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Tales from an Iterant Jobber Letter 12

Dear Reader,

Surprise, surprise – I bet you didn't expect a letter from me but I'm prompted to put pen to paper as that's the medium I'm happiest with when I want to express my thoughts more cogently especially when those thoughts are about you. Thoughts that are with me on my awakening, throughout the day and finally laid to rest when oblivion in sleep's mantle takes over.

You are, an exciting, elusive, evocative, erogenous enigma and I love you so much for being just such an alluring and attractive mystery. There now I've confessed it and they say confession is good for the soul.

After such a loving, intimate holiday together, yet made more wonderful by the manner in which we were so at ease with one another; wherein every minute was a pleasure (of course some were more pleasurable than others!!) you can't really blame me for feeling this way and dare I detect from our phone conversations that those feelings are reciprocated? I just want you to know I miss you a great deal but the knowledge that you care about me has transformed me, there's a new spring in my step and the world appears a brighter, happier place to be knowing that we are there for each other although we are thousands of miles apart physically but not spiritually. We have the best of both worlds you and I – at last I have someone to care for and someone cares for me and yet we are able to lead our own lives, you in your small corner and I in mine and coming together whenever the opportunity allows. I hope you can understand what I am trying to say and hope you'll agree with the sentiments I've expressed.

Even the cut flowers must have succumbed to your charms as they are still flourishing albeit less vigorously – it's been a month less a couple of days and I've only changed the water three times. Your very presence pervades each room and there is such a calm and harmonious atmosphere here. Well darling I'm going to say au revoir now, here's looking at you kid.