

EXERCISE ONE – Personal Letter

CIE

REDACTED

Western Samoa.

Dear Dad and Mum,

Was going good, you going well? I was feeling great every moment I saw of the great amazing surf, wild, awful in its power, delightful and frightening. A distant eroded plug of basalt yellowed each cyclone season is above water level, but every thing else is flat. First impressions are filled with wonder at the damaged attributes of the dreadful tsunami to the coast. Very sad am I for the good citizens defeated by natures forces.

Adverse conditions prevented me from writing to you and telling you about some of the strange happenings that scared me. Every time, Mum, terrible intrusions from my kidnappers educated me about their view point. Accustomed as I was to normal living, bad feelings arose.

Dad, I am existing on meagre rations of food. I now understand the care you gave. Awful moments have arisen wearing away ability to escape. I could not escape or get away due to being stuck in a toilet, really reticent to certify my independence, felt they would hurt me. I am angry the horrible Trust failed to ensure my safety. Rewards for hard work at school have been destroyed because I alone can't deal effectively with anger at the fact they tried it on me.

I am not accusing the great school of any thuggery they have been careful they might not be so hard as to allowing me to go to normal lessons. Feel very scared find the culprits and the excessive real evidence. Every time dear mum help by getting advice, dad help by doing very thorough research on effective ways to weary unjust wagging tongues.

I am worried they have some oppressive plans to return, get true protection from the police.

Try hard to find help, zero any fights over blame. I forgive my terrible assistant.

Love your chipster, CIE

CIF

30/3/12