Dear Aunt Zhang,

First of all, I would like to thank you for your support. I am Wang Juan, student from Class 3 Grade 1 in Huining First High School.

I was very fortunate getting in Huining First High School and receiving your donation. Your kindness means a lot to me. There was a lot of stress coming to high school. The tuition was a large expense. Because of your support, I was able to move forward in spite of this burden. There was also stress academically. I barely met the score requirement to get in this school. I was lucky getting in this local top high school. After classes started, I thought I studied relatively hard but I was only ranked in the bottom half of my class after the midterm exams. However, I don’t want to give up. I wouldn’t give up even if I fell over twice at the same place. My parents got divorced when I was in first grade. My dad got into prison because of hurting someone after getting drunk. I was the only child. My grandma and I were the only ones at home. My grandpa passed away a long time ago. There was no workforce at home nor steady income. We mainly relied on government aid and life was pretty tough. Because of all these, I felt inferior and lacked self-confidence since I was little. In school, I was most afraid of parents’ meetings because my grandma was illiterate and nobody from my family could attend. The scene was awkward. I felt wronged but I did not dare to cry. I did not want to tell anyone.

When I was little, I was also afraid of rainy days because I knew that no one would come and take me home. When it rained, I was always the first one running home in the rain. Talking about that, it brought back too many memories. I didn’t want nor dare to cry. I didn’t want to talk too much about things like that because I was afraid of showing too much emotion and starting crying. My friends said I was strong but they didn’t know what I was trying to hide. I wish I was a naïve child, growing up under the protection of mom and dad. I am jealous of those children who don’t grow up and those children who are not so exhausted by life. What I told you is perhaps very negative but Aunt Xinyue (if you allow me to call you like this) I spoke from my heart. It was not so positive but it was real and reflected the real life of a poor student. I hope you won’t be affected by this sadness when you read this letter.

At the end, I again sincerely express my gratitude for your support. Thank you!

Best,

XXX

November 20, 2016