

Dear Dad,

I hope this finds you well and warm enough. Mom says Wyoming cold teaches you patience, but Ohio cold feels sharper, like it gets into your bones faster. The snow here reminds me of Heart Mountain sometimes. Flat and quiet. The wind moves it the same way, like it is always searching for something.

Mom is doing all right. She is tired, but she does not complain. She works long hours at the factory and comes back with her hands sore and her face gray from the machines, but she still makes sure we eat. Our room at the hostel is small, but it is clean, and the heat works most nights. We have a window that looks out over the tracks.

School is fine. I keep my head down. The teachers talk a lot about the war and about doing your duty. I do my work and stay quiet. Some days I feel invisible, which is easier. I miss my old school. I miss California light.

I saw something at the tracks two days ago. A train accident. There was mud that hissed when they sprayed it. The workers looked scared, even the men in white coats. I thought you would

Please do not worry about us. I am taking care of Mom the best I can. I think of you every day.

Your son,
Ken

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Ken