

T.

HORNET?

Tuesday.

My dearest, I've had many black days
in my life but today is the blackest
of them all. There isn't much I
can say that'll help either you
or me to weather this storm but,
my dear one, our great love - the
greatest ever - will keep our
spirits together ~~no~~ no matter where
our bodies may wander apart. A
day will never pass but I'll dream
of you, & think of the time we've
had as lovers, & man & wife, & of
the times we're going to have in

the not too distant future.

I don't know what will be
outcome of our plans for a little
Sebastian, but I do know that
if one does come along I'll be the
happiest, proudest man in all the
world. He (she?) will be a
little honey.

I can't write more sweetheart -
my cup is indeed full - but you
can depend on me from now on
to buckle down to realities, accept
the situation (as I know you will),
& letters will flow in to you from
everywhere.

I love you, my darling
Es.

P.S. From now on I'll number all
letters & send them to the flat.

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Mrs. 102 ~~Ma Kauter~~

88 (A) Belle Grove Rd.

Welling

Kent.

