

Once upon a time in Mexico, there was a boy named Benito. Now Benito not only had boy friends, but some of his friends were girls. These girls' names were Emilia, Carolina, and Cielo. Benito had a crush on Emilia, but *Carolina and Cielo* liked Benito.

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Emily, Skye, Caroline, and Brent were all ready for their week-long vacation to Cancun, Mexico. They were going to Skye's Aunt C's house. The four of them never knew what 'C' stood for, though. As they got on the plane, Brent got a little too excited, and started jumping up and down. The ride was four hours long, so Brent decided to take a nap. While he was asleep, the three girls started chatting away about Brent, Brent, secrets Brent will find out, and Brent.

When Brent woke up, he asked, "What did I miss?" The girls lied and told him that they had just awoken from their own nap.

Finally, they had arrived. Out of nowhere, Aunt C popped up. She took them to her beautiful house. The sweet lady took the girls to their room and Brent to his room.

For the first three days, they they did the same things: shop (You can make good bargains in Cancun.) and swim at the beach. But on the third night, Brent tried to move his journal to a safer place because the girls had found out where he kept it before. He slid his journal under the bed, but it wouldn't go all the way. Brent reached under and pulled out something big and heavy. A large, metal trunk had been hidden under his bed. He yelled for the girls to come and see it.

They rushed in faster than a jackrabbit on a date. "What happened?" Emily inquired. She was holding her most prized possession--a Greg doll that chuckled and laughed when you squeezed its giant ring.

Brent answered, "Look at this trunk I found!"

"It's so pretty! Why don't you open it? Please!" said Skye. The other encouraged him to open the trunk, also.

"Alright!," Brent exclaimed, "I was going to anyway." He opened the trunk. Inside was a journal covered in dust. It looked like it had been 200 years old!

"Well aren't you gonna read it?" Caroline asked.

"Yes!" Brent was getting a little angry, "As long as you stop asking me questions."

He read from the first page of the old, dusty diary. It read:

Monday, October 28, 1876

Dear Diary,

I wonder what Benito would think if he knew that I liked him back. Maybe Cielo and Carolina would get jealous. I just don 't know what to do!

Love,

Emilia

"Wow!" said Emily, "Let's read some more!"

"Not until tomorrow. It's already 10:00!" Brent commented. It was very late.

The next morning, the girls woke up an hour early. They ran to Brent's room to wake him up. He was holding on to *his* most prized possession, his puppet, Mike. "Time to read some more," Emily shouted in Brent's face.

"Yeah! I can't wait to hear more of the diary!" Caroline exclaimed.

"Alright, already!" Brent said in a cranky, cackley, I-just-woke-up-so-give-me-some-time voice. He got the black, rusty trunk out from under the bed, and pulled out the diary.

Tuesday, October 29, 1876

Dear Diary,

I had a good itme with my evil teacher at the school house today. But still I don 't know what to do about Benito. Well, I have to go! Mama is buying me my

first goat!

*Love,
Emilia*

Wednesday, October 30, 1876

Dear Diary,

We named the goat Samantha--But I still need to know If I should tell Benito or not. Maybe, I'll pick the flowers off of a sunflower. Wait. Those don't grow in Mexico. Oh well--I'll just pick the straw out of sombrero or something.

*Love,
Emilia*

Thursday, October 31, 1876

Dear Diary,

Mom said I couldn't destroy a sombrero because they cost two whole pesos. I wish someone could tell me what to do. If I die before I find out, I'll still wonder. I'm sure of it.

*Love,
Emilia*

The next page was blank. "I know exactly what to say to her. If only she weren't dead," said Skye.

"We can still talk to her," said Emily.

"We can?" Brent and Caroline said in unison. *Jynx. Come on that's old, Skye.*

Emily replied, "Yeah, we can! We'll have a thing called a seance. It's where a group of people sit together in a dark room, and talk to ghosts. I saw it on TV once. She said she still wanted to know, anyway." She had no idea of what she had gotten herself into. Emily didn't like the dark, and she didn't like ghosts. She gave her doll a big hug. *Chuckle, chuckle!*

"Sure! Let's have a seance when your Aunt C leaves," Caroline said.

So at 8:00 that morning, Aunt C left. The children turned out the lights and closed the blinds. They sat around the table. "Now do everything that I say. Hold hands with your neighbors. Now you listen," Emily said, "Oh spirit of Emilia, rise forth and speak to me!"

A distant voice spoke, "Si?"

Emily replied, "Emilia, our names are Emily, Caroline, Skye, and Brent."

"I si!--I mean--I see!" the voice said.

"We have found your diary. Skye, here knows what to say about Benito."

"Who is responsible for finding my diary?"

"I am," Brent said shivering.

Emilia assured him, "It's OK. I just wanted to know. Know what did Skye want to tell me?"

"Well," Skye answered, "You cannot ask anyone, really. You have to decide on your own. Think about causes and effects, pros and cons.

"Well, thanks. But should I tell him?" questioned Emilia.

Caroline spoke for the first time in the seance, "You must decide."

Emilia said with certainty, "I'll tell him."

"You go do that."

"OK. Bye!"

"Bye!" they all announced.

The kids turned on the lights and opened the blinds. "That was fun. Really fun!" Each one kept on saying.

Caroline called out, "Meeting in the girls' room to talk about everything that happened."

They all rushed up the stairs and into the girls' room. They discussed what happened for half an hour. After the meeting the four of them went to the kitchen to get a snack. But in the kitchen was Aunt C.

"When did you get here?" Caroline asked.

Aunt C replied, "Yesterday. I thought your smart thinkers would have figured that out by now. I wrote in that diary. I talked to you during the seance. Aunt C stands for Cielo. You were named after me, Skye. That's your Spanish name. Benito is Brent, Carolina is Caroline, and Emilia is Emily. I couldn't think of four names, so I used *your* Spanish names. I was planning all of this ever since I knew about your trip. I wanted you to do something different for a day. Also, I had a seance when I was twelve.

"Last night I heard you yelling to the girls about the notebook. That was my queue to stay home today."

"Oh!" they all exclaimed, "I get it now!"

The kids had a quick snack and ran up stairs to Brent's room. They decided they would read over the "diary" again. But this time when they turned to the fifth page, instead of being blank, it said:

Wednesday, July 16, 2003

Dear The Three Juliets and One Romeo,

Thank you.

Love,

Emilia