

After an Autumn Walk

Words to Stay With



Collection 43

10 quotations · English tracing · 14 pages

Making this book yours

Connect landscape, memory, art and the sense of time after an autumn walk.

One sentence at your pace

Look at the illustration, read the quotation, trace the grey models and write in your own hand. Start anywhere. You may skip a line or leave a different thought.

Print and bind

Use A4 portrait at actual size (100%). For double-sided printing, flip on the long edge: seven sheets per book. Single-sided printing uses fourteen sheets. Bind on the left with staples or rings. This file is not imposed for folded booklet printing.

Try one page first

Print page 4 to check the two grey models and guide lines. If they are too faint, turn off toner-saving mode and try normal print quality. The line below should measure 10 mm.

———— 10 mm

The ten quotations

Begin with the quotation that draws you in.

01	Autumn is a second spring when every leaf is a flower.	4
02	Fiery colors begin their yearly conquest of the hills, propelled by the autumn winds. Fall is the artist.	5
03	The leaves fall, the wind blows, and the farm country slowly changes from the summer cottons into its winter wools.	6
04	It was one of those perfect English autumnal days which occur more frequently in memory than in life.	7
05	Land really is the best art.	8
06	All art is an imitation of nature.	9
07	Art is born of the observation and investigation of nature.	10
08	Memory feeds imagination.	11
09	Memory is a man's real possession...In nothing else is he rich, in nothing else is he poor.	12
10	Nothing is as far away as one minute ago.	13

Autumn is a second spring
when every leaf is a flower.

Albert Camus



Autumn is a second spring when every leaf is a flower.

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Autumn is a second spring when every leaf is a flower.

Fiery colors begin their yearly conquest
of the hills, propelled by the autumn winds.
Fall is the artist.

Takayuki Ikkaku



Fiery colors begin their yearly conquest of the hills,
propelled by the autumn winds. Fall is the artist.

Fiery colors begin their yearly conquest of the hills,
propelled by the autumn winds. Fall is the artist.

Fiery colors begin their yearly conquest of the hills,
propelled by the autumn winds. Fall is the artist.

Fiery colors begin their yearly conquest of the hills,
propelled by the autumn winds. Fall is the artist.

The leaves fall, the wind blows, and the farm country slowly changes from the summer cottons into its winter wools.

Henry Beston



The leaves fall, the wind blows,
and the farm country slowly changes
from the summer cottons into its winter wools.

The leaves fall, the wind blows,
and the farm country slowly changes
from the summer cottons into its winter wools.

It was one of those perfect English
autumnal days which occur
more frequently in memory than in life.

P. D. James



It was one of those perfect English autumnal days
which occur more frequently in memory than in life.

It was one of those perfect English autumnal days
which occur more frequently in memory than in life.

It was one of those perfect English autumnal days
which occur more frequently in memory than in life.

It was one of those perfect English autumnal days
which occur more frequently in memory than in life.

Land really is the best art.

Andy Warhol



Land really is the best art.

Land really is the best art.

Land really is the best art.

Land really is the best art.

Land really is the best art.

Land really is the best art.

All art is an imitation of nature.

Seneca



All art is an imitation of nature.

All art is an imitation of nature.

All art is an imitation of nature.

All art is an imitation of nature.

All art is an imitation of nature.

All art is an imitation of nature.

Art is born of the observation
and investigation of nature.

Cicero



Art is born of the observation
and investigation of nature.

Art is born of the observation
and investigation of nature.

Art is born of the observation
and investigation of nature.

Art is born of the observation
and investigation of nature.

Memory feeds imagination.

Amy Tan



Memory feeds imagination.

Memory feeds imagination.

Memory feeds imagination.

Memory feeds imagination.

Memory feeds imagination.

Memory feeds imagination.

Memory is a man's real
possession...In nothing else is he rich,
in nothing else is he poor.

Alexander Smith



Memory is a man's real possession...In nothing
else is he rich, in nothing else is he poor.

Memory is a man's real possession...In nothing
else is he rich, in nothing else is he poor.

Memory is a man's real possession...In nothing
else is he rich, in nothing else is he poor.

Memory is a man's real possession...In nothing
else is he rich, in nothing else is he poor.

Nothing is as far away as one minute ago.

Jim Bishop



Nothing is as far away as one minute ago.

Nothing is as far away as one minute ago.

Nothing is as far away as one minute ago.

Nothing is as far away as one minute ago.

Nothing is as far away as one minute ago.

Nothing is as far away as one minute ago.



After the last word,
your own words continue.

How would you like to remember a scene from your walk?

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