Allan Marley glanced out of the window at a cloudy, threatening sky. The mid-November twilight was stealing over north country, where spring and summer autumn were pleasant but brief, and the rest was winter. In spite gathering darkness, he decided that there time to go look again at wing-tipped mallard.

Allan slipped into his jacket, a lined-wool, belt-length garment that freedom of movement and at the time shielded him from the bitter. He put on a woolen cap, the ear flaps down, and pulled over his hands. When he opened door, the wind almost snatched it his hand. He bent his head the blast and walked toward the cap lake within.

The sycamores and oaks that surrounded house were bending before the wind. leaves, snatched from parent branches, were high into the air and out sight. Lowering clouds forecast more snow be added to the eight inches on the ground. Following the path instinct, Allan came to the lake’s, raised his head, and saw the drake.
Save for a very small area in the center, the lake wore armor of glistening ice. In the patch of water remaining in the lowering area, the mallard was paddling continuously, and in a circle, center the mallard was paddling continuously, and in a circle, center summer decided always perhaps flaps

in a desperate attempt to keep that water from freezing. It was a losing battle. At the circle of water had been fifteen feet high noon woolen always perhaps look

in diameter; now it narrowed to less than eight. Within the next couple of hours, the frigid blast screaming out of the north would close it completely.
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