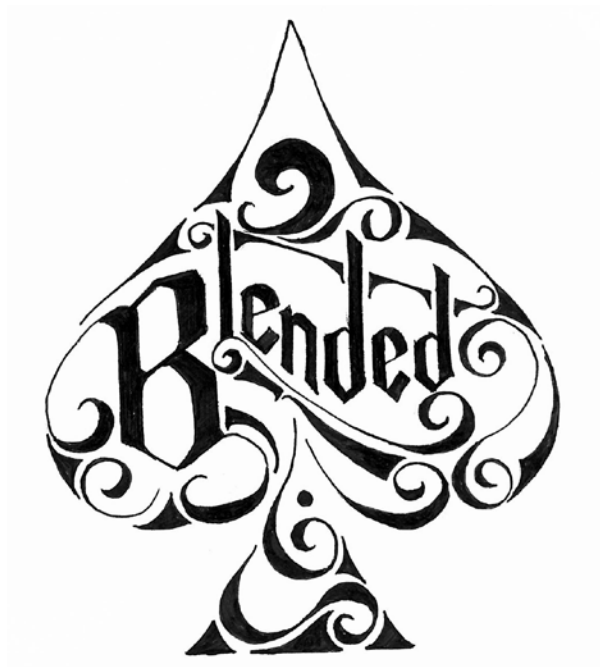


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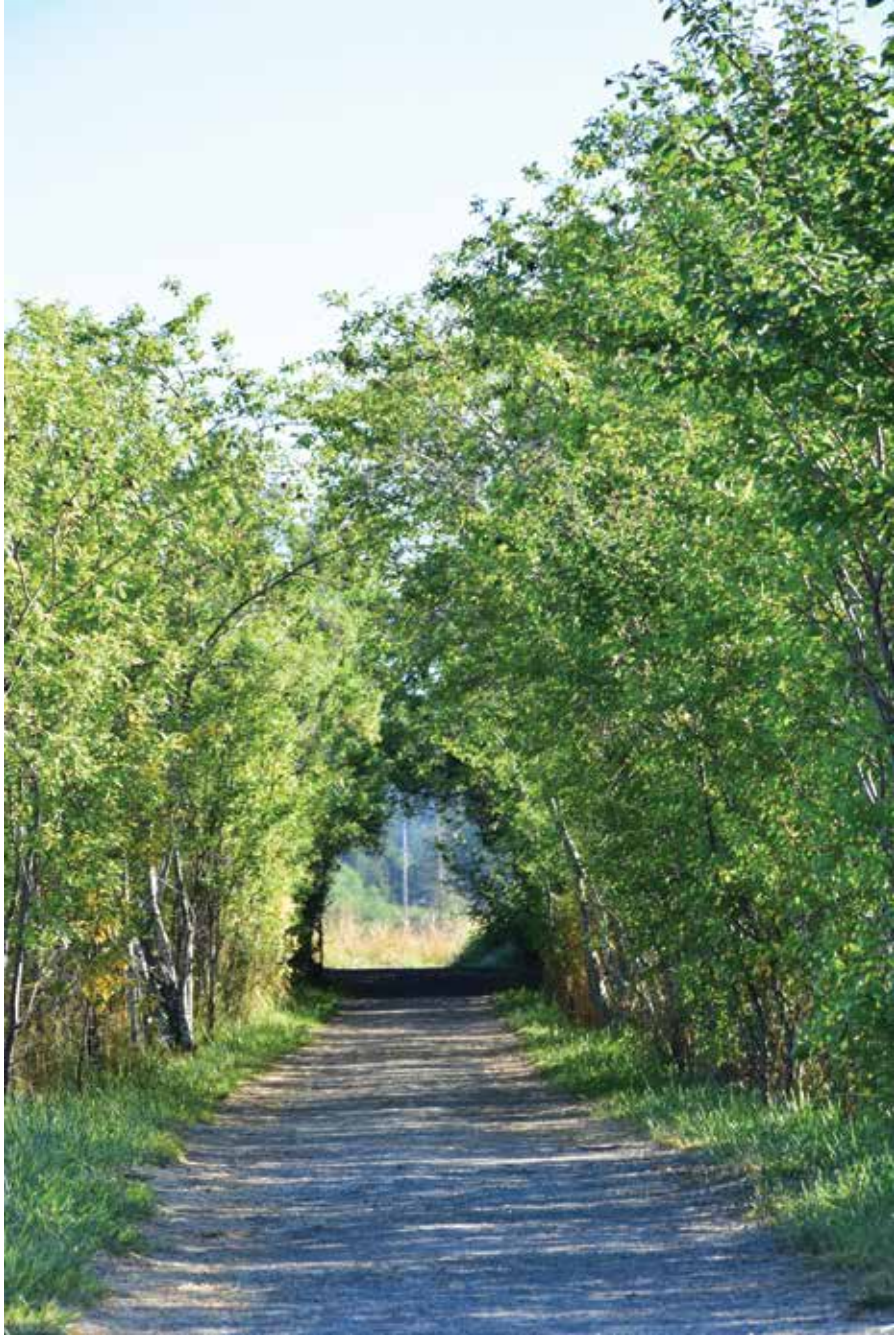
Student Staff
Raven Kili

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PHOTOGRAPH - *Jeannie Manthey*

THE CHANGING OF SEASONS

Arthur Branwen

When the world glows white, I am whole. When crystals of sweet innocence fall from the sky, my soul can feel complete. While ivory flakes lilt throughout the atmosphere, my eyes of olive can flutter shut, and pure happiness can fill my mind. The cold may bite at my nose, and my porcelain cheeks become dusted with the color of roses, but I exhale clouds of bliss and my heart is overwhelmed with contentment.

I hold out my hands, hoping to catch some perfection, and hold it close to myself. I can feel my heart sway to the ballad of the snow. My lips part and I sing along, looking out to a frozen lake. I watch as water runs under the glassy ice. I watch as gusts of wind dance along this diamond dance floor, like a couple entranced in a waltz. Mother Nature emanates onto me her compassion, and I can see her smile toward me with the warmth that I feel through the winter.

My ears are numb, but flood with the quiet winds and my gaze turns to the grey sky. The ashen heavens fill my eyes, and I seem to look into the great eternity. I reach out and almost feel my palm flat against it, wishing I could break through. If only I could shatter the sky and climb through, and just watch everything from above. To float aloft, in the cushions of the clouds, and just watch seasons pass.

I could watch as the winter is absorbed into the ground and be replaced by the delicate flowers. Watch as rain falls and gives the Earth new life. I can watch as Mother Nature awakens, and with her, the blooming of life. I can see the rebirth of souls, old and new. The air around me will become enveloped with the sounds of wonderful innocence finding its way into existence.

I will see how life grows and makes its way into the warmth of summer. The knowledge of the sun filling the minds of these new beings with the wonders of life. Giving every new consciousness the vitality to live and breathe with ease and joy.

But summer will fall from the trees and these lives will become fatigued as the days shorten. The air will cool and become dry. Souls will gain experience with age, and take in the wisdom of the trees. They will send their whispers with the harsh winds, and teach them how to grow.

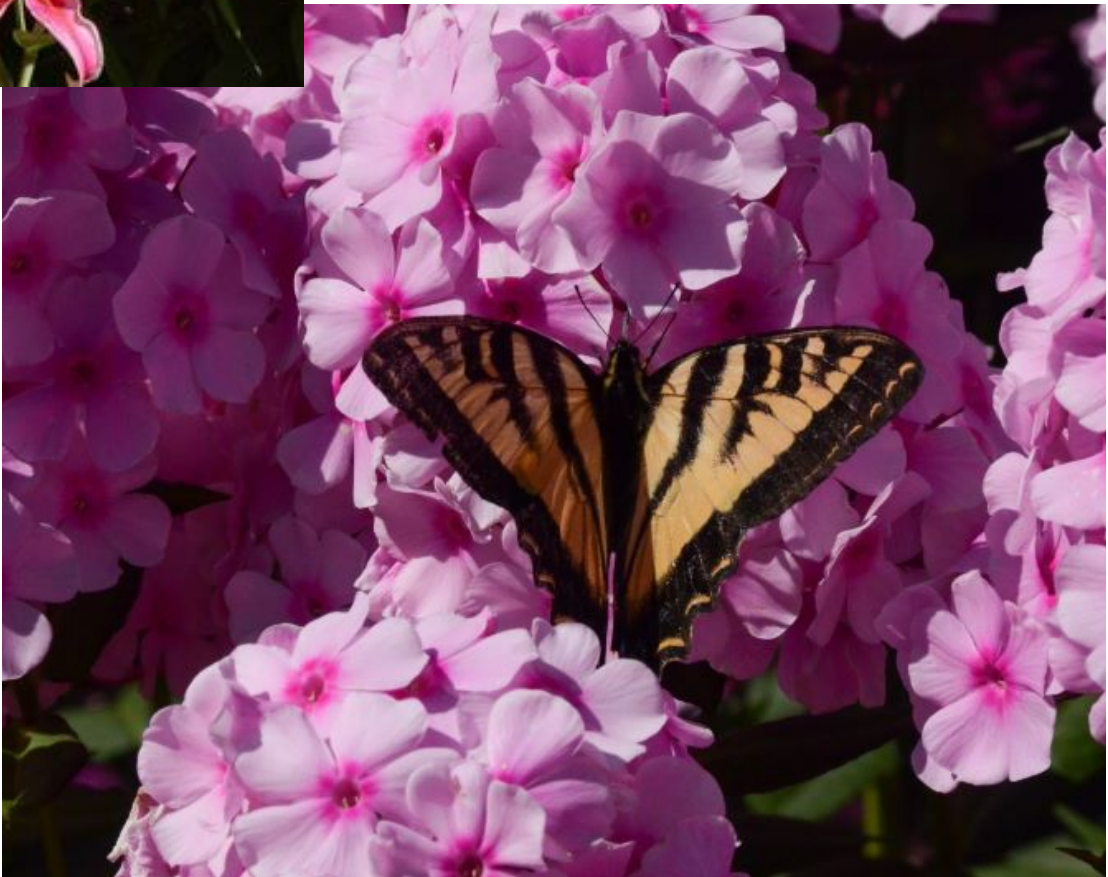
And so, as the falling of summer draws to a close, these weary lives will begin to tire. They lay down into the cold sleep of winter and are buried by the snow. All come to rest, and the world becomes quiet. The only thing that can be heard is the murmur of the winds and the quiet breathing of those entranced by dreams.

I open my eyes and look around me. I see the bare trees, and the bits of grass sticking out from the dense snow. And in these moments, I am in tune with everyone's soul.

And it is absolutely magnificent.



**SINCERELY, JUDY
BLOOM -**
Jennifer Miranda



SUGARBABE -
Jennifer Miranda



SUMMER MELTDOWN - *Jennifer Miranda*



WATERCOLOR WITH SOME GOLD WORK - *Sarah Hettich*

22" x 30"

WHAT POETRY IS

Martha Lopez

A gateway to revealing messages,
hidden from the sun.
The blue ocean of each letter.
An unripened mango,
a burst of flavor.
It makes the mind go hungry.
when the words leave
the paper and run,
through your lips,
vulnerable, and bare.
Your eyes will have explored the depths
of poetry.



FOXGLOVE AT GUILLEMOT COVE - *Anne Stiffler*

One word can change a person's life; I know it did for me.

We were a chaotic mess, you and I. Even from the beginning, we were static, reacting together as products and reactants, and unstable. It seemed nothing could tear us apart from each other. We were bound to be in each other's life as simply friends, support, people. It didn't matter. We would always stay reacting.

Both of us had unique traits and personalities. I dealt with yours and you did mine. We created a work of art out of our mismatched personalities. Black and white mixed with neon colors stained the canvas. The lead slowly fading into paints and watercolor. The pallet a jumble of unknown colors.....

Our lives created a symphony. At first, it started with slow, calm ballads, till eventually, nothing could keep it from going to much faster. Our lives fluctuated between up and down, the ritardandos and the credenzas filling the sheets. We added crescendos with our good days, but it seemed like the diminuen-dos followed closely after bad days. I was always in the treble, with you in the base, always trying to match my melody with a harmony. We descended into the final few measures of our symphony.....

Both of us had passions of different sorts. We were in almost every way, opposite in our passions. But regardless, our souls danced with passion. We twirled both of our strengths together creating a movement, both elegant and accurate. The waltz progressed into a tango of differences. You always juggling physical endeavors while I sought words and rhythms. Alone, we made beautiful solos, but when we joined, we danced as though nothing could ever break us apart. Each of our passions created beautiful turns, twists, and pramanades around each other. Unable to break out of hold, our passions still danced.....

In every story, the opposite people end up falling in love together. The words magically place the two together. Everyday, we wrote our story. It was hard to get it started, but once it did, neither of us could put the pen down. It was adventurous, action pact, full of laughs and sorrows. Almost everyday did we add to our story. We were wild and free. Together, we made a mess and somehow spilled that on the page with words. I think many people would call our story a love story, but we weren't finished writing.....

I think in all those moments, I fell in love with you. I think underneath it all, I knew. It isn't usual to find someone with whom you feel connected to in a way that makes you feel alone when they're gone. After years of figuring out myself and finding me, did I realize that you have to love yourself first before you can possibly love someone else. In my deepest moments, after many months of experiencing it, did I learn that love is something you cannot win, buy, or own. Love is made and must be built. But how can one try and create love, if they don't even know how to love themselves? While you may be ready, that doesn't mean they are. That may be one of the hardest lesson to learn. And for me, I knew it all to well, but still I managed to find myself caught in it. I loved you.

One word can change a person's life; I know it did for me. Our mess finally came to one big disaster. The staticness began to fade till almost nothing, our reaction began to diminish as all our products and reactants began to be used up, we were almost stable. I thought nothing would tear us apart from each other. We're bound to each other even though we're nothing to each other for each other. It didn't matter anymore.

Our reaction never stopped, but it came to a point of equilibrium.

Our pallet became full of colors that made no color. It was void of anything beautiful. The brush reached to the canvas, trailing vile colors down the piece of art. Our personalities becoming too much for the other. Unable to cope. The brush bolted to the canvas slashing colors that bled black. Maybe we were to different. As we looked upon the masterpiece with blacks, grays and unfathomable colors running down it, you decided that it wasn't worth finishing and left it to dry. Your personality slipping from mine.

The days turned darker, longer and more unbearable. Silence from the base left the treble to create a melody that sounded wrong for no harmony accompanied it. Our lives traveled in a downward spiral creating the unraveling crescendo into a ritardando. There were no repeats this time, no codas to indicate that we could possibly go back and restart. Your life began to fill with something mine didn't. You wanted fortissimo, and I wanted pianissimo. Together, our lives traveled major and minor.

In our last measures, our symphony came to an end. Only the melody was left.

To suddenly did your passion and mine realign. It became unsteady, too unfocused to remember how to blend with each other. Your steps began to falter. Your eyes no longer looking into mine but far off in the distance, creating the off balanced promenade. I sought light, and balance, but you seemed to want something different. Blinded by passion, you forgot to hear the rhythm until the music never played for you. And as soon as your passion became uncontrollable, you dropped me. I fell to the floor in one quick movement. You seemed to have forgotten our dance.

Page after page began to fill with countless memories creating a story. The pen, however, was running out of ink. Quickly, we began to forget about writing. Both of us felt exhausted and too tired to clean the mess we made up and write it down into readable sentences. You found yourself in a situation that feeling anything new was almost impossible. You didn't have any words to create the next chapter. Everyone thought we had a love story, maybe it could've been, but it's still sitting where we left it.

After you decided it took too much out of you to write it.

Looking back to all those moments, the ups and downs, I think I realized why we fell apart. It wasn't me, it was you. You didn't love yourself. From the beginning, I saw your struggle. You against you. You were your greatest enemy and biggest adversary. Nothing was ever enough for you, but really, you were never good enough for you. There was always something to improve, a loss was a fail, and a defeat was death.

Continued

You struggled with your past and wrestled with your life until you thought maybe it was you that was to blame. I could only do so much. We found each other, but while we were close friends, you couldn't find it in yourself to love yourself. So, even though we made memories together, you were never going to stay. Though I loved you, I knew you couldn't love me. You didn't love yourself, so how could you possibly love me?

It was only a few months ago, but it seems like much longer. You always loved to be spontaneous. You couldn't bear to be predictable. Maybe that was what made me fall in love with you. We created art, made music, danced, we wrote our story. A story full of love, adventure, and friendship. And while it might be closed, nothing is ever really gone.

I hope that even if you never love me, you learn to love yourself.

It's hard to create art when you're not artistic.

It's hard to play a piece of music when you can't feel it.

It's hard to dance when there is no emotion to dance to.

It's hard to write a story when words don't come.

It's hard to love when you don't know how to love yourself.

You didn't love me, but I'll always love you.



GROUP OF FRIENDS - *Leera Casey*

Digital Art



PHOTOGRAPH - *Raphael Martinez*

STUMBLING UPON LEAVES OF GRASS

Benjamin R. Gerry

One day while walking slowly
Through the city
I allowed my head to drop lowly

My eyes fell from glass and steel
Allowing just one moment of self-pity
What lay upon my vision made me reel

In the street below my feet
Bursting through the concrete
Came Leaves of Grass reaching for the heat

The simple sight gave me strength
No longer did I feel weak
As I stared at some length

Before this moment pure
I never knew the warm light's cure
Which acted as the grass's lure

I rose my head in glee
To share my discovery
But how perspective shifts

I saw these buildings anew
They break the ground and reach on high
They knocked the world I knew aside

Before this day
I would often say
“One day I will walk the forested hills above Tintern Abbey”

Now I know the truth of such dreams
When we spend our lives in fantasy
We miss the Leaves of Grass growing all around us



PHOTOGRAPH - *Gabrielle Garrett*

CAGED BIRD

Martha Lopez

We are put in a cage of silver bars from the moment we are born.
We watch the world go round as we sadly sit in our wooden swing.

We are told to sing for the stars,
yet we are hushed so that the sun may not hear our beautiful melody.
Caramel brown wings forbidden to touch the skies.

The gates open to let us stretch our wings, yet they are cut making the colors upon them weigh us down.

The privileged those who're able to fly without a chain tied to their ankle.
Those that are born with perfect unstained wings that allow them to soar.
The ones that one aspires to be, so we can soar freely and rise our wings to the sun.
Our clipped wings keep us down,
so that we don't interfere in the skies of the privileged.

Pure white feathers is what they demand, so that we may get a taste of the bitter sweet freedom they own.

We are caged up so that we may please those around us.
We are demanded to stay out of the way of those with "more potential".

Demands that seem impossible to follow, when one has a powerful melody stuck in one's chest.
Yet one may not fight against this demands,
One must obey
Simple demands keep us synchronized,
to those whom also have caramelized wings setting us all at the same low standard
If at any point one decides to challenge these demands our wings will get cut shorter.
A threat imposed among us so that we may not threaten the powerful...
The privileged.



PRIDE IS CATCHING - *Ayden Rathman*

Collage done with paper 16" x 20"



LIONS, TIGERS AND BEARS - *Ayden Rathman*

Acrylic 16" x 20"



UNTITLED - *Ayden Rathman*

Watercolor & ink 11" x 11"

Raving raven
Blackened feather
Blithe little Lije dog
Out together

Boomboy, good boy
He's there too
Don't forget the smaller one
PK boo

Tennis ball, powder fall
Inclement weather
Shin high, boots dry
Worn down leather

Up down, ground pound
Panting off steam
Snow sphere, covered here
Winter's dream

Night time, moon shine
Too bright out
White world, unfurled
They run about

Long hair, skin fair
Contrast shadows
PK and LijeK
Boomboy follows

Red light of carmine
Dancing all wild
Warming stones, all alone
Nighttime child!



READY FOR ADVENTURE - *Jennifer Miranda*

I have no phone
Cause my pockets been picked
I have no bed
To the streets I was kicked
But with a belly full of gumbo
And bones filled with blues
I wouldn't change what happened
If it were my choice to choose



BELLACOOOLA STYLE
CARPENTER'S MASK - *Randi Purser*

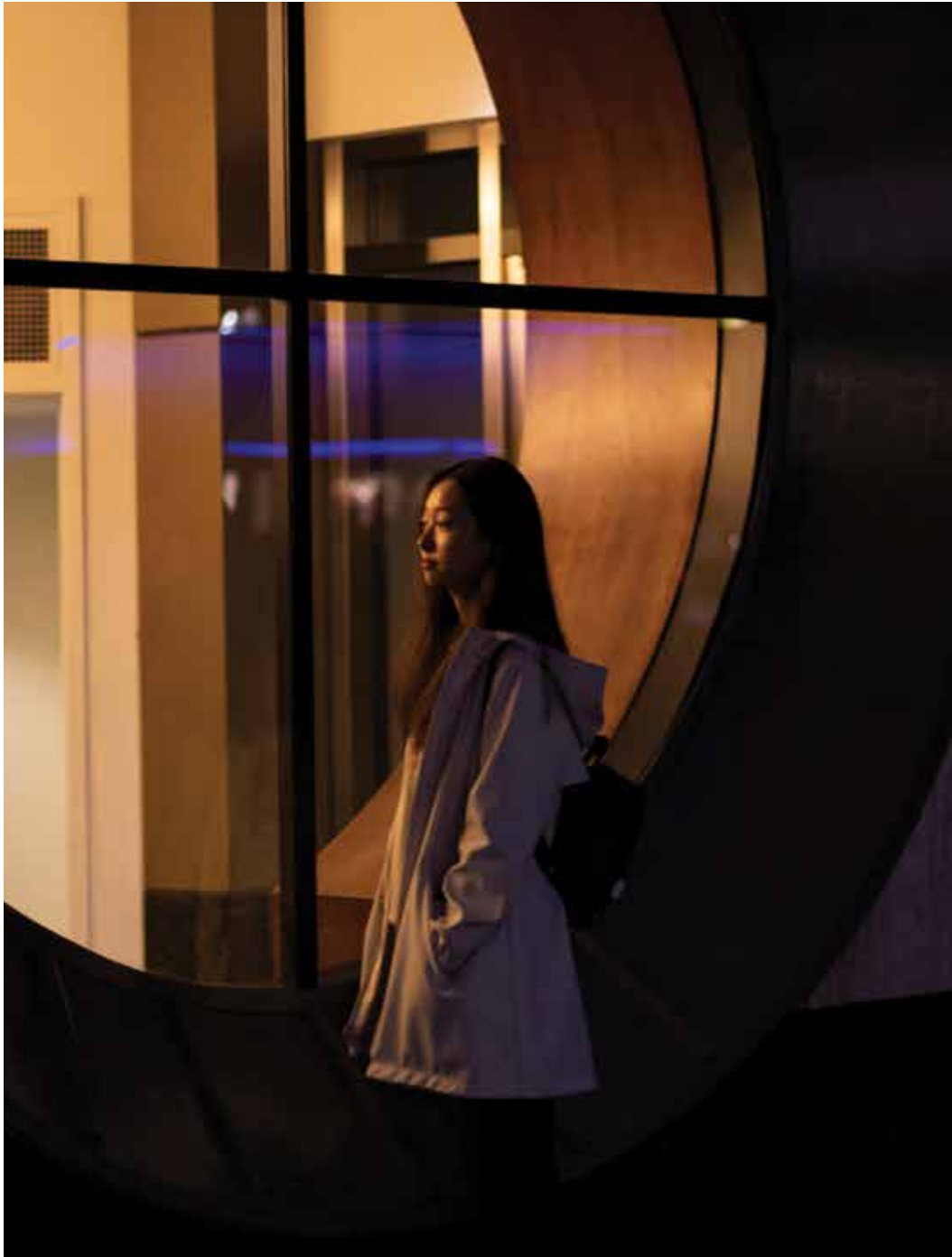
ELECTRICIAN'S PAID BREAK

Raven Kili

Inside my mind is lined and brimmed
With mental my brain has wrought
Goals & schemes
Plans & dreams
Of things that I have sought
I share all these proclivities
Parading in my head
Plots and thoughts
Soliloquies
Of things I never said
But now I'm done
And so is break
Mind is steady swimming
Meditate and contemplate
While I'm off and trimming



MATTHEW DESENA, OC STUDENT - *Raphael Martinez*



RUOXI SONG, OC STUDENT - *Raphael Martinez*



BANKS LAKE, EASTERN WASHINGTON - *Anne Stiffler*

SHE WAS STRONGER!

McKenna Yohey

She was stronger than Hulk,

She was wiser than a book.

Is this all it took, to walk through life with a smile.

When I look in front of me I couldn't imagine the miles she's walked.

She's taller than the trees, when could this be me.

As life went on I didn't come to see what I've finally come to be.

I looked down the path, where was my hulk

where was my book someone to call my friend?

I didn't understand what came to be when my mother was normally right in front of me.

Then I realized she's not in front oh not behind but there she was by my side.

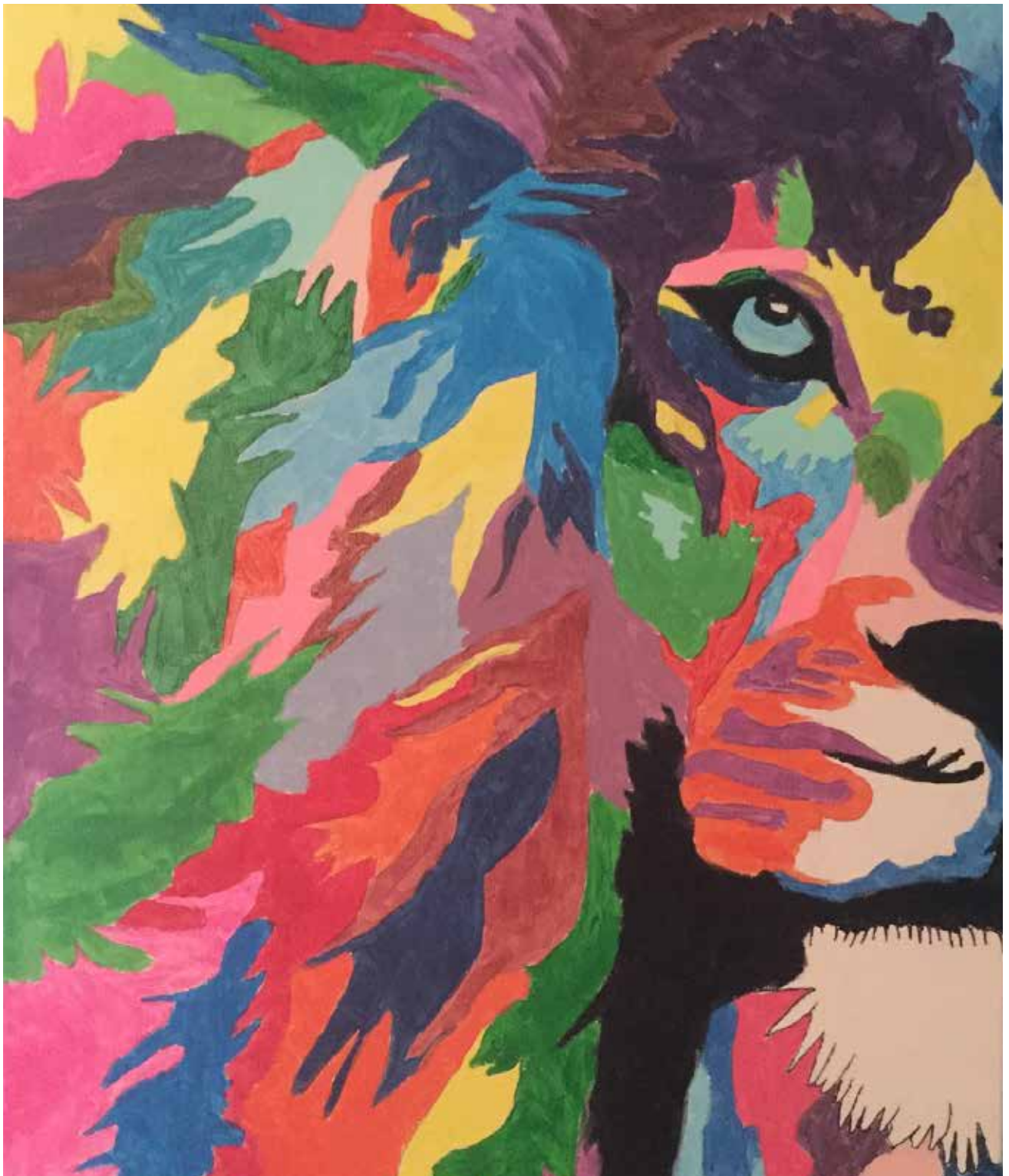
I look at the miles I've come.

Down the path not very far I began to see a familiar face.

Then I found, not many days I used to be in that place.....

Where did the time go, where I went from young to old. I was made of steel while my heart was gold.

I stood and watched in anticipation until I realized it was the next generation.



LION - *Sydney Weaver*

Dark gunpowder dream

Claw your way out of my heart

Chew and spit fire at the way he sees

Your loving soul

is worth more than he knows

I would feed a soul like yours

Forever if they'd let me

Skinny sniffy soft wolf boy

in dreams you can come home

I'll bring joy to you

In any way I can

Pain is all I can feel and

I can see you

Wolfe



FLOWER BLACK AND WHITE

- Rochell McNeil

**(I CAN NEVER BE UPSET AT YOU
BUT DON'T TEST ME)**

Monday Morning

I'll be the Ice Cold King Covering

and sink myself

into these lovers purple Cush

soft smooth out my lips

and missing a kiss

From his truly, a blue-lit night

full of fairytales

And a soft hit to calm the hills

That roll in

my twist then turn-in

stomach

"Forget it"



ON THE WATER - *Hope Clark*

24" x 28" Oil Paint

PAIN

Will Campbell

Death is inevitable
so make sure it's pleasurable
pain is immeasurable
so learn from your pain
stick to yourself and stay in your lane

turn off your phone, cut off the lights
jump off the edge and face your frights
let that sink
while you sit here and think

who am I? I'm life and death
who am I? A scream in a breath
countdown the minutes what do you have left
all of these secrets, what have you kept

look at your past what has it meant
this is the stage your on the set
these are my words trapped between lines
I know you have sinned what are your crimes

I know your not innocent no need to lie
remember in the end we all have to die
heaven or hell they are the same
what's the difference? A simple name

hang with the devil, do his dance
is there an afterlife? take the chance
this is my song this is my carol
these are my thoughts as I look down the barrel
so I'm sorry I didn't mean to scare you
I just want you to be aware too



MOTHER INDUSTRY - *Hope Clark*

Medium: charcoal 11" x 14"



MOTHER EARTH - *Hope Clark*

Medium: ink (pens and markers)



GALAXY SNAKE - *Sydney Weaver*

Once pure, white roses drenched in blood
Pain and dread came in a sudden flood
Rifles with bayonets still affixed, stabbed the mud
Our victories now a painful dud

Fists fixed to the sky
People screaming why
Many not accepting their solemn, good-bye
Is there no love for Semper Fi...

Heros now broken and defeated
Once plentiful reserves depleted
Horrific scenes and pain is just repeated
Now hungry and cold, where is the government when needed?

To be naive is the greatest gift
No amount of time will heal this rift...
The gray carpet of illusion will never lift
Yet we still pray for the winds to shift

They shove their stories down our throats
On their thrones they sit and gloat
Yet on our shoulders, their sins, we tote...



DEER MOTHER - *Artemis Rose*



UNTITLED - *Artemis Rose*



UNTITLED - *Amanda Graver*

Description of Medium: This type of medium is a textile. It is made of cotton fabric and it was sewn and altered by me. Cover Letter: I'm currently in the Fashion Marketing program. Although sewing isn't part of it at OC, it's still a huge part of the fashion world. My dream job is to be a fashion designer or costume designer. Fashion is also a form of art in my opinion. This particular outfit was made from a vintage 50's sewing pattern and was altered by me so it could be two pieces. I also own my own tiny business called Gypsy & Silk. You can find me on Instagram ([gypsyandsilk](#)), my blog ([gypsyandsilk.com](#)), and deviantart ([mandapandadesigns](#))

It was 1974 and I was barely five years old. It was my first day of kindergarten and the sun was shining down on a busy day at Colonial Acres Elementary School in San Lorenzo, California. Having no brothers, sisters or even cousins and living in an apartment complex with no kids my age, I was very happy to be starting school. As an added bonus, my first teacher had also been my father's first teacher. Her name was Mrs. Rickmond, and by the time she was my teacher, she was very old and very close to retirement. In fact, this would be her last year teaching, as I now remember attending her retirement party after school with my mom, near the end of the school year. I doubt it would have even been possible to have had the same teacher if it were not for the fact that my parents were both barely seventeen-years-old and still in school themselves when I was born in the summer of 1969. They had been divorced for three years at this point and I had only seen my father a handful of days during that time, so Mrs. Rickmond became a connection to my father in my mind and I felt somehow that I was following in footsteps of my estranged father.

Things moved fast that first day and with the help of an assistant, our teacher administered a short test with each of us individually. She did the same thing with us that a police officer would do on a DUI stop while administering a sobriety test on the shoulder of the road. She held a yellow No2 pencil vertically, a foot or so in front of my face, and told me to follow the pencil with my eyes as she moved it side to side. Thankfully, the test did not involve a Mag-Lite flashlight or red and blue strobes in my face, but it was the hippy era, so perhaps I was just lucky. At the time I wasn't sure what the test was for, but I figured out later that it was a test to determine whether I would be placed in remedial, regular, or advanced reading class. Unfortunately for me, this was the only test they used to assess our reading abilities, and I apparently failed the test miserably, as a few days later I found myself in a remedial reading group of about ten kids.

Being raised by a single mom, I spent a lot of time sitting mesmerized by the TV. In the 1970's that meant mostly Sesame Street, Schoolhouse Rock, The Electric Company, and Zoom. These were all

educational TV shows focused on teaching kids how to read and count along with the basics of American government and even some Spanish. After having watched three years of those shows and having a mom that sometimes had some free time to teach me, I already knew how to read and write before I got to kindergarten. Not only did I know how to read and write, but I was already quite good at it, thanks surprisingly to PBS and Jim Hensen.

As a child who was proud of his accomplishments in reading, I felt saddened from being labeled by my school as a below average reader. Having to sit there quietly as the other kids in the group struggled to sound out every letter as they tried to read short sentences was almost too much for me to handle, as it would take what seemed like forever for each of the other students to finish their turn reading and for it to come around the circle of desks before it was my turn. Of course, during my turn, I only took a few seconds to read the sentence, and then the kid to my left took the next two minutes trying to sound out the words from the next sentence in the book. This all limited my participation in the class to almost nothing and replaced my eagerness to learn and participate with frustration, apathy, and a feeling of isolation.

I was miserable for at least two weeks before the remedial reading teacher finally made the effort to correct their mistake. I was placed in the advanced class, which I'll have to admit was much better than the remedial class, but I was still reading at a level far beyond anyone in even the advanced class, so it still wasn't an ideal setting. With the two weeks of frustration I had endured in the remedial reading class, most of my patience had been used up and I still felt like I was being held back, but I was five years old, so what could I really do?

To this day, I can't explain why the school would not have had me read as a test, rather than relying solely on a test that assessed the ability of my eyes to track a pencil. This test did not turn out to identify any kind of reading disability in my case and was a key factor in turning a young boy from being excited about reading and school to a boy who was starting to hate school and had a lasting effect on my next eleven years of school.



PASSIONATE SOUL - *Ayane Ijiro*



SUNSET OVER THE OLYMPICS - *Aaron Lee Beemer*

HE IS MY LIGHT

Peyton Carr

Religion.

He is My Light.

The Moment he looked at me.

He shined so bright.

As he must for eternity.

My first bright light

In which he must set me free

A glimpse of hope, for he longs to protect,

His lips were soft and his words, sweet.

My heart an object he longed to control.

But a healthy love is hard to find.

A month or two, and the beat of my heart would fall flat.

A mouth that once smiled for me

And lips that would soothe

His mouth opened up

And his tongue was a snake

The snake began to flick

Angry with me

The snake bit me

And the poison ran down my heart.

Only he had the antidote.

He decided to let me live

And I thanked him

And he learned he could use it against me

So he would bite me

And bite me

And bite me

Until I would struggle to breathe

And he would give me the antidote.

I became too scared to leave

If I leave, I'll never feel the antidote flow through my body

Continued

I learned the truth about a heartbreak
The heart can crack
Or
It can shatter over and over
Then get bandaged
All so it can shatter yet again

Angry with my light,
My tongue flicked back
And I decided to leave

But his words seeped through,
Stuck to my mind like gum on a shoe
I felt trapped. Useless. Worthless.

I let a monster in, and I soon learned,
If I gained the power to leave,
Then I must be a Monster too.

And so, trapped in my mind, I would bite myself.
Twisted in his reflection, unable to find a cure,
I learned to come back and beg for that cure.

But alas, the cure was poison too.

As I fought my newly found darkness,
I met Honesty.

He is My Light,
Ever since he walked through that door.
He shines so bright
He made me realize there was so much more.

He held me close when I was scared,
Kissed my face when I cried a tear.
Knew right then, we're meant to be paired
He knew me well, and drew me near.

Continued

He always seemed to tell the truth,
So when he told me he loved me,
Why would I ever need proof?

But alas, a love like this didn't truly exist.
His feelings were shallow, his words unclear.
His warmth was fading, or was it even there?
The edges of his mouth raised as his eyes grew dark,
He wasn't interested in love, but instead, in making his mark.

He longed for what he couldn't have.
My body.
My soul.

What I saw in his eyes wasn't love, but passion.
Passion to take what doesn't belong.
His eyes were red with fire, which I thought was love,
But truly, it was the fire of hell.
A demon,
In the form of Honesty.

He longed for my body, and as he learned it would not be easy to take,
He told me stories of love and honesty,
Just to make my heart quake.

As my red string of love grew out to reach for his heart,
He grabbed it, and dragged me close. Longing for more.
When he realized I would not give in, he took what he wanted regardless.
And stole my body. Possessed it.
"But it was an accident, you see" he claims,
But an accident doesn't stop the pain from slipping in.

But I tried to let myself forget it,
Why would I hurt?
For I was the one who let it.....

What did I let happen?

Continued

His body crashing against mine, as my throat closed in,
His lips against mine, showing me he's got me pinned.
With no escape, and no mercy, he continues to attack.

Honesty.

"I wish you would kill yourself"
Honesty, who claimed he wasn't being honest,
But at this point, how could I tell?

He is my light,
Guiding me to despair,
Leading me to fight
With all that I could dare.

I stayed, for I believed him to be true.
He never lied to me, so it's something he couldn't possibly do.

But time and time again, my light would lead me astray.
His eyes may be light, But I got too close.
I let him Burn me.
His eyes were inflamed with lust.
And he was yet another demon to turn me.

My body turned to ash,
And he saw no reason to stay.
He left my body crumbling
For he had already had his way.

Then and there, my heart was bound to his.
Not as love, but as an aching memory.
A past in which I could not escape.

I was free....

But was I really?

Continued

Consumed with fear,
Devoured by honesty,
My ashes scattered into the darkness.

And so my ashes scattered.
And scattered.
Until all that was left of me was an aching ruby heart.
Cracked from its abuse, and covered in soot.

A traveler came by,
And noticed the ruby.
Why did he choose to pick such a dirty thing up?
The Darkness and I couldn't know.
A brilliant forest in appearance,
His stone glowed at me.
He is as brilliant as the sun!
Pure as the forest,
And his eyes are my sky.

Do I choose to trust this new light?
It shines brighter and purer than any other
Like a moth attracted to this new heat,
my stone moved to him,
and my ashes quickly followed.

I told him my story,
But he loved me just the same.
And he helped soothe my fears.
With his bright light,
Like a Miracle I never hoped to experience
He loved me as I was.
He loved every scattered ash,
And every part of my cracked ruby heart.

The more he accepted me, the more my mothy ashes would fly
His light was pure, and soon,
I learned that I was my own light.



PHOTOGRAPH - *Charles Guffey*

ENDINGS

Charles Guffey

Petals of the flower float to sea,
the hallway of lost memories
becomes crowded.

He said whatever you do,
don't look in the back seat.

8am last train
the sound of mildew cascades
through the evening fog.

last call last call
as time deteriorates

She catches only glimpses of it,
through the light
and then shadow.

Ten cent dimes
Ten cent times.

Breaking rules set by
strangers
and friends alike.



OKAY I THINK THIS IS DONE - *Leera Casey*
Digital Art

