

Dear Myra,

I can't believe you would tell your fiancée personal things about me. When I read your letter I felt I no longer knew you. How could you give puss-puss to that gossip Laura? After the terrible things she said about me. Have you lost your mind? How well do you know this Hugh? I understand how thrilling it must be to... be in love but to cast puss-puss aside and to divulge my shame and sorrow so easily. I fear you must have a fever.

How can I return to Hobart now? How can I ever face your fiancée? What were you thinking. I have managed to think very little about the terrible months and now they have all come flooding back to me Love is obviously cruel as you seem to have no regard for my feelings.

Why did you not write me of puss-puss' abscess? I wonder whether one of Uncle's sisters maybe Millicent might take him. He deserves a good life after all he's been through.

I've got a good mind to tell Hugh all I know about you Myra dear, and goodness knows much of that would make Lula Montez blush.

He hasn't made you take cocaine Myra dear. I've heard stories about it making you loose your mental capacity.

And no Myra I have no given up hope. But I hope I never behave as cruelly and thoughtlessly as you.

So Myra it is now morning and I am cooling down. You really did make my blood boil. I really am happy for your happiness but returning to Hobart is now out of the question. I could not let my Uncle down after everything he has done for me. And I cannot face your fiancé, particularly as a bridesmaid. Although I would clearly have liked to have been one, even in lilac.

I had hoped to visit you in Spring next year but that also now seems out of the question.

You haven't chanced upon my sister have you, She never replied to my letter. Or Miss Harris or any of the Wills sisters, the Herms and the girls. I would have news.

Myra I fear my reaction maybe tempered with some modicum of jealousy for your good fortune, I am very sorry, but some how your excitement seems to have thrown my existence into shadow and loneliness.

Much of my news is dreary compared to your amazingly news. I won't be able to afford any of the items from Edments so I'm going to knit you matching bedsocks. You can choose a colour. Perhaps you could send me the wool from my jumper.

I suppose Beth will now be your bridesmaid unless you have told Mr Gibson any shading secrets about her.

Puss-puss would never be cruel to anyone but he needs love. With all the excitement in your life you've forgotten him and he feels rejected. Animals understand these things. They need love. Please don't give him to Laura. I will write to Mrs Harris and see if she will take him just give me a little more time.

I do wish I could have seen Mr Valentino in The Sheik. That white tea towel does suit him well. Not many men would pass in that but he is positively gusky-wusky. Pease don't stop writing with your news of the city and our old pals. I'm so glad you won't have to work for those Barretts anymore. They never appreciated the lengths you went to.

I know you will prosper in married life. This may sound strange Myra dear but I had half thought that we may have ended up living together in a sweet little cottage with puss-puss and perhaps a puppy. Just a couple of old Pals keeping each other company and making house together. But that is not to be. Myra Gibson, good luck to you.

Bon chance

Forever your Pal

Meredith xxx