

Dear Ruth, you must be in another continent at least, as I've not yet had a letter; but perhaps I shall find one waiting for me when I come out of school. My form are doing a paper on the 1st Act of King Lear - poor bears! I do like to see them bending o'er their busy pens; it readjusts the balance after all the work one has done for them. [But I haven't seen the papers yet!] And then the contrast between their occupation a mine! it's most agreeable!

I suppose a real model lover would have written to you yesterday: but then the model lover is entirely idle & it's easy to achieve fidelity on paper. I didn't write because I went to a tennis party and a dinner party - anything but idle! Tennis at the Headmaster's - the Friday levee, where a dozen or so pedagogues contend. Mrs F. meant to be very nice & said she thought you very pretty: this gave me a horrid shock & I didn't know what to say - especially difficult as a stranger woman was present - so I let it pass with a vague approval & have felt very angry ever since: & must want to go back & explain to Mrs F, who means to be so nice & whom I still think may be intelligent, the horrid irrelevance of that silly word pretty - when applied to you. She also asked questions about our arrangements for the future - too many questions I thought, but I suppose women can't help being like that however nice they are - e.g. what colours our rooms were to be, black or purple or anything of that sort? - a reference I suppose to my Posty tastes,

[16 May 1914]

I embrace you - shall I go through L. my letter - make them all longer? Saturday

a quite typical of the world's way of classifying such things; Mrs F like almost every body has divided them into proper & outre & mine are outre & therefore, probably, I like black rooms. I don't know in point of fact that I've ever thought about a black room & I fancy it might be rather fine. But I hate people's minds working squintwise & Mrs F. understands decoration a little a night to know better. Let's be really high-toned & have an emerald room, and a sapphire room and an amethyst room! Or really romantic & have a room like Monte Cristo's cave and room like the bottom of the deep green sea, with mermaids sitting on the mantelpiece, an octopus in the corner, a frigate of lobsters, and seats of sponge & coral! Or shall I take orders & we'll go in for Mid-Victorian culture & get me made a Headmaster in no time & then a bishop. If life is meant for fun then a bishop I would be, - if only for a week or two.

To-day I do want just to look on & be amused } Life. This bright sun & some piquant flavours in the gentle breeze from the East make me feel like Ariel - so perhaps, dear, you'll find me lying in a cowslip's bell - let's hope so. I feel very near you now; and if I can't quite kiss you I can certainly look into your eyes & feel very very happy.

Oh! dear there goes 11; this has taken longer than I expected, with the little intervals of dreaming and you so near & smiling - I meant to tell you more news - what a charming dinner party at Prior's Field with the Brocks; & plans for the week-end - But they must wait now.

Goodbye my sweet, dear truest Ruth. The horns are all knives and the tall sticks & the tail are all arms