Alaskan Highway

At eighteen, my parents sent me to a faraway land to remove me from a troublesome boyfriend. While working at their friend's farm, I fell in love with their son. That summer, I did not earn much money, as the son took me away to the unpaved Alaskan Highway with his old Volkswagen beetle. Rebellious me loved every minute of the adventure, even when we ran out of food during an evening hike and slept under a tree where racoons also spend their night. We returned home in love and ready for marriage. One never knows where life leads.

Camping under moonlight

in love with being in love.

His adoration captured me.