

Dear Anne

Since we are parting ways,
perhaps forever, I feel I
must unburden my heart...
You are the fond object of
my affection and my desire.
You, and you alone, are the
keeper of the key to my heart...
Please don't be alarmed. I
don't expect your favor, but I
can't in good conscience not
reveal myself. I am not
engaged, nor will I ^{be,}
unless... it's to you. Anne,
my Anne with an e, it always
has been, and always will be
you.

With love,

Silbert

P.S: Thanks for the pen
Good luck at Queens.

Shopping list

Flour

sugar

eggs

blue printing

thread

bindings

Anne