

London - Thursday <sup>BC 151 C.8. #2</sup> night Jan 16 - 62.

I ~~do~~ think so much - often of you my own  
dear friend - & keep longing so for your next  
letter. It may be here a fortnight hence. The  
one I want most of all must be nearer  
three months before it reaches me - Still I  
feel as if this next one will teach me some  
what, as to which way that other will be -  
I don't know what to do - I think of you so  
constantly - & long to write to you both much  
& often - only I feel as if I can't bear to write just  
a great formal kind of letter - & yet as this  
I've no right till I've got their answer to  
send any thing else - I don't feel as tho' I was wrong  
in writing you as I did then - I think it was  
only owing to you to tell you all in answer  
to that dear letter - & yet I feel afraid - some-  
times sadly afraid that I may have given you  
a false impression in it - or written it  
so that you won't understand my puzzle-  
headed words & explanation - In short when  
your answer comes I feel at times very  
like a criminal awaiting sentence being passed  
on him - who he fears may be death - but hopes  
& longs intensely ~~maybe~~ the life he seeks -  
But perhaps it's not worth for me to write  
to you like this now - But after all I need  
not send it - if quiet reflection or still  
more of your next letter shows me it is all - so  
writing it with harm no one - while it is an  
immense relief & comfort to me to talk  
even on paper to you who I'm thinking so much  
about - But I must say goodnight now  
for it's past my bed time - & I'm trying very hard  
for me that is / to get well now & to that end  
to rest plenty take walks - & keep cool hours  
each time - for I do so long to get well for you  
sake too my dear dear friend - Well good



night good night - yr very affec<sup>t</sup>ed friend