

RELEASE IN
PART B6

From: H <hrod17@clintonemail.com>
Sent: Thursday, January 10, 2013 4:53 AM
To: 'Russorv@state.gov'
Subject: Fw: The Land of Counterpane

Pls print.

From: Margaret Williams [redacted]
Sent: Sunday, December 16, 2012 03:39 PM Eastern Standard Time
To: H
Subject: The Land of Counterpane

B6

Dear sick girl: (And I don't mean "sic", as in 'Lil scrunchie, you so sic, I want to party with you.' I mean really sick as in 'I don't feel like dancing and throwing back bottles of beer on every continent.')

When I was a child, sick at home in bed, I would read "The Land of Counterpane" over and over. I liked it because it made being in bed seem like a vacation --- kind of a working vacation where I was still in charge. I provide it here for your enjoyment. M

The Land of Counterpane

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay,
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

Robert Louis Stevenson