

WEATHER, BEST QUOTES ON

Fog makes an island of every man.

--Emma Donoghue

July had found its fiercest day yet. The sky was ironed into an acid blue, and even the clouds had fallen from the edges, leaving a faultless page of summer above our heads. Even so, there were those who still nurtured mistrust. We walked past cardigans draped across elbows and raincoats bundled into shopping bags, and one woman who carried an umbrella wedged into her armpit, like artillery. It seemed that people couldn't quite let go of the weather, and felt the need to carry every form of it around with them, at all times, for safekeeping.

--Joanna Cannon

It is a common fault of men not to reckon on storms in fair weather.

--Niccolò Machiavelli

Chicago has only two seasons: winter and construction.

--Beth Evans

Falling asleep while the rain is clashing down on the window is nature's best lullaby.

--Kim Pape

You become the weather you live in.

--Iain Pears

She grabbed her jacket, although the weatherman had promised a return to seasonable temperatures. But given his record, she saw no reason to trust him. What other occupation got to retain their jobs when they were right only half the time?

--Kylie Brant

The early morning had a faint drizzle in it. Tiny specks, a day that meant itself to be fine but had somehow leaked.

--Jock Serong

It's so windy even the trees are having a bad-hair day.

--Adele Threadgold

There was no such thing as bad weather, only the wrong clothes.

--James Runcie

Weather, whether it is kind or causing trouble, shapes who we are and has done so from the beginning.

--Tristan Gooley

Every weather is enjoyable if your feelings are delightful.

--Ehsan Sehgal

I'm certain that our friends from around the world find it hilarious that as soon as the sun makes an appearance we rush to sit out on our patios and balconies clutching hot drinks. Isn't it lovely? We tell each other, our voices barely audible through the chatter of our teeth.

Even in summer the Scottish weather can be so changeable that we have learned to adapt our gardens, putting up seagrass walls to shield lawns and installing barbeques in sunken courtyards in an attempt to prevent being driven inside by the wind.

--Gabriella Bennett

There is nothing quite like the smell of rain on a grass field after a sunny spell.

--Fuad Alakbarov

The sky's gray and there's mizzle. It's so soft on my skin—it's nothing like rain. It's even softer than the lightest drizzle! Lift my face up, so it can kiss my skin.

--Jenn Fagan

Every Canadian has a complicated relationship with the United States, whereas Americans think of Canada as the place where the weather comes from.

—Margaret Atwood

It's so dry the trees are bribing the dogs.

--Charles Martin

All at once, it seemed, the leaves of cottonwood trees around the cabin turned golden and whispered to themselves, then curled into black flutes and floated to the ground in crispy, lacy heaps.

--Kristin Hannah

A change in the weather is sufficient to recreate the world and ourselves.

--Marcel Proust

After three days men grow weary, of a wench, a guest, and weather rainy.
--Benjamin Franklin

Don't knock the weather. If it didn't change once in a while, nine out of ten people
couldn't start a conversation.
--Kim Hubbard

My mom says that when it rains you never feel like you should be anywhere but
home.
--Elise Broach

The month of August had turned into a griddle where the days just lay there and
sizzled.
--Sue Monk Kidd

At that time, I well remember whatever could excite—certain accidents of the
weather, for instance, were almost dreaded by me, because they woke the being I
was always lulling, and stirred up a craving cry I could not satisfy. One night a
thunder-storm broke; a sort of hurricane shook us in our beds: the Catholics rose in
panic and prayed to their saints. As for me, the tempest took hold of me with
tyranny: I was roughly roused and obliged to live. I got up and dressed myself, and
creeping outside the basement close by my bed, sat on its ledge, with my feet on the
roof of a lower adjoining building. It was wet, it was wild, it was pitch dark. Within
the dormitory they gathered round the night-lamp in consternation, praying loud. I
could not go in: too resistless was the delight of staying with the wild hour, black
and full of thunder, pealing out such an ode as language never delivered to man—
too terribly glorious, the spectacle of clouds, split and pierced by white and blinding
bolts.

--Charlotte Brontë

It always rains on tents. Rainstorms will travel thousands of miles, against
prevailing winds for the opportunity to rain on a tent.
--Dave Barry

The sun did not shine. It was too wet to play. So we sat in the house. All that cold,
cold, wet day.
--Dr. Seuss

April is the cruelest month, breeding
lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
memory and desire, stirring
dull roots with spring rain.

—T. S. Eliot

The storm starts, when the drops start dropping
When the drops stop dropping then the storm starts stopping.

--Dr. Seuss

October extinguished itself in a rush of howling winds and driving rain and
November arrived, cold as frozen iron, with hard frosts every morning and icy drafts
that bit at exposed hands and faces.

—J. K. Rowling

Is not this a true autumn day? Just the still melancholy that I love--that makes life
and nature harmonise. The birds are consulting about their migrations, the trees
are putting on the hectic or the pallid hues of decay, and begin to strew the ground,
that one's very footsteps may not disturb the repose of earth and air, while they give
us a scent that is a perfect anodyne to the restless spirit. Delicious autumn! My very
soul is wedded to it, and if I were a bird I would fly about the earth seeking the
successive autumns.

--George Eliot

Rain makes me feel less alone. All rain is, is a cloud- falling apart, and pouring its
shattered pieces down on top of you. It makes me feel good to know I'm not the only
thing that falls apart. It makes me feel better to know other things in nature can
shatter.

--Lone Alaskan Gypsy

A lot of people like snow. I find it to be an unnecessary freezing of water.

--Carl Reiner

When all is said and done, the weather and love are the two elements about which
one can never be sure.

--Alice Hoffman

But who wants to be foretold the weather? It is bad enough when it comes, without
our having the misery of knowing about it beforehand.

--Jerome K. Jerome

From where we stand the rain seems random. If we could stand somewhere else, we
would see the order in it.

--Tony Hillerman

The sky is blue today,...and there is a big long cloud, and it's stretched out, like a
rope. At the end of it, the sun is like a yellow hole.

--Markus Zusak

Thunderstorms are as much our friends as the sunshine.

--Criss Jami

Here are some obvious things about the weather:

It's real.

You can't change it by wishing it away.

If it's dark and rainy, it really is dark and rainy, and you can't alter it.

It might be dark and rainy for two weeks in a row.

BUT

It will be sunny one day.

It isn't under one's control when the sun comes out, but come out it will.

One day.

It really is the same with one's moods, I think. The wrong approach is to believe that they are illusions. Depression, anxiety, listlessness—these are all real as the weather—AND EQUALLY NOT UNDER ONE'S CONTROL.

Not one's fault.

BUT

They will pass: really they will.

--Stephen Fry

Summer in the deep South is not only a season, a climate, it's a dimension. Floating in it, one must be either proud or submerged.

--Eugene Walter

Too much sun after a Syracuse winter does strange things to your head, makes you feel strong, even if you aren't.

--Laurie Halse Anderson

By early evening all the sky to the north had darkened and the spare terrain they trod had turned a neuter gray as far as the eye could see. They grouped in the road at the top of a rise and looked back. The storm front towered above them and the wind was cool on their sweating faces. They slumped bleary-eyed in their saddles and looked at one another. Shrouded in the black thunderheads the distant lightning glowed mutely like welding seen through foundry smoke. As if repairs were under way at some flawed place in the iron dark of the world.

--Cormac McCarthy

There are cities that get by on their good looks, offer climate and scenery, views of mountains or oceans, rockbound or with palm trees; and there are cities like Detroit that have to work for a living, whose reason for being might be geographical but whose growth is based on industry, jobs. Detroit has its natural attractions: lakes all over the place, an abundance of trees and four distinct seasons for those who like variety in their weather, everything but hurricanes and earth-quakes. But it's never been the kind of city people visit and fall in love with because of its charm or think, gee, wouldn't this be a nice place to live.

--Elmore Leonard

Listen to th' wind wutherin' round the house, she said. You could bare stand up on the moor if you was out on it tonight.

Mary did not know what wutherin' meant until she listened, and then she understood. It must mean that hollow shuddering sort of roar which rushed round and round the house, as if the giant no one could see were buffeting it and beating at the walls and windows to try to break in. But one knew he could not get in, and somehow it made one feel very safe and warm inside a room with a red coal fire.

--Frances Hodgson
Burnett

Pray don't talk to me about the weather....Whenever people talk to me about the weather, I always feel quite certain that they mean something else. And that makes me quite nervous.

--Oscar Wilde

The fruition of the year had come and the night should have been fine with a moon in the sky and the crisp sharp promise of frost in the air, but it wasn't that way. It rained and little puddles of water shone under the street lamps on Main Street. In the woods in the darkness beyond the Fair Ground water dripped from the black trees.

--Sherwood Anderson

A small and sinister snow seems to be coming down relentlessly at present. The radio says it is eventually going to be sleet and rain, but I don't think so; I think it is just going to go on and on, coming down, until the whole world...etc. It has that look.

--Edward Gorey

It reminded me of what Dad said after every snail's crawl home from Albany when snow hit. It's New York, people. It's winter. We get snow. If you arent prepared to deal with it, move to Miami.

--Kelley Armstrong

Even after the stormiest weather, a true warrior will still reflect the brilliant rays of the magnificent sun through both his or her eyes. You may get hit by sudden lightning or take severe beatings from the cruel wind, but you will always get back up and stand strong on your feet again, soak in the sunlight, and be prepared to get hit by even the most merciless hail--time and time again.

--Suzy Kassem

There was something horribly depressing, she felt, about watching the weather report. That life could be planned like the perfect summer picnic drained it of spontaneity.

--Galt Niederhoffer

There is no way that we can predict the weather six months ahead beyond giving the seasonal average.

--Stephen Hawking

Winter teetered on the verge of succumbing to the returning sun, but today the breeze still preferred the touch of snowflakes.

--Rue

He cursed himself for having assumed the weather would be sunny. Perhaps it was the result of evolution, he thought--some adaptive gene that allowed the English to go on making blithe outdoor plans in the face of almost certain rain.

--Helen Simonson

It is not summer, England doesn't have summer, it has continuous autumn with a fortnight's variation here and there.

--Natasha Pulley

Life is no different than the weather. Not only is it unpredictable, but it shows us a new perspective of the world every day.

--Suzy Kassem

These marvels were great and comfortable ones, but in the old England there was a greater still. The weather behaved itself.

In the spring all the little flowers came out obediently in the meads, and the dew sparkled, and the birds sang; in the summer it was beautifully hot for no less than four months, and, if it did rain just enough for agricultural purposes, they managed to arrange it so that it rained while you were in bed; in the autumn the leaves flamed and rattled before the west winds, tempering their sad adieu with glory; and in the winter, which was confined by statute to two months, the snow lay evenly, three feet thick, but never turned into slush.

—T. H. White

There is no weather in malls.

--Charles Baxter

The sun was as flirty as Scarlett O'Hara with the Tarleton twins, breaking through the clouds in spectacular bursts that seemed like personal favors and then retreating for hours, days, and making us all ache for just a glimpse.

--Lorna Landvik

The sight of the angry weather saddens my soul and the sight of the town, sitting like a bereaved mother beneath layers of ice, oppresses my heart.

--Kahlil Gibran

It was March. The days of March creeping gustily on like something that man couldn't hinder and God wouldn't hurry.

--Enid Bagnold

The coast is an edgy place. Living on the coast presents certain stark realities and a wild, rare beauty. Continent confronts ocean. Weather intensifies. It's a place of tide and tantrum; of flirtations among fresh and saltwaters, forests and shores; of tense negotiations with an ocean that gives much but demands more. Every year the raw rim that is this coast gets hammered and reshaped like molten bronze. This place roils with power and a sometimes terrible beauty. The coast remains youthful, daring, uncertain about tomorrow. The guessing, the risk; in a way, we're all thrill seekers here.

--Carl Safina

If you don't like the weather in New England now, just wait a few minutes.

--Mark Twain

The weather and my mood have little connection. I have my foggy and my fine days within me; my prosperity or misfortune has little to do with the matter.

--Blaise Pascal

The name Alaska is probably an abbreviation of *Unalaska*, derived from the original Aleut word *agunalaksh*, which means the shores where the sea breaks its back. The war between water and land is never-ending. Waves shatter themselves in spent fury against the rocky bulwarks of the coast; giant tides eat away the sand beaches and alter the entire contour of an island overnight; williwaw winds pour down the side of a volcano like snow sliding off a roof, building to a hundred-mile velocity in a matter of minutes and churning the ocean into a maelstrom where the stoutest vessels founder.

--Corey Ford

Weather is a purely personal matter. There is no such thing as a climate that is cold or hot, good or bad, healthy or unhealthy. People take it upon themselves to create a fantasy in their imagination and call it weather. There's only one climate in the world, but the message that nature sends is interpreted according to strictly personal, non-transferable rules.

--Álvaro Mutis

The rain thundered down so heavily that Pritam could imagine that space itself was made of water and was pouring through rents in the sky's tired fabric.

--Stephen M. Irwin

In February the weather sometimes gave us a vacation, in August, never.

--Katherine Paterson

No wonder...that the panhandle people were a godly lot, for they lived in sudden, violent atmospheres. Weather kept them humble....It was real muggy earlier, hot enough to cook a bear.

--Annie Proulx

Installing massive amounts of wireless devices into every city may eventually be proven to be a global weather modification system.

--Steven Magee

If I could decide on the weather, there would be many foggy mornings and dark days full of wind, rain, snow and cold... all this for you would be your last burden of my selfishness.

--Rolf van der Wind

Retired life in Florida didn't offer a whole lot of excitement. 'Forty below in Fargo!' she'd exclaim. 'I can't believe it! Why, at home it's probably seventy-five or eighty.' It was always seventy-five or eighty at home, even when it was actually a hundred and twelve or in the midst of a hurricane.

--Gillian Roberts

No Orkney weather lasts long, and you can see new weather coming a long way off. There are frequent scraps of rainbow. And birds. At any point you can stop walking, or pull over and lower the car window and hear the cries of peewits and tremulous curlews.

--Kathleen Jamie

Rain always seems to me like a thousand little kisses from Heaven.

--Elke Heinrich

There were so many things Astra would miss from the other three seasons: the first crocuses bursting through the still-cold soil, robins hopping around in the thawing snow, the sun beating down on her face at a Brewsters game, the air sticky but bearable because she knew it would end when the season shifted into fall, the noticeable change in August when the humidity evaporated and the night temperatures dropped, the inevitable morning in October when she woke up to the world iced in frost, like a giant baker had sprinkled everything with powdered sugar.

--Amy E. Reichert

Rain. I haven't explained rain. The meteorologically inclined among you might be wondering about the planet's weather patterns and water cycle. If you're one of those to whom these things are extremely important, you have my sympathies. It's never too late to develop a personality. Maybe go to a party. But try to avoid topics like weather patterns and water cycles. Unless of course you can do it like me.

--Brandon Sanderson

To notice the weather is to speak to an embodied way of being; it is to recognize our connection to all created things.

--Kat Armas

There's something visceral about a storm in the night, how it tugs at the eaves and rattles the windows like some beast trying to get in.

--David Healey

In the deepest, darkest heart of winter, when the sky resembles bad banana baby food for months on end, and the witch measles that meteorologists call drizzle are a chronic gray rash on the skin of the land, folks all around me sink into a dismal funk. Many are depressed, a few actually suicidal. But I, I grow happier with each fresh storm, each thickening of the crinkly stratocumulus. What's so hot about the sun? I ask. Sunbeams are a lot like tourists: intruding where they don't belong, promoting noise and forced activity, faking a shallow cheerfulness, dumb little cameras slung around their necks. Raindrops, on the other hand, introverted, feral, buddhistically cool, behave as if they were locals. Which, of course, they are.

--Tom Robbins

My bedroom is separated from the main body of my house so that I have to go outside and cross some pseudo-Japanese stepping stones in order to go to sleep at night. Often I get rained on a little bit on my way to bed. It's a benediction. A good night kiss.

—Tom Robbins

Rain is the natural element for romanticism. A dripping fir is a hundred times more sexy than a sunburnt palm tree, and more primal and contemplative, too.

—Tom Robbins

The Pacific Northwest's customary climate is perfect for a writer. It's cozy and intimate. Reducing temptation (how can you possibly play on the beach or work in the yard?), it turns a person inward, connecting them with what Jung called the bottom below the bottom, those areas of the deep unconscious into which every serious writer must spelunk. Directly above my writing desk there is a skylight. This is the window, rain-drummed and bough-brushed, through which my Muse arrives, bringing with her the rhythms and cadences of cloud and water.

—Tom Robbins

Not every local author shares my proclivity for precipitation. Unaware of the poetry they're missing, many malign the mist as malevolently as they non-literary heliotropes do. They wring their damp mitts and fret about rot, cursing the prolonged spillage, claiming they're too dejected to write, that their feet itch (athlete's foot), the roof leaks, they can't stop coughing.

—Tom Robbins

Summer was always the worst season. Everyone always complained about winter, but winter was simple, you just didn't go outside. Summer always tried to sneak in where it was not wanted.

--Katherena Vermette

Storms rinse the sky.

--Anthony Doerr

It was very cold that afternoon, whipping wind, and the city seemed to mirror my mood, which was gray and bleak.

--Hanya Yanagihara

It was the sort of morning that was simply lovely to look at, but felt rather nasty if you had to work out of doors all the time, especially if the soles of your shoes had holes in them.

--Chiara Kilian

Then came the first hint of fog, all silver and gold, and then more and more, turning grey and blue. Fog like that was beautiful, and it was dangerous, for you could get lost in it easily.

--Chiara Kilian

It was morning again and the air was light and sweet. Silver hoarfrost cloaked golden leaves, and cobwebs were wreathed upon dewy grass and shrubs. There was a hint of snow on distant hills on the moor-side of this place, and to both sides of the slim river that moved between the harvested fields bloomed winter flowers.

--Chiara Kilian

Gorgeous blue skies, rolling green hills, the kind of day that made one want to take up painting or maybe develop some kind of poetry habit.

--Erin Sterling

In Britain the wind moaned through the desolate woods, the skies wept, and wet gale-blown leaves pattered against the windows and stuck there, making little pathetic shadows against the steamy glass.

--Rosemary Sutcliff

Appreciate daily suns because rain can reign for months.

--Goitsewang Mvula

Chalk up one plus for Nordic weather: It helped you get where you were going a whole lot faster.

--Mark Frost

When a rainbow smiles, my heart gives me that warm feeling all over.

--Anthony T. Hincks

September days have the warmth of summer in their briefer hours, but in their lengthening evenings a prophetic breath of autumn.

--Rowland E. Robinson

It was bright again, as if England had forgotten how to rain

--Sarah Moss

[The] day...had a summer face and a winter constitution

--Thomas Hardy

I remember just lying in the grass, staring at the clouds, wondering where they drifted off to after they floated over Texas.

--Renee Zellweger

Huge black clouds are moving up from behind the trees, they come up so suddenly that I laugh, they are like puppets, and everything is swirling toward me and there is a long low peal of thunder.

--Audrey Niffenegger

Today, at any moment, more water rushes through the atmosphere than flows through all the world's rivers combined.

--Cynthia Barnett

The weather was gray, the streets filled with that Sunday morning silence that makes you feel like everybody else is home with people that they love.

--Ruth Reichl

The weather reduces everyone to platitudes.

--Gwendolyn Bounds

The water vapor accumulated in the upper atmosphere for so long that when the surface finally cooled enough for the rains to touch down, they poured in catastrophic torrents.

--Cynthia Barnett

Not infrequently in the wide skies over Yuma and other parts of the arid Southwest, residents watch sheets of rain begin to unfurl from auspicious purple storm clouds, backlit by the sun. But the rain stops halfway, hanging mid-horizon like a magician's trick. Known as rain streamers or by their scientific name VIRGA, the half-sheets evaporate into the dry air before the rain can reach the ground.

--Cynthia Barnett

Searching in an ancient rain-fed lake in northern India, paleoclimatologists using radiocarbon dating have discovered that 4,100 years ago, the summer monsoons began a rapid decline. They did not return to normal for two centuries. For an unimaginable two hundred years, the Harappan region saw hardly any rain. Around the same time in China, Egypt, and Mesopotamia, the three other earliest-known civilizations also were lost to the dry sands of history.

--Cynthia Barnett

Any flood would feel like the end of the world if your neighbors drowned and your community washed away. In Mesopotamia when torrential rains hit alongside spring snowmelt, the Tigris and Euphrates would burst their banks, growing the region under hundreds of miles of lakes. Archaeologists say an ancient Sumerian city called Shurruk (Iraq's Tell Fara) was laid waste by flood nearly 5,000 years ago. A Babylonian version of GILGAMESH mentions Shurruk by name. It describes a deluge that wipes out mankind, and a pious king called Ziusudra who overhears from a sympathetic god that the great flood is on its way. Ziusudra builds a huge boat and survives.

--Cynthia Barnett

Weather and climates build empires over aeons, but microclimates create the wondrous moment. Why are there so many vineyards in this cool valley? Ah, the sun is bouncing off the river and giving the vines a double dose of its light. Who could not feel a wave of joy in such a discovery? How many delights are hidden under our noses? Will we ever notice that rainbows are a tiny bit smaller at the coast, because of the salt in the rain? The answer is not as important as the question. The act of looking brings wonder.

--Tristan Gooley

It's that Friday at the end of September when a storm blows in on a warm, muggy morning and it rains all day, but the rain clouds part for a crisp, bracing late afternoon and you know summer has finally lost its grasp.

--Jeff Zentner

The weather. It's like a poem. Where each word is more than one thing at once and everything's a metaphor. The meaning condensed into rhythm and sound and the spaces between sentences. It's all intense and sharp, like the cold and the wind.

--Erin Morgenstern

It was one of those heavy, sultry afternoons when nature seems to be saying to itself, 'Now, shall I, or shall I not, scare the pants off these people with a hell of a thunderstorm?'

--P. G. Wodehouse

Winter crept over Nin stealthily, like a great white cat made of chill mists and sharp-edged winds.

--Alix E. Harrow

You never think much about weather when it's good, but once it gets cold enough to see your breath you can't ignore it. The weather decides when you think about it, not the other way around.

--John Green

The snow gossiped and hinted at storms and birds. It told a new story every morning. Few grinned and sniffed the sharpness of the air. It's the most talkative weather there is.

--Katherine Rundell

75 degrees: the perfect—and possibly only acceptable—temperature.

--Gina Marinello-
Sweeney

It's been sunny for three days, if it rains tomorrow, someone will say summer is over.

--Alain Bremond-Torrent

That's the thing about Ohio--winter drags on so long that once mid-March hits, if it's above forty degrees everyone's outside wearing shorts and t-shirts and dining on patios.

--Kerry Winfrey

When you are worried about the weather, you are worried about everything.

--Mantaranjot Mangat

It is commonly observed, that when two Englishmen meet, their first talk is of the weather; they are in haste to tell each other, what each must already know, that it is hot or cold, bright or cloudy, windy or calm.

--Samuel Johnson

I grounded myself by breathing into my scarf. Memories darted around the brown trees, thousands of them edging up on me. The past for me was 100 percent sad, the way that sometimes weather sites say it's 100 percent humidity outside, but it's still not raining.

--Molly Dektar

The weather had quickly turned cold and dark, an arctic wind stripping the trees bare of leaves, as if the unusually mild weather we had enjoyed on election night had been merely part of an elaborate set.

--Barack Obama

Why do people live in outlandish climates in the temperate zones, as they are miscalled? Because people are naturally idiots, naturally sluggards, naturally cowards. Until I was about ten years old I never realized that there were warm countries, places where you didn't have to sweat for a living, nor shiver and pretend that it was tonic and exhilarating. Wherever there is cold there are people who work themselves to the bone and when they produce young they preach the gospel of work—which is nothing, at bottom, but the doctrine of inertia.

--Henry Miller

When even shadows need shadows to cool off, you must know that the weather is incredibly hot!

--Mehmet Murat ildan

How deeply, the passing moods of weather affected our own.

--Meeta Ahluwalia

Weather here in this part of the world is just as moody, just as subjective and disloyal, as people.

--Jackie Kay

Hot weather brings out snakes and slaveholders, and I like one class of the venomous creatures as little as I do the other. What a comfort it is, to be free to say so!

--Harriet Ann Jacobs

The wind does not change, the wind only blows and gusts, and it swells and swirls, and it whispers.

--Christopher X. Shade

It's the hottest April in living and dead memory. So hot that the crows are flying with their tongues hanging out of their heads.

--Jess Kidd

Weather is a kind of Rorschach test. We see in it what we need to see, or what we feel is missing from our lives.

--Richard Mabey

It is very cold
walking into the long scraped April wind.
At this time of the year there is no sunset
just some movements inside the light and then a sinking away.

--Anne Carson

Here is nothing called 'bad or rough weather'! It is just 'weather'. The cyclone, earthquake, rainfall etc. are normal processes of nature. Ironically, if they occur, we call them 'bad'!

--Md. Ziaul Haque

I lived in Ireland. This meant it was only summer for 24 hours and the rest of the time it's freezing.

--Elizabeth McGivern

Window weather. It's not charming, or wimpish, but a state of mind in which a fairly serious hope, that winter is over, that life is returning, is lost. It's the antithesis of Easter.

--Sarah Moss

There are two seasons in Scotland: June and Winter

--Billy Connolly

In the first week of April the weather turned suddenly, unseasonably, insistently lovely. The sky was blue, the air warm and windless, and the sun beamed on the muddy ground with all the sweet impatience of June. Toward the fringe of the wood, the young trees were yellow with the first tinge of new leaves; woodpeckers laughed and drummed in the copses and, lying in bed with my window open, I could hear the rush and gurgle of the melted snow running in the gutters all night long.

In the second week of April everyone waited anxiously to see if the weather would hold. It did, with serene assurance. Hyacinth and daffodil bloomed in the flower beds, violet and periwinkle in the meadows; damp, bedraggled white butterflies fluttered drunkenly in the hedgerows. I put away my winter coat and overshoes and walked around, nearly light-headed with joy, in my shirtsleeves.

--Donna Tartt

The next morning was grey and much more typical of early autumn. All I wanted to do was cocoon myself in layers of sweaters and stay in my room.

--Deborah Harkness

Lightning forked toward the dry earth, the white light streaking across the sky as if bony fingers reached into the purpling cloud. Thunder shuddered through the early night, the vibrations of it rolling through the cracked soil.

--Alannah K. Pearson

Tornadoes are so unpredictable that you never know what's going to happen. From the distance they are an amazing piece of nature. Up close they are deadly.

--Jessica Madden

Thankfully the rain had softened to a light drizzle, but the murky gray of the sky painted a dreary mausoleum atmosphere.

--Rita Herron

The weather was so contrary and fierce that the rain wasn't mere rain or the wind freezing wind--this was a conspiracy of the elements.

--Georges Simenon

The real weather is not the weather outside but the weather inside your mind!

--Mehmet Murat ildan

Wispy clouds blew quickly across the sky, leaving a large swatch of clear cerulean blue. The wispy clouds foretold of a weather change. The crystal, clear, blue sky topped the Antwerpen blue of the ocean.

--Sharon Brubaker

She hates the ever-falling winter rain,
the gray and endless humidity
that bites to the bone and stings
even after the hot bath and stiff
struggle into bed and under the quilts,

--Marian Blue

The next time you go to crank up the AC, remember there are people who walk for miles in the hot sun daily for a few sips of unclean water.

—Shenita Etwaroo

I don't much remember what the weather has been like during my life. True, I can remember how hot sun gave greater impetus to sex; how sudden snow delighted, and how cold, damp days set off those early symptoms that eventually led to a double hip replacement. But nothing significant in my life ever happened during, let alone because of, weather.

--Julian Barnes

Washington, D.C. is so confusing in the spring. The days grow increasingly hot and humid, but the nights hold on to winter for as long as possible. On some days the grass is still frosted over in the mornings, stiff and crunchy, even if it wilts before the first class starts. If you are not careful you get caught in the weather's nostalgia and at night, a windbreaker or a sweater isn't enough.

--Uzodinma Iweala

The madcap English weather which had been putting on a passable imitation of June now decided to play March.

--Iris Murdoch

Terrible, dreepy, dark February weather I remember, and the worst, most frightened days of my life.

--Sebastian Barry

In the summer, I complained about the heat. I remember it was unbearable, but the memory no longer seems truly real. With the white ground and frost in the air, I convince myself I would give anything to sweat once more—and if I did, I do not doubt I would yearn to return to this cold. Man is a fickle creature.

--Conn Iggulden

The wind I hear it sighing, with autumn's saddest sound; withered leaves all thick are lying, as spring-flowers on the ground. This dark night has won me to wander far away; old feelings gather fast upon me.

--Emily Brontë

It was early summer. And everything, as it always does, began to heave and change.
--Helen Garner

The world doesn't run on logic, it runs on the seven deadly sins and the weather.
--Alan Furst

It is one of the oddest and sometimes one of the most charming characteristics of English weather that at times one season borrows complete days from another, spring from summer, winter from spring. And it may be that these milky days of winter, which seem borrowed from April, are automatically filled with the sadness of things out of their time.

—H. E. Bates

It was Friday, so the farmers' market was in full autumnal swing, a sea of potted chrysanthemums and bushel after bushel of apples, pears, Fauvist gourds, and pumpkins with erotically fanciful stems. On one table stood galvanized buckets of the year's final roses; on another, skeins of yarn in muted, soulful purples and reds. Walter loved this part of the season—and not just because it was the time of year his restaurant flourished, when people felt the first yearnings to sit by a fire, to eat stew and bread pudding and meatloaf, drink cider and toddies and cocoa. He loved the season's transient intensity, its gaudy colors and tempestuous skies.

--Julia Glass

When I lived in Los Angeles I never savored warm nights. You don't savor things that last forever.

--Taylor Jenkins Reid

Quinnipeague in August was a lush green place where inchworms dangled from trees whose leaves were so full that the eaten parts were barely missed. Mornings meant 'thick o' fog' that caught on rooftops and dripped, blurring weathered gray shingles while barely muting the deep pink of rosa rugosa or the hydrangea's blue. Wood smoke filled the air on rainy days, pine sap on sunny ones, and wafting through it all was the briny smell of the sea.

--Barbara Delinsky

The air is impressively warm and close, as thick as honey.

--Lucy Foley

The most important thing that most people get from the news is the prediction of the following day's weather, which most people are usually able to predict correctly by themselves.

--Mokokoma Mokhonoana

It was as if the curtains came down on all this, if not entirely obliterated it, when the monsoon rose up in the thunderous clouds from the parched valley below to engulf the hills, invade them with the opaque mist in which a pine tree or a mountain top appeared only intermittently, and then unleashed a downpour that brought Ravi's rambling to a halt and confined him to the house for days at a time, deafened by the rain drumming on the rooftop and cascading down the gutters and through the spouts to rush downhill in torrents.

--Anita Desai

One thing that has remained constant, across four centuries, has been the desire for a British person to fill a silence with talk of the weather, and whenever I have lived there I was no exception to this rule.

--Matt Haig

It's that magnificent interlude in New York between winter and spring, when you feel the warmth stirring, and you remember that the dreadful naked trees will inevitably sprout tiny green buds, soon. Everyone rushes into the parks, the streets--and you even forget that, very soon, summer will come scorchingly, dropping from the sky like a blanket of steam...

--John Rechy

Autumn used to be our favorite, drinking spiced apple cider between caramel apple kisses. Flannels and new love flickering in candlelight. So, I hoped for a change in us in the fading summer. That we might remember the smells of the cider and the sweet sticky kisses. The warmth of our love, so vibrant and new. But as the seasons changed, I saw a change in us. And, I watched our love wither as the last leaves fell.

--Liz Newman

Between the thermals, downdrafts, and quirky winds, I wasn't sure how anybody kept the things aloft except with a liberal application of positive thought.

--Craig Johnson

Snow

While falling it hides your passage
When finished it documents your path

--Richard L. Ratliff

The water came in a 30-year cycle. There would be five to six wet and wonderful years when there might be 19 to 25 inches of rain, and the land would shout with grass. Then would come six or seven pretty good years of 12 to 16 inches of rain. And then the dry years would come.

--John Steinbeck

There, on the far side of of the Atlantic, would be Maine, but despite the shared ocean, her island and this one were worlds apart. Where Inishmaan was gray and brown, its fragile man-made soil supporting only the hardiest of low-growing plants, the fertile Quinnipeague invited tall pines in droves, not to mention vegetables, flowers, and improbable, irrepressible herbs. Lifting her head, eyes closed now, she breathed in the damp Irish air and the bit of wood smoke that drifted on the cold ocean wind. Quinnipeague smelled of wood smoke, too, since early mornings there could be chilly, even in summer. But the wood smoke would clear by noon, giving way to the smell of lavender, balsam, and grass. If the winds were from the west, there would be fry smells from the Chowder House; if from the south, the earthiness of the clam flats; if from the northeast, the purity of sweet salt air.

--Barbara Delinsky

The sky is grey, with a thin TV-static drizzle that hangs in the air like it's been freeze-framed.

--Scarlett Thomas

Even the southeast side of Grand Rapids must bow to the beauty of a Michigan fall.

--Daniel Abbott

Winter's come and I'm miserable. I hate depression. This self-pity. I'm rather drowning in it. We always get posh when we're miserable. I'm rather empty. Looking outside, the morning is drowning in rain. Is my mind so easily dictated by the weather? What am I, a plant? I have legs to move me inside. Feet to dance. A voice to sing. That tree isn't moping about. Although, if you don't have a mind to mope with, you'll hardly mope in the first place. But all mindful beings mope. Even that tabby cat huddled under the neighbour's car looks miserable.

—F. K. Preston

In the heat, the commonest objects changed their nature. Walls, trees, the very ground one trod on, instead of being cool were warm to the touch: and the sense of touch is the most transfiguring of all the senses. Many things to eat and drink, which one had enjoyed because they were hot, one now shunned for the same reason. Unless restrained by ice, the butter melted. Besides altering or intensifying all smells the heat had a smell of its own--a garden smell, I called it to myself, compounded of the scents of many flowers, and odours loosened from the earth, but with something peculiar to itself which defied analysis. Sounds were fewer and seemed to come from far away, as if Nature grudged the effort. In the heat the senses, the mind, the heart, the body, all told a different tale. One felt another person, one was another person.

—L. P. Hartley

I'm so glad I didn't die on the various occasions I have earnestly wished I might, for I would have missed a lot of lovely weather.

--Elizabeth von Arnim

I always feel myself being thrust back into loneliness when someone tells me it's cold on a hot day. It isn't good to talk so much about the weather—weather is a highly personal matter, and communication on the subject inevitably fails.

--Yōko Tawada

I suddenly realized I was in California. Warm, palmy air—air you can kiss—and palms.

--Jack Kerouac

There were...five kinds of cold. There was wind cold....It was fussy and loud and turned your cheeks as red as if you'd been slapped, but couldn't kill you even if it tried. There was snow cold, which plucked at your arms and chapped your lips, but brought real rewards....The snow was soft and good for making snow wolves. There was ice cold, which might take the skin off your palm if you let it, but probably wouldn't if you were careful. Ice cold smelled sharp and knowing. It often came with blue skies and was good for skating....Then there was hard cold, which was when the ice cold got deeper and deeper until at the end of a month you couldn't remember if the summer had ever really existed. Hard cold could be cruel. Birds died in midflight. It was the kind of cold that you booted and kicked your way through.

And then there was blind cold. Blind cold smelled of metal and granite. It took all the sense out of your brain and blew the snow into your eyes until they were glued shut and you had to rub spit into them before they would blink. Blind cold was forty degrees below zero. This was the kind of cold that you didn't sit down to think in, unless you wanted to be found dead in the same place in May or June.

--Katherine Rundell

When a bookworm finally decides to leave the house, perhaps to explore some literary destination in one of her novels, she will be surprised to know that there is a volatile, often antagonistic force in the real world known as the weather.

--Joyce Rachelle

The sun rises with a surprising intensity, a sign that June Gloom has cleared the runway and July is on approach. We are both tired, and it would've been to return to our bed after our morning walk, read from a book maybe, drift lazily in and out of sleep. But the sun beckons with a blazingly confrontational message: There is darkness, but there is also light. To stay in bed would be to embrace the darkness, the seizures, the octopus. To go outside is to embrace the light.

--Steven Rowley

The fresh and crisp air of the country reminds us that our blood surges from of the natural world and how tied we are to the sprung rhythms of earth and sky, weather and season.

--Kilroy J. Oldster

Being a weatherman in Ireland is about the biggest scam going.

--Rachel Friedman

Weather is cyclical. It's falling and then rising. It's movement. Swaying, drifting, and swirling. It's power. Gravity, evaporation, and erosion. It's a potpourri of human emotion. Happiness, sadness, elation, and disappointment.

--Alex Z. Moores

As a kid, snow served the useful purpose of closing schools. As an adult—it shuts down any activity a decent, suntanned person over the age of thirty-five enjoys. I don't do snow forts, snowballs, snow angels, snowmen, snowmobiles, or snowshoes. I don't like to walk in it, drive in it, ski on it, or sled on it. Other than that, snow is just ducky.

--Michael Holbrook

Texas...was evidently the only place in the known universe, including Louisiana, that actually got hotter after the sun went down.

--Kathleen Kent

The day was cold, and every time the little transparent fans of water swept in and drew back, the wet sand mirrored a clear sky and the sun on its way down.

--Gina Berriault

Many a reader who wanted to read a tale through was not able to do it because of delays on account of the weather. Nothing breaks up an author's progress like having to stop every few pages to fuss-up the weather. Thus it is plain that persistent intrusions of weather are bad for both reader and author.

--Mark Twain

Some days the weather happens and we never look up or go outside and that's okay too.

--Joseph Fink

The weather wouldn't settle down. It would rain cats and dogs, then stop, then drip awhile, then stop while it made up its mind what to do next.

--Glendon Swarthout

Despite the fact we give hurricanes names like Katrina and Rita, a hurricane isn't a self-contained unit. A hurricane is an impermanent, ever-changing phenomenon arising out of a particular set of interacting conditions--air pressure, ground temperature, humidity, wind and so on.

--Kristin Neff

Blades of lightning broke through the sea of smoke, accompanied by the violent clap of thunder, as if an angry god saw the storm devour them, and burst out into wild applause.

--Dean F. Wilson

There's no question winter here can take a chunk out of you. Not like the extreme cold of the upper Midwest or the round-the-clock darkness of Alaska might, but rather the opposite. Here, it's a general lack of severity--monotonous flat gray skies and the constant drip-drip of misty rain--that erodes the spirit.

--Dylan Tomine

It was very damp and misty--which some people from outside the Pacific Northwest consider to be rain, but I do not. This is typical weather for the Pacific Northwest and Olympia. It is often wet in Olympia, but we have an average of only 49.95 inches a year of actual precipitation. That's less than in Denver. In Olympia, the air is damp, and water collects and drips from everywhere. We do not get big downpours, but we get damp and spongy.

I don't care. It helps the trees grow, and I climb the trees.

--Ned Hayes

It was our first time really talking to one another. We talked about the weather. Now, I don't like surface conversations about the weather. It seems to just be a way to have a polite conversation because there isn't really much else to say. Sometimes it's a way to buffer an awkward situation, or light enough of a topic to carry in passing and quickly abandon without anything left hanging. But this particular weather discussion was far from that. It was so eloquent. We talked about how the weather can inspire certain longings. It was laced with romantic intonations. You could sense the magnitude of how powerful this energy transfer between us in the climate we were existing in, already was and could be.

--Kayko Tamaki

When you are lonely nothing can change the weather.

--Ali Rezavand Zayeri

Whether the weather be cold, whether the weather be hot, we'll be together whatever the weather whether we like it or not

--Lauren Grof

On the other end of the porch the swing creaked pleasantly on its chains. This was the time of home-night he enjoyed, when his wife was inside asleep and he, at last, was alone. Time of year he enjoyed, too, the kind of peaceable weather you needed sleeves for but not a coat, chill in the air to make your scalp tingle but not set you to shivering.

--Tom Franklin

Saturday the weather couldn't decide if it was ready to fully entertain winter or if we were still stuck in the fall.

--W. Bruce Cameron

It was one of those perfect fall days when the air is cool enough to wake you up but the sun is also kissing your face.

--Anita Diamant

Anyone who lives in Boston knows that it's March that's the cruelest, holding out a few days of false hope and then gleefully hitting you with the shit.

--Stephen King

First, the wind would rumble in the distance like an approaching river, then he would see grass bend, pressed by a great invisible hand. The dull rumble would rise in pitch to a swishing, lashing exultation, causing stalks to lie flat against the ground while the tougher branches of shrubs held themselves up and shrieked their defiance in the gusts. Then the first drops, cold and heavy, would plummet from the sky and burst on the ground.

--Jonathan Renshaw

October air, complete with dancing leaves and sighing winds greeted him as he stepped from the bus onto the dusty highway. Coolness embraced. The scent of burning wood hung crisp in the air from somewhere far in the distance. His backpack dropped in a flutter of dust. He surveyed dying cornfields from the gas station bus stop.

--Jaime Allison Parke

We only have two kinds of weather in California, magnificent and unusual.

--James M. Cain

I hear the Wind Woman running with soft, soft footsteps over the hill. I shall always think of the wind as a personality. She is a shrew when she blows from the north—a lonely seeker when she blows from the east—a laughing girl when she comes from the west—and tonight from the south a little grey fairy.

--L. M. Montgomery

There were certain early days in Casterbridge—days of firmamental exhaustion which followed angry south-westerly tempests—when, if the sun shone, the air was like velvet.

--Thomas Hardy

It's not the weather that's bad or good,
It's whether you have a good or bad mood.
It's cloudy and cold,
I feel happy and bold,
As the storm unfolds,
I turn silver in gold!

--Ana Claudia Antunes

Never, and by this I mean never, criticise the English weather. Especially if you're an alien. For an English woman, it's as though you are scolding her first born child. For an Englishman, it's as if you are criticising the size of his penis. Or even worse: his football team.

--Angela Kiss

I've lived in a good climate, and it bores the hell out of me. I like weather rather than climate.

--John Steinbeck

My father could out-weather anybody. Like people anywhere, there were times when it was the only topic where people here felt comfortably expressive, and my father could go on earnestly, seemingly forever. When the current weather was exhausted, there was all the weather that had occurred in recorded history, weather lived through or witnessed by a relative, or even heard about on the news. Catastrophic weather of all types. And when that was done, there was all the weather that might possibly occur in the future. I'd even heard him speculate about weather in the afterlife.

--Louise Erdrich

Gray clouds were charging across tissues of white, which stretched and shredded and tore slowly, until through their final layers there gleamed a hint of the disappearing blue. Summer was retreating. The wind roared, the trees groaned, yet the noise seemed insufficient for those vast operations in heaven. The weather was breaking up, breaking, broken, and it is a sense of the fit rather than of the supernatural that equips such crises with the salvos of angelic artillery.

--E. M. Forster

Outside the rain began to pour in sheets, and the wind howled. Giant pieces of hail began to pelt the building—banging off the skylights so hard that Simpson worried the glass might shatter. Then, as it had earlier in the day, the wind briefly let up. It was then Simpson heard a sound she had dreaded—a sound she couldn't believe she was actually hearing. It was 2:40 P.M. and the tornado sirens in Moore started to wail.

--Holly Bailey

Spring weather is turbulent. Every afternoon for a fortnight a gang of bruise-coloured clouds grumbling with their brew slunk up to the massy black stone of the tor. After a face-off of pops and hisses the clouds slunk south, to burst into storm on the horizon.

--Bryn Hammond

If the weather is summer in your mind, even the coldest winter will be hot for you!
If the weather is winter in your mind, even the hottest summer will be cold for you!

--Mehmet Murat ildan

Dark and pregnant clouds gave birth and fist-sized stones of hail hammered the earth.

--Michael R. Fletcher

This is England, we must learn to live with uncertainty.

--Gail Carriger

The two things, love and snow, that make the world look fresh again

--Charles Finch

I forget what the weather was like that day, probably cloudy with a chance of emotion. All I remember is that it was windy; it was the type of wind that would blow your words in the opposite direction so they would never be heard.

--Hillary Wen

No one ever remembered a nice day. But no one ever forget the feel of paralyzed fish, the thud of walnut-sized hail against a horse's flank, or the way a superheated wind could turn your eyes to burlap.

--Erik Larson

People never pay attention to weather reports; this, I believe, is a constant factor in man's psychological makeup, stemming probably from an ancient distrust of the shaman. You want them to be wrong. If they're right, then they're somehow superior, and this is even more uncomfortable than getting wet.

--Roger Zelazny

Rain in the Northwest is not the pounding, flashing performance enjoyed by the eastern part of the nation. Nor is it the festive annual soaking I'd been used to in Southern California. Rather, it's a seven-month drizzle that darkens the sky, mildews the bath towels, and propels those already prone to depression into the dim comforts of antihistamines and a flask.

--Melissa Hart

It's one of the things I love about the sea, the way you can see weather afar. It's like looking at the future.

--Carol Birch

Embrace the weather, child, and you'll understand the balance of the world.

--Dean Koontz

The trouble with the English was that they were English: damn cold fish!—Living underwater most of the year, in days the colour of night!

--Salman Rushdie

“October's Party”

October gave a party;
The leaves by hundreds came—
The Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples,
And leaves of every name.
The Sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand,
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.

--George Cooper

The November evening had a bite; it nibbled not-quite-gently at her cheeks and ears. In Virginia the late autumn was a lover, still, but a dangerous one.

--J. Aleksandr Wootton

At that instant a dazzling claw of lightning streaked down the length of the sky. The hedge and the distant trees seemed to leap forward in the brilliance of the flash. Immediately upon it came the thunder: a high, tearing noise, as though some huge thing were being ripped to pieces close above, which deepened and turned to enormous blows of dissolution. Then the rain fell like a waterfall. In a few seconds the ground was covered with water and over it, to a height of inches, rose a haze formed of a myriad minute splashes. Stupefied with the shock, unable even to move, the sodden rabbits crouched inert, almost pinned to the earth by the rain.

--Richard Adams

The weather is nature's disruptor of human plans and busybodies. Of all the things on earth, nature's disruption is what we know we can depend on, as it is essentially uncontrolled by men.

--Criss Jami

They talk about big skies in the western United States, and they may indeed have them, but you have never seen such lofty clouds, such towering anvils, as in Iowa in July.

--Bill Bryson

That year, when the trees burned the fire of late summer into their leaves and the ground mist was a ghost of the river, long and wet and cold, the aunt looked from her windows to the walls around her and imagined another winter inside them. She began to see the world as a bird sees bars, and she scratched her arms beneath her sleeves.

--Shannon Hale

Sometimes it rained, but mostly it was just dull, a land without shadows. It was like living inside Tupperware.

--Bill Bryson

The smog curled between the streetlamps and the spokes of the wrought iron framework. It seemed through your body and into your bones.

--Sara Sheridan

You aren't really old until nothing is fun enough to make you forget the weather.

--Robert Quillen

We don't get much of a spring or fall to speak of. Up here, for ten months a year, the weather has teeth in it.

--Marcel Theroux

I end up discussing the weather when the weather is all around us and both I and whoever the stranger might be must surely have noticed it. We would be better off asking each other if our faces are still there.

--A. L. Kennedy

The ultimate goal of a meteorologist is to set up differential equations of the movements of the air and to obtain, as their integral, the general atmospheric circulation, and as particular integrals the cyclones, anticyclones, tornados, and thunderstorms.

--Andrija Maurović

Every feeling I ever knew was up in that sky: Twinkling joyous sunlight; airy, giggling cloud wisps; blinding columns of sun. Orbs of gold, pink, flesh, utterly cheesy in their luminosity. Gigantic puffy clouds, welcoming, forgiving, repeating infinitely across the horizon as if between mirrors; and slices of rain, pounding wet misery in the distance now, but soon on us, and in another part of the sky, a black stain, rainless.

--Maria Semple

She wishes her grandmother had not been so protective, and that she understood better what passes between a man and woman. As it is, she simply enjoys the feelings and wonders if they are what lightning is made of, for everything comes back to the weather. Tears like rain. Smiles like the sun. Hair as dry as sand and fear like the dark ocean.

--Sara Sheridan

The science of meteorology is still comparatively new and supplies us only with a few decades of records on which to base our conclusions. So botanical aid was sought in order to extend our knowledge of weather changes over hundreds and even thousands of years by making use of the dependence of the annual rings of trees in dry climates on the annual rainfall. If the relationship sought proves to be real, the rings in the trunks of trees give us not only a means of studying climatic changes through long periods of years, but perhaps also of tracing changes in solar activity during the same time. Thus astronomy, meteorology, and botany join in a study to which each contributes essential parts and from which, it is hoped, each may gain a small measure of benefit.

—A. E. Douglass

The rain was steady and unrelenting and, like all steady and unrelenting things, boring.

--Ross Thomas

It was so difficult to dress appropriately when the seasons changed—the British weather was the nothing if not erratic. Spring was the worst—freezing in Brighton this morning and then practically tropical in Knightsbridge in the afternoon.

--Sara Sheridan

It was snowing when I got off the bus at Flax Hill. Not quite regular snowfall, not exactly a blizzard. This is how it was: The snow came down heavily, settled for about a minute, then the wind moved it—more rolled it, really—onto another target. One minute you were covered in snow, then it sped off sideways, as if a brisk, invisible giant had taken pity and brushed you down.

--Helen Oyeyemi

Power is a delicate thing. The most powerful storms on earth intensify rapidly, but dissipate just as fast if not faster.

--Unkown

Why is it that showers and even storms seem to come by chance, so that many people think it quite natural to pray for rain or fine weather, though they would consider it ridiculous to ask for an eclipse by prayer?

--Henri Poincaré

Please tell me it's not like eighty degrees in Malibu.

It's not. It's raining, which means the natives are convinced the end is near and are engaged in ritual auto pileups in an attempt to appease the angry gods.

--D. B. Reynolds

I don't know if there is actually more rain here in England, or if it was just that the rain seemed to be so deliberately annoying. Every drop hit the window with a peevish 'Am I bothering you? Does this make you cold and wet? Oh, sorry.'

--Maureen Johnson

The road lay long and black ahead of them and the heat was coming now through the thin soles of their shoes. There were young beans pushing up from the dry brown fields, tiny rows of green sprigs that stretched away in the distance.

--Larry Brown

Sunshine is helpful for thinking. It warms up the brain cells.

--Shannon Wiersbitzky

A COMPARISON OF SEASONS

Snow's unforgiving power causes some men to wish for spring's flower.

Some might hate snow's bitter chill, but you love it at your own will.

I see snow as something fun, but others might still long for summer's sun.

You and I hate summer's heat, but we still love the warmth of a fire on our feet.

Spring has jays whose virtuous songs are nice, but winter's lonely echoes are earth's fringed vice.

I enjoy spring's life, yet I still love winter's seemingly harsh sorrow; sometimes I can't get out of the house, so I worry about tomorrow.

I love the sight of snow and I treasure the sight of summer's river which swiftly flows.

Also, winter can be cold, but we can look forward to seeing spring's life and joy unfold.

--Seth D.

August in Mississippi is different from July. As to heat, it is not a question of degree but of kind. July heat is furious, but in August the heat has killed even itself and lies dead over us.

--Elizabeth Spencer

Although it was autumn and not summer the dark-gold sunlight and the inky shadows, long and slender in the shape of felled cypresses, were the same, and there was the same sense of everything drenched and jewelled and the same ultramarine glitter on the sea. I felt inexplicably lightened; it was as if the evening, in all the drench and drip of its fallacious pathos, had temporarily taken over from me the burden of grieving.

--John Banville

I call this season fake weather. The sun is shining but it is cold like the north pole outside.

--Sage Canny

The English winter is long, cold and wet, just like the English summer

--Benny Bellamacina

We were running all over the front lawn and under the rainspouts, barefooted, in our underpants, with the rain pelting down, straight cold gray rain of Delta summers, wonderful rain.

--Ellen Gilchrist

The very sight of a daffodil still makes me shiver, because spring in the north of England is always so bitter.

--Bea Davenport

The winter seemed reluctant to let go its bite. It hung on cold and wet and windy long after its time. And people repeated, It's those damned big guns they're shooting off in France—spoiling the weather in the whole world.

--John Steinbeck

I loved weather, all weather, not just the good kind. I loved balmy days, fearsome storms, blizzards, and spring showers. And the colors! Everyday brought something to be admired: the soft feathery patterns of cirrus clouds, the deep, dark grays of thunderheads, the lacy gold and peach of the early morning sunrise. The sky and its moods called to me.

--L. Jagi Lamplighter

Too much attention to weather makes for instability of character.

--Elizabeth Goudge

The dark hills, with the darker spruces marching over them, looked grim on early falling nights, but Ingleside bloomed with firelight and laughter, though the winds come in from the Atlantic singing of mournful things.

--L. M. Montgomery

One can find so many pains when the rain is falling.

--John Steinbeck

Everything seemed to him a uniform shade of gray—even the people! He had been unable to believe it could rain so much in one place, and so unceasingly. The damp had seemed to come up from the floors and into his bones, so that he'd thought he would eventually sprout mold, in the manner of a tree. 'You do get used to it,' he said. 'Even if sometimes you feel as if you out to be able to be wrung out like a washrag.'

--Cassandra Clare

The world over, unusual weather prevails at all times of the year.

--Edgar Rice Burroughs

I knew by the signs it would be a hard winter. The hollies bore a heavy crop of berries and birds stripped them bare. Crows quarreled in reaped fields and owls cried in the mountains, mournful as widows. Fur and moss grew thicker than usual. Cold rains came, driven sideways through the trees by north winds, and snows followed.

--Sarah Micklem

The wind has shifted to the East. A storm isn't far off. I can smell the moisture in the air, a fetid, living thing. Isolated drops fall, licking at my hands, my face, my dress. The quets squawk in surprise, turn their palms up to the sky as if questioning it, and dash for cover.

--Libba Bray

One day you stepped in snow, the next in mud, water soaked in your boots and froze them at night, it was the next worst thing to pure blizzardry, it was weather that wouldn't let you settle.

--E. L. Doctorow

The weather-cock on the church spire, though made of iron, would soon be broken by the storm-wind if it did not understand the noble art of turning to every wind.

—Heinrich Heine

Bad weather always looks worse through a window.

—Unknown

Regardless of weather, the moon shines the same; it is the drifting clouds that make it seem different on different nights.

—Unknown

For the man sound of body and serene of mind there is no such thing as bad weather; every day has its beauty, and storms which whip the blood do but make it pulse more vigorously.

—George Robert Gissing

Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

—William Shakespeare

We speak of being anchored to our principles. But if the weather turns nasty you up with an anchor and let it down where there's less wind, and the fishing's better.

—Robert Bolt

It was ideal apple-eating weather; the whitest sunlight descended from the purest sky, and an easterly wind rustled, without ripping loose, the last of the leaves on the Chinese elms. Autumns reward western Kansas for the evils at the remaining seasons impose: winter's rough Colorado winds and hip-high, sheep slaughtering snows; the slushes and the strange land fogs of spring; and summer, when even crows seek the puny shade, and the tawny infinitude of wheatstalks bristle, blaze.

—Truman Capote

If you wait until the wind and the weather are just right, you will never plant anything and never harvest anything.

—*Ecclesiastes* 11:4-10

By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain himself, as in all weathers, as in all fortunes.

—R. H. Barrow

We who officially value freedom of speech above life itself seem to have nothing to talk about but the weather.

—Barbara Ehrenreich

What dreadful hot weather we have! It keeps me in a continual state of inelegance.

—Jane Austen

Change of weather is the discourse of fools.

—Thomas Fuller

The weather is like the government, always in the wrong.

—Jerome K. Jerome

Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it.

—Mark Twain

Whether the weather be cold, or whether the weather be hot;
Whether the weather be fine, or whether the weather be not,
We'll weather the weather whatever the weather,
Whether we like it or not.

—Cardiff Camera Club
(1921)

It is rather like living in a vast cosmic mood-swing here... I woke to trees iced in silver and an April sky, sunlight breaking through the clouds.

—May Sarton

It was a dark and stormy night, the rain fell in torrents —except at occasional intervals, when it was checked by a violent gust of wind which swept up the streets...rattling along the house-tops, and fiercely agitating the scanty flame of the lamps that struggled against the darkness.

—Edward Bulwer-Lytton

Weather is a great metaphor for life—sometimes it's good, sometimes it's bad, and there's nothing much we can do about it but carry an umbrella or choose to dance in the rain.

—Terri Guillemets

I tried to catch some fog. I mist.

—Internet Meme

Climate...is what a locality has when you are buying a home there, and weather is what it has afterwards.

—*Puck* (1904)

In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four-and-twenty hours.

—Mark Twain

Climate is what on average we may expect; weather is what we actually get.

—A. J. Herbertson (1901)

They call him just a desert rat.
His skin is tanned like leather.
He's lived so long in wind and rain,
His face is full of weather.

—Thelma Ireland

I will praise the English climate till I die—even if I die of the English climate. There is no weather so good as English weather. Nay, in a real sense there is no weather at all anywhere but in England. In France you have much sun and some rain; in Italy you have hot winds and cold winds; in Scotland and Ireland you have rain, either thick or thin; in America you have hells of heat and cold, and in the Tropics you have sunstrokes varied by thunderbolts. But all these you have on a broad and brutal scale, and you settle down into contentment or despair.

—G. K. Chesterton

It's easy to understand why the most beautiful poems about England in the spring were written by poets living in Italy at the time.

—Joseph L. Mankiewicz

In the same way that one really has to accept the weather, one has to accept how one feels about life sometimes. Today is a really crap day, is a perfectly realistic approach. It's all about finding a kind of mental umbrella. Hey-ho, it's raining inside; it isn't my fault and there's nothing I can do about it, but sit it out. But the sun may well come out tomorrow, and when it does I shall take full advantage.

--Stephen Fry



#weather #quotes #rain #quotations, #rainy #snow #hurricanes #typhoons,
#tornadoes #wind #windy #cloudy #clouds #blizzard #drought #storms #fog #foggy
#frost #hail #sunny #freezing #lightening #flood