

MY DEAREST SILVIA,

I HOPE THIS LETTER FINDS YOU WELL. I HAD NOT BEEN WATCHING MY CALENDAR AS THE PAGES FLIPPED FROM MAY TO JUNE. TIME SURE FLIES WHEN YOU ARE RUNNING FROM YOURSELF.

AS FOR MY TRAVELS:

I AM CURRENTLY RIDING THE RAILS NORTHWARD AND WE ARE BEGINNING TO SLIP IN AND OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS. I AM SO EXCITED I FEEL AS IF I HAVE BUTTERFLIES IN MY STOMACH, AS I CANNOT WAIT TO FIND MYSELF ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS. I DO NOT DISLIKE THE COMPANY OF MY FELLOW HUMAN, BUT IT IS ABOUT TIME I WENT OFF ON MY OWN AND TRIED TO DISCOVER WHO I AM. I KNOW YOU BELIEVE YOU KNOW WHO I AM, BUT I AM AFRAID YOU HAVE JUST BEEN OPTIMISTIC ABOUT ME. I THINK I SHALL FIND MYSELF IN THE WOODS. I AM SITTING NEXT TO AN OLDER GENTLEMAN WITH A GREYING BEARD BUT AN OTHERWISE CLEAN-SHAVEN FACE. HE SAW THAT I WAS WRITING YOU AND INQUIRED ABOUT THE LETTER. I TOLD HIM OF OUR TIME IN KANSAS CITY AND HE SAYS YOU SEEM LIKE A WONDERFUL LADY, I OF COURSE AGREED. HE TOLD ME ABOUT HOW HE USED TO COURT A WOMAN NAMED ELENA WHEN HE WAS YOUNGER. HE SPEAKS ABOUT HER AS THOUGH SHE HAS PAST BUT I DO NOT WISH TO PROBE. HE SAYS THEY BOTH JOINED THE SERVICE AROUND THE TIME OF THE GREAT WAR. HE WAS AN OFFICER AND SHE WAS A NURSE. HE SAYS THAT HE FELL FOR A CANADIAN WOMAN WHILE ON DEPLOYMENT, BUT WANTED TO RECONNECT WITH HER WHEN THEY RETURNED... OH... HE RETURNED, SHE DID NOT.

HE NOW SITS SILENTLY AND STARES OUT THE WINDOW AT THE LANDSCAPE AS IT SEEMS TO RUSH PAST US, THOUGH THE OLD MAN SEEMS TO BE FROZEN IN TIME. I WANT TO ASK HIM SOMETHING BUT I HAVE THOUGHT BETTER OF IT. IT IS INCREDIBLE THE PEOPLE YOU MEET WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT TO. I DID NOT CATCH HIS NAME.

I HAVE TAKEN A PICTURE OF THE SCENERY AND WILL TRY TO GET IT DEVELOPED FOR YOU WHEN I ARRIVE IN SILVERTON. AS FOR NOW I THINK I HAD BETTER GET SOME REST, THE MOVEMENT OF THE CARS ALONG THE LANDSCAPE ARE LULLING ME TO SLEEP AND IT CANNOT HURT TO BE RESTED BEFORE ARRIVING IN TOWN.

FOREVER YOURS,
EVERETT

