

Dear grownup,

My name is Ben.

I am 8 years old. My Mom
said it was okay to write
you. She help my a small
bit. My big Brother and sisters
told me how fun camp weed
is. They would swim in the
lake. I will go to camp
weed for summer this
year. I wish I could

fish and swim in the
lake. It is all dried up.
Mr. Joe said he would
let me fish if it ever

had water again, when
I grow up I will, I will
give some of my
money to put water
in the lake.
Hope you will help to

love
Ben

