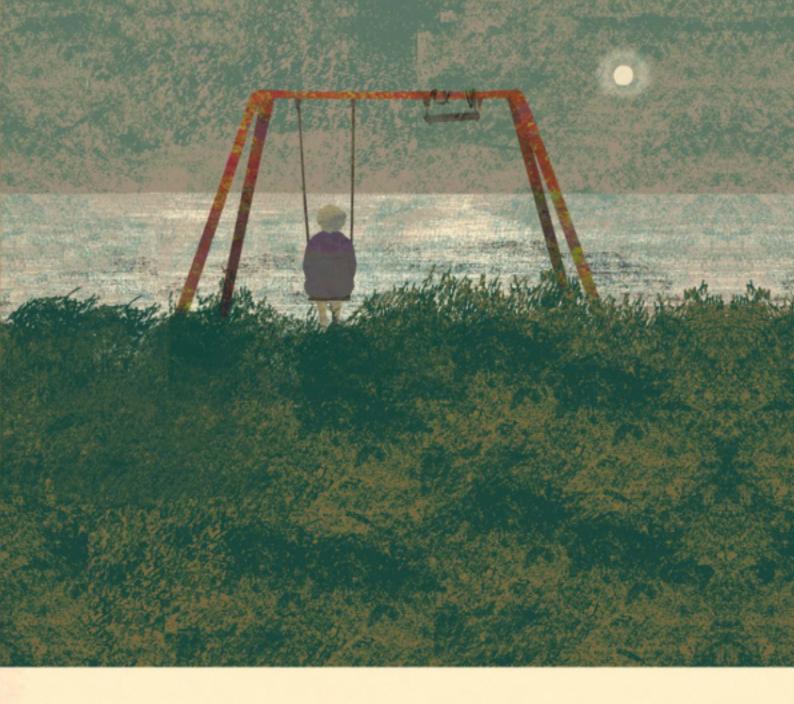


A place of beginnings ...



... and endings.





Isn't swinging a little bit like ...

Sami hadn't lived here very long. His old home was very far away. So much further than the horizon ...



One day in March there was a raging storm. The wind whistled and rattled, and huge waves came crashing down. The little swing was trying to hold on.

