

Dear Mother,

I felt sorry for you in the beginning, I was telling myself that you are not guilty. But others told me you were guilty and I told them they were wrong. But I was just fooling myself. You told me you were my mother but you were wrong. If you were really my mother you would have helped me where I was but you didn't. And that is why I don't feel sorry for you now. You were a mother to [REDACTED], [REDACTED], and [REDACTED] but not to [REDACTED] and me. You put them in school but not David and me even when the police came and you said [REDACTED] was not here and didn't mention me at all. When you came into the grandmother's bedroom, you would always wave or say hi to [REDACTED] and me. I would smile back but it was a sad smile. Every time the grandmother closed the bathroom door, I would cry because of you. I cried every day and night hoping you would come and say I want my children out, they don't belong in there but I was wrong, you never came. Yes I love you and always will because you gave birth to me but that doesn't mean anything. I am sorry you are going to prison but it is not my fault, but yours since you didn't help me. You made promises that you didn't keep. You knew I was locked up, not getting fed, getting beat, and you didn't do anything about it.



My real parents are standing next to me now teaching me how to be a young beautiful girl. They are helping undo the damage done to me by the grandmother while you did nothing. Thanks to them, I got to see the stars and moon for the first time, eat corn on the cob, and celebrate Halloween, my birthday, Thanksgiving, and next month Christmas, all for the first time. Since I have been out, I have gone back to school, learned how to ride a bike, play baseball and win a trophy, have become a very good swimmer, and have started playing on a basketball team. I am in school getting good grades. I am trying to get at least part of my childhood back that the grandmother took away from me.

To Tomas Granados,

Thanks for putting the lock on the door and ignoring everything that was happening to [REDACTED] and me.

To the Grandmother,

I am saving the best for you since you did the worst things to me. These were a few of your favorite things: hammer, knife, needle, scissors, hair

dryer, sticks, broom, mop, boot, heavy metal toys, hot boiling water, plunger, to name a few. These were some of your favorite tortures: not feeding me for up to four days, teasing me with food, teaching my sister to hit me, locking me up for five years in a bathroom and closet, threatening to cut me up into little pieces and throw me into the desert. You tied my hands behind my back and around my neck every time you left to go gamble and gagged me with a sock. You used duct tape over my eyes and mouth. You made me sleep naked in the bathroom with no heat. I had to stand naked for hours pleading with you to let me sit down. You would then hit me more and make me stand up even longer. I had to stand by and watch you torture my brother by forcing his head into the toilet. You called me the "F" word, the "B" word, witch, ugly, evil, the devil. You actually had me convinced I was a bad person and didn't belong here but you are the one that is evil.

Because of you, instead of driving a car, going out on dates, looking and feeling like a regular teenager, I am now a 17 year old in fourth grade learning what I should have learned a long time ago. I discovered who Christopher Columbus was the other day. I am 4 feet 6 inches tall which is 6 inches taller than when I was rescued. I still can't walk or run right, my teeth are badly damaged, and I need glasses now. Because of you kids tease me about my age. I can't hang out with kids my own age because of you. I don't really know who or what I am or where I belong because of you.

To your Honor,

The last thing the grandmother said to me "now look what you did, you ruined the family, but don't worry because if I go to prison I will find a way to get out and I will find you and kill you." So your Honor, I don't want to spend the rest of my life worrying about my grandmother trying to kill me. Please send her away until she is 85 years old.

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