Dear Sir,

What the devil do you mean by my melancholy? If you could see me now you would say that I was the very soul of jollity. This about ten o'clock this, and the wind is howling about my window in a most cheerless manner; I have just strewed away a turrible jog of something at apple-pie and I am most deathly sleepy. So just it is only not different that I have my eyes open to write this, but I cannot resist the desire but have written me to protest against you charge. No, my friend, I am not melancholy - only a little worn-out. My brain is tortured, dear, my dizziness home and I weigh 172 pounds (before shaving). If anyone should get hold of one of your letters be sound fast me down for a Roman on at least in Hector. But such is not the case, I feel confident if a life would the living and make my pipe burn so four leaves a day, with infinite which, the pipe is a wonderful agent of contentment. If I should go to college imagine my alarm when I see a certain tinge in frosty part of the time. If you did such the things don't, by (I tell you I was always just in a 'rejoice' profession experience, by 'heave the toper like a Methodist's heel.'
I guess it is about time for me to shift her business and go to bed. Well, this is an occasion after I wake up and try to be more rational. Don't call me nothin', chivalry any more, and write me a few lines when you have nothing else to do. But this day, after you read it, for I don't know half that's in it myself, I shall not read it over - if there was any need to charge that to Shakespear.

Yours truly,

Edwin Arlington Robinson