

Dear Grandma,

How are you? Andy and I are already having a lot of fun this summer. We walk down to the pond at the end of the street every day. I don't like to fish, so I catch frogs and look at clouds while Andy goes fishing.

One day on the way to the pond, we heard a small barking sound. Andy set his fishing gear down and went with me to check it out. In the brush we found a puppy barking and barking at a turtle. The poor turtle was pulled into his shell just as far as he could possibly go.

"That's not very nice," I said to the puppy. "What if you were a turtle? You wouldn't want a puppy barking at you."

"Hey, let's call him Mr. Turtles," said Andy.

"That's a great idea," I said. "Maybe that will make him be nice to turtles."

"I doubt that," replied Andy.

I played with Mr. Turtles the rest of the afternoon, while Andy fished. I taught Mr. Turtles to fetch sticks and play chase in the tall grass. We even took a little nap together in the shade.

All the way home, I couldn't help but wonder if Mom would let us keep Mr. Turtles. Finally, I asked my brother what he thought.

