



The village itself was dead to the world. He arrived around siesta time but it would have been just as quiet at any other time of the day. As he left the village, an intriguing house caught Andres's eye. The house had clearly been abandoned for quite some time as the gate was padlocked. Undeterred Andres tried the gate anyway, which curiously enough opened. The doors of the house were also unlocked. And the rooms were still furnished.

**WHO?** Andres originally trained to be an architect, but over the years he has increasingly become a real estate developer with a knack for special locations.

For many years, Andres had dreamt of owning a place in the country. Not too far, so you could easily drive there. Something relatively simple, in woodsy surroundings. One Saturday morning, Andres and his dog popped into the car for a drive. Along the road, he noticed a rather dilapidated sign for 'ABBOTT', only 1.5 kilometres. The name piqued his curiosity so he took the exit.

Andres had stumbled upon his house. He managed to find out who owned it and they were willing to sell it. Since then, Andres has succeeded in transforming the house into his home. He has made some additions, has changed some things here and there but essentially the atmosphere is very much the same.

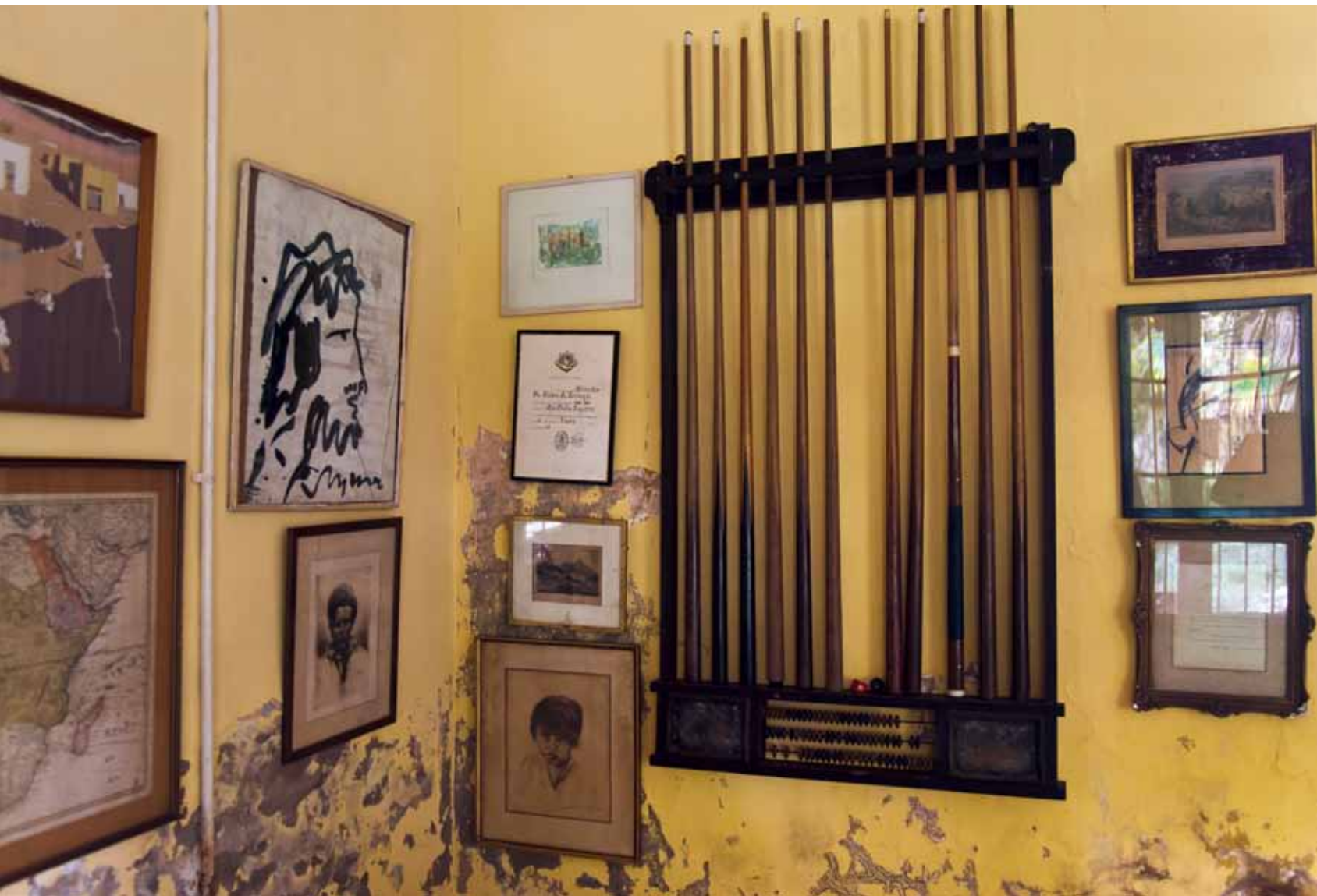
Abbott is still a sleepy village and the locals are very uncomplicated. Just the kind of people that Andres likes to surround himself with. There is one shop/bar where the entire village's social life unfolds. And a train station and a tennis court, which have not been used for years.

## WHERE?









The house itself was built by an Irish family along the Camino Real, which was used to drive cattle from San Miguel del Monte to the slaughterhouses in Buenos Aires.

The house is like a tiny oasis, largely because of Andres's interventions. It has no particular style but every item, every object, every painting comes with a story or an anecdote. He remembers who gave it to him or where he found or bought it. The swords on the wall were his grandfather's. He actually used them to fight duels. The fireplace was especially crafted for him from sheet metal which he found in old shipwrecking plant in the port of Buenos Aires.



The stories bring the history of the house and the items in it to life even more.

But above all, Andres and his wife Marcela cherish their natural surroundings, marveling at the beauty of newly-opened flower or the endlessly changing patterns of the clouds against the bright blue sky. It never gets boring.



