

German town, August 13, 1951

Lieber Jacken,

Du fragst ob ich dich brauche. Ja ich brauche Dich wirklich so sehr. Und ich warte, so geduldig als ich kann, bis dass Du mich brauchst so viel als ich Dich, bis dass Du ~~ist~~ in mir findest was Du brauchst. Wahrscheinlich schreibe ich schrecklichen Deutsch aber ich kann es nicht auf Englisch sagen. Vielleicht geht es Dir besser heute. Es geht mir gut, aber ich lebe wie im Traum. Häufig sehe ich die Kinder an eine halbe stunde lang.

I am glad that you will have a thorough X-Ray examination tomorrow. I have read enough to be frightened about you.

All morning and afternoon I read in an anthology of American literature, Bryant, Poe, and Hawthorne. When I have mailed my letter I will begin again on history. I hope that I will be able to concentrate and that I will not long too much for you. I try very hard to transform my longing into hard work, into being nice or into looking at the Kinder or listening to music. Sometimes it is good, but sometimes it is very naughty and stubborn.

You must not say that you do not help me. If only I could feel that I was able to help you more I think that I would be more content. But

spiritually I seem to help you so little and often to be more of a burden than a help. And what else can I do for you at such a distance? I cannot make your bed or bring you a glass of milk. All that I can do is to work and to try to be good and to write such hurried and awkward letters as this. I feel very helpless when I read your letter. It makes me want to put you to bed and then to sit beside you until you fall asleep. But that was last Saturday, or rather Friday night, and by the time my letter comes to you, you probably ^{will} feel so much better that you ~~will~~ not need me even to make your bed. I am so perverse that I would have you always tired enough so that I could help you.

Deine

Margaret