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kiss everybody that's about, (under ten years of age)
spat all the old men on the back. (How
did these men get old in this Arcadian
atmosphere, anyhow, - they must have
"told a lie".) I feel highly delighted
with myself & everybody else & forget all the
nasty things Elaine has said for the last
fortnight. I can experience, to some extent,
the feelings of Byron who, thinking of the
Alps near Lake Geneva & the Rhone, wrote:

I live not in myself but I become
a portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling.

Well! to get back to earth again, I
now see, for the first time, the Nyora
coach (for full description please see
the 'Pickwick Papers' by Charles Dickens)
and Elaine rushes over to stroke one of
the horses on the head - What's that?
You want to know who Elaine is? Well to
tell the truth I don't know her very
well myself. Elaine's just Elaine!

"There is none like her, none" as Mr
Alfred Lord Tennyson says. Elaine loves