

My dear Agnes May,

I do not know how to begin. A maelstrom of thought most perplexed has confounded my very being.

When last I beheld your lovely countenance, I planned on spending a lifetime with you. The War has been taxing to be sure, but I held on to hopes many and sustained, that it will end and I can again come home to you.

A three days' march from your mother's farm, I was encamped with the 58th Regiment, under the honorable General William Fitzsimmons. It was here that violence did visit upon me.

It was a storm. A storm of such magnitude and ferocity, that I lost sight of my compatriots.

Oh, Agnes May. If you were by my side as I tried to comprehend what must have transpired next, maybe meaning would have meaning.

I found myself in a city, but a city that was at once unfamiliar to me. There were buildings of stone and brick, but there were a multitude of structures of steel and glass. And what heights! I cowered in their shadow. The avenues were filled with a people, oddly dressed, and devices of such strange complexity and movement, I dare not deign description. I was alerted by one individual—a brown-skinned man with a Spanish accent so pronounced, I could scarce understand him.

Lost Angeleeze. I was in Lost Angeleeze. Was God's wrath so unkind? I asked myself.

I am in hiding. I have found a narrow alleyway where I can be alone with my thoughts. My only company: A row of outhouses, made of a material that is as foreign to me as the metropolis they sprang from.

I await a return of a storm that may never come again. Agnes May, I beg of you. Pray for me.

Yours Evermore,

Charles

Joe Rourke