



I once lived near a property in the middle of which sat a small bungalow surrounded by an unruly array of trees, shrubs, rose bushes, hedges, weeds, and flowers. The house is almost invisible from the street. Scattered throughout is a collection of things ranging from flags to dolls to little statues and sundry things. During my time in the neighbourhood, I would, from time to time, knock on their door and ask if I could wander about and take some pictures.

The photo above is the stairway to the side door.

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(Likeness by C. S. Henry)

