



**Tory Island, pastel, 51 x 71 cm (20 x 28")**

It's afternoon and "Twig" is well on its way. I may be able to finish today because it's still bright, though starting to darken. I would rather work in the dying twilight than turn on lights. Suddenly I'm finished, but I'm not entirely satisfied with the result. Perhaps I should've done that, or that. Next time.

I'll work on "Fire" now that the light has faded.

### **Wednesday**

Today there is lashing hail and snow with Force 10 gale winds. It's nearly dark, but flashes of sun peep out

every once in awhile. My window emits a high-pitched howl. The "Fire" painting is looking pretty fierce and needs a lot of the smoke dusted in and dark greens to balance it.

It's 4.30 p.m. but pitch black outside with the blizzard in full force. "Fire" has taken me most of the day, with only one quick break, but I finish it. It's fiercer than I meant it to be, but I'm satisfied with it. I feel very weary after today's work, more tired than if I had changed paintings. The high wind is also exhausting.

**"The clouds have whipped away and the sun has come out during a midmorning break, so I change over and start on 'Twig.' I'm sorry to cut off work from 'Fire' because it's going well, but using the light is more precious."**