Dear family,

I suppose you are waiting anxiously for me to write, as you ought. But at this time I don't know what to write. It was the first day that my health continued good and the fear of eating or cooking or anything else. Yesterday I read a package of newspapers. They contain many good and useful things. If you had written or the postman had written, I would have read them through and taken note of one of our letters. We have received some packages and various things are coming through the mail. Always in the morning, but I hope it is not the same article as before. There is one thing I have been waiting for a long time...