

Dear Dashiell,

Our country is crumbling to the ground all around us, the government is controlling and unfair. I'm surprised it's not against the law to write to people outside of country yet. They have been taking our people, killing them too prove a sick point, putting innocent people on the stand, and making it seem like they've committed some sick crime. They want us to know that we are the underdogs, and that we should be treated as such. They want us to know we are weak and need them to continue with our lives as normal, but that will never happen. Things will never be the same again. We are too far gone. It's like they are pulling our names out of hats; the people they take are random, and it seems like it might be a sick form of population control. They took Wren and put her on display like a dog. She went out like one too, they treat these people like they are nothing. Like their lives are worth absolutely nothing. This form of public execution is no joke, especially when it's somebody you love. We held back Abbey, tears streamed down her face. It broke her, and in some sick kind of way, it broke me to.

Something in my mind is telling me that I should run away with my family that we might be next. I can't let that happen, not to us. We'll move as much as we need too, change our identities. We must stay safe. From now on I'll be known as Juniper Enzo, and we will be leaving Iastauya as soon as we get the opportunity, because I don't think we could continue if one of us was lost in this disgusting mess.

The people here are corrupted, and cruel, unlike you Dash. We haven't spoken in person in years, but in my heart, I just want you to know that I'm happy you and your family got out before this all went down. My mom and dad miss you, but not as much as I do. I miss playing games out in the school's courtyard and reading books together. I don't know if we'll all make it out of this together, but if we do, the first thing I'm doing is going too Oshon to meet up with you. Even though it seems like the world all around us seems like it's falling apart, life continues just as it did before. Me and Abbey still attend school. But instead of learning about math equations, and reading assigned books, we learn about safety, and the state of our country. And my father still goes to work every day, while my mother stays home with the baby, making sure everything still feels homey, despite the bad state of our country. The air is tense and full of pollution and dread. Everyone is scared for the future, for their families and friends. And I'm not sure how much longer we are all going too last like this. If we get caught trying to leave, lying about our identities, we will be killed. Put down just like Wren was, treated like dogs until the end. But some part of me wonders what will happen if this 'plan' ends up working. What if we do manage to get away? What will we do? We are going to leave behind our family, our friends and colleagues. Our lives will never be the same, always running away, staying quiet to avoid any suspicions.

The only thing we have left is our words, our voices. These letters are my only way of feeling like I'm still a human, like I still matter to somebody. I know in some deep dark place in my heart that if this letter is found by anybody else, that if it is misdelivered to a stranger, that my family and I will be caught and killed. But Dash, I want you to know I'm okay, and that I can't wait until the day that I can finally look into your dark eyes and know that everything was okay. That all the risks we are taking were worth it in the end.

Truly yours,

Juniper