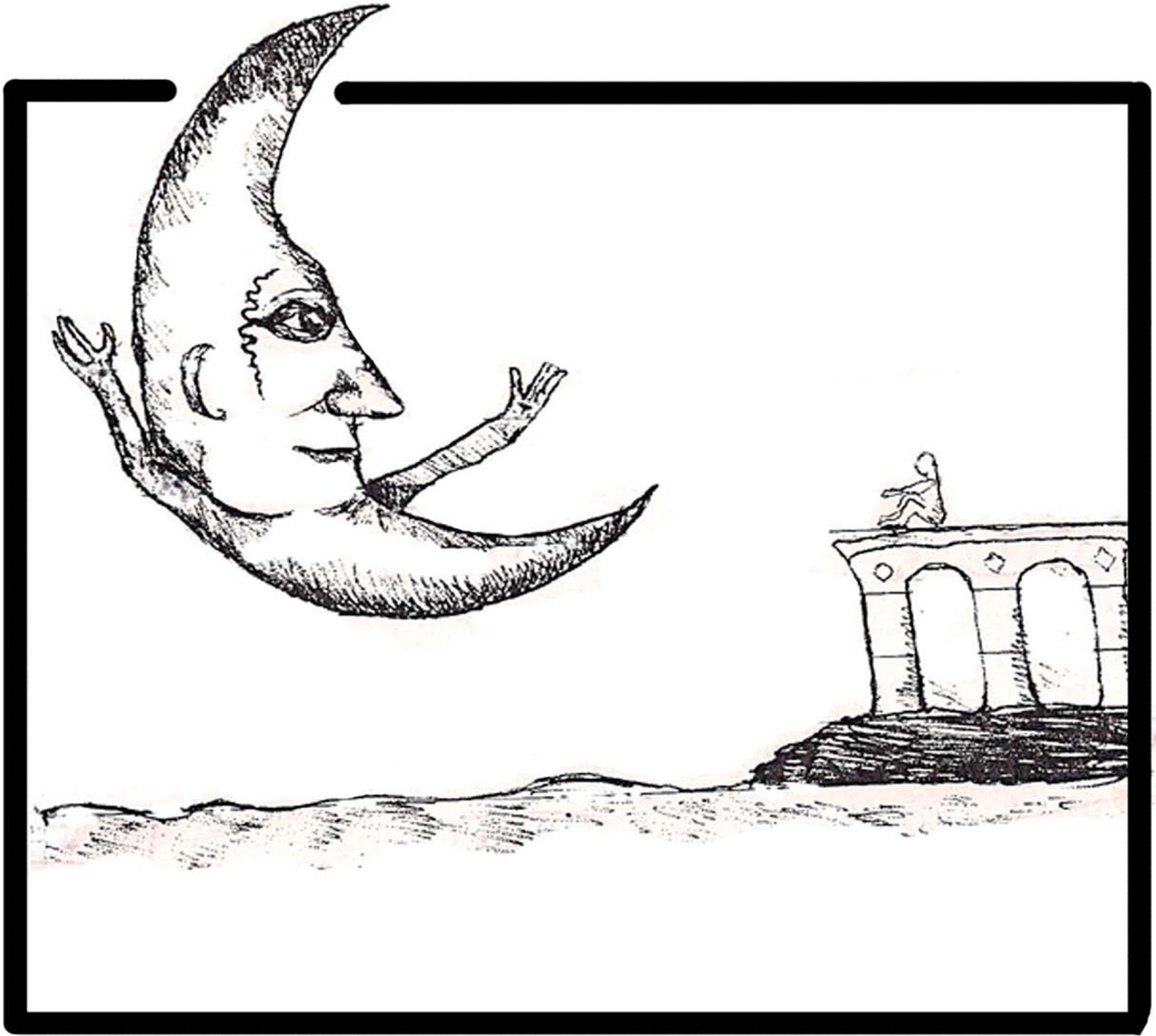
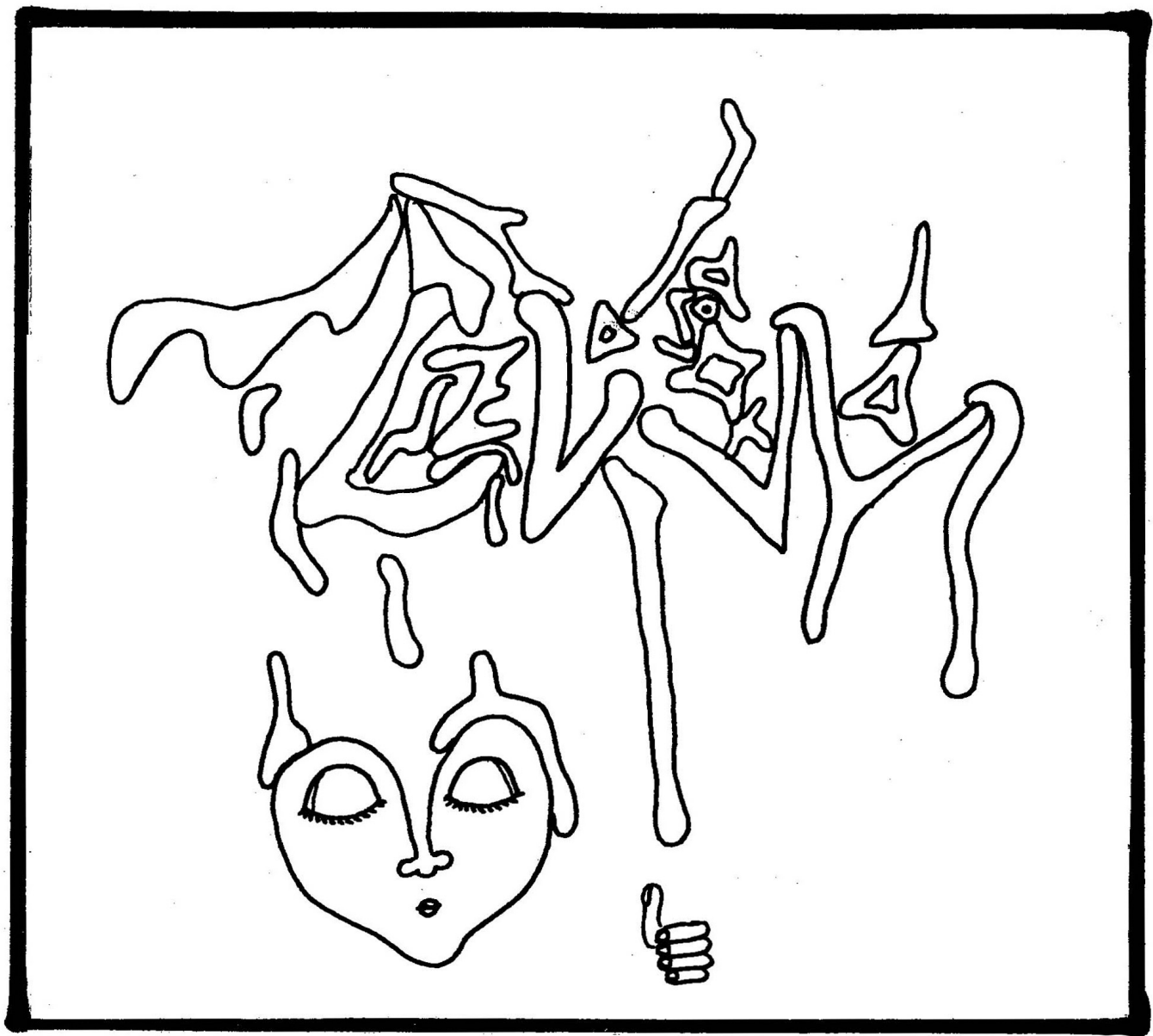




Funny how these things that torture me have so aptly melded into the cut of my jib.



*When not even the Moon can understand me,
I know I'm in trouble.*



And in the end, I believe will come the realization that it is the rain which is needed to protect us from our umbrellas.