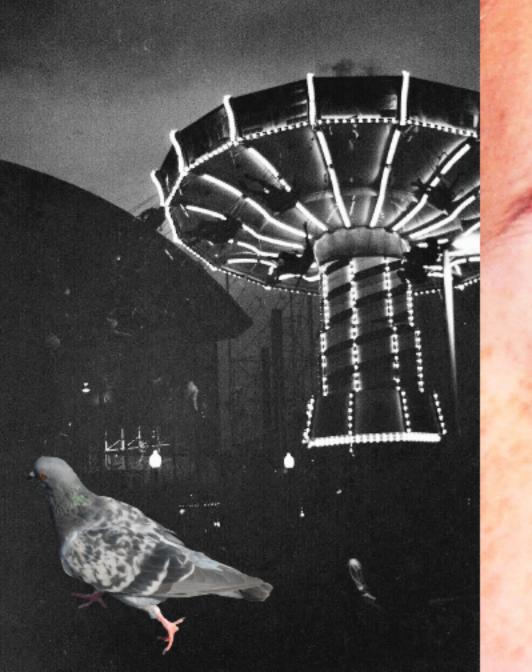


## BY RILEY GUNDERSON

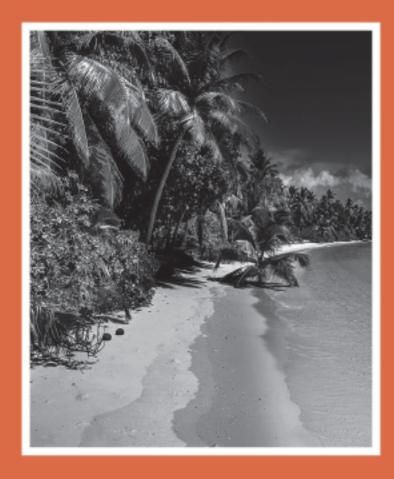




annone Fron
"III" Most goes



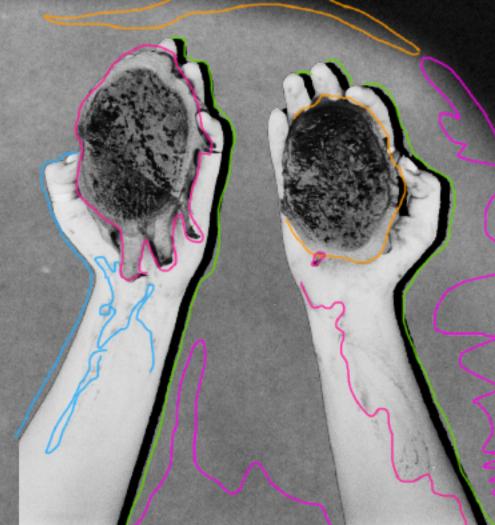


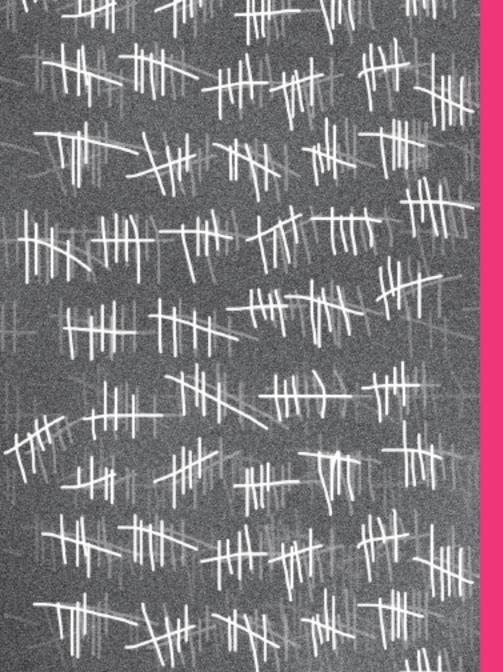


WHERE I WISH I COULD BE RIGHT NOW INSTEAD OF MIDDLE-OF-NO-WHERE WISCONSIN, I MISS THE SUN.



Imfinding it hard to hold anything right you, is anyone else?



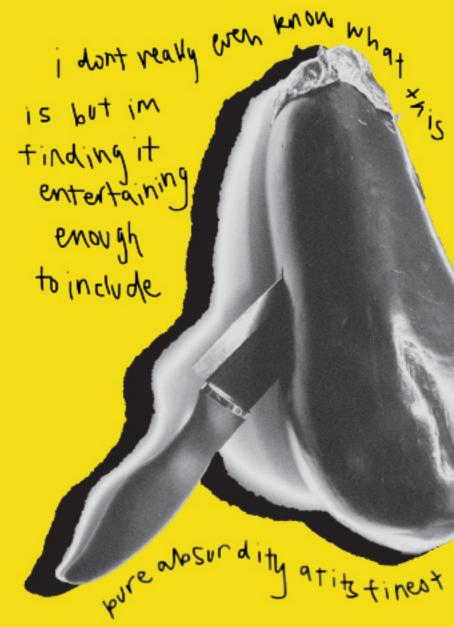




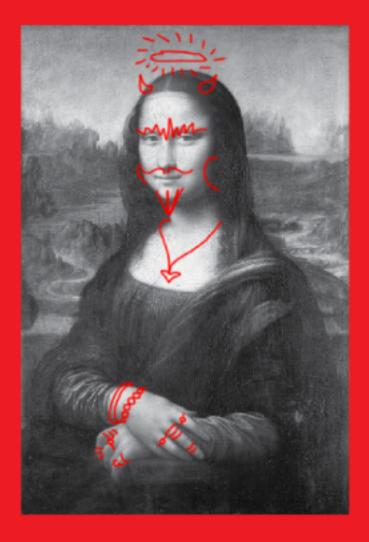
I'M FEELING STUCK, TOO.



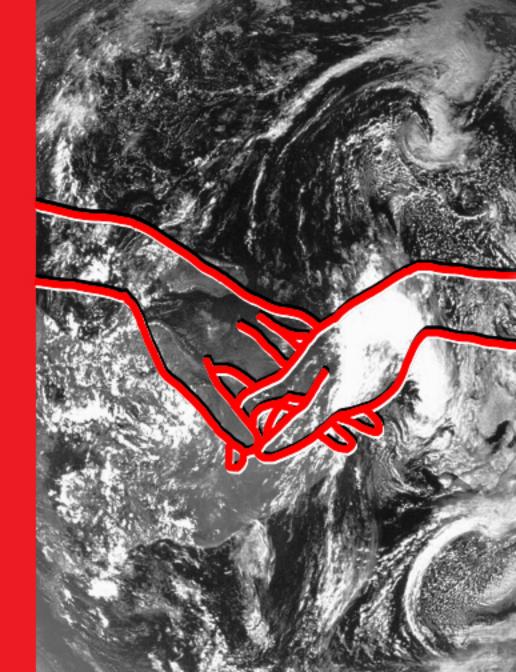








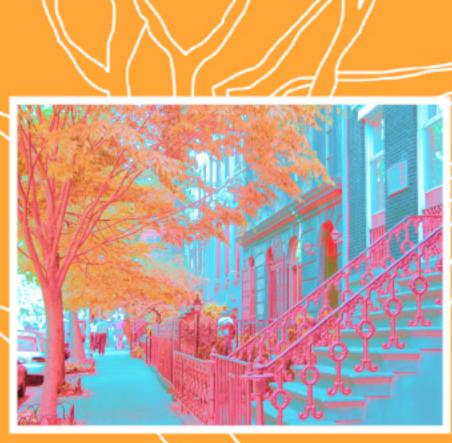
SLOWLY GROWING AND UNDERSTANDING. EVERYTHING LOOKS DIFFERENT WHEN YOURE GROUNDED.



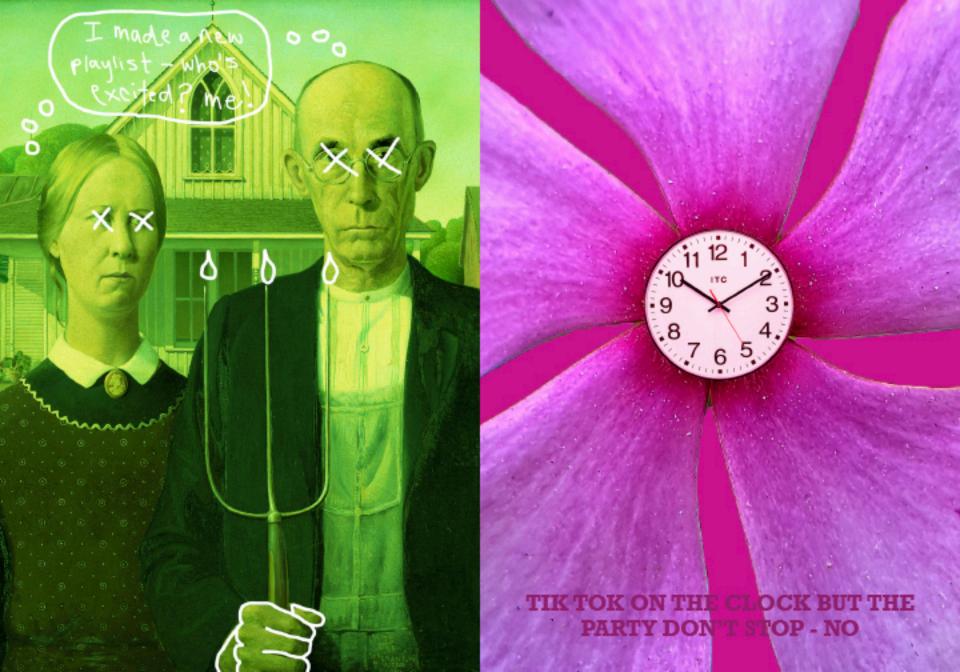
hang itsa SUN Nota WOON top WANNA SOM when the moon hits your of a like amore pie that amore wrong city or wrong song

toasting to the hope that this will all be over eventually





His okay don't worry, it will all be okay in due time



## THE END