





"The color of springtime is in the flower. The color of winter is in the imagination." Ward Elliot Hour









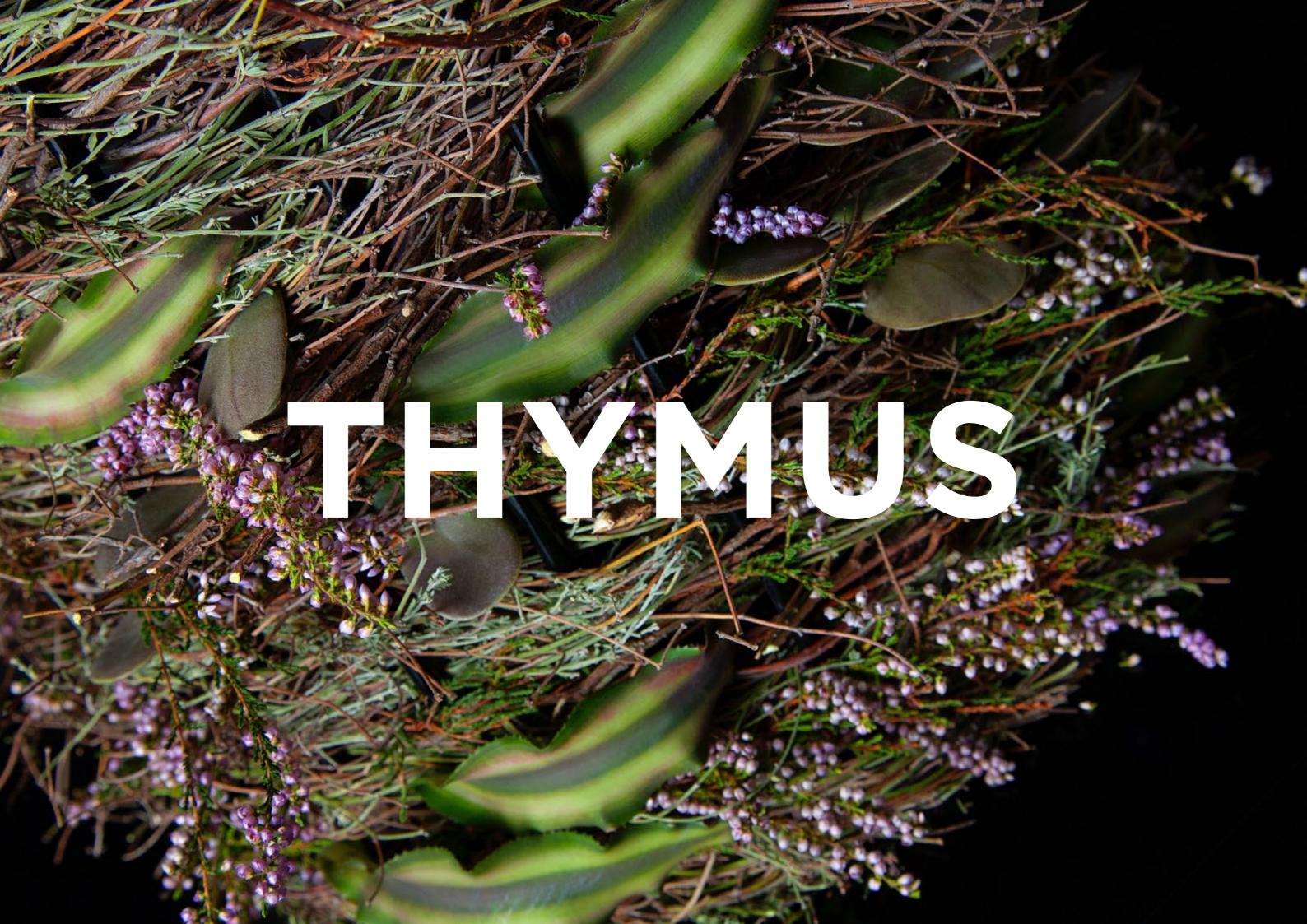






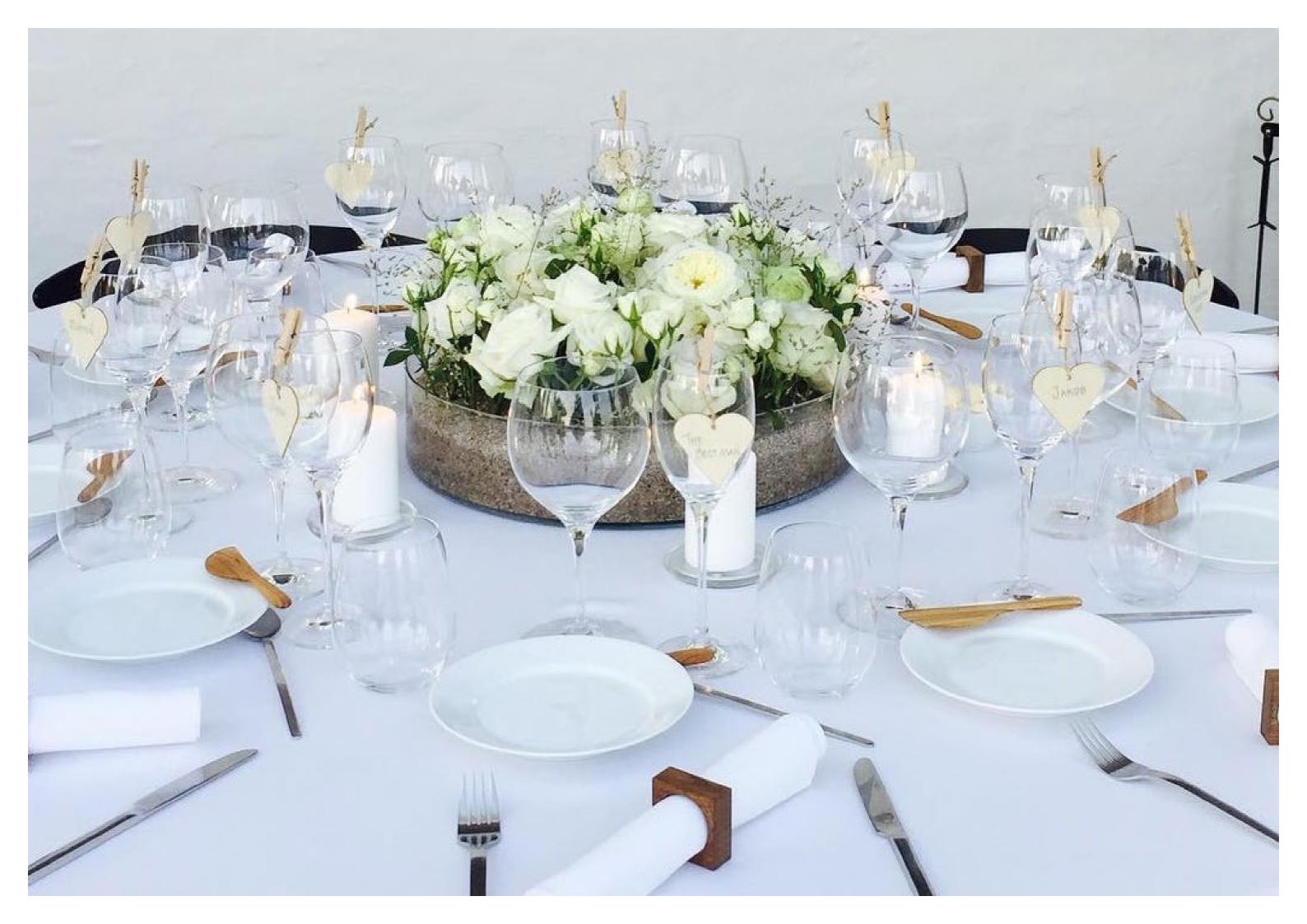








"She is flying there where the swarm is thickest. She is the largest of them all and never remains on the earth, but flies up to the dark clouds. Often at midnight she flies through the streets of the town and breathes with her frosty breath upon the windows; then the ice freezes on the panes into wonderful forms that look like flowers and castles."







## **HELLEBORUS**





























