



Michael McCormick, Grade 4/5, Whitefield, ME

December 26, 1850

I woke up from my nap in the Longfellow's best parlor. Zilpah was knitting a scarf. I got up and Young Hen was polishing his orange that he got for Christmas. I could smell the apple pie baking and the turkey roasting in the small compact kitchen and Anne was working away to prepare the meal for noon.

Henry still hasn't taken a break from writing poems in his office. Alex drew a map of the house for me. I entered into the hall going up the stairs and saw the kissing ball made out of hemlock boughs.

Young Hen shouted and said "it's a parade!" The family crowded out of the door - even Henry. Men dressed as soldiers marched along the street proudly. The parade had Santa Claus at the end and he threw out roses red as... well, roses.

Ann was sewing up a sock with her delicate sewing materials. Zilpah was eating warm biscuits with the foot warmer next to her delicate feet. I played a game of dominoes with Young Hen and I don't mean to brag but I beat him.

It is snowing now and it's getting dark now but Henry is showing me his latest work (*The Wreck of the Hesperus*). This is a sad but excellent poem. Well, I'm riding off in the distance in my carriage after what has been a marvelous time with the caring family of the Longfellows.



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