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**Professor Lovdahl**

**Kielland Alexander Lange**

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**Title: Professor Lovdahl**

**Author: Kielland Alexander Lange**

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*Professor Lovdahl*

*by*

*Alexander Kielland*



# *Professor Lovdahl*

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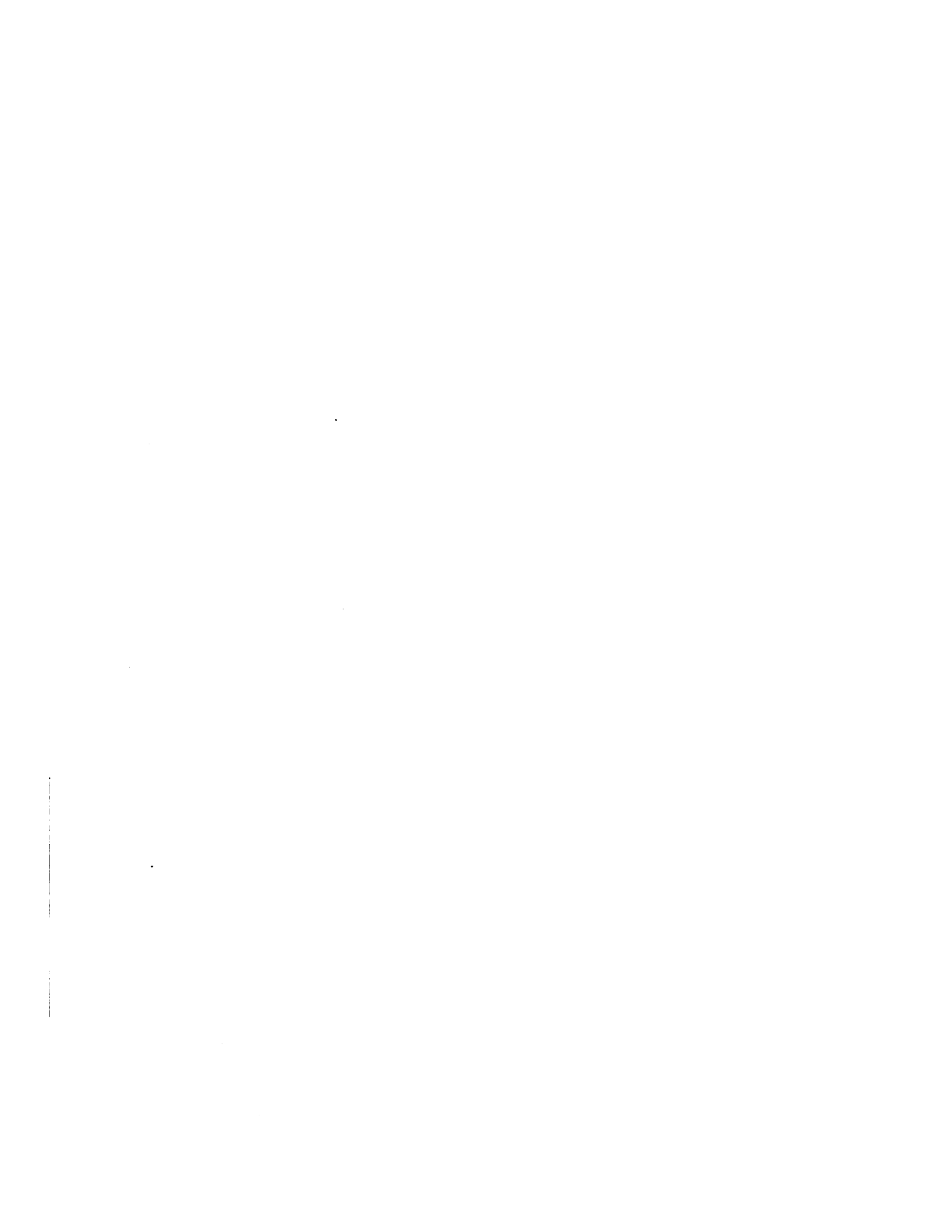


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*Professor Lovdahl*



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I

Abraham Lovdahl had entered the University. Nineteen years old, handsome, healthy, and gay, well dressed and well provided with money, life burst upon him like the entrance to a ballroom and he rushed in with wondering eyes.

At that time there still lingered about student life the fast disappearing glimmer of a delightful and untroubled past; "ideals" could still be discussed without calling forth a general laugh; and when the president of the students' club—his pretty, blond head thrown back—sent his clear voice resounding with fair words through the hall, his youthful hearers, with swelling breasts, felt as if mighty wings were encircling them, lifting them from earth and bearing them away.

Abraham Lovdahl, too, had known the growth of wings; the sudden transition from the monotony and restrictions of his colorless school days to golden freedom among strangers intoxicated him like wine. He had now realized all the charm of student life, whose anticipated pleasures had filled him with longing during the weary school hours. He was not conscious of the ground upon which he trod, but soared,

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