

Late Summer

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Yesterday, Sunday, I had my 14-year-old grandson with me for the afternoon. Since his father wisely decrees blocs of time as "no screen" time...meaning no iPod Touch, no iPhone, no laptop, no TV....and Sunday was in that category....I tried to interest my grandson in a book. But he disdained any of my offerings. When I asked what books he had liked recently, he couldn't think of the author's name immediately but he listed "War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," and "The Time Machine." *H.G. Wells!* I said. Yep. That was it.

I have just ordered some Asimov for him in hopes that they will appeal. Of course school will re-open soon and he probably won't have time for much recreational reading.

Yesterday, instead of reading, we played Yahtze for a while; then he went out with a camera and did some fabulous nature photography. He got a close-up of a hummingbird—and said he would email me a copy so perhaps I can post it here later—that is astounding.

The air is starting to feel like fall coming, actually, and school starting. The crisp nights. The late summer flowers. Monarch butterflies. Apples in the trees. It all makes me want to go buy a lunch box with a map of the USA on it, and a few new pencils.

And what am I reading? On a friend's recommendation: *The Unlikely Pilgrimage of Harold Fry*, by Rachel Joyce. And on the basis of a review: *The Light Between Oceans*, by M.L. Stedman.

Here's Alfie, looking bored.



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