

The News

May 10

Dear Takuya,

It all started with me hearing whispers from my parents' bedroom.

My mom seemed concerned about me. I heard her mention my name a couple of times. She was saying something about not being able to give me all her attention for a while. What was going on, I wondered?

Oops! I almost forgot to introduce myself. My name is Simar Singh and I am eight years old. I live in Sunnyvale, California. I am in third grade and play soccer after school.

My school has started a Pen Friend Club with other schools from different countries, so that we could learn about each other's life and culture during the summer break. I picked your name from a basket with lots of slips in it. My teacher told me that you live in Japan and are looking for a pen pal in California.

I am also supposed to tell you about what I am doing during the summer vacation. You have to do the same. I know a little bit about Japan. I would like to learn more.

I am going to tell you a lot about myself. I thought I would begin with the most exciting stuff. When I heard my parents whispering, I wanted to know what they were saying. My mom and I have a pact. We don't keep secrets from each other.

"What's up?" I asked, as I walked into their room.

My mom bent down and hugged me. She is into hugging and kissing a lot. It's okay, except when she does it in front of my friends.

As my mom was hugging me, I realized how fat she had become. I did not say anything, because it is rude to call anyone fat, even if it is true. Suddenly, I realized that my dad was saying something about a sister for me.



It was my turn to be surprised. The tummy seemed to bounce.

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