

A waterproof newspaper, an urgent pillow, an ancient waffle iron

Natasha Sheena Tar

My dear,

As urgent as a pillow falling from a twelve-story building, I wanted to tell you, Monica, that I'm doing quite well. I reached Victoria on the 15th with all my luggage and limbs intact. The weather here reaches highs of about 45 degrees Celsius, quite chilly for winter. That's Canada for you, eh? I miss you every day, especially when I'm out on my bike. When I look up into the green skies, my eyes fill with the image of that lovely teal dress you wore on our first date. No, I did not forget my promise to you. Yesterday I paid my visit to the Museum of 21st Century Artifacts and stood particularly long before the ancient waffle iron. As I perused the museum, I felt it impossible that I was in any way connected to the strange people of the past. To consume goop pressed between two hot surfaces seems so...barbaric. Uncouth. Nevertheless, I'm thankful for any entertainment between my bouts of business with Mr. Liam. He bores me dreadfully, but he's my only hope of getting my writing off the ground. Every sentence that comes from his mouth seems to start with "that someone of your background is doing this..." and ends with "absolutely stunning." He treats me less like a writer and more like a peculiar specimen of butterbee. I thought I was the only one (and you, of course) who thought my fake autobiography on a man named Neville Drinkwater inventing a waterproof newspaper was clever. Apparently, Mr. Liam thinks more of it than the both of us ever did. Hopefully his age isn't interfering with his opinion. Unfortunately, my space on this postcard seems to have run out, but do enjoy the photo of the archaic waffle iron on the front.

Take care and much love,

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