

Winter Fun in Florence!



Wonderfull Really wonderfull
Finished work early! And now? Christmas
shopping? Tsk...now I'm hiking through
Florence, talking to myself again. It
does look like Bichlheim here though.



Or is it just me?
This constant Dèja
Vu. Is it because of
the hormones? I'd
probably even
believe I was seeing
the Isar if I was
prospecting for
gold in Canada.



Crazy world! Hardly married, BOOM,
pregnant. this kind of thing usually
only happens to crazy people in
Soap Operas. Oh whatever. Natasha
as 'Grandma.' Hehe! Should I be
thinking of names already? Romeo?
Julia? Mandy?



As long as it's only
snow and not a vitamin
cocktail...

Gotcha! A little
refreshment,
Señorita?



Vitamins are good for your
condition. Furthermore, you
only had eight today!



Are you trying to
torture me?! Just you
wait! First I'll get you,
and then I'll sing Elvis
songs so long that you'll
be begging Santa Maria
for mercyl



Say, did you just
experience Dèja vu
too? That we've
already played in
the snow before?
Exactly like that -
right?

Have the baby sooner! Then
everything will be different, and we
can run around here with the pram.



You want to
have our little
angel for
Christmas?
Sorry! That's
biologically
impossible!

What a shame! I cannot
wait to be a father.

Of course, you're also totally in the clear, and don't have to squeeze a 6+ pound angel out of your body!



Oh Marlene, you are wonderful, sweet, enchanting, breathtaking, gorgeous, dreamy...

I'll do that later! First I have to show you something in the forest! Let's go!



Yeah, yeah, yada, yada. That's enough praise. What about our house? Cleaning done?

Incredible! As far as househusbands go, Argentinians are useless. And I'm already getting in the bucks for us from Papa too.



Little worm, do not panic in there. I'll get your Dad trained yet. And you'll have a special little toy to cuddle and drool on too. Promise.



Is it much further? It feels like we've been walking for hours now out into this Bichheim-like middle of nowhere.



So, a winter walk is a great thing! And my discovery will blow you away!

Uh huh, are you sure you're not just trying to avoid washing the dishes, Konstantin?



Would I ever do such a thing?

Yep! He does everyday! Sometimes I really wish Natasha would have taught him more than the Kama Sutra. Oh well. He can at least do that! Thank you, Mama!





Whoa! What's up there?

What's where?

A sprig of mistletoe! This is what you want to show me?



Do you like it?



Honestly? It looks rigged. Did you cook this up all by yourself?

Am I that transparent?



You are! You can't fool me, I am your wife, I...hey! Where are you climbing to now?



What is this? I already know you have a talent for hanging around. Come down!

But I still have a poem!



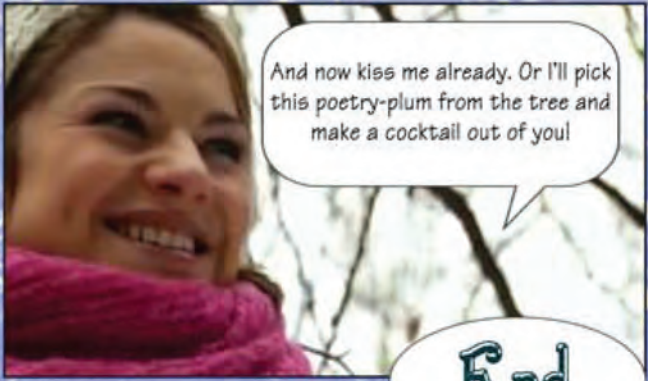
Oooh! Some of my Goethe CD? Let's hear it.

cough... As I hang there like a mistletoe, I look forward to our first Christmas together as a couple. You are the cover for my pot and have made my world everything it was not!



There were rhymes there, did you notice? And? How was I?

Terrible. Really terrible. If we were not already married, I would exchange you.



And now kiss me already. Or I'll pick this poetry-plum from the tree and make a cocktail out of you!

End