



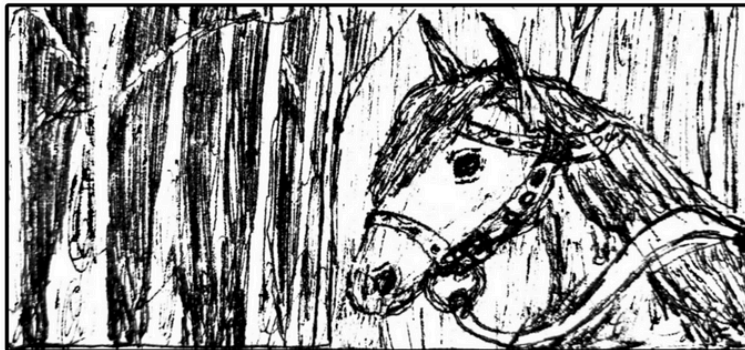
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Robert Frost

*Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.*



*My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.*



*He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.*



*The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.*

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Ananya Acharya

An illustration of Robert Frost's widely loved titular poem, done in black ink on white paper.



Ananya is just a girl, standing in front of her window, chirping at birds to confuse them. She writes, paints, and evidently uses humour as her defence-mechanism. Ananya hosts a monthly book club called 'Khuli Kitaab'. She survives on music, coffee, and randomly (strategically) referencing popular film dialogues. She loves a good tree.

