

4489

Barakear
10th May 93

my dear Pippa

Myne went home
last mail by the Victoria and
left me once more a solitary
fug. I told him to go and
call at 69 so you may ex-
pect shortly to see a slim &
genteel youth with a sunburnt
face and a sharpish nose. If
he comes you may tell him
the following with my heaviest
maledictions. You must know
that we have been having the

most peculiar weather this year and an abnormal quantity of rain. Last week it has been going in for sudden storms. There was a very big one on Saturday afternoon. I was aroused from my siesta by the sound of a rushing mighty wind and went into the dining room to keep the door shut, when suddenly I found that I was soaking, and looking up discovered that the roof of the house had disappeared! I had rather an unpleasant half hour expecting the rafters &c to come tumbling

down and turn me into poached eggs but it gradually calmed down and I was able to inspect the ruins. The roof, which is thatch, had been neatly cut in two diagonally; $\frac{1}{2}$ was still on the walls and the other half had been blown right over the house and landed on the ground about 100 feet away. All the rooms were pools of water and everything was dripping. The worst damage done was to my poor books. Luckily most of them were shut up in a tin box but the others are badly mangled as besides

being wet through they were covered with the mud that was washed out of the walls by the rain.

While I was picking up the fragments that remained Mitchell came up having heard of the sad disaster and carried me off to his house where they are v. kindly putting me up until my roof is on again. Let us hope that we shall now get some decent weather as this kind of thing is bad for pushing on with the work as Drysdale says.

Farewell

your loving brother

Ralph Hatfield

749(c)