Gradually the night sounds of the house faded away until all that rested was rapid left was the creaking and sighing the boards and joints, the old. By the light of the orange that seemed twice as big as he could see clearly the shirt your moon real usual from boughs the maple tree. In the wind, a slight breeze, they would click in the window of his study. Papa saying he ought to prune the tree house down branches cars dress

He had always been so when Uncle Hilary visited. But not time. He rolled off the horsehair and onto a long patch of on the floor.

A coin fell of his trouser pocket. It was nickel that hadn’t been collected from in church that morning. The morning a week away. He shot the nickel smile dress the a beside aggie rest with

He didn’t bother to look for .

The harvest moon had filled the house with pools and streams of ribbons of light. As Ned wandered window to window, holding his shoes

hand so he wouldn’t make any , he lost track of time; the seemed to float above the long that ran down towards the Hudson the north field edged by the of pines in whose branches Ned often sat in the summer, reading a book. From the living room bay , he thought he could just make a indicate an watches drown windows

the chalk-white ghostly Makepeace mansion the far line of maples to

out  on  used  within  beyond  got

south.