I NEED TO THANK YOU FOR THE MULDER OF BACON. I AM SURG IT WAS MARD TO POBUT HE WAS A WICKED MAN. I KNOW WHERE TO PUT TRUST AND IT WAS PUT WELL WITH YOU IN THIS MATTER NOW VE DO TRUST EACH OTHER VE 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 LONGON HAS BEEN MY HOME FOR TEN YEARS NOWAND I SAY IT IS A CHAMBER POT PRETTY AT A GLANGE 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 OVES ME TOO AND I WILL BE PAID WHAT THE OWES ME. THE VOMEN AT NUGS FARM WELL MR. QUARRYS WIFE, THE OLD MAN NEVER HAD HER. THE CHILD IS NOT HITS. I LAUGH WHEN I THINK HE CAN MAKE THIENDS WILDER THAN DREAMS AND BLACKER THAN NIGHTMARES BUT HE CANNOT CLIND INTO HER BED. HOW HILS OLD LOINS MUST ITCH WHEN HE THINKS OF HER. SOFIRST WE MUST PLAY THE LAST CARDS VETH EDWARDS AND THE GOD HE FOLLOWS. GOWARDS NEEDS MA. ROBY AND IF HE GETS HIM THERE WILL BE HELL TO PAY, WORSE I THINK FOR HELL IS A WEAR IMAGINING. YOU MUST STOP THAT. EDWARDS WILL CALL ON ME TOO. THE 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 GREST