

Father had been a municipal judge. But after cultivating some powerful enemies in high places, he'd been barred from the bench and could find no work in the city. Mother suggested we leave it all behind, move to the country, and start anew.



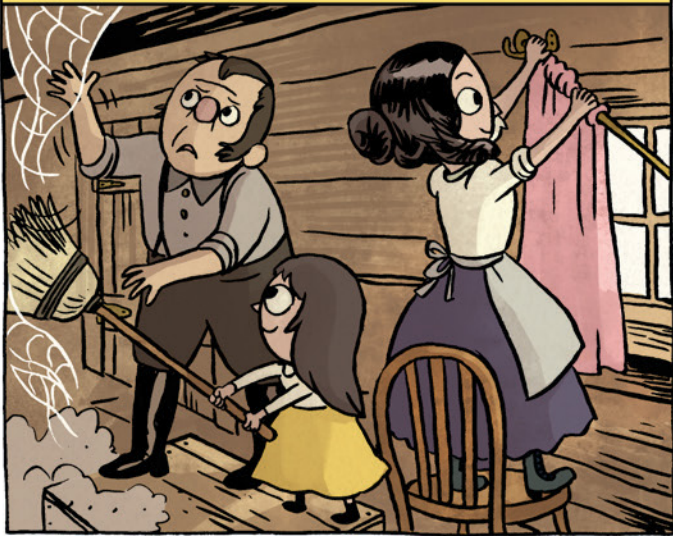
Mother's family owned a small property out in the middle of nowhere. It had been lying vacant ever since my great aunt had passed away.



It wasn't much, but it was a house to make a home.



Mother was raised in the countryside. Rural living came second nature to her, even after all those years.



It seemed she could do anything...



...sharpening blades...



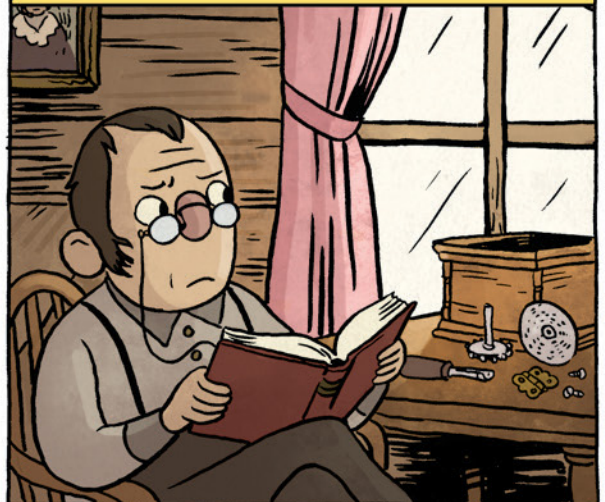
...though she still needed my help with some things, of course.



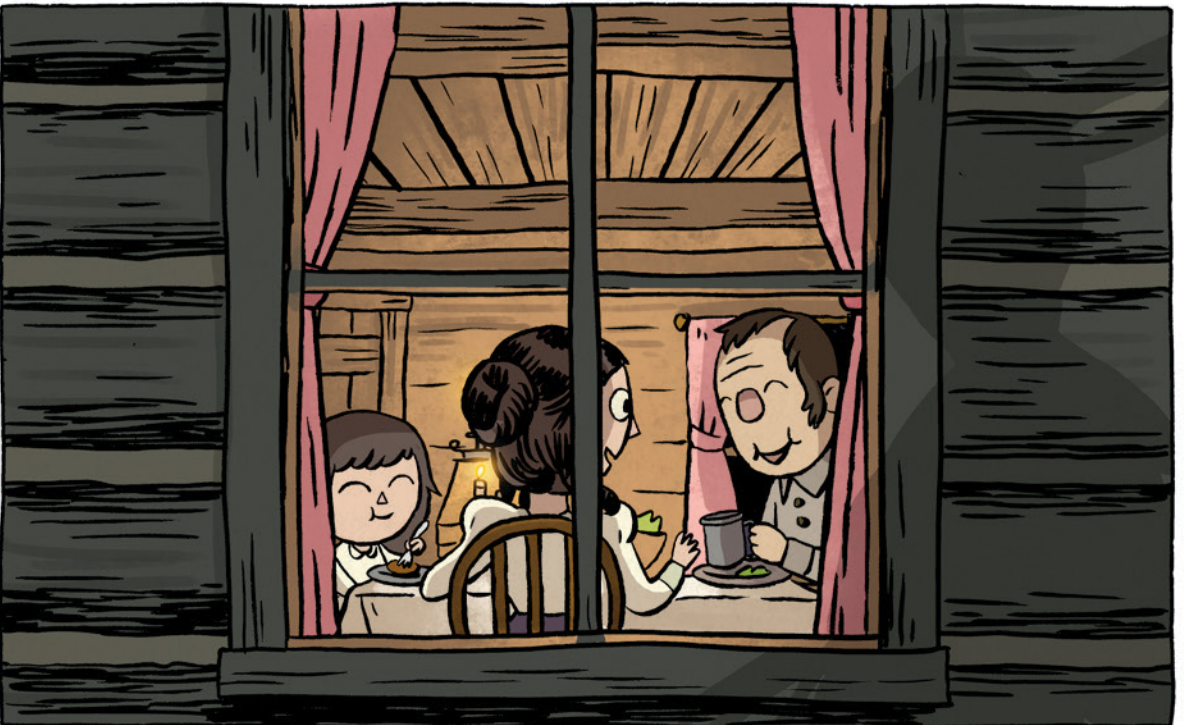
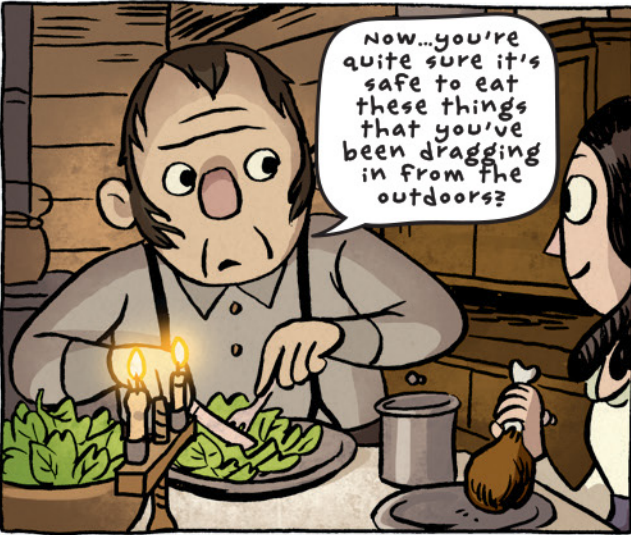
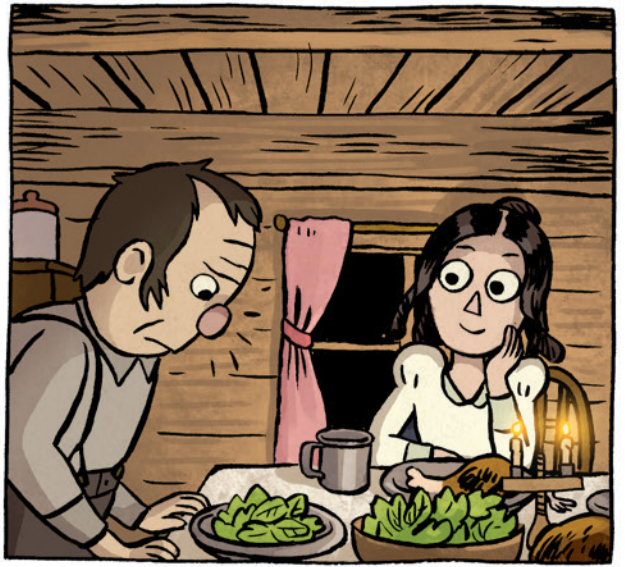
Father, on the other hand, didn't know a splitting wedge from a brush hook. He tried to adapt to our new life, but was often more of a burden than a help to mother.



many days Father sat inside and read his books. He was always a bit ill-at-ease in the woods...







on the days that mother went hunting,
father preferred I stay home to keep
him company.

