

Start here.

To my dearest Catherine,  
So here I sit, safely stowed away beneath the high ceilings of a palace, in here it seems even my thoughts echo. Did you know that if I screamed as loud as I possibly could, no one would hear? A rather morbid thought is it not? Out my window I can see a small forest, only I am so high above I can see past it to the ocean. It does not seem right being here, like I have taken the position of some god?

As I am sure you have assumed, construction on my father's newest pleasure dome ~~have~~ <sup>has</sup> ceased and now there is nothing to do but wait for a new trend or a new piece of machinery before my father begins to build once more. I know I am lucky but sometimes I wish that something would stay constant. My ~~great~~ grand-father once owned a chair and although ~~it was fixed~~ many of its parts were replaced and the material changed he maintained a spiritual connection to this object. He would sit in it and the world suddenly did not exist, he got lost in the comfort of his chair. Not even my books remain the same as we move from

one kingdom to the next!

It rains so often here, and the wind so strong I convinced myself we will blow away. This weather reflects how I feel and as I look out my window I ~~see~~ see trees falling, a forest breaking, ~~I know how~~ Can you believe that in this domain I can't seem to find a moment of ~~isolation~~ <sup>solitude</sup>, of sweet solitude in which to read a novel or reflect upon life! I wish, Catherine, that you would respond to this letter quickly so I may hold onto the envelope I know you have touched, to run my hand along the pages I know you have selected. Maybe my connection to you is my connection to spirit, I certainly hope so.

Do you remember Catherine when we were children and we would lay on the grass looking up at the sky naming the clouds as they slowly passed by? We had a sense of freedom then, although we ~~wasnt~~ learnt new things from our teachers and wore fine gowas to our parents balls, there was always a sense that we could stop, look at the sky and know that no matter where we went those clouds would always be there, and that sun was the same sun. There are

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no clouds here, and the sun hides when I try to find it. It seems, in all these years apart my life has deteriorated to balls, shopping for ball gowns, re-decorating the bedroom and it goes on and on. The option is gone now, there is no time to stop and look around, searching for those clouds.

And so I send this message to you, this urgent message, to which I hope you will respond with great speed, because just to know that for a moment you are thinking about me, for a moment you are remembering me is to know that my spirit is still alive in some part of this world.

~~From~~ You are forever in my heart  
Elizabeth.

You may ask for an extra Writing Booklet if you need more space.