

June 27, 2023

P.S.

by Amy Grandvoinet

A bee in my house reminds me that At Quarr Abbey, there are bees, & mead - of course - is made. In Shanklin, there is a big green called 'Big Mead' (wow). Joanne Thornton's [book](#) mentioned in my previous letter titled 'Island Living', obtained after a coastal walk viewing vicious cows & pyramidal orchids, deserves more attention. It was given to me by my dad who wrote a nice inscription* in the front-cover because we forgot to ask Joanne Thornton to sign it when we picked up our copies. An acceptable consolation. In *Lost Buildings of the Isle of Wight: South Wight*, Joanne Thornton says about indoor picnics and bathing cabinets and failed resorts and postcards and tragic lighthouse events and a '*scallop shell water feature*' and promenades. She finds excellent pictures and gracefully thanks many people for their assistance. Further, during the trip to the Isle of Wight between the dates of 17th June and 26th June, I re-witness a rilly French-looking house at a triangle road-fork, remove sleep-globs from an eye of Cat George, help make nu birthday cakes, etc. Further, a correction - a lapsed sign-off as 'Amy' prior to this 'P.S.' should have read 'Amy Grandvoinet', and I have numerous theory about the meaning of the occurrence of such a lapse at this present time. What percentage of people in the world have a stage name? Pull up to the bumper, Baby.

*My dad's inscription reads (with permission) thus:

19/6/23

TO AMY,

As a fond memory of a lovely midsummer walk from Niton to Ventnor to buy this wonderful book! WITH Love always, DAD

N.b. my dad writes variably in capital and lowercase letters, with unknown logic, as did me & my sister's Tooth Fairy

