

Acknowledgements

“Writing, at its best, is a lonely life.”¹ This sentence repeatedly occurred to me whenever I experienced a deep sense of loneliness during composing. It seems to relieve my uneasiness for I know that I chose to take this path “less traveled by” and I know “how way leads on to way.”² I cannot foresee what awaits me. The only thing that I am sure of is that literature will continually have a profound influence on my future.

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¹ The sentence is from Ernest Hemingway’s banquet speech for The Nobel Prize in Literature, 1954.

² Robert Frost’s “The Road not Taken”

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