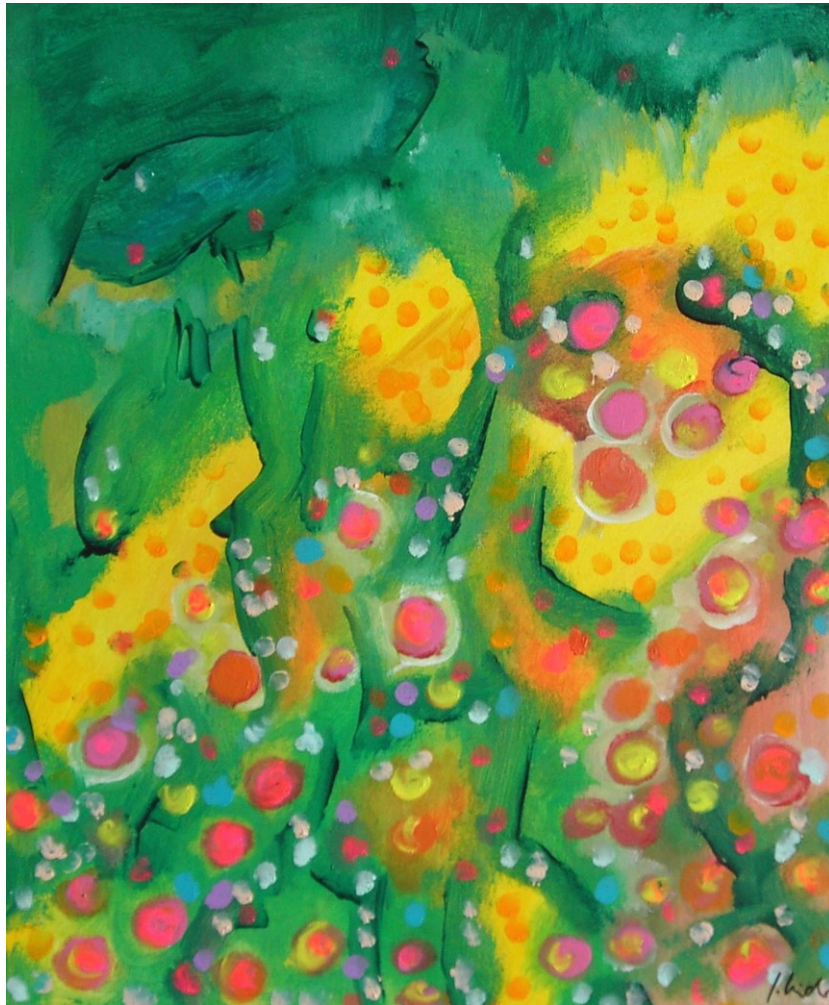


OCTOBER 2018

A GARDEN IN THE AUTUMN



Like a final fire works of multicoloured lights.

Dahlias finishing off a roundel of colourful suns. The summery green still dominates the picture, but yellow leaves announce the autumn.

The dry scent of the summer gives way to the smell of ripe and rotting fruit. One smells fermenting cider and hears the rhythmic and metallic clicking of the wine press. Dark red juice pours into the tub. Sweet blood of the vine. The last grapes get picked, the twigs stretch in relief. Wasps roam about in between the empty vines unwilling to comprehend that the time of abundance is over, but maybe there is still an overlooked grape left in the vivid foliage.

In the peat bed the cat savours the last hot sunrays and the soft and warm soil. Lazily and well-fed, squinting up into the dense treetops where a song of passing flocks of birds got caught. A cheeky lizzard ventures from her hiding place in the wall, out into the warmth. Maybe it still can prey on something without being preyed on itself...

However the black enemy has gone back to sleep again.

Take advantage of the last warm days before the cold winds blow through the garden arbour. Enjoy the ripe fruit, enjoy the autumnal colourfulness and enjoy the young wine.