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WHY DO I MATTER?

By Tvesha Joshi
In a faraway world, where you could squeeze letters in order to make real objects, near a pond, a letter X was packing his bags. He felt useless and unimportant because X's were so rarely used. When he went to pack another bag, he saw a boy. The boy turned; the X jumped into a bush before the boy turned around fully. "Phew!" the X thought. Finally, the boy left. The X finished packing his bags, and walked away, a suitcase in each hand.

A boy named Mike lived near that pond. He had always wanted one thing: an X-ray fish. Mike had a collection of letters in his bedroom that would make an X-ray fish. There was only
one letter missing from the collection: an X. Mike felt sad that he had searched far and wide, but he did not find a single X.
One day, 3 weeks from his birthday, October 20, Mike's friend, the same boy who spotted the X, went to Mike's house for a playdate and told Mike about seeing the X near the pond.

15 minutes later, Mike and his friend were on their bikes and halfway to the pond. After a few minutes, the pond was in sight. Mike thought, "Maybe I'll find an X today!" When the boys reached the pond, "Where is the X that you saw?" Mike asked. His friend looked under the bush where he saw the X. Nothing! "It was right here!" They searched the whole pond, but they never saw anything. Mike had felt hopeful before, but now he felt sad again.
Meanwhile, the X was lounging on the warm sand of a beach. He had found his way to the other side of the world. The X was feeling sad because he still did not feel like he had a purpose.

Mike and his friend pedaled home slowly. When Mike's friend left, an idea popped into Mike's head. He would write a letter! Mike gathered an envelope, stamp, and piece of paper. Then he started writing:

Dear X,

Could you come to my home? I will send you the address:

**Address:**

[Nuttenville Avenue, Wilson State]

**From Mike Wilnuts**
Mike packed the letter in the envelope, took the envelope to his backyard, and let the envelope fly from his hand in the cool evening wind.

A few days later, on a breezy day, the X was trying to sleep when—SMACK! Something hard smacked on his forehead. He looked at it and saw that it was a letter! It was addressed to "Somewhere" and from someone named Mike. Then—SMACK! Another letter hit him on the forehead. It looked like this:

Dear X,

I want an X-ray fish.
I NEED YOU!
PLEASE COME!

From Mike Wilnuts

Address: Somewhere
The X read the letters with growing curiosity. Finally, he made his decision and sent himself through the Letter Mail to Mike's house.

On October 20, Mike heard the doorbell ring. He opened the door and saw a package addressed to Mike W. "It's me!" he thought. He hastily unwrapped it. Inside was an X! Mike jumped for joy. He ran upstairs, all the while thinking, "It's my birthday! This is a great present!"

Mike found his collection of letters and started making X-RAY-FISH.

"It's a real X-ray fish!" He put his X-ray fish in his fish tank and exclaimed,
"THIS IS THE BEST PRESENT EVER!" Thank you X.

The X looked at Mike and thought, "I do matter. I have a purpose."

Moral: Everyone has a purpose and that is why they matter.