

# New Roots, New Beginnings

By Lori Friesen





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Dear James,

April 29, 1804

We are finally here! Canada is such a beautiful country.  
My new house is surrounded by a massive green forest.  
It is filled with birds I have never seen before.





I have been exploring the woods every day, and have started to build my own fort. It's going to be the best hideout spot! I hope it's not raining again in England today.

Your Friend,

William

Dear James,

August 22, 1804

Have you been to the seaside this summer? Last summer was so much fun when we went swimming together. The sea is really far from my new house now. I sure hope I haven't forgotten how to swim.



There was a tremendous storm here yesterday and my  
fort was blown down. I don't have a hideout anymore.

Your Friend,

William



Dear James,

September 10, 1804

I have the strangest story to tell you. Two days ago while I was in the woods fixing my fort, I heard something come up behind me.



I froze. I was too scared to turn to see what it was. I mustered up the courage, and turned slowly....







I was nose to nose with a fawn! I think I stopped breathing! The fawn gently lowered its head and nuzzled my neck. I closed my eyes, it felt so wonderful.

When I opened my eyes, the fawn was gone. My fort is  
all done now. It's better than ever!

Your Friend,

William



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