

The nth Day Ends

2003 November 3, 4:01PM.

I won't fill you in on the background of anything; I have to start sometime, and it might as well be now.

The box is coming along well, better this afternoon once I gave up for the time being trying to make *A Thing* to cut trunnels. I turned instead to getting the bottom finished: I am putting a low divider in towards the front of the box and cut the rebates and tenons on it this afternoon. The work went really smoothly and pleasurably; I love it when it happens like this. I would've kept going but I wanted to get in here (the library computer lab) before 7:00PM, and also home before dark.

I began today feeling pretty down and wanted only to sit in my room and read, so that's what I did. Didn't last long though, before I hauled myself out of there and down the hill to school—why on Earth should I feel guilty?! I was sorry I had come when I got here, but after retiring to the library to read *The Unknown Craftsman* for a couple of hours I started to remember what it was that I was so excited and happy about towards the end of last week: letting go and just flowing with the wood; being guided by what *it* wants to do.