

West Delaware High School
Manchester, Iowa

Dear Mary Nuttall,

Running, leaving home behind, starting a new life with a deadly secret, not being able to tell anyone who you are, where you come from, and why you're there. In the book Witch Child this would have made me crazy. It actually did once. I was living with my mom and my sister and my brother when we were sent to foster care. We ended up in a women's shelter. We could never have any friends over and we had to look in a security camera and tell them who we were. Of course, I doubt you had to put up with that. My story is a little different, but I still couldn't tell people much about me. Mary you are a brave person for keeping a secret like that.

I don't know what it's like being called witch, but I do know what it's like being wrongly accused. I also know what it's like being picked on and taunted because of something I refused to do in Texas with some people. We were still friends but they kind of looked down upon me after that. Reading your journal gave me this new strength. It made me realize that people have a lot of deathly secrets that they have to keep or they could get killed. Like today, if people in other countries get caught practicing a religion that is illegal in that country, they could get killed. That's probably how you felt. Knowing that if you were ever caught, you would be burned or you'd be drown. It also made me feel stupid for caring what people said because I was never really driven to run from my problems. The book Witch Child helped me see my life was still easier than some.

When I was younger, I lived with my mom. I loved her and though I knew our family needed a better life style I still loved the way I lived. But then my twin sister, my little brother, and I got taken from mom. I was confused but even though I was scared and knew what was going on, I couldn't cry. I haven't seen my mom in a long time, and it's hard because I know she is alive and out there. I talk to my sister or my friends about it. I don't write in a journal but I do talk to others sometimes. I've also never met my dad, and I now you never got that chance either, but I'm happy you say your mom and she watched over you even in America.

I have to get home. That's what was probably running through your mind when the town took you hostage. Sure, they thought they were doing the right thing, but in truth they were just being selfish and were making sure they got what they wanted. I remember when I was taken away from my mom. When we were waiting for the foster families I was thinking "I want to go home." I thought those people were doing things the way that they wanted, just for themselves. I wanted a choice to who I was with. I wanted to be with my mom. So you probably were thinking that also. But your sons helped you out and you got to stay with them and live together. Unfortunately my family didn't have that kind of happy ending. But I am still happy I have a more family now and I hope it keeps growing.

So as I sit here typing to you, I just want you to know you're a really brave person. You harbored a horrible secret and you rant a lot. Most people would have been scared, but you still held your head high. Most people don't know what it's like to lose your friends, family, lifestyle, and so much more so fast, but there are a few a us who do.

Sincerely,

Mariah Mack