

June 7th

Hey Uncle Pablo, how are you?



Thanks for the funny birthday card, made me . Victor took me to a nice place (and paid for once!) where I had the best apple pie ever for dessert. Don't tell grandma I said that! ;)

Wish eveeverything was good news. Last night Maria and I had a fight over doing the dishes. There's something wrong with her, I can tell. She cries when she thinks I can't hear her, but she won't admit that there's anything wrong. At first I thought that Dr. Seabruck might be pressuring her for dates again, but now I'm not so suåre because I hear her moaning at night babbling about babies and silver boxes or something. Wish she would just tell me what's up.

Anyhow, sorry to put that on ya, and I hope things are all good by you. å TTYL, Rosa

June 15th

The funeral for Maria will be on Saturday at 2PM at Marslow Funeral Home on Oakland. I miss her so much already.

Chicago has become impossible to live in. You can't even go shopping without getting killed! I know that crime and stuff is bad everywhere, but it's just insane here. As soon as I get some money saved and a job set up, I'm going to come out to live with you, if that's OK. I can't take it here any longer, I wish I could leave today.

Rosa

July 12th

I don't know what to do, Uncle Pablo. Today I had an argument with the head nurse. She told me that if I wasn't careful, I would end up like Maria. Maybe I'm crazy, but I think she may have been serious. I get the feeling she may have had something to do with Maria being killed. It's possible she and Maria had an argument because she's just so infuriating.

I'm ready to move out to your place, but I'm going to stay until the end of the week to look into something before I go.

Your Rosa

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