

# *From the Desk of*

Griffo

November 30, 2020

Dearest brother,

Something quite terrible has happened! You must come here at once! I will explain:

I attended a grand masquerade last Monday (I looked quite stately, for I was wearing my new suit) hosted by Madame Mermaid, and went over to play some Poker with some acquaintances and the Puss in Boots (who I execrate even more, now), and each bet 1000 gold. Imagine it! 1000! I mustn't be left out, or I should be mortified, so I put in 1000 gold as well. I was almost certain I would win, for I am matchless in Poker, so I thought nothing of it. Now, sly old Puss (I believe) knew I would win, so he tried to divert me as much as possible, imagine that! He would not forebear from coughing and talking loudly to his churlish friend across the room. And you could guess what happened: I lost the round. Puss played a second, and a third, and a fourth round, and before I knew it his purse was bulging and mine encompassed not even one bronze.



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So, dear brother, I am to duel in a fortnight, and it would be to my greatest solace if you came.

auf Wiedersehen,  
Griffo

