

Dear Long lost Father,

When are you coming back from the store you left eight years ago and you didn't come back. I want to tell you about my new friend named Curzon is brave, protective, and outgoing. He has a pretty fancy **apparel** for a slave. He is the only one who was really nice to me since we moved here. He's the only one *I ever broken out of prison.* He shared secrets with me like he was my best friend. Curzon even likes Ruth and helps me keep an eye on her while we look for a place to stay.

Curzon is a smart guy he knows more than most of us. Curzon teaches me and Ruth new things all the times like how to write certain words that we use everyday. Curzon is close to my age and if you haven't remembered how old I am. I'm foreteen years old.

Ruth had been sold and lost for months and I haven't been able to find her. But I don't have listen to her whining and screaming because she can irk me sometimes. I finally found her it took so long but it was so quiet. I'm still mad that you left us for a better life I was so young when you left and Ruth was only a little kid when you left. Why didn't you tell us the truth instead of telling us you were going to the store and you would be coming straight back. You made a courageous move because you ran away from our owner and you ducked and dodged mom for years! You could have at least said goodbye before you left and gave us a hug.

You are smart to for leaving because the master died and you would have been separated from us and we would have a bigger fall out because we would know each other better. We were almost caught running away from our owner and breaking Curzon out of prison by a bunch of soldiers that were warming themselves. Me and Curzon were too clever to be caught by them and we got away scott free. After running away for a while I was **famished** and needed to rest for a long while. Ruths feet were starting to blister and Curzon had to use his little bit of strength to put her on his back but he was too kind to put her down and make her walk until we find a place somewhere. I'll try and write when I get another chance father. Please visit sometime or write back! Please father!

Love your abandon daughter, *ISABEL*