

November 5, 1990

Dear Pen Pal,

I'm an eleven year old Cambodian boy and I'm in the sixth grade. My school is called J. G. Pyne School. Our school is nice. Let me tell you about my country Cambodia where I was born.

When I was born my country was poor. When my mother told me to go to the village to get something I got there and the Khmer Rouge (bad communists) had come to our village. I thought it was a parade of people. The Khmer Rouge were shooting guns but I thought the sounds were fire crackers they killed all the people but I escaped. When I escaped I was five years old. Then my mother and I escaped from the village and went to the city.

Your Pen Pal,  
Youleang Meang