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BEAUTY AT THE BEST

Pari

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A ballad *of ancient grace*

Many years pass until he remembers you in your son crafted out of mirth and happiness. And there reflections cause him to stop, to ponder, to reflect and ultimately to rejoice. Your son is magic, it is perfection, it opens the floodgates of memories waiting to envelop him in absolute glee. And at the same time he despairs, because the desire to see you is endless and boundless.



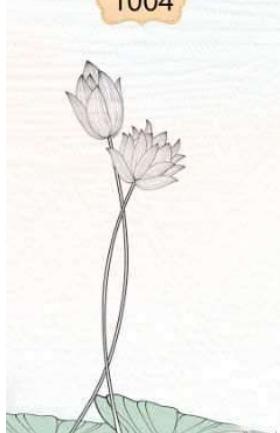
1002

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Life evolves from sand



1004





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Life
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1001

And so they sing the strains of her beauty in the words of an ancient race. It paints a picture of her wit, her splendor, her wonder and above all, her lovely garments. All those who listen to it discover bliss like never before.



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Songs of divinity

