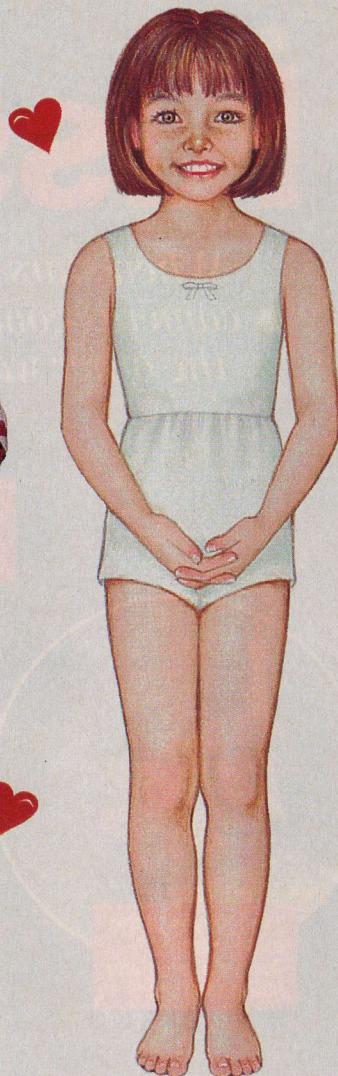
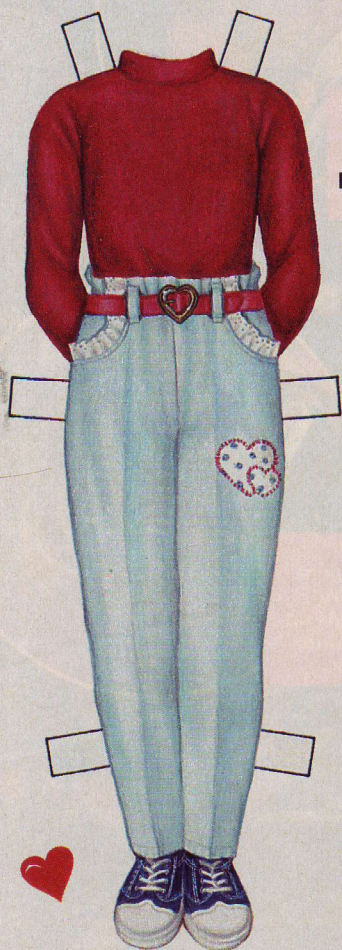




Before cutting Betsy out, paste this page onto sturdy oaktag.



Betsy's first valentine

made jokes like, "You want one from *so-and-so*." I said, "Oh yeah, right!" I mean, I have boys who are *friends*, but none I *really* like.

We told everyone to wear something red or pink on the day of the party, but some boys said “No way.” We listened to CDs and played some really fun games. Then we all put our mailboxes out in the hallway, and each person went out separately and delivered valentines. Later on, my friends and I opened our cards. Julie got one that said “I know you like me,” and Amber opened an

envelope and found a candy heart that said "Hot Mama."

Then came the biggest surprise of all. I got a card that said "You're the *coolest* girl in the class. Love, your secret admirer."

My friends burst out laughing and said if I don't *really* have a crush on anybody, how come my face turned bright red? I kept waiting for a boy to be staring or something, but no one acted weird. I was embarrassed, but I felt happy too. I guess even if you're not *totally* into boys, it still feels good to know someone likes you. ■