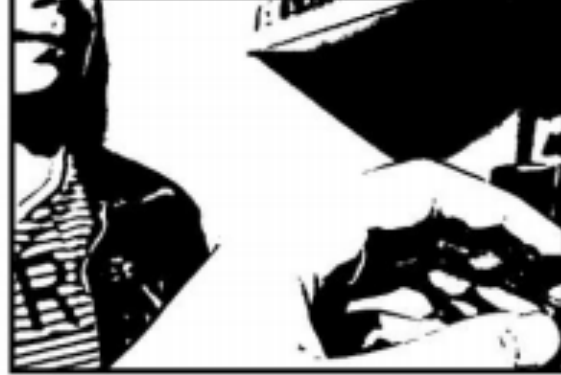


One grocery shopping evening with granny...



I sensed her hesitation while taking a jar of jam off the shelf.



I knew she has a story to tell once we get home.



How funny! A jar of jam makes your grandma emotional these days. Come sit and listen Talia



My mother made and sold jam. She collected roses from our land in the countryside once they bloomed around August of every year

I sit observing her perfectly round glasses.







But my mother knew this was about to end soon




Our land was the only one out there like a green ocean. No tractors, no fog of chemical sprays...Just humans, and its flora and fauna.



Spokesman from Tayber Inc. I have legal possession of third acres of this land





And that was the end of our once-in-a-lifetime sustainable business. Mama had to give up our roses and decided it's best for our future to not get involved in endless, hopeless, lawsuits with strong firms. We couldn't bear seeing the greenery get replaced with machines. We moved away to the city with only the memories and smell of that burnt rose jam...