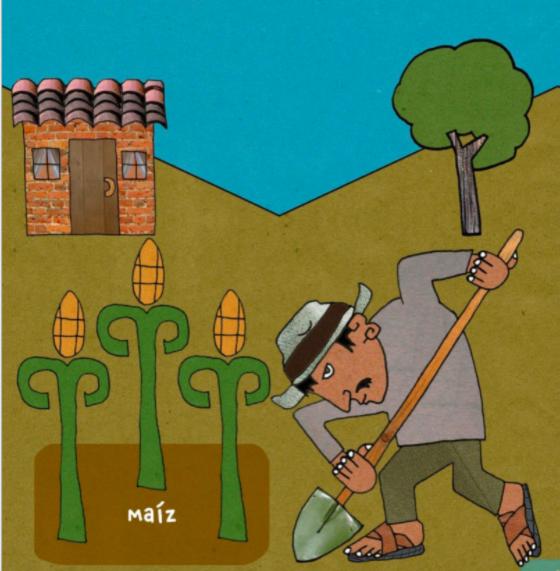
Score! I just got a letter from my primo, my cousin, Carlitos. I live in America, but he lives in Mexico, where my family is from. Maybe someday we'll meet!

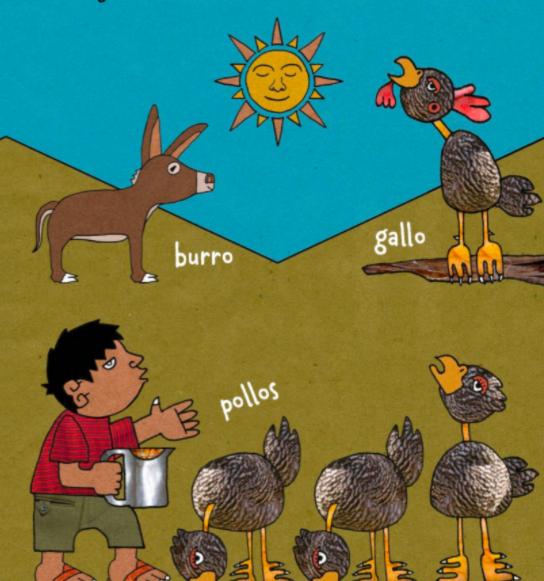


Dear Primo Charlie,

How are you? Do you wonder like me what life is like far away? I live on a farm surrounded by mountains and trees. My family grows many things, such as maiz.



We have a burro, pollos, and a gallo. Every morning the gallo crows and crows.



Dear Primo Carlitos,

I live in a city. From my window I can see a bridge and cars zooming by. I can see skyscrapers, too.

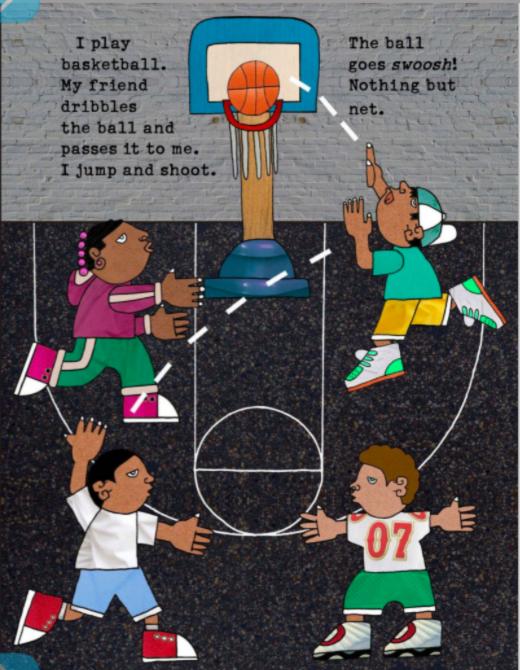
Skyscrapers are buildings so tall they tickle the clouds. At night all the lights from the city look like the stars from the sky.

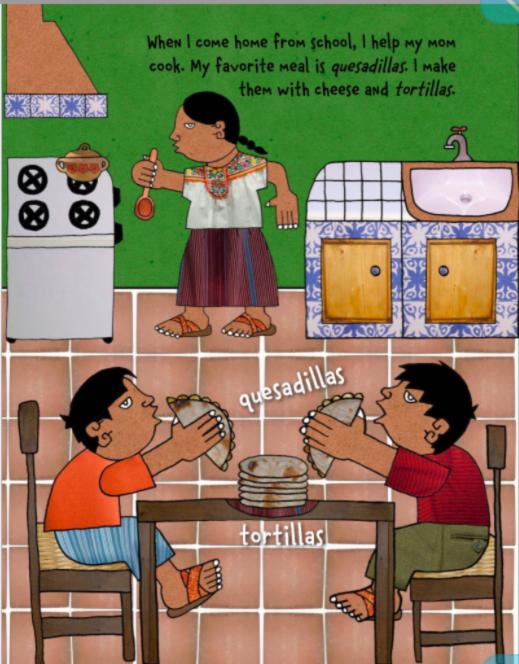


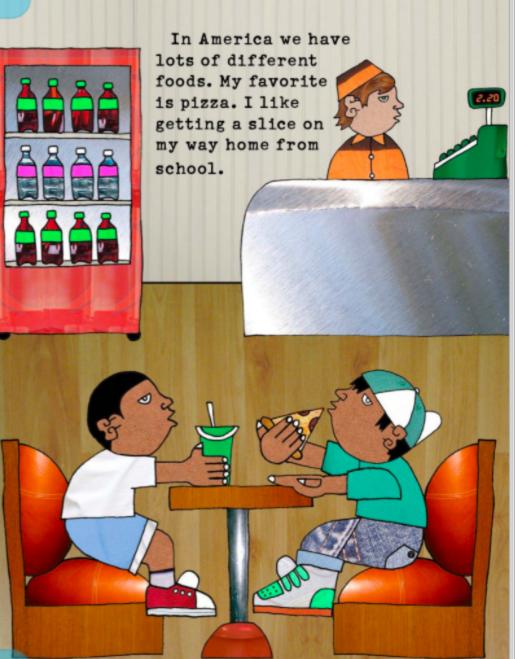
Every morning I ride my bicicleta to school.

I ride it past the perros and past a nopal. Nopal perros I ride the subway to school. The subway is like a long metal snake, and it travels through tunnels underground.

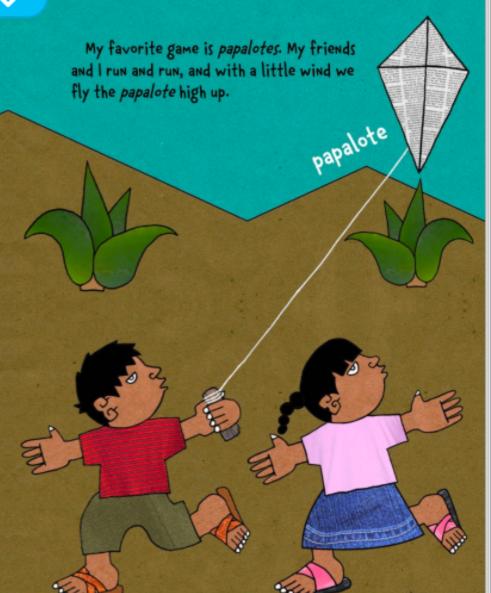
At recess time I play fútbol. My friend passes me the ball, I kick it with my foot, and if I score, I yell ... gol!

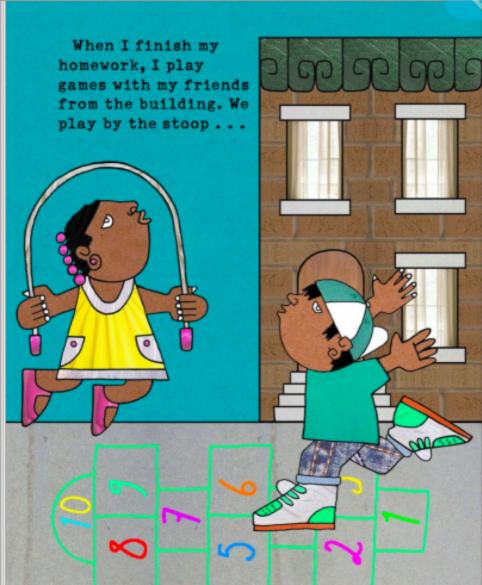






After I finish my homework, my mom lets me go outside and play. In Mexico we have many games, like trompos and canicas. trompo canicas



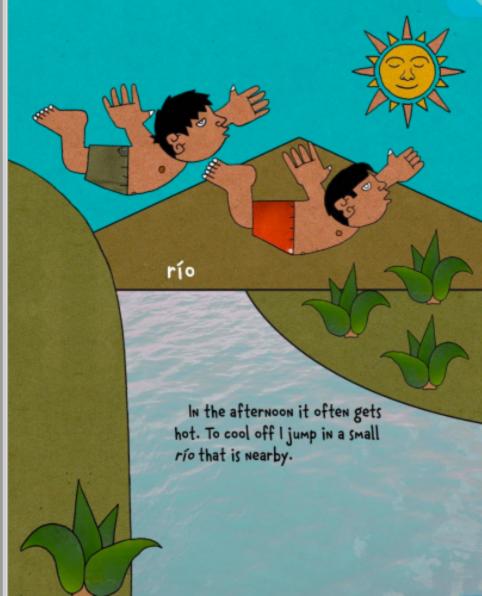




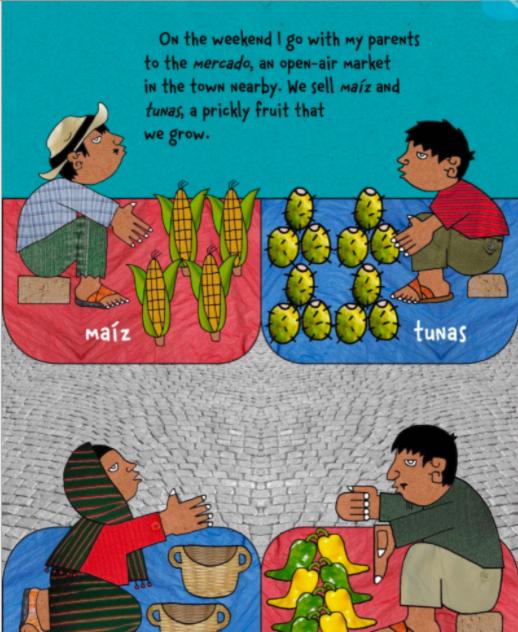


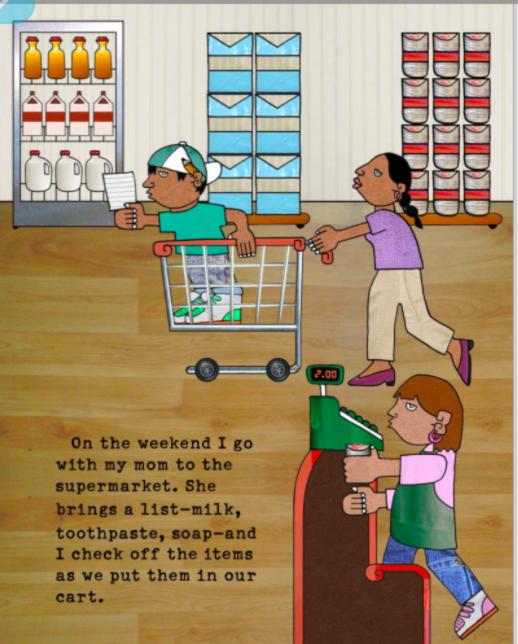
... and in each other's apartments, too. I like going over to my friend's home to play video games.

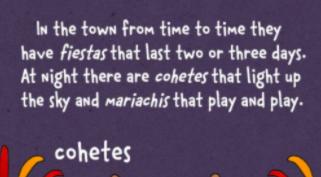


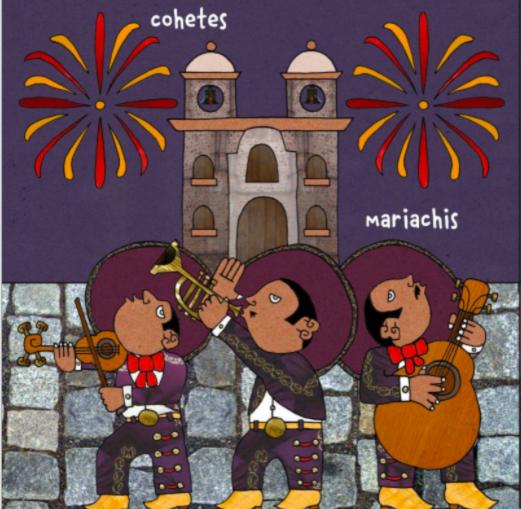


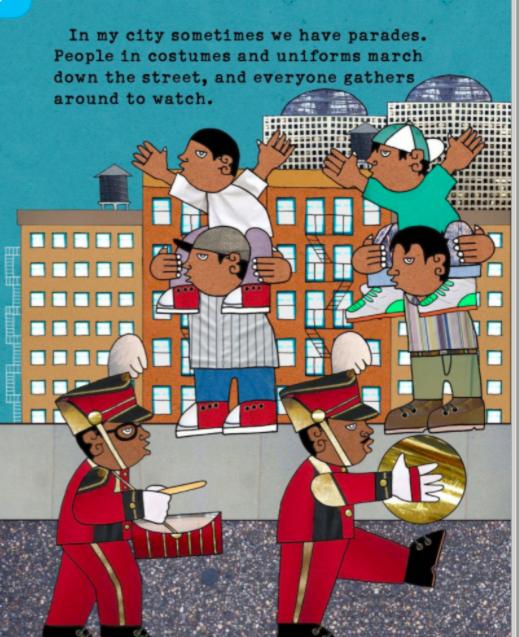


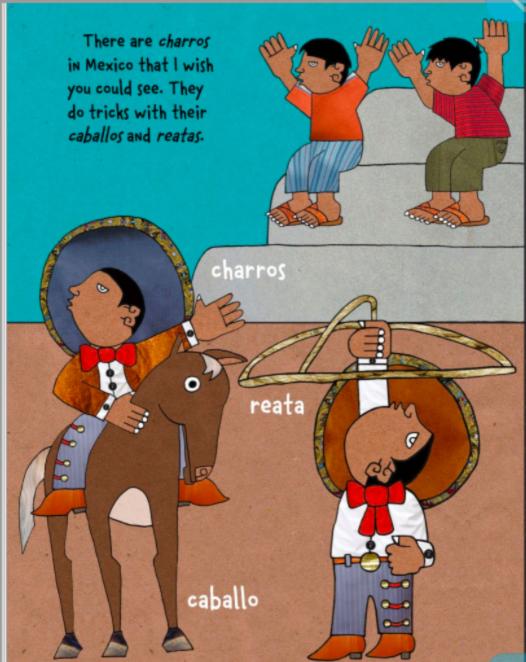








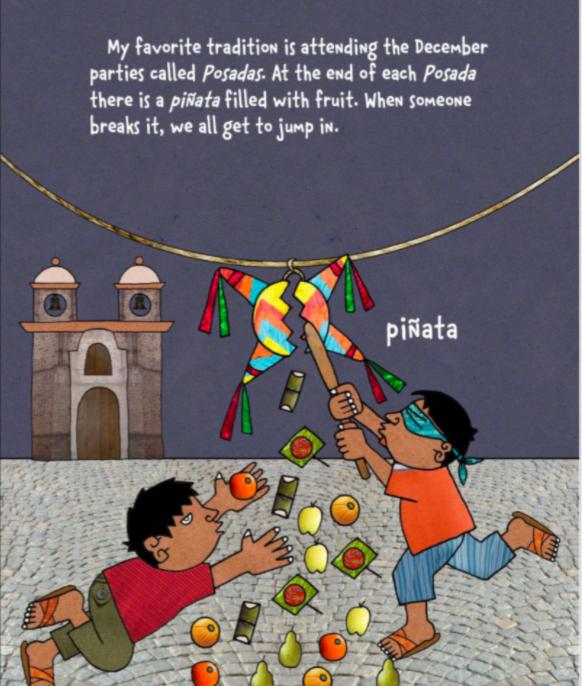




On the streets here you can see break-dancers who do flips and spin on their heads.

In Mexico we have so many traditions, such as the Día de los Muertos, the Day of the Dead.





In America we have traditions, too, such as Thanksgiving, when we eat turkey . . .









I have



