



Dear Duncan,
It's gold crayon.
I hated when you
metted me a few
years ago. I am
feeling extremely
upset. I am sleeping
that badly. I feel
that I am dead.
I refuse to draw
until you help me!
Duncan some times
I don't want to be
your crayon. I am
asking you to
stop. I am not
your friend because
you snapped on the
side of the table
from your hurt
gemmy gold crayon.