

DEAR FRIEND

I NEED TO THANK YOU FOR THE MURDER OF BACON.  
I AM SURE IT WAS HARD TO DO BUT HE WAS A  
WICKED MAN. I KNOW WHERE TO PUT TRUST  
AND IT WAS PUT WELL WITH YOU IN THIS MATTER.  
NOW WE DO TRUST EACH OTHER WE SHOULD  
KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER. I HAVE FRIENDS  
BUT NOT GENTLEMAN LIKE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS.  
WE SHOULD MEET SOON. I AM FROM THE WEST  
COUNTRY BUT LONDON HAS BEEN MY HOME  
FOR TEN YEARS NOW AND I SAY IT IS A CHAMBER  
POT PRETTY AT A GLANCE BUT FULL OF FILTH  
AND STINK. I HOPE TO GO HOME SOON ~~TO~~ INHERIT.  
FOR YOU ALONE I AM TO TAKE ATKINSONS PLACE  
WHEN THE OLD MAN DIES. HE CANNOT LIVE TWO  
YEARS AT MOST. HE SAYS I AM HERE FOR THE GOAT  
BUT HE OWES ME TOO AND I WILL BE PAID WHAT  
HE OWES ME. THE WOMEN AT NUGS FARM WELL  
MR. QUARRYS WIFE. THE OLD MAN NEVER HAD HER.  
THE CHILD IS NOT HIS. I LAUGH WHEN I THINK  
HE CAN MAKE THINGS WILDER THAN DREAMS  
AND BLACKER THAN NIGHTMARES BUT HE CANNOT  
CLIMB INTO HER BED. HOW HIS OLD LOINS MUST  
ITCH WHEN HE THINKS OF HER. SO FIRST WE MUST  
PLAY THE LAST CARDS VETH EDWARDS AND THE GOD HE  
FOLLOWS. EDWARDS NEEDS MR. ROBY AND IF HE GETS  
HIM THERE WILL BE HELL TO PAY. WORSE I THINK FOR  
HELL IS A WEAK IMAGINING. YOU MUST STOP THAT.  
EDWARDS WILL CALL ON ME TOO. HE NEEDS ME. I  
WILL NOT ANSWER. RATHER I WILL CALL ON THE  
BRITISH GODS AND THEY WILL GUARD THE BEST OF  
THIER SERVANTS WHO IS

YOUR FRIEND

WILFRED GRESTY