

**Yours, Ena**

My Dearest One,

I am unsure how to start this letter, how to begin to tell you that we have reached the end of the road. Ever since I first saw you, I have had a sense of the approaching brow of the hill, of a nearby precipice. I can no longer avoid it, I have arrived at the high crossroads, I must make a choice.

Despite the pain it causes me, I choose the road away from you. For some time now I have held my course and stayed in my place, just as everyone expected of me. There have been many moments of great joy, great beauty and (most crushing of all) moments of great and renewed hope that all would become good again. But I know now I was deluded in those moments. We are alien here. We should never have come. The rain is too persistent for us, the damp and chill in the air are seeping into our bones and sapping all our beauty. We are both ageing badly.

So, I must return to the sun and the brilliance of the light. The joy of a life not lived in shadows, dank corners and creeping back stairs. I know you can't come with me, it's not possible for you to leave your twin, your school. How it taunts me as I sit here- peeping at me through the trees and standing silent sentinel as I toss and turn all night in the Master's bedroom. Even the architect designed no place for me here. The sight of the school buildings is a constant reminder that your true devotions lie elsewhere- your real purpose in life is it seems to drive forward the ideals of a 'modern' life.

How modern it turns out you are after all. Well, I hope you enjoy making use of all 4 of your bathrooms. No doubt you won't find the bedrooms empty for long- or perhaps you will just invite your guest to stay in the Master's bedroom- in the bed I will no longer be sleeping in.

I hope you find all the satisfaction you seek in this mini-modern empire that is being created here on the estate. When I came here, I believed in the rhetoric of opportunities for free thinking, new models of society and egalitarian, integrated ideals of education. Your modernism seems to have taken a different turn and offers freedom of choice, and space to breathe only for the chosen few. Your insistence on back stairs and tiny servants' rooms should have been a warning sign. How sad that your future lies in unrestrained individualism and years of mizzle induced decay.

Sorry to sound so bitter, it's not that I haven't loved you, in fact it breaks my heart to leave you. Perhaps a time will come when California sunshine finally dawns on this corner of England, and your designs for better living will come into their own. Or perhaps it will be too late by then, and people will have forgotten that once you stood for something, and aspired to be part of a better future for all.

Regardless, I have no intention that you will be any part of a future of mine. I will not return again to England, so I must bid you a final goodbye. My dearest High Cross Hill.

Yours,

Ena

(Soon to be former) Mrs. W.B. Curry