

Hello

Hello,

My winter here has been very cold and bitter. Mother died from the sickness. And the wind whistles through the boards as frost creeps through the house. And we are still eating what we ate on the dread ship. But Ah when spring comes we shall plant the crops and will gather all the fruits and refresh ourselves with cold fresh water from the stream. We saw a Wampanoag today and as spring is near he taught us to plant corn with a fish and help us in many other ways. We all have had our bout with the sickness. But some fare mo well with it than others. And for most of winter we stayed on the ship as before.

The ink is freezing.