


A QUIET VALLEY

 The following account was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker.

On the eastern shore of the Hudson River there is a small town called Greensburgh. This place is better known as Tarry Town. It was given this name by the wives of that area because on market days their husbands ‘tarried,’ or wasted time, at the local tavern. I cannot confirm this myself but I mention it just to be precise.

There is a little valley surrounded by high hills about two miles from here. This is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small stream glides through it so silently that it could lull one to sleep. Only the sound of the birds ever interrupts this tranquility.

I remember that, when I was very young, I once wandered into a grove of trees. It was noon, when all nature is strangely quiet. The trees shaded one side of the valley. I couldn’t think of a better place than this little valley where I could escape from the world and its distractions, and quietly dream away the remnants of a troubled life.

Glossary

- **account:** story; report
- **glides:** runs or moves smoothly
- **grove:** small wood
- **late:** dead
- **lull:** relax
- **mention:** say
- **remnants:** the remainder; what is left
- **tavern:** an inn or bar where people can eat and drink
- **troubled:** difficult; with problems