

Wednesday

Dear Shelley and Francesca,

The Indian box has been placed on the glass-covered coffee table in state, where it will stay from now on not only because of its handsomeness but more especially because it came from you two unexcelled people.

I am in grave peril of becoming sentimental, which is why I took the precaution of writing this note instead of telephoning my thanks. I have a nasty habit of dithering senselessly when I become sentimental. With nothing but the typewriter in front of me I feel strong and capable enough to tell you that the box will remain a memento of two of the finest people I've ever met.

Yours,