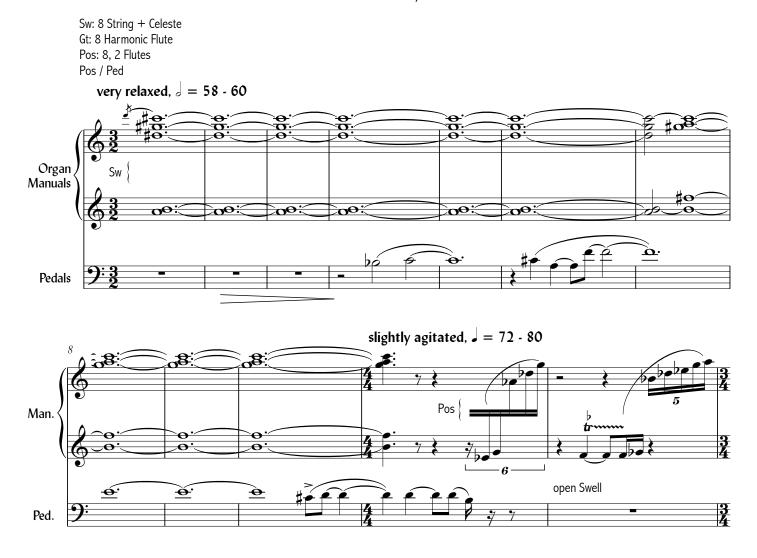
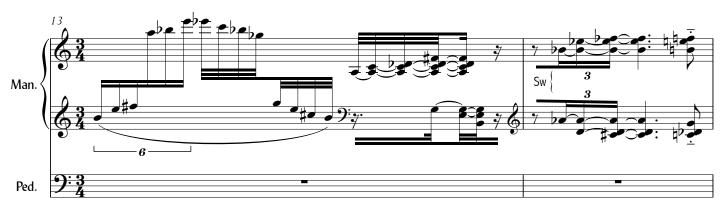
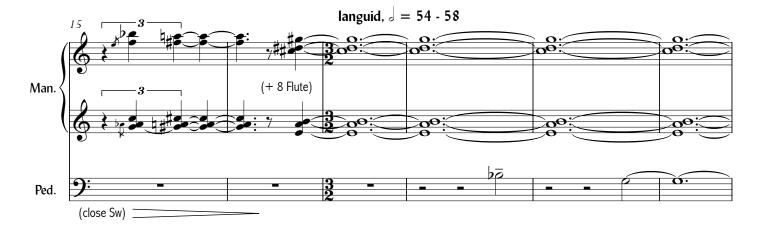


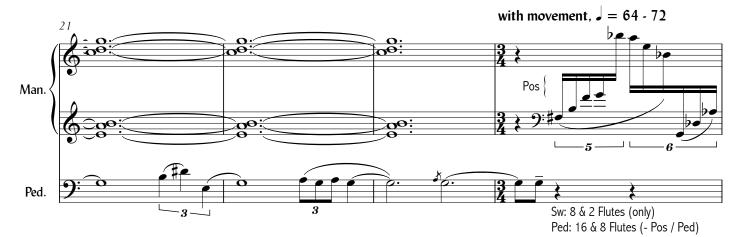
The black cat comes in from hunting. I rub my nose in his cold fur where the old year still hides. -- R. Stansberger



Mild February







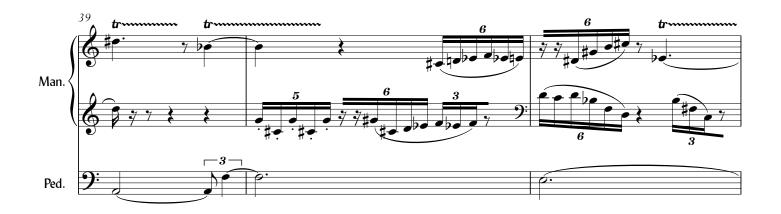


Winter Canticles









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