



It is 11:30 Sunday morning
 and I am in bed. In your
 bed, I in the little room because
 its warmer & aqurason its your bed
 it doesnt hurt at all portable if
 I dont get up and the ams therewas
 wonderful.

I counted to 26 & 9
 was asleep. A nice man that
 looked like a convict gave it to
 me. And then in one second I was
 awake & I thought at first it had
 eat began get but then I knew
 it was all over because I hurt &
 I was very cold. I want to go to
 Florida & I'm pricing wheel chairs

And then he drove me home and
Ruth just brought me a large yellow
apple and a large orange orange and
a chicken liver. Now she is ordering me
dinner from the dinner basket. I will
See you Tuesday. Eat a lot now because

you will get them. And pull your
curtains so that you don't have to
look at that fat boy with the pink
pajamas and bowls of gum drops. He
is a stalwart American youth & so is his
family.

I smell like disinfectant or something
but I am worn. You won't write
to me because you are a pig.

Goodbye. I love

