

From: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

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Subject:

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Somebody , probobly today ,cut the grass on the way to your Parisian paradise... the smell is so fresh during the late night...i took the keys from my purse... i touche the gates code with special magnet ... i enter to this little beautiful entrence...its calm here... i touche again the magnet and i feel like Alice in the mirrow kingdom ... i clime the stairs which are covered by heavy red carpet... i stay there for a while to enjoy my feeling of being here...it feels so extraordinary.

when i continue... i put the key into the hall, o push the heavy door...my feet makes the parquet sing! the smell of Your parisian home gives me the feeling of safety...the haevy door locks. i walk straight to the kitchen. hunger leads me there. I grab a cookie i make a tea. again i have to stop . to inbreathe the silience of my sweet luxurious loneliness ... on the way to Asian room i greet a black man with a cat, i offer him a cookie, but he tells me he eats only cats and flies, so i wish him a beautiful night and i rush to the place where i greet my unpredictable dreams.

Thank You Jeffrey for another beautiful day.

Lots of Love

Sent from my iPhone