

MY DEAREST SILVIA,

I HOPE THIS LETTER FINDS YOU WELL. TONIGHT MAY BE MY LAST NIGHT TO WRITE TO YOU. AS SUCH DO NOT BE ALARMED IF YOU FAIL TO HEAR FROM ME FOR SOME TIME.

AS FOR MY TRAVELS: THINGS HAVE BEEN PEACEFUL HERE ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE, AND I SEEM TO HAVE LOST TRACK OF THE DAYS. I DO NOT KNOW WHAT THE DATE IS, NOR DO I CARE TO LEARN IT. AS I MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE MENTIONED, I LEFT MY RAZOR ON THE TOP OF BEAR MOUNTAIN. I HAVE SINCE BEGUN TO GROW A BEARD, AND YOU MAY NOT RECOGNIZE ME UPON MY RETURN. I HAVE BEFRIENDED A RACCOON. I HAVE YET TO NAME HIM, BUT HE STOPS BY THE CAMP EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE AND I FEED SOME OF THE CRACKERS THAT I SAVED FROM THE STORM. HE IS A FRIENDLY ONE INDEED. THERE IS NOT MUCH MORE TO SAY AS THE WILDERNESS HAS PROVEN UNEVENTFUL. I HAVE RESOLVED TO STAY HERE FOR ROUGHLY ANOTHER WEEK AND THEN PACK UP MY THINGS AND HEAD WEST. I HAVE FALLEN INTO A ROUTINE, AND THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT I INTENDED TO LEAVE BEHIND.

I HAD MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR YESTERDAY, HE SIMPLY LOOKED ON AT ME FROM A DISTANCE, I THOUGHT HE WOULD ATTACK BUT HE DID NOT. IRONICALLY LATER THAT DAY I WAS ATTACKED BY A POSSUM WHO TRIED TO BITE OFF ONE OF MY ARMS. I HAVE QUITE THE WOUND AND HOPE THAT IT WILL NOT FESTER.

I WILL WRITE TO YOU WHEN NEXT I CAN, BUT I AM LOW ON PAPER AND AS I SAID IN MY LAST LETTER I HAVE RESOLVED TO START WRITING SHORT STORIES, I WILL SAVE THE REST OF MY PAPER FOR THAT, UNTIL I TRAVEL WEST.

BY CANDLES AND FIRELIGHT I WRITE,  
YOURS,  
EVERETT

