

The Happy Girl



LITTLE FLORA skipped out of the door of her nipa hut. She was humming a song she had learned at school. She was carrying a little book as if it were a very precious thing.

"You look so happy, Flora," said Mrs. Lopez, her neighbor.

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Lopez." Flora greeted her with a sweet smile.

"Are you expecting a big thanksgiving dinner?" asked Mrs. Lopez.

"Dinner? No, Mrs. Lopez, I do not know what we shall have for dinner. Just the same I am happy."

"What makes you happy, my girl?"

"This book, Mrs. Lopez," and Flora held up her book proudly. "I have read a few pages and I found even the beginning very interesting."

"Why don't you stay in the house to read it?"

"My brother is making much noise with his little hammer. Good-by, Mrs. Lopez."

Little Flora ran off toward a big guava tree. Like a cat she leaped up to a big branch. Safely perched on it, she opened her book and soon found the joy that no dinner could ever give.