

To my little Johanna.

G. E.

For Iris and Luna, born on a winter day in the Southern light...

F. K.

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and Anna
Johanna

FLORENCE KÆNIG



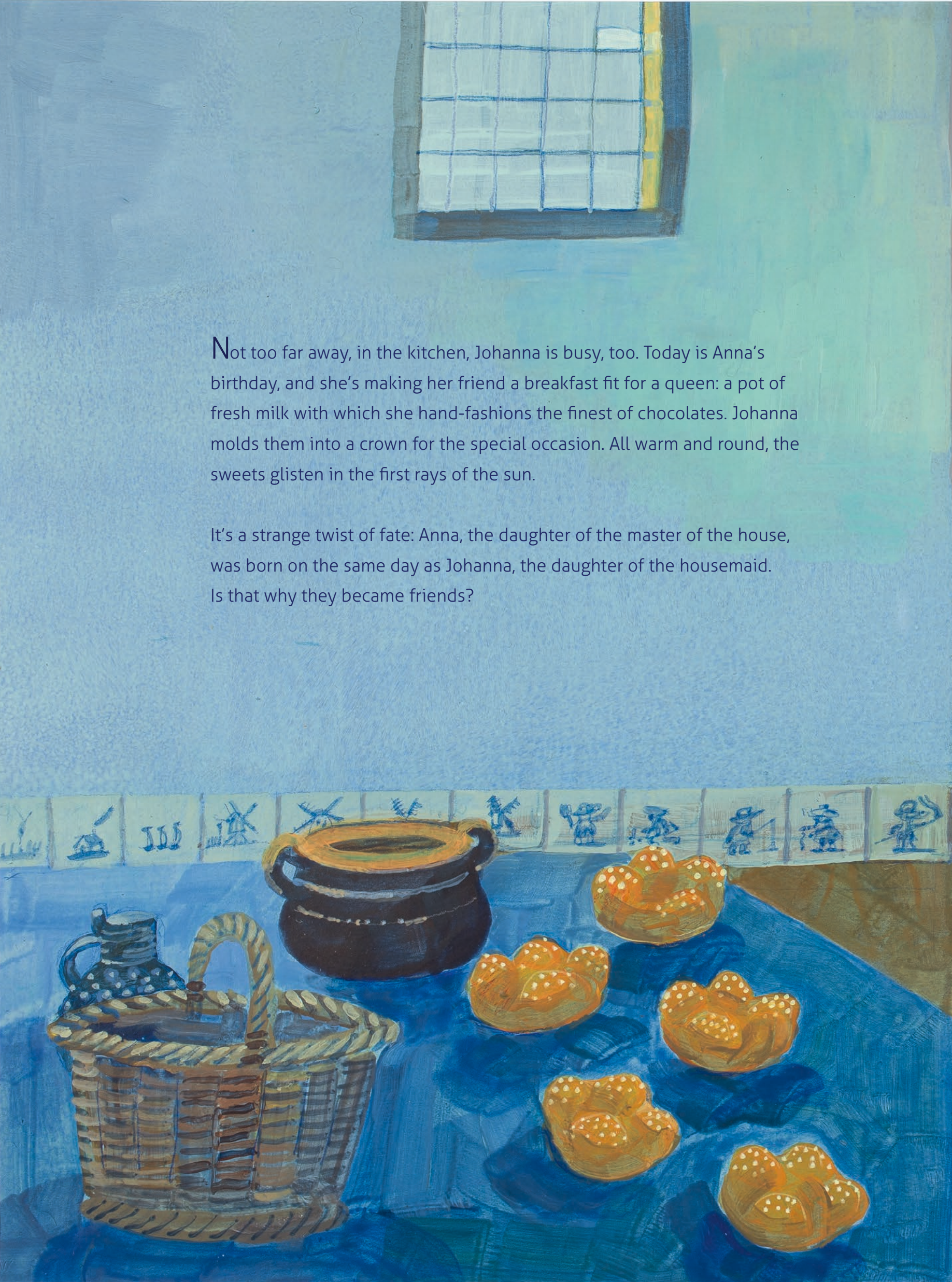
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Delft, October 12th, 1666

Hippity hop! From left to right and right to left, the spindles bob up and down on Anna's cushion, and the yarn seems to waltz about in the daylight glow. Today, she plans to give Johanna a birthday present that she has kept secret for months. It's a small lace collar, just like the one she is wearing herself... and it's one her friend admires very much.



Not too far away, in the kitchen, Johanna is busy, too. Today is Anna's birthday, and she's making her friend a breakfast fit for a queen: a pot of fresh milk with which she hand-fashions the finest of chocolates. Johanna molds them into a crown for the special occasion. All warm and round, the sweets glisten in the first rays of the sun.

It's a strange twist of fate: Anna, the daughter of the master of the house, was born on the same day as Johanna, the daughter of the housemaid. Is that why they became friends?





Mousse and lace: from the bottom of the pitcher and from the end of the spindles, a thin white mesh flows like a stream running towards the sea.

Through the cracked tile, the wind from the open sea pierces the room and comes to a standstill on the old chalk wall. Johanna shivers. One day, she will come to treasure the sea breeze. But now is not the time for dreams. Her friend awaits her. Basket in hand, she vanishes into the mist ascending from the canals.

