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Woodworking

Software

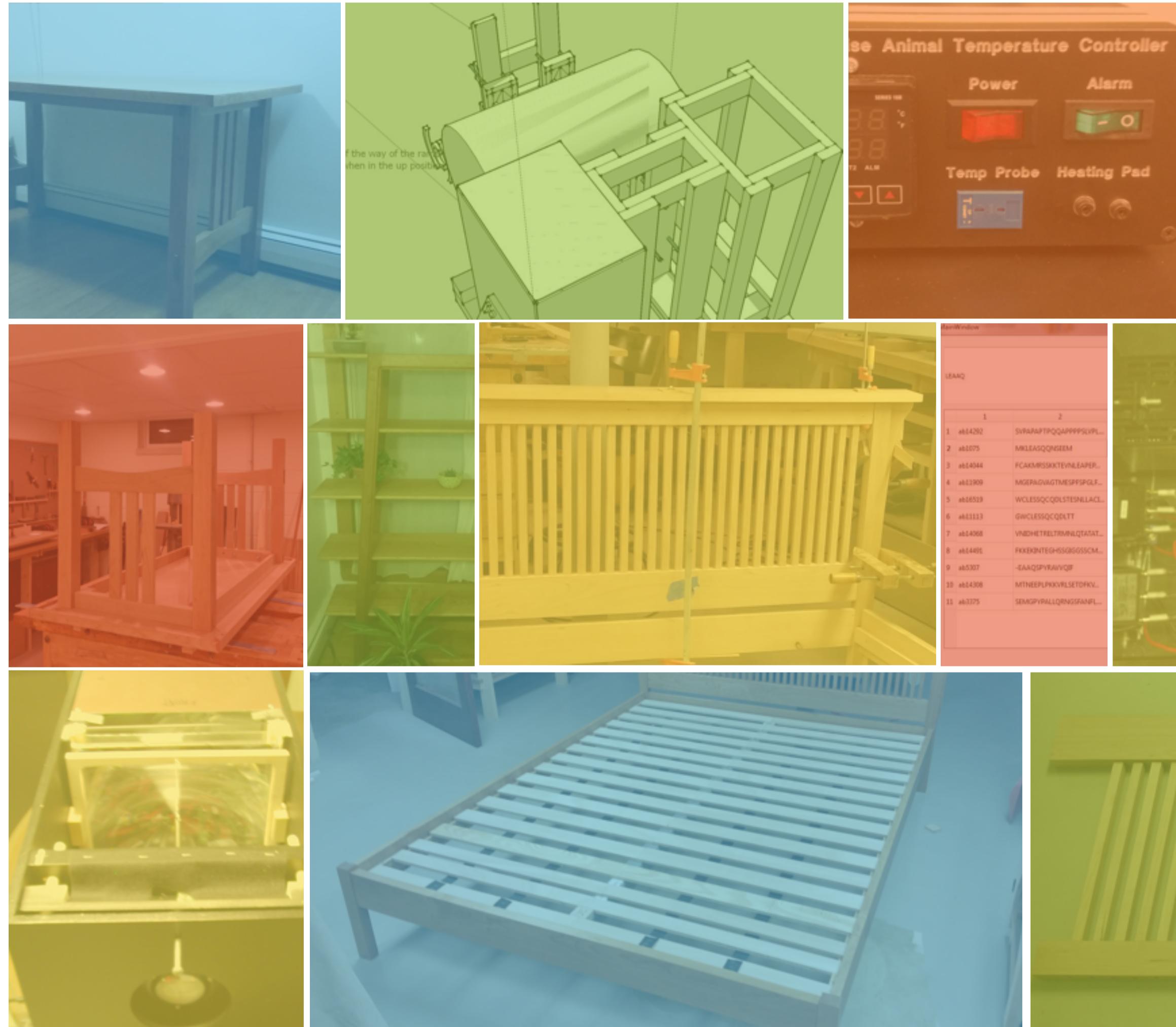
Hardware

Writings

Terminal ↗

Contact ↗

Presence



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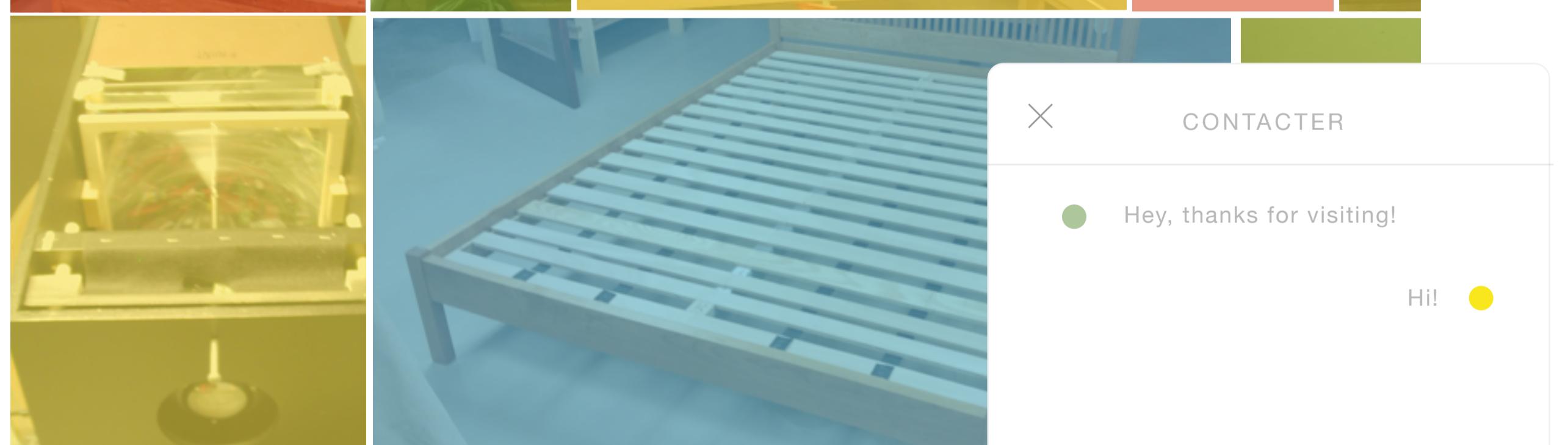
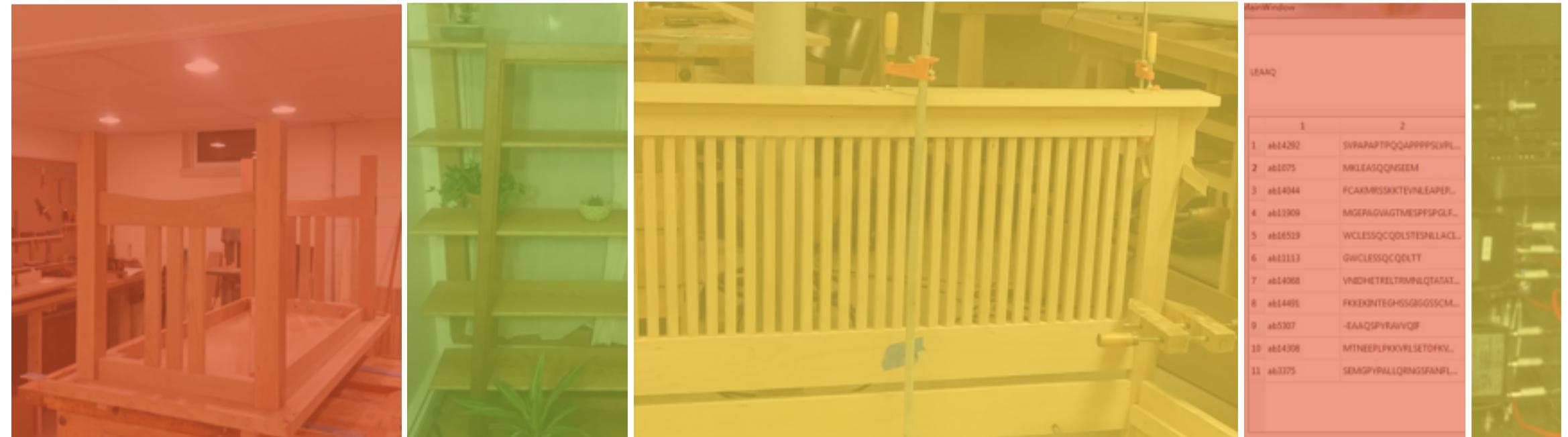
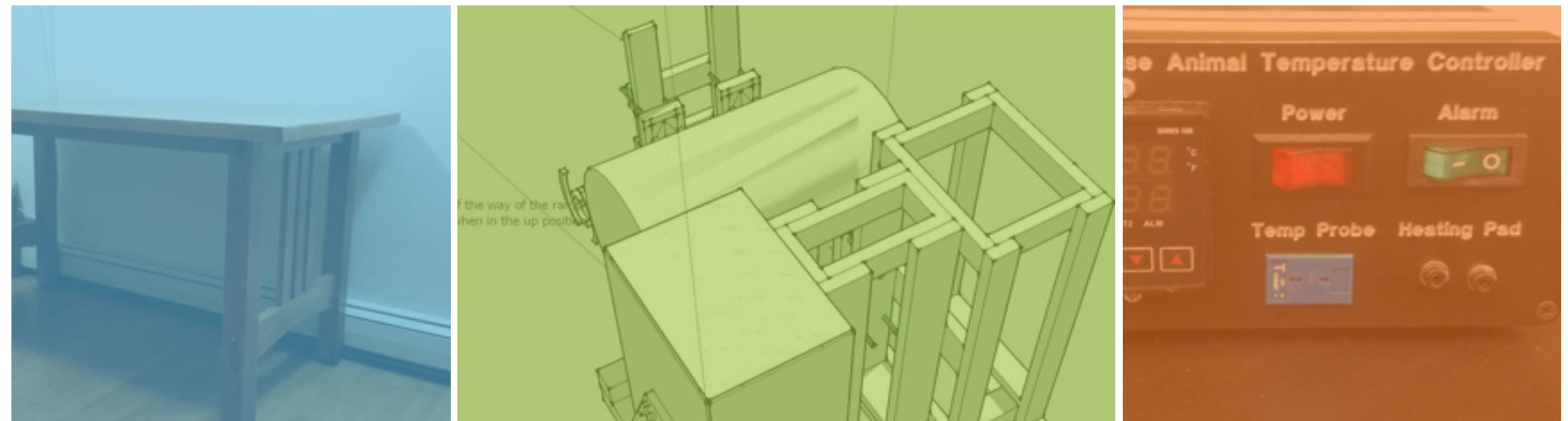
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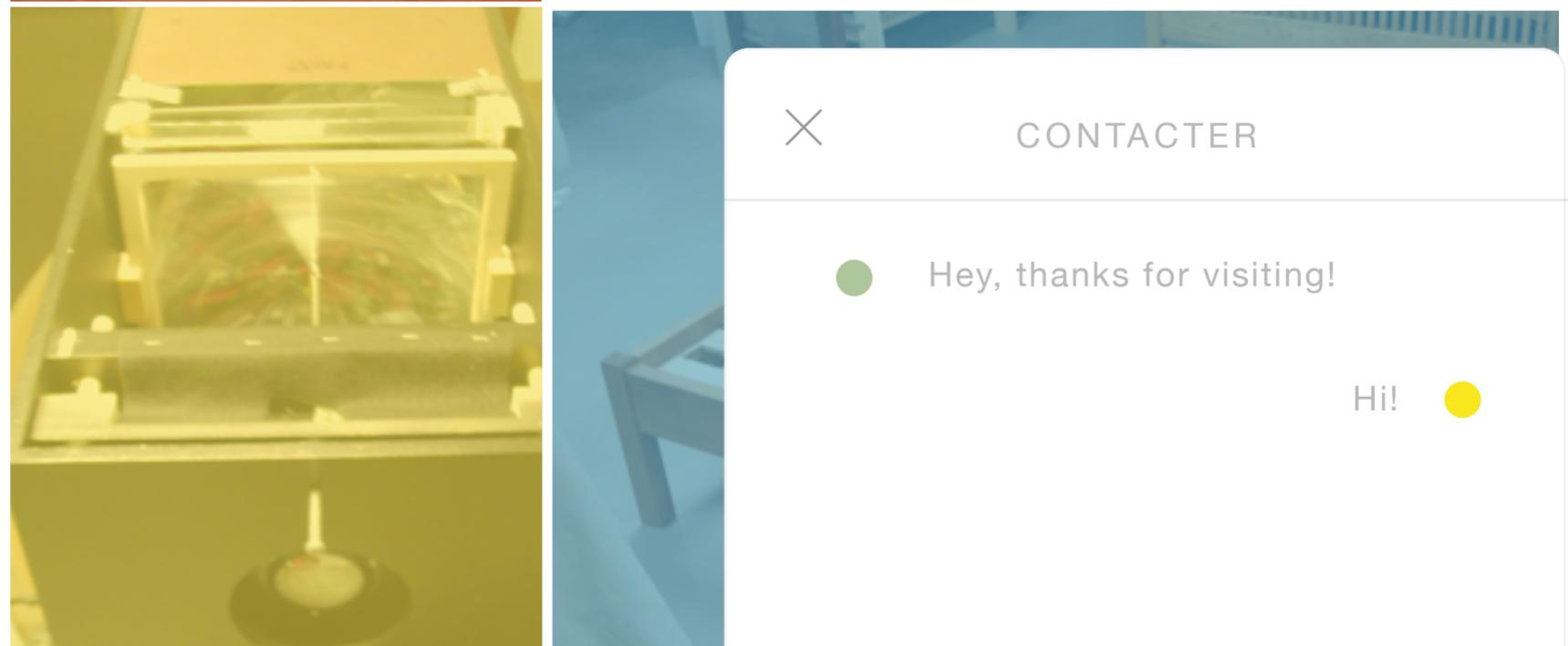
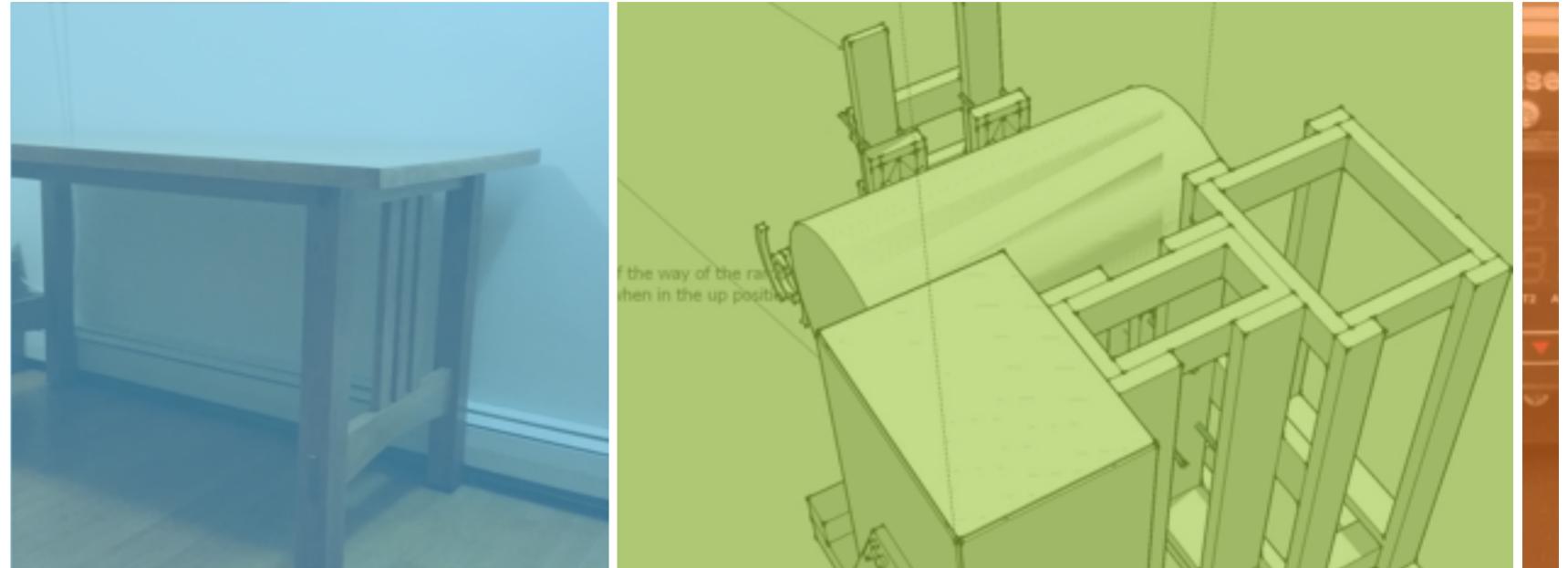
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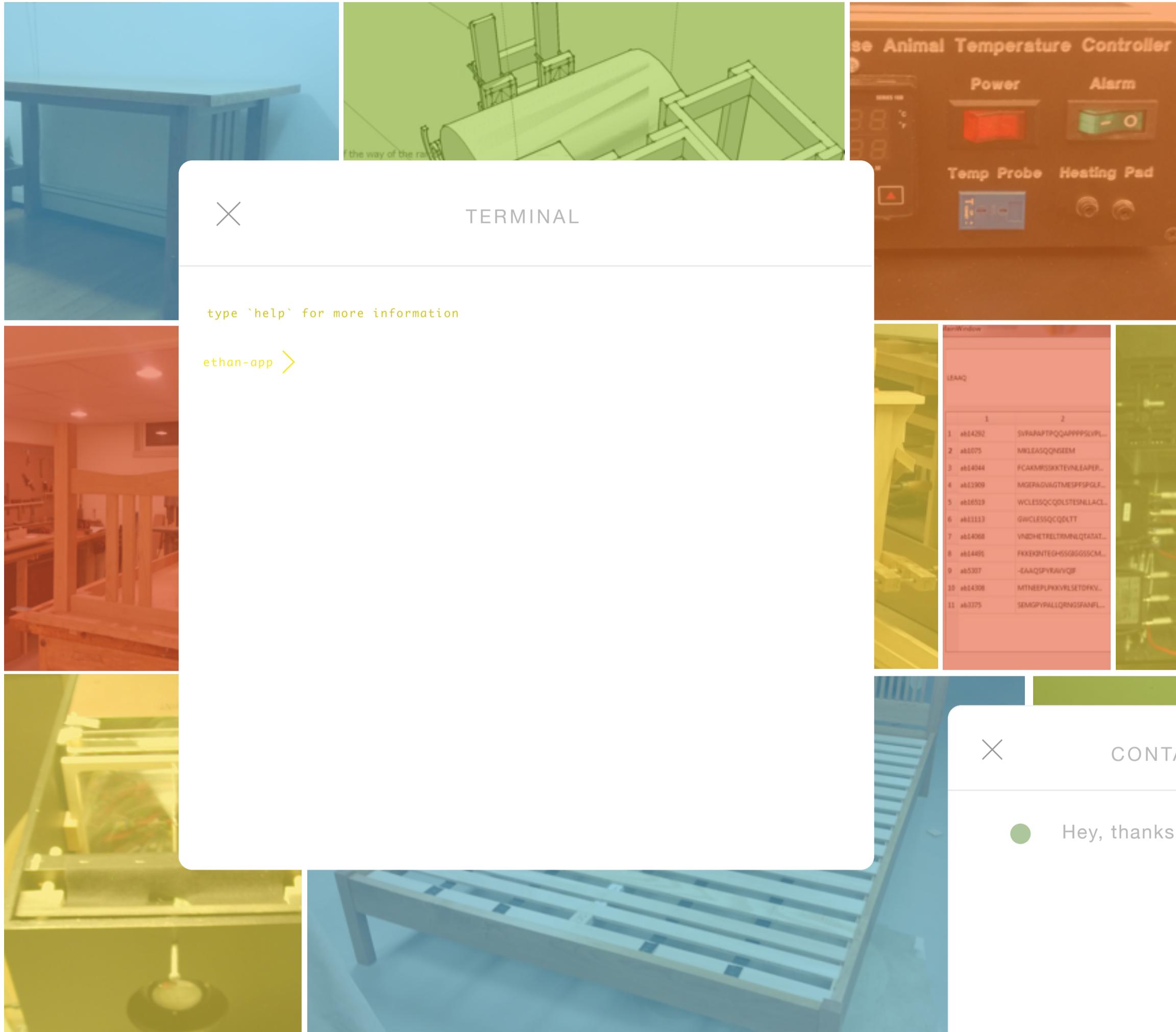
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Woodworking

scandenavian shelf

arts and crafts table

arts and crafts table

headboard

arts and crafts bed

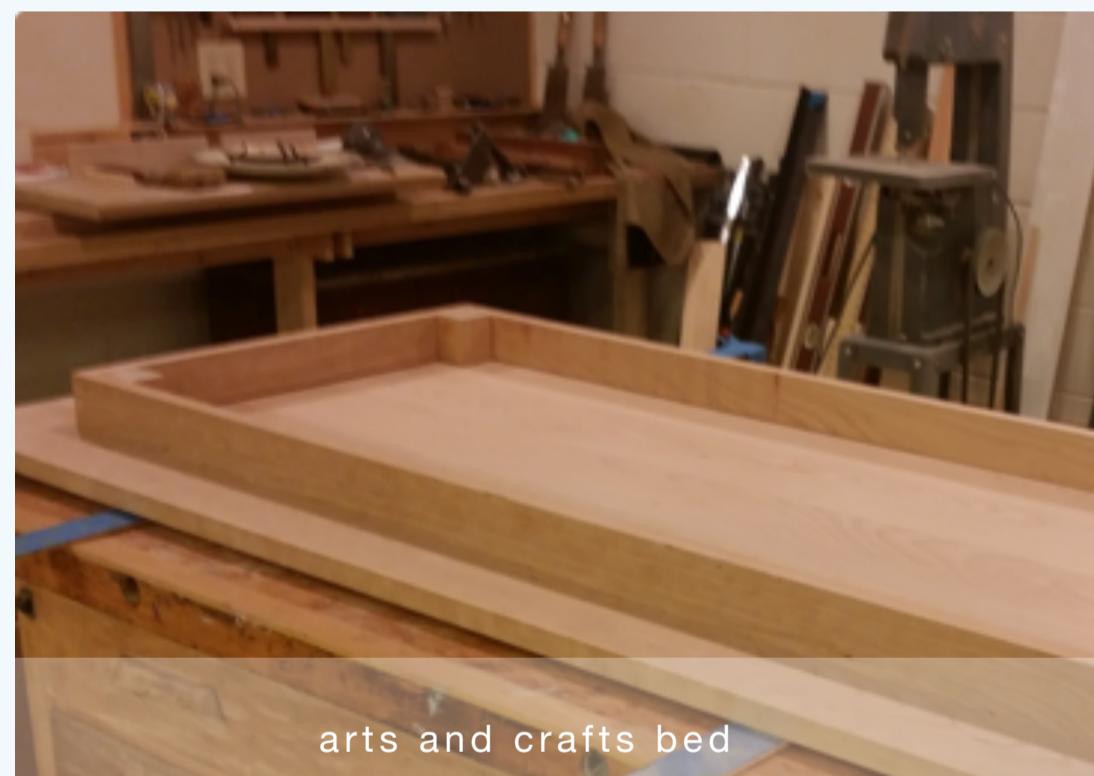
arts and crafts bed



arts and crafts table



headboard



arts and crafts bed



arts and crafts bed





Design

Desk - Craftsman Style

2016

Design



Milling



Cutting



Assembly



Finishing



Description

Words words words.....

Milling





Woodworking

Software

Hardware

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Contact ↗

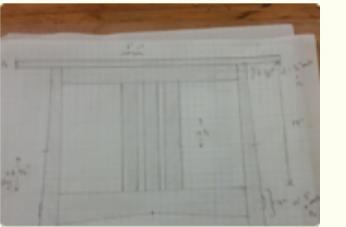
Presence



Description

Words words words.....

Milling



Desk - Craftsman
Style
2016

Design



Milling



Cutting



Assembly



Finishing

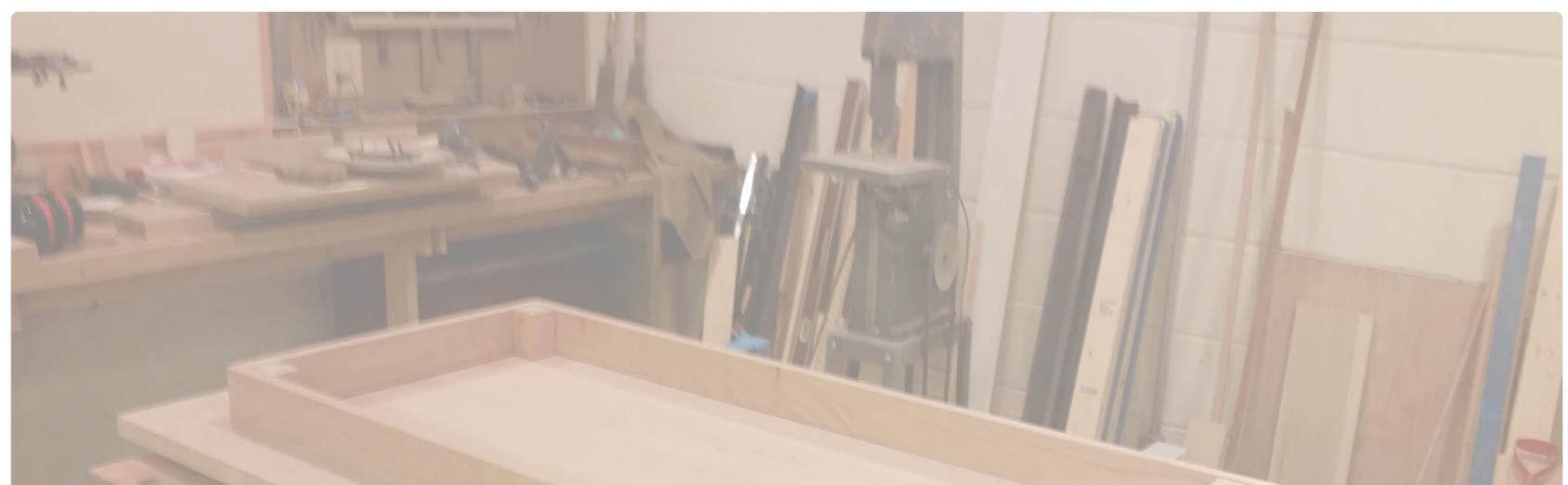


Description

Words words words.....



Milling





Title

Year

On the 24th of May, 1863, my uncle, Professor Liedenbrock, rushed into his little house, No. 19 Königstrasse, one of the oldest streets in the oldest portion of the city of Hamburg.

Martha must have concluded that she was very much behindhand, for the dinner had only just been put into the oven.

"Well, now," said I to myself, "if that most impatient of men is hungry, what a disturbance he will make!"

"M. Liedenbrock so soon!" cried poor Martha in great alarm, half opening the dining-room door.

"Yes, Martha; but very likely the dinner is not half cooked, for it is not two yet. Saint Michael's clock has only just struck half-past one."

"Then why has the master come home so soon?"

"Perhaps he will tell us that himself."

"Here he is, Monsieur Axel; I will run and hide myself while you argue with him."

And Martha retreated in safety into her own dominions.

I was left alone. But how was it possible for a man of my undecided turn of mind to argue successfully with so irascible a person as the Professor? With this persuasion I was hurrying away to my own little retreat upstairs, when the street door creaked upon its hinges; heavy feet made the whole flight of stairs to shake; and the master of the house, passing rapidly through the dining-room, threw himself in haste into his own sanctum.

But on his rapid way he had found time to fling his hazel stick into a corner, his rough broadbrim upon the table, and these few emphatic his nephew:

"Axel, follow me!"

I had scarcely had time to move when the Professor was again s

5 mins left



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5 mins left



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But on his rapid way he had found time to fling his hazel stick into a corner, his rough broadbrim upon the table, and these few emphatic words at his nephew:

"Axel, follow me!"

I had scarcely had time to move when the Professor was again shouting after me:

"What! not come yet?"

And I rushed into my redoubtable master's study.

Otto Liedenbrock had no mischief in him. I willingly allow that; but unless he very