

Dictation 11-15-04

The morning after the party, I woke up late and lazy, with the happy feeling that for a day or two more there were no classes – nothing to do but wait for another party tonight. It was crisp and bright – one of those days when you forget how cold it is until your cheek freezes – and the events of the evening before seemed dim and far away. After lunch I started downtown on foot through a light, pleasant snow of small flakes that would probably fall all afternoon, when suddenly whatever thought was in my head blew away like a hat and I began thinking hard of Ellen Baker. I began to slow down with an instinct to go up on the hill again and find her and talk to her; then I remembered that she was at a tea party, and I went on again, but still thinking of her, and harder than before. It was four o'clock on a December afternoon, and there was a promise of darkness in the air and the street lamps were just going on.