

**Letter - June 10, 2006**

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My Lady,

10 Jun 2006

It's time to face facts - time to admit the truth - time to deal with reality. I'm not going to be able to come out there this month. Nothing is working out - destiny is against it. It just "ain't gonna happen". If I beat my head against the wall long enough, I'll just have to clean up the blood - it seems like a good time to take up writing to you again.

If you can arrange it, come this way next month. We'll go "do the town" as best we can. But be warned, it's not like it used to be - prices are higher - people are ruder - and everything is dirtier (the city can't clean up and apparently the businesses won't). It's not the city we loved anymore.

Oh, just come on and don't let me get started on the disappointments of New Orleans. It just pulls me down - I've got to think of more positive things.

Mike and Ann came over the other day, and they brought little Randy. (Since Paul has outgrown the nick name, Randy may be my new "Little Buddy".) He was something, he played with my mechanical cats for the longest time - they meowed, he hugged them - they mowed, he laughed - they meowed, he petted them. I was going to give them to him but he got interested in a flashlight with even more enthusiasm. -- I gave him the flashlight.

Summertime is here, maybe not officially but it is. I believe that officially it's still over a week away. I know that for the last five days we've had high temperatures over 96 degrees - to us common unofficial folk that's a sure sign of summer. This year I'm determined to acclimatize, I know that I can still handle the heat, I don't want to abandon the afternoon. So I'm trying - it's not only hot out there, it's lonely. However I solidly hold that the shower I get before dinner is infinitely superior to the one provided to couch potatoes.

This has got me thinking about a Saturday years ago. It was hot, real hot - I had cut the grass and you were out with your Mother. I showered then sat on the bed, it felt good and I laid back with my arms out, it still felt good and I went to sleep. You came in and thought I was dead - the scream you let out scared me so much that you were nearly proved right. Do you remember that? It's not a big memory, but it puts a smile on my face - I wonder how many more memories like that I have - I wonder how many I've

forgotten.

So when you're here and we are making more memories we'll have to make an effort to make notes. Well, for some of them anyway - the others have already put a smile on my face and they haven't even happened yet.

Grinning from ear to ear in anticipation - does that make me easy? If so, that's just the way it is. Thinking about you girl.

Love,

Wayne