Excerpt from the book “Good Night, My Love”, page 158

Time, this tireless dictator, sketches clarity in the sky, which occasionally flooded our house in the middle of a town on a small green lawn. That morning is withdrawing into timelessness. Therefore, at home we live in harmony. The question of my husband’s or my fidelity never crept in. I know myself that much, so that I could not lie to his face. It was and still is our taboo subject.

"Good night, my love! Please, come. Lift a spell from my craving. It is hard to control myself. You are instilled in me. Only you can help me to remain a good father and to persist. "

"Ivo, get over yourself. I do not regret our reunion, but believe me if I knew what blight it had caused you, I would never have stepped on that path."