Under that little sun, a great distance from here, live a race of Indians who are not taller than half the length of my paddle. They live on the ice and eat seals and whales. They are so strong that they dive down into the water and catch whales with their hands, and that light we see is from the fires of those little people who are boiling blubber.
Under the stars, many snows' sail from here in a canoe, live

a race of little men, very strong, who are dressed in skins.

They look like Indians but they are not taller than half the
length of my paddle. They can dive down into the sea and catch

a seal or a fish with their hands. Their country is very cold

and they live on the ice, where they build great fires. That

light is the fires of these little people.
Ellen and Charles: their existence after 1850 had a slight opening to the west, thru the gap left by their father.
Day 3: add line ending ellipse about what if this house always were mine alone...
use day 3 to show transition of from magazine work, the freeing to make the winter's exploration.
Carol is C in my diary—C, the first graceful letter of the alphabet. Let her be C in the book?

One day's scene: describe her coming home from college, into office—what we say, what the fit of life is like in that moment.
Day 3: when I ran in late afternoon, northernmost Olympics--Townsend etc--could be seen, about 2/3 to top; clouds from the south angled up to provide the slot of view.
Day 3--use as an entry to skim ahead in Swan's life; touch around in the diaries as hints of what is to come.
Carol and I with coffee cups in our hands would go through the house early in the morning—as if we had the cups out for a walk.
Someone will repeat aloud a line I have just written, and I realize it was my voice. Or there will be decisions announced: Tea, by-the-god. (Learned by-the-god from Harold) Or Dad's damn-ye.

"It's all right to talk to yourself, but when you start answering yourself, that's when to worry." (from Dad, about shepherders.) "Well, hell," I say to myself, and find I am answering—a kind of mutter I make over my typewriter. I come from a line of people who talked to things—Dad to sheep, Grandma to cooking pots, dogs, cats and crochet needles—and I like to believe it enlivens the world. But Swan, I judge, wouldn't have talked into the silences: it would not have been New Englandish to do so, not seemly.