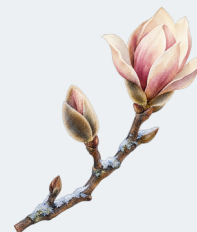
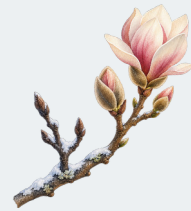


Writing through the Seasons

Words to Stay With



Collection 24

10 quotations · English tracing · 14 pages

Making this book yours

Move through spring, summer, autumn and winter, then return to the possibility of spring.

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	Spring is a true reconstructionist.	4
02	If we had no winter, the spring would not be so pleasant: if we did not sometimes taste of adversity, prosperity would not be so welcome.	5
03	In summer, the song sings itself.	6
04	The summer night is like a perfection of thought.	7
05	Summer afternoon - Summer afternoon... the two most beautiful words in the English language.	8
06	Autumn is a second spring when every leaf is a flower.	9
07	Fiery colors begin their yearly conquest of the hills, propelled by the autumn winds. Fall is the artist.	10
08	The leaves fall, the wind blows, and the farm country slowly changes from the summer cottons into its winter wools.	11
09	Every mile is two in winter.	12
10	If winter comes, can spring be far behind?	13

Spring is a true reconstructionist.

Henry Timrod



Spring is a true reconstructionist.

Spring is a true reconstructionist.

Spring is a true reconstructionist.

Spring is a true reconstructionist.

Spring is a true reconstructionist.

Spring is a true reconstructionist.

If we had no winter,
the spring would not be so pleasant:
if we did not sometimes taste of adversity,
prosperity would not be so welcome.

Anne Bradstreet



If we had no winter, the spring would not be so pleasant:
if we did not sometimes taste of adversity,
prosperity would not be so welcome.

If we had no winter, the spring would not be so pleasant:
if we did not sometimes taste of adversity,
prosperity would not be so welcome.

In summer, the song sings itself.

William Carlos Williams



In summer, the song sings itself.

In summer, the song sings itself.

In summer, the song sings itself.

In summer, the song sings itself.

In summer, the song sings itself.

In summer, the song sings itself.

The summer night is like
a perfection of thought.

Wallace Stevens



The summer night is like a perfection of thought.

The summer night is like a perfection of thought.

The summer night is like a perfection of thought.

The summer night is like a perfection of thought.

The summer night is like a perfection of thought.

The summer night is like a perfection of thought.

Summer afternoon - Summer afternoon...
the two most beautiful words
in the English language.

Henry James



Summer afternoon - Summer afternoon...
the two most beautiful words in the English language.

Summer afternoon - Summer afternoon...
the two most beautiful words in the English language.

Summer afternoon - Summer afternoon...
the two most beautiful words in the English language.

Summer afternoon - Summer afternoon...
the two most beautiful words in the English language.

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

Albert Camus



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

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

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

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

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

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.

Every mile is two in winter.

George Herbert



Every mile is two in winter.

Every mile is two in winter.

Every mile is two in winter.

Every mile is two in winter.

Every mile is two in winter.

Every mile is two in winter.

If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

Percy Bysshe Shelley



If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

If winter comes, can spring be far behind?



After the last word,
your own words continue.

How would you describe the present season in one sentence of your own?

Words to Stay With

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