

Arabah
In the temple.
[probably 10 February 1933]

Dear Mother

Yesterday I received the second little cap. thank you very much for getting them for me. my others are getting very delapidated^{sic}

I had a very interesting lesson yesterday I have been writing a fairy story in Arabic about three wicked Kings who were turned into stones & I got into such a fix because the schoolmaster had explained that inanimate things were written about in the feminine singular. & then when I was preparing my lesson the awful problem arose. did <the> Kings alter their sex when transformed into stones? I wrote it both ways & let the schoolmaster choose which he preferred. he was a little puzzled himself at first, but after considering, <said> that when Kings became

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stones they retained their masculinity for one paragraph. but when mentioned as stones later on in the story they were feminine - you can imagine we have had some good laughs about it.

These finer shades of grammar are quite beyond Nannie. she says scornfully that the Schoolmaster is trying to be too clever. For my next lesson I am thinking of trying to write the story of King Bruce & the spider. & later perhaps the wooden Horse of Troy. It is not easy to think of stories that lend themselves to Arabic expressions.

We are expecting a guest from Luxor next Tuesday & last Tuesday we were at Sohag so I am afraid my lessons are not being as well prepared as I could wish.

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in the chapel where I am working this year. I think she was in search of building material, so this morning I produced some crumbs, & when she arrived she had a good feed & then went & fetched her husband (or someone else) & they had a good tuck in together

I am sorry to hear there is so much illness about, flu has been very bad in Cairo this year. I am glad to say we ^{are} all fit again & hope to keep so. The flies are a curse. I have to brush one off my nose after each word - we always sit in one of the open chapels ~~or~~ or courtyards after lunch for a change of air & the flies soon find us out, fortunately they seldom come into the inside chapels -

Time to start work again.

Love to you & Father
Your affectionate daughter
Myrtle.

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