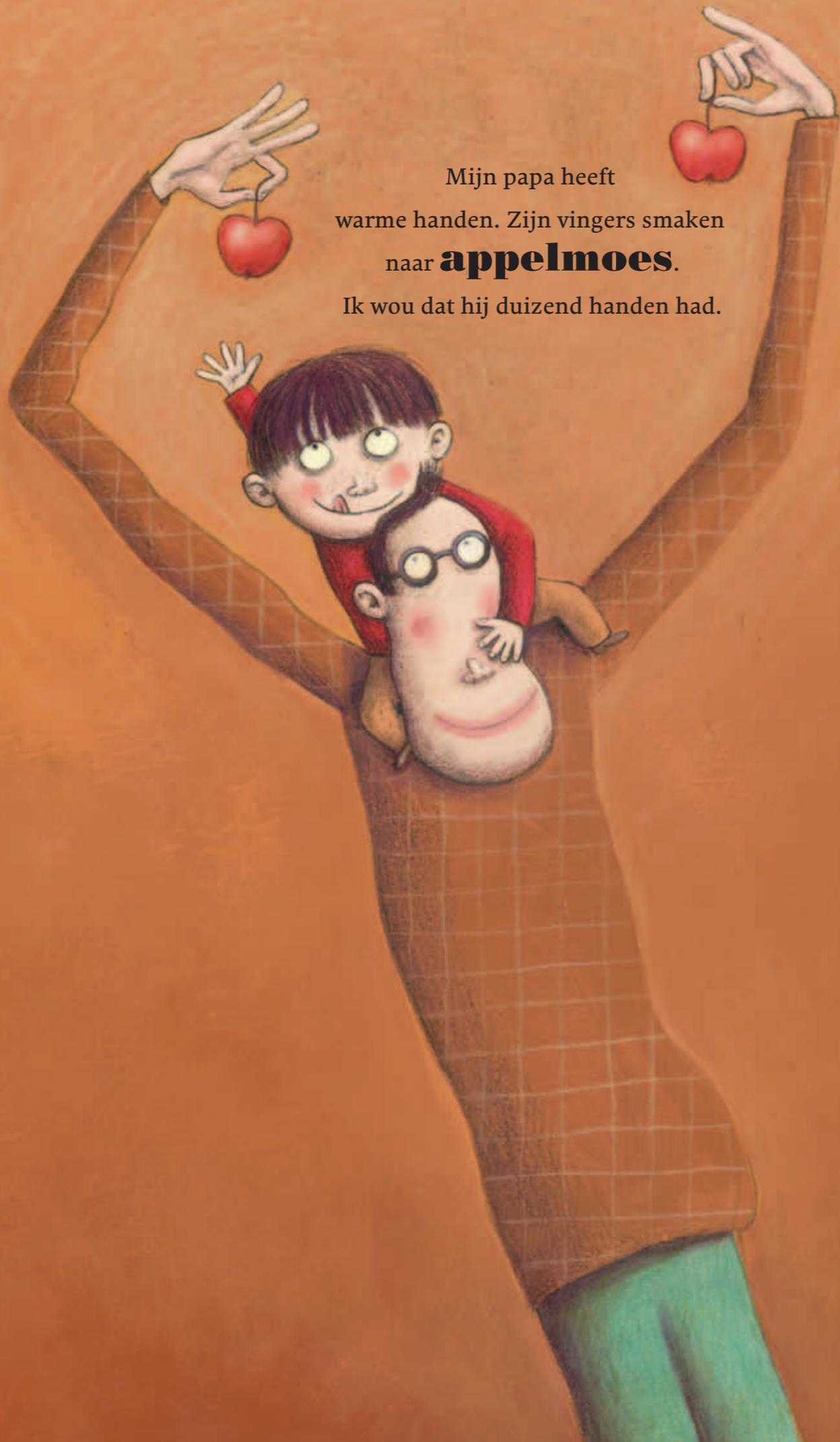
An illustration in a soft, painterly style. A man with glasses and a light blue shirt sits in a chair, looking down with a weary expression. A young child with brown hair and a red-and-white striped shirt sits on his lap, looking up at him with wide, curious eyes. To the left, a vintage television set sits on a stand, its screen glowing with a greenish light. The background is a wall with a subtle floral pattern. The overall mood is quiet and contemplative.

Soms zijn papaspieren **moe**,
zò moe dat zijn oren
niet meer luisteren.

Mijn papa heeft
warme handen. Zijn vingers smaken
naar **appelmoes**.
Ik wou dat hij duizend handen had.





Soms zijn papahanden koud.

Ze tekenen bliksems.

Wanneer papa zwijgt,
hangt er onweer in de lucht.

