

When Myra stays with Pop it feels like home.

His house is dark and smells like smoke, but there's no fire.

Dusty picture frames with faded photos cover the walls.

Myra hums along to the soulful sounds coming from the radio

and studies the faces of her family from times past.

An illustration of an elderly man with grey hair, wearing an orange cardigan and blue trousers, pushing a young girl with curly hair on a swing. The girl is wearing a blue dress and yellow shoes. They are under a large tree with pink blossoms. A wooden bench is visible in the background. The ground is green grass with yellow flowers at the base of the tree.

Outside, Pop pushes Myra on a swing.

Myra whooshes through the air, kicking her legs in and out.

She doesn't want this moment to end.

BRNNNG BRNNNG!

BRNNNG BRNNNG!

'I'll be right back,' says Pop.



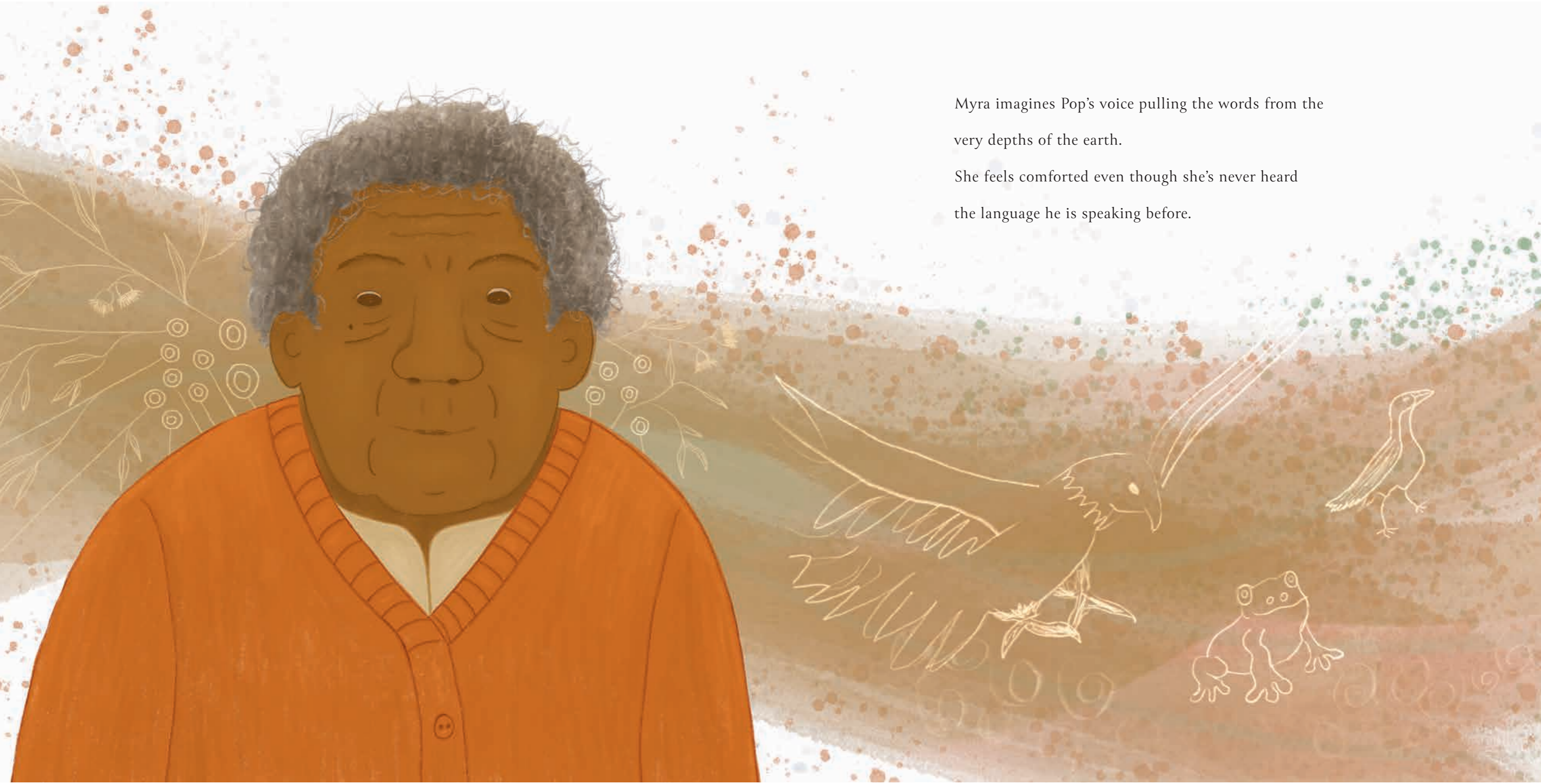
After a while, Myra tiptoes into the house.

Pop is on the phone.

Myra pauses to listen to his voice –
something is different.

Pop's words aren't making sense to Myra.

They flow and slide in a peaceful but unfamiliar rhythm.



Myra imagines Pop's voice pulling the words from the very depths of the earth.

She feels comforted even though she's never heard the language he is speaking before.