

Betsy goes to PARIS

Bonjour! That's how people say "good morning" in Paris, where we've been on vacation for a week. The French women seem to sing the words, while the men say it faster, so it sounds kind of like a kazoo. At first I got nervous when someone said "*bonjour*" to us, but now I say it right back.

Paris is the coolest place I have ever been. The buildings look like castles, and there are statues everywhere. A river called the Seine (it sounds like *sen*) runs right through the city, so there are lots of bridges, and my dad has taken our picture on every one.

We went to a museum called the Louvre that takes up a whole block. It is so big we had to use a map to find its most famous painting, the Mona Lisa. We've visited lots of other famous places too, such as the Eiffel Tower (that really made me think "Wow, I'm in France!") and Notre Dame, a huge cathedral with color-



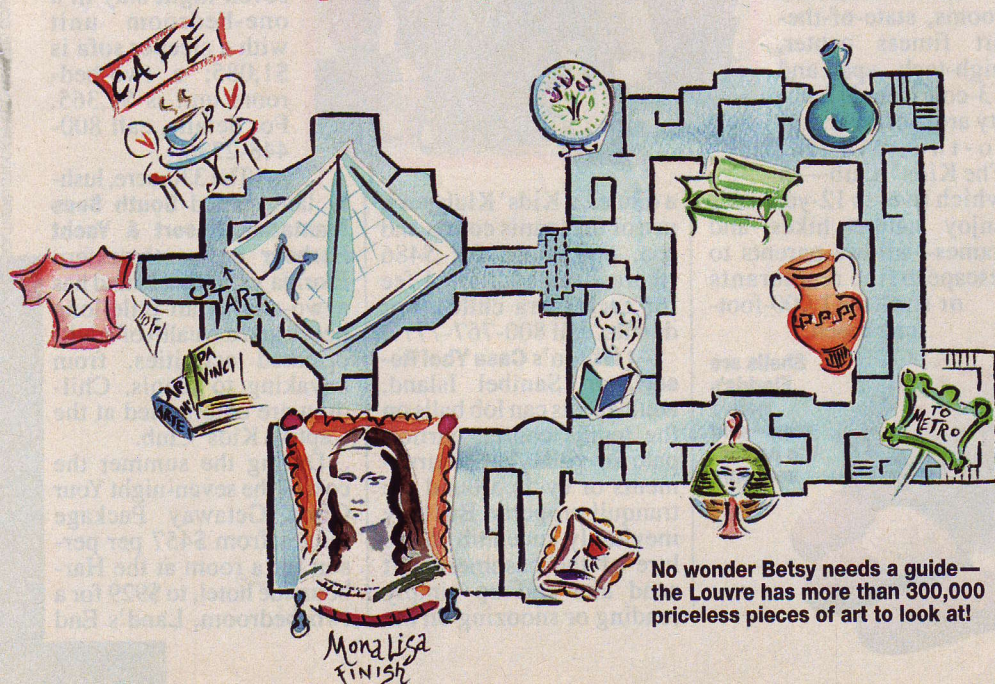
Before cutting Betsy out, paste this page onto sturdy oaktag.

What to wear in Paris: a striped T-shirt and pants with a French beret.



Betsy's dress for the opera looks like one that Madeleine wears.

Help Betsy find the Mona Lisa.



No wonder Betsy needs a guide—the Louvre has more than 300,000 priceless pieces of art to look at!

ful windows that look like giant kaleidoscopes.

On our last night we got dressed up and went to the opera. The theater had lots of balconies and chandeliers, and the music seemed to fill up the entire space.

Afterward we had hot chocolate in a place that was so fancy I felt as if I were in a fairy tale. Mom and Dad surprised me with a book called *Madeleine* about a girl's adventures in Paris. They said it would help me remember all the fun I'd had on our trip. But how could I forget? When we left I said "*Bonsoir!*" (which means "good evening") to our waiter, just the way I had heard other people say it. My dad laughed and said, "Here's to Betsy—our belle!" ■