

Chapter 1



It was Saturday. Franco woke up. He smelled bacon. His dad was cooking. Rafael liked to cook. He cooked every weekend. The Silvas were having a family breakfast. They all ate breakfast together.

Franco looked at the clock. It was eight o'clock. He got dressed. Then he went downstairs. His brother and

sister were in the kitchen. They were laughing.

“Morning, Franco,” said Rafael.

“Hey Dad! What’s going on?”

Franco asked.

“Dad has a surprise,” said Antonio. “We’re going fishing. Dad’s taking us to Alaska.”

“Wow! That’s great!” said Franco. “Are all of us going?”

“Nope,” Lilia said. “I hate fishing. Mom and I are going to *Tía* Julia’s house. We’re going to make *pan dulce*. *Abuela* is going to Skype. She’s still in Mexico. Then we’re going to shop. I would rather shop than fish! You can bring me back some salmon though.”

“Don’t worry, Lilia,” Antonio said. “I’ll catch you a ton of salmon! Save

me some *pan dulce*. Yum!”

“We’ll fly to Alaska. We’ll meet my friend Andre Williams. He lives there,” Rafael said. “He has a big fishing boat.”

“Cool. I’m glad we’re going with a pro,” said Franco.

Rafael put the bacon on a plate. Then he put pancakes on the table.

“Okay, guys, dig in!” Rafael said.

“Don’t forget the syrup,” shouted Antonio.

“Or the butter,” Lilia said.

Rafael smiled. He handed Antonio the syrup. He passed the butter to Lilia.

Ana Silva walked in the room.

“Thanks for cooking. It smells great,” said Ana.

“Here. Have some pancakes,”
Lilia offered.

“Mom, you guys should come fishing! Alaska is great! Come with us!” cried Antonio.

“Lilia and I want to shop with *Tía* Julia. Your *abuela* is teaching Lilia how to make *pan dulce*. Plus, I love the Heights,” said Ana. “I’ll leave the adventures to you, Antonio.” She smiled.