

# The Tiny Cantaloupe

*Was there anything Weston could do to help Nate?*

**By Amanda Joy Penrod-Jang**  
(Based on a true story)

*This story happened in the USA.*

Weston was playing outside when a car and a big moving van drove up to the house across the street. Lots of kids got out of the car. One of them was a boy who looked like he was Weston's age.

Weston ran inside his house. "Mom, Dad! A new family is moving in!"

Dad looked up from the project he was working on. "That's awesome."

"I want to meet them," Weston said. "Will you come with me?"

"Of course!"

Weston and Dad walked across the street to their new neighbors' house. When they knocked, a lady came to the door. The boy Weston's age was standing behind her.

Weston waved. "Hi, I'm Weston. What's your name?"

The boy stepped out from behind his mom. "I'm Nate."

"Want to play at my house?" Weston asked.

Nate looked at his mom.

"You can go," she said. "Just be home in time for dinner."

After that, Weston played with Nate almost every day. He was so happy to have a new friend. They rode bikes, swam at the pool, and played pirates at the park. Sometimes Weston played at Nate's house too. Nate's whole family was nice!

One day, Nate's dad got really sick. He had to go to the hospital. The sickness got worse and worse. Nate and his family were so worried.

Weston was worried too. Everyone at church fasted and prayed for Nate's dad. Weston also fasted. He hoped for a miracle. But Nate's dad passed away.

As the days went by, Weston saw how sad Nate and his family were. He wanted to cheer them up. He walked across the street and knocked on Nate's door.

"I don't want to play today," Nate said.

"Oh, OK," Weston said. Was there anything he could do to help Nate?

Weston went home and found Mom. "Nate doesn't want to play," he said.

"That's hard." Mom hugged him. "Sometimes when people are sad, they just need some time alone."

Weston nodded. "I guess if my dad died, I wouldn't feel like playing either."

But Weston still wanted to help Nate and his family feel better. He had an idea. "Where are the scissors?" he asked. "I want to give Nate something from our garden!"

Weston went to the backyard and searched for something to give to his friend. He looked in the dirt where they'd planted some carrots. But they weren't ready yet. He searched in the fruit trees but only found bare branches.

Then Weston looked under some vines with big leaves. He pushed aside a few of the leaves and found a tiny green cantaloupe growing on the vine. This was the cantaloupe he had planted and watered himself!

Hopefully Nate and his family liked melons. Weston cut it from the vine and carried it inside. Then he wrote a note to go along with his gift.

When the card was finished, Weston carefully set the cantaloupe and card on Nate's doorstep. Then he rang the doorbell and ran back home as fast as he could. *I hope they like it*, Weston thought.

Later, Weston saw Nate's family at a neighborhood barbecue.

"That was the best cantaloupe ever!" Nate's sister said.

"We weren't sure what it was at first." Nate laughed. "We thought it was a weird coconut!"

"Thank you for the sweet gift," said Nate's mom.

Weston felt warm inside as Nate hugged him. He couldn't take away his friend's sadness, but even a tiny cantaloupe could help bring a smile. ●