vanish without even any movement of its fins. Huge old bass, sink back into the dark depths of its pool and
the wildness without motion as he had watched a fish
gone. It didn’t walk into the woods. It faded, sank back into
and looked back at him across one shoulder. Then it was
instant into the sun’s full glare and out of it, and stopped a few
yards against the dappled obscurity, looking at him. The
dreamed it but as big as he had expected, bigger, dimension
Green and wildness noon’s not dappled, not dappled, not
not emerge, appear: it was just there, immobile, fixed in the
ray of sunlight touched them. Then he saw the bear. It dike
the trees, the bush, the compass and the watch shining when
the wildness coalesced. It rushed, rushed, soundless, and solidified
hammer of his heart, emerging suddenly into a little glade and
ever and be lost for ever himself, helpless, careless, without
doubt or dread, panting a little above the strong rapid little