



Apartment 6403
Gloomy Days
Manhattan
New York
Friday 28th May

My darling Julia,

I am missing you so much right now, and I have received your letter, how are things all the way over in England? And how is my darling Vita doing? Losing Hudson Castle was a devastating blow for all of us, but we'll have to get through it together.

Since Lizzy died I've been alone at the Castle with its creaky floorboards and leaking taps. Really, Julia... I think Hudson Castle might be haunted. It's rundown, crumbling, and a burden. Too much of a burden for a man of my age. The memories haunted me, Julia, like a dark cloud of depression.

When Sorrotore came, I thought he was a saviour, as he had offered to rent the castle for a generous sum of money, £5000 dollars to be exact. I graciously accepted and we struck a deal. Within a week, Sorrotore struck. I was going back from a walk and found my way back home barred. In a state of confusion, I tried to push past the guard but his dog bit my ankle, which drew blood. Then the man put a pipe to my chest and said in a low, menacing voice, "SCRAM! Hudson Castle belongs to Mr Sorrotore now."



Dad, I took the train to New York, and found Sorrotor's lawyer who said, "Check your bank Money's there. I can show you the title deeds if you want but you have to understand that!" It seems Justice is further away than you can think. I have now rented an apartment on 7th Avenue so, hope to see you soon.

Dad,

P.S. tell Vita I'll get her sausages and Ketchup.



Apartment 1103
Central Towers Band B
Manhattan
New York

Thursday 9th June

My darling Julia,
How are you? I was so pleased to read and receive your letter! I have a feeling this is going to be a long letter. I have so much to tell you, so much has happened over the year!

Losing our family home, was upsetting. When I was in there, the floorboards creaked and squeaked, it felt full of ghosts - to be honest Julia, for me it was becoming a burden. It was better to forget about my old life - with Lizzie. It makes me shudder when someone says her name.

I thought, maybe it might get better when I met Victor S. Serratore: a millionaire from New York! He had offered to rent Hudson Castle, his intention was to, build a brand new school to welcome and educate the children of



New York The castle
was so rundown and crum-
bling, he struck within a week.

I returned from a lovely
afternoon walk, a strange man, came
out of the woods, with two fearsome
dogs. He aimed his rifle at me and
shouted;

"Hudson Castle belongs to Mr
Victor Sottore!" I pushed past
the guard, a dog bit my ankle, which
drew blood.

"Scram!" He said. The dogs barked
and growled at me.

I took the train to New York
and rented an apartment, on the way
I met Sottore's lawyer! I asked
him about the castle, they said
Sottore bought it, for \$200. I
checked my account, it was true.
I wanted a lawyer of my own, but
I did not have the money!

I am so glad you are coming,
maybe we can fix this. Safe travelling
Dad xxx



Apartment 59
Nelson Vision
Manhattan
New York
Friday 21st June

Dear darling

It's been so long and so much to say and I miss all of you very, but times have been rough lately and this whole skinanagone. But I need to tell you how it happened.

When Lizzie's passing. My heart was like a infection taking it for itself. Only me in this huge castle. And rattling and secret ~~scrying~~ of ghostly memories of happy times.

A few weeks ago, I was contacted by a millionaire from New York: a gentlemen called Victor Sorrotone. He offered to rent the castle, to transform it into an educational school for the local kids. Within a week, he was eager to begin renovations on our delapidated home.



A couple of days later, I returned from a relaxing walk to find a strange man standing in my way, pointing a rifle my chest. "Scram," he shouted. "This property belongs to Mr. Somatore!" One of his guard dogs bit me on the ankle and drew blood.

So, I decided to take a train to New York and rented a small apartment on Seventh Avenue. I have tried to find a lawyer but nobody will take my case on - I only have \$200 left to my name. Justice is only for people who can pay for it. It was best to forget my life with Lizzie it was safer that way.

Love from,

Jack (dad)



Apartment 1901
Central Towers
Manhattan
New York
Friday 14th June

My loving Julia,

I was so glad to receive your letter, I have not spoken to you for a good while and I have missed you so much. A lot has been going on lightly and I have been very tired and exused. One of the most worrying things has been letting our family home Hudson Castle go.

Since Lizzy's passing, I feel like the house is twice as big as it was with Lizzy, Julia, its like it is full of ghosts. I think sometimes I am imagining things and its becoming a bit of a burden, its crumbling, its run down and its too much hassle for my age in life. I think it needs to go.

I thought everything would be better, after a strange New York millionaire Victor Satoro offered to rent Hudson Castle, for a year \$200 dollars. He said he would try to make it into a school for all the young of the city. Satoro was eager to begin renovations, he said that I could step in as the governer. I thought it would give me a chance, a new start in life. I thought It was strange that no paper work was signed.



One day, I returned from a walk and saw Hudson Castle. I thought it was strange that there was no security guard and two dogs. I walked forward towards him, I said what are you doing and touched past the guard pointed a rifle at me and one for the guard dogs bit my legs it was a train bit. It drew blood the security guard told me to scream I had never been told to scream before.

I took a train to New York and rented an apartment on Seventh Avenue. I tried to buy a lawyer but none of them wanted the money I had. I checked I had the money I was sure I had it. I think I should forget my life with Lizzy and move on it will be safer that way.

I can not wait to see you when you come. I will get your room ready for when you come. I will get sandwiches ready.

See you soon

Dad



Apartment 1709

Dave's apartments

Manhattan

New York

Friday 18th June

My dear daughter Julia,

When your letter arrived

I was so pleased that you care about me, even though I took a train to New York. I hope everything is ok in England, cos it's a bit gloomy in Manhattan's apartment's but it's very bright outside on the road. Losing Hudson Castle broke my heart and I think it broke yours too. But Julia, I need to pay my rent. I took a train to New York cos I couldn't bare to be near our family home.

The castle that I had lost, was so much work for a 77 year old man. All the memories of Lizzie are fading away, the whole castle was huge - bigger than my apartment block. When I was there it was all round echoes, when I didn't shout like it was full of ghosts. The walls were crumbling and it was only me who lived there, after Lizzie died. I know that Vita loved looking through all the holes, and the cracks, and also sketching the ocean.

When I had returned from my daily walk, around central Park, I met a man named Victor Sorrotone; he was a New York millionaire, Mr Sorrotone agreed to rent the castle and turn it into a school, for children that needed an education.



Victor was eager to begin renovations, he said I would be a governor, but when we made a deal with him, there was no paperwork signed. The next day, when I went on my daily walk again, a strange big man with two guard dogs came at me, the dogs bit my ankle. It wasn't a nibble, it was a proper bite, my ankle drew blood, and the guard pointed a rifle at my chest, and shouted my, scream! I was petrified.

I took a cheap train to New York, and I decided that I would rent an apartment, on the Seventh Avenue and contacted Sorrotore's lawyer and tried to get Hudson Castle back, but I couldn't. I tried to hire a lawyer but I couldn't cos I only had \$200. I tried to forget my forgetful life but the only thing I can't forget Lizzie. My holy brain and my broken heart can't be fixed.

Love From Your Father (Jack)

P.S. I need your help, I am looking forward to see you again.



Apartment 9119
Central Towers
Manhattan
New York

Friday 1st June

Dear my wonderful daughter Julia,

I was so delighted at the arrival of your previous letter. It has been a long time since I have seen you and Vita, and I miss you both dearly. There is lots that's happened recently, too much to explain. Losing Munden Castle was the worst, but not the last.

Since your mother's passing, I have been quite lonely in this massive castle, and it feels like it's full of ~~gone~~ ghosts. With Lizzie, I had happiness and determination but now, it feels empty, abandoned.

Then I met a man, Victor Soratore, a New York millionaire. He offered to rent the castle from me for a decent amount. He wanted to transform it into a school and I would stay on as a governess, he was eager to begin renovations within a week.



I returned from a ~~walk~~ walk one day, when a ~~strange~~ strange man with a rifle, and two guard dogs came out of the caretaker's hut, and shouted,

"The castle belongs to Mr. Sorrotore, Scram!"

~~I tried~~ I tried to push past the guard, but one of his Alsatians bit my ankle and drew blood. I was confused, so I took the train to the Centre of New York to see Sorrotore's lawyer who said that ~~I knew~~ I knew well I sold the castle to Sorrotore for \$200. I was confused so I checked my account and it was true, the measly \$200 was in my account. I rented a small apartment on ~~at~~ Seventh Avenue. I had to forget my life with Lizzie. It was easier that way.

Look forward to seeing you

Love dad



Apartment 2306

Central Towers

Manhattan

Friday 14 June

Dear my darling daughter,

I hope you and Vita have been well, but I've not been that well. In this letter, I will tell you about my silly actions towards losing our family home, Hudson Castle. I know you and Vita will be devastated.

Since Lizzie left us, I'm the only one living in this rundown place. At night, there are doors that creak by themselves. Julia, I am getting quite old now, and the castle is really hard to handle by myself. It has become a burden for me.

I thought when I met a New York millionaire things would go smoother. He goes by the name of Victor Victor Soratore; he offered to rent Hudson Castle so he could turn it into a school, for the children in the city. The castle was a rundown, crumbling place so that's why he was eager to begin renovations, within a week.



I arrived back at Hudson Castle, after going on a walk, and there was a strange man, who was at the entrance. He pointed a rifle at me and said "Scram!" Then one of his guard dogs bit me on the ankle which drew blood.

I wanted to forget about my life in Hudson Castle, so I took a train to the centre of New York and I rented a place on Seventh Avenue. I tried to hire a lawyer for \$200 but no one took the job. What shall I do Julia Julia? I'm sure you will know what to do.

Love from your caring Dad and your Mum from above. PS: Hope you arrive soon.



Apartment 13 06
Central Towers
Manhattan
New York,

Dear Julia my darling daughter,

I have been wishing you were here more and more this week.

I only received your letter a few days ago, I know how much losing the family home means to you, you must of been as hurt as I ~~was~~ am.

But I think you should know what actually happened to Hudson castle.

Since Lizzie's passing, Hudson castle has become a burden to me. As only I am living in this huge rundown castle, everything seems empty, lonely, without Lizzie it feels full of ghosts.

But I thought I saw some hope when I met Victor Sammons - a New York Millionaire - I thought he was strange at first, but then he offered ~~for~~ to rent Hudson Castle, How could I not accept! We negotiated a reasonable price, after his suggestion of creating a school, he promised that I could be governess, I thought this was wonderful, it would give me a person a friend but oh Julia, I was wrong.

One day, I returned from a walk, to get some fresh air I've felt trapped ever since Lizzie died, to find that Hudson castle was barred with a guard standing at the entrance, I was so confused. I tried to push past him but one of the two guard dogs bit my ankle, I was bleeding on the floor, I was going try again but the guard pointed a rifle at me and



Said "Scram!"

well I had no option but to get a train into New York I rented a place, Seventh Avenue, I eventually founded Soprano's lawyer, I talked about what happened and demanded the title deeds, but all he said was that the money was in my account, when I looked there it was \$200. I tried to get a lawyer but nobody would take the case for the money I had, it seems, Justice is only for those who can afford it.

Oh Julia, if only Lizzy were here she would know better to do.

Have a safe journey
your ever loving father