

Dear Students,

I created many versions of *Dear Mr. Longfellow* before I found a publisher. Here is one of my attempts at historical fiction. Can you write the rest of the story?

Our horse, Paul Revere, clip-clopped along the cobblestones on Brattle Street. We passed the tree stump next to the blacksmith shop and I could see Pa's breath hanging in the air as he said, "Edmund, every time I pass that stump, I feel glad and sad at the same time. Glad to pass by without bumping into the branches. Sad to lose the tree that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow put into his poem. I watched it grow through the years—from the time I was a boy."

We waved as Dexter Pratt stepped out of his blacksmith shop. He wiped his forehead and his face looked red as he smiled at us.

"Good to see you, Dexter," Pa said and he pulled the reins so that Paul Revere came to a stop. The milk bottles rattled in the cart against the chunks of ice.

"John, it's always a pleasure. And hello to you, too, Edmund. I feel like stretching my legs as wide as the branches of the spreading chestnut tree used to be! It gets mighty hot when I am working the bellows! The cold air feels good."

We waved again as Pa loosened the reins and we were on our way home.

Along the way, I recited Longfellow's poem, "The Village Blacksmith", in my mind.

"Under a spreading chestnut tree The village smithy stands; The smith, a mighty man is he, With large and sinewy hands; And the muscles of his brawny arms Are strong as iron bands...."

Suddenly, Paul Revere reared back and neighed so loudly that I thought my ears would burst!

Now you can finish the story! You can email it to me at info@storypearls.com with the subject line "Finish the Story" and I may post your story on my site! Please let me know your age.

Thanks very much for reading my book, *Dear Mr. Longfellow: Letters to and from the Children's Poet.* I look forward to reading the rest of your story about the horse named Paul Revere!

Keep Writing!

Sydelle Pearl