

# Candy Candy

## The old novel

Volume 1  
Looking back to the path of roses



「わらったほうがかわいいよ、  
おちひちゃん！」

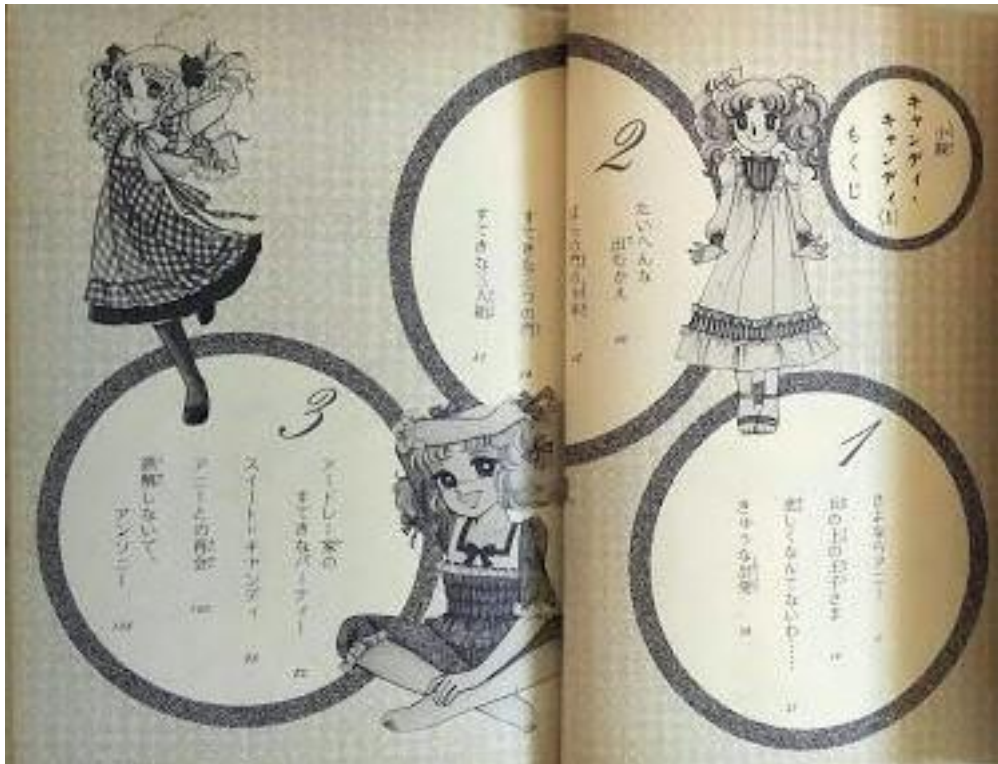
丘の上の王子さまと会った  
その日のことを、キャ  
ンディはわすれ  
なかった。



**“Little girl, you are prettier when you smile!”**

**Since the day she met Prince on the Hill, Candy never  
forgot him.**





## Chapter 1

Goodbye, Annie  
 Prince on the Hill  
 I'm not sad  
 Sudden departure

## Chapter 2

A great reception  
 The boy of the Gate of the Roses  
 Three beautiful gates  
 The charming trio

## Chapter 3

A grand party at the Ardlay house  
 Sweet Candy  
 Meeting Annie again  
 Anthony, don't misunderstand me



## Chapter 4

A pirate with a thick beard  
 My cheek doesn't hurt  
 Silver night  
 A surprise is coming  
 Through the morning mist

## Chapter 5

I wonder if I'm dreaming  
 Two hearts  
 Rainbow days  
 The accursed fox hunting

**Volume 2**  
**Beyond the gate there is always the blue sky**







## In the wind

I like the wind.  
The person I have always loved very much  
sways in the wind

I like the wind, I like the sound of the wind

There! I can hear  
The voice of the person I most long for calling me...



## Chapter 1

Battle of the chief  
Celebrating the first snow  
A boy like Anthony  
A brown diary

## Chapter 2

Terrence G. Granchester  
The secret plan  
The day Annie arrived  
Terrence's secret

## Chapter 3

An interesting person  
Flowering season  
May Festival gift  
The sunlight through the trees



## Chapter 4

Annie's warm hands  
 Pink and grey  
 Oh, summer vacation!  
 Christmas in the summer

## Chapter 5

The dark creeping shadow  
 A trap is waiting...  
 Separation



Volume 3  
Candy's letters









Candy's letter to Kyoko Mizuki  
Candy's letter to everyone

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Letter to Samuel, Jeffrey and Susie  
Letter to Mr. Juskin  
Letter to Cookie  
Letter to Captain Niven  
Merry Christmas letter to Sister Gray

### Chapter 2 (My dear superiors)

Letter to Principal Mary Jane  
Letter to Dr. Frank Campbell  
Letter to Frannie Hamilton  
Letter to Dr. Leonard, director of St. Joanna's Hospital  
Letter to Mr. Leagan



**Chapter 3**  
**(How are you?)**

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 Letter to Miss Annie Brighton  
 Letter to Captain Baughmann, Stear's superior officer  
 Letter to Miss Patricia O'Brien  
 Merry Christmas letter to the Blue River Zoo director  
 (on behalf of Patty)

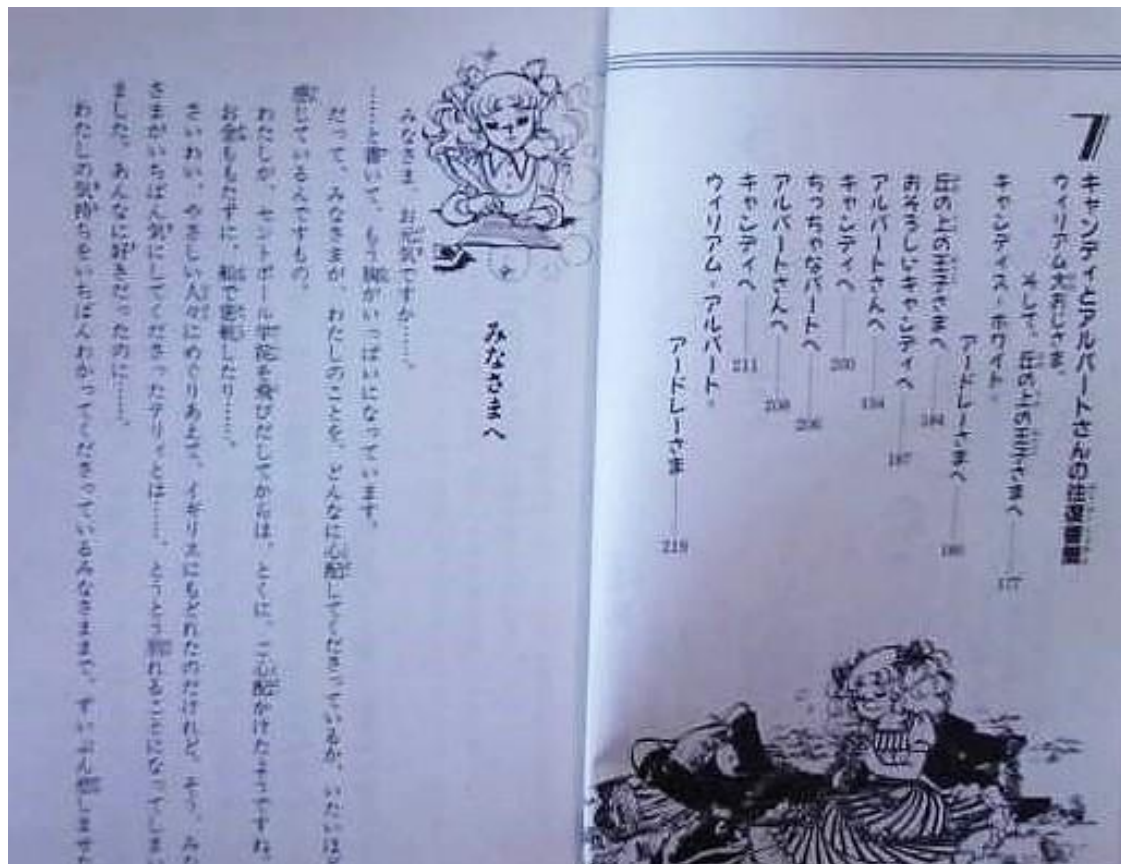
## Chapter 5 (Letters to Chicago)

Letter to Dr. Martin  
 Letter 2 to Dr. Martin  
 Letter to Mrs. Gloria  
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 Letter 2 to Great Aunt Elroy  
 Letter to Archie and Annie  
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 Letter to Mr. Vincent Brown, Anthony's father

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**(Letters never sent)**

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**Susanna's letter to Candy – Letter to Miss Susanna Marlowe**  
**Letter to Terrence**  
**Candy's letter to her parents**





## Chapter 7 (Correspondence between Candy and Albert)

1. Letter to Great Uncle William and Prince on the Hill
2. Letter to Miss Candice White Ardlay
3. Letter to Prince on the Hill
4. Letter to terrible Candy
5. Letter to Albert
6. Letter to Candy
7. Letter to Little Bert
8. Postcard to Candy
9. Letter to Albert
10. Letter to Candy
11. Letter to Sir William Albert Ardlay



# Volume 3

## Candy's letters

### Candy's letter to Kyoko Mizuki



“Dear Kyoko Mizuki,

Thank you so much for your letter. It's been already a year since we said goodbye. Somehow I feel that time has passed quickly.

I feel very well. I'm working as an exclusive nurse at Pony's Home and I don't have a single moment to rest. Not only do I take care of the children, but also of the patients in the village. Everybody knows I'm a very good nurse. (Ahem!)

Well, I'm very happy with the way you started to write my story in Volume 3 (although I'm a little embarrassed...).

I read Volume 1 and Volume 2, and I was thinking about how I would summarize everything in Volume 3.

Volume 2 ended with me leaving St. Paul's College in the morning mist. I get excited just by recalling it...

A lot of events followed, and as you mention in your letter, I also think it's impossible to describe everything in one single book.

So many things happened since that time...I left England to return to America, I managed to become a nurse and I met again Albert, but without a memory. And then, I really said goodbye to Terry.



The beginning of that horrible war, and Stear's departure. I don't want you to summarize so many memories in a single book either.

I also agree that Volume 3 is not written like a novel. I want the letters to serve as information of news from my friends. Fortunately, I continue to correspond with them.

I'm sure they will be very useful to you.

So, don't say you are a nuisance. Please, just be sure to come and visit us.

I want to show you the lovely birthday card Albert sent me and also the letters I received from Archie and Annie...

Therefore, please come. I want to tell you so many things.

At this moment, the flowers on Pony's Hill are in all their glory. Come before they wither!

If you come with Mrs. Igarashi, I'll be immensely happy.

Miss Pony and Sister Lane are here and they have urged me five times to send you their greetings (yes, yes, my teachers, I'm writing it correctly!).

And from my part...I send you five hundred thousand kisses for the readers!

Regards.

Well, I'm waiting for the day when we'll see each other again.

Candice White Ardlay"

## Candy's letter to everyone

“How is everyone...?”

I have been already overwhelmed with emotion, while writing a...

It is because I am painfully aware of the fact that everyone worries so much about me.

It seems I made everybody worry, particularly after I slipped out of St. Paul's Academy.

Also, without having any money, I was on board a ship as a stowaway...

Fortunately I ran into friendly people, and I was able to go back to America. So, actually, what everyone worries about most is Terry...It has been arranged so that I had to bid him farewell in the end, although I loved him so much...

To everyone who understands the best of my feelings, I think that was extremely sad.

*Why didn't you let Candy marry Terry?*

The original author, Kyoko Mizuki, is still scolded by many complaining readers.

But evidently Kyoko Mizuki did that and, feeling that everyone was thinking about me that way, even I couldn't contain my joy.

This is the reason I include such thoughts in the third volume of my story. There are the letters I sent, and the letters on display which I have wanted to send but I was unable to mail!

I have separated from Terry, but I have chosen my path – it is substantial that I have been able to become a nurse.

There was the reunion with Albert, and then Stear's death was so painful that I couldn't express myself in words.

Yes...there were also many serious things but there was a nice thing after all.

I was able to meet Great Uncle William at last!

Moreover, Prince on the Hill came by and I could meet him again – I thought that it was absolutely wonderful to be alive.

I have published many of my letters with various things!

This is because I like all of you very much! I'll especially show them to you!

Now, I will also talk about the confidential story today.

The original manga of the story 'Candy Candy' was finished in a hotel of an old castle in France.

Kyoko Mizuki purchased a new fountain pen in Paris before she came to the village on the banks of the Loire River.

What do you think happened to Kyoko Mizuki as soon as she entered the hotel of the castle?

She cried! Of course, I didn't mean to make her cry.  
The hotel room was so 'perfect for Candy' and she was deeply moved.  
The old antique bureau, the bed, the wallpaper, the refined toilet tile,  
the lamplight...

And there was a painting of the 'Fox Hunting' on the wall.  
Even I would jump up and down holding hands with Kyoko Mizuki if  
permitted; I would be moved to tears.

The fox hunting where Anthony died...

It was autumn. The dead leaves seemed to be dancing, and the  
distant forest was dyed golden-yellow.

So my story reached the final episode.

The evening twilight...Kyoko Mizuki exhaled a sigh. (She was  
attacked by the sudden anxiety of whether she could return to Paris  
satisfactorily alone.)

My story was closed in that way, but it will be turned up again.

Well, I am also glad of...

Besides, here is a thoughtful message given by a nurse whom Kyoko  
met recently:

*The reason why I became a nurse is that I was influenced by the  
manga of 'Candy Candy'. When I am on the verge of being  
discouraged, I still open the book of Candy.*

Me! (I am embarrassed.) Oh, I have such a great influence!

You were so much inspired and impressed by my story, that I am  
deeply moved!

Really, thank you!

I was born by Kyoko Mizuki and Yumiko Igarashi.

If I can continue living in the future, it will be only because of the  
power of love of everyone! This will be the reason.

Whenever everyone remembers me, I am revived.

And best regards from Kyoko Mizuki and Yumiko Igarashi as well!

Now, please read many of my letters.

With love and gratitude from the bottom of my heart.

Candice White Ardlay"



# Chapter 1

## (In the middle of the journey)



I slipped out of St. Paul's Academy, and then I only walked earnestly. No matter what might happen, I thought that I would be on my way to America. I was able to come home, thanks to the people I met in the middle of the journey...

## Letter to Cookie



“Hi, Cookie, have you heard?

When your letter arrived, I cried aloud towards the direction of England. Congratulations!

You have finally become an official sailor.

Clearly, you are the second generation!

I think your late father and mother would be pleased too.

How much you like the sea and the ships. I think that you will definitely become an excellent sailor.

Please send me your photograph in the uniform next time, but only with the upper body on it if possible. Why? That’s right. Gosh, this is because I am frustrated and my heart aches.

That thing you said in your letter, is it true?

Oh, Cookie! Why, you have grown so much taller! You have grown twenty more centimeters since then! As for me, I have grown just a centimeter.

When we met on the ship that time, we were approximately the same height, weren’t we?

Well, I can’t help it. Men and women are different. (And I can comfort myself by saying this.)

You seem to travel often to Asia; don’t you ever sail to America? If you ever come, please let me know.

Although I haven’t grown any taller, I want you to see that I’ve become a ‘bright nurse’.

(I shine brilliantly!)

Of course, I have taken great care of the cap which is an exchanged memento of our friendship at the time of our parting. My follower, Jimmy, seemed to like it; although he asked me to sell it for five dollars, I resolutely declined. Cookie, you have also taken good care of the ribbon, right?

I wish you a safe voyage.

Your counterpart, Candy”





## Merry Christmas letter to Sister Gray

“Merry Christmas!

How are you?

I remember nostalgically.

I was a backward student who got scolded constantly, and I thought Sister surely would consider me a nuisance.

However, when Annie and Archie were about to return to America, you asked them to give the Bible to me...I frequently remember that you have touched my heart.

That Bible is always carefully stored. I intend to read it again to the children this year on Christmas Eve.

I wish you will be always healthy.

Candice White Ardlay”

## Chapter 2 (My dear superiors)



I returned to America to find my own way...I wanted to be a nurse. So I consulted Miss Pony, and I entered Mary Jane Nursing School...

## Letter to Dr. Leonard, director of St. Joanna's Hospital



**“You’re director now; congratulations.**

**When I heard the news from Sir William Ardlay, I felt nostalgic and wrote this letter.**

**As soon as you became director, you eliminated Room 0, where the criminals and the sick people dying on the roadside were put, and which the doctors rarely visited. I am really glad.**

**I hope St. Joanna’s Hospital will improve.**

**Candice White Ardlay”**



## Letter to Mr. Leagan



“Miami Resort Inn is established; congratulations.  
This is exactly your 10th hotel.  
While I was being taken care of by the Leagan family in the old days,  
I didn’t know that Mr. Leagan would run a hotel.  
Thank you for inviting me to the ‘Resort Inn Opening Party’.  
Of course, I’ll be delighted to come.

Candice White Ardlay”

### Chapter 3 (How are you?)





## Letter to Mrs. Leagan



**“I really had a lot of fun being able to see everyone from the good old days after such a long time at the party of ‘Miami Resort Inn’.**

**I am grateful to you for inviting me.**

**It was a grand party. Every occasion of the Ardlay clan surprises me.**

**And what I was most glad about was the fact that you have spoken in front of all the relatives and told them that the rumor about my ‘larcenous behavior’ was entirely mistaken.**

**An emerald brooch and a pearl bracelet were in the stable that day...**

**Enough with that.**

**But somewhere in my heart, I have been upset ever since I was suspected of stealing for the first time in my life.**

**When I expressed my gratitude afterwards, you said that you were just obliged to obey Great Uncle William...Even so, Mrs. Leagan, I think it was courageous of you to make that speech.**

**I would like to express my gratitude to you once again.**

**Although I had no opportunity to talk with Neal and Eliza at the party, I would like you to please give them my best regards.**

**May you have many more Resort Inn hotels throughout America!**

**Candice White Ardlay”**

## Letter to Stewart, the Leagan household chauffeur



**“Dear Mr. Stewart,**

**I was afraid it would be true, Stewart, when I saw a car coming to the village raising dust!**

**The moment I saw you getting out of the car, tears came to my eyes at the sudden thought of the old days. It was the same car which had come for me back then.**

**Great Uncle William sent me a letter in which he said: ‘You should come back and attend the Leagan party.’ That’s why I thought the person who would pick me up was George. But it was you, Stewart, who said with excitement: ‘Pack up your things quickly; we’ll set off for the Leagan villa soon.’ Miss Pony and Sister Lane looked astonished and then they burst into laughter. We all laughed to the point of tears.**

**Going to the Leagan villa was the same as before, but this time I was going to the Leagan house in Chicago, and invited to a party too. How different it was from the past!**

**I was so excited that I talked endlessly all the way to Chicago.**

**Until now, people who have been by my side in the hardest moments of my life come to my mind.**

**In the morning I was supposed to go to Mexico, Mary, Doug and Mr. Whitman tearfully saw me off.**

**When I came back as the adoptive daughter of the Ardlays, everyone was so pleased...Yes, it wasn’t a dream. Anthony and Stear were there at the time...It’s been a long time since then. I feel it all happened in the blink of an eye.**

After going back to Chicago, I wanted to meet you all. It was hard to go to the Leagan villa, but I was satisfied to meet Mary too.

I'm sure Mr. and Mrs. Leagan will not look at me the same as before. Even if they want to, they can't.

I'll certainly meet all of you again if there is any great event in Chicago.

Please give my regards to your wife and little Brian.

Candy”



## Letter to Doug, the Leagan household chef



“I wonder if you were surprised by my sudden visit the other day. After hearing from Mary that you opened a restaurant, I really wanted to see it.

Pot Bray City seemed to be located in a good place, somewhere along the way to Pony’s Home, so that I was able to make a brief stop.

But, Doug, I was attracted to its pretty name, ‘Hungry Buddy’. I got hungry at the mere sight of your signboard. And when I opened the door, there were a lot of hungry buddies; I was really amused.

You and your wife were busy working behind the counter. The special hamburger you made for me was very delicious!

Doug, even though you left the Leagan family, it had a good result. I clapped my hands after listening to Mary telling me about the heroic episode, when there were quibbles about the cuisine, and then you overturned the table and left the Leagan house. The taste of the Leagan family cuisine has fallen in the public estimation since then. I attended the party and felt that too.

But, Doug, it was good to see that your store was a flourishing business. Customers come in rapid succession. I was on the verge of letting out a loud whoop. Soon it will be a big popular restaurant, as you wish it to be!

I'll drop by again some time. Alas, if the distance was shorter, I would be able to go there frequently.

My expression of gratitude is late, but thank you for the gooseberry pie souvenir. It was all gone in an instant. (The truth is that I have eaten just one piece.)

All the children, Miss Pony and Sister Lane are saying: 'Thank you for the delicious meal'.

Candy

Please, next time we see each other, I wish you would stop asking: 'Has your skill in cooking improved?' I like eating more than cooking."



## Letter to Mr. Whitman



**“I wonder what opening remarks I should write.**

**Mr. Whitman, I miss you, and I’m overwhelmed with emotion while I’m writing it.**

**I went to the Leagan party the other day. (I was formally invited; I guess you are surprised.)**

**So I met Stewart and Mary. And Doug opened a restaurant.**

**How are you doing?**

**California is warm and I think it’s also good for your health.**

**Now, being surrounded by your son and grandchildren, I wonder if you still work tirelessly cultivating flowers.**

**The colorful flowers, hollyhocks, marigolds, geraniums, petunias, and roses that bloomed in the garden of Lakewood, came floating before my eyes.**

**Mr. Whitman, you were talking to the flowers as you were taking care of them. You picked up the flowers which bloomed in the morning, came to my stable and gave them to me...**

**‘A rose would be nice if you received it from a boy,’ you bantered with a wink, and then you always gave me flowers, except for roses.**

**The roses...**

**Mr. Whitman, you had also taught Anthony the method of caring for flowers. Then, after Anthony had passed away, you have taken care of that rose garden for a long time, as I heard from Great Uncle William later.**

**Thank you, Mr. Whitman.**

**Anthony’s rose garden is still reserved with great care in Lakewood.**

**Although there was a time I thought I would never go there again, sometimes these days I feel a great desire to go to that place.**



I remember those days in Lakewood; every one of them was full of joy and light. Inexplicably, the sufferings haven't remained in my memories.

When I close my eyes, I recall the laughter, the rustle of wind, the fragrance of flowers, and the sound of flowing water...

I can hear only that. Anthony passed away in that forest. That seemed to be an event which had already happened. It was so... That story made my heart ache...

Mr. Whitman, I think you know that Alistair Cornwell was killed in action in France.

However, both Anthony and Stear still live inside me. If I go back to Lakewood, I'll be able to see them any time.

I feel as if they're waiting. Anthony, Stear...

Oh, I'm sorry to become melancholic, despite writing this letter to you after such a long time.

Of course, I'm as energetic as ever.

I'm romping with the children of Pony's Home.

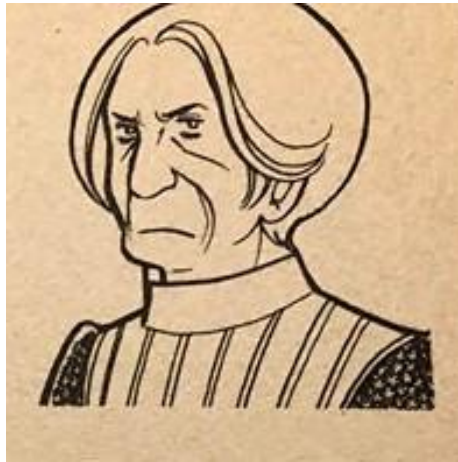
Mr. Whitman, I'd like to come to California to see you.

I look forward to receiving a reply from you.

Please stay healthy forever.

Candy"

## Letter to Great Aunt Elroy



**“How is your neuralgia?**

**As for Dr. Leonard, the director of St. Joanna’s Hospital, despite how he looks, he’s capable and reliable, and I hope you will feel relieved. Please take care of your health.**

**Thank you very much for inviting me to Stear’s memorial the other day. As I wasn’t even permitted to attend his funeral, I partly gave up this time too.**

**I think it was good to talk about Stear with everyone. It was sad to remember him, but it was also a very heartwarming moment...**

**Great Aunt Elroy, please take care of yourself. I wish you longevity.**

**Candice White Ardlay”**



## Chapter 4 (Back to the path of memories)



Happy days with Stear and the others also came back to me when I became a nurse in Chicago.

I never dreamed that I would meet Terry again...and I never imagined that I would have to part with both Terry and Stear eventually...



## Letter to Mr. Archibald Cornwell



“Archie, how are you doing?

I am worried because for three days in Lakewood you seemed somehow depressed.

Of course, nobody could be cheerful at Stear’s memorial, but...

After everyone returned to Chicago, somebody suggested that we should go to Lakewood, but all of us were completely silent as soon as we arrived there to visit Stear’s grave...

It was as if Stear could really appear from behind the trees at any moment.

Stear and Anthony...

Nothing has changed much...

The Gate of the Roses, the Stone Entrance, and the Water Portal...

Then you said: ‘We came back from England in order to get away from the war, and yet my brother plunged into it. I didn’t understand how he felt even though he was my only brother.’

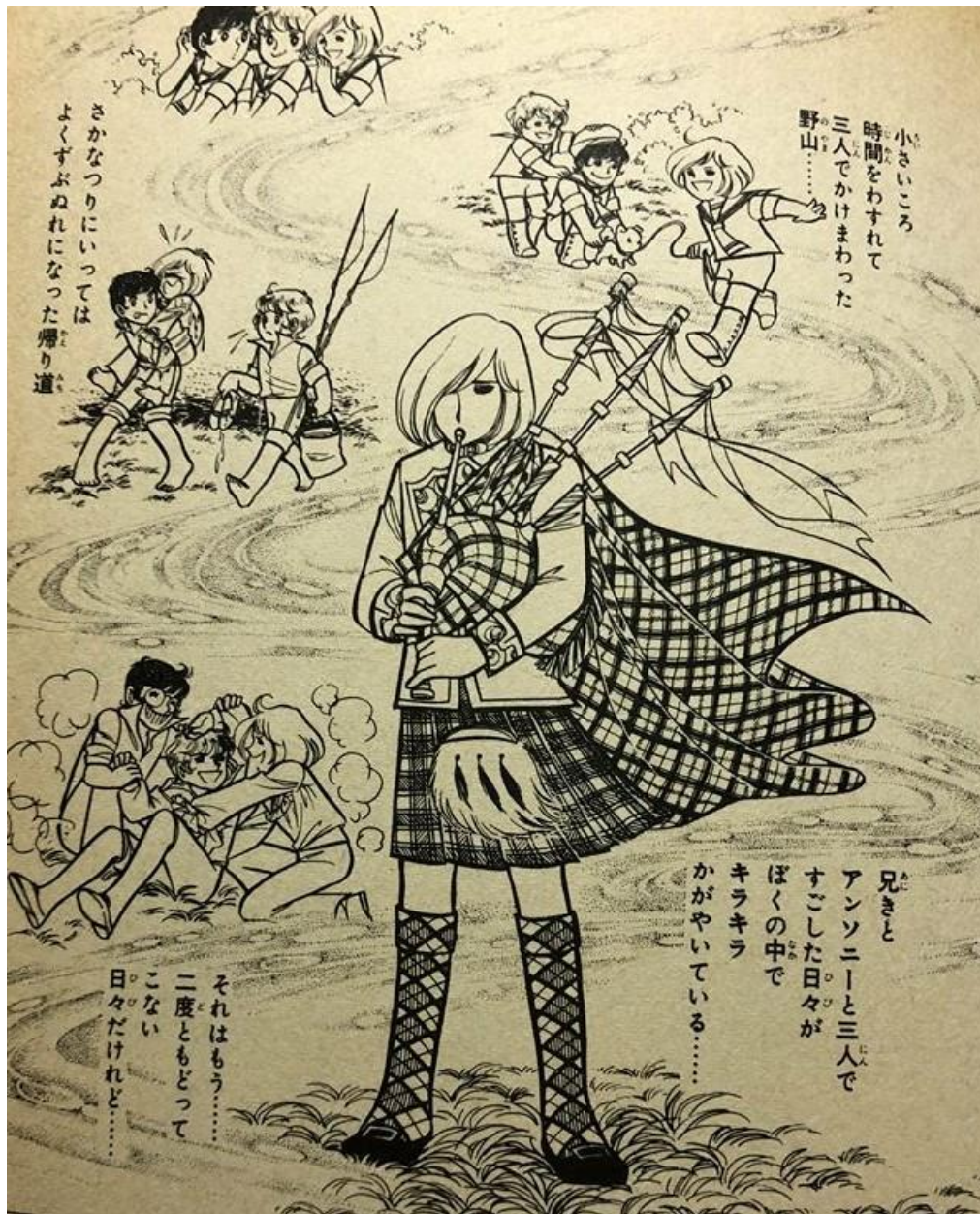
Now stop tormenting yourself, Archie. I have a lot of regrets about Stear too. But I decided not to think about that anymore. And then I thought that this seemed to be Stear’s best way to live his life.

Now he’s dead, but I don’t think he had any regrets. The reason is that he had lived the way he wanted.

We will never forget him, and we will love him forever. That’s all we can do now.

Let’s cheer up, Archie!

Even Patty didn’t exactly show us her smile.



But still, Archie, did you notice? Eliza was briefly moved to tears as she put flowers on Stear's grave. I was surprised, and then I was glad...I think Stear was loved by Eliza too...

Yes! Cheers to lovable Stear!

Well, Archie, I wonder if you're going to be busy every day. You declared that you would start working for the Ardlay family business this year. Now I'm dumbfounded!

I wonder what happened to you all of a sudden. Though I'm guessing your motive in trying to be independent. (Annie's figure has become beautiful...I should say she's hot.) Please let me know about the circumstances.

There is an enormous thing in my daily routine.

Mr. Cartwright, who has been the landowner of Pony's Home until now, has sold us the land at a nominal price. Now we don't have to worry about being evicted. Both Miss Pony and Sister Lane are extremely delighted.

We immediately blocked the field behind, and proceeded with the plan to add another room to the building. Everyone has made their own efforts for the additional building to take place.

Also, as the rooms increase, so will the children; we will probably get increasingly busy from now on.

Archie, you also do your best. Albert has been enthusiastic about training someone in business.

I'm looking forward to a letter from you.

Certainly I'll be waiting for the happy announcement.

Take care!

Candy”





## Letter to Miss Annie Brighton



“Annie, thank you for your thoughtfulness.

Miss Pony and Sister Lane were also very pleased with the lace shawls.

Hey, this Annie, we often looked at the handmade shawls.

When I said that you have grown more beautiful, Miss Pony indicated:

‘That child was pretty since the old days.’

And so I asked:

‘How about me?’

‘You, Candy, were very energetic since the old days.’

What! I was shocked!

But, Annie, you have become really beautiful. You have the graceful figure of a grown up woman. (On the contrary, I’m miserable! Oh!)

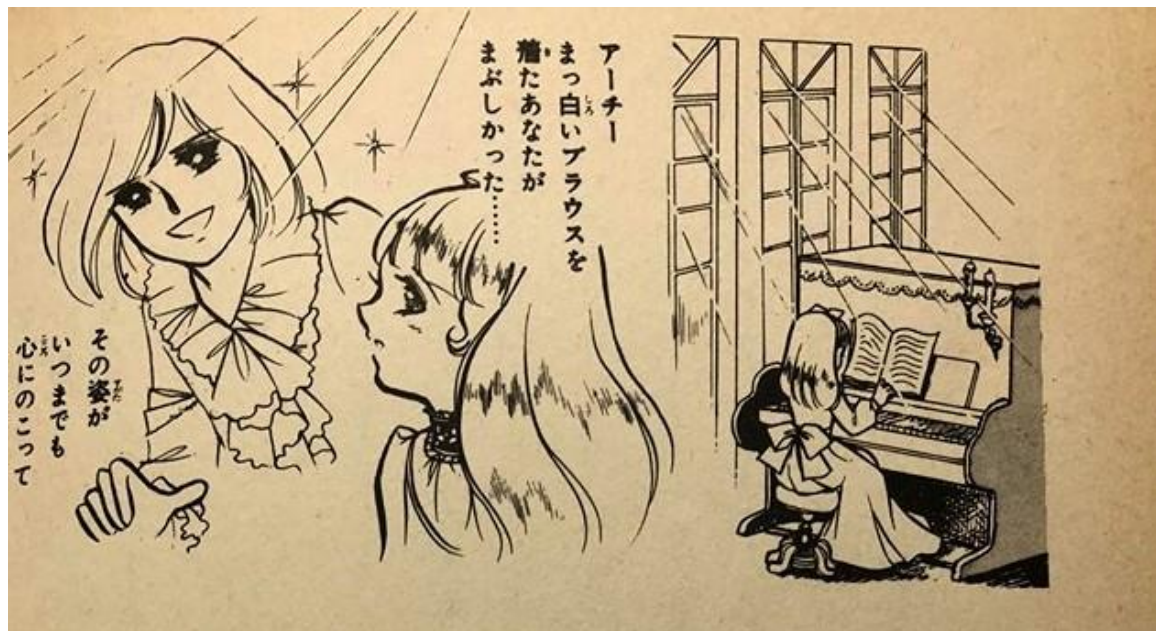
Has something beautiful happened to you, Annie? The Heart Mark detective is now in the middle of investigating that.

Although you left Lakewood with a stern face, I wonder if you are well.

Patty is the person who keeps smiling, but I think she often feels pain. She has left England and she hasn’t any acquaintances but us in America. Since you live nearest to her, Annie, please help her somehow. (I don’t think I need to ask Archie.)

As you have grown more beautiful, Archie also has grown more masculine. He doesn’t wear clothes that flutter too much any longer, as in the old days.





I was told about the first time you met Archie. It was at a tea party, where you had to play the piano...You got extremely nervous, and your fingers couldn't move, so Archie immediately played a melody with you. Then you felt somehow that was fate, but I think fate is really mysterious.

It was also fate that you and I were abandoned at Pony's Home. And then, we also met again by chance...

I think fate has got into considerable mischief, because it seems to favor the best, and so your fate will advance in a good direction from now on. (What am I getting at!) Well, now there's nothing noisier than this incoherent sound of hammering at Pony's Home all day long. (You have probably heard it from Archie, haven't you?)

That's right. The expansion has begun at once. The teachers are so excited. They seem to want to pick up the children to build it quickly. As for the expansion, somehow Mr. and Mrs. Brighton have helped too. The teachers have been very grateful.

Annie, take good care of your wonderful father and mother.

Since then, sometimes I give the teachers your letters. When a letter comes from you, they are happy all day long.

Well, keep your energy, Annie.

Candy”

## Letter to Captain Baughmann, Stear's superior officer



“Thank you very much for taking the time to write a letter to us. Captain, your letter gave us so much consolation. As you know, Alistair Cornwell (we called him Stear) was a person who brought light to all of us. When we heard he had gone to France as a volunteer, it felt like everything was plunged into darkness in front of our eyes. Your letter was passed around for everyone to read. Tears were glistening in everybody's eyes. Stear flung himself into battle while he hated fighting more than anyone...Hearing about his life in the Air Force, we felt like getting to know Stear even more. Stear was also loved by everyone in the Air Force. He made a device for the reveille to spout water, he painted a pair of glasses on his airplane (as for this, I think it was because he wanted to feel closer to his beloved, Patricia, who was also wearing glasses) and he mentioned that if he fell from the sky, he seriously considered to produce a 'peace gas' which would make everybody faint in fighting. I felt a pain in my chest. He did not know the life of tomorrow would be in every day. There was nobody who behaved as naturally and was as bright as him... Your words will be kept gratefully in the depths of my heart. From the sky that has swallowed up Stear, so many people are still falling every day... I am a woman who can't fight for a country at war, but I don't exchange a feeling of hatred for war with everybody seriously. I

confess that I am a cowardly nurse who didn't have the courage to volunteer as a military nurse.

However, my heartfelt wish is that I don't want any more people to die.

War is sad, Captain Baughmann. I wonder how we could make wars disappear from the world.

Every day I go to a countryside church of America and pray for peaceful days to come quickly.

I am emotionally overwrought, and my greetings have ended up later. My name is Candice, and I am an old friend of Alistair's. While visiting the Cornwell family in Chicago, I had the honor of reading your letter, Captain, and I couldn't help writing a thank-you letter to you, so I picked up my pen immediately. I think that the arbitrary murmur from me, a stranger, may have suddenly troubled you.

I will pray always for your health and safety.

Candice White Ardlay"

## Letter to Miss Patricia O'Brien



**“Dear Patty,**

**I was up on the tallest tree of Pony’s Home, watching the sunset until a little while ago.**

**Somehow, I always think about Stear when I watch the sunset...**

**I was saying that the other day, Patty. Indeed, I was right too.**

**Somehow, Stear’s grave had been meant to be in a beautiful sunset.**

**A year has passed already since then, Patty.**

**Time really flies. Patty, I was glad to see you after such a long time at Stear’s memorial. There was something I couldn’t see just from your letters.**

**I felt relieved because you seemed to be healthy and also looked well. However, Patty, there was one thing I was worried about, so I decided to write you a letter.**

**Patty, weren’t you overdoing it a little? You were acting cheerfully with the intention of trying to reassure us, weren’t you?**

**If that was the case, please don’t do it again.**

**Patty, I think I kind of understand your feelings.**

**I also lost my first love, Anthony Brown, who was killed in an accident. You probably know about it.**

**I parted from Terry after that...I came back from New York, forbore myself to cry on and on. It is true that I also acted cheerfully, like you do now, Patty, so that my friends wouldn’t worry about me.**

**You know, I’m very familiar with this kind of thing. I wonder if I’m optimistic.**





But, Patty, you're different from me. You are a more introverted person.

It hurts me even more when I think that the pain in your heart must be much deeper.

When Stear died, Patty, you wanted to die too. You cried and tried to jump off the veranda.

I was angry with you for being such a weakling...I even insolently slapped you.

After that, you wouldn't say anything. I said that Stear would no longer shed tears too...

Patty, I think now I've done you wrong.

I slapped you at that time, Patty, and hoped you would come to your senses. I didn't say that you should forget Stear.

Patty, if you remembered Stear and shed tears when you were all alone, I can't bear it.

Patty, will you promise? Never cry alone. And you can talk to me.

In Lakewood, Patty, you looked like you were having a lot of fun. Seeing that you seemed to be having so much fun made me even more worried.

Stear really has made such a nice girl sad!

If I were to meet him in heaven, I would definitely pinch him and crush him for you!

Enough about my extra worries, Patty. How did you like Lakewood?

I think it's a wonderful place.

Fallen leaves are scattered through the forest, making it mustard-colored, but when spring comes, it will be full of flowers again.



The day I met Anthony in that place, the roses were in full bloom.  
Patty, the moment you saw Anthony's portrait, you said: 'Oh, he looks like Terry.'

That's right. I confess that when I first met Terry, I thought the same thing with you, Patty.

I thought so, but only momentarily; when I looked closely at him, he didn't look like him at all...and his personality was completely different...

But, after all, I guess they were alike. Both of them have become distant for me now...

Though you may feel sorrow when you've come to love a person, don't you think that's a wonderful thing, Patty?

My heart aches whenever I think about Anthony and Terry, but I think I was truly happy to have been able to meet them.

Patty, I'm sure you think the same about Stear too.

I knew that Stear was meant to be with you, Patty. You see, there was a letter from Captain Baughmann. Stear had painted a pair of glasses on his airplane...

You said you would like to find a job. Of course, I'm all for it.

Though you seemed to be hesitating about what you should do, I think you don't need to decide in such a hurry. I also hadn't thought about becoming a nurse, nothing was certain from the beginning; I just gradually became more and more determined.



Patty, I think that the job of taking care of children would suit you. Last time, when you came to Pony's Home, the children were very attached to you.

We are still young, let's try to take on any challenge and do anything we want to do.

I have been building a house now. It's not a part of the extension of Pony's Home. I was dismissed because my presence was a nuisance to them. Mr. Cartwright has sent those cowboys to help me out. But it's just a house for Minna (the dog). Oh, how I laughed!

Although it's just a house for Minna, it is a hard task because that dog is fat.

To take revenge for my dismissal, day and night, I will repeatedly make efforts to build a house with a gorgeous triangular roof and a circular window. (Of course, I also will do my main job properly!)

Still, Patty, I want to have a long talk with you, just the two of us.

If you can't come to see me, then a letter would be just as well. Please send me a thick letter like an encyclopedia.

Oh, yes, I will enclose a heart-shaped leaf that had fallen in the forest. I think it's pretty.

Candy"

**Merry Christmas letter  
to the Blue River Zoo director  
(on behalf of Patty)**

**“Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!**

**I think you must be surprised to receive a card like this so unexpectedly.**

**Actually, I’m a friend of the person who owned the turtle Hughley.**

**I guess Hughley is fine.**

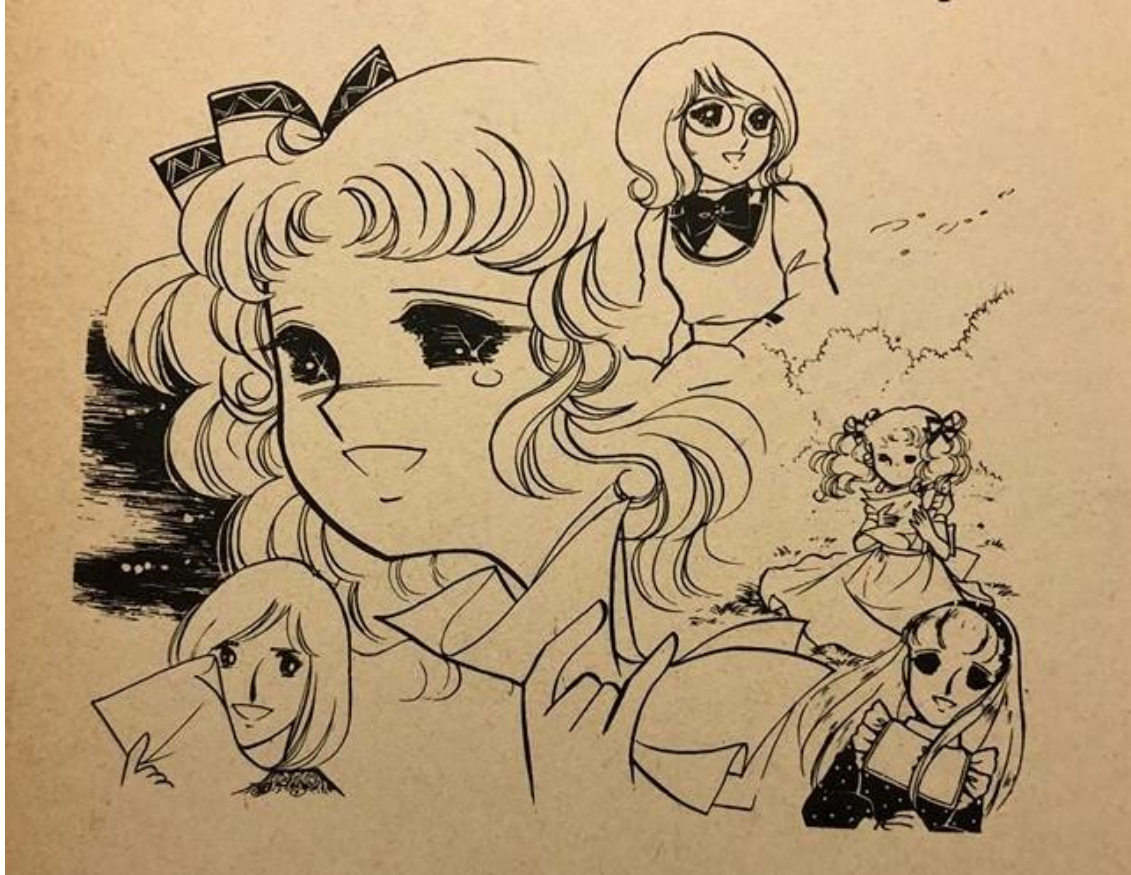
**Now, it’s impossible for me to do that at times like these, but as soon as the war is over, I want to go there and pick up Hughley.**

**Turtles are said to live for ten thousand years, but whether Hughley will live forever or not, thank you in advance for your help.**

**On behalf of Patricia O’Brien,  
Candice White Ardlay”**



## Chapter 5 (Letters to Chicago)



At the hospital, I reunited with Albert who had lost his memory, and I decided to stay with him, at least until he recovered...Even in those hard days, there was also fun.

## Letter to Eliza and Neal



**“I had hoped you would have had enough in tormenting people, yet you never stop.**

**You two are still trying to forcibly separate the love relationship between Annie and Archie!**

**When you look at people who are in love and immediately feel like breaking them up, then you are two dastardly cowards!**

**If you intend to interfere any further in the affairs of these two people, I have a plan as well.**

**As an adopted daughter, I will protest against you and get Great Uncle William to take an appropriate action. I tell you!**

**Furiously,  
Candy”**



## Letter to Archie and Annie

“Congratulations!

Really, congratulations!

A lot of heart-shaped clouds came flying from Chicago this morning, and that made me wonder what had happened.

Surely, in the sky above, Anthony and Stear must be rejoicing about your engagement too!

I'm really glad that Annie's long-cherished desire is fulfilled.

Archie, please give Annie my regards!

A letter from Albert also arrived at the same time with your own letter. He writes that your engagement party will be splendidly celebrated on a large scale in Lakewood.

Miss Pony and Sister Lane are overjoyed too. Right now they're preparing a handmade card. I can hardly wait.

Once again, congratulations!

Candy”



## Letter to Miss Eleanor Baker



“Dear Miss Eleanor Baker,  
I really thank you for your letter and the invitation ticket.  
I wonder how long I remained absentminded, looking at the ticket for ‘Hamlet’.  
I had heard about Terry’s ‘Hamlet’ from the newspapers and magazines.  
Although I try not to read the news about Terry, I can’t help it.  
I feel it’s a long time since we met in that small town.  
He has completely recovered. I’ve never been happier.  
I know the play has really a good reputation in advance.  
I believe Hamlet played by Terry will be wonderful.  
When I close my eyes, I can see that.  
I’m very grateful for your thoughtfulness.  
You say you’ll kindly send a car to pick me up on the designated date.  
But I can’t go there. I really want to see the play in which Terry appears.  
But I also don’t want to see it.  
If I see him play, I’ll want to meet him. I’ll want to talk to him.  
Unlike the play of that roadside theatre in that town, finally I could see Terry playing.  
But I decided to give up.  
There is still my painful memory from New York.  
I can’t smile and say that memory has changed.  
After a while...time will cure that.  
I’m sorry, Miss Baker.  
Please forgive me for rudely sending back the invitation ticket.

Candice White Ardlay”



## Letter to Mr. Vincent Brown, Anthony's father

"Dear Mr. Brown,

I really thank you for the beautiful Christmas card. Mr. Brown, I haven't seen you since Stear's funeral.

I could have met you for the first time when Anthony died...

Before that I had always been wondering what kind of person Anthony's father might be.

I was happy my imagination turned out to be on the right track...

However, you and I always meet during sad times...

Next time, I definitely want to see you on a happy occasion.

Also, when you return and before leaving for another long voyage, please come once to Pony's Home to visit us. I would like to hear about Anthony's childhood.

In particular, I would like you to hear about my adventures as a stowaway on my way back to America from England. (Also for the sake of preventing stowaways, you should definitely listen to this!)

Please let me know when you find out where you're going to stay in the port of call. I would like to send you a long chattering letter.

I wish you a bon voyage!

Candice White Ardlay"

## Chapter 6 (Letters never sent)



## Letter to Anthony Brown



“Dear Anthony Brown,  
Anthony, what are you doing at this moment?  
I’m sure roses must be blooming even in heaven.  
Are you with Stear now? You must have dashed to his side, being very lonely there.  
You know, I went to Lakewood the other day. Anthony, your rose garden was still like what it used to be. The Gate of the Roses had also been well maintained, and the flowers are blooming every year. While looking at the flowers, I thought absentmindedly about what you had mentioned to me before.  
*After a flower withers, it will bloom more beautifully (as other flowers).*  
*After a person dies, this person will be revived more beautifully in another’s heart (as memories)...*  
I thought I would never return to the forest, where the fox hunting took place, and yet I went there too.  
The area of the grassland where you had fallen off the horse has become a sea of wild roses. Great Uncle William himself has planted them there.  
Oh! Great Uncle William has made his appearance, at long last!  
Anthony, I wonder if you already know.  
Is it true that you can see everything when you are in heaven? (If that’s the case, it’s inconvenient for me.) Yet, even if you do know, please pretend that you don’t and listen to me, can you do that?  
Great Uncle William is not what we had imagined; he was not a crotchety old man.





It's Albert!...Even if I say his name, Anthony, you don't know who Albert is, do you? (You can ask Stear about his looks and all the rest because he knows the details.)

You see, I met Albert a long time ago, the day Annie had come for a visit. I had left the Leagans but hadn't returned that night. But I couldn't talk to you about what had happened...

That day I fell asleep inside a boat while it was flowing along the river, and I ended up being swept away, slipping down a waterfall. The one who came to my rescue was Albert. Back then, since he was wearing sunglasses and had a beard, I thought he was a pirate. As a vagabond, he took the liberty of occupying the mountain lodge of the Ardlays; I determined not to disclose to others anything about it, and I believed he was a good man, so this is the reason why I couldn't tell you, Anthony, even after I came back.

And the real identity of this pirate was none other than Great Uncle William himself! He made a fool of me! He even said that mountain lodge wasn't his own property!





There were still more surprises. You see, I showed you the badge some time ago, didn't I? That badge which was dropped by Prince on the Hill, whom I met on Pony's Hill when I was a child. Back then you told me that only a direct descendant of the Ardlays could own that badge, and yet I didn't understand what that implied...Well, Albert was also Prince on the Hill! He was a master of disguise! Consider the multiple roles he has played!

Actually I learned that just recently.

For some reason, Neal became interested in me. I should really thank him, for what I have now comes from that fact. These two feelings are intricately wrought

together, leaving me somewhat confused...

I don't know how to say it...He liked me, and I was astonished. He exasperatedly began to say he wanted to be engaged to me.

There was Great Aunt Elroy too.

She was terrified when Neal said he would enlist in the army as a soldier, and she said that the engagement was Great Uncle William's order, which was another low way to weaken my resistance.

But this time I thought I would never accept. I am not for sale.

As for Neal's feelings, I intended to understand them. I think he was not lying, although I was annoyed and I disliked it because he pressed me.

These two siblings think that there is nothing in this world they can't take hold of.

It was George who helped me in this trouble.

He kindly told me that Great Uncle William was in Lakewood at that moment.

So, I went there flying.

I intended to let Great Uncle listen to my feelings directly from me.

Albert was there.

Anthony, do you see how surprised I was? I was unable to stand up at all. How could he keep silent until then...Oh!

Full of emotions, I said to Great Uncle: 'Thank you for watching over me and protecting me until now...'



I was so shocked I was at a loss for words.

Then Albert talked slowly, taking his time to relate his story to me, so all kinds of mysteries have been revealed and the veils removed.

Anthony, the phrase you said to me was left unfinished...

‘When I was little, there was a boy always standing by my mother’s side...’

Those were your last words. (I’ll never forget them.)

That boy was Albert! Yes, now I can finally understand. Anthony, the first time I met you at the Gate of the Roses, I mistook you for Prince on the Hill. That was because you and Prince on the Hill were close relatives.

Having understood all this, I’m filled with longing to meet you once more. Although I’m aware it’s impossible, Anthony, I want to talk to you one more time, sitting down by the Gate of the Roses, or standing by the lake shore...

Albert comes often to visit me at Pony’s Home. Whenever we bring up stories about you and Stear, he always gets teary-eyed, with no exception.

Albert told me he loved his sister Rosemary (your mother, Anthony) very much. ‘I could only watch from a distance, and there was nothing I could do for Anthony, Stear and the others...’ He keeps talking about the same thing over and over.

Oh, Anthony, I can go on forever, no matter how much I write, so it's about time to stop...

But I'd like a reply, even just a little one. Is the regulation strict in heaven?

I'm still the same, as before. For example, I haven't grown taller, my freckles haven't disappeared, and I haven't recovered from being a tomboy.

However, I'll be in trouble if someone is peeping at me from heaven. Therefore, from now on, I intend to grow more mature, even just a little.

Take care, Anthony. (Do people in heaven also get sick?)

Candy”

## Susanna's letter to Candy



“Dear Candy,  
I’m so sorry you had to leave New York the way you did. Now I know where Terry’s heart is. All I can do is hope that some day he will love me. I can’t walk, but having him by my side makes me very happy. All I know is that he is my life and my soul, and the only thing I can do is stay with him and wait for his love forever, if necessary.

Susanna M.”





## Letter to Miss Susanna Marlowe



“Dear Susanna,

You must know that I really hated you when you turned me away from the hotel that night in Chicago. I thought I loved Terry more than you did, but when I went to New York and found out that you saved his life, and then you tried to commit suicide for Terry and me, I realized that your love for him came from the bottom of your heart and then I knew what I had to do. I read over and over again the letter you sent me. When Terry left the theatre company, I realized that I didn't have any trouble, but Terry and you did. Actually I'm fine. Terry is in my past now and I don't look back anymore. I'm very happy to have met Terry and you. Surely we'll meet again some day, maybe when we're very old and we'll have a good laugh over it. I know you'll take care of him; always stay by his side. I have seen your picture in the magazines, smiling, although sitting in a wheelchair, that's why I know I have made the right decision.

Candy”

## Letter to Terrence



**“Dear Terry,**

**I have just read an article in the newspaper about your interpretation of Hamlet, for which you receive very favorable reviews. It makes me very happy to read that. Congratulations on your success! I knew that day would come.**

**As if I were there, I can hear a great applause for you. And I can see you in a white suit, coming behind the curtain to thank the audience over and over again with a wide smile. Miss Pony and Sister Lane say that you are the best Hamlet they have ever seen. They were fascinated to see your picture in the newspaper, and they were babbling just like young girls.**

**Well, Terry, you have visited Pony’s Home once, haven’t you?**

**At that time, I was also returning here.**

**Time occasionally plays bad tricks on us. If I hadn’t stopped on my way and had hurried a little, I could have seen you here.**

**Was Pony’s Hill as you had imagined it? It was actually a small hill, wasn’t it? I can imagine, although I didn’t see you, that you were standing on Pony’s Hill...It was snowing that day.**

**I came back to America running after you, and shortly afterwards I entered nursing school, while I dreamed of seeing you again...**

'There is something that I really want to do', you said when we were studying together at St. Paul's College. I wanted you to see that I could find my own way too. At that time I really believed I would see you again. I was so happy when I found for the first time an article about you in the newspaper.

Terrence Graham. I discovered that the G of Graham stood for the G in your full name, Terrence G. Granchester. When I saw it I imagined that G stood for gorilla! I heard your mother call you Graham once. I understood you were giving up your English name 'Granchester' to start a new life. I realized your determination.

By the way, people of Broadway have a keen eye for new talents, since they discovered you immediately. Every time I read about you I thought that I had to succeed in my life too, like you...

You can never imagine how happy I was to know you were coming to Chicago for a performance with the Stratford company.

You didn't even know I was in America. At that time I wanted to appear suddenly and surprise you! Unfortunately, the performance was open only to people with invitations. There was no reason why I could be invited because I was just a nurse. When I had already lost hope, Archie and Stear got a ticket for me, and then I felt really fortunate.

However, that wasn't my lucky day; I was on a night shift, and nobody wanted to replace me that day. But I really had to see the performance! So I decided to escape my job to go to the theatre and see you. As you know, I'm good at escaping. But now I had a responsible job at the hospital, unlike college. Later that night, when I came back, Frannie, a fellow worker, seriously scolded me and said I should concentrate on my training as a nurse.

When I got to the theatre, Eliza did it once more and because of her I couldn't see you from the seats of the guests.

However, I ended up seeing you from the backstage. You were really wonderful as the King of France – they should have entitled the play 'The King of France', that's what I thought. I heard your clear and familiar voice and I saw your refined behavior under the lights. Your image was reflected in my eyes that were clouded with tears.

You were very popular! So much so that when you left the theatre I couldn't come close, because around you there was a crowd of girls who wanted to see you. I shouted 'Terry!' at the top of my voice, but my scream was lost in the crowd. I wanted to come close, Terry; actually I tried to, and while the crowd was pushing me I looked at you and I saw Susanna next to you as you were climbing into the carriage. Now when I look back, I think that was the beginning of our separation.





We could never really meet, either at Pony's Home or at the theatre, not even when I went to look for you at your hotel in Chicago. When I tried to see you at the hotel you weren't there...Is that true, Terry? You were waiting for me...You went to look for me at the hospital, remember? Oh, I wish I had known. While you were there, Susanna sent me away from the hotel. I was very sad because I hadn't been able to see you, so much so that I was just wandering around the city until almost dawn. I was murmuring repeatedly: 'Terry, is it possible that you have forgotten me...? No, it can't be, it can't be.'

Stear told me later that you had been at the reception given after the performance, and then you heard I was in America. You must have been very surprised to know that. I really wanted to see your surprised look, but I was not there...and I missed you so much.

I was delighted to know that you left the reception immediately when you found out I was there, regardless of the fact that you left so many guests.

Oh, we really could have enjoyed that night so much...if we had been more fortunate.





But finally I could see you; it was only for a few seconds, but they were enough for me to feel happy. And that was because when I returned to the hospital at dawn, the watchman told me you had been there waiting for me, and you would leave very early on the train, so I came after you once more, to the station. When I got there, the train had just left. Then I ran; I ran because I thought that even if I couldn't see you, I knew you were there, and it was then that I saw you! You were standing on the step.

Our eyes met just for a moment. It was a very short time...but I felt so happy.

Sweet memories that now belong to the past, Terry.

If I had known this would happen I would have written to you more often. But it's too late...isn't it?

After our short meeting, I went to New York without knowing that it was going to be a farewell trip for you and me.

When I received an invitation for Romeo and Juliet and the one-way train ticket, I thought that waiting was finally over, and at last we would be together forever; yes, I had been waiting for that day when I would meet you again, counting the days on my fingers. Besides, that play was something very special to us...Romeo and Juliet. Now I'm surprised you actually played Romeo.



When I went to New York to see you again, it was the happiest moment of my life because we hadn't seen each other for a long time...I still keep that emotion in my heart.

At that moment I was so impatient to meet you, that when I saw you, even though I noticed you were absentminded, I didn't realize that something was happening.

I know now that you were worried about Susanna. I'm so clueless that I couldn't realize the pain you were going through because of the accident. You don't know how sorry I am that I couldn't help you at that moment. I feel so sad about that now.

Actually Susanna's accident happened for a reason. She really loved you, and that's why she sacrificed herself for you, and later she tried to commit suicide. When I realized how great her love was, I decided to say

goodbye to you, Terry.

I realized that you and I could never have been happy after what had happened, that we could never have really enjoyed our love; Susanna would always be present.

When I decided to leave, you hugged me; I felt your chest on my back, and you said: 'Candy, whatever happens, be happy...' I'll never forget that.

Thank you, Terry. I'm very happy now. I have friends who take such a great care of me. Above all, I still have in my heart the sweet memories that you and I have shared. I'll never forget your warm chest against my back, for the rest of my life.



On the other hand, Terry, you couldn't find happiness. You couldn't play anymore and you had to leave the theatre company. You were such a fool, Terry. And I was even more so, because I was thinking only of my own pain; I was so selfish.

I think God wanted me to find you by chance in a play by an unknown company. It was a winter day. You were drunk and in a very bad state. I almost jumped on the stage to push you hard and scream to you: 'Recover! Come back to your senses! Fight back!' I wanted to do that for you. Terry, could you hear my voice screaming mentally at that moment? Because at a certain moment, in the middle of the play, you recovered and played so passionately...as you did before. And you seemed to be another person, different from the one you were when you started; your acting became vigorous. I couldn't hold back my tears due to my emotion. It's difficult to describe it to you.

'That's you. That's Terry!' I murmured in my mind.

Did you know that your mother Eleanor Baker was in the audience at that time? Later on she talked to me cautiously. She told me that she had canceled her work in the filming of a movie to follow you in secret.

She was very kind to send me a ticket for the performance of Hamlet. However, I preferred to return it to her.

I don't have the courage yet to see you playing in Broadway.

Terry, I'm living at Pony's Home again, working as a nurse. Many things have happened since we broke up.

Our friend Stear, an amusing boy, volunteered for the air force in France and died in the war. I'm so sorry I've lost my most esteemed friends one by one. Only Albert is always with me.

Terry, guess what! Albert is my adoptive father...Great Uncle William. He has deceived us all; don't you think that he could be a fantastic actor too?

Oh, dear! I'm surprised to see how many things I've written. I wonder why I'm writing such a long letter which I'll never send you.

The article about Hamlet's success thrilled me; maybe that's why I felt like writing to you.

It's almost dawn now. I can hear the church bells ringing repeatedly across the mountains.

Terry, take good care of Susanna. In an article I read an interview she gave when you returned to Broadway after your disappearance:

'Miss Susanna, were you worried when Terrence left you and disappeared?'

'No, I wasn't. Because I trust him and everything he does.'

When I read the interview, tears rolled down my cheeks. I think Susanna Marlowe is a very sweet person. Just like you...Terry.

At that moment, you didn't choose me but Susanna. After thinking about that I understood how painful it must have been for you. I still like you the way you are.

Terry, Broadway is very far away from here, but I hope you will remember I'll always be your most devoted fan in America.

When you play, please keep in mind that you'll always have my help for anything you need.

Freckled Tarzan

P. S. I loved you.”



## Candy's letter to her parents

"To Mama and Papa whose faces I don't even know.

It will soon be May.

My birthday is coming.

How are you?

I wonder where you are. I think unintentionally about it from time to time.

Mama and Papa, I wonder what kind of people you are in general.

The people who gave birth to me; I think you must be a beautiful woman and a handsome man.

Please be happy, wherever you are.

The reason is that I am so happy.

I rarely care about looking for a mother and a father.

There are two tender mothers for me, and now there is a young adoptive father as well.

Today, while my birthday is approaching, I would like to express my thanks in a few words on a pretty card.

Thank you, Mama and Papa, for giving birth to me!"

## Chapter 7 (Correspondence between Candy and Albert)



I wonder what to call such a condition when you're about to lose your mind from all the happiness.

Albert is Great Uncle William and also Prince on the Hill!

But...but there are many things that I don't understand.

Please write me lots and lots of letters, Albert!

# 1. Letter to Great Uncle William and Prince on the Hill



“Dear Great Uncle William and Prince on the Hill,  
I think you have returned to your mansion at this moment. I hadn’t even thought that you, as the head of the Ardlay family, would have so much work to do. I appreciate very much the fact that you came all the way to Pony’s Home despite your busy schedule.  
I was wondering why you were not at home when I paid you a visit the day I returned to Pony’s Home. However, I could never dream that you, together with Archie and my other friends, had been here before I arrived.  
And, and...  
What should I say?  
I’m still feeling as if I were in a dream.  
On the one hand, I feel I knew it, and on the other hand, I feel it is a dream and tomorrow I’ll find out that everything that happened was just an illusion...I have such mixed feelings.  
Even now, after realizing clearly that Great Uncle William has been Albert, and moreover, that he has been Prince on the Hill, I feel somewhere in my body quivering with emotion.

Besides, Albert, no, Great Uncle, or Prince on the Hill, you left immediately, leaving me just surprised. I heard that some urgent business matters came up...I was so disappointed when I saw George coming to pick you up that I couldn't help glaring at him a little.

Great Uncle, after you had left hurriedly, everyone asked me: 'What happened? What's wrong?' because I was so absorbed in my thoughts.

But I didn't know how I could tell them properly...and I also felt that it was too precious to just tell them...

I have been looking at the stars until now. I feel so happy for the first time in a long while.

Could you please keep your promise for sure to come again and stay longer?

There is so much I would like to talk to you about, and I had forgotten something important.

To give you back your badge, Prince on the Hill...

I am longing to see you again at the earliest possible date...

Good night.

Candice White Ardlay”





## 2. Letter to Miss Candice White Ardlay



“Dear Miss Candice White Ardlay,  
I was honored to receive your letter. It was highly regrettable for me as well that I had to return home without having an opportunity for a long conversation. Furthermore, I knew I had surprised you. Again, please accept my sincere apology.  
And now, I...  
...I’m just joking, Candy. If I write to you in this way you’ll be angry with me, won’t you? So will you also write to me in a more relaxed manner? You know, the way you had always been talking to me. Promise me that.  
Now I’m starting again.

Candy, I'm sorry about the other day. You'd be surprised, but there's an avalanche of work every day, especially after I revealed my identity as William.

I came all the way to Pony's Home that day, and I'm sorry for what happened. George also complained that he didn't want to play such a role.

But, you know, I wanted to come to Pony's Home ahead of you that day, even though it seemed impossible. And then I wanted to confide another secret of mine to you, and I wanted to do that where I had met you for the first time a long time ago. I didn't have the courage to confess it in an ordinary place. I felt I would let you down.

The Prince living in your memory has always been as young as Anthony, hasn't he? I was worried I would ruin your dream...

But you took it in at a glance. I feel like a weight has been lifted off my shoulders. I wanted to tell you earlier but I had been putting it off day after day unconsciously.

You don't have to give me back the badge. No, I'll once let you give it back to me. Then I'll present it anew to you.

You have kept that badge as an amulet all these years, hoping it will also keep protecting you in the future.

I'd like to find time to come and see you as soon as possible, but it's not easy.

But I think I can write you letters. So you write to me a lot too.

Take good care of yourself. Please give my regards to Miss Pony and Sister Lane.

Albert"

### 3. Letter to Prince on the Hill

“To Prince on the Hill,  
Prince on the Hill, if you don’t stop working so hard, you’ll have amnesia again.  
I’m sorry, I was rather nervous and my last letter was too serious.  
But it was your fault, Prince!  
If I were a girl with a weak heart, I would have been dead a long time ago!  
Twice! You have surprised me twice. You’ll pay for this! I’ll remember this!  
But you know, Prince, now that I have calmed down, there are so many things I can’t help wondering about.  
When did you notice I was that little girl back then? And why did you disappear so soon at that time? I just turned my eyes away...When I turned around you weren’t there anymore. Since that day, I had been waiting every day for the Prince to come along to Pony’s Hill.  
Actually, even though I could finally stumble across my Prince again, I don’t know anything about you.  
Why you had been hiding from us as Great Uncle William, and things like that...  
I have lots of question marks hanging over my head.  
I’ll make you confess everything next time.  
Be prepared, all right?  
Now, Prince, Pony’s Hill will soon be in full bloom. What’s coming up then?  
If you don’t answer before I count to ten, you must make my wish come true without fail.  
Are you ready?  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, clang! Well, that’s too bad!  
What’s coming up is my birthday.  
Since you couldn’t answer, Prince, you must make my wish come true.  
That is...  
My Prince will come to Pony’s Home on that day!  
Remember, if you don’t grant my wish, you’ll regret it. Candy’s kick hurts, you know!  
Candy”

## 4. Letter to terrible Candy



“That’s not fair, Candy! Before receiving your letter, I had already prepared a birthday gift for you. And that was the product of my blood, sweat and tears. You’ll be shocked at this.

So please forgive me for not coming there on your birthday. Hey, don’t get angry! Why don’t you come to Chicago instead? Annie also said she’d like to celebrate her birthday with you.

Tell me at once how many cars I should send to pick you up. Why? Because I’d like also to invite all the children from Pony’s Home, Miss Pony and Sister Lane, of course.

A birthday party on Pony’s Hill would be fine, but don’t you think it wouldn’t be so bad for you to come to Chicago once in a while?

This will be a good opportunity for the children to learn about the world and it will be a good relaxation for the teachers, I believe. What do you think about it? Let me know soon.

Now, Candy, I haven’t told you anything about me. After reading your letter, I have been reminiscing about the past for a while. Why was I on Pony’s Hill back then? I feel it was such a long time ago.

At that time I was strictly forbidden to go out. It had something to do with my succession as head of the Ardlay family when I was still a child. One day, when I have the time, I’ll tell you about it.



Anyway, Aunt Elroy and the other elders of the family wanted to hide me because they thought there would be a big problem if I appeared in public and if people would know that the new head of the family was just a child.

How suffocating those days were.

When my sister Rosemary was still alive, I could bear it, but after she passed away, I felt like I was swallowing lead every day.

It was exactly on that day that the Ardlay family was giving a party. The children played bagpipe and danced in their Scottish costumes. But I couldn't attend...

When I heard the melody of the bagpipes, I couldn't contain myself. Why should I live such a life, like a prisoner? George was the only one I could talk to and I didn't have any friends my own age.

I dressed in my Scottish costume in secret and left my room with my bagpipe. I would be satisfied if I could just play with them.

But I was discovered very easily. I was scolded harshly by Aunt Elroy. She was much more terrifying in the previous years, you know.

I was very angry. I said to myself that I would never be controlled by them, the elders of the Ardlay family.

And so I ran away from the mansion pretending to go back to my room. (I could drive a car at that age. I think I could drive better than Stear.)

I enjoyed the freedom of the outside world. I walked around here and there, and the last place I went was that hill...

I lay down and looked at the sky. I thought about how I should live my life from now on.

Should I stay here and be hired by a farming family somewhere? Or should I return to my previous life?

I hated their way of thinking, which gave too much importance to the respectability of the Ardlay family, but I also felt my own responsibility.

William A. Ardlay...it wasn't of my own free will, but I took over because of that name.

George, who understood me, Aunt Elroy, who was strict with me but loved me; the faces of all kinds of people came to my mind.

And that was when...

When a little girl came running up the hill with her lips pursed in a frown. It was you, Candy. I can still remember clearly your face at that moment.

The reason I disappeared back then is because I saw George's figure in a tuft of grass on the hill. In the end I had been found!

I ran! I ran down the hill at once but, well, I was caught without apparent difficulty.

As soon as he found me, George began to weep with tears trickling down his cheeks.

I couldn't say anything...

I'm sorry, Candy.

I didn't know you had been looking for me after that.

When did I notice you were that little girl? Well, it was a long time ago.

Yes, when I saved you as you fell into the waterfall. (Somehow I sensed you glared at me fiercely; I'm sorry, I'm sorry.)

I saw the cross and that badge dangling around your neck. Besides, you hadn't changed so much since that time.

It was also that time that I decided to adopt you.

Is this all right, Candy? Is that what you wanted to know?

Don't stay up too late.

I'm waiting for your reply.

Albert"

## 5. Letter to Albert

“Yippee!

Albert, I'm still so excited.

What a wonderful birthday it was! Everyone was greatly pleased. Chicago fever among the children won't cool down for a long time. Miss Pony and Sister Lane are also very grateful to you. You know what? Miss Pony said she hadn't been in a city for twenty years!

And, and...

Oh, I'm so happy, so happy to see them again, that it moved me to tears. Tears!

Indeed, it's the product of your blood, sweat and tears! It was very good of you to find them for me. I had already given up.

My good old friends! The two with whom I slept under the same roof when I was sent to the Leagan stable, Caesar and Cleopatra!

When I heard that these two persons (What?) had been sold separately by the Leagans, I felt so hopeless.

Such lovable horses! They were also getting along very well. How could they sell them separately? The Leagans are so merciless! I was furious about it!

Neal and Eliza were enthusiastic only at the beginning. As soon as they got bored, they threw them away at once.

Thank you, thank you so much, Albert!

Both Caesar and Cleopatra look older than they really are because of the difficult time they've had, but now that they've come to Pony's Home, they are in good hands. There is a horse specialist at the Cartwright ranch nearby and I want them to live long and healthy lives.

What thrilled me most of all was that both Caesar and Cleopatra still remembered me!

They neighed with pleasure shaking their snouts. Oh, my goodness, how pleased they were!

But, Albert, it's surprising that you still remembered I was worried about the whereabouts of Caesar and Cleopatra...They also send their many, many thanks to you.

Oh, it was fun to be in Chicago after such a long time.

It was particularly amusing when we met Dr. Leonard, the director of St. Joanna's Hospital.

Oh, my God, he looked so panic-stricken. It was so funny that I couldn't bear to look at him.

As you know, he put you in the so-called 'Unlucky Room 0', where they used to put poor and homeless people they were unwilling to take care of. You had got injured in a train accident and lost your

memory. Room 0 is the worst place I can imagine. I think it is improper that such a room should ever exist in a hospital.

When you said 'Thank you for all you had done for me at that time', he was sweating. (It was so funny!) He deserved it because he had misunderstood our relationship, accusing me of being immoral and firing me!

But he has learned a good lesson thanks to you and me, so Room 0 has been eliminated and the hospital has become a friendly place. I would say we did something good for the citizens of Chicago.

Dr. Martin overcame his problems with alcohol and looked completely well, didn't he? When he is dressed properly, he looks like a good doctor; it's amazing. Of course, Dr. Martin is an excellent doctor.

In Chicago I was able to see you all and have a good time at the party. But I regret that once again we didn't have so much time to talk.

And now, other questions arise; answer them immediately!

Albert, when did you recover your memory? I think it was after you started living with me. I wonder why you didn't tell me.

Did you know that I was a little afraid of your recovering your memory?

I fondly remember the days when we lived together like real brother and sister. Well, now we are father and daughter, you know.

By the way, Albert, don't you think Archie and Annie are so harmonious lately? I noticed it at the party. I would like them to keep getting on well together.

And please look after Patty; encourage her from time to time. Now that I live so far away, I can see how she is only by her letters. It seems she has become a little thin...

That's funny!

All of a sudden, I feel sorry.

Miss Pony said suddenly to me:

'Well, Candy, Albert hasn't deceived you. I have just noticed it. His real name is William A. Ardlay, isn't it? That A is suspicious. It must stand for Albert.'

What do you think about it? William A. Ardlay!

From your clever daughter"





## 6. Letter to Candy

“Candy,  
Of all the things to say, ‘father’ is too much, even though you are my adoptive daughter. If you write anything like that again, I’ll call you ‘grandma’, you got that?”

Just as Miss Pony has guessed, my real name is William Albert Ardlay. (You already knew that, didn’t you, Candy?)

When I was a child I was called Little Bert, although Rosemary was the only one to call me that.

I’m glad Caesar and Cleopatra are fine. Actually, George is the person who found them. He is really a trustworthy man.

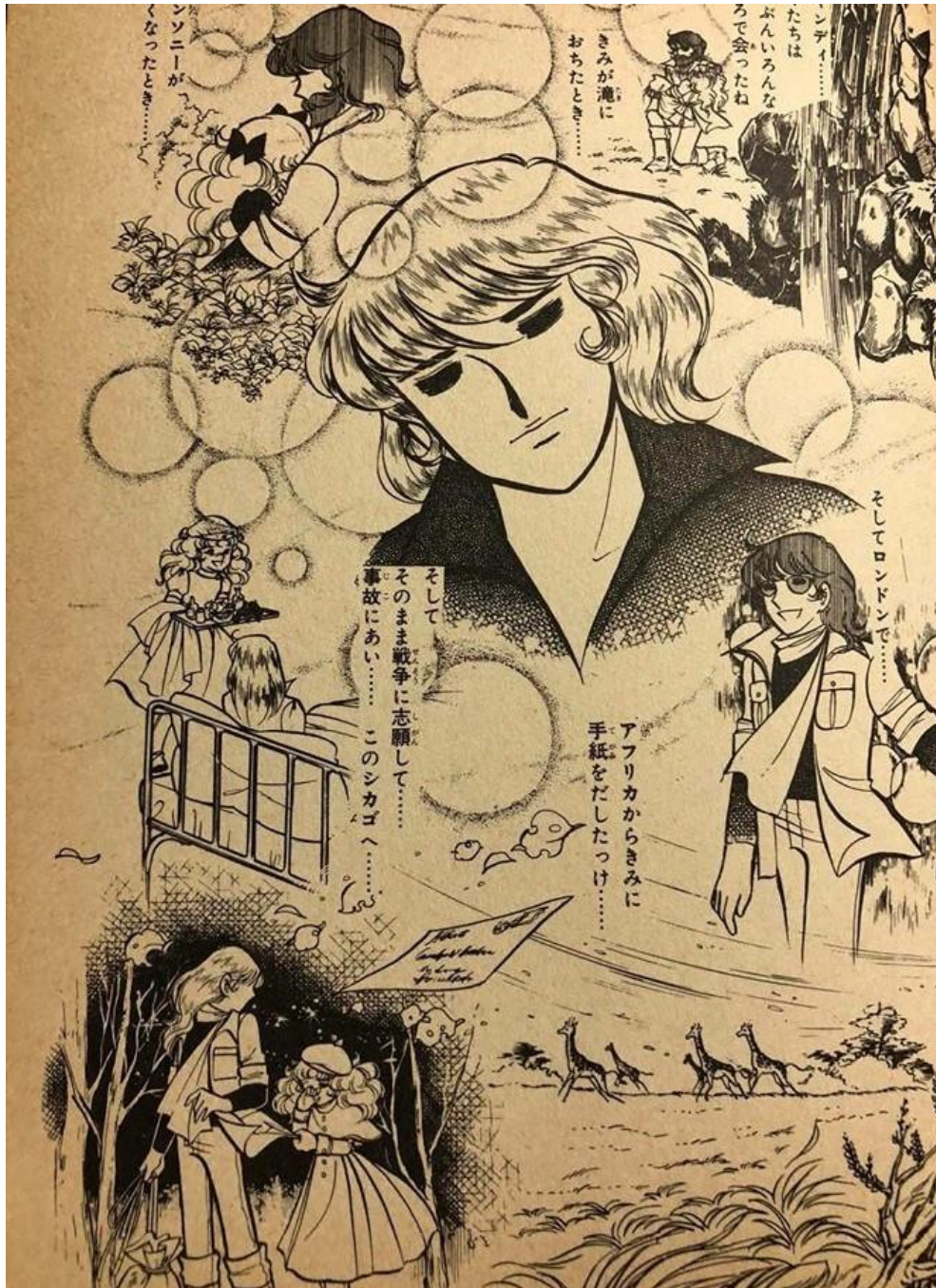
And now, I’d like to answer your questions immediately, Candy.

About when I recovered my memory: it was some time after my car accident. I suddenly got a terrible headache, lost my consciousness and collapsed at work. When I came to, I was

my old self again.

You know, there was an incident in which a lion escaped from the circus and I succeeded in capturing it. It was at that time.





Of course, I thought I might tell you at once... but I couldn't. The reason for that: I leave it to your imagination, Candy. But it's true that I preferred life with you rather than returning to the Ardlay family right away.

Before I lost my memory...

Some memories are still a little confusing, but, as you know, I went to Africa after leaving the Blue River Zoo in England. I thought that you could take care of yourself without my help, and the business we had started in England was gradually turning out well at that time.



You must have been thinking I was just hanging around. I wish I could, but I had to work. So, besides working at the zoo, I was also working for the Ardlay business. Actually, I was quite busy. Speaking of England, Candy, I think those costumes of Romeo and Juliet which I sent you must have surely helped you. I think I deserved the Award for the Best Idea. That idea came to me in a flash after I heard you had been forbidden to participate in the May Festival.

I went to Africa to rest after the difficult times I had had in England. It was my aspiration to live in nature.

I felt I would like to keep living in Africa, but that was impossible. I also cut off contact with George and wandered around as I pleased, and then the accident happened just when I took the train, thinking it was time to go back to Chicago.

In Italy, the train exploded and my memory flew away. I heard later that probably there was a spy on the train. It's not surprising that I was suspected, since I wasn't identified and I was wearing dirty clothes. It was really like a miracle that I was sent to that hospital in Chicago.

Chicago...What a miracle, Candy. I had always longed to be free, but this was the only word still remaining in my head, the name of the city I was attached to...

I really thank God now.

If I hadn't been sent to Chicago, and if I hadn't met you...I wouldn't be alive now.

Take good care of yourself. Please give my regards to everyone.

Albert"

## 7. Letter to Little Bert



“Yesterday I found a small spring of water deep in the forest.  
I tasted a drop out of my hands; it was wonderful!  
The summer sunshine reaches every corner,  
the forest is yellow-green.  
Are you busy at work?  
If you were going to be so busy, it would have been better for you not  
to reveal yourself, isn't that so, 'Little Bert'?  
To make you feel a little better, I'm sending you a small pressed white  
flower from the forest, and a lemon-scented breeze.  
I am a nymph of the forest today.  
Candy”



## 8. Postcard to Candy



“To Candy,  
If you see this postcard, I’m sure you’ll be jealous. I’m not here for fun, though.  
It’s hot and dusty in São Paulo; George and I are a little groggy.  
I have bought a lot of souvenirs for you.  
I’m thinking of making time to come and see you as soon as we get back.  
Regards from George.

From São Paulo,  
Big Bert”



## 9. Letter to Albert

“To Albert,  
What are you doing now?  
I wonder.

I’ve just managed to put  
the children to bed. How  
quickly time passes; we  
have already been using  
the fireplace here. I really  
can’t believe how fast the  
seasons go by.

It’s been already a year  
since Stear passed away.

It’s been almost more  
than half a year since I  
returned to Pony’s  
Home.

I was happy I could see  
you the other day after a  
long time, but, you  
know, it was on the  
occasion of Stear’s  
memorial...

In Lakewood everyone  
was somehow sombre as  
was expected...Was it  
maybe because we  
entered the memorial  
room?

The large memorial  
room in the mansion of  
Lakewood. Archie said  
he entered himself that  
room for the first time  
too.

I was almost intimidated  
by the portraits of the  
Ardlays. And when I saw  
the portraits of Anthony  
and Stear hanging in a  
corner...

I think I can understand why you had locked that room. Rosemary Brown. Anthony's mother was such a beautiful woman.

Albert, was there anything you wanted to tell me in that room?

I just have this feeling, and that's why I've taken up my pen.

Take care of yourself.

Candy”



## 10. Letter to Candy



“To Candy,

Thank you for writing.

As you may have guessed, at that moment I wanted to tell you why I had been hiding all the time. I wish Anthony and Stear could listen to that too.

But, you know, I hesitated to talk in front of Archie and Patty who were so dejected. I can tell them the story about myself another day, at any time.

However, Candy, I’m going to tell it to you. You wanted to know about it for a long time too.

Well, the reason why I had been hiding myself from the public, to tell the truth, is because I’m a...

A werewolf!

Whom am I fooling? I was just joking. I’m sorry, you’ve been listening to me seriously. Don’t be so angry.

I’m getting back to the subject.

Candy, I think I’ve told you that my mother passed away shortly after giving birth to me.

Yes, I never knew my mother; I only know her through the portrait in that memorial room...



Therefore, I grew up loving my sister Rosemary like a mother. My father William had been pressured by work, and we rarely saw each other.

In the meantime, my father also passed away as a result of fatigue from hard work. The Ardlays were shaken by a serious crisis because William C. Ardlay, the pillar of the family, had died in the prime of his life.

The elders of the family were at their wits' end. I, as a little boy, was William's only heir. But a little boy couldn't work. Even so, if they chose another heir, except William, they would damage their credibility among business partners.

At that time the Ardlays were doing business in various fields, including banking business.

You might think, who cares about the name of the head of the family; such a thing doesn't make any difference. I felt the same way.

However, for the Ardlays, who value formality and prestige, the head of the family had to be 'William' in the direct line of the Ardlays, at any price.

Our ancestor William Ardlay was nothing more than a Scottish bumpkin. It's surprising that they started making an issue of the head of the family or the family status. In any case, Aunt Elroy, my father's older sister, and the elders came to an agreement.

That is, they decided to make me the heir of the Ardlay family. However, at the same time, they never let me appear in public and the business was managed by the elders, including Aunt, behind the scenes. To maintain the status of the family, William A. Ardlay's image as an adult had to be established among people...

It seems that this was done thoroughly. That's why I became a prisoner. His image as an adult had changed year after year and finally ended up being an old man, I think.

In other words, little William A. Ardlay was killed once and was suddenly reborn as an adult person.

The elders who knew this died one after the other, so Aunt Elroy and George are the only ones who know in detail about those days.

But it's so strange.

I don't exist in the memories of the cousins who played with me when I was a little child. The trick of the adults was enough to do that.

Rosemary was the one who lamented more than anyone about my situation. She had hated those strictly formal characteristics of the Ardlays.

She often said: 'Little Bert, if I was a boy, I could do that for you. Then you would be able to run around freely outside. Poor boy, I wish I could give you the wings to fly'.



Yes, it could be Rosemary's influence that made me love traveling and nature.

My sister loved flowers and birds.

Only Rosemary was different from the other members of the Ardlay family, who were obsessed with power.

'Don't you think money and good name are insignificant, Little Bert?' she always said.

And Rosemary remained true to her words.

The marriage to Mr. Brown...it was like living in a madhouse at that time. They said that, although he came from a rather good family, he was just a ship captain. Aunt Elroy was boiling with rage.

Rosemary eloped with Mr. Brown. Well, there wasn't any other choice then but to allow them to marry in the end.

I think the reason Mr. Brown rarely showed himself in Lakewood and left Anthony to their care, although he wanted to come, was because Aunt Elroy hated even the sight of him. Also, maybe it was painful for him to see Anthony who looked so much like my sister...Yes, George also helped Rosemary's elopement. He isn't blood related to Rosemary, but they grew up like brother and sister. I've already told you that my father brought him from France.

Candy, I suppose George had loved Rosemary...No, I definitely believe it. He doesn't say anything and I won't ask him either. But I know.

Without saying any word, he kept it to himself. Even Rosemary mustn't have known it.

So, Candy, don't ask him every time you see him why he doesn't get married. He has his own life and his own love.

...Well, that is all.

After all, I owed my freedom to all those people surrounding me.

Besides, while I was walking around forests or mountains, wearing a beard and having my hair dyed brown, there could have been the word Ardlay labeled on my back.

Even now, I have the same opinion with Rosemary.

What's the use of money and good name?

Even so, I can't leave the Ardlay family.

I still love my family and my ancestors. But once I've performed all my duties honorably as an Ardlay, I'm sure I'll have more freedom.

Then I'll go on a trip again and take Poupe along. At that time, would you like to come with me as well, Candy?

Albert"

## 11. Letter to Sir William Albert Ardlay



“Dear Sir William Albert Ardlay,  
I’ve read your letter over and over.  
I feel I’ve learned anew that we must carve our own path and that’s  
not easy.  
And I’m happy I could feel you much closer to me, Albert, and I could  
also feel close to George and to Anthony’s mother...  
It’s so beautiful to get to know about people, isn’t it?”



How many years have passed since I met you on Pony's Hill for the first time...

Since then, there have been many sad goodbyes in my life, but I've been going through life always believing in tomorrow.

Now your badge is tinkling on my chest with a refreshing sound.

Of course, please take me along with you when you start on a journey!  
(Even if you say no to me, I'll follow you!)

Oh, Albert!

It's wonderful to be alive, isn't it? I feel I won't be able to sleep tonight.

What kind of pleasant surprise is waiting to happen tomorrow? Maybe there will be a knock on the door and I'll open it and find you standing there...

Now I'm grateful that I was born and I thank my parents who supposedly abandoned me.

Because if they hadn't abandoned me at Pony's Home, I wouldn't have been able to meet you, Albert!

Oh, Miss Pony dropped by and told me not to stay up late! Oh, no, she keeps treating me like a child!

But I think I'll have a wonderful dream tonight.

Good night, Albert...

With all my love,  
Candice White Ardlay"





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わらった顔のほうが  
かわいいよ

きみはなしているよ

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