An Essay of the Day

It's Never too Late to Live

By Dr. Brian Welbeck

A friend of mine who, since he retired at sixty-five, has become a mushroom-grower.

Building yourself a happy old age is paramount importance. Otherwise you will become an embittered old soul, hating your years, jealous of youth, and despising your mental and physical disabilities. Use your years to round off your life.

(Slightly abridged)

One Summer Night

Looking at the barn clock by my bed, 1 think it is midnight. I know there is no sleep. The great heat, which the sun sent down during the day, does not seem to cool down. Though I winnowed my fan, and heard the peregrinations run from my shoulders, back, arms, and all parts of my body, and was so panting, I was not hot but so hot sitting in an armchair before the window. Overlooking the quiet street under me I feel a sort of sense of melancholy. (See? The surface of the street-lambes. On two more lines of brilliant street-lambes like just a wreath of diamonds. Lifting my head, I am at the sparkling stars hanging on the dark sky and the distant Milky Way which crosses heaven. The great boat seems to have all gone; lying comfortably in the armchair my eyelids grow heavy and heavy and eventually I fall down deep sleep.

Dickens Boys' School [Tran.]