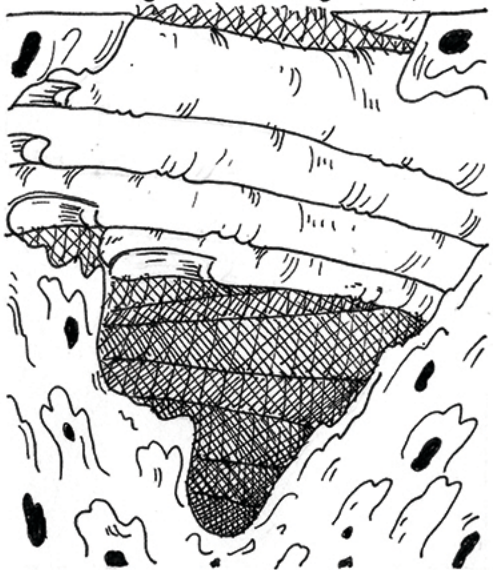


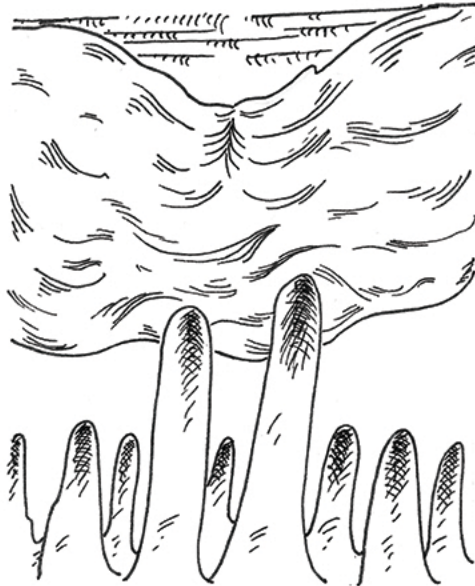
We feel fear
in the
dark forest.



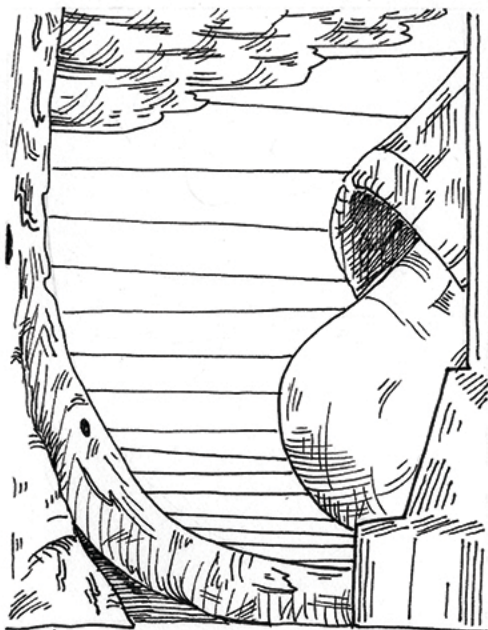
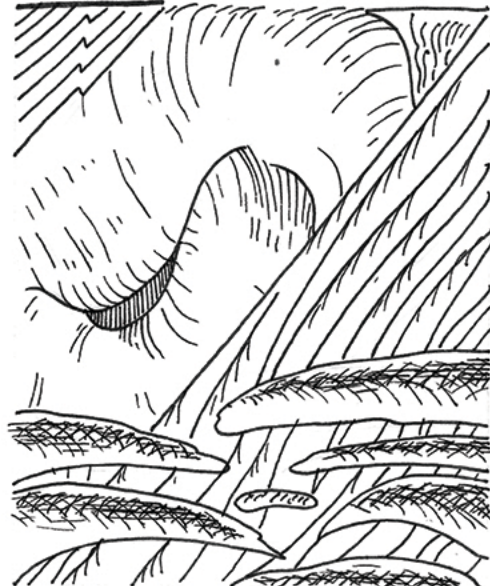
The dim sky
is bright beyond
the tall pines.



Sounds on
the red
maple leaves.



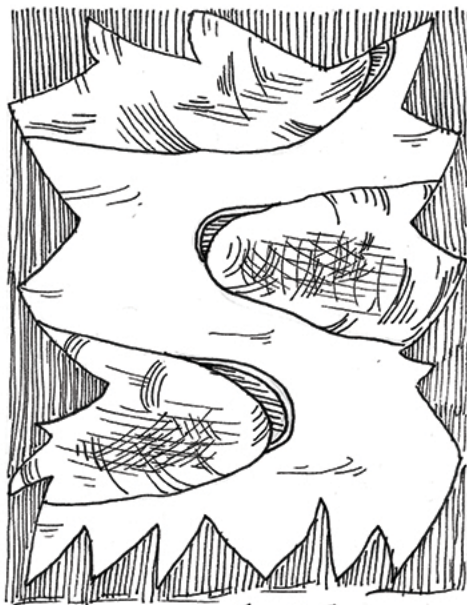
Rain,
invisible
at first,



before turning
back.

MICHAEL
VAN WINKLE '21

We
Leave
our
familiar
HOME.



Wind blows
against our
faces.



The smell
of grass
is sharp.