

May 5, 2007

Dear vendor people,

I saw the market. There was a big fire inside but it will be rebuilt someday. In the meantime, I won't be able to come behind your counters to say hello, or get cookies, a piece of cheese, or have a banana, or play with your calculator, or eat grits, or get a yummy steak, sausages, eggs, pretty flowers or raviolis.

I am seven now and I have been coming to see you since I was little. Mama says since I was born. I introduced you to my two little brothers. Can you guess who I am? _____ I am in first grade at Maret School. I just moved from 9th Street SE where I grew up, at least to now, or a month ago when we moved. I live in another neighborhood now.

I want to come back to see you again. Back in the only market I have known for my entire life. Here is all the money from my piggy bank to help you get there too. Back to the beautiful, beautiful market.



The contents of my piggy bank:

\$5 - 2

\$1 - 1

quarters - 74

dimes - 151

nickels - 93

pennies - 521

total = \$54.46 (I think)