

Dear Em,

It was a pleasure to get your message. Fumi, my pet crow, brought it to me.

You ask what it's like where I am. I'm a prisoner, actually. My prison has the poetic name "Lotus on the Ruby Lake." You mentioned in your letter that your house floats when the tide comes in. My house floats too, in a manner of speaking. It sits on a long wooden platform, which hangs from thick chains that are bolted into the sides of the crater of a volcano. If I lean over the rail at the edge of the platform, I can see the glowing lava of the Ruby Lake. It's not anyplace you'd want to swim, that's for sure.

My captors bring me supplies by helicopter once a week, and they let me send notes to my mother. I will include this message in my weekly note, and my mother will post it on to you.

Please do write again; it's very lonely here by myself.

Yours,

Kayamanira (Kaya) Matarayi

