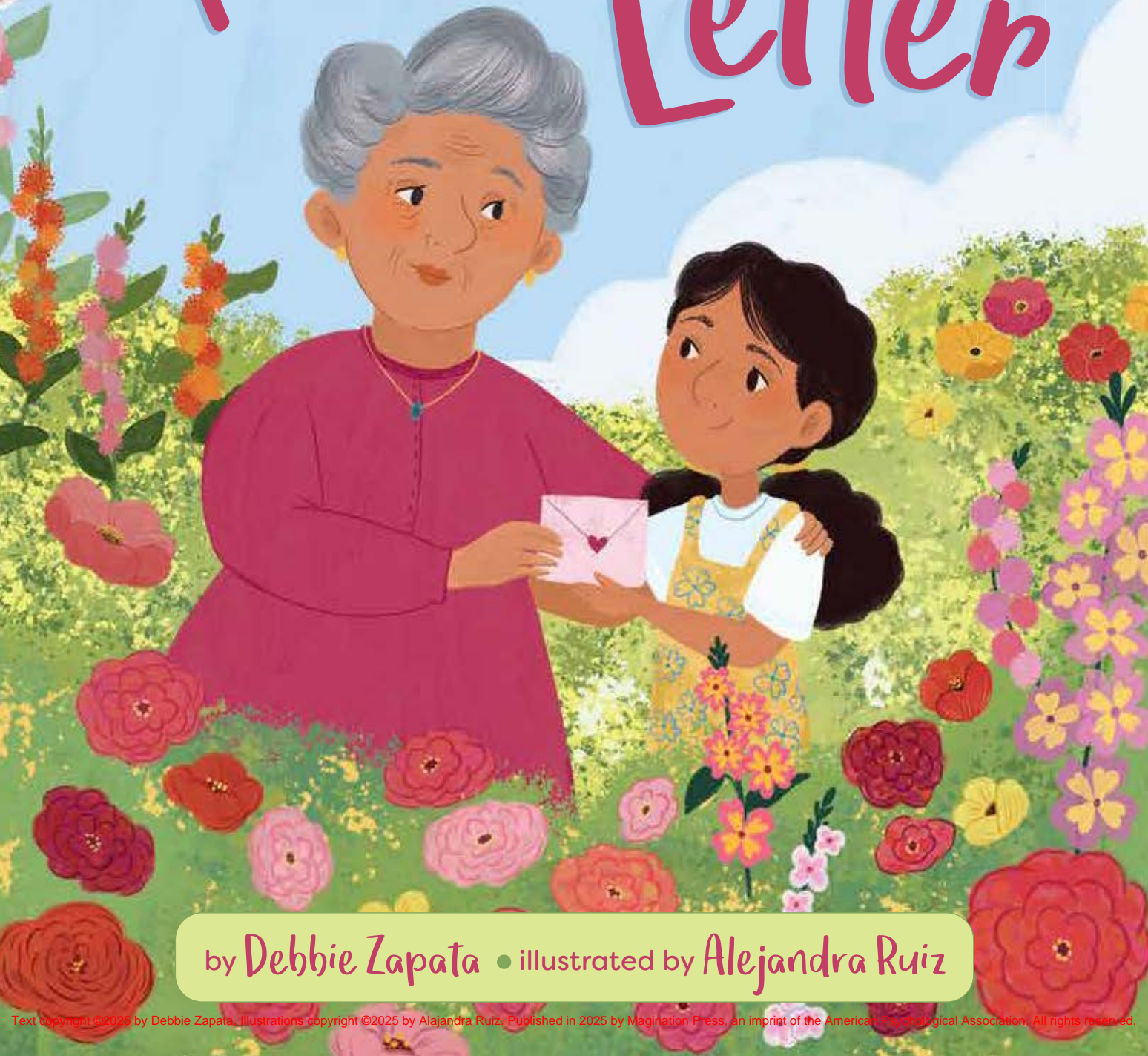


# Abuela's Letter



by Debbie Zapata • illustrated by Alejandra Ruiz

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illustrated by Alejandra Ruiz

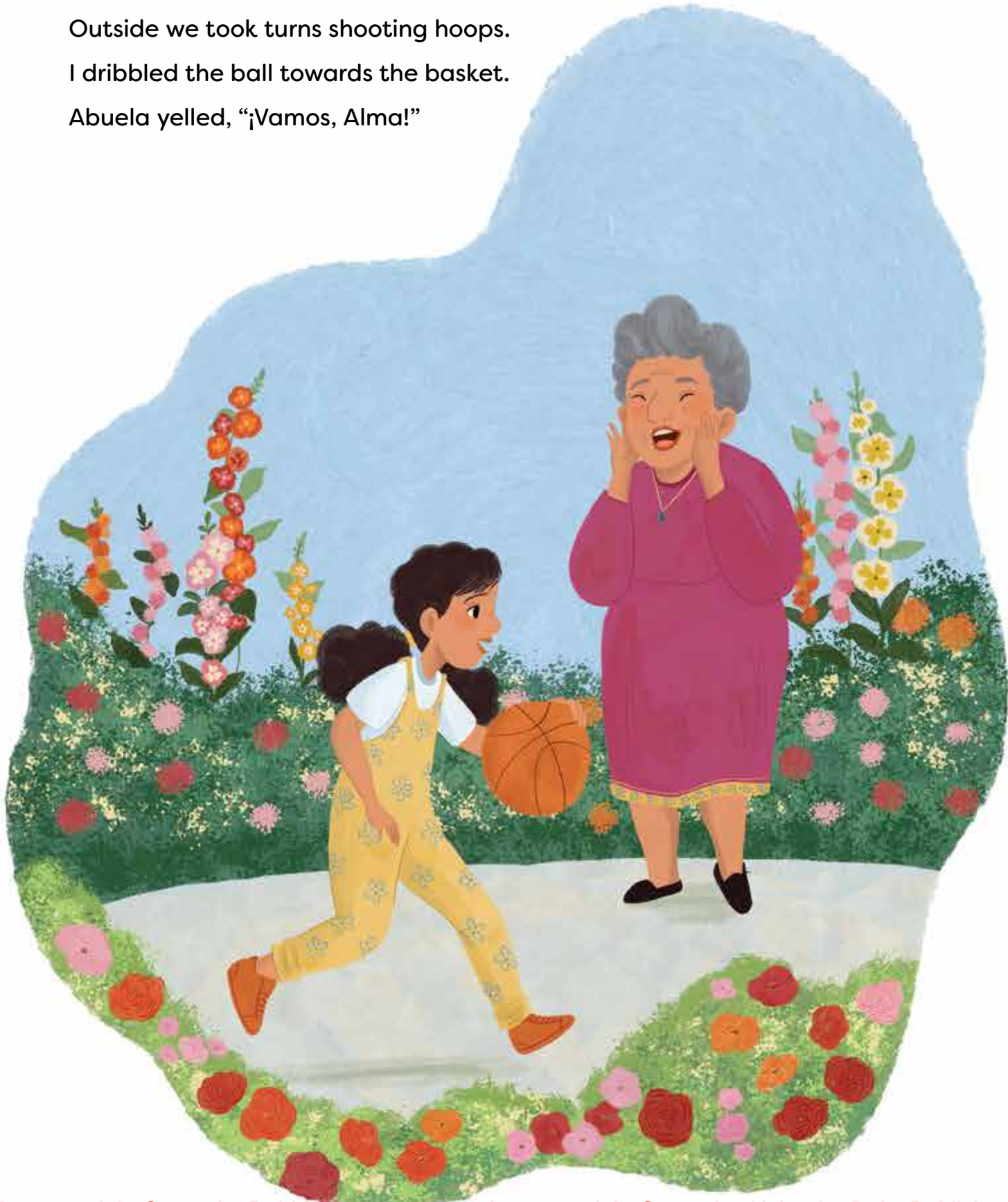
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At my Abuela's house, family popped in and out.  
Tíos took siestas.  
Tías told stories.

Abuela stirred the frijoles.  
Primos played dominós.  
Laughter always filled my heart.



Outside we took turns shooting hoops.  
I dribbled the ball towards the basket.  
Abuela yelled, “¡Vamos, Alma!”



I jumped high and took a shot.  
Swish!  
Cheers always filled my heart.



“¡Felicidades, mija!” said Abuela.  
I felt her soft cheek.  
I squeezed her tight.



Hugs always filled my heart.

One day, the house grew quiet.  
Abuela closed her eyes.  
She needed a lot of rest.  
Papá told me that Abuela  
was very sick.

