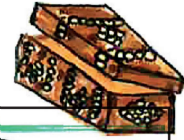




MY GRANDMA'S BOXES



MY NAME IS NORA. I LIVE WITH MY FAMILY IN OUR HAPPY HOME.

I HAVE A SPECIAL BROTHER: THIS IS WHAT MY MOM TELLS ME. I LIKE TO PLAY A LOT WITH HIM, AND TO SEE THE HAPPINESS ON THE FACES OF MY MOM AND DAD.

MY BROTHER FELL ILL, SO MY MOM HAD TO STAY BESIDE HIM, AND SO DID MY DAD. OUR HOUSE BECAME SAD, AND EVEN THE FLOWERS WITHERED.

I WENT TO SIT WITH MY GRANDMA. I CRIED A LOT, BUT MY GRANDMOTHER GAVE ME A BOX, AND SAID TO ME: "PUT EVERYTHING THAT HURTS YOU IN THIS BOX."

I CAME BACK TO MY GRANDMOTHER AND TOLD HER THAT I FEEL THE BOX HAD BECOME FULL. SHE GAVE ME ANOTHER BOX, SAYING: "PUT YOUR BEAUTIFUL WISHES HERE."

MY WISH WAS TO GO BACK TO PLAY WITH MY BROTHER. AFTER SEVERAL WEEKS, MY FATHER CAME AND TOLD ME THAT MY BROTHER HAD IMPROVED. I FELT SO HAPPY AND THANKED MY GRANDMA FOR THE BOX OF WISHES.

SHE SAID TO ME: "KNOW THAT GOD WILL ALWAYS FULFILL ALL YOUR WISHES AND PRESERVE OUR BEAUTIFUL FAMILY."



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