

hes

Who never  
writes to you?

Angel

Booooo - isn't it cold? I'm seriously thinking of buying me a hip-flask so that I can have a nip now and again to warm me up. Hurrah! here comes the old curvant bum at last and I think I'll hot off for some victuals.

I've just done the wooling up - regular old Char these days - and of course I bumped into Hulkes. Do you know I think that man could smell a teapot coming a mile away. Of course he had to be dopey and recite the whole of "Where are you going to my pretty maid?"

There was the most terrific potato in my stocking when I arrived this morning. Gosh that makes me feel hungry!! It is nearly 1.30. and I am starving - no STARVING. I hate waiting for my lunch - except when we are lunching together darling. I expect you are munching sandwiches at this moment with the Standard propped up in front of you. Wish I could see you but I know your windows will be shut and I'm not going to risk pneumonia by opening mine. Shame they don't instal television apparatus as the 'phone isn't it.

Darling I won't be seeing you on the bus tonight will I? and I haven't brought my knitting. Woe is me.

Have a good shot at ~~stirring~~ the spoon

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the plane isn't it.

Darling I won't be seeing you on the bus  
tonight will I? and I haven't brought my knitting.  
Woe is me.

Have a good shot at ~~drinking~~ the spoon  
tonight, darling. (Not bad that, probably too subtle  
for you though.)

Before I go to satisfy my inner woman, love  
you, love you, love you, love you, & that means you

Clare