









To Arlette the woman is not the mother.  
The parents are absent. Life in this French home  
is sweet. She sees a woman off to the left.  
A servant, a musician, two obedient children.  
The sweet harmony of fate.  
But the woman is trapped. Arlette understands;  
every time she slipped up Maman wrote it down  
for Papa. Then he would bring her out to the edge  
of the wheat field and beat her. She left home  
when she was fourteen.



Six months after marrying an abusive butcher,  
Arlette begins plotting her getaway. Sixteen years,  
one child, a few finance courses later, she  
and Delphine pack their bags and get out.  
Later she marries Sammy, the love of her life.  
She'd prefer to see the painting without the  
protective glass.











