

Dear Santa

How are you? I'm April, I'm six years old and I live in Harlem, in New York. But you know that, right? we met last Christmas at the shopping center. I was a little blond girl with blue eyes, and overalls. I was there with mummy and daddy, and Andy; he's four years now, and Pranskish, my puppy. Do you remember? Oh! I'm sure. So do you. You don't forget anything.

So, Santa that makes us old friends. Things are changed since last time we met: Daddy lost his job. Sometimes, he goes out and he returns in the middle of the night. And mummy spends all day crying. I think it's because her colleague, Martin, doesn't answer her emails and calls her back. And Andy is extremely dumb. I've always played with Pranskish and nothing ever happened. But last summer, Andy and Pranskish were playing with the ball in the garden. Andy kicked the ball and it crashed into Pranskish's face. And the puppy didn't move. That was because the battery ran out.

You can see my situation here. If you're come here you'll have to pull yours socks up. So, let's go to the point:

- A translator machine because when daddy comes back at night, I can't understand him. He talks bizarre. I saw this machine in the shopping center. It's white... or red... or blue... I don't know. I couldn't learn the colors, yet. And I need this machine for my daddy teach me the colors.
- A fast internet connection for mummy, and a new phone for Martin. Obviously, his phone is broken.