

Dear Charlotte,

When we drive up the driveway, the dogs bark. One says, "Throw a stick! Throw a stick!" The other says, "Do I know you? Are you supposed to be here?" We park the car and get out. We throw a stick. We pat the dogs and go and talk to you, the farmer. It's a nice day out. We walk over to the horses and give them an apple. One of them says, "Do you have any peppermints?"

"Throw a stick! Throw a stick!" We throw another stick. We walk down to the chickens. The rooster says, "Hey, don't touch my hens!" We run over to the bees and we see tomatoes. We walk by the bees and we look at the pond. We see one of the dogs, Fletcher, swimming in it! We walk into the forest, through the forest, through the long grass. And we drop our towels and shoes. And we step into the mud and it makes a rude sound! And then we see Fletcher swimming in the river. We slide into the muddy river. We slide for a few hours. Then it gets a little dark so we say, "Thanks for letting us swim in the river!" And then we leave.

Elijah Walker, aged 9