

## Visiting Aunt Rose

My Aunt Rose invited me to spend the weekend. Aunt Rose doesn't have kids. She said I could be her kid for two days. She's like my big sister.

I like to go to visit my Aunt Rose's home. She likes to do the same things I like. I like to go swimming. So does my Aunt Rose. The pool where she goes also has a hot tub. I like to sit in the hot tub. So does my Aunt Rose. I always bring my swimming suit when I visit.

Our weekend was perfect. On Saturday we went out for breakfast. I had strawberry pancakes with whipped cream. Then we went shopping. She bought me a pink shirt. Then we went swimming and sat in the hot tub.

On Sunday she helped me make oatmeal cookies. Then we painted each other's nails. Our fingers and toes match. They are bright pink. Then we went to the movies. We saw The Lion King.

Aunt Rose drove me home. I handed my mother a plate of the oatmeal cookies. I showed my brother my new shirt. Dad admired my bright pink nails.

"Dad," I asked, "Could I live at Aunt Rose's?"

"No," he said. "If you went there all the time it wouldn't be a special treat."