

# **THE DRIFT**

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The Drift by Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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**MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL**

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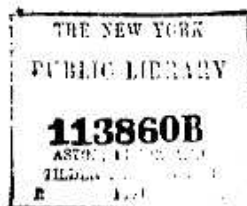
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TO  
THE ONE FOR WHOM IT WAS WRITTEN





# THE DRIFT

## I

**D**EAR, it was only two hours ago that I left you, and now I'm writing my first love-letter, truly the first in all my life. I hope you'll like it! There'll be so very many of them to write in the months before we see each other again.

I've been sitting here on deck to watch our city out of sight. Liebe, you have the harder part; you stay behind. Isn't it a queer inversion of things, that it should be I, the woman, who loves and rides away?

And you can't even know how I love you, for I've only had two little, little weeks to tell you, and to hear you tell me. Think of all the months we wasted, just finding out! It's such nonsense to say that a girl always knows. Of course I knew that you were

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## THE DRIFT

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quite the most interesting and delightful person I'd ever met. From almost the first I've realized that. Of course, too, you gradually became all sorts of other splendid things, my chum and my big brother and my hero and my friend whose hurts hurt me so strangely. But all that time I never dreamed I loved you. Why, liebe, I thought I couldn't love — be *in* love! I thought I was cold and mental and — oh, just a mollusk. You weren't one bit wiser. You believed your power of loving couldn't live again, just as I believed mine couldn't be born.

Now you know a man's love for the first time, and I a woman's. You cared for Her, I suppose, or you wouldn't have married Her. But it was just a boy's fancy and She killed it Herself so long ago, before ever we met each other. Of course I hate Her because She hurts you so, and because She keeps us apart even for a little while. Queerly, too, I have moods when I almost pity Her, with the quite impersonal pity I am learning to feel for every woman who hasn't found her mate. I suppose even She has one, somewhere.

