

# **A FAREWELL TO ARMS**

*by Ernest Hemingway*

At night, there was the feeling that we  
had come home, feeling no longer alone,  
waking in the night to find the other one  
there, and not gone away;  
all other things were unreal.

We slept when we were tired and if we  
woke the other one woke too so one was  
not alone. Often a man wishes to be alone  
and a woman wishes to be alone too and  
if they love each other they are jealous of  
that in each other, but I can truly say we  
never felt that.

We could feel alone when we were  
together, alone against the others.  
We were never lonely and never afraid  
when we were together.

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