Dear Mr. Musk,

I write to you with the cautious optimism that you will understand my plight. Here by Pretoria, South Africa, life is tough. My family lives with the shadow of poverty looming over us perpetually and there is no help in sight. I am having to send my four eldest children miles away just for our daily hydration. There are a total of nine people in my family, my four beautiful daughters and three boys. I was raised to value education and personal progress but my given circumstances provide that my only transportation is by foot. My children have to callus their young feet just to earn a basic education and get what they need to survive. Children should not be forced to put themselves through pain in order to obtain knowledge. In addition, they have aspirations of furthering their academics by pursuing college. I cannot possibly afford to pay for each of my seven children to go to college. My oldest daughter, Anaya, is already dreaming of marine biology and I cannot compel myself to tell her the reality that we just will not be able to afford it. This was once your home, and considering your fortunate circumstances, I hope you may be the help me and my family need to escape our dire situation.

I know that you managed to find immense success but for some of us, that dream is very difficult to grab ahold of. Although I was raised not to beg, I see no other alternative anymore. I realise that pride will not put food in the bellies of my boys or opportunity in the hands of my little women. Mr. Elon Musk, I ask you if you can provide the money for my children to go to good colleges. There is no way we could possibly repay such graciousness but I promise that each and every one of my children will go on to do amazing things like you. And when they are capable of doing so, they will help so many others who live in the poverty had to live. That is if you are willing to give us the help we need. And with their success, my family will eventually be able to pay you back because the last thing we are looking for is a handout. As you are aware, the postal service here is not reliable and I fear you will respond positively but I will never know. I have written to my cousin Arno and asked him to inform me of any response. His circumstances found him in Australia caring for Mark Oliphant, a man I am sure you are very familiar with, as his hospice attendant in early 2000. I miss him, but we are so proud of how well he cares for his family.

Below is the house that all nine of us live in. It’s where I was raised and it’s where my father was raised. Before that, it was part of a failed British colony. Now the area, just north of Pretoria, is descolate. It’s not a place for such bright minds as my children's. Please help me give them what they deserve.

Many Blessings,

Jabulani Botha

