

The Solitary Summer

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Title: The Solitary Summer

Author: Elizabeth von Arnim

Release Date: June, 2004 [EBook #5991] [Yes, we are more than one year ahead of schedule] [This file was first posted on October 9, 2002]

Edition: 10

Language: English

Character set encoding: ASCII

***** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE SOLITARY SUMMER *****

Produced by Aaron Cannon, Charles Franks and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team.

The Solitary Summer

by Elizabeth von Arnim

To the man of wrath With some apologies and much love

May

May 2nd.--Last night after dinner, when we were in the garden, I said, "I want to be alone for a whole summer, and get to the very dregs of life. I want to be as idle as I can, so that my soul may have time to grow. Nobody shall be invited to stay with me, and if any one calls they will be told that I am out, or away, or sick. I shall spend the months in the garden, and on the plain, and in the forests. I shall watch the things that happen in my garden, and see where I have made mistakes. On wet days I will go into the thickest parts of the forests, where the pine needles are everlastingly dry, and when the sun shines I'll lie on the heath and see how the