







































And both that morning equally lay  
In little that could first had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how my road may lead  
I doubted if I should ever come back.  
I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.  
The Road Not Taken

















































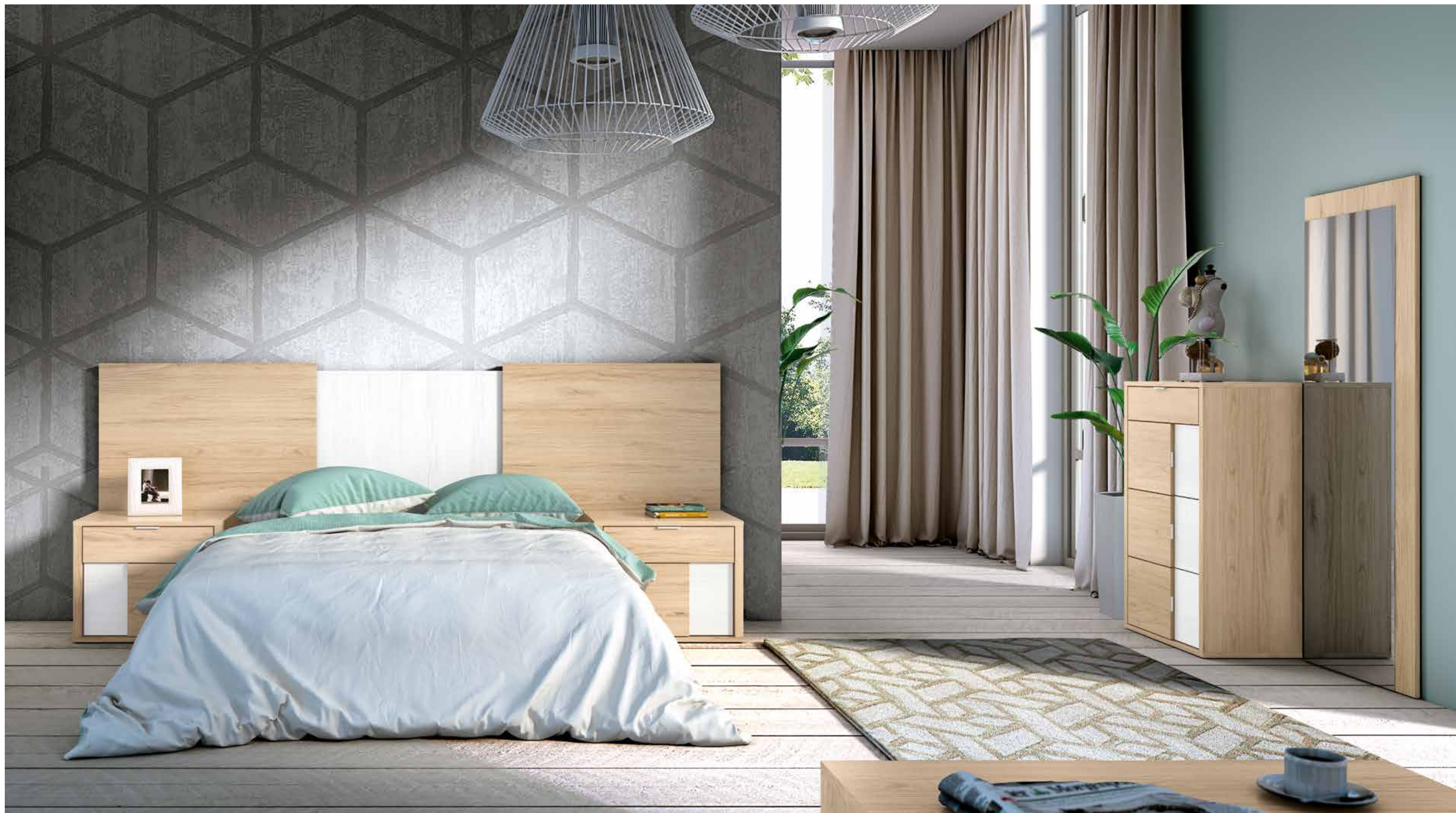




































LOVE  
IS.



ANDREW MARTIN  
ANDREW MARTIN





















































































































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