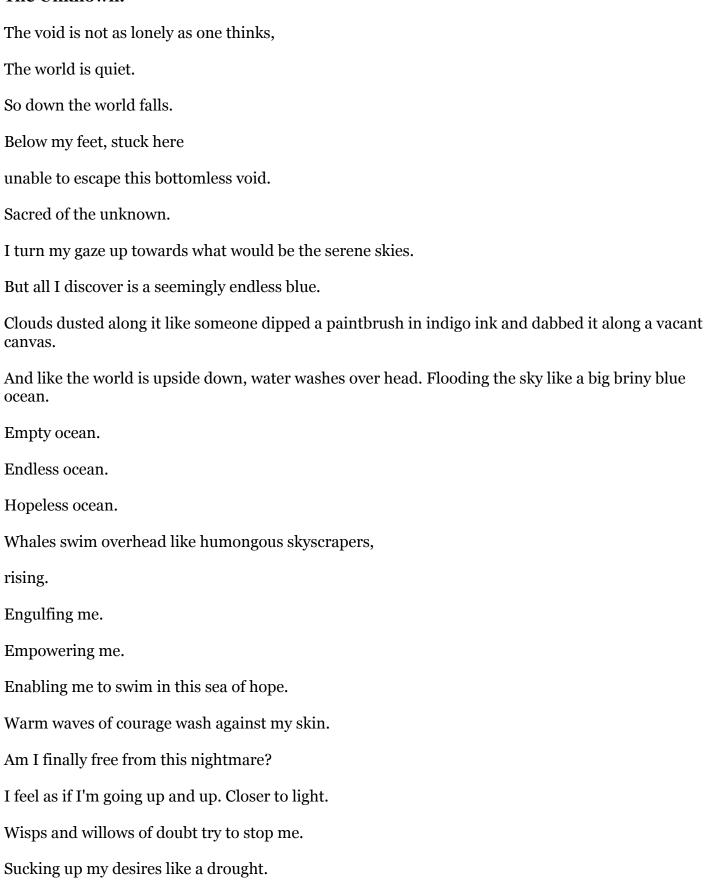
## The Unknown.



Yearning to be free.

But I provale pristine and ready for my destiny. I have been through it all. Come out on the other side.

Got a trophy for my troubles. But it meant nothing.

Because am I really free?

Light is now all I see,

I feel free like one of those whales leading me to safety.

Now I can see again, up in the clouds. Seeing another small human being, on the ground, waiting for something....

The unknown.