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Title	Now the sun dipped deeper below the horizon ...[Page from Early (first?) draft: holograph and typescript, corrected the manuscript of Under the Sea Wind.]
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Now the sun dipped deeper below the horizon; the greyness of the nights deepened; the hours of twilight lengthened.

~~Now~~ the rains that came more often and lashed with sharper violence were matched by a gentler rain as the flowers of the tundra dropped their petals. ~~in token of the passing of another summer.~~ The foodstuffs - the starches and the fats - had been stored away in the seeds to nourish the precious embryos, into which had passed the immortal substance of the parent plants. The summer's work was done. No more need of bright petals to lure the pollen-carrying bees; so cast them off. No more need of leaves spread to catch the sunshine and harness it to chlorophyll and air and water. Let the green pigments fade. Put on the reds and yellows, then let the leaves fall, too, and the stocks wither away. Summer is dying.

Soon the first white hairs appeared ⁱⁿ ~~on~~ the coats of the weasels, and the hair of the caribou began to lengthen. —————>

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