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|  | Edward Smith,  18 Holgate Street,  London |  |
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My dearest love,

I can hardly wait to see you again. The hours without you seem so long. I look at your portrait every day, but it is not the same as seeing your sweet face.

Father sends his love. He is well but becoming rather deaf.. Yesterday Jane Marcham called at the door with a tray of fish and eggs. He thought she was trying to sell him fishlegs! He shouted “I might be old but I still have the sense I was born with!”

We bought 2 fish and 6 eggs and showed them to him but he still mutters about being taken advantage of in his old age.

It is only 3 days until we meet again and yet it feels like forever. I will meet you under the oak tree by the river at noon.

Your devoted friend

Bridget Lane