Mallory House
Whitby-by-the-Sea
17 October, 18–

My dearest Amanda -

It is only my first night in Whitby, and I'm already desperate to reunite with you! All I can think of is you, alone in Dresden Manor, with no one but dear old Mary and that ~~abominable brute~~ adorable puppy of yours for company. Please tell Mary to put out an advertisement for a new maid, now that we're breathing life into that old pile of a house again. I'm sure the company would be good for both of you; and your dog will have someone else to torment!

I was able to see Mr. Wentworth briefly this afternoon when I arrived. I'm sorry to say that I have at least three days of paperwork ahead of me. Mother kept her promise to punish us for marrying. Nothing that I can't undo, Wentworth assures me, now that she's deceased and I'm master of the estate; but a dread nuisance, to be sure. I'm sorry that Mother never learned to look beyond the station of your birth to see how extraordinary of a woman you are. I hope that she sees the error of her ways in Heaven (or wherever her bitter heart takes her...)

Being apart from you is torture! My only solace is the temporary respite from having my heels ~~assaulted~~ nibbled by your puppy. (Which reminds me: Have you thought of a name for the ~~brute~~ darling yet?) I'll be home to you as soon as I can!

With devoted love,
Your darling Peter

To: Mrs. Amanda Dresden, Dresden Manor, Stagford

From: Mr. Peter Dresden, Mallory House,

Whitby-by-the-Sea