

# LETTERS ABOUT LITERATURE

MASSACHUSETTS LEVEL I HONORABLE MENTION 2009

Dear Marguerite Henry,

Your tale, *Misty of Chincoteague*, with its riveting descriptions and playfully inked drawings has captured my heart. It now holds a coveted spot on my bedside night table. When the moonlight filters in through my muslin curtains, among the shadows I can vividly recall the foal Misty with her silver coat and the mare Phantom with her copper tail and white map on her withers, galloping free along the water's edge. I can picture the loving mare and foal grazing against the changing tides on my bedroom walls of Assateague Island. And because ten-year-old girls' bedroom closets are not roomy enough stalls for heart-won ponies, I can only dream of my own Pony Penning Day and the regal, bonny face, the velvety soft muzzle, and the brown sugar-coated foal which steals my heart when the hush of evening returns.

Each night, as the grandfather clock outside my room in the upper hallway tolls the last Thursday in July, like Paul and Maureen Beebe my yearning has concluded and I have captured my heart's fancy – a young dewy-eyed colt. But before daybreak I've set my colt free to continue to roam and gallop wild among the herd of the Spanish galleon, to defy capture, as hard and as swift as the North Wind's exhale.

As the new bewitching night falls and the moon begins to climb to her rightful apex, I know my next ride on Magic, Doubloon, Cinny-Sugar, or Celestial at Tom's Point is only a bedtime favorite read away or a beckoning call from gentle slumber. Only the thunder of hooves marks time 'til the necessary parting is again heralded in by the dawning rooster's crow on Grandpa Beebe's farm.

Yours,

*Sabrina*

Sabrina Wong  
Grade 5