

imagined but is an important part of the weather experience in every landscape.

I spent the rest of the day out in the hills, roaming, thinking about the Rise of Northwood, watching the clouds change and pass. My walk took me onto a road that in turn met a junction with a farm track. The two met at the corner of a field where an open gate led into stubble.

The hedges that ended at the gate funneled the wind: It poured through this opening and pushed me back. A few paces to my left, the wind shifted, weakened, and followed the track. To my right it was weaker again and hugged the road, rolling along the pavement between two high hedges. I walked through the gate and onto the stubble. The wind weakened and shifted yet again.

The wind we feel is molded by our landscape. But it also shapes it, as I had witnessed in the withered saplings of Northwood. All of these winds are driven by the pilot of the upper winds. The higher they are, the more confident we can be that they will faithfully forecast any major changes in the weather. But our experience is richer for noticing the smaller changes we live among.

