It is a big, airy room, the whole floor nearly, with windows that look all ways, and air and sunshine galore. It was a nursery first and then playroom ad gymnasium, I should judge; for the windows are barred for little children, and there are rings and things in the walls.

 The paint and paper look as if a boys’ school had used it. It is stripped off – the paper – in great patches all around the head of my bed, about as far as I can reach, and in a great place on the other side of the room low down. I never saw a worse paper in my life.

 One of those sprawling flamboyant patterns committing every artistic sin.

 It is dull enough to confuse the eye in following, pronounced enough to constantly irritate and provoke study, and when you follow the lame uncertain curves for a little distance they suddenly commit suicide – plunge off at outrageous angles, destroy themselves in unheard of contradictions.

 The color is repellant, almost revolting; a smouldering unclean yellow, strangely faded by the slow-turning sunlight.

 No wonder the children hated it! I should hate it myself if I had to live in this room long.

 There comes John, and I must put this away, - he hates to have me write a word (p. 3).

The furniture in this room is no worse than inharmonious, however, for we had to bring it all from downstairs. I suppose when this was used as a playroom they had to take the nursery things out, and now wonder! I never saw such ravages as the children have made here.

 The wallpaper, as I said before, is torn off in spots, and it sticketh closer than a brother – they must have had perseverance as well as hatred.

 Then the floor is scratched and gouged and splintered, the plaster itself is dug out here and there, and this great heavy bed which is all we found in the room, looks as if it had been through the wars (p. 5).