

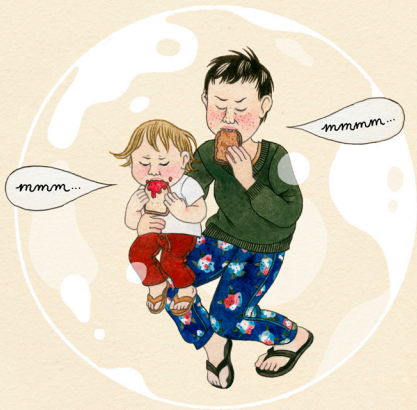
MAMAN LIVES IN A BUBBLE.



IT HAS BEEN A WHILE NOW.  
I NO LONGER REMEMBER THE TIME WHEN SHE DIDN'T  
LIVE IN THE BUBBLE. I WAS TOO LITTLE.



SHE INVITES ME TO EAT IN HER BUBBLE EVERY MORNING.  
SHE DOESN'T MIND IF I MAKE CRUMBS WITH MY TOAST.



WHEN I AM SAD, MAMAN COMFORTS ME IN THE BUBBLE.

I LIKE IT.

