

## 16. Under the Folkestone Sun

Sunday, September 30, 1865

With the sunrise came what I counted as *yet another* “best day” of my short life. I kissed my husband until he woke. I then went to my former bedchamber and dressed. My choice of dress was easy, as I had planned my *habillement* for this day well in advance. I put on a wonderful new dress of the brightest purple, the fabric shot through with tiny threads of gold. It was cut low in the front, revealing an abundance of *décolletage*. Its lace trim was rather more elaborate than was customary for me, but this day, I reasoned, was a special one, and required such special adornment.

It was not yet seven o’clock, but I found Meg already in her kitchen. “Good morning, Meg!”

“Good morning, Miz Patricia, or, I should say, good morning, Lady Pleydell!”

“Oh Meg! I am the same Patricia, as you well know.”

“Except that you fairly glow. Now, come sit, and we’ll have some tea.”

“But aren’t you terribly busy?”

“No, I’ve been busy for a week, mainly planning and ordering, and today most work will be done by others. There is some baking, to be sure, but after that, Julia will act as what she calls ‘executive chef.’”

“Look at me, Meg. Is my dress satisfactory? Do I look all right?”

Meg studied me a moment. “Of course. No need to worry; no need at all. Trust me, dearie, you are beautiful—even more beautiful than the day you arrived here. And yer dress is dazzling. That bold purple compliments you!”

“I won’t offend the villagers by being so dressed up?”

“No. Nor by your frock being so cut down in the front. They will immediate ken why you should be so dressed.”

“Well, you look gorgeous, too!”

“You’ll note that I’ve put on a rare thing from me wardrobe, a satin dress. Granted, I had to let it out a bit here and there.”

“What about your cooking? Won’t that spoil your outfit?”

“No, the cooking is mostly up to Julia today, and besides, I’ll soon take this apron off.

“Julia has grown quite good at cooking, hasn’t she?”

“Indeed! She’ll make a fine chef in Paris, if she doesn’t marry a farm boy—or a shepherd.”

We sat a moment and sipped our tea. “Meg, will you and I continue to have such pleasant moments together?”

“I should certainly hope so, Patricia. I’ve come to treasure them. Now, walk with me, and I’ll show you the preparations.”

We rose, exited through the kitchen doors, and turned to the north of the house. Our north lawn had become a small village. “See, here’s the sum of what has been happening for most of the week. There’s a tent for cooking, which is where Julia will supervise. There’s a tent for all the other food, and a tent and tables for ale. See the pits? The groundsmen have already struck fires for roasting. We’ve laid out tables and benches for eating, and, of course, there’s Jack’s pride and joy—a bandstand, a stage, and a dance floor.”

“What about the guests?”

“They’ll start comin’ at about eight. First, we’ll see the Bowles brothers with kegs of ale, and soon after that Luigi Zamboni will arrive with a wagonload of ice. Then, the farmers and other townspeople will come, many of them with the best of their harvest. It’s a safe wager that you’ll see more cheeses, jams, and pies than ye have ever before seen in your life.”

“Oh, it’s all so much, and all so lovely!” Meg gave my hand a squeeze and we returned to the kitchen. I left her, as I had a special “journey” I wished to make.

I made a tour of several rooms of Folkestone Manor. I entered the parlor, where I reflected upon my confrontations with Eustace Pleydell. I stopped in the formal dining room, the site of many a lovely dinner. From there, I crossed the hall to my study. Ah! This room, had it eyes and ears, could tell stories! From there, I spent a few moments in my former bedroom, very happy that it was a *former* bedroom. *Perhaps*, I thought, *it would someday make a nice nursery.*

I crossed the hall again to enter the library. Here, too, was a room filled with memories, including the best and worst of my struggles with Sir Reg. It was here that I interviewed for the nursing position, and it was here that Reg first walked successfully. I glanced toward the conservatory, a room I had found unused and in ruins. Now it was a veritable botanical garden, and I judged it to be a beautiful achievement.

There was time to look out the library windows and down the drive. The beeches were magnificent, practically glowing with their copper foliage! I saw the first wagons coming. There were two beer wagons, drawn by giant horses, and a closed wagon, with only the word “Ice” on the side. As I returned to the hall there came a knock at the door. I went to answer, and found Luigi and Viola Zamboni.

“Viola! Oh, how wonderful!” Viola and I hugged. “I’m so glad you came. Mr. Zamboni, we’ve not met before.”

“Atsa okay, Signora. *Sono lieto di incontrarmi con voi.* Ima please to meet you.” He kissed me on both cheeks!

Viola said, “*Mia cara Patricia. Congratulazioni!* Congratulations! It is a beautiful day, *sotto il sol di Folkestone*, no? That is, under the Folkestone sun. Now we must leave you, as Luigi and I need to unload the wagon. We’ve brought ice, wine, and *gelato.*”

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At nine o’clock, I looked down the drive. People were streaming in—walking, riding, and driving both small traps and big farm wagons. What a crowd! The whole village seemed to be coming. Today would be a festival such as Hawkinge had not seen in ten years!

At ten, I was in my study, the place from which we would greet the crowd, and I heard music from the bandstand. Dr. Prang and his crew were starting to perform. As was their custom, they played folk tunes, marches, and American favorites. Meg came in.

“Look out the doors, Patricia. You’ll see most all the people you know. Nick and Ned are pouring ale, and see, there’s Jim Hawkins and Mary Wilson. We have Jed and Edna Green, the miller, the schoolmaster, the vicar, the farmers, and them that tend the oasts. Even Jack and Willa Brown are here, and they don’t look as sour as usual.”

“Where’s Simon Shepherd? I don’t see him.”

“He’s with Alice Green. Talking about sheep, I should imagine, but I know for a fact that he’ll be along shortly.”

“Look at all the food under the canvas. Julia cannot be cooking all that.”

“No, indeed not. Much of the cooking is being done by the gamekeepers. We have venison, pigs, and several sheep from Simon. On spits and in pits.”

“In pits?”

“Aye, in pits. They dig a hole and build a fire in it. Then they put in a trough to catch juices and throw a whole pig or lamb atop it. It’s in Samuel Johnson’s dictionary, you know. ‘To barbecue—a term for dressing a whole hog.’ The idea comes from the Caribbean Sea.”

“Meg, I marvel.”

“But wait! There’s more! We’re cooking strips of beef and chicken over coals, as the Japanese favor, and serving them on small sticks. From the Ottomans, we have *lahmacun*. That’s a thin, flat bread, which we cover with tomatoes, peppers, onions and spiced meat.”

“Anything else?”

“Of course we’re grilling bangers.”

“Oh, Meg! It’s all exactly as you and Jack told me it would be. I’ve been worried that perhaps the people would not come.”

“Just the opposite. It seems as though they are *all* coming. They haven’t seen Sir Reg in a good long time. I believe they long to do so.”

“I don’t see Betty Bourne.”

“She has been delayed. Frank Bourne made a point to tell me when he arrived.”

“Then I have but one disappointment. I have been unable to reach my mother. How I wish she were here.”

At half-ten, Jack Bates entered the room, in the uniform of a sergeant of The Buffs.

“Why, Colour Sergeant Bates! You are so handsome!” I gave him a peck on the cheek. Also, feeling playful, I squeezed his cobbler’s awls, just so that he might blush.

*"Mrs. Pleydell! Lady Pleydell! I'm shocked!"* He laughed a hearty laugh. "Well, the uniform fits, thanks to Meg letting it out a bit. And I've even combed me wild beard. I had some 'encouragement' from me wife."

"Yes, Patricia. Offers of love and threats of violence."

"Oh, Jack, I'm nervous. Not so much for Sir Reg but, frankly, for me."

"Don't be. You came to Hawkinge as a stranger and now are an honored member of the community. And a brave woman, too. You can face down a gang of boys with a rock. You can face down a murderer with a pistol."

"And you, Jack, have been the most wonderful friend!"

"Today your job is merely to be a blushing bride. Meg and I have arranged many surprises. For example, look across the lawn and tell me what you see."

"Acrobats!"

"Aye. They're Lingham and Yoni, the Indian performers. I hired them through a London agent. And there is one more surprise, but 'Od Rabbit It! It's not here yet."

"What is it?"

Meg gave him a look. "It's, er..., a surprise. Now please fetch your husband. Tell him it's time for the regiment to march."

I went to our bedroom. Sir Reg wore the full uniform of a major in The Buffs. "Do you like it, darling?"

"Oh, Reg! My, you are handsome. Today is beautiful. You are beautiful."

"Ho! And you are more beautiful than ever."

"There is a great deal of mutual admiration in this room. It's much like having tea with ten teaspoons of sugar. Have I told you that I love you?"

"Not for at least ten minutes. Best you do it again."

"I love you. You're... you're... better-most!" We engaged in a long kiss. "Now, you must come. Jack tells me that your troops are ready to advance." Reg and I left for the study.

In the study, Jack said, "Ah, Major, you are here. Now, ladies and Major Pleydell, I must put on my most commanding look and address the troops outside."

Meg said, "Wait, Jack! That's a knock at the front door. Let me go see who it is before you go out. We're expecting someone."

In just seconds, Meg returned, and with her were a man and a woman. My mother! I rushed to her, and we hugged and kissed. "Oh, mother! You're here!"

I quickly stepped up to the task of introductions. "Mrs. Margaret 'Meg' Bates, Mr. Jack Bates, Sir Reginald Pleydell, may I present Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson of Kew."

“That isn’t exactly correct, my dear daughter. Please present me as Mrs. Elizabeth Staunton, wife of Mr. Howard Staunton, the Right Honourable Member for Richmond Park.”

“OH! Congratulations! And to you, too, Mr. Staunton! But mother, why didn’t you let us know you were coming?”

“There was no time, my dear. Plus, I love surprising you. First, we had to be found. We were taking a holiday at Brighton and had registered at an inn under the name of Smith. In that way we hoped to avoid the reporters from the London papers.”

“So how were you found?”

“That fool maid Bridget let it out to a bobby to whom your Constable Dover had sent a telegram. But, of course, that turned out to be a good thing. We received a telegram and returned to London immediately. It’s only two hours from Brighton to Victoria station via the Brighton Main Line. We then determined we had one important task to complete, one which Howard handled most ably.”

I asked Howard Staunton, “What was that, sir?”

Howard said, “In a moment, Patricia. Let your mother finish her story.”

My mother continued, Howard completed his work, and we came here by the first available train. When we arrived in Folkestone, we found that there was no carriage to be rented.”

“But mother, how did you get to Folkestone Manor?”

“We started on foot, but soon after we traveled by... coincidence.”

“I don’t understand. Is that some sort of wagon?”

“As we walked the Canterbury Road, we saw a man in a white suit, loading his buckboard. Howard studied him and then shouted, ‘Harry?’ It was Colonel Harry Sanderson, his old schoolmate from Harrow. He was driving to Folkestone Manor with one hundred parcels of fried chicken, so we rode with him.”

“Excellent! Now, *maman*, I shall try again. Mrs. Meg Bates, Mr. Jack Bates, Sir Reginald Pleydell, may I present Mrs. Elizabeth Staunton, wife of Mr. Howard Staunton, the Right Honourable Member for Richmond Park.”

Howard said, “And formerly of the 4th Bengal European Light Cavalry.”

“Mr. and Mrs. Staunton, here are Meg Bates, Jack Bates, and Major Reginald Pleydell.”

Howard said, “Patricia, I’m afraid it is now *I* who must now correct you. I had barely the time to get this done. My friend, The Lord Wright of Richmond, created a motion in the House of Lords. It began, of course, ‘To move to resolve.’

“Very broadly, and briefly, it said, ‘In consideration of William Bouverie, 1st Earl of Radnor, FRS, and in further consideration of Reginald Pleydell, 5th Earl of Radnor...’ Etc. Etc. Etc. I believe you catch the drift. The Lords passed a resolution asking the Commons to act. The Commons passed the resolution. Prime Minister Henry John Temple presented the resolution to the Queen, who most obligingly has signed a document which I have here, and...”

Elizabeth said, "Howie, will you cut the bleeding political blather and get to the point?"

"Right, *mon petit chou*." He withdrew a sealed parchment from his pocket and gave it to me. "Please read this to Major Pleydell." I read:

The Queen's Commission

We, reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage and good Conduct, do by these Presents, Constitute and Appoint you to be an Officer in Our Land Forces.

You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge your Duty as such in the rank of Colonel or in such other Rank as We may, from time to time hereafter, be pleased to promote or appoint you to.

And We do hereby Command them to Obey you as their superior Officer, and you to observe and follow such Orders and Directions as from time to time you shall receive from Us, or any that be your superior Officer, according to the Rules and Discipline of War, in pursuance of the Trust hereby reposed in you.

Victoria R.

By the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen  
Defender of the Faith  
Empress of India

"Oh, Reg! You're a colonel!" I ran to give him a kiss.

Jack adopted the voice of a Colour Sergeant and said, "AHEM! AHEM! If I may, and if you don't mind, I *must* now address the multitude." Jack left directly through the French doors. He descended the steps to the lawn, strutting among the crowd.

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"Ho, Jack Bates! Look at you! You're a fancy toff! A regular swell."

"Aye, Barnaby, I am. I don't have the money to dress like a London dandy, but this uniform will do. Good day for it, too!"

"Will we see the Earl?"

"Wait a moment and find out."

Jack walked purposefully to the stage next to the bandstand. He nodded to Dr. Prang on the bandstand. On Dr. Prang's cue, Jed Green let forth with a drum roll, and Addison Miller, the miller, crashed his cymbals.

Jack began his speech. "Ladies, gentlemen, and nobles from foreign lands."

(Laughter.)

"On behalf of Sir Reginald Pleydell, whom we all call Sir Reg, I welcome you. Well you know this is a harvest festival. The hops are cut and drying in the oasts. We have fruit in abundance, too. As to your own gardens, I cannot say with certainty, but I suspect that the year has been good."

(Hear, hear!)

“Today, we’ve no plans to run out of food. Or ale, either. And for you bold drinkers you will find Old Bushmill’s Irish whiskey and Scotch whiskey in abundance. We have as well a few of bottles of Jameson, for any of ye Sons of Erin who prefer it to the Bushmill’s.

(Hear, hear!)

“Now, gamekeepers, did you do your job?”

“Aye, Jack! We’ve pork and venison in great abundance. And some grouse, too. And mutton from the shepherds. You can see it all on the spits and in the pits yonder.”

“Excellent! Now it has always been a rule of Folkestone Manor that at the end of the day, you take away all the food you want.”

(Applause.)

“I’m no speechmaker, or I’d have to stand for Parliament.” (Laughter.) “But I’ll say this: It has been a full ten year since Sir Reg returned from the Crimea, and me with him. He has kept out of sight. Indeed, a round of Russian grapeshot laid him low at Balaclava Haro Prie in 1854. It is the truth, as the village knows, that he has been confined to a wheelchair.

“Just the same, the life wasn’t gone from him. And today, you will find him to be more lively than ever.”

(Applause.)

In the day room, Reg said, “Get ready. Jack is quite a showman, but we are now to appear.”

Outside, Jack again cued Dr. Prang. “Get ready, maestro. Now, please meet your host. Ladies and gentlemen, I am proud to present to you Major Reginald Pleydell, of the Royal East Kent Regiment, formerly the 3<sup>rd</sup> Regiment of Foot, 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, known as “The Buffs. He is also Sir Reginald Pleydell, Lord Radnor; 5<sup>th</sup> Earl of Radnor, of Devonshire, Kent; Viscount Folkestone; VC; Knight Commander, Order of the Bath; and Deputy Lieutenant in the ceremonial county of Kent.”

“Aw gawn, Jack. He’s just Major Pleydell, and everybody knows that.”

“And now, by act of Parliament, and with the Commission of Victoria the Queen, he has been promoted to colonel!”

(Applause and cheers!) “God save the Queen!”

Jack held up both hands. “Wait, wait! There’s more!”

“Of you bein’ a jawsy?”

“Quiet, Barnaby. I’m done, except to say that Sir Reginald is accompanied today by Lady Radnor, his wife.”

Silence. Then a murmur. Then a growing buzz.

Jack waited, and then raised his voice. “You may know her better as... the former Mrs. Patricia Goodman, Nurse of the Nightingale School!”

It took a second for the message to sink in, and then the crowd erupted in cheers—cheers that would not stop!

Jack cued Dr. Prang, who began a grand marching tune. Meg threw the French doors open.

Arm and arm, Sir Reg and I stepped forward. I thought the wedding march from Mendelssohn was a bit much, but Meg was not to be overruled on the matter. She had said to me, “Queen Victoria selected this piece for her daughter’s marriage to Prince Frederick William of Prussia. Besides, the march has a nice martial sound, and Sir Reg will like that.”

Now the cheers turned into deafening and endless applause. This was more for Sir Reg, I believe, than for me. We walked perfectly, with my new husband showing his fine military bearing.

“Look! He’s walking! He’s walking!”

As we descended three steps from the rear of the manor to the lawn, Sir Reg stopped and shook hands with everyone. He took time to kiss babies, and little girls, and not a few of the grown women. I, too, took time, shaking hands, curtsying, hugging the women and kissing all the men and boys. We made our way to the stage.

There were many shouts of “Speech! Speech!”

“Thank you! Thank you! I welcome you. I’m so glad you have come today. If I may, I should like to say a word or two. The Reginald you have come to know over ten years was in poor health. My health has been restored entirely through the efforts of the woman at my side.” Reg pulled me close to him. I was blushing.

“When she first came to Folkestone Manor, my body needed healing. But she was forceful in telling me that the attitude one takes will help or mar healing—*my* attitude, in this case. Let us all keep that in mind, each and every one of us, each and every day. I beg your forgiveness for having shunned your company. I have compensated, I hope, in a small way, by opening the woods of the estate for hunting, and hiring all who need work. Also, I have heard that one or two of you enjoy the bread baked by Mrs. Meg Bates and Julia Prang!”

(Cheers!)

“Now, I am proud to be among you, and I promise you that after a honeymoon, I will not be a stranger to you. Next, I will tell you that of predictions I first took as a mockery has become a reality. They were that the cause of my affliction would be discovered, that there would be a risky surgery, that I would survive to walk again, and that I would marry. Those predictions came from an unusual man, unusual in that his predictions are always correct. Who would have thought it?

“It was Simon Shepherd, whom you know as a shepherd. But formerly, he was a trooper of 4th Queen’s Own Hussars, veteran of the Charge of the Light Brigade. He said to me in June: ‘Would you invite me to your wedding? I want to see you dance.’ Step up here, Simon.”

Simon advanced, preceded by his “army” of boys. They had painted their shields bright red and bright blue for the occasion and saluted Sir Reg as they marched by. Sir Reg, of course, returned the salute. Simon ascended the stage, wearing a freshly-pressed uniform of the 4th Queen’s Own Hussars. My, what a handsome young man! I wondered how Jack had procured his outfit. Also, I noted that he had left the side of Alice Green.

(Applause.)



“Well, Simon, the ceremony was very small and private. But today, I must say, you will not be disappointed. What you have said has come to pass, and I thank you. Now, Lady Radnor, or “Miz Patricia,” as everyone calls you, will you join me in a dance?”

I was shaking a bit, but curtsied, and spoke with as much strength as I could, “Gladly, M’Lord.”

At this moment, a violinist ascended to the bandstand. I swear my jaw dropped into my cleavage. It was Tom Collins, usually known as the village drunk. He had a fine fiddle in his hands. He raised his bow and signaled Dr. Prang. And so commenced a waltz. What a beautiful sound he made!

The band played “The 20 Years’ Waltz.” With that, we descended the bandstand steps and waltzed. And waltzed and waltzed. What turning and twirling! We could scarcely hear the music for the applause and cheers!

As the song ended, a young boy and girl ascended the platform. The band played and they sang.

We've only just begun...  
To live...  
A kiss for luck and we're on our way

“Oh, Reg! That’s lovely! Who are they?”

“Oh, they’re the son and daughter of one of the carpenters Jack hired to build the platform.” When they finished, Sir Reg shouted, “Now, does anyone else waltz, or must we do all the work by ourselves? Please join us. Then we will have reels, schottisches, and polkas.”

Couples started to fill the dance floor. We were about to continue dancing when, from behind me, I heard, “Patricia! Oh, Patricia!”

I turned. It was Betty Bourne. “Betty! You’re here! Where have you been?”

“I’ll tell you, but first I must introduce you. Mrs. Reginald Pleydell, meet Mr. Adam Bairn, from America. He has come to pay me a visit.”

We shook hands. “Oh Mr. Bairn, Betty, er, Elizabeth, has spoken highly of you.”

“As I have of her in the United States. Now I’ve returned to tell her so in person.”

“We have no ‘red eye’ for you today. You’ll have to make do with Irish, Scotch, and perhaps some Bourbon whiskey.”

“Ah, ye heard me views from Betty! Yes, I’ll drink them gladly. Now, I’ll take a kiss if ye have one to spare.” I laughed and gave him several.

“But Betty, again, how did you get here? I’ve heard that neither carriage nor horse is available in Folkestone.”

“Patricia, you won’t believe this. Early this morning, I walked to Folkestone to meet Adam at the railway station. But, as you say, there was no wagon to bring us here. By good luck, we got a ride in a buckboard, driven by Colonel Harry Sanderson, with a man and woman from the train.”

“Oh! Then you met my mother and her new husband on the ride?”

“Oh, yes. She went on quite a bit about her wonderful daughter, meaning you. I happen to agree, but I didn’t want to interrupt her praise of you. She was a bit surprised when we rode all the way to Folkestone Manor with her.”

We exchanged kisses. I then joined Reg, and we continued to dance.

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Shortly, I moved to a group comprising Meg, Jack, and Simon. Sir Reg had acquired a partner for the next dance, and remained on the dance floor.

“Well, Meg, what do you think of Sir Reg dancing?”

“Patricia, it appears that our dour lord had become our dancing lord.”

“And you, Simon?”

“It is all as I envisioned it. Perhaps I should become a teller of fortunes. I could call my enterprise, ‘Simon Says.’”

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In the late afternoon, Sir Reg and I waved goodbye to the last of the villagers as they walked or drove away from the manor. We repaired to the parlor, where we both fairly collapsed, he into a leather club chair and I on the Chesterfield.

“What a day, Reg! I have never had one like it. I am exhausted.”

“Me as well, Patricia. Yet I believe we’ll be expected to do this again next year.”

“Well, I shall do my wifely duties, unless that means I should only sit and eat bonbons and cakes. You may know I’m not well suited to being the wife of a rich man.”

“If you eat enough bonbons and cakes, I will no longer be rich. Now, tell me, what shall we do next?”

“Have tea?”

“You are deliberately silly. I mean what shall we do for the next year?”

“Consider travel. I’m told it’s a popular celebration of the rite of marriage.”

“But who will manage Folkestone Manor?”

“Jack and Meg, the same people who do it now. If we’re away a few months, we’ll come back to find your estates more prosperous than ever. And I have no doubt the meadows will be overrun with sheep.”

“Very well. To where might we travel? A journey to the center of the earth? Twenty thousand leagues under the sea?”

“Consider New York City, our colonies in the Caribbean Sea, the American West, the Sandwich Islands, Yokohama, China, or India. Which one do you prefer?”

“All of them. We can do one adventure each year.”

“But what if I should have a baby?”

“I’ll apply a version of your own common sense. If you should have a baby, you *will* have a baby, wherever we are. And in a British hospital, as the sun never sets on the British Empire.”

“Then that’s settled. I defer to my husband’s excellent judgment.”

“But tell me, what about nursing? I cannot envision your stopping your work, nor can I see you working at a hospital in London. You could, of course, nurse a baby.”

“That’s a different kind of nursing, Lord Silly. Besides, I have an idea.”

“Please explain. I have no doubt that you will, but I’ll ask anyway.”

“I want to explore a newer kind of nursing, which I call public health nursing. I’m impressed by Dr. John Snow’s work in the London cholera epidemic of 1854. He mapped the clusters of cholera cases. And Florence Nightingale is, as I have mentioned, excellent at using statistics and charts to measure health, as well as sanitary reform. And...”

“Yes, I understand. It’s a worthy goal, and we should undertake all that’s needed to make your plans a reality. But for now, may I suggest that we change clothing?”

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I helped Reg undress. “You are a beautiful man, if I may use the term.”

“Well, then, kiss me. I encourage you to kiss me a lot.”

“Shall we make love, sir?”

“We’d best. Marriage may later dull our appeal to each other.”

“Well, the delicate, demure Lady Pleydell says, ‘When pigs fly!’”

“Now, would you like to go riding?”

“Isn’t a little late in the day for riding? We’d need to ready the horses.”

“That’s not the kind of ride I have in mind, if you catch my drift.”

“I catch your drift. We are in complete accord.”

We kissed and fell onto the bed.