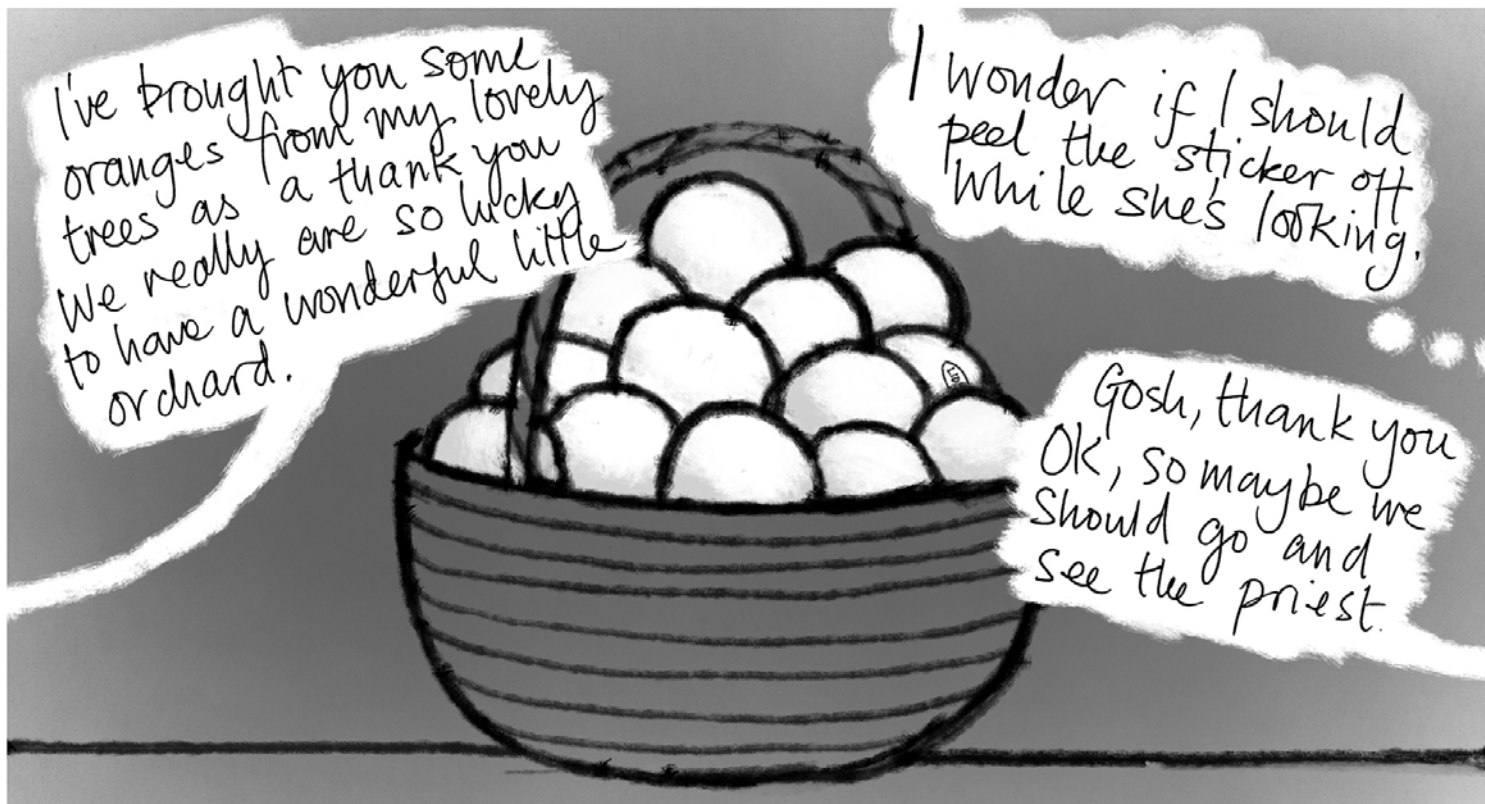


The Village - PART THREE - one week later



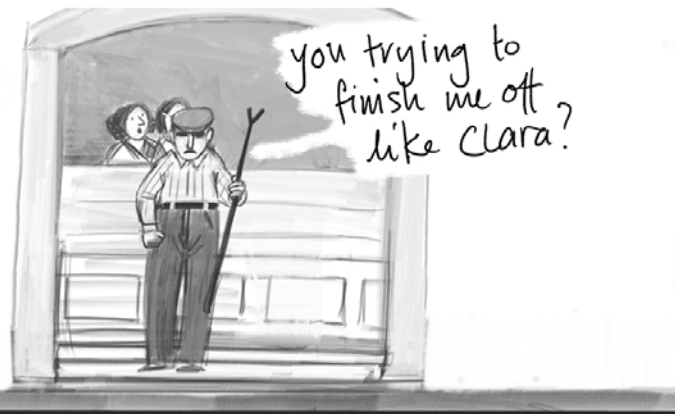


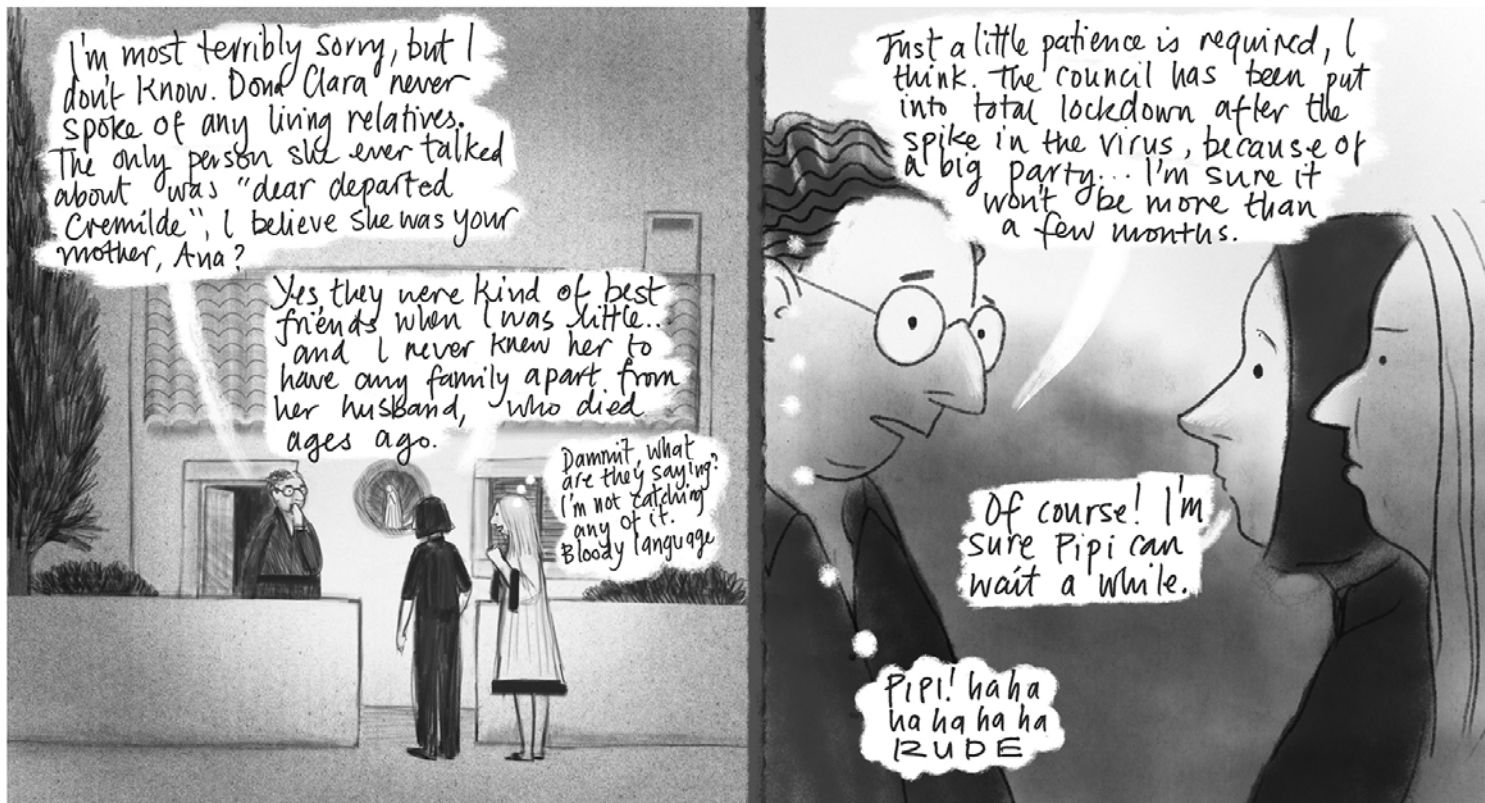




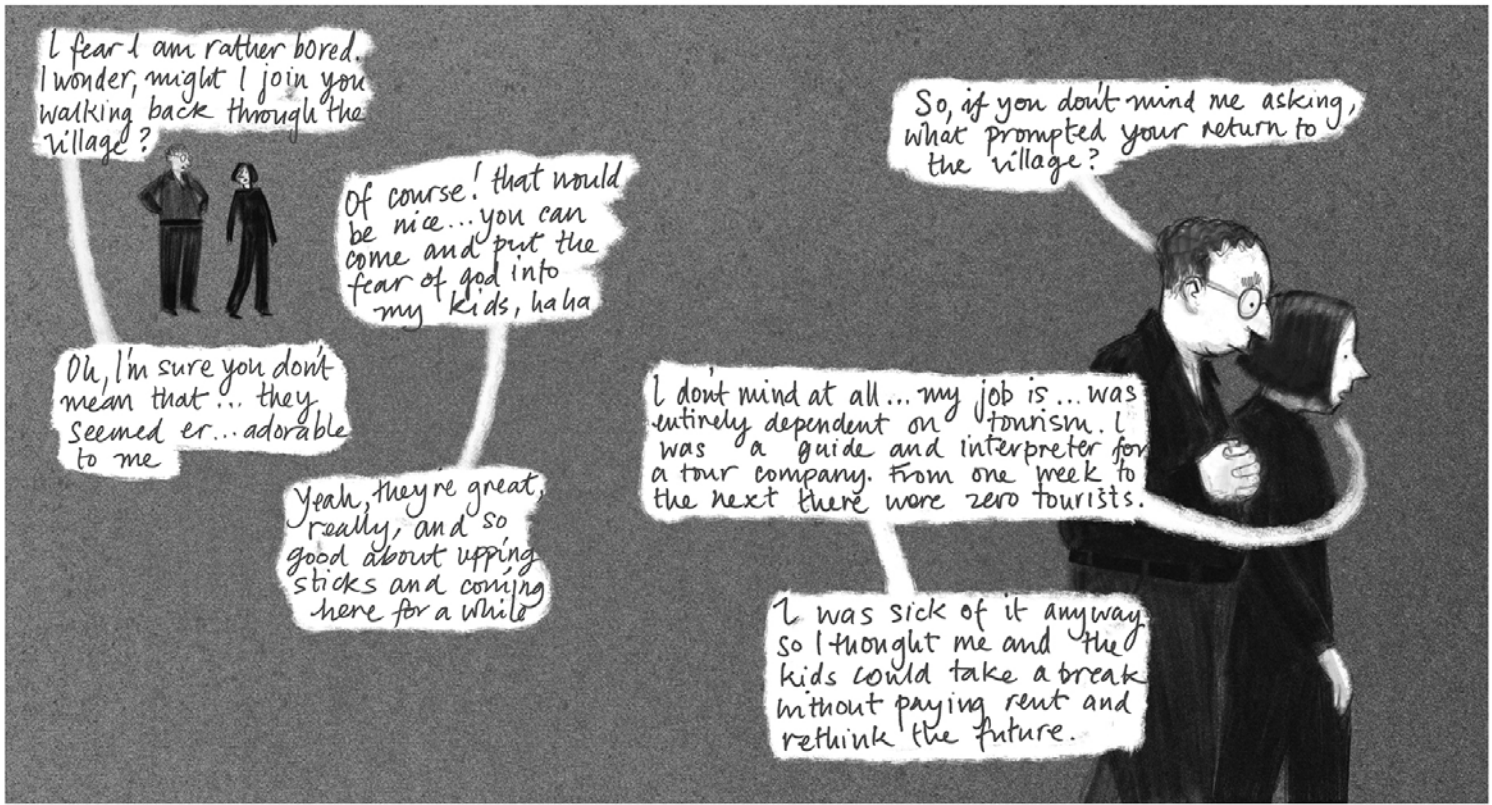
I mean, think of all the money the rentals bring in to places like this. Little Mrs Thingy can earn some extra cash for cleaning, Mr Thingy can do a bit of handyman stuff... it really is a no-brainer... I really want Clara's house. I'll sell it as "authentic, bijou labourer's cottage for the perfect getaway". Sounds great, doesn't it?

hmmm...









I fear I am rather bored. I wonder, might I join you walking back through the village?

Of course! that would be nice... you can come and put the fear of god into my kids, haha

Oh, I'm sure you don't mean that... they seemed er... adorable to me

Yeah, they're great, really, and so good about upping sticks and coming here for a while

So, if you don't mind me asking, what prompted your return to the village?

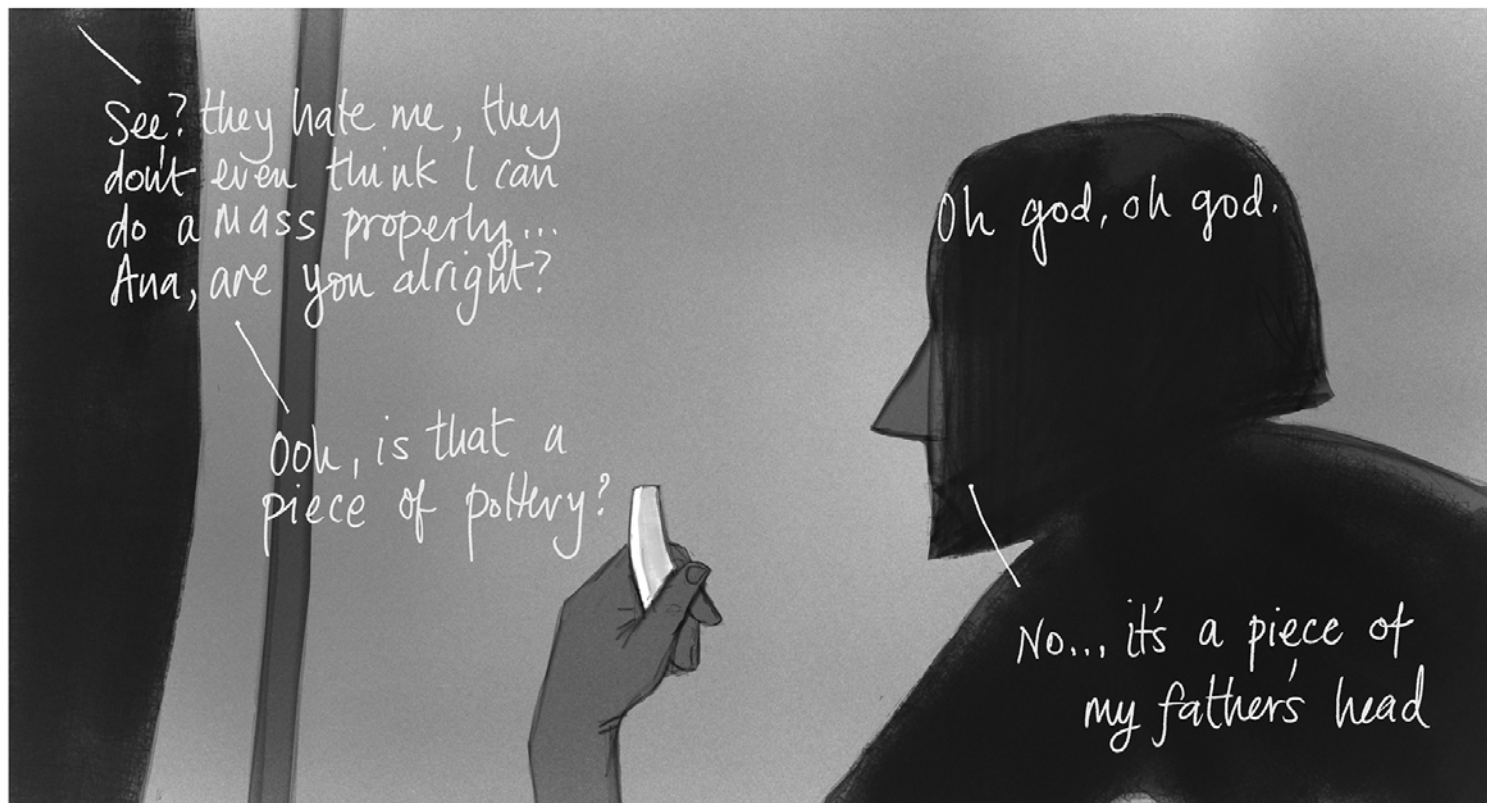
I don't mind at all... my job is... was entirely dependent on tourism. I was a guide and interpreter for a tour company. From one week to the next there were zero tourists.

I was sick of it anyway so I thought me and the kids could take a break without paying rent and rethink the future.










See? they hate me, they
don't even think I can
do a Mass properly...
Ana, are you alright?

Ooh, is that a
piece of pottery?

Oh god, oh god.

No... it's a piece of
my father's head

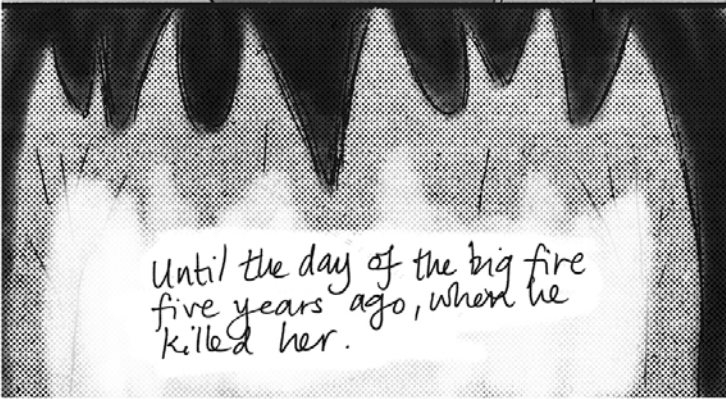


Oh Ana, tell me...
if you want to...

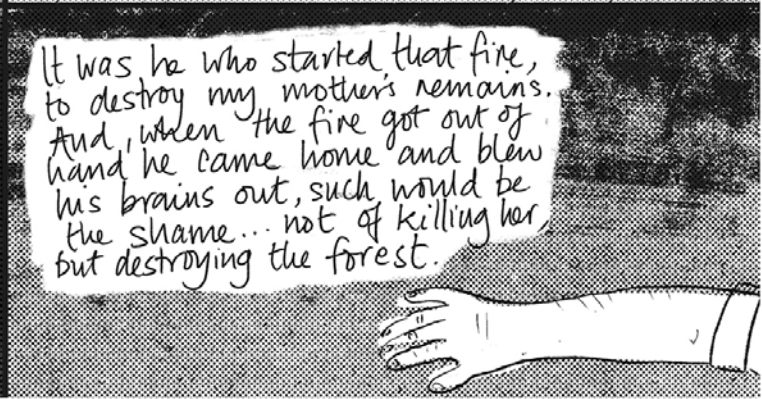
My father was not a good
man... my childhood was
not happy. Everyone was
scared of him, the whole
village.



He always had a violent temper,
and was an extremely proud and
controlling man. Over the years,
after we left home, my mother
started to stand up to him,
and the violence got worse...



Until the day of the big fire
five years ago, when he
killed her.



It was he who started that fire,
to destroy my mother's remains.
And, when the fire got out of
hand he came home and blew
his brains out, such would be
the shame... not of killing her,
but destroying the forest.

It's all a bit grim, I know.

I kept in touch with Clara, she'd send me important post and the occasional letter with village gossip, but apart from that I've stayed away from here.

It was too difficult, painful... still is, but the whole world being in uproar makes old problems seem a bit different.

I miss her.

