

Dictation 12-01-04

Her apartment was the last on the second floor. Fifteen minutes before the first earthquake I sat reading in the living room, but I wasn't interested in the book because she was so near. She was a woman who impulsively loved to cook, and now she was in the kitchen making marmalade. It was turning out with such success that every few minutes she exclaimed so, and I sat there pleased with her happiness. She always came without a sound, and coming from the kitchenette she stood in the doorway. I thought how beautiful she was, and yet I knew she was fading. In her thirty-sixth year, her beauty was dying like the setting sun coming across the Pacific and pouring so richly through the curtains behind her. She wore the green dress I always requested because it did such wonderful things to her figure.