

## EXTRACT #6 (FIONA)

*What happens now?*

The woman said: finally, a photograph of a face. The image of the face is slowly folded at its corners by a pair of hands, they could be your hands...

*Mine?*

Long fingers, slightly too long. Yours are a painter's hands, delicate and precise. Mine and stubby like sausages, and weathered and worn. A sculptor's hands! The image is folded slowly, very gently back in on itself, from the corners, from the edges, folds are refolded, delicately redoubled, in a similar way to the formation of a complex paper plane. The image itself is of a young woman and her fixed stare remains unobscured throughout. The stare is direct, thoughtful but questioning rather than reflective. The image appears to be folded into itself and is so elegantly, precisely done that the figure feels carefully held in the paper's folds, protected, warmly enveloped.

The blackbird in the tree outside their window began to sing.