

Dear Myra,

Today you would swear God has kissed the sky. Huge and brightest blue, cloudless and crisp. On days like this there is enormous serenity and doubts blow away. Uncle is angelic and nothing he says can upset me. I know it's your turn to write but I felt compelled to write to you of the tremendous beauty that passes through this place.

I wrote to Ann again hoping for news of her and the little ones but I don't imagine I will hear back. I don't suppose you ever see them in town. Would love to know if they look like beautiful Ann or more like Henry.

Next time you write could you send me a little snippet from the paper with the latest movies.

Sometimes it's so strange getting to know a person. I've always met with Uncle when he's been in town but to live with him is entirely another matter.

I sense in him a great sadness of something lost or unfulfilled but I dare not ask what it may be.

My Father once said that he had hoped to sail but was plagued with a terrible sickness at sea. Our sea journey to this island was very short but he did seem extremely disoriented but it quickly passed as we mounted land. Uncle is like a tightly wound clock. Wheels within wheels, everything running on time and all kept hidden behind a tightly fastened metal case. Exacting, precise and hidden.

I'm thinking of trying some dress making again. Margaret one of the wives here has a pedal machine. I might start with a blouse/ I'm going to take those pictures you sent me and just try and draft out the top. I could pull apart one of my old blouses and cut it from that. It's good to have a little project to keep me going at night. The evenings can be a little lonely. I try to read but the romances just make me cry and I lose my way on the more serious novels.

I spend a lot of my time copying documents for Uncle. Bookwork – keeping an updated stock of our stores which is crucial. Uncle does rather watch over me with all this which makes me nervous. You know how I find it hard to be watched when I'm working. I make so many more mistakes and he's very disappointed in my handwriting. I'm really trying to improve on that score. As you know I was never considered to possess a beautiful hand at school.

I must confess he has not complained about my typing. I am still quite fast even though I have much less to type these days.

Are puss-puss's fleas any better. He chews at himself horribly when they are bad and loses bits of his fur everywhere. You are so dear to take him on with all your work at the Barrett's.

We have our own chickens now. They arrived with the last lot of supplies. Margaret's been very kind to this point sharing her eggs but now I have my own little brood, four of them. I'm calling them Hester, Dorothy, Millicent and Winifred or Winny. We have a chat in the morning when I go to feed them. I hope that they all get on. I have a sense that Hester is rather territorial. Not the biggest but the most noticeable. You remember Hester Cambridge? Well I named her after Hester and that says everything about their character.

I'm saving a few shillings and might have a little list next time I write if you don't mind Myra dear.

How is the eczema? Margaret told me you should stop wearing hose as it only makes it worse. Particularly when you are cleaning floors and the like but I'm sure the Barrett's won't approve.

Well my dear I leave you in good spirits on this fine day. Summer is just around the corner and I have a spring in my step.

All my love

Yours Sincerely

Meredith Appleton

P.S. Have you seen you know who? Is it definitely over?