

C. Plinothy Clifford, To Lowell Libby S.

Woe to you! You of the most wretched sort! I have labored for the purpose of carrying my work needing to be done up both tedious stairs and deep halls with no aid from you. With my day having been completed, I might like to enjoy it afterward, but nevertheless to obtain the freedom which I seek I must climb the stairs and walk the halls with a heart of sorrow. To what end does this madness cost to you? Stairs having been moved by the genius of electricity would be more suitable to our budget than any single parking lot! Also, a sliding rug seen at some ports of sky chariots would be just as suitable for the purpose of traversing the halls of greater length. Consider the plight of me myself. With my writing tablets and pens having been carried to no end, rest might help aid us ponder the challenging and noble teachings our instructors have so diligently instructed us.

Where it was day elsewhere, but also day here, I remember scaling those stairs across from the room where they teach one of the umbrella pine and how it grows, needing to obtain my writing tablets and pens for the purpose of studying the work the instructors had given me. However, when I did scale it, realized did I to my disdain that I had forgotten my device which beckons, and with my head cast down to gaze at my feet, spitefully I scaled those very same stairs another time. I then scaled them again later that very same day to attend a lecture from the instructor on the movement of the heavens, and for this I scaled the very same stairs a third time. The end of the day arrived, and it had seemed that I had spent more time being active than I had in swim lessons the day prior to that one. Tired and disgruntled, I took my work needing to be done to my house, exerting less energy riding on my horseless, two-wheeled chariot than I had spent supposedly learning, when as it seemed, I instead spent the day exercising. You will pay the price yet I won't say how. You have cast an evil eye upon me; I don't know whether to yourself, certainly to me, but nevertheless also to yourself as well now that I ponder it.

Only thoughts of the negative kind remain in one's mind after an event. If my experiences of these steps were happy ones, I would not be writing to you today. Take heed in my words and please consider implementing an easier way for diligent students such as myself to enjoy the lavishness of learning as soon as possible. If you do not accept this, then I will accept the use of the slow elevating room the next time I see it fit to go up a flight of stairs. Bye.