

October 5, 2005

Dear boys and girls,

When I was a little girl my dad took me fishing at a nearby lake. He taught me how to bait my own hooks, how to cast my line out into the water, and how to use the net to bring a fish into the boat. Sometimes we caught fish and sometimes we didn't, but I loved being out on the lake with my dad. We always had a good time and we were very proud of the fish that we brought home for dinner.

When I grew up, I still loved to go fishing. My husband and I used to take our three girls with us when they were little. We showed them how to bait their own hooks, how to cast their lines out into the water, and how to use the net. Sometimes we caught fish and sometimes we didn't, but the girls never wanted to clean or eat any of the fish! We always had a good time and took pictures to save the memories.

I'm a grandma now, and, yes, I still love to go fishing. As a matter of fact, it's my favorite thing to do on a Saturday. Sometimes we take the grandkids, and sometimes we don't, but I almost always catch the biggest fish! We always have a good time and still take pictures to save the memories.

I wrote the story called *We Are the Worms!* because it reminds me of all the good times I've had fishing. My husband always talks to the container of worms and asks them which one of them wants to go swimming next! When I write stories, I often write as if I'm the character, in this case, the worms! I hope you enjoy the story as much as I enjoy fishing!

By the way, do you like to go fishing?

Your friend,  
Cherry Carl