



Bev and the Wet Letter



Rain fell on the village all morning. Bev put on her boots, went out to the lane, and used her tiny key to unlock her mailbox. She was hoping for a card from her mother. Instead, she found one wet letter stuck to the side of the box. Bev pulled the letter free.



The name on it was just a blur of blue ink. She opened it and read it. It was all about a wagon and a party. This letter was not meant for her! The mail worker must have made a mistake in the rain. "I cannot just toss this in the trash," said Bev.



"That would be unkind. Someone is waiting for it." But who? She stood under a tree to reread the letter slowly, looking for a clue. Near the end, she found one. "Please return my purple wagon at the party tonight. I need it to carry the cake. From, Jay." Now Bev had a plan.



She did not know who had Jay's wagon, but a purple wagon would not be hard to spot. She unzipped her jacket pocket, tucked the letter inside to keep it dry, and set off down the lane. The path was slick with mud. It was unsafe to run, so she walked with care.



Tall hedges grew around every yard in the village. Most people could not see over them, but Bev had a very long neck. She stretched up and looked over the first hedge. She saw a swing and a red bike, but no wagon. Over the next hedge, she saw only wet roses. Bev began to feel unhappy.



The party was tonight, and the lane was long. Then she looked over the last hedge, and there it was! A purple wagon sat beside the shed in Stan's yard. Bev reached down to undo the latch on the gate and hurried to knock on the door. Stan the rabbit hopped out, and Bev handed him the letter.



"A letter from Jay?" said Stan. "Oh no! I forgot I still had his wagon. Thank you, Bev!" He ran to untie the rope that held the wagon to the shed. Together they pulled it down the lane to Jay's house, just in time. At the party, Bev helped unpack the plates and refill the cups with juice.



Jay asked her to retell the whole story for his friends, and everyone cheered at the part with the hedges. Then Jay got to replay his favorite song twice. "Next time I will write the name in pencil," said Jay with a laugh. "Pencil does not run in the rain!"