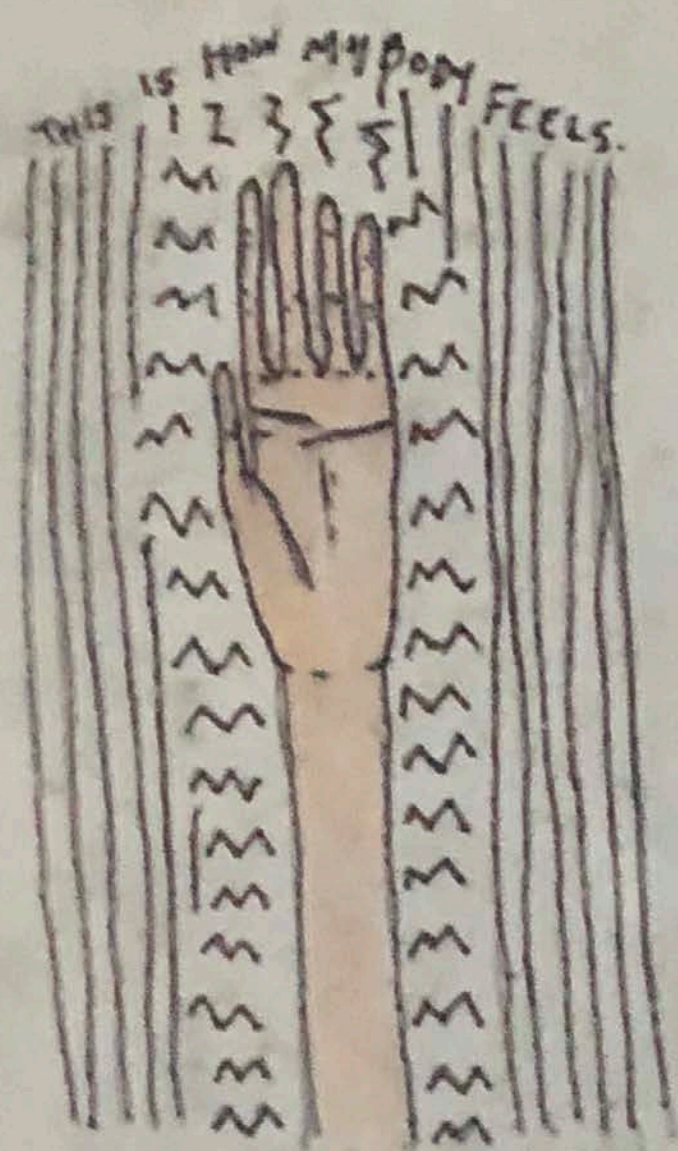




THANK YOU  
FOR THE  
ALMOND  
MILK

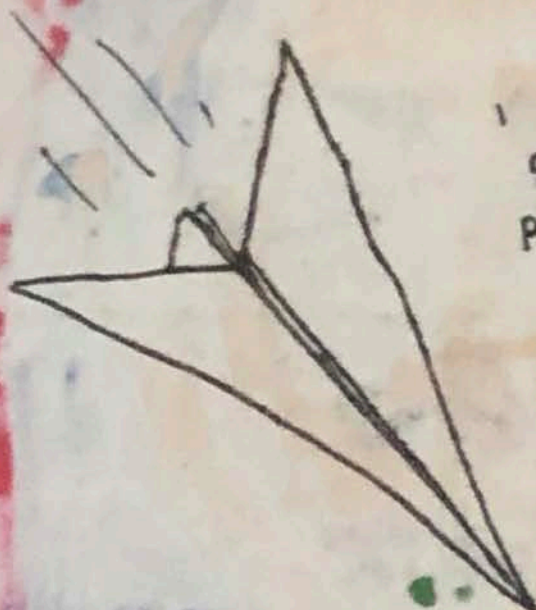


DO YOU  
HAVE AN  
IPHONE  
CHARGER?









I GOT SO HIGH I COULDN'T  
SPEAK AND COMMUNICATED THROUGH  
PAPER AIR PLANE.





I WONDER IF HE  
KNOWS HOW MUCH  
HE HAS INSPIRED ME



A hand-drawn illustration of an open hand, palm facing up, rendered in shades of orange and brown. The hand is set against a background of textured green paint. A white rectangular speech bubble is positioned across the middle of the hand, containing the text "I'M JUST SO WORRIED ABOUT WHAT YOU THINK OF ME." in a simple, hand-drawn font. The fingers are spread, and the lines of the palm are visible. The overall style is artistic and expressive, with visible brushstrokes and some dark smudges on the hand and background.

I'M JUST SO WORRIED  
ABOUT WHAT YOU  
THINK OF ME.



FRIDAY.

HE MADE ME COFFEE AND  
BREAKFAST IN THE MORNING  
~~WHILE~~ WHILE I WAS STILL  
ASLEEP IN HIS BED.

AND HE KISSED MY  
SHOULDER AND SAID  
GOOD MORNING  
AND HIS HANDS WERE  
WARM WHEN HE  
TOUCHED ME

~~HE~~ I THOUGHT TO MYSELF  
HOW CONTENT I WOULD BE  
HAD ~~HE~~ BEEN ABLE  
TO REMAIN THERE  
FOREVER.

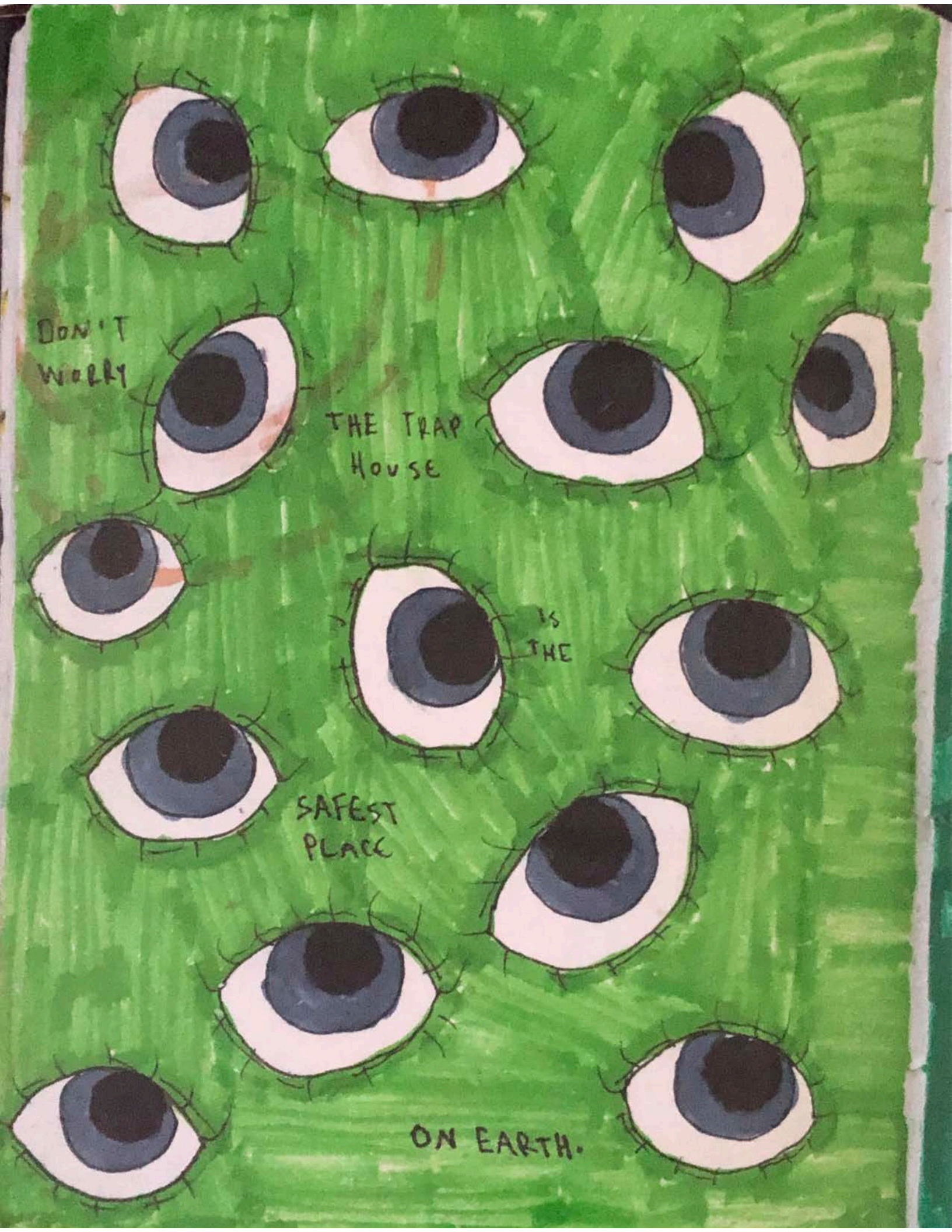
BUT I WOKE UP  
AND DROVE AWAY AND  
~~HEW~~ FACED THE THINGS  
I WAS AVOIDING

HOPING IN TIME,  
I WOULD BE UNDER HIS  
WARM HANDS,  
CONTENT AGAIN.



- 08.12.19



The background is a vibrant green with a textured, brush-stroke-like appearance. Scattered across this background are 14 hand-drawn eyes. Each eye has a white sclera, a dark blue iris, and a black pupil. They are surrounded by short, black, spiky lines representing eyelashes. The eyes are positioned at various angles, some looking towards the center and others towards the edges.

DON'T  
WORRY

THE TRAP  
HOUSE

IS  
THE

SAFEST  
PLACE

ON EARTH.



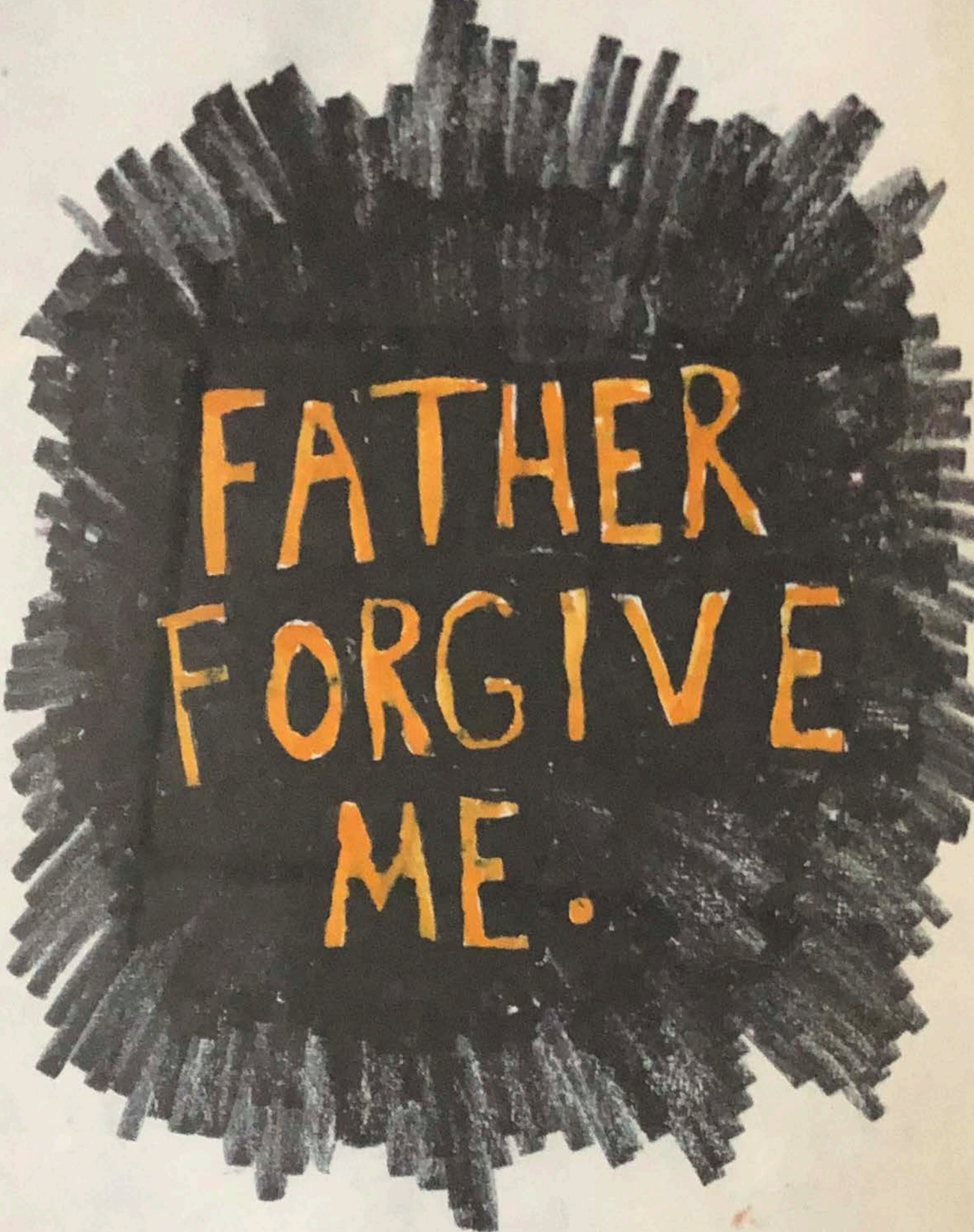
[illegible]





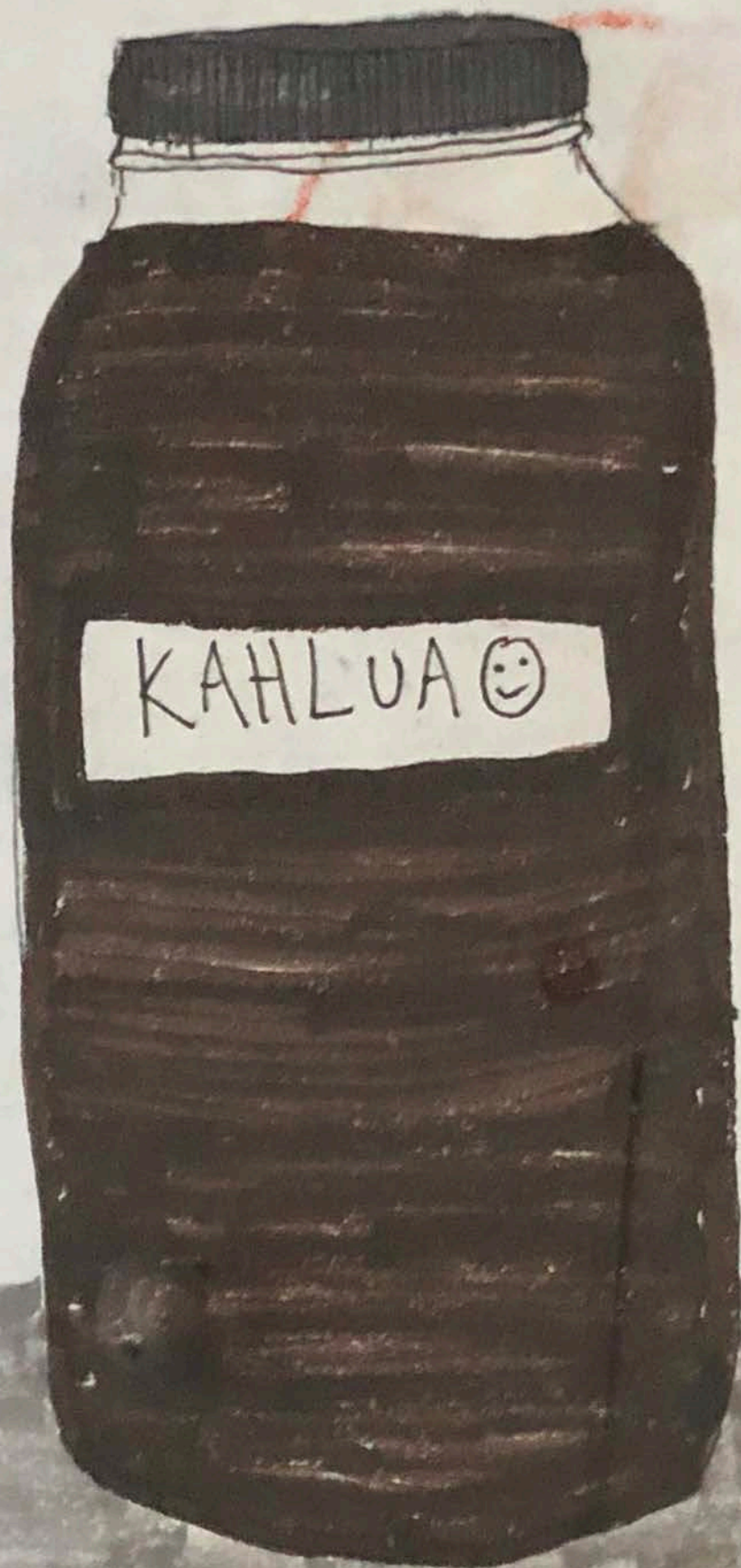
**FATHER  
FORGIVE  
ME.**





FATHER  
FORGIVE  
ME.





FOR ANGUS  
TO MAKE  
WHITE  
RUSSIAN.



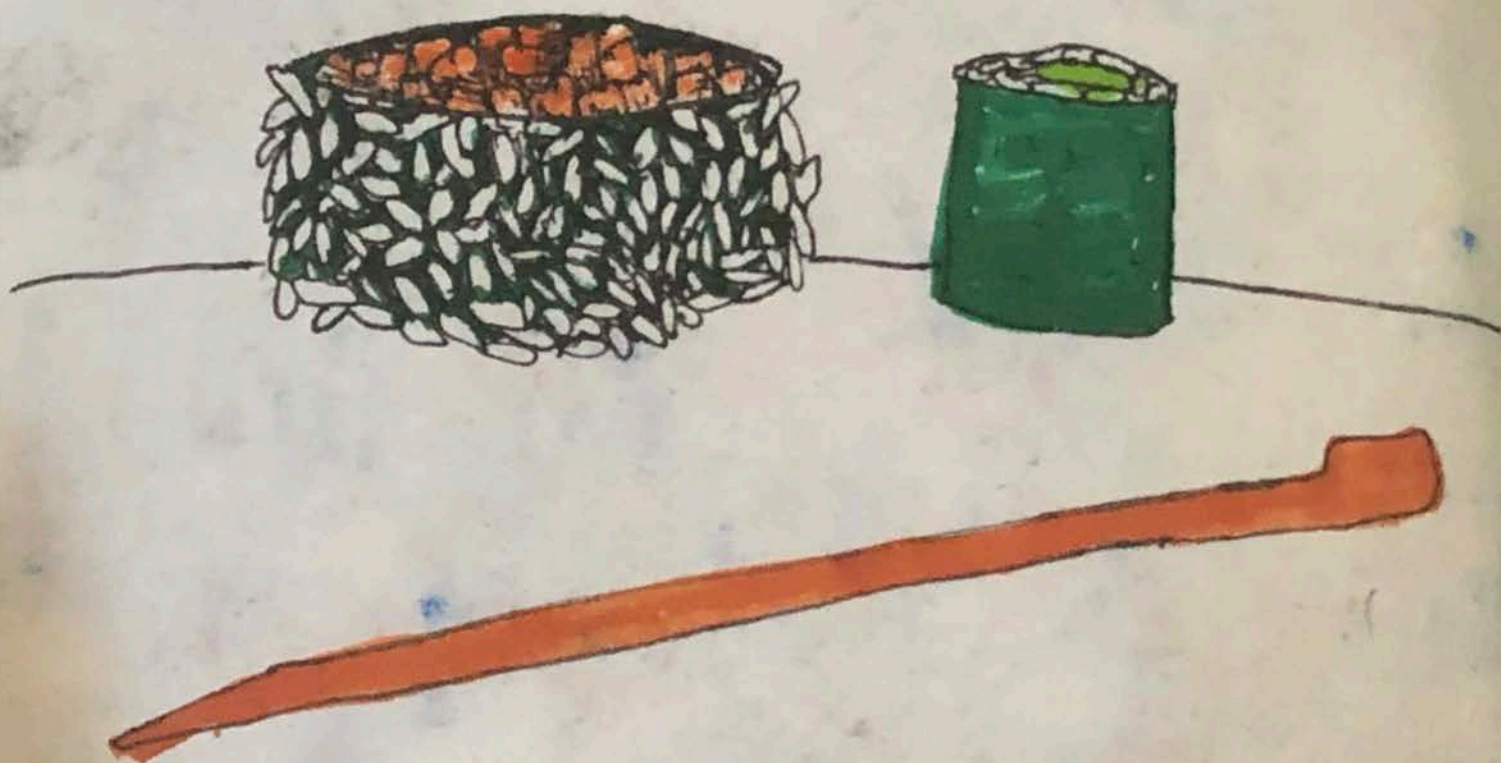


NEVAN,  
YOU HAVE  
NOTHING TO  
WORRY  
ABOUT.

IT'S JUST  
A DOG.



How DID I LOSE  
MY TOUCH SO  
QUICKLY?



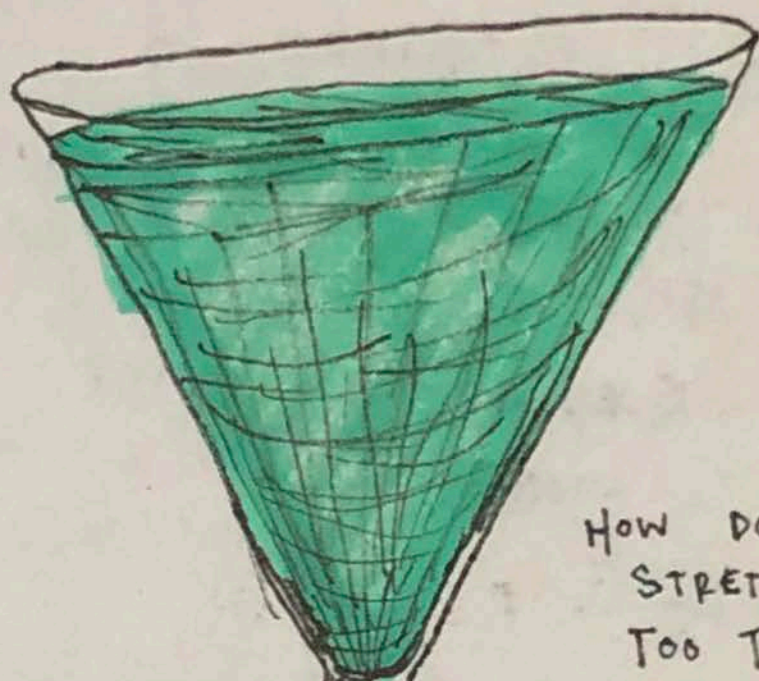






IS IT MY  
WORLD OR  
IS IT  
THEIRS?





HOW DO I STOP  
STRETCHING MYSELF  
TOO THIN?



THIS BODY IS JUST A  
VESSEL PEOPLE USE FOR WHAT  
THEY NEED, AND DISCARD.

ALL I DO IS FILL VOIDS.

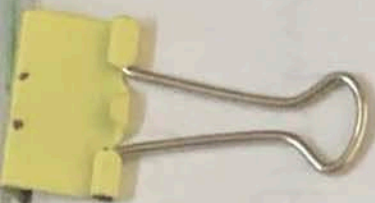
YOU NEED TO LOOSEN YOUR GRIP.



I RIPPED  
MY FAVOURITE  
JEANS.







FEEL FREE  
TO READ THIS...

IT'S OK  
TO LET GO  
OF THE  
PEOPLE YOU  
ONCE LOVED  
SO  
UNCONDITIONALLY





Today I was Hit with Nostalgia  
harder than the first time I moved  
out. Realizing in less than one  
year I would turn 20 and not  
be able to blame my stupid  
impulsiveness on being a teenager  
anymore. At 7:00 pm I drove  
to a subdivision and long boarded  
in the middle of the road  
and talked with Christina about  
growing up and how it feels  
real this time. I put my arms  
out to my sides and let  
the warm August air carry  
me. The arms of my sweater  
felt like wings underneath me.



I realized then that there is  
no one but myself I would  
want to share that moment with.  
And then with my hand out  
the window touching the cold,  
fast moving wind as I flew  
down the road at 97 km/h,  
let go of every one who has  
ever held me back. I looked  
up at the stars and smiled to  
myself. For the first time in  
a long time, I realized why  
people cry happy tears. And with  
that I let go of the past 19  
years of my life and everything that  
has ever upset me. This, is the  
beginning.



we drove down a city street  
the car I always call mine  
but really borrow from my mom,  
listening to Robbers by the 1975 with  
all the windows down. I realized I  
am alive. I felt like I could be alive  
forever. We stopped in a parking lot.  
It was ~~the~~ 9:30 pm. I felt like  
I should've been scared to but I  
wasn't. I got out of my car  
and longboarded circles around the  
3 sinister empty cars in the  
parking lot. I drove home later  
with all my windows down,  
listening to music I was in love  
with when I was 14. Reminding me  
who I am, and who I used  
to be, missing that person but  
loving who I have eventually become.

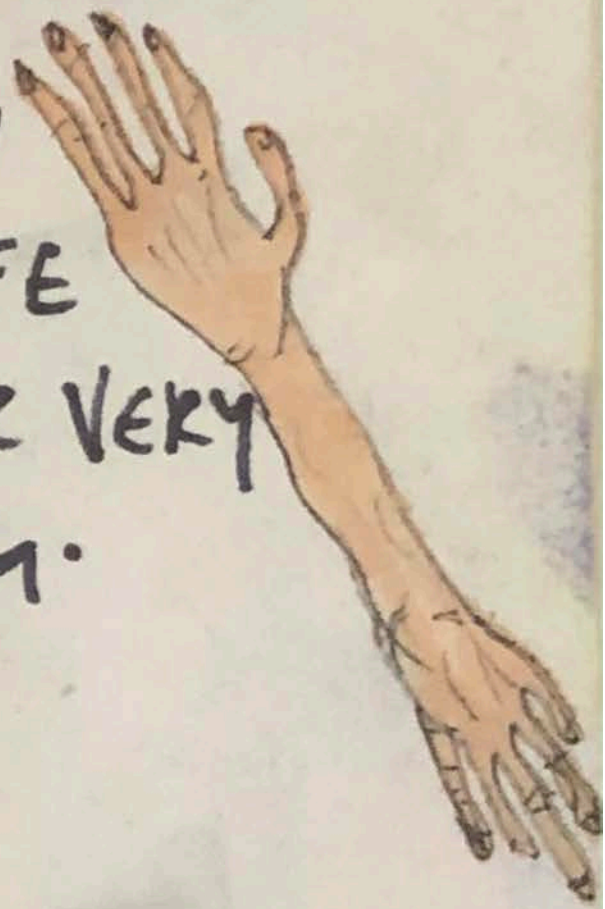






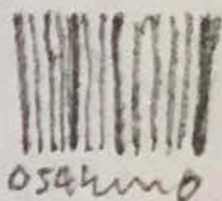
I MAKE A LOT OF ART  
ABOUT PEOPLE WHO DON'T

END UP  
BEING IN  
MY  
LIFE  
FOR VERY  
LONG.



NEVAN'S  
CREATIVE BRAIN  
HAS SHUT OFF

I HOPE THIS IS  
NOT ANOTHER  
EXAMPLE OF THAT.



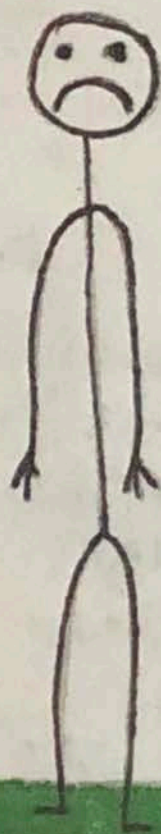




WHY DO YOU  
LOOKS SO  
SAD?



I HATE HOW  
MUCH I LOVE  
CIGARETTES







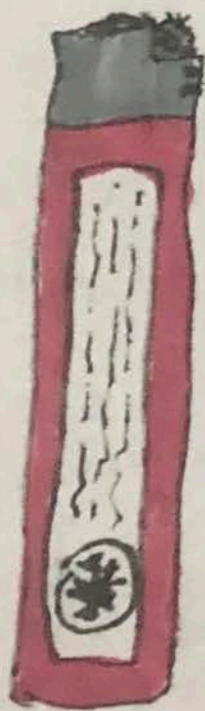
- THAT WAS  
EASY



ANGUS I AM  
SO PROUD OF U.

- GOLDEN BOY,  
GOD BLESS

- BE CAREFUL WITH THAT  
LIGHTER DANG



- AND WHAT  
MADE YOU  
DO THAT  
NEVAN?

- I'M AN  
ART  
STUDENT

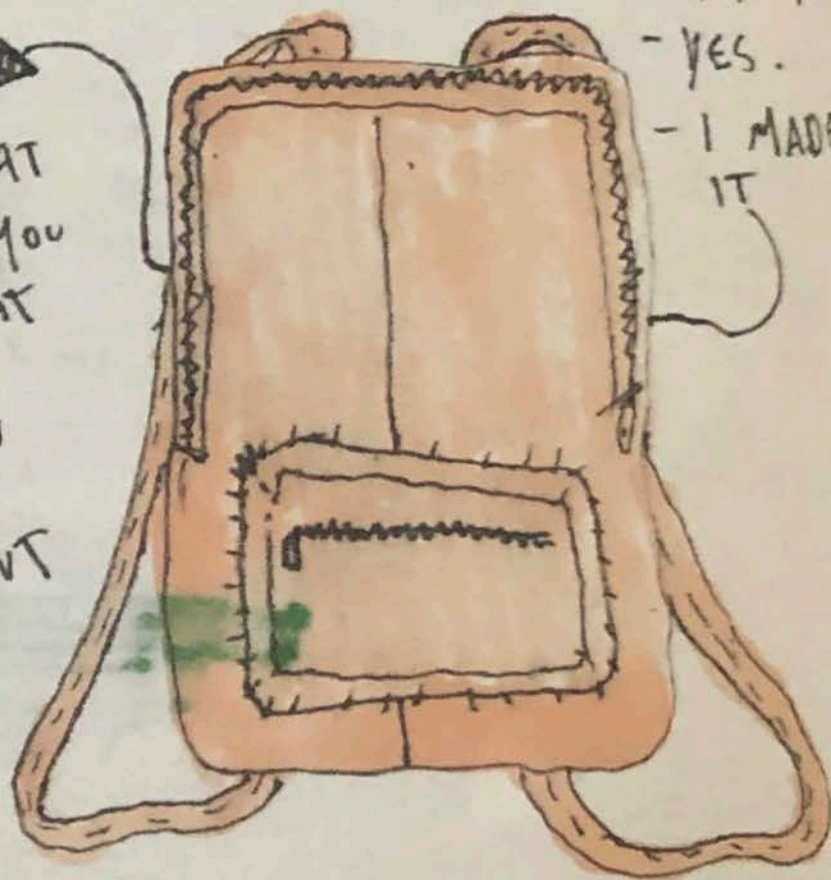


- I DON'T THINK  
ITS FOR US

- SEE THIS  
BACKPACK?

- YES.

- I MADE  
IT





NIKITA

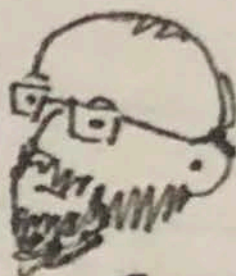


GOLDEN  
BOY  
IS DRUNK  
TOO



ARTHUR  
IS DRUNK

MARXIST  
SCHOLAR



REI  
(I'VE NEVER  
SEEN HIM  
THIS  
DRUNK)

OK, NEVAIN,  
I'VE SO MUCH  
TO TALK TO  
YOU ABOUT  
AND LATELY, I'VE  
BEEN ESPECIALLY  
THINK HOW MUCH  
I CAN OPEN  
UP WITH YOU  
IN COMPARISON  
TO OTHER PEOPLE  
WITH WHOM I HAVE  
SO MUCH DRAMA  
LATELY.  
I WISH YOU CAME  
TO THE TRAPHOUSE  
JUST TO GET  
AND GOT  
INSPIRED.

I- FEEL  
LIKE A  
CELEBRITY,  
AND I NEED  
TO TAKE  
A PISS.

~~SOMETHING~~

part of me  
wishes you  
were  
here  
said

I WISH I DIDN'T  
PRINK SO MUCH  
TONIGHT.  
-It's ok.



THE ALCOHOL I ATE BREAKFAST IN FRONT OF.





EVERYTHING THATS GOING ON  
RIGHT NOW JUST FEELS LIKE  
IT IS EXACTLY HOW IT IS  
SUPPOSED TO BE.







EVERY DAY I DRINK AT LEAST  
FOUR CUPS OF COFFEE AND  
THEN GO BACK TO BED.



\*4 cup





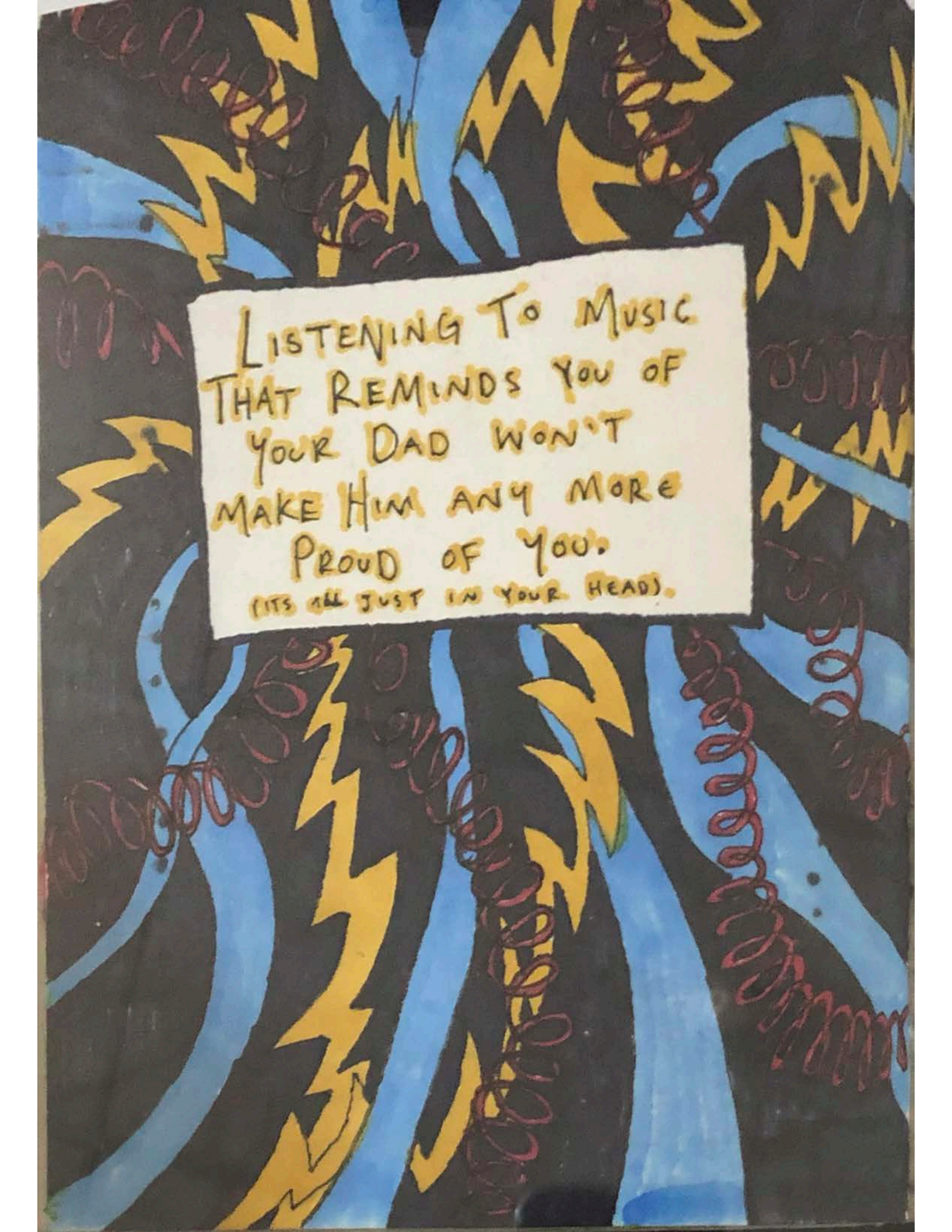
COULD BE ME BUT NO-  
ONE WILL TATTOO MY  
BACK :-).

HAHA, NEVERMIND.  
THANKS REEM.









LISTENING TO MUSIC  
THAT REMINDS YOU OF  
YOUR DAD WON'T  
MAKE HIM ANY MORE  
PROUD OF YOU.  
(IT'S ALL JUST IN YOUR HEAD).



THIS TIME  
IS DIFFERENT,  
I'M NOT  
GOING TO  
LOSE MYSELF  
IN HIM.



# WHO AM I WHEN I AM HOME?

WHEN I AM HERE I MISS MY CHILDHOOD HOME,  
WHEN I AM THERE I GET TRAPPED IN WHO  
I USED TO BE.

I GET TRAPPED IN MY PARENTS TREATING  
ME LIKE I'M STILL 16.

I GET TRAPPED IN LYING ABOUT WHERE I  
AM, WHO I AM WITH,

WHO I AM WHEN I AM HOME IS SOMEONE  
I WORKED SO HARD TO ESCAPE,  
BUT I CAN'T.

WHEN I AM HOME I SINK INTO MY FORMER  
SELF.

DEEPER, AND DEEPER.

UNTIL THE END OF MY TUNNEL VISION IS  
SMALLER THAN A PIN HEAD,

AND THEN IT DISAPPEARS.

AND I AM BLINDLY FEELING MY WAY OUT  
OF A ROOM WITH NO DOORS THAT IS  
MYSELF.

AND I AM TRAPPED IN WHO I ONCE WAS.

WHEN I COME BACK HERE I REALIZE

IT'S NOT A PLACE THAT IS HOME,

BUT THE PEOPLE AROUND ME,

AND I GET STUCK TRYING TO FIGHT WHO  
I ONCE WAS,

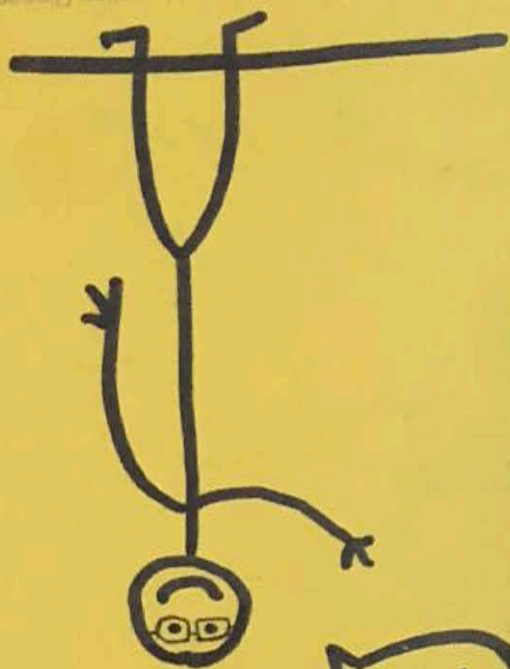
BECAUSE THAT'S WHO EVERYONE EXPECT  
ME TO BE.



into a hypnotic  
to palsy cline  
my childhood  
ead.



Hawaiian Pineapple  
Ananas hawaïen  
ppug-13



ppug-13





I HAVE PUT MYSELF INTO A HYPNOTIC  
STATE OF LISTENING TO PAISY CLINE  
AND REPLAYING MY CHILDHOOD  
IN MY HEAD.





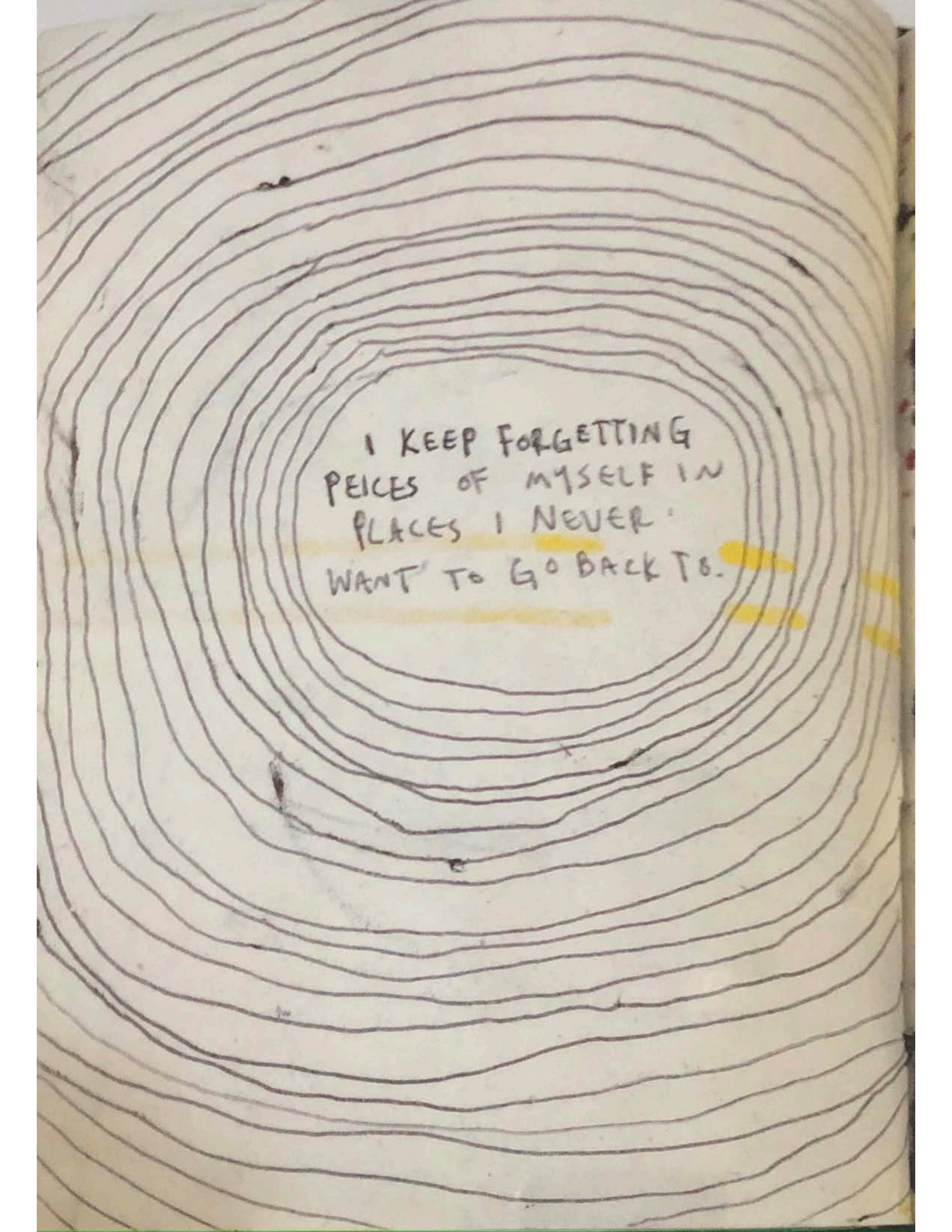
EVENTUALLY, I WILL LIVE  
IN A HOUSE, FALL IN LOVE,  
AND FEEL HAPPY.  
ONE DAY.



LIFE SUCKS AND THEN  
YOU DIE.

SOMETIMES LIFE SUCKS  
AND THEN YOU  
KEEP LIVING.



The page is filled with numerous hand-drawn concentric circles in a dark ink, creating a spiral effect that draws the eye toward the center. The circles are of varying diameters and are drawn with a slightly shaky, organic hand.

I KEEP FORGETTING  
PEICES OF MYSELF IN  
PLACES I NEVER  
WANT TO GO BACK TO.







A MI FINALLY

IN A BODY

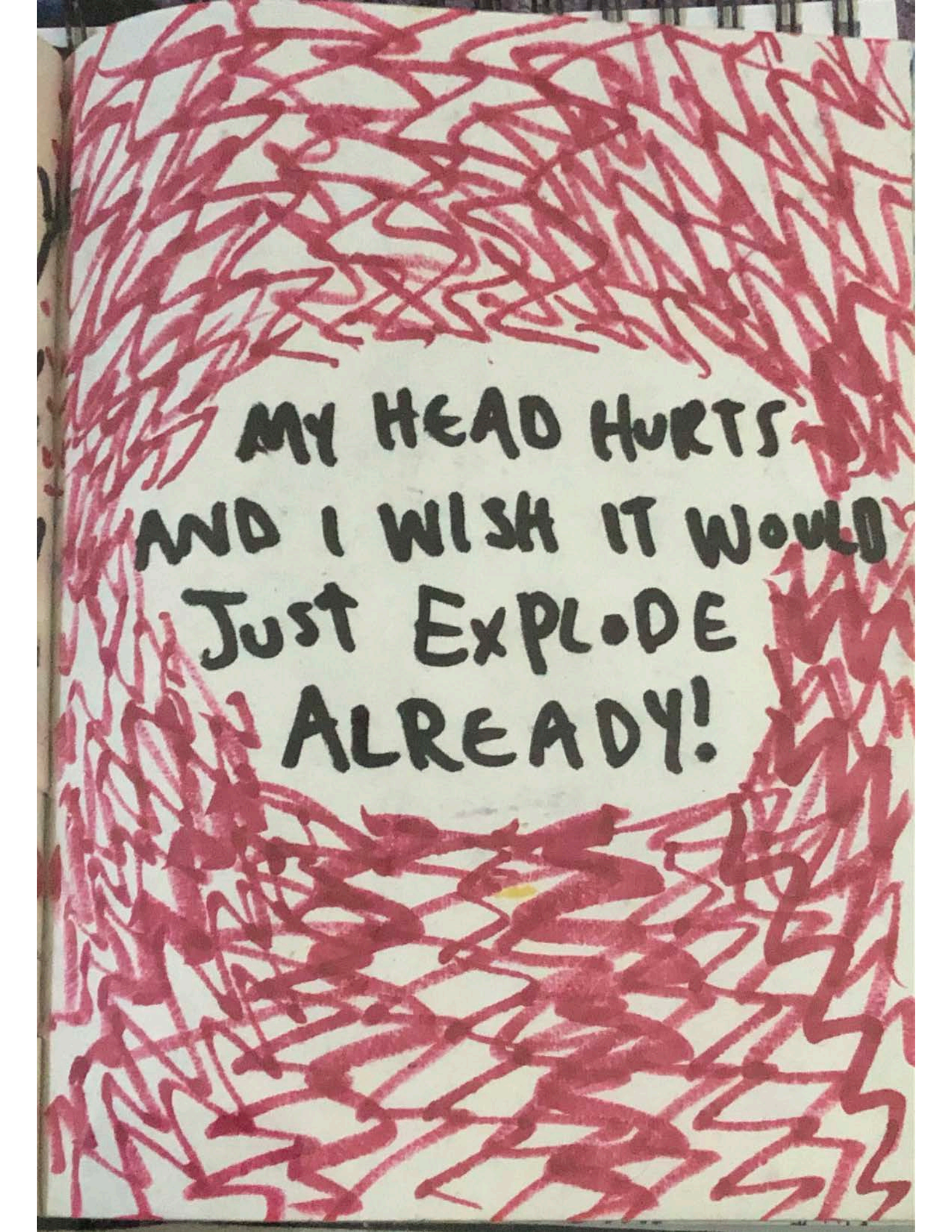
FEEL OKAY

WITH

EXISTING

INSIDE OF?





MY HEAD HURTS  
AND I WISH IT WOULD  
JUST EXPLODE  
ALREADY!



IT'S WEIRD  
BECAUSE I USED  
TO THINK BEING  
WITH SOMEONE  
WOULD PUT ME  
INTO A CREATIVE  
SLUM, MAKE ME  
LESS OF MYSELF.

RIGHT NOW I  
FEEL LIKE MORE  
OF MYSELF THAN  
I HAVE I SUCH  
A LONG TIME.

I AM CONTENT  
WITH MYSELF,  
AND I DON'T  
HAVE TO BE  
ALONE TO DO IT.

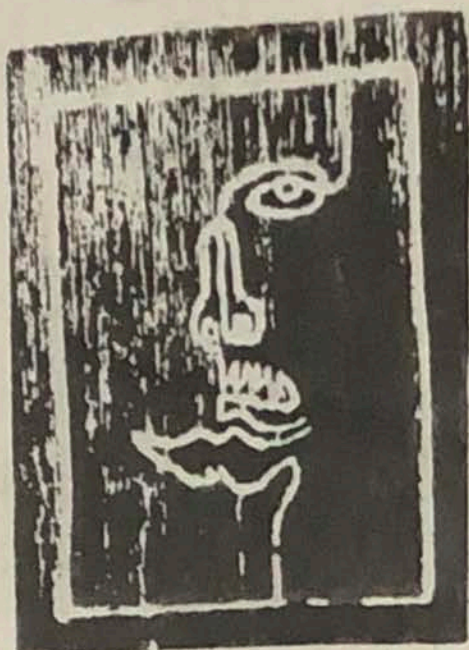




DO I REALLY  
HATE THE  
WAY THIS  
FEELS?

OR AM I JUST  
AFRAID?



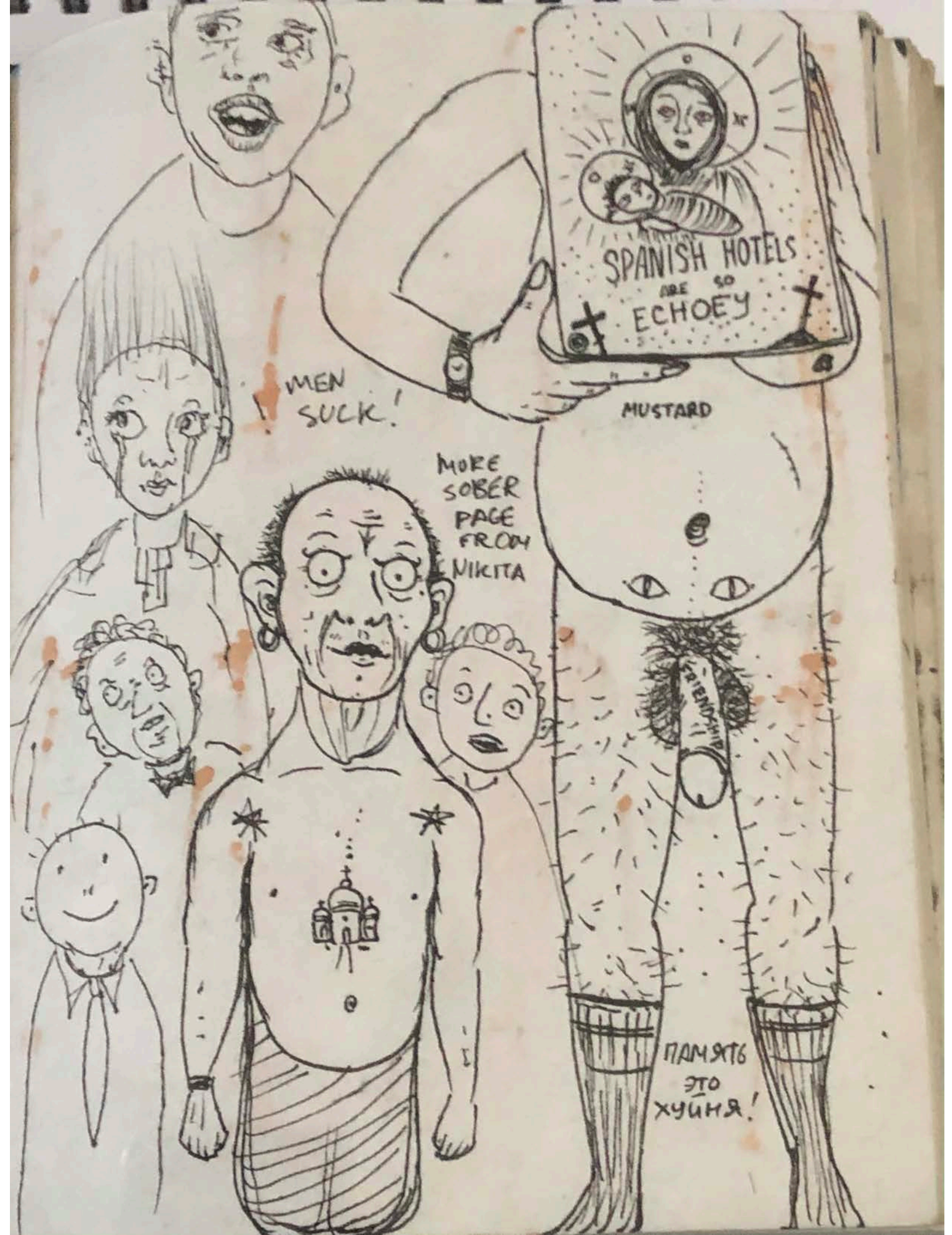


42/46

Colleen Allen

ONE DAY.  
WHEN I HAVE THE  
MONEY TO,  
I WILL FRAME  
THIS AND PUT IT  
BESIDE MY BED.





MEN  
SUCK!

MORE  
SOBER  
PAGE  
FROM  
NIKITA

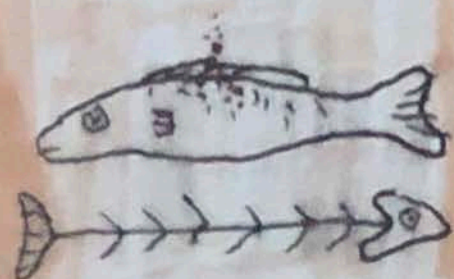
SPANISH HOTELS  
ARE SO  
ECHOEY

MUSTARD

ПАМЯТЬ  
ЭТО  
ХУИНЯ!

FRIENDSHIP





I WISH I WASN'T IN SO  
MUCH FUCKING PAIN  
ALL THE TIME.



MAYBE WHEN I'M OLD AND  
LOVE SOMEONE NEW  
I WILL STILL KEEP PICTURES IN MY  
ATTIC AND LOOK AT THEM WHEN  
I MISS WHAT WE USED TO  
HAVE AND I WILL HOLD THEM ;  
REFEEL EVERYTHING THAT WAS GOOD  
AND CRY ABOUT EVERYTHING

THAT WASN'T

WHY DID  
I HOLD ON  
TO THESE

TIN ROOM

I NEED  
TO GET  
RID OF  
THESE.

TAN'S 19th

I WISH  
I GOT RID  
OF THEM

PROM



DO I TELL MY PROFS  
I'M NOT IN CLASS BECAUSE  
I REALLY JUST CANNOT  
FOCUS ON ANYTHING EXCEPT  
THE STRESS IN MY HEAD  
ABOUT PROBLEMS THAT  
DON'T REALLY EXIST.





I KNOW YOU SAID WHEN I FEEL  
INSECURE I CAN JUST ASK FOR  
REASSURANCE BUT I AM AFRAID  
THAT ONE DAY YOU WILL TELL ME  
THAT I AM RIGHT.







WHY IS THIS HOW I FEEL?



IF THIS END LIKE IT DID WITH  
~~FATHER~~ I DON'T KNOW IF  
I WILL BE ABLE TO SURVIVE IT  
AGAIN.



THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU  
SHOULD STOP YOURSELF FROM  
EVER BEING IN LOVE  
AGAIN.

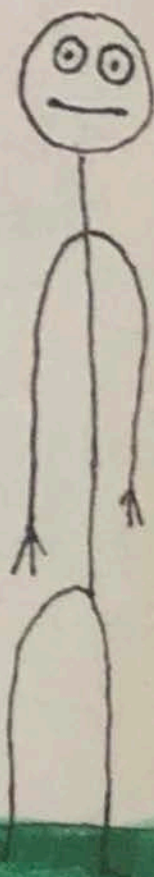
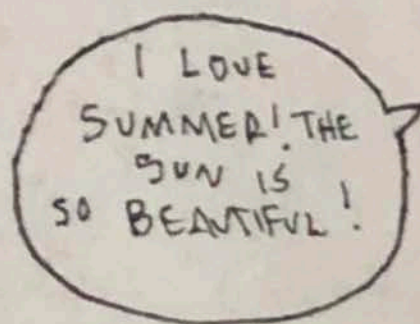
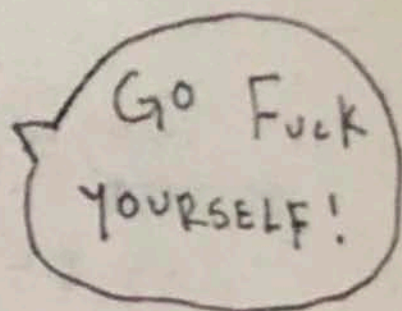
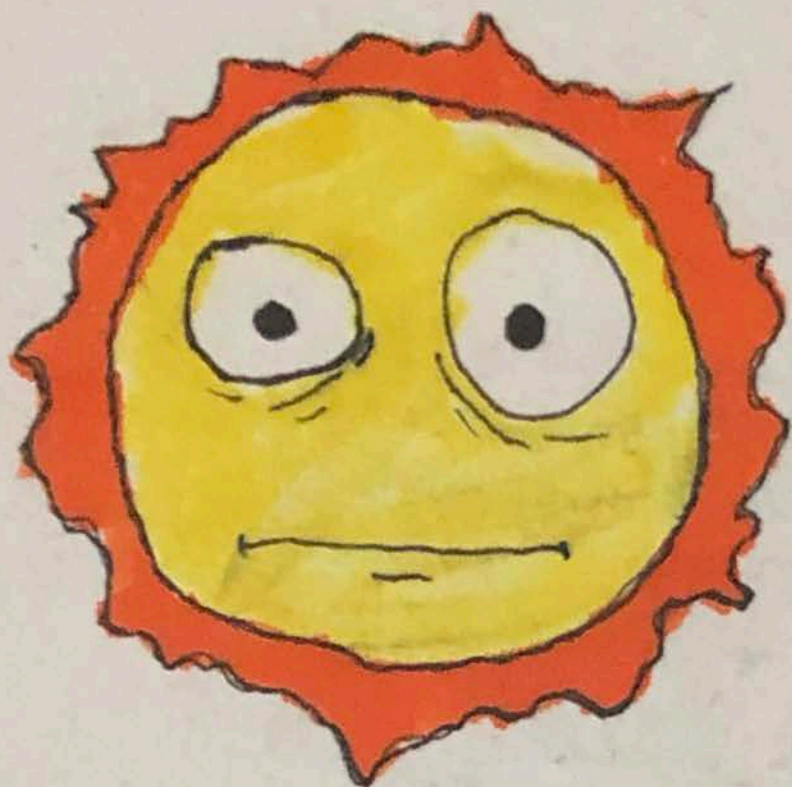


BUT MAYBE THAT'S  
JUST HOW IT IS SUPPOSED  
TO BE FOR YOU

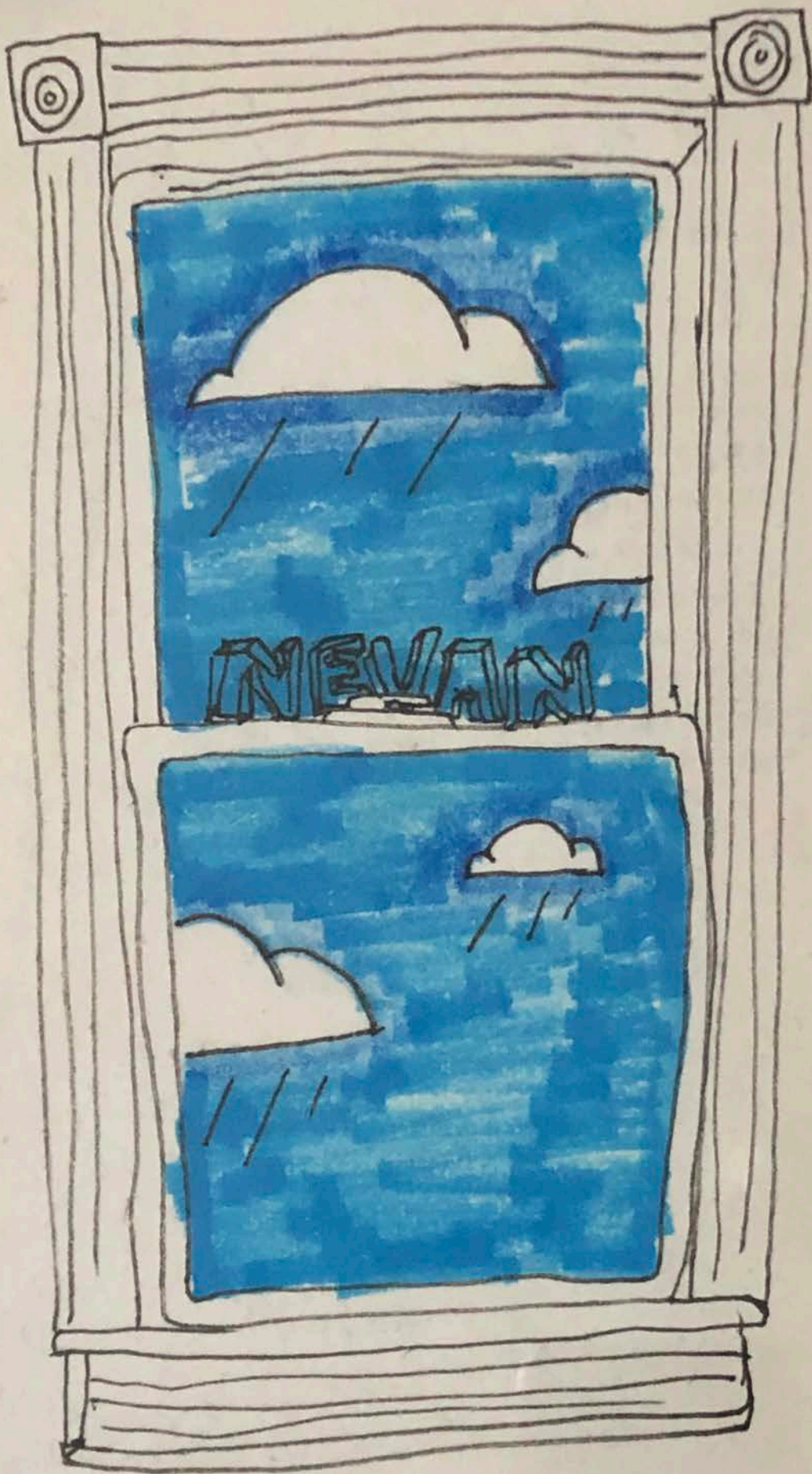


I REALLY HOPE  
IT ISN'T.









THE VIEW  
OUTSIDE OF  
A WINDOW.



I'M JUST TRYING  
TO WRITE MY ART HISTORY  
EXAM BUT I KEEP  
GETTING DISTRACTED BY  
AGGRESSIVE SEX  
FLASHBACKS





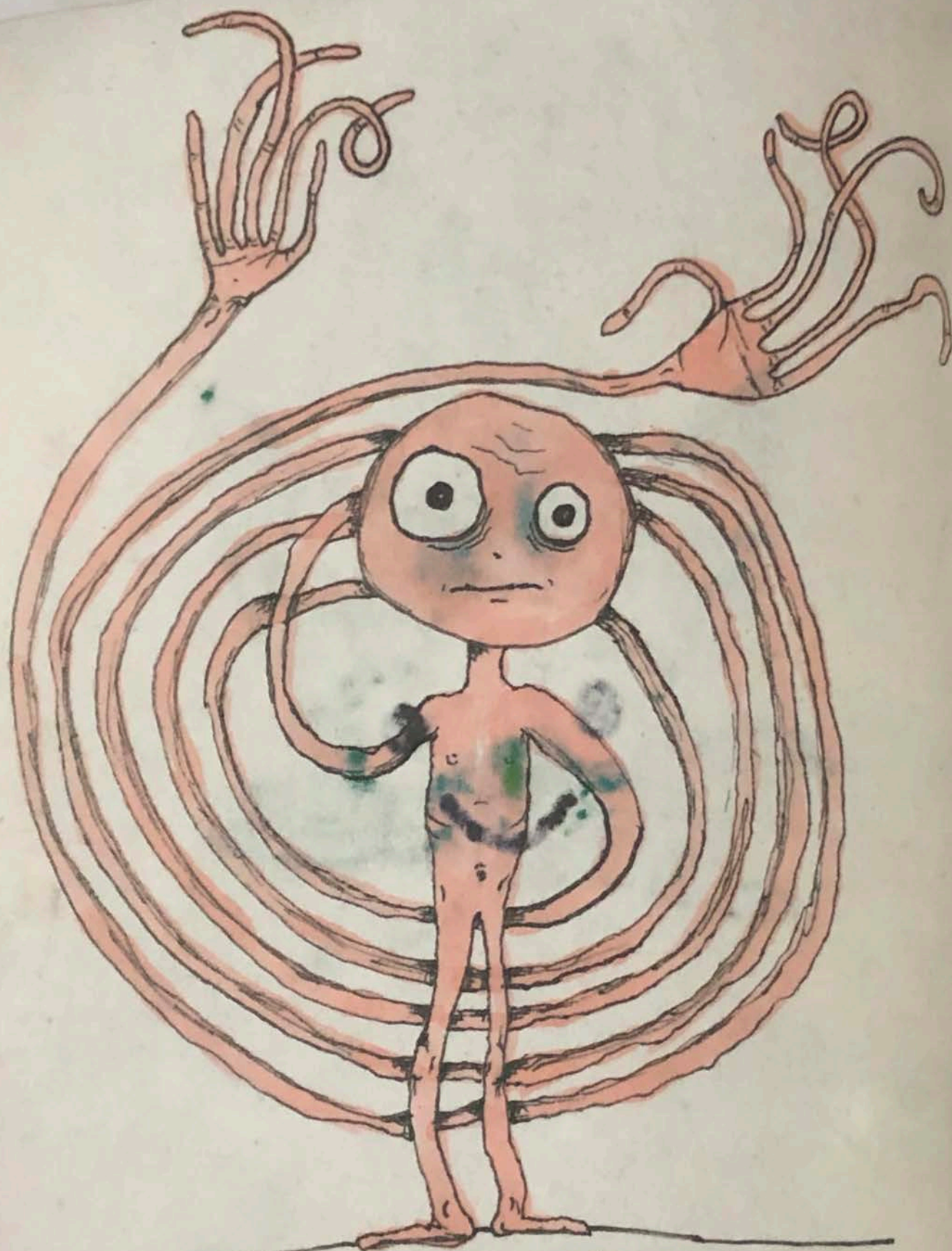
EVERYTHING  
TASTES SWEET  
AND THE WORLD  
I COVERED IN  
A BLANKET  
OF SUNSHINE.





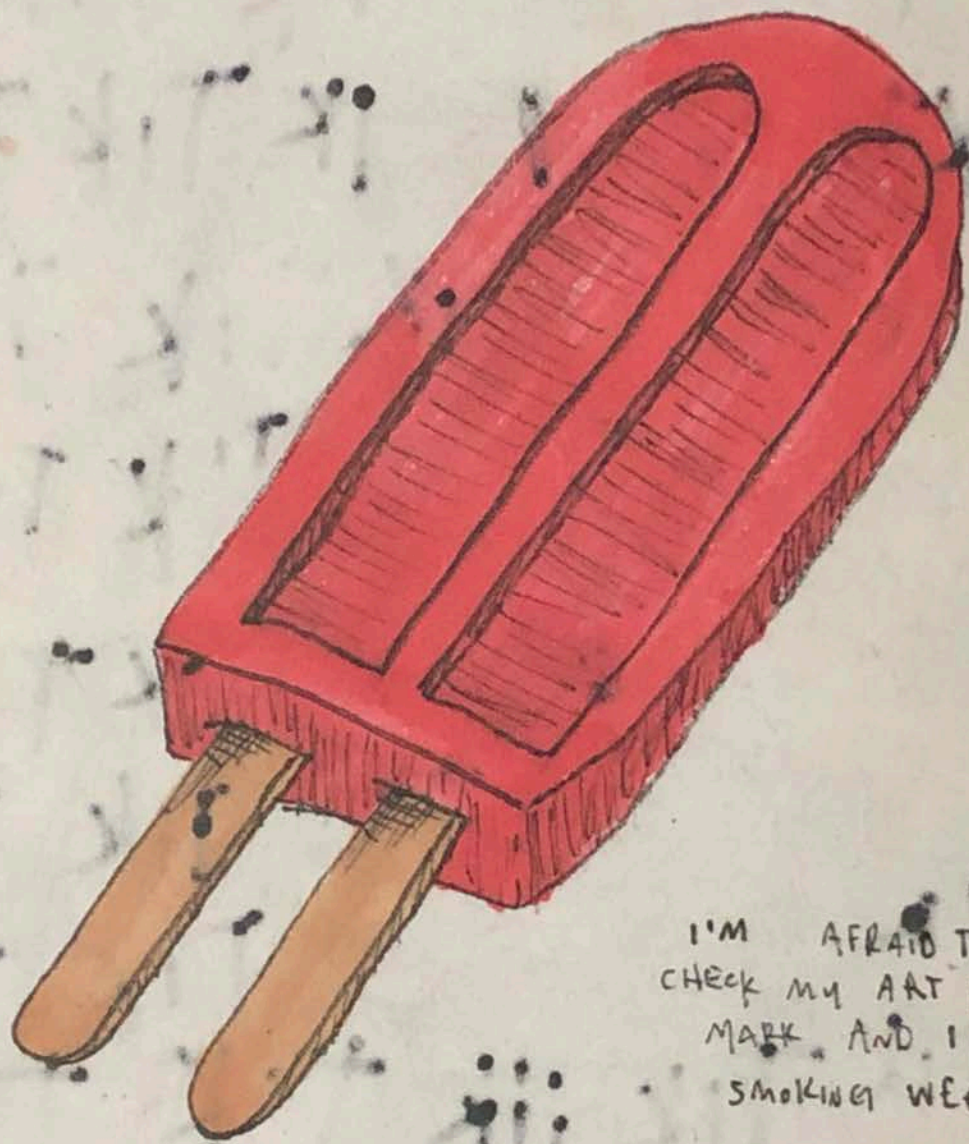
I AM WHERE I  
AM I AM WHERE  
I AM I AM  
WHERE I AM I  
AM WHERE I AM  
I AM WHERE I  
AM I AM WHERE  
I AM I AM  
WHERE I AM





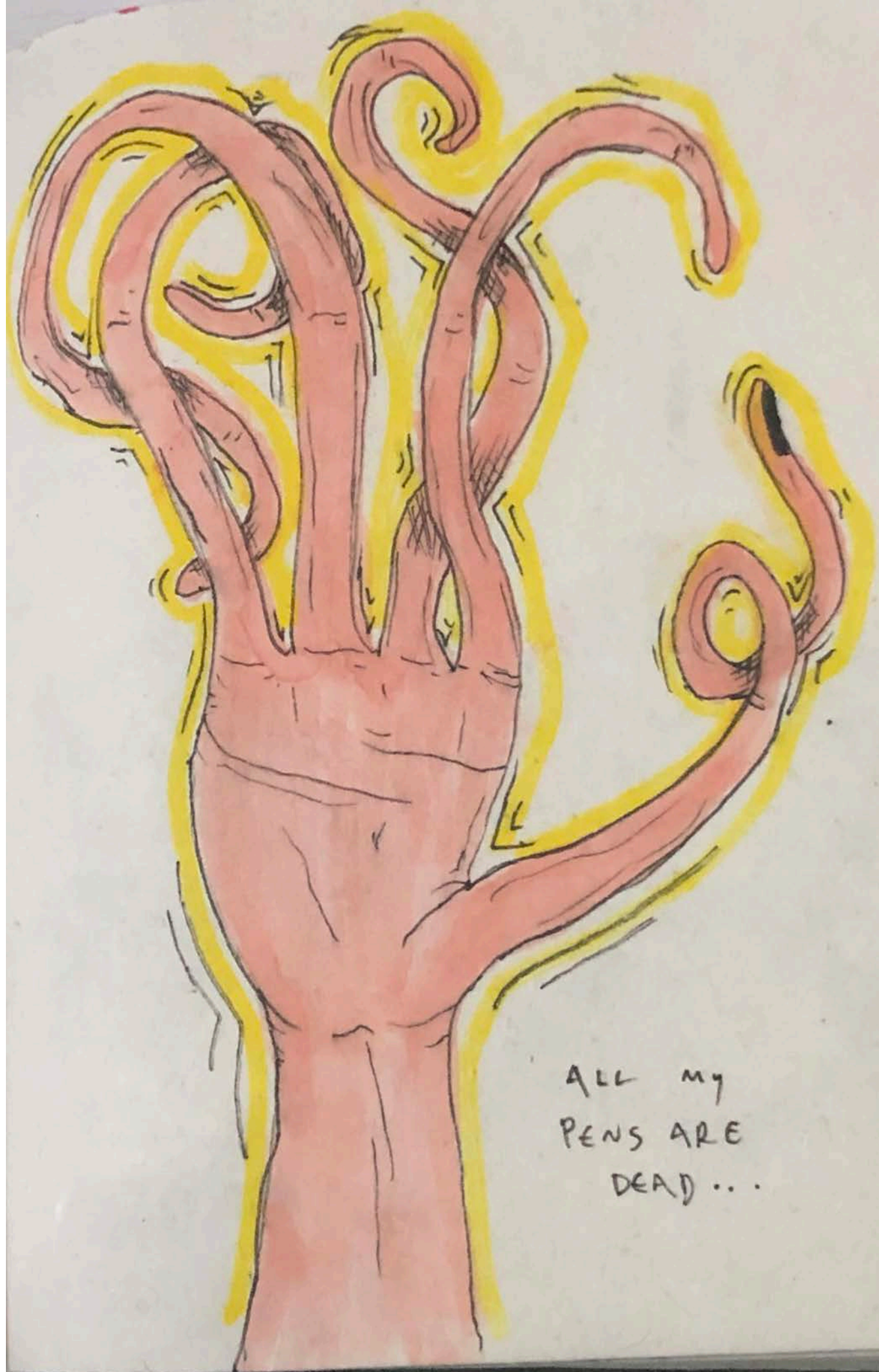
MY BODY IS A WORMHOLE. SPIRALING  
OUT OF CONTROL UNTIL I SWALLOW MYSELF  
~~COMPLETELY~~ AND DISAPPEAR FOREVER





I'M AFRAID TO  
CHECK MY ART HISTORY  
MARK AND I MISS  
SMOKING WEED





ALL MY  
PENS ARE  
DEAD...





PUSH ME TO  
THE EDGE





GO FUCK  
YOURSELF  
ZEY!!

THERE'S  
RINGING IN  
MY EARS.







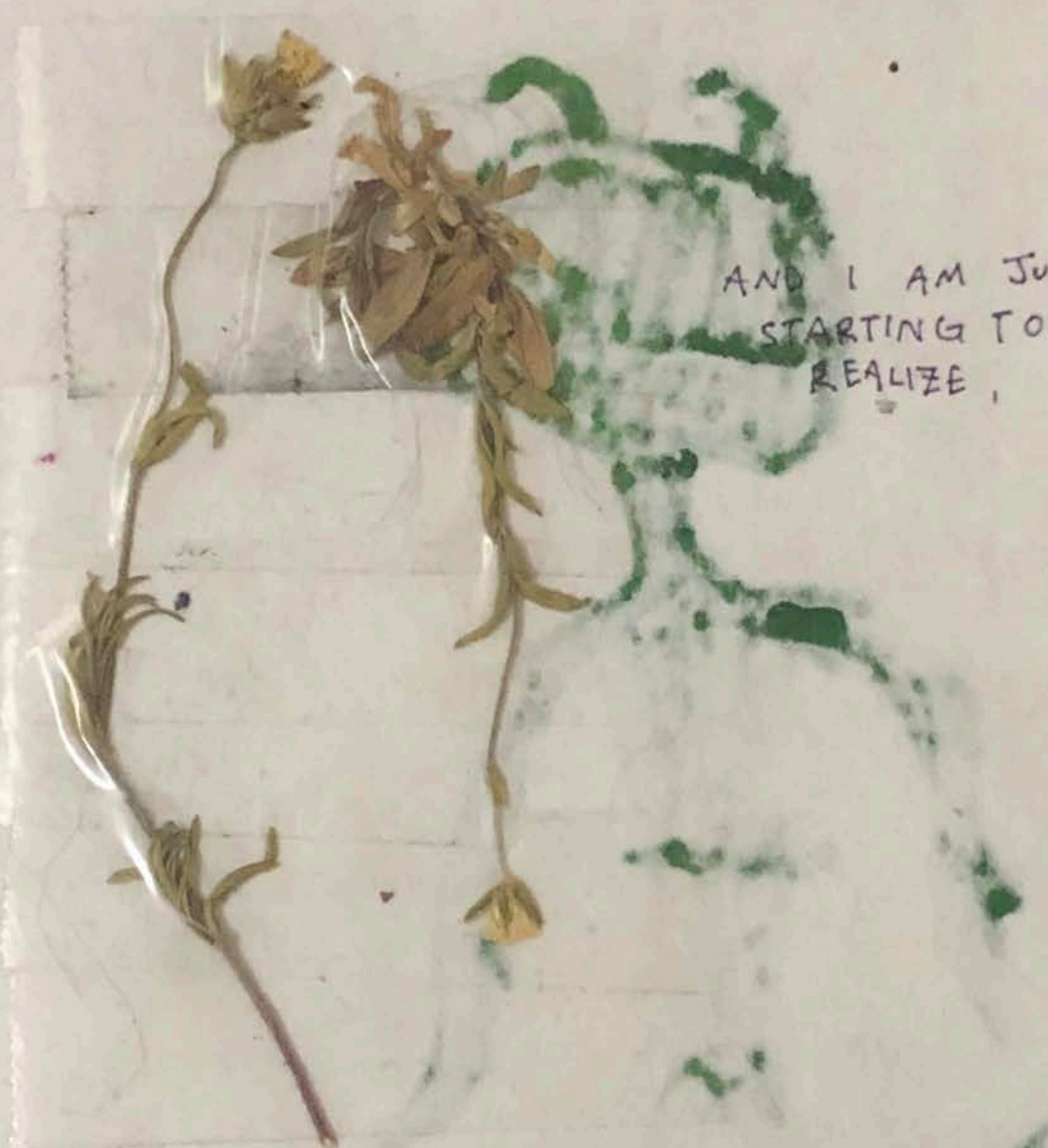


HOW IS THE WATER  
SO BLUE?





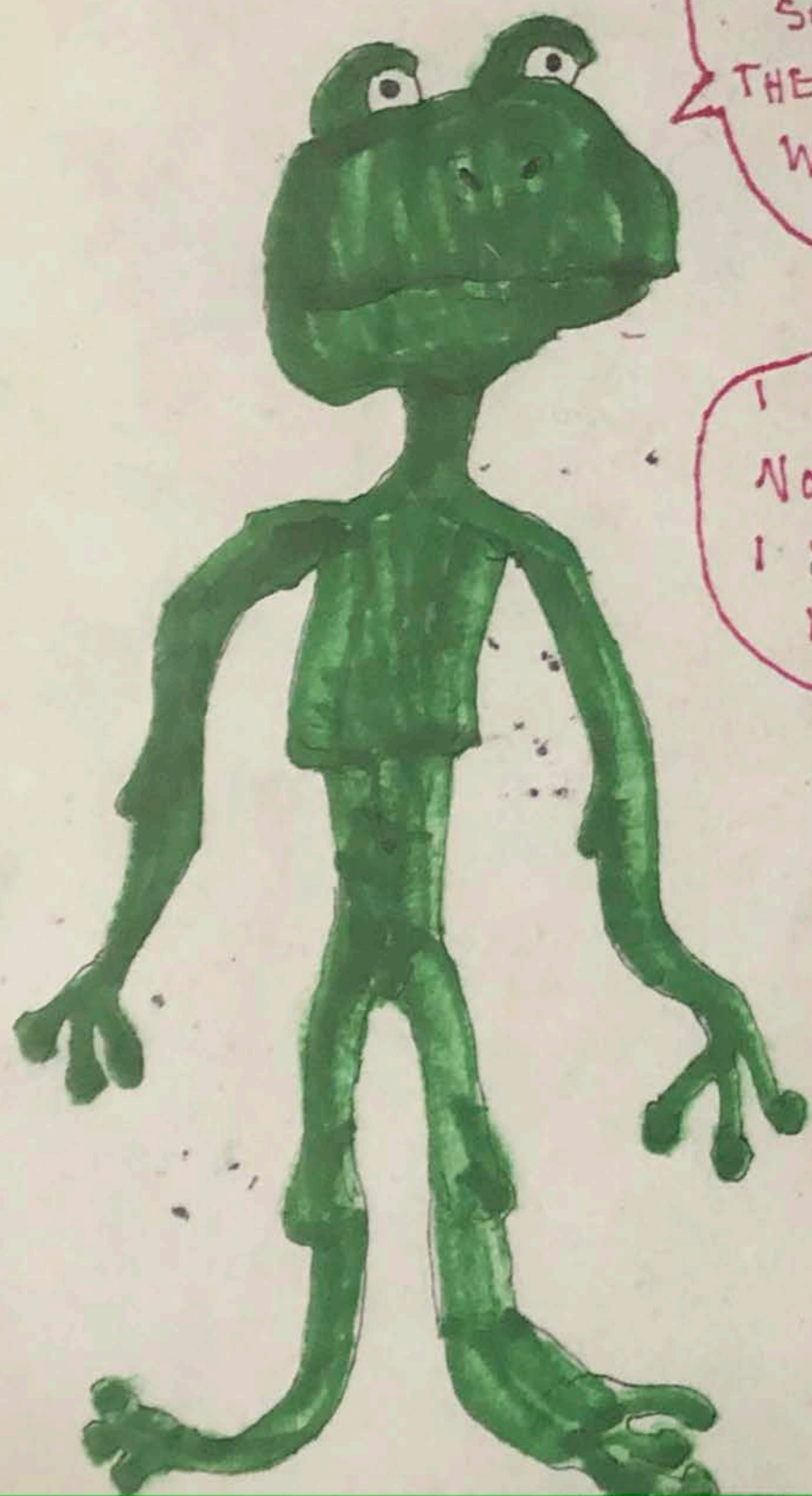
I FOUND NOTES I LEFT TO  
MYSELF WHEN I WANTED TO  
DIE,



AND I AM JUST  
STARTING TO  
REALIZE,

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING HAS CHANGED.





WHY DOES MY  
DOCTOR MAKE ME  
SO SCARED THAT  
THERE IS SOMETHING  
WRONG WITH MY  
BODY?

I AM HEALTHY.  
NOTHING IS WRONG.  
I WILL BE OKAY,  
I AM OKAY.

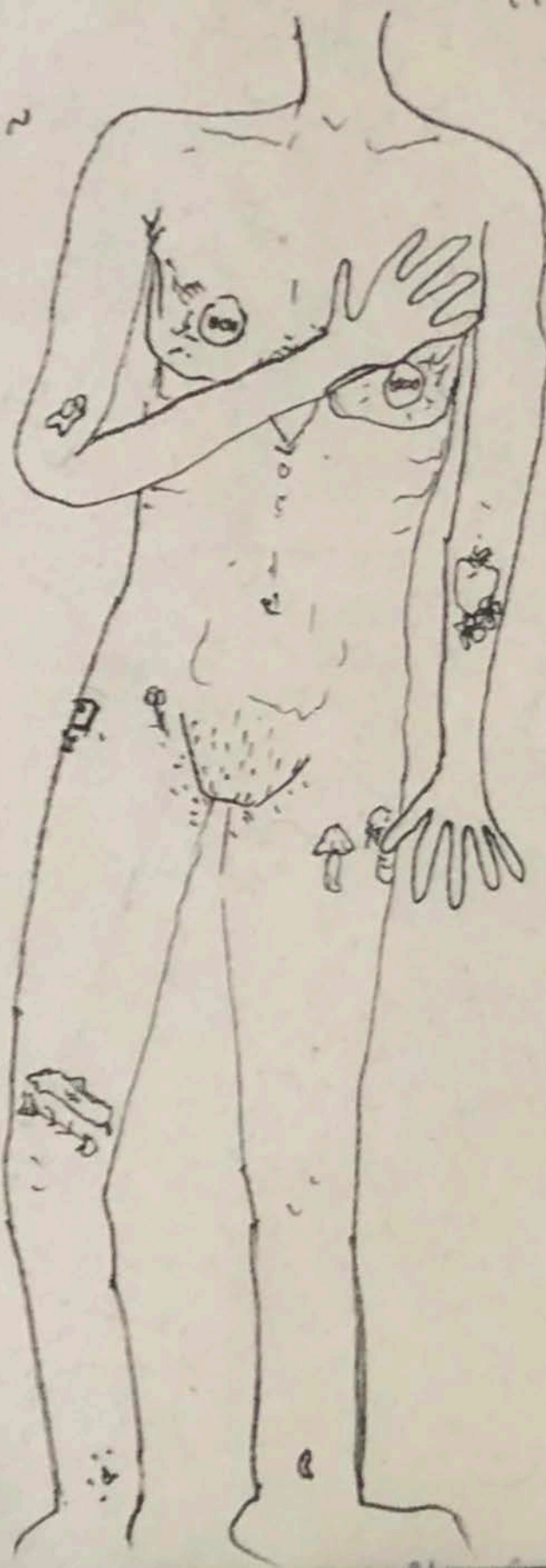


THIS IS THE ONLY BODY I  
WAS GIVEN. THIS IS  
THE ONLY BODY I WILL  
LIVE IN. THIS IS IT.

I WILL LIVE IN  
THIS BODY, I  
WILL LOVE IN  
THIS BODY  
I WILL DIE  
IN THIS  
BODY

I WILL LOVE  
THIS BODY AND  
TREAT IT WITH  
THE KINDNESS  
IT DESERVES.

I WILL LIVE  
AND LOVE  
EVERDAY I AM  
GIVEN



I WILL  
TAKE CARE  
OF MY  
BODY. I WILL  
TAKE CARE  
OF EVERYONE  
AROUND ME  
I LOVE.