Dear Sir/Madam,

I am writing this letter because unfortunately I have had a lot to do with young people in suicide issues.

1. Break-up of marriage. Daddy runs off with Des's money runs off with Michael. Kids apply to social services as the young lad who killed himself was told to go home because she was causing trouble. I have not got a fucking home to go to. No one wants me.

2. Remedy Shelter. Housing and all the help in the world no good. No one wants me.

3. Drugs unfortunately they have a lot of input on youth suicide. I don't think the minute suggest all suicide is due to drugs or drink.

Remedy need access to Rehab the money 16 to 20 year old, quick access to Mental Health no good waiting 6 months.

4. Build one Bes site for young people at moment choice of young people getting caught up in much chance of Pope fathers the Green.

5. Use rehab should not zero hours staying cell center etc. Updated kids especially for kids coming out of care.

6. Of course I believe this will cost money but.

One thing: No generation if having a young life with it.

Perhaps the person a young person gives me will help see why the young people feel so isolated.

I will not give my name because the kids trust me and I will not betray that even though it goes against the grain to write.

A anonymous letter.
The hurt child

The hurt child will turn into a ferocious creature
and hide you when you stand
The hurt child will grow a chin, and the world you
have given it or not given the world is not a gift
the world is not a gift so gift how to accept
fresh and the child has no chance and there will be
a fight and the hurt child will lose the fight and they
will go lurking into the village

will cause panic in the fields and Homes in the
parks and they will say help us help us and
no one will only the man in the white van
who sells us pills and white stuff

Then we can fly high, and find love and so while
doves eat so many will drugs to relieve the Pain
of the pale nowhere to go and none to love us
and nobody to care what we do
and sometimes the hurt child finds peace at the
end of we hope

It is not good to bay to the
child here is food here is food to lay your head
There is no end to the drug dealers greed
We gave you all you need
But they won't be happy till you are dead
RIP all you hurt children