

## **Acknowledgements**

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Grief fills up the room of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me all of his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.  
Then have I reasons to be fond of grief.  
Fare you well. Had you loss such as I,  
I could give better comfort than you do.

King John, Act III, Scene IV,

By William Shakespeare