

I NEVER SLEEP WELL THE NIGHT BEFORE MARKET DAY.
USUALLY IT IS DUE TO EXCITEMENT BUT
TONIGHT IT IS DUE TO DREAD.



MY WIFE WILL NOT
ACCOMPANY ME
THIS TIME.



RACHEL IS EIGHT MONTHS
PREGNANT WITH OUR
FIRST CHILD.



IT IS NOT MY INTENTION
TO DRAIN THE JOY
FROM ONE OF LIFE'S
TRUE MIRACLES...



BUT MY THOUGHTS
INCREASINGLY DWELL
ON DEATH.



RECENTLY RACHEL'S
TWIN SISTER LOST
HER CHILD AT BIRTH.

HOURS AGO I CONVINCED
MYSELF THAT IF I
WENT TO THE MARKET
I WOULD NEVER SEE
RACHEL AGAIN.



WHAT IF SOME TRAGEDY SHOULD BEFALL ME?



THE GRINDING TASK OF PROVIDING FOR OUR CHILD WOULD CONDEMN RACHEL TO A LIFE OF CEASELESS LABOR.



HER SIGHT, ALREADY POOR, WOULD BE QUICKLY GONE.



BUT BEFORE HER YOUTH IS STOLEN, UNSPEAKABLE MISFORTUNE...



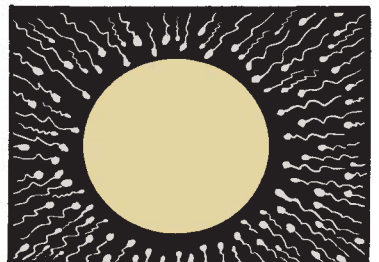
AND WHAT OF OUR POOR CHILD?



RAISED ON THE STREETS OR IN A MISERABLE ORPHANAGE?!



WHY BRING LIFE INTO THIS...





I WARD OFF FURTHER SINISTER
THOUGHTS BY FOCUSING MY
ATTENTION ON THE IMMEDIATE.

THE ROTE.

AS I HAVE DONE SINCE
CHILDHOOD, I COMPULSIVELY
COUNT MY FOOTSTEPS.





IT IS IN THIS MANNER I PROCEED.



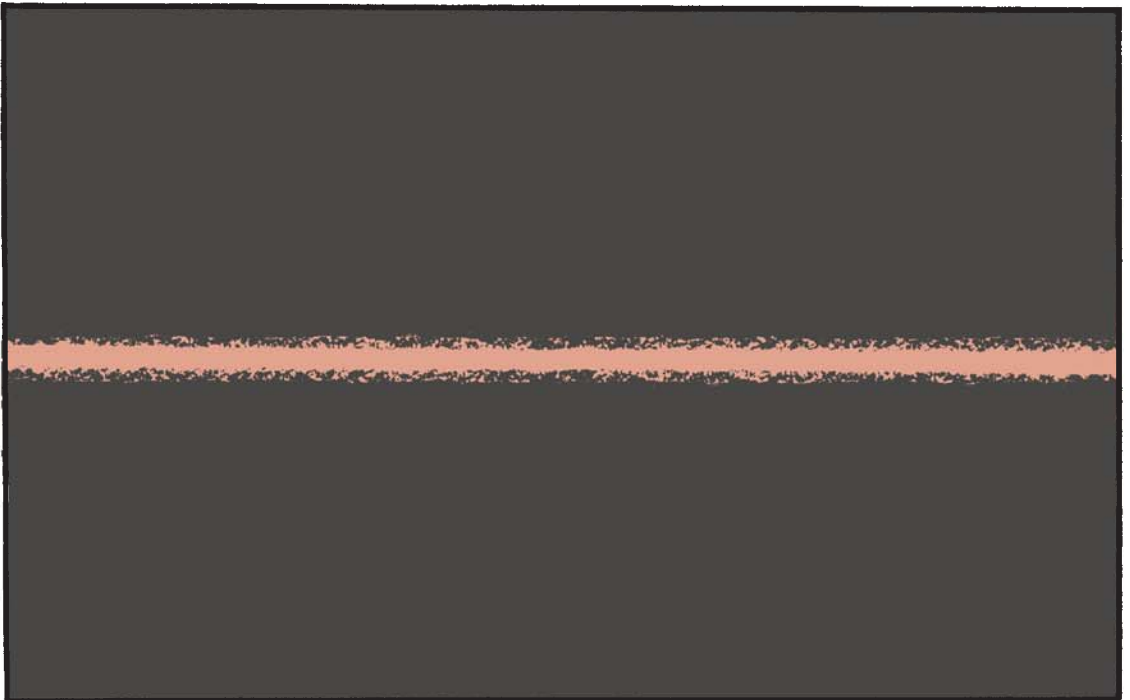




WITH THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN MY SPIRITS RISE. A SLIVER
OF PINK FRAMED BY THE GREY EARTH AND CLOUDS.



I IMMEDIATELY TRY TO THINK OF HOW I COULD REFLECT
THIS MOMENT IN A RUG. A SMALL STREAK OF COLOR SLICING
THROUGH A LARGE BLOCK OF GREY.



RACHEL TEASES ME THAT I LIVE MORE FULLY IN
THE WORLD I IMAGINE THAN THE ONE I EAT IN.

MAYBE MORE
YELLOW WITH
BLACK ENDS?



SO MANY OF MY RUGS ARE BORN FROM MOMENTS LIKE THESE.



