

It seemed only right.

As though it made any difference.

The atmospheric conditions of (our household; family)...ranged broadly,  
from my father's humor to his opinionatedness to my mother's...

--The atmospheric conditions within our family were better than they had been  
in ages. (at the Morgan ranch, in the herding summer)

(illness or destructive behavior) burning down a life

What was involved had yet to find a name in the world. (But on the order of...  
somewhat like...

everything somehow twines.

*in memory?*



That seemed scarcely possible.

That hope was like

like a tarp tent, stiff and heavy and empty.



There should be some deep wisdom to bring to this (experience) and yet what is it.

...to join the jaunt.

the fine print of life (hard to discern as an insurance policy)

mad as a rained-on cat

A story, it is said, is like the wind. It comes from far away, and we feel it. In this particular story it does not matter who I am--the eye of the story--nor if I am...

Word got around.



(In life) there are things coming that you cannot see even if you had a crystal ball;  
they would look like flaws in the glass.

*smudges*

If he didn't recognize her, that was his hard luck. Hers too, she had to admit.

That part of my childhood seemed like a kind of purgatory.

(he looked as surprised) as though a mosquito had barked at him.

So many times it happens.

saloon and theater both deal in intoxication.



the need for a unified reality

Every kind of change was coming.

not to spoil one story with another,...

OO lives "out on the Coast," as Montanans say, as if the Pacific is the only ocean.

But so much chases a person through life, if he has any conscience at all.

How many moments in a lifetime do you feel...?"



"One of these times you're going to outsmart yourself."

"Only if there is no other candidate."

Their murmurings now at the distance of memory.

Genius knows how to say surprising things.

"Couldn't care less."

the honesty box (for people to drop payment in when no one is around)

It pulled at my heart.



OO was the word for it.

When your heart has been burned, it hardens. OO thought it was that simple, and and no one who knew XX and their record (history) together was willing to argue with that.