Bread and Cakes for the Guest

Lady Ester made bread on purpose, a white bread, thin like a host, the one you make only for parties, and without being seen by her sisters, she also bought a little basket of cookies. After all, a guest was coming, and hospitality is something sacred. Lady Ruth, in turn, dreamt of her nephew’s arrival every night, and every day around three, when the coach arrived, she spied through the door. However, time went by, and everything was still and quiet around there.

(from the novel *Reeds in the Wind*, 1913)