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Glen Holds the Note



Hope made a big cake. She wanted her pal Ron to come and have some. "Glen, will you take this note to Ron at the old mill?" she asked.



"Yes," said Glen. He looked at the note, and then he set off. It said, "Come to my home at five. I made a cake for you."



From Hope." Glen had no hand to hold it with, so he held the note in his mouth. He went up the long, winding path. The day was cold.



Then a wild, cold gust came and got the note from his mouth! It fell into the pond. Glen looked and looked, but the note sank in the pond. "Oh no," he thought.



"The note is wet, and the ink will run." He could go back home for a new note, but it was a long way, and Ron would be late for the cake.



Then Glen gave a big grin. "I saw what the note said," he said. "I can hold it in my mind!" He ran the rest of the way to the mill.



Ron sat on a log by the door. "Ron, I lost the note in the pond," said Glen. "But I can tell you what it said." Then Glen told him all that the note said.



Ron gave a grin. "That was so kind of you," he said. "I will come!" At five, Ron and Glen went down the path to Hope's home. Hope cut the cake, and they had so much fun.