

27. 9. 15

My dearest Aunt Ada.

Thank you so
much for the poem, which is a
gem. There's not much news,
only that I got being knocked
up again, directly I started at
Hackney Wick. So, after a bit,
Eleanor put her foot down, said
I was doing a lot more
harm than good, so that I
was to take a rest, & then

I was to get transferred to
an office nearer central London,
& not waste 2½ hours daily
travelling. I gave in, & of the
last few days have improved
a lot, & have been writing furiously.

There's really nothing wrong, only
I haven't any stores of vitality
to fall back on once the bird.
I' specs this last dreadful year
has used it all up. With that
of many better people.

So, the studying down, & going
slower, & drinking pints of milk,
& trying to pull myself together

of the winter. Also, I will
go a look that doctor up, once
I can get her address which really
is coming sometime soon.

Forgive all this, but you
asked me to warn you with
details, you know!

The kitten we brought back
is called "Blast". The way as
are many a faithful -----

So is a better kitten now.

I hope this doesn't ^{sound} ~~mean~~
as though I was miserable. I'm
not, I'm playing round gently, &
writing, & seeing my friends, &

really having a very lucid
interval .

Good bye, dearest Auntie,
let me have all your news
if you have time -
ever your loving

Jany
