

My dear friend,

I have visited the freakshow in the circus.

I am appalled at what I saw but at the same time it attracts me and makes me wonder who is the freak between the spectators and the sad souls performing.

Some of them are amputated, some are mutilated.

They're marked and they're scratched, as if cut by knives.

Others are mentally abnormal and disfigured, but they have no other way to get by in their lives.

Stones and rotten fruit thrown at them are breaking them down day by day.

It's an immense institution of humiliation.

I'm sure the screams of pain and endless disgrace will haunt them forever.

To me it's organised desecration.

But when the curtain finally falls and the crowds recede, the show is over and done.

The freaks of the show are counting their money and fall asleep one by one.

They repress the fact that tomorrow will be another day, so they silently dream away, trying in their minds to keep out the unease and meet the scoffing, come what may.

Oh, what money can make people do...