

Letter #1/3:

June 14th, 1977

Dear Beth,

I am overjoyed to be able to write to you. When we first met in that laughable “Obscure Poetry Club”, I definitely pinpointed you as a very knowledgeable person. You made some extremely shrewd observations, better than that of the group leader, Jeremiah! It’s a shame that the poetry we were studying was hardly “obscure” at all, as you pointed out, but at the very least, I got one thing out of going there: I met you. And it is wonderful to be speaking to a lady who is so highly intelligent as you.

Tell me, how is the summer weather where you are? Here in Roger County, it’s been very rainy. The farmers are thankful, but I can’t say I fully am, considering the flooding that keeps occurring around here. Hopefully there will be no significant damage.

Sincerely,

Cornelius, or “Corn”

Letter #2/3:

June 21th, 1977

Cornelius,

I see you seek to flatter me. . . Well, I suppose I don’t mind. As a woman, I am used to being underestimated when it comes to the quality of my brain, so I do appreciate when it is noticed by somebody, regardless of their gender.

Where I am, there has been some rain, but all of it has been mere drizzles, nothing more. I do hope nothing floods down where you are. At my mother’s house, our basement has flooded more than a few times. The damage is always horrid, and the cleanup drags out worse than anything. If I had my way with the weather, such a curse should not befall anybody. Sadly, I am not God—at least, not in this current life. Ah, such a shame.

I realize now, as I’m writing this, that you may be trying to flirt with me. Forgive me, I am very unaware when it comes to those things. Especially when it comes to men, because. . .

Well look, I've grown to trust you as our bond has grown, Cornelius "Corn" Harper. Despite both of us leaving the Obscure Poetry Club out of protest for its deceiving name, I am glad I went there, because I met somebody who is just as philosophical as I am. And if we are going to be friends, then I don't want any misunderstanding between us about romantic feelings. Plus, I want to be honest with you.

Since the riots at Stonewall, my bravery has grown when it comes to owning my pride, and so here it is: I am a lesbian. I have a deep love for women, and feel no such romantic feelings towards men. I hope knowing this won't end our friendship, and I ask that you do not share this with anybody.

Well, I'm off to send this letter now. I'm looking forward to hearing from you.

Bethany, or "Beth"

Letter #3/3:

June 25th, 1977

Bethany,

Don't worry. I completely understand, and your secret is safe with me. I admire your bravery in these challenging times, and I admire your intelligence even more. You are a very talented young lady, and don't you forget that.

I'm glad the rain is not as strong where you are. And your remark about God—hah! If I were God, oh, the things I would do. Controlling the weather would be just the start.

Sincerely,

Corn