

Dear Tip,

Out here in the rough, it's actually really great! Despite it getting cold out here (at night mostly) the day is work-free. Please come. I planned out everything, which took quite a while. They don't treat you - I mean everyone well - they make you eat out of a trough. The reason I am writing is because ~~I~~ want you to escape because: they treat <sup>you</sup> as bad as dirt. <sup>and</sup> they beat you.

You must join me or you might die!

Do you want me to be all alone? Although I found it easy, you might find it quite damn tricky so here is what you are gonna do; Every day the mail-man goes by and into the gritty old workhouse. As it slowly rolls into the workhouse, you need to sneak behind the cart and legit!

In - maybe ten years (if you stay) you'll die. Do you want me roaming free while <sup>you</sup> stuck all alone? I might as well kill myself because I would be so lonely and scared without my BFF!  
From Jimmy boy (my nickname)