

# *True story*

by Buck Jones

November

Dear Mike:

I went out of my room on Friday, November 14. When I came back, the bed was in the middle of the room and there were things missing: two pair of boots, two bags of clothes, and some books. Now it is Monday, and these things are still missing, and there is no heat in my room. I would like to sue the people that run this house.

This room is not even fit to live in. And the food is another thing. I come into the house and the lady gives me cold food for the meal. My friend Danny and I are paying \$350 for one month. I get \$501 per month. Where is the other \$151 for the rest of the month? I don't even see the cheque for this amount.

Yours truly,

Buck

February

When I moved out of my first place, I had to pay the landlord two months' rent in advance. Then when I moved in, the food I got was nothing compared to my mother's food. Sometimes, thinking things over in the room I was at, I looked at the newspaper for furnished rooms to let. The rent was high, so I asked my worker to help me. He got me a room not far from the hospital.

Sometimes I come home to cold food and cold coffee, which is disgraceful. People walking up and down the halls get me angry.

Last Saturday the cook was beaten up with a coffee pot. It took 20 stitches to close the cut. The man who did this terrible thing was charged and put away for life.

The rent used to be \$340 a month. Now they have jacked it up to \$358. I feel that I cannot pay this amount.

I have got a lady out where I live. Her name is Clem. she lives there with me and 22 other people. Some sniff glue; some smoke pot; others drink wine. Of course, who buys the wine? Me!!