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From Chris B. Konan

Request for financial assistance.

Dearest one,
I know this letter may come to by surprise since we do not know each other in person , but I am writing by faith and believing God that you will not turn me down after explaining my predicament to you .

My name is Chris Konan, I am 17 years old 2nd son (now the first son since my elder brother is dead) of Mr and Mrs Jean and Esther Konnan . My father was a middle class farmer in Bondoukou a village in western part of Ivory Coast in west Africa .My father is not that very rich but we are very comfortable as have two family house , two van and two private cars , we are a very happy family of six , Mom and Dad , Jean the first son 20years , Chris 17years Terry 12years and Esther 9years .=20

Our father was not educated in his time and for that he vowed that all his children will attend the highest level of education as long as he lived , but the devil has come to steal , kill and destroy for he never lived to see that dream come through .

All the years as we are growing up we come to notice that all our uncles are very wicked because of the attitude mated on us when ever we visited them and their children. We always complained this to father but he always say that they are your uncles that they will not harm any of you , that they are discipline us to be good children .It is Mom who always confronted them in those occasion , she always told us to be careful with them , for they are jealous of our father=92s success and we the children.

On June 7th 2000 , my father organised a fare well party for my elder brother who will be going to university the next day .All invited and non invited guests came except one of my uncle, the elder brother

of my father who did not attend that party as he has earlier threatened that Jean will not go to university since his own son who is much older than Jean has tried so many time to pass the examination into the university without success .Tragedy struck on the 8th of June 2000 as our was driving Jean to his new school in Abidjan , a distance of about 475km from our town .The car which they are travelling with crashed , killing the passengers on the sport . The news of the accident came to us in the village the next day .It is like the world is coming to an end , for Mom, we never knew that she will survive it for she was rushed to hospital where she stayed under intensive care for three days . When she eventually recovered she came home for the burial and funeral ceremonies. Then three days after the funeral of my, evil uncles came calling with their evil plans first, they told Mother to hand over the keys of the vehicles and all the properties of their late brother and that she should never step her foot in farmlands of our father, that the family will decide on what they will do with her since her husband has died .We couldn=92t believe what was happening to us , Mon cried and cried but no one heard her , she contacted all father=92s friends but no one came to our rescue .She challenged the evil men dear them that she will not go any where nor to allow them take any of my father=92s properties not over her dead body . Then, they told us that we shall see .

A month after the funeral of our father , Mother went to one of our late father=92s farm , there the evils one struck with their witchcraft again , for when she came back she complained of her leg hurting her, before you know it the leg started swelling up then her stomach also before we could rush her to the hospital she died also, leaving us to the mercy of the blood testy evil uncles , leaving us behind this wicked world full of hatred , wickedness and injustice .After the death of our mother we were subjected to all sorts of dehumanising labour , we became slaves in our father=92s house , treated as an out cast by our uncles and their families They also stop us from attending schools ,with no one to complain or turn to we resolved to faith in God, even the so called friends of our late father who used to eat and drink with us when father was alive, all have deserted us.=20

After those incidents, we decided to run away from the hell cold home. On the 8th of May 2000, we snick out of our village to Abidjan with the little money I manage to save from casual jobs in the village. Right now I am, mother, father and brother to my junior ones, with no money, no food, no house not to talk of going back to school. I am using this medium to plead to you that God will touch you in a special way for you to help us with any thing you can afford to send to us, for us to live a normal life again, also I urge you to pray for us. Any thing that you can send no matter how small will be thankfully received and appreciated.

I pray that God will continue to enrich you with his unlimited mercies, grant you peace, love and happiness.

God bless you and your family.

I am looking forward to hear from you soon.

Yours sincerely

Chris B. Konan.

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