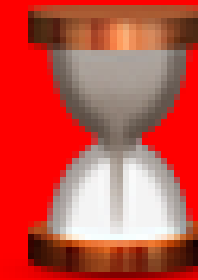


# Time capsule



Hi, this time capsule is to who ever digs it up.

I am 12 years old and I work at my dads shoe shop. I get payed \$20 a day. Which is really harsh on my dad cause we only get \$1000 a week. My name is Jack. It takes me an hour to get to work because we can't afford a cart.

The pub is right next to our tent so all the drunks keep my sister Evie wake so I have to help mum look after her. People need to give us a better life and money.

I hope the future is better for this school. I am writing this letter to tell the future how good they have it now. Don't take it for granted. The train cost a lot of money so people have to walk everywhere. The hotel across ran out of room an hour ago. So the bar is packed with drunks. We had some bread and mutton for dinner. That was all we could eat because of the laws. You can only have meat and soup with bread at Ballarat the mutton is always cold and rotten but that was all we could eat.

The beds had are stuffed with leaves and the sheets have animal hair all over them. I went to go to sleep is a nightmare here because the drunks shoot there guns and it makes me feel like there shooting me.

So this letter to the world and tell them don't take there life for granted.