



The Emerson Hotel

March 28, 2008

Dear Mother,

Today I made my way to the New York Public Library on 5th Avenue. It was one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen. Both inside and out. Even the bathrooms. I filled out an application for a library card and in the same day, they let me take home books for free. It's called borrowing. Have you ever read books about a boy named Harry Potter? Or seen his movies? A very nice woman who works at the library as a volunteer helped me find the first three volumes. I am still loving a lot of understanding pop cultural references, so I told the woman I am a "beginner" reader. Which is true and she said I should not be ashamed. I am every excited to dive into my reading. Tomorrow I think I will take Harry Potter to The Ramble, which is a very tranquil place in Central Park, and dive in. I hope I can finish reading the books in 90 days. That is when I will need to return Harry Potter to the library.

Looking forward to magic spells,
Love Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

March 7, 2009

Tomorrow.

It has come to soon and yet in many ways too late.

You were right when you said time is cruel.

I love you with all my heart,
but I'm not sure that I can do this.

Hannah



The Emerson Hotel

February 28, 2009

Time is too short. I now know what you meant when you said I would discover a life.

You've left me the hardest choice I've ever known. If I do not open the letter and fulfill whatever mission you've set for me, will this world I've grown to love end in just a few short years? If I do open the letter, does that mean giving up the life I've built? I find myself desperate for answers yet terrified of what getting them may mean.

I wish I could go to you for help. You would never forgive me if I did, and I'm not sure time would even allow it. But I have no idea what to do.

Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

February 20, 2009

Dear Mother,

I get it now, Mom, I do. I was wrong - why we - why they - all seem so distracted here. They're not hiding from life, they are looking for it, everywhere, dead eyed to the fact that it's happening all around them. One great, big Google search for attention, recognition - love. They're hungry for it. So they pause the world - look down, freeze time - terrified that, one day, it'll all be over and they won't be ready.

Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

February 16, 2009

Dear Mother,

I'm sorry I haven't written in a while. The Christmas season was very busy with outings and celebrations. I met many more friends at parties and galleries and concerts. I drank champagne on New Years. I danced. Now I love dancing.

It's strange to me that the day of your letter is approaching ~~so~~ soon. I fear I will not have the heart to read it after so long.

Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

December 10, 2008

Dear Mother,

I can't believe I haven't written to you about the art museum yet! I don't know how it slipped my mind. Almost a month ago now Gasha and Emily took me to the "Met" where we walked around and looked at art all day long. It was such a gorgeous building and so quiet inside. So many people came just to sit and do nothing. At first I didn't understand, but then Gasha told me I had to find an artist or a piece of art that made me feel something when I looked at it. I didn't tell her I had never looked at art or even really knew what it was. But then I discovered Georgia O'Keefe and Henri Matisse and Salvador Dali - so many beautiful paintings of surreal yet somehow alive pictures! I couldn't express why I liked certain paintings or why I could sit for hours on end looking at the shapes and the colors and the detail. The girls began to grow tired of dragging around after awhile.

I have been back five or six times since then. I cannot get enough. I see exactly why you were always so sad these pieces no longer existed after the plague. Oh mother, we must save them! We must!

Glennah.



The Emerson Hotel

November 27, 2008

Dear Motley

It's Thanksgiving again. This time last year I was wandering the city, learning about what a parade was, alone and scared. How things have changed! The daughters and I used to celebrate Thanksgiving, in our own way, with a small feast of whatever we could manage. This year felt like those years - but even more happy. More safe. Sasha and Emily invited me to feast with them. They cooked a whole turkey and potatoes and this delicious concoction called stuffing just for us! I wasn't sure what to buy, so I told them I would make my famous camp fire apples. When I made them with the daughters I filled them with dried berries I found those at the grocery store. This time I thought I could add real sugar, so they were extra sweet and not because they were rotten. Sasha made me cook them under the oven's hot fan instead of over a fire, but they tasted almost the same.

It was just like home. It was home, in a way. It makes me feel strange to think of this place in the same way.

Wish you could be here to
feast with us.



The Emerson Hotel

November 10, 2008

Dear Mother,

After weeks of talking about it, Sasha brought me to see the symphony at Lincoln Center this evening. Before we went Sasha told me to buy an elegant dress. I told her that I would, but that there was no way I was wearing those high heels all the women wear. Sasha laughed. The woman at the store on 5th Avenue picked something out in my size. It was black & very beautiful. After a long time of convincing, she got me to try on some shoes called wedges. I admitted that they looked nice with the dress, even though you couldn't run in them. They weren't very uncomfortable, so I bought them and I wore them.

Mother, the symphony was so beautiful. All the fine people in their black suits and long dresses. And the music. I wept through the whole thing. I thought of your record player. You were right. Nothing compares to the sound of the instruments in real life. I see now why you missed your life and all the beautiful experiences you must have had. I feel so lucky to have experienced it for myself.

Your daughter,
Dannah.



The Emerson Hotel

November 1, 2008

Dear Mother,

Yesterday was Halloween. It was incredible! I stayed out all day and night, just watching everyone in their costumes walk through the park. All types of New Yorkers participated in this holiday. I saw men dressed as Monsters and Athletes, a Viking and even a Banana! I saw women as Cats and Witches and little girls as princesses. I saw little boys become Superman, Batman, Spiderman. All of them were given free candy. (Have you ever tried a sweet tart? They are my personal favorite.) There were so many costumes I could not understand. Tomorrow I will go to Washington Square Park and ask my friend, Finnegan, to explain a few of them. He knows a lot about music, and I bet several costumes were rock and roll musicians or hip hop artists, because aside from making incredible songs, they also have very distinctive looks. Some of them very strange.

With Love,
Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

October 8, 2008

Dear Mother,

I am getting fat!! Can you believe it? Never in my wildest dreams did I think I would eat enough to grow out instead of up. The food here is so rich and full of fats and oils, it's hardly a surprise. Sasha and Emily have teased me mercilessly about it since he was so thin when I met them.

Now in the morning, since I'm already awake before the sun comes up, I take a run around the whole central park. If I go early enough I can run barefoot (which is the best way) and no one thinks I'm strange. Then because the daughters would be angry if I forget my lessons, I practice my formations in the dewy grass. Since I'm there every morning, a few people have started to watch me. At first it made me nervous but now I've started to teach a few of them. People here aren't built for fighting, so they're completely useless at it, but it's still fun to teach again.

You will be glad to know I will be in shape in no time.

I miss you.
Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

September 15, 2008.

Dear Mother,

People in the city are worried today. I can see the lines in their faces drawing deeper, their bodies hunching away from the crowds, eyes wary. The gangs wild dogs. A lot of men and women in suits lost their jobs downtown somehow. I watched them walk around aimless and scared, with their ~~beats~~ full of unimportant things. Some of them were crying. The news is saying it was some kind of financial collapse. I still have all my money, so I wasn't affected. It seems so important to everyone else but I can't seem to understand. They say they've lost everything. I suppose it's like when a winter's worth of stores go to rot. How would anyone allow that to happen in a time like this one?

I hope wherever you are at this time, you aren't hungry or sad.

Love Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

September 3, 2008

Dear Mother,

Simmyan and I rode the train to the end of the line and went to the beach today. The cool breeze and salty, cold water did me good. I went into the Ocean up to my waist. Simmyan watched me from the shore. He cannot swim. I volunteered to teach him but he wouldn't budge.

Jennifer showed me the ocean when I was a girl. She called it the nearest thing we had to understanding what time was like. A big expansive space that moves and shifts. So vast you could drown by just looking at it. Sometimes I miss her so much it aches. When I looked out at the sea and couldn't see the other side, I thought about you and her. Waiting for me in the distance.

I hope I get to see you again.
Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

September 1, 2008

Emily took me to buy my first cell phone today. Since I told her that I had plenty of money, she insisted that I get a very popular one called an iPhone. It took a while for me to understand that it was a "service" and that I didn't pay everything at once. The company takes a little at a time, until I decide I don't want the service anymore. They take it out of my bank account and I don't even have to buy them anything.

They taught me all about the buttons and the screen and what to do with it. It takes pictures! I so do a picture and I think I took twenty of them before we even left the store. I wish I could send them to you in the future. Maybe I can find a way.

Emily was very patient, and she didn't ask too many questions about why I didn't know what I was doing. She's good like that. She programmed her number into my phone and now I can call her and talk whenever I want. I guess I can call anyone in the world now. I might spend the whole day doing that tomorrow.

I love you,
Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

August 14, 2008

Dear Mother,

It was very warm in New York today: 35 degrees Celsius. I have heard several people complain, especially on the television. The weatherman used a funny word to describe it: Muggy. He said the city is in a "heat wave", and told the viewers to "stay cool". I laughed right out loud. I wore a sundress outside for my walk to Battery Park. I imagine you maybe wore a sundress once, before the plague, Mother. Aren't they beautiful? Mine is white with little yellow flowers. I will wash it tonight and wear it again tomorrow. Did you know the Emerson has a laundry service? They will wash your clothes for a fee. I could never do that! Paying other people to touch my clothes, my undergarments? I am not as not managed by different jobs people love here.

Love from Sunny NYC,
Stamatt.



The Emerson Hotel

August 6, 2008

Dear Mother,

I could eat ice cream everyday for the rest of my life. I was so miserable this morning. It's so hot and there are no trees and no shade and the pavement cooks you as you walk along. The daughters never spent much time in cities, for more than one season, but this season especially in the summer time. What sort of sensible animals trap themselves like this?

In any case, I finally lost my patience and stepped inside a shop where they had 31 flavours of ice cream. I know about ice cream, and I didn't think anything of it. Nobody will wasd wrong; they let me try as many flavours as I wanted and each one was better than the last. All ice cold. I bought so many scoops and ate them til I was sick. My favourite flavour is one they call grasshopper even though it's not at all what grasshoppers taste like.

I understand why so many people missed it in the apocalypse.
Glennah.



The Emerson Hotel

July 28, 2008

Dear Mother,

Emily took me to drinks with her friend Sasha. They said that I would like the bar because it was quiet. Emily remembered that I said I liked quiet places! We drank a pitcher of something called Sangria which turned all our mouths purple. Sasha works at a museum and said that Sangria comes from a word in another language that means blood. After she told me that I told her that it tasted nothing like blood, and they laughed. I guessed after that it was a strange thing to say, but they thought I was joking.

Sasha reminds me of you. Since she works at a museum she is full of stories about the past. She told me about a bunch of different wars and battles. I asked so many questions and she said she'd have to research to find some of the answers. The drunker she became, the more vivaciously she told stories.

We stayed at the little bar, which had endless instead of light bulbs, until the bartender said they were closing and asked us to leave. We laughed all the way back to the subway station.

It was a beautiful night,
Flannah.



The Emerson Hotel

July 27, 2008

Dear Mother,

Some days I get bored of exploring. Finnegeon said since I didn't have a job maybe I should volunteer. That seemed like sound advice, so today I went to the 'soup kitchen' where they hand out free food to people who don't have a home or money. Finnegeon said that many winters he goes to the soup kitchen to eat. I had no idea so many people were hungry in New York! Why don't they have soup kitchens in every neighbourhood.

They let me hand out food to hungry people all day, even though they tried to make me take several breaks. It was the most satisfying task I've done in weeks. There is so much boon in this period. No fighting, no stealing. For the first time in a long time, I felt like things were better here. All these smiling faces with their full bellies were because of me. They were a balm to my soul after so many years of killing just to eat.

I met a wonderful friend named Emily, who volunteered with me. We are going out for drinks tomorrow. She said she found me odd, but that that was a compliment. I hope that is true and I don't embarrass myself.

Making friends,
Kammah.



The Emerson Hotel

June 21, 2008

Dear Mother,

I met a wonderful friend at the park today whose name is Finnegan. He lives and sleeps in the park. He seemed ashamed to admit that he doesn't have a building to live in. I told him that I thought living in a park sounded wonderful and that I would share my lunch with him. We fed the squirrels and it reminded me of days old as girls in our camp. For a moment I missed the woods so badly I could have cried. Finnegan and I talked for hours. He is very wise and doesn't react of things like the rest of the world does. He told me about many secret places in the city. I taught him how to share pigeons. We got on famously.

I miss you.
Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

June 2, 2008

Dear Mother,

The train! It was such an adventure. In the apocalypse the tunnels beneath the city are full of rats and too flooded to travel. Here they are full of people - every kind of person rides the train. I had half expected to see someone I knew there were so many faces. I had to ask many many questions to learn how to use the ride pass and how to wait on the platform and what to do to get on and off. After I figured it out I rode for hours! I bent all the way to Queens! You'd be so proud of me. In the morning and late afternoon it was almost peaceful - like being on a boat. I like the way the air rushes out when the doors open.

Tomorrow I will ride the train to Brooklyn. I think I remember you said there was a coffee shop there where you used to meet my grandfather.

With love,
Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

May 31, 2008

Dear Mother,

I finally took Doris's advice and opened a bank account for the first time. I have all the cash you left me with and I have barely spent a thing. The clerk behind the counter gave me a terrified look when she gave me a little tag, like I was some kind of thief. But I told her about keeping to myself for such a long time, and not going out, and she seemed to understand.

It's been so warm inside yet inside the bank they keep it so cold. Why is that? Do they have to keep the money cold for some reason? After all the paperwork I was nearly shivering!

I have my own special card with my name on it now that withdraws money from my account. It feels like such a giant step toward blending in. Sometimes I marvel at the sheer clockwork of people and order in this time period. There was a time when I could scarcely imagine seeing something as worthless as money made look and buy much less digesting it into a special card.

Yours,
Mumukshu



The Emerson Hotel

April 10, 2008

Dear Mother,

Spring is here and I've spent many hours in the park. In one or two places you can sit for a few minutes without any people going by. I long for the deep woods where you could walk for a few days and never see another soul.

It's not just the noise and the stoves that I hate. I have to admit that when I see the groups of children playing I think of growing up with sisters. When I see the people playing ball across the grass I think of our volleyball. Even those lounging together in the sun makes me think of home. The sound of laughter and shouts. All of it puts me in mind right back to my family, so many of whom were lost. It makes me weep. I have travelled too far in time. Many of them have not been born yet.

Truly,
Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

March 8, 2008

Dear Mother,

I don't know what to write. I don't believe I've discovered any secrets to the universe. You said this world was beautiful, and I guess you're not wrong. I still don't seem to belong here and I don't think I ever will. People here still look at me like I'm a shadow or a whisp of smoke. Undesirable and temporary?

I am a stranger in this place.

Blannah.



The Emerson Hotel

February 6, 2008

Dear Mother,

It has made me laugh just to sit at the window and watch all the people struggle against the wind and the cold. Humans are such fragile creatures and so determined. If the daughters and I had had this warm place like the Emerson to hunker down in during the deep winter, we certainly wouldn't have left for any indie reason. Yet here they are - dozens of them in their puffy colorful coats and slippery shoes. Sliding and falling and tripping at their boots, struggling all the way to wherever they go and back so helpless. Sometimes I wonder how many of them will die of the cold and not be worse when the time comes. It makes me feel strange when I think about that day to come.

Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

December 16, 2007

Dear Mother,

Today I awoke to something I haven't heard in many months - silence. I walked to my window to find the city covered in an immaculate blanket of the whitest snow I have ever seen. I watched the tiny flakes fall from the sky for the entire morning. When a knock at my door sounded, I discovered Don with a mug of steaming brown liquid with floating white lumps. He told me it was called "hot cocoa." I took a sip, and my entire body filled with the most delightful warmth I have ever experienced. Don also brought me a book he thought I might enjoy. I spent the remainder of my day in front of the window, watching the snowflakes fall and reading magazines. I think I am beginning to understand the beauty of winter.

Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

November 22, 2007

Dear Mother,

Although I have had many strange experiences during my time in the city, today has been the strangest of all. I was sitting in my room eating breakfast when a giant turkey floated past my window. When I looked outside, the sky was filled with floating creatures. Below me it looked as if the entire city stood on the street. I ran down to the lobby, where Don informed me that the commotion was due to what he called "Thanksgiving Day Parade." Apparently the city celebrates "Thanksgiving" by standing in the street and gazing at giant creatures hovering above them. Don also informed me that people usually spend the day eating copious amounts of food with their families and being thankful for everything in their lives. I wish I could have spent this day with you.

Humana.



The Emerson Hotel

October 17, 2007

Dear Mother,

I was taught never to carry more than you are willing to abandon, never to drop your eyes from the world until you close them at night - even then, not fully. Here, they have everything, always, and somehow see nothing - music, film, art, each other - a world so full and people so empty. This place, this time, feels much too meaningless. Not at all what I'd imagined this people too distracted by their possessions, devoted to their obsessions, they lose themselves in imagery. Missing the present as it happens around them. This world doesn't belong to me, and yet I was born of it.

I gave my word to fight for it, to learn why it's worth fighting for - even if, now, I can't quite see. For mother... I love you and I miss you so much.

Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

October 13, 2007

Dear Mother,

I experienced a grocery store for the first time today. I remember hearing about them when I was young, but, never imagined it would be anything like this. When I stepped inside, a man pushed a giant basket on wheels toward me. I was confused at first but noticed that other patrons seemed to be filling the large baskets with food. Never in my life had I seen so much food in one place, and in so many different colors! The fruit was even stacked in giant pyramids. I examined the apple first, and was overwhelmed by the different colors and types. Who, I wonder, is "Granny Smith," and why is a fruit named after her? I ultimately chose to purchase one of each fruit in the store. I'm looking forward to exploring the remainder of the grocery store in the following weeks.

Hannah



The Emerson Hotel

September 21, 2007

Dear Mother,

I believe you would be proud of me. Today, I ventured out of the Emerson once again. Not very far, but enough to feel the summer sun on my face. Not sunlight! It nourishes me, I can feel it inhabiting me, warming me from the inside out. It feels everything around me too the maple trees I told you about and the potted plants in windows. And I saw a baby in its stroller, smiling at the sun. Squinting like me. Tonight I will eat something sweet for dessert. Chocolate maybe. Then tomorrow, I will walk down to the store on the corner and buy a pair of sunglasses. If I give myself a task to accomplish, a location to get to, I know I can make it past the front door next time.

As always thinking of you,
Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

September 6, 2007

Dear Mother

Today was a big day for me, as it was the day I finally left the Emerson. It was only for a few short minutes, but it was something. The first sites I took outside nearly threw me into shock - I did not know that it was possible for the city to be even louder than it already is. Sometimes I wonder if I will be able to hear at all once I come back home. And the smell of the city was unlike anything I have ever experienced - much worse than anything in the apocalypse. I felt so tiny, so insignificant, amongst the giant towers and oceans of people. However, this feeling didn't bring about the loneliness that I expected. Instead, I felt free.

Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

August 20, 2007

Dear Mother,

I made it to the lobby of the Emerson, where I now make daily trips. I have met several new people, who have all showed me kindness. I have also encountered Don today, who taught me how to use what is called a "vending machine". One simply feeds the machine money, presses some buttons, and the food expels itself. Oddly enough, it's already pre-rationed. However, the food from this machine will not sustain me for long. Soon I know that I need to leave the Emerson completely. Sometimes I sit in the lobby, watching the people pass by through the windows. Being so much closer to them than I am in my room, I realize that I was wrong — they do not all look the same. There are people of all different shapes, sizes, colors, ages... There are even babies and children. And even though some of these people do not smile, many of them do.

Gannah.



The Emerson Hotel

August 2, 2007

Dear Mother,

My food and water supply is becoming dangerously low. Even with the strictest rationing, I estimate I only have enough for one more week. I know that the time has come for me to leave the confinement of these four walls, regardless of I am ready or not. Today, I stood in the doorway of my room for what felt like hours, in limbo between safety and the unknown. It was then I remembered what you once told me about being fearless: "Fearless doesn't mean absence of fear, Hannah, it means looking your fear straight in the eyes and telling it to go to hell." So, I took a deep breath, and stepped outside of my room. And then I took another step. And another. And then I was down the hall at the top of a set of stairs. I contemplated going down the stairs, but I ran to my room when I heard voices coming from the first floor. Today, I took a step into the unknown. I was fearless. And tomorrow I will be, too.

Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

July 28, 2007

Dear Mother,

Today a knock on my door jarrred me from my sleep. I immediately jumped from my bed, mentally gauging where I had placed every weapon in the room. As I quietly walked to the door, my pounding heart drowned out the incessant noise from the city below, which was comforting as always. I looked through the tiny window in the door to find a man on the other side holding a stack of white towels. I watched him for a few seconds, and then he yelled "room service." I opened the door a crack, and he smiled at me. It was a warm smile, one that reached his eyes, authentic. I couldn't remember the last time I smiled at me. He handed me the white towels and introduced himself as Don. He told me that I could contact him if I ever needed anything. After Don left, I felt a little less lonely than I had before. He was the first person I'd talked to since... I left you.

Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

July 4, 2007

Dear Mother,

Tonight, as I sat by the fire, several loud explosions erupted in succession outside of my window. Believing the Emerson was under attack, I crouched down, waiting for the bullets to rip through the windows and walls. However, nothing happened. I checked a peak through the window, when I saw the explosions again. Only in the wake of the explosions, the most extraordinary light fountains appeared in the sky. The lights, like a million tiny stars, filled the night with colours of blue, green... even red. Yet, this was not the catastrophic kind of red that plagues the present, the people on the street below stared at the lights in admiration, not unlike myself. For several short minutes, I felt a connection with these people that I cannot explain. It was as if we shared a feeling that I didn't know I still had the capacity to feel hope.

Hannah



The Emerson Hotel

June 18, 2007

Dear Mother,

This room, which once seemed so large, so unfamiliar, is beginning to suffocate me. The air is so thick and hot, it's nearly tangible. Yet, the thought of leaving this stifling prison nakes my head spin. But I know I must. I can hear your voice in my head, urging me to be strong. I know that I must experience what you call a "life", but I am afraid. Life is predictable in these four walls. Oh. But outside, amidst the people, the noise, the endless expense... I simply wish that you were here with me. I cherish the small moments when your voice enters my mind to comfort me. I count the days until we see each other again.

Hannah



The Emerson Hotel

May 25, 2007

Dear Mother,

This morning when I awoke, I discovered it was raining. I used to love the rain back when I lived in the forest. The smell of it, the cool dampness on my skin, even the occasional rainbow. So much hope and life in a single, tiny raindrop. But here, the rain is different. Never in my life have I seen so much gray. The sky, the buildings, the people. No colour, or life, anywhere. I watch the crowds on the streets below from my window, never seeing the same person twice. But yet, they all look exactly the same, so I wouldn't know if I had. I often wonder why the people here never smile. They are healthy. They are safe. They still have their families. Why, then, do they look like the apocalypse has already passed?

Flammek.



The Emerson Hotel

April 9, 2007

Dear Mother,

I have yet to leave my room since I arrived in this vociferous city. I spend my days looking through my window, watching the people wander aimlessly, eating sweets below. Time passes by so slowly here: the days and nights seem to fuse together into a continuous eternity. Even when the sky is dark, there is so much light - even in the absence of the stars & moon. When I had trouble sleeping as a child, I used to look up into the night sky & find all the constellations. Now, I must create my own constellations in the water stained ceiling above my bed. Still sleep eludes me.

Hannah



The Emerson Hotel

March 23, 2007

Dear Mother,

For all the fighting of our time, I've never felt so assaulted. Or for all its loneliness, so alone. Mother, I wonder... where are you right now? I wonder where am I?

Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

March 21, 2007

Dear Mother,

Tell me how is it possible to feel so alone amongst the company of so many other people? And yet, although I spend my days and nights alone, I've yet to experience even a single moment of silence. This is what I miss the most from home - the silence. And you. No matter the time of day, the chaos of this city ensues. I continually wonder how, why, these people choose to live here. Choose to live in a place where they cannot hear their own thoughts. Perhaps, that is exactly the reason they choose to be where they are.

Hannah.



The Emerson Hotel

March 11, 2007

Dear Mother,

I have taken out the injection over a dozen times today and put it in my skin ready to splinter at any moment. I haven't, because you told me to be brave. I don't feel brave.

Why am I here? Why did you send me? Only my promise keeps me from an answer. And my thoughts of you. There is nothing good here. Nothing normal. People scream in the night. Cars honk. The walls are pounding.

If I could find the will to leave the hotel I would find you and give you a piece of my mind. Maybe I could warn you not to send me back on this fools mission in the first place.

Hammak



The Emerson Hotel

March 9, 2007

Dear Mother,

I cannot write for long because my head is pounding. I splintered into the street with all the lights. The cars were everywhere. The noise! Why are there so many people here?

I have made it, just barely, to the Emerson. The money you gave me is enough to last, they said, for years. I do not expect to leave my room. I will open your letter early I think and come back as soon as possible.

Hannah