

This morning, I looked at myself in the mirror of the bathroom sink. I have aged. The hair, the skin, the gaze. Above all the gaze and I asked myself if, over there, they will recognize me. I asked myself as well if it was worth the effort to go back on the road. There are so many things which have changed in eight years, starting with me. In spite of everything, I'll have to sort out this old situation, if only to teach De Soto who's the boss.