A LETTER

Dear Margitt,

I know you find it a little peculiar that I am writing to you in the summer vacation. Well, there are two reasons: First, I love you, although I do not think that you know. I have loved you for as long as I can remember. I dream about you in school, although I can see you sitting at the first desk. I dream about taking your hand and about stroking your hair. Till now I have not dared to dream about kissing you. Even the dream about it would be too intense for me.

However, this is not the reason why I am writing to you in these minutes, which I know you are spending in the mountains. I write to you because there is something I have to tell--something that I have come to think about--something we have very often discussed in school. As you know, you can confide to the person you love most. Therefore, this letter is for you, and I hope you will finish it, although I have now admitted, that I love you. Maybe we could discuss this--you know, if I really had to choose between getting a kiss from you and discussing with you, I think I would choose the latter.

You know that my Dad is crazy with his computers. He has been so for many years. He is so crazy with them, that he cannot understand, that I am not interested. You are not a real boy, he says. Then I answer: I am, because I play baseball and think a lot about girls. So it's okay with me, but I am not interested in computers. Anyway, Dad cannot help showing me something he has on his screen, and then I listen nicely, pretending to be excited. Dad does the same, when I tell him about baseball (I have not told him about my thoughts for you). Some days ago, however, there was something on his screen which made me interested. He spends all his money on computers, and finally he has gotten a very advanced computer. It can do almost anything. Dad had drawn a very complicated pattern on the screen, just to play with the technique, he said. Then he started to zoom into some spot in the pattern. He went on zooming, and finally he discovered, that the same pattern came again. He had magnified a small spot of the huge pattern several thousand times, and the very same pattern arose.

So, what do you say, he shouted enthusiastically.

I could not say a word, because something happened inside me. Do you remember, that our teacher Mr. Smith once told us, that Nature might not be so organized as we think. He said, that the pattern we believe to see, might be a delusion, and that the world looks like a huge chaos, but if we magnify or minimize the whole thing, it is a pattern. That was what I was thinking about, and Dad said, so now you do not know what to say, eh? I nodded. I admit it, I said.

Can I take the dog for a walk? Sure you can--but why now? I have to figure something out, I said and went out with the dog. Now you might think that I was going to think about you, but I really forgot about you for an hour or so. Maybe for the very first time!

I took the dog for a walk in the park, as I often do. I sat down on a stone trying to think about the pattern, Dad's computer had shown. And I thought about the stone I was sitting on. Maybe there was another stone inside it, and inside this other stone another stone. Maybe everything was put together in a way, that size and time disappeared. Maybe there was a Thomas inside me, loving another Margitt living inside you! Maybe the small atoms and neutrons in the stone had the same pattern as the planets around our sun, and maybe our solar system was a part of a huge stone in a world we cannot comprehend.

Do you think this is nonsense? Well, maybe it is, but I really was upset by thinking about it. I felt that I was drawn into space to see an enormous Margitt

there, and that I at the same time was drawn into the stone to find a very small Margitt there. Crazy, isn't it?

Then I came to think about our math teacher. There is nothing else than math for him--we often laughed at that, do you remember? To him everything is math--he can't even see that a flower is beautiful--he only sees mathematics in it. He can't even see how nice you are (I would kill him if I could). He only sees mathematics and its pattern, just the way Dad is caught by computers. None of these really fit anywhere, because there is something else behind, which is much more important and much more exciting.

I wish we could understand. Can you? I think I could that hour I was sitting on the stone in the park. When I came home I did not know what to do. The thoughts worked in my head, and then I sat down to write to you, Margitt. I think that man has invented a lot of models, mathematics for example, and we think that now we understand everything. We do not see the things which are outside the model. Have you thought about that, too?

Well, I have to close for now. Maybe I will write another letter for you. If I get new thoughts I simply have to write them down, and it is so lovely that I can write especially to you. I hope, you love me, as I love you. I love to talk with you, I think--no, I do know, because we really talked to each other once. Behind the bush after the dance at the school. I hope you still remember. That was the very night I fell in love with you. I believe that I fell in love with you because of Mr. Smith. It sounds crazy, that he should have anything to do with this. But I do think there is a connection somewhere else, and Mr. Smith is really doing everything he can to teach us to be something for each other in our class. It is because of Mr. Smith I came to comprehend the things Dad's computer showed me. I am quite sure! I am looking forward to seeing you again after the vacation. I dare not hope that you will send me a letter from the mountains!

Love from Thomas.

Linda Clay