

Chapter 29

Well, I wish I had time to tell you about this summer and everything---about Arthur's adventures at typing school ~~and all~~. But I just don't have time. See, Mr. Henry didn't give Arthur a job. He said there just wasn't anything. So Father thought up this idea that it would be best for Arthur to first pursue typing lessons---you know, before becoming a newspaperman.

He really did well at it too. Every morning he ~~went~~^{went} down to Miss Mahoney's and learned quite a lot---how to hold out his elbows just right and to change a ribbon without disturbing anyone. He nearly drove Velvet ~~batty~~^{batty}, though; he was always banging away upstairs with bells ringing and everything. At the end of the summer he sent a story to The New Yorker magazine. They sent it right back, though. Nevertheless, we thought it was very nice of them to enclose a letter. They said:

^{1/2 e.}
 We regret that we are
 unable to use the enclosed

*l for line
 center on
 margin*

material. Thank you for giving us the opportunity to consider it.

1/2 e

Very, ve-ry nice of them, but Arthur was pretty gloomed up about it. We tried desperately to cheer him up by citing all the famous writers that had failed before finally getting famous, even dead ones. But Arthur said he wasn't partial to being famous after he was dead. He wanted to be famous right now. And he will be, soon; I know. I just feel it in my bones. Too, he's such a very kindly person. That helps.

But the reason I don't have any time to tell you about all that is because I'm being sent away, too---tomorrow. They definitely decided on the school in Virginia and we're going to tdm up in the car. I really do dread it. You know, I'm not ~~sex~~ Too, hhe kind of individual people like right off the bat so I guess I won't be much of a success. There're a lot of girls there from places like New York and Philadelphia and one, even, from England! I hope they won't think I'm a hick. Just pray. But I've matured quite much this summer; I've even started wearing lipstick---all the time. It's a great pleasure for me to get up in the morning and put it on.

Gosh, though, but leaving is a terrible thing. This afternoon Melissa and Marilyn came over to tell me good-bye, but I don't think they were very sad. They kept talking about the football game to night. Ashton's going to play Barnesville and all these boys are going. I guess I shall never have an opportunity to partake in festivities of this kind. I would enjoy that kind of fate, but I suppose I shall never have it.

It's pretty pitiful, but after Marilyn and Melissa left I got to wondering why my life had turned out so different from theirs. I'm always having to do hard things, like going away places. Melissa and Marilyn'll probably never ever leave Ashton. They'll just live on and on here and so will their grandchildren and their grandchildren. It's nice, I think, to just live in one place all the time. I'll probably end up living in Siberia or some place. That's just like something I'd end up doing.

Tonight, just before I came up to finish all this, I went outside and looked up at the stars. What I was thinking about was leaving ~~and stuff~~. I kept wondering if maybe I would change and what it would be like, being old and sophisticated and different. Too, I wondered if anything exciting would ever happen to me, I mean like it happens to other people. But I guess not. Mother says we're not that kind of family. We just plod along and try to be decent. We don't expect anything exciting or glamorous to happen. That's just the way we are, I guess.

But, honestly, I do DREAD tomorrow! I've already decided that when we drive out of the driveway I'm not going to look back. I'm just going to look straight ahead and not think about Velvet or Isaiah or---even Arthur. I hope none of them come out to the car to tell me good-bye. I just can't stand to tell somebody good-bye---especially people like Velvet and Isaiah. I don't know why; it's just sad, that's all, and I'm reaching the age now where I can't go around finding everything that happens sad. People in Virginia would die. Besides, I'm way passed the Age of Transgression.

Well, this is the end. I've got the hugest amount of packing to do you ever saw and Mother's having about one million fits be-

cause I'm dawdling again. She literally despises people that dawdle. And, too, writing this has been a mess of trouble. Why Arthur wants to be a writer I'll never know. I'd much rather be a glamorous society lady---like that Mrs. Phillips at Oyster Bay, New York. They have fun. But I won't ever be, so---SO Long!

Keep your fingers crossed about tomorrow! [Fu---leeeese....]