

Tuesday.

Decided to write to Betty after all. I only mentioned losing the car, but don't tell her I am wounded or anything, please.

I am sorry you have to put up with an evening with Edna. The poor woman, she is entirely unselfconscious, and imagine that charm just oozes out of her. I wrote her a letter when I returned, but received no answer. I was totally drunk the last evening in London, so I don't know what I did or all of all. Never mind.

As I said, I am now concentrating with all my strength at finishing some MSS, in fact I have decided to work 10 hours a day during this month, so I hope it will result in something concrete, and that the accident (I don't want to think about it anymore) will come "must be the case of adversity" thing.

Do hope, though, that Targis's thing will come off, although now, more than ever, I don't think it will.

Then Mir has fixed me a ~~str~~ sort of table I can lay on the bed and so enable me to write, and even some shelves near the bed to put all the papers and things.

I am much more comfortable than yesterday, and things are not too bad. There is nothing to worry about or all. Yesterday and Sunday I was, secretly terribly worried, because I had thought a nerve in my left hand had been severed, but today I am able to move all fingers, so it's alright. I am very well looked after.

By love for now.

ever your
dear friend

Love
J. K. X

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Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page, including the word "X" and some illegible scribbles.