

Today was Saturday. It was the little girl's favorite day of the week. She was thankful the day was crisp and clear. She enjoyed being outside on weekends. She liked riding her bike and working in the garden. Earlier that spring, her family had planted flower and vegetable seeds. The plants were still no higher than her thumb. Blueberry bushes from last year had survived the winter.

When the morning sun peeked over the mountains, she opened the garden gate. One of her chores was pulling weeds. She didn't mind this job because she liked the fresh air. She noticed dandelion weeds were already sprouting yellow blossoms. If they were not removed, they would quickly go to seed. They were also crowding the young vegetable plants. To pull the weeds, she carefully used a small hand shovel. She didn't want to damage the roots of the tender plants. Soon the cardboard box she brought with her was full of weeds.

Later that afternoon, she decided to rest and watch her favorite television show. She was interested in it for a short time. However, the day was too nice to stay indoors. She asked her father if he would go on a bike ride to the park with her. He said yes. They rode to the park where they watched a softball team practice on the field.

The classroom had just settled down. The teacher stood in front of her students. She explained that she had just received letters from a school in Mexico. Children from this country were looking for pen pals. They had written letters and were hoping for a quick reply.

At first, the idea of writing to strangers seemed frightening. What would the class write about? They looked at maps. They wanted to learn about life in Mexico. Then students became excited. Perhaps they could exchange letters for a long time.

Each student began to write. One boy wrote about Simba, his new golden lab. He wrote about the hard time he had training the energetic puppy. His pet had finally learned how to fetch the newspaper. Taking a morning walk with his dog was one of his favorite things to do. The boy asked if children in Mexico had dogs.

One girl decided to tell about her new neighbors. They had a little girl her age. When school started, she helped her friend meet everyone. Her friend was now quite comfortable. The girl wondered if people in Mexico had neighbors.

When the letters were finished, the students went to the post office. It would take weeks for the letters to reach Mexico. The students went back to school anxious to hear from their new pen pals.