Sophie: Mr. Cornell, Ah have tried to be neighborly, Ah have tried to be friendly and Ah have tried to be cordial...Ah don't know what it is that you're trying to be. That first night Ah was appreciative that you carried mah trunk up the stairs...The fact that it slipped and fell five flights and smashed to pieces was not your fault...Ah didn't even mind the personal message you painted on the stairs. Ah thought it was crazy, but sorta sweet. However, things have now gone too far...Ah cannot accept gifts from a man Ah hardly know...Especially canned goods. And Ah read your little note. Ah can guess the gist of it even though Ah don't speak Italian. This has got to stop, Mr. Cornell. Ah can do very well without you leavin' little chocolate-almond Hershey bars in mah mailbox-they melted yesterday, and now Ah got three gooey letters from home with nuts in 'em-and Ah can do without you sneakin' into mah apartment after Ah go to work and paintin' mah balcony without tellin' me about it. Ah stepped out there yesterday and mah slippers are still glued to the floor. And Ah can do without you tying big bottles of eau de cologne to mah cat's tail. The poor thing kept swishin' it yesterday and nearly beat herself to death...And most of all, Ah can certainly do without you watchin' me get on the bus every day through that high-powered telescope. You got me so nervous the other day, Ah got on the wrong bus. In short, Mr. Cornell. And Ah don't want to have to say this again, lea