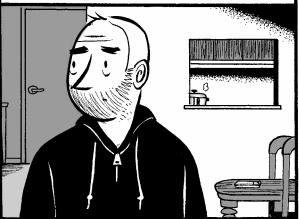


MY MOTHER'S APARTMENT HAS THE MOST ORDINARY INTERIOR I'VE EVER SEEN. WHEN YOU WALK IN, THERE'S NO TELLING WHO LIVES HERE.



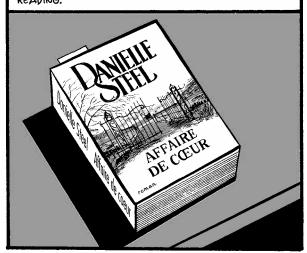
THE FEW DECORATIVE ITEMS WERE ALL BOUGHT AT WALMART OR ZELLERS.



NOTHING EVER MOVES HERE, NOTHING CHANGES.

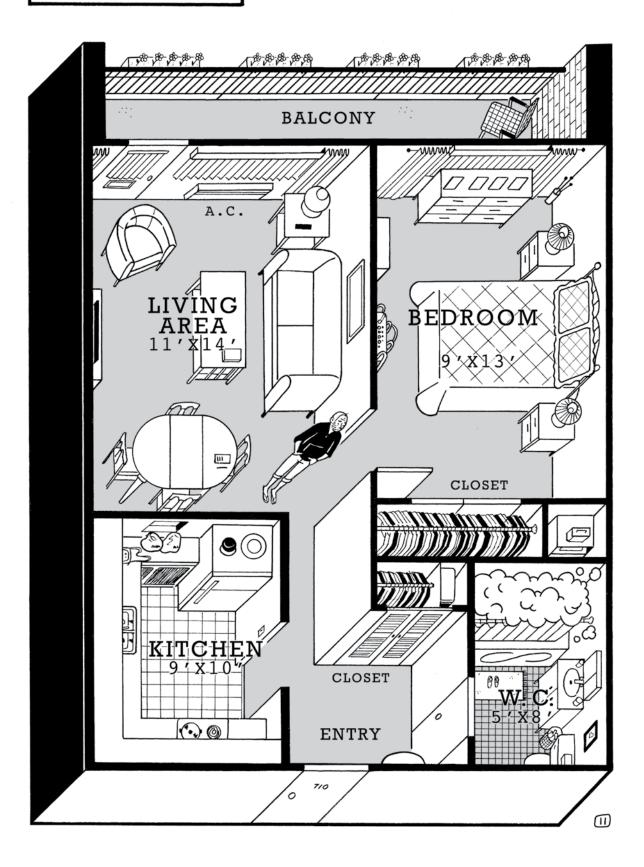


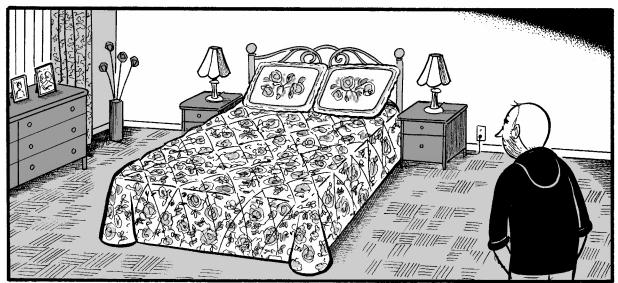
EXCEPT THE TITLE OF WHATEVER BOOK SHE'S READING.



YOU'D THINK THE PLACE WAS STAGED.





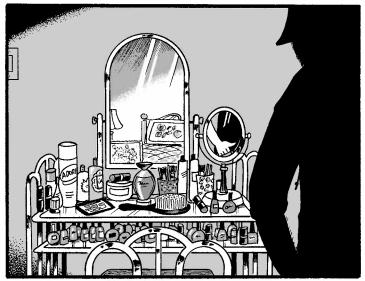




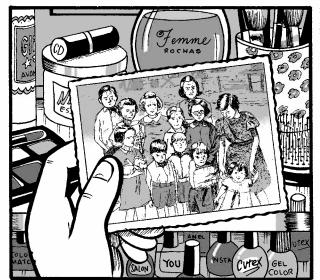




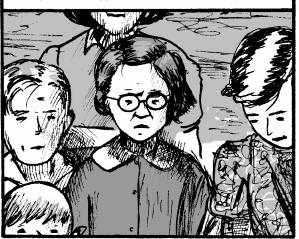








ALINE, MY MOTHER, WAS BORN IN MONTREAL IN 1935, THE SIXTH IN A FAMILY OF THIRTEEN CHILDREN.



SHE GREW UP IN A WARTIME HOUSE ON CLARK STREET, IN THE NORTH OF THE CITY.



ALINE WAS THE ONLY ONE IN THE FAMILY TO WEAR GLASSES. IT WAS HER GREATEST CHILDHOOD TORMENT.

