



HAPPY 200TH BIRTHDAY, HENRY

Ezra, grade 4/5, Whitefield, ME

December 24, 1850

Dear Journal,

I have just gone to Young Hen's house. We are both quite excited for Christmas. I whistled a Christmas tune as I strolled down the cobblestone street to Young Hen's house. When I got there I knocked on the door and a servant entered and let me in. I came in and took my boots and coat off. I then walked through the kitchen, where the servant that I saw and another were bustling around doing what Ann ordered. Next I went through the tea room, stopping to let Hen's grandmother Zilpah give me a peck on the cheek. Finally I bounded upstairs, two steps at a time to Hen's room. I opened the door to find Hen playing marbles and looking a bit bored. When he spotted me he beamed widely and we greeted each other with brief nods and said merry Christmas. Soon we found each other running around the house and singing carols extremely loudly until Ann shoed us into our boots, jackets, and then out the door. We ran to the garden to find Alexander and his friends deeply involved in a snowball war. To their slight annoyance we joined them. The fight got more serious until it ended with one of Alexander's friends giving him a nasty whitewash. Hen and I walked inside to find two steaming mugs of tea, a basket of fruitcakes and sugar cookies, and we then tucked in. As soon as we finished the last crumb of cake and the last drop of tea we were quite sleepy. At about five o'clock Ann decided that it was too close to dinner for me to be there. I was ushered out of the door with a rather large fruit cake after saying a quick goodbye and merry Christmas to everyone.



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