

Susan Coolidge ∞ Not Quite Eighteen



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It was Midsummers Day, that delightful point toward which the whole year climbs, and from which it slips off like an ebbing wave in the direction of the distant winter. No wonder that superstitious people in old times gave this day to the fairies, for it is the most beautiful day of all. The world seems full of bird-songs, sunshine, and flower-smells then storm and sorrow appear impossible things the barest and ugliest spot takes on a brief charm and, for the moment, seems lovely and desirable.