

A Great Team

Justin looks down at the card. "I'll do the pasting. You do the cursive."

Looking at the gobs of paste, I think "messy." If neatness counts, with me the count hardly gets to one.

Justin, on the other hand, is very neat about pasting things.

My handwriting is much better.

Another example of what a great team we are. We help each other out. We also learn things about the same time, and when one of us learns first, he or she helps the other one out. When I learned to make the "e" go forward, not backward, I taught Justin. He helps me with fractions, which I only half understand. We both whisper words to each other in reading group when we need help – a great team.

Justin keeps pasting.

I keep writing.

We "send" one postcard to Justin's father, who got a new job and has to live alone in Alabama. Justin, Danny, and his mother are staying here, in New Jersey, until their house gets sold.

That's taking a long time.

Secretly, I'm glad.

Sometimes Justin gets a little sad.

I'm not glad about that.

I know how Justin feels about missing his father. When my parents got a divorce, my dad moved far away, to another country, so I never get to see him and he hardly ever calls.