

May 13, 2020

Hello hello!

I'm writing from the other side of the couch today. I know we're still supposed to be cautious with travel in These Times, but I took a test, quarantined, did all the necessities before making the move from Right Cushion to Left Cushion. We all have to make the choices that are right for us and I feel good about this one. Hopefully soon you and I can be on the same couch!!

This Georgiana letter makes me jealous – there's so much she can do, even if she doesn't feel that way! Travel! Touching! Impromptu drop-ins! House guests!

Do you like the tassel? It was marking a page in "Evalina." All this weird rainbow dust fell out of the book when I opened it, but the tassel was intact. I found a bunch of other tassels in other (also rainbow-dusted) books, all on pages about travel.

Speaking of tassels, take a peek at Miss G's dance card. Mr. H. Stanhope here does not appear to be making it easy for her to stay low-key and out of sight. I think we may have a love story on our hands (literally)!

Remember when you could meet someone, and get to know them, and find out what things you both love, and both hate, and what things you hate that they love? Remember what it felt like to clumsily hold hands for the first time, or touch their knee while laughing and then let it linger for just a second longer than plausible deniability would allow? Remember smiles?

Don't get me wrong – I don't want to go back to corsets and a total lack of legal autonomy. But I do hope Georgiana enjoyed every second, whether she knew she was falling or not. I'm glad she isn't living in the past (or, I mean, HER past anyway) – she deserves to be happy!





Gemma's Desk

It's just. . . that electric, shimmery feeling when you just start liking someone!! The way the air gets thick and hums! Do you remember the first time you felt that? The last? In her last deep-clean delivery, Mom dropped off my middle school diary (yes, I am considering lighting it on fire, why do you ask?) and during my deeply mortifying thumb-through I remembered: HIS - I mean, Sneezy the Bowler - was my first crush (or real-life one, anyway). One time, after he flirt-sneezed at me, he dropped a note at my feet. It was one of those classic "Will you be my girlfriend, circle yes no or maybe" situations.

And at first I laughed, but the more I thought about it the more I thought that it was nice how he always helped the smaller kids pick out the right ball, and how he always let the person in the next lane bowl first, and how my dad's office parties got a little more sparkly and less suffocating when he was there to run around and get shushed with. I started to think he might be a nice first boyfriend, and the air got thick and humming around me. But before I could answer, he ran over and snatched the paper away, yelling "THIS isn't for YOU" all red-faced. My first heartbreak, before I had time to really enjoy the good stuff. And now. . . well. Anyway.

I'm glad for her, is what I'm saying. For Georgiana, and also for whoever HIS gave the letter to. What I wouldn't give for a little crush right now, even an immature one. I've started making eyes at the Quaker Oats guy; it's dire here.

This took a maudlin turn. There's only one cure: treasure hunt for more tassels!

Love your face, whenever I see it again,

Gemma

