

a lunar moth appears



$\boldsymbol{m f}$ with a glowing sense of adventure


the moth flies away, laughing.
trum m m m m m m m m m m m bo. bo

$\boldsymbol{p}$
gathering mushrooms very freely
$\delta^{\prime}=c .70$

mysteriously


Ted.
simply

secretly



Ted.

in the shade


$$
d=54
$$

naively and as if in a dream

(a little faster)

$\boldsymbol{f}$ (and a little faster)



"It doesn't follow that she was lost, because she had lost herself, though."
iv


2

v - autumn thought



