

Dear Father,

I am writing this letter with great regret and sadness in my heart, however I fear that I have no choice but to let you know how I feel.

You have raised me well and have taught me all I need to know. Did I not master the art of making Tumbling Demons, Golden Sneezes and Java Lights from an early age? Did I not listen well and behave as a dutiful student and daughter? Despite all of this, I feel that you do not appreciate my skills and talents as a firework maker. I cannot begin to describe how much it hurts me that you do not understand that all I have ever wanted is to be a firework maker like you!

As well as this, it was like a blow to my chest when you told me that you should have sent me to Aunt Jembavati to be a dancer. To add insult to injury, I could not believe that you went on to say that it would be hard to find a husband for me with my burned fingers and scorched eyebrows. After raising me, how can you think that I would want a life as a dancer, wife and mother? I was born to create fireworks- just like you!

I cannot begin to explain how let down I feel by your low expectations of me. It is as if we are complete strangers who have no understanding of one another, instead of father and daughter, master and apprentice, who have worked side by side for all of these years. Are you not proud of my abilities? Can you not see past my being a girl?

It is with a heavy heart I end this letter. I have completed my apprenticeship and now need to make my own way in the world carving my own destiny. I am off to seek the grotto of the Fire Fiend to gain the Royal Sulphur. To be a firework maker is all I have ever desired and how I wish to live my life.

I find it hard to forgive you father, and feel that we will probably not see one another again because of this.

Take care father.

Your ex-daughter

Lila