

Maquoketa Valley  
Delhi, Iowa

Dear David Pelzer,

***“She walks to school with the lunch she packed Nobody knows what she’s holding back Wearin’ the same dress she wore yesterday She hides the bruises with the linen and lace Her teacher wonders but she doesn’t ask It’s hard to see the pain behind the mask Bearing the burden of a secret storm Sometimes she wishes she was never born Somebody in the middle of the night The neighbors hear but they turn out the lights A fragile soul caught in the hands of fate When morning comes it’ll be too late A statue stands in a shaded place An angel girl with an upturned face A name is written in the polished rock A broken heart that the world forgot” – Martina McBride***

The Book A Child Called “It” made me think of this song. In this story my emotions went up and down. Like I was happy when you were getting food, on the other hand, I was crying when your mom found out and she made you up-chuck your food and eat the hotdogs out of it,

When your mother made you clean the bathroom with ammonia, in the bucket, I could feel myself gasping for air. I would have never thought of breathing through air vent. When you were stabbed I felt a piercing pain in my chest. And all of the other incidents I felt the same way you did.

Your book made me realize that there are children out there that suffer from child abuse; and don’t have anybody to help them. I’m only 12, so I haven’t been on my own, I never noticed that the world is a harsh place. If you need help then you should get it. You shouldn’t let your emotions get all crammed up in yourself. Before I read this book, I never thought about child abuse, but now that I know, every night before I go to sleep I think about what I could do to help those kinds of kids and if there is any way you can find out which kids are suffering from child abuse.

When I was a little baby mom would feed me but it wasn’t the right kinds of foods, but you hardly got fed at all. My mom would leave me home alone, but your mother didn’t do that to you. So my mom wasn’t as cruel as yours.

In this book I always wondered: How could you have child and treat him/her like that? I mean why would you even have a child and abuse it. I don’t know, it just makes me mad that all we do is take the child abuser and put them in jail/prison. Then someday they are going to get out, unless they have to serve a life long sentence. When they get out they will just do it again.

So as you can see I think child abuse is a horrible thing and should be stopped. And this book opened my eyes, if you want to say it like that.

Sincerely,

Sara Gienapp