

Caxias, 5/3/67

My dear Søren,

Thank you very much for your letter. I received it yesterday, and I only write you today because I was looking for the stamps. They are not many, but in my next letter I will send you more.

Yes, you are right, the postman here in Caxias is very bad and he don't care about the letters. If you receive the letters very late, it is not my fault.

Yes, Søren, my last letters are very confusing. I myself I feel very confusing too, I don't know what to do. You are thinking now bad things of me, and you are right. Perhaps I'm not the girl you hope I was, and I'm sure you feel that, you feel that I'm not the same. Oh, Søren, you can not imagine how I am sorry, and how I am sad.

Now I am going to tell you everything.

Two months ago I was engaged, yes, engaged. But now I don't know if I love him, if I really love him, and I must be sure, I must.

Perhaps you can understand a lot of things now. Here in Portugal the things are really very different from Denmark and London. When a girl stay engaged, she cannot talk very much with other boys, and she cannot go for a walk with them. Can you understand now?

If you come to Caxias I cannot see you very much and it is very difficult to go walk with you, but I want to see you and talk to you.

If I meet you in the south we can spend all the time together because the people there don't care about the life of the others.

You know perhaps in a year more or less I will be married, but until that moment I have to think a lot, because I only want to marry a boy that I really love very much, because I want to marry for all the life.

I hope you understand my problem, and I hope you forgive me if I were not the girl you expect I was. If you want to ask me something, please do; I want very much to answer your questions.

The weather in Portugal is now always very good. Some people start to go to the beach.

Please Søren, write very soon and tell me all the things you think about all the things I told you. OK?

I must say you that I like you very much too, and it is for that reason that I must see you.

Now I am going to stop. Next time I will send you more stamps.

Good bye Søren with love from yours own Isabel Maria.

PS: Please forgive me because the letter is very bad written.