

Dear Mother

I am not sure if you are alright, let alone if you will read this letter. Well, if you do, here's what I have to say.

I remember your stories from when I was a little child. You used to sit me down beside my little cot and tell me tales of the ship that you arrived here in. I still recall that you said you came from a poor little village in France. That one day, the king came and took you, put you on his boat, and sailed you to France. You were among many other young and poor women. Did you say that not all of them survived? I can't remember that part as well. No matter. Then, when you arrived here, you met my father. And, well, I lived the rest of the story. Thank you for telling me those stories. I think they give me respect for all those "Filles du Roi" as you are now called.

I think it is because of you that I am in the position I am today. I am one of the king's Seigners. I am proud of how far up the social ladder I have climbed. If only father could see me now. Alas, Father sailed on a ship, but did not know how to swim. I have bowed to the king after this terrible tragedy. I promised faithfulness to him. I will always serve him, for as long as I live. In return, he has given me land to build a village. It is not my own village, but it is rather pleasant. In return for giving these peasants a place to live, they give me one fourteenth of their crops. They also pay me d'argent for living on my land. I am pleased with my role as a seigneur, I just hope to die peacefully before any conflict. It is still tense with the First Nations and British. I am at the age of 30 though, so I should still be far off from death. At least I wish to be.

Enough about me, how are you? I guess we can't talk about you in a letter though, can we. I miss you. You will like to hear about my day, I think. Today was most of the usual. I governed my land, and filled out some paper work. I deployed some of my finest men to search for beaver pelts. We are almost out of stock, and we need them for the froid winter months.

It is almost night now, and my candle grows dim. I shall arrête writing for now, and continue in the morning.

Today, my men returned with news of a beaver dam not far from here. I shall go and examine it later today. I hope they will not leave, for we are a little low on money. Soon, the harvest will be in, and we can sell it. Yesterday, my boy asked me an interesting question. "Why do we live here, Father?" He asked. I nearly responded in my usual gruff tones, but then reconsidered. Instead, I sat him down on my lap, and told him a story. "Fils" I said. I then proceeded to tell him the story of your voyage here, and how lucky we were. When I was finished, he smiled and ran off, probably away from the prof.

I am glad of your wisdom to guide me mother. I would like to say thank you. I know I may have already thanked you, but you will never know how grateful I am.

Ton Fils,
Davignon Tibeau

P.S. I will probably not write again. Paper is hard to come by, and the costs are extreme.