and Dory, who read to Eli every day.

As always, I want to thank John Cofer for his constant encouragement of my work.

Mil gracias to my compañeras Billie Bennett Franchini and Kathryn Locey, who offered their comments and expertise as this book evolved over time, until it came to fruition.

— JOC







To my parents Phil and Monica, who paid for all the art lessons and believed in me.

To my sisters Michelle, Jennifer and Brittany, who were asked to stand in as models countless times.

To Jodi and Anna for posing for almost every picture in this book.

And to my mentors Dennis, Doug and Bill, who have made it all possible.



It's Saturday afternoon, and Mami and I have been doing our chores and singing a song we made up to Papi's salsa music.

The rhythm of the music makes us move, move, move.

Mami makes the broom her dance partner, showing me how to dance.

Menéate, menéate, menéate al ritmo que nos hace... que nos hace feliz... Move, move, move to the rhythm that makes us . . . that makes us feel happy . . .

"Listen to the *claves*," Mami says, "and the bongos and the cowbells.

Listen to the maracas and the timbales and the *güiro*!

They'll tell you how to move your shoulders, your hips, your feet."

As I'm putting away the spoons and the forks,

I take two spoons and imitate the *claves*' beat: *uno*, *dos*, *tres*.

Mami taps out the salsa rhythm on the floor with the broom.

Al ritmo que nos hace... que nos hace bailar.

To the rhythm that makes us . . . that makes us dance.

We move, move in perfect salsa rhythm, faster, faster, faster.

Menéate, menéate, menéate.

Move, move, move.



