

Dear Miranda,

The time has come to tell you the truth about who you are and how we ended up on this island as lonely as a puppy at home by himself. You were very little; three actually.

You see, Twelve years ago I was the Duke of Milan. I was a powerful prince and you were my princess. I trusted my brother, your uncle, to run my state - the strongest in the land. I was also the number 1 duke famous for my education. I loved books and grammar that I kind of lost track with running my country. My evil brother - Antonio, got the hang of my job and turned my people over to him. He was as sly as a fox and I didn't even notice because I was still too concentrated on my magic. I was too shut away from the world improving valuable, powerful, complicated subjects. I trusted that untrustworthy man. He possessed all my wealth and power starting to believe that he was the duke. He was so power hungry that he wanted to make himself the powerful, famous, rich Duke of Milan so he started talking to the king of Naples. He started talking to him about how I was much more interested in the books than my people. Greedy Antonio said if King Alonso of Naples would help him then Antonio would be loyal to the King of Naples. So the deal was that my Arch enemy (King Alonso) would get rid of me and make my Horrible humiliating little brother Duke of Milan and in return Antonio would pay him and give him respect.

One Pitch-black night while the wolves howled at the moon and the birds chattered in the moonlight my brother opened the gates and in came a treacherous army looking as guilty as a child eating the last cookie. They took me away with you in my shaking arms. You, my dear, were crying. My heart ached in pain to see the salty tears run down your soft cheeks. They could have killed us that night but they didn't dare to since my people would have been shocked and in disagreement. So they took us on a boat as protective as a pencil for a sword. In other words it was not armed and it was damp and dry. They took the boat miles out to sea never to let another human being take sight of us ever again. Sea roared at us as the wind whispered in disappointment. Miranda you were the only thing keeping me from dying. Your little smile was brighter than the sun and stars in the black cold night.

My faithful servant ,Gonzalo,was in the plan but he had a heart from the gods.He gave us food, clothes and some of my precious books that I loved more than my kingdom. To see him again would give me such joy. The salty seas choked on our boat and spit us out onto this island . This is how we stand now still in this island where we have been living for twelve years. I love you very much Miranda and you were the one that kept me going. You were my hope.