18th February 1944

Dearest Jack!

Oh, how my eyes have opened since you waved me off at Marylebone! Everything you told me about the country is cruelly true!

So, I am a hale and hearty Land Girl indeed! We are slept five to a room in a filthy loft, with giant holes in the roof and a smoking coke fire.

The other girls are a rum lot, but I suppose we'll get along fine - they've already demolished my make-up, and one's spitefully ruined those nylons you got me - beast.

Our jailors, Mr and Mrs Ferris, are much what you'd expect. She's unable to cook, he's unable to talk.
They’re followed everywhere by a brood of stinking dogs and their sullen children, who have taken to stealing our hair brushes.

We are up before dawn, must make do with a jug of cold water between us and a cracked basin before off to operate on cows.

After that it’s a scanty breakfast (if only I could scrub the filth off my hands before tucking in), and then out on a bumpy cart to plough the fields and scatter.

I miss everything about London - the dances, the laughs, my snug little flat - but especially you, dear Jack.

Write soon,
Estelle

18th June 1944?

Oh Jack!

Thank you for your short note after so little time. It’s all right; I quite understand the furtive nature of your operations.

I can’t even tell you where I’m stationed, and I’m just a humble Land Girl. Saint Simeon only marvels that you’re even able to dash off a few words to me.

Well Jacko, with summer comes beauty. A bit of sunshine and fresh, warm air does wonders for a girl’s disposition.

It is truly beautiful here, in it’s own dear way. As we toddle across the fields, valiantly pulling Woolton Pies from the ground, it’s all starting to seem worth it.
You should see me - a sunburnt tom
girl, all trousered up like a
bluestocking, my skin freckled, my hair
a fright, and my dresses would
disgrace a rag doll!

If they could see me at the Majestic, why
the band would stop playing and the
champagne would refuse to pop!

But, oh Jack, I’m so happy here. I’ve
found something I never knew I’d lost -
I feel I can hear nature. And she’s
laughing.

There’s hope in the world, there truly is.
Fight the good fight (and send soap!)

Estelle

Dear Jack

When I was just a little girl, I would
write off for things. Papa let me scribble
notes and drawings to people I admire
in the periodicals, and even ask for
things I saw in advertisements.

“Don’t bother with an address, Stelly,”
he’d tell me. “Just write the name and
His Majesty will see that it gets properly
delivered.”

I always believed him. And so, I write
this letter to you, knowing only your
name and hoping it finds its way to
you.
It was you I saw. To think that when I last knew you it was in a world of cocktails, starlight dances and the Savoy.

Who would have thought that I would glimpse you outside a pound shop in Newport multiistory?

Would our young selves even have understood what that meant? And would they have laughed or cried?

When I say “young selves”, I realise, sadly, that it’s only me who has aged like an apple in the oven.

I’ve seen many amazing things in the years since we met - things of wonder and things of cruelty.

But never anything as wondrous and cruel as Captain Jack Harkness, to the life, striding out of history and past me. Without even giving me a glance.

For I am old. And few notice me.

Was it you, dear Jack? Was it really you?

Or, must I deal with the worse shock - that, despite all those words and warnings, you didn’t die in secret combat, but lived, loved and gave birth to such a fine creature to haunt me?!

Who was she Jack? I wish I knew who you found to love. I wish I wished her well. I wish...
But at my age, it’s all wishes and magic!

So, my final wish is that somehow this letter finds you, and finds you well.

Always yours,
Estelle.