

The Girl on the Tower – A letter from Susan to her mother

Dear mother,

Why did you leave? When I shouted at you to leave, I didn't mean it! But I had never felt so angry, so sad and disappointed. I know I shouldn't shout at you, I'm sorry please come back! I promise it won't happen again.

Do you really need to get married again? Is the man you are marrying more important than me? Why is aunt and cousins not here when I need them? Why can't things be like before? We were happier back then...

When I locked myself inside the bathroom, I heard your footsteps going towards the front door and then down the steps to the street. So I came out to find you, to ask you to take me with you. But you were already gone. I started running down the street but I didn't know where you went. I felt so free when I ran so I didn't stop.

I came to an open field, where I saw a tall tower. I want you to be here so you can see how pretty it looked. I wanted to get a closer look, so I climbed on it.

I grabbed hold of the ledge at the bottom of the tower and began to pull myself up. The higher I got, the freer I felt. I could see all the way into the city. I wish I could have taken a picture of it. I felt as if I have nothing to worry about as long as I stay there. You, that man and my aunt and cousins, even the carnival-everything was very far below me at that time.

I knew I would have to come down, but not this soon as my arms began to ache. I really wish I could stay up here forever. I tried to come down but as soon as I saw how high I was, I became afraid. I didn't know what to do.

After a while, I saw a sheriff's car at the foot of the tower. The deputy got out and used a bull horn to speak to me. He told me that he is here to help, and he asked me to try to climb down.

But I was too scared, so I didn't. Then a man began to climb towards me. He told me to hold on to him as we went down together. I even slipped once, but we made it safe and sound.

Before I went, I hugged him. I wish I had a father like him.

I hope you come back soon!

Your daughter,
Susan