

MY DEAREST SILVIA,

I HOPE THIS LETTER FINDS YOU WELL. IT HAS BEEN A FEW DAYS SINCE I HAVE WRITTEN. I NOW FIND MYSELF IN THE COMPANY OF ONLY TREES AND THE VAST WILDERNESS. I CAN FINALLY SAY THAT I HAVE MANAGED TO GET LOST.

AS FOR MY TRAVELS: I SET UP MY CAMPSITE NEAR A SMALL CREEK FOR THE CONVENIENT ACCESS TO WATER AND GAME. THERE WAS A FLASH FLOOD A FEW NIGHTS AGO AND I LOST MY COMPASS, MATCHES AND SEVERAL COOKING SUPPLIES. I MANAGED TO SAVE MY TENT BUT IT HAS SUSTAINED SEVERE DAMAGE FROM THE INCIDENT. FOR THE LAST TWO NIGHTS I HAVE SLEPT UNDER THE STARS, USING ONE OF MY BLANKETS AS A HAMMOCK BETWEEN TWO TREES. THE LANDSCAPE AND WILDLIFE IS VERY LOVELY. I HAVE THUS FAR BEEN SUCCESSFUL FORAGING FOR FOOD AND HUNTING GAME. THE AREA IS POPULATED AND FRIENDLY ENOUGH TO ACCOMMODATE ME. I BROUGHT A FEW BOOKS TO READ, ONE OF THEM FILLED WITH SHORT STORIES. PERHAPS I WILL TRY MY HAND AT WRITING, BUT FOR NOW I AM PREOCCUPIED BY THE HUNT FOR FOOD.

I EXPECTED TO FIND MYSELF LONELY, BUT FROM WHAT I CAN TELL I AM NOT. I AM CONTENT BEING THIS WAY. I HAVE BEEN TEACHING MYSELF THE BANJO AND TRYING TO LEARN TO PLAY, SO FAR IT HAS BEEN TO NO AVAIL. NOT SURE HOW LONG I WILL STAY HERE BUT I LIKE THE AREA. I WILL WRITE TO YOU AGAIN WHEN I GET THE CHANCE.

BY CANDLES AND FIRELIGHT I WRITE,
YOURS,
EVERETT

