

We sat there in the marsh, with the marsh smell coming strong on the breeze and the soft flakes of snow falling, drinking what was left of the coffee and eating the apples and Miss Lottie's cookies we had stolen out of the crock. The red-winged blackbirds had shut up, and there was only an occasional string of ducks flying low under the solid clouds. It was getting colder all the time.

"We had a pretty good morning," the Old Man said. "I thought you did pretty good for an amateur. I guess you feel like celebrating some; so I suggest you row the boat home. It'll calm you down."

The Old Man And The Boy by Robert Ruark.
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