

The Best Show In Town

“I knew we’d face hardships raising a family in the wilds. So before leaving the Veil, I built the blue cabin and made it ready for our return.

“Your mother fell in love with it on sight. She had a talent for creating beauty and set about planting flowers and vegetables and making our home comfortable.

“We soon discovered that one of our favorite pastimes was spending time with you on Apricot Hill. Whether it was snuggling with you on our lap and a warm winter wind blowing kisses across

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our faces, or looking out from the cool shade of summertime with white cotton clouds sailing across a blazing blue sky, or drifting on a magic carpet of wildflowers at our feet, life was sweet under that tree. It was our own little patch of heaven and you just thrived.

“Your mother did a fine job of managing our daily affairs. Oh, there was an occasional squabble over my single-minded passion for the treasure. And once in a blue moon she’d worry out loud that time was passing us by without a lot to show for it. But I’d calm her down and reassure her that everything was going according to plan.

“She was very patient, even if neglected. Well, only partly neglected because on her twenty-eighth birthday she went into labor—and she was huge. We were hoping for twins. That morning I carved the names of two boys and two girls on some fine pumpkins and put them on the porch steps.”