

14 Adar 2447

Paltiel Reuveni
400 King Pharaoh Street
Pitom, Mitzrayim

Dear Diary,

What will be? My suffering is getting worse and worse each day. Remember that pyramid that I wrote about last week, and I was so excited that I was finally finishing it? Well, now it seems to have sunk into the ground and my hard work for so long was all for nothing. The Mitzri taskmaster has ordered me to start from the very beginning and rebuild the pyramid.

My back is breaking from all the bricks and cement that I needed to carry. In the construction camp today, I was whipped so many times again because my quota of bricks is so high, and there is no way that I am able to finish it. Ever since they stopped giving us straw, I walk for hours collecting straw to make bricks, the hot sand burning my feet. I wish Aharon's brother, Moshe, had never come within his grand ideas of being special people and going on a ridiculous three day journey. It has only caused us more and more work.

When I was finally allowed to leave the worksite for the day, some horrible Mitzri found me walking home and forced me to come to his house to clean the dust off his walls for the pleasure of seeing me work. Then, he lit a candle and made me stand in one place with it on my head. The wax was dripping down all over my face. After a few hours of standing like that, he allowed me to leave and go home, but only after I watched his pet alligator for an hour. The alligator was so hungry that I was scared that he would eat me up alive in one swallow.

I was so tired after the whole day, that I knew I would not make it home. I found an open field and collapsed on the cold ground. I guess it will be another night without washing off all the lice from my body. I think I will rest for a couple of hours until it's time to start work again. I'm dreading what's going to be tomorrow at the work site. Hashem, please save us soon.

Sincerely yours,

Paltiel Reuveni

By: Rabbi Ellis J. Safdeye