Aunt Sue has a head full of stories.  
Aunt Sue has a whole heart full of stories.  
Summer nights on the front porch  
Aunt Sue cuddles a brown-faced child in her bosom  
And tells him stories.  

Black slaves  
Working in the hot sun,  
And black slaves  
Walking in the dewy night,  
And black slaves  
Singing sorrow songs on the banks of a mighty river  
Mingle themselves softly  
In the flow of Aunt Sue's voice,  
Mingle themselves softly  
In the dark shadows that cross and recross  
Aunt Sue's stories.  

And the dark-faced child, listening,  
Knows that Aunt Sue's stories are real stories.  
He knows that Aunt Sue never got her stories  
Out of any book at all,  
But they came  
Right out of her own life.  

The dark-faced child is quiet  
Of a summer night  
Listening to Aunt Sue's stories.
Response Questions

AUNT SUE’S STORIES

• How can the boy tell that the stories came from his Aunt Sue’s life and not books?

• Can you think of anyone that told meaningful stories to you?