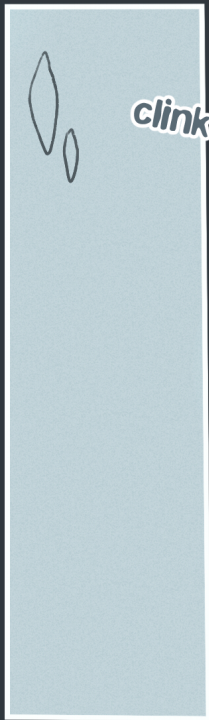


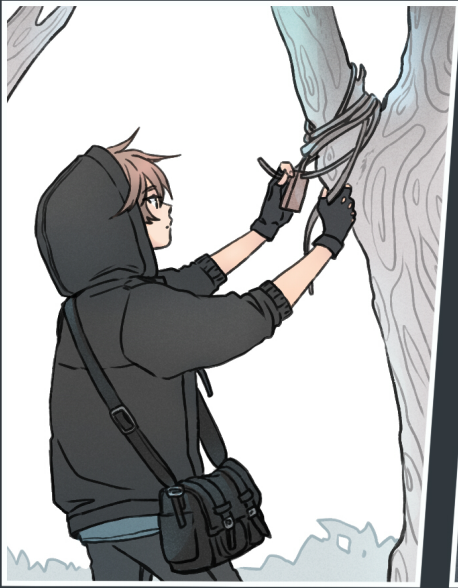


During  
that time

I often  
sneaked  
into the  
closed area.

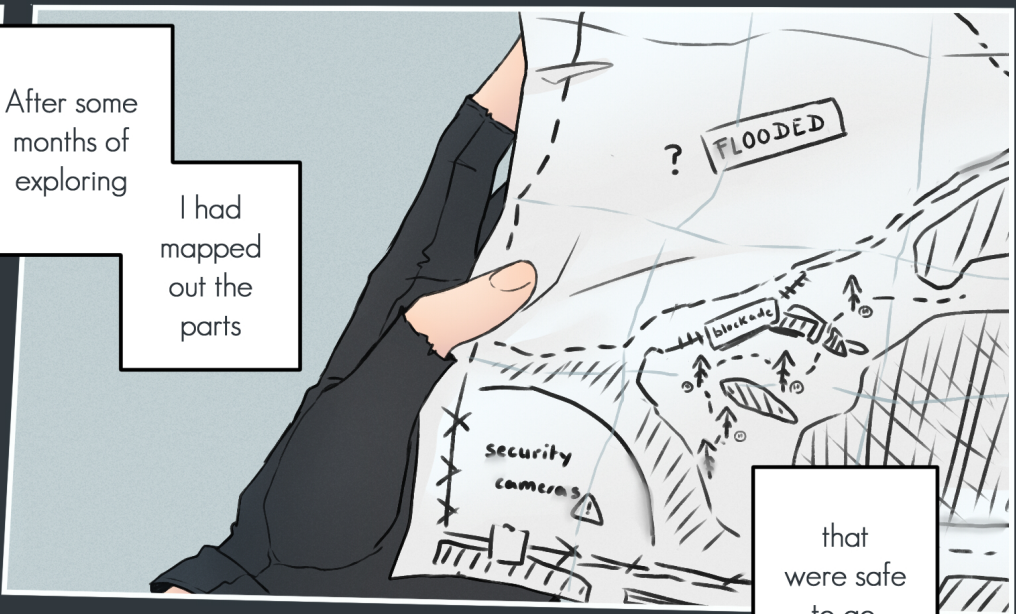


It just  
wouldn't  
let me rest.



After some months of exploring

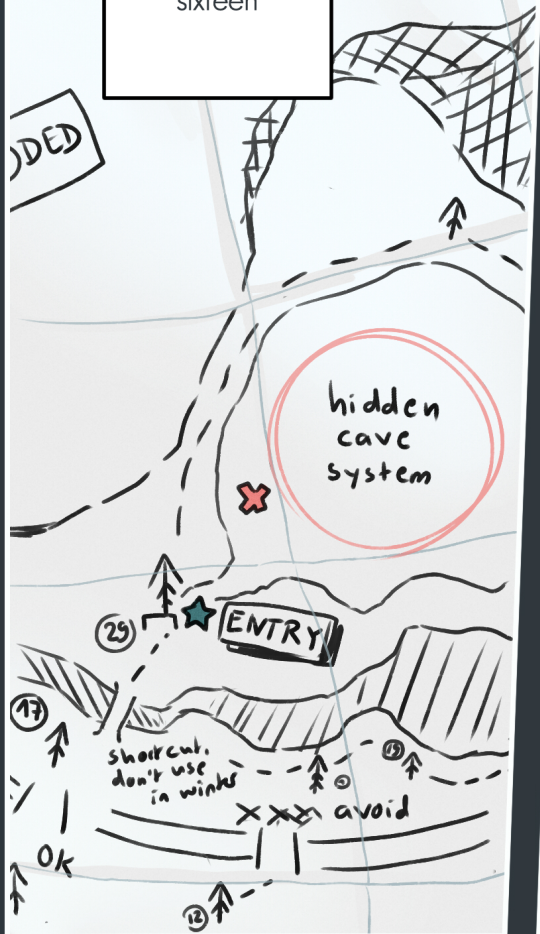
I had mapped out the parts



that were safe to go.



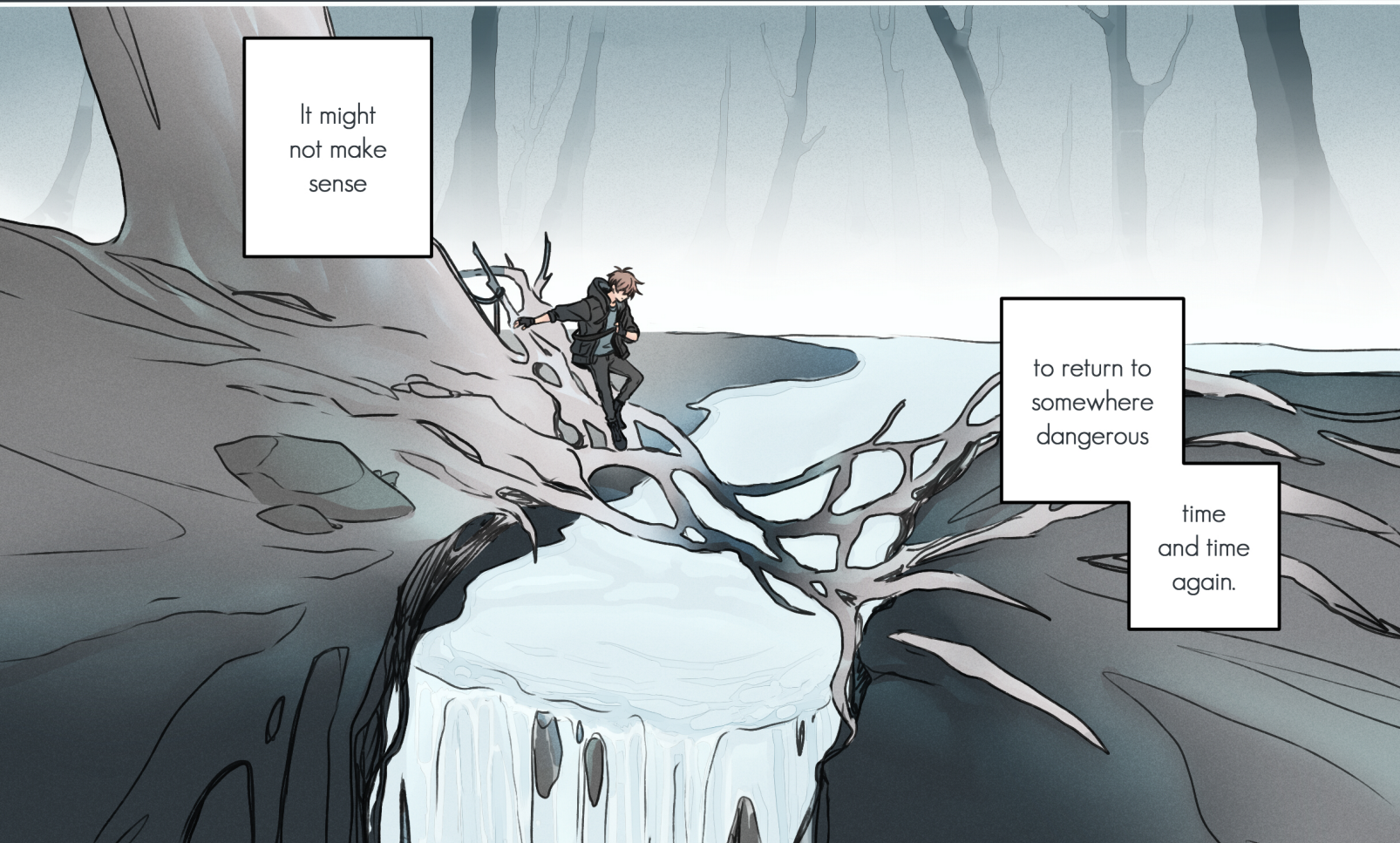
By the  
time I was  
sixteen



I would  
easily find  
my way  
around.



It might  
not make  
sense



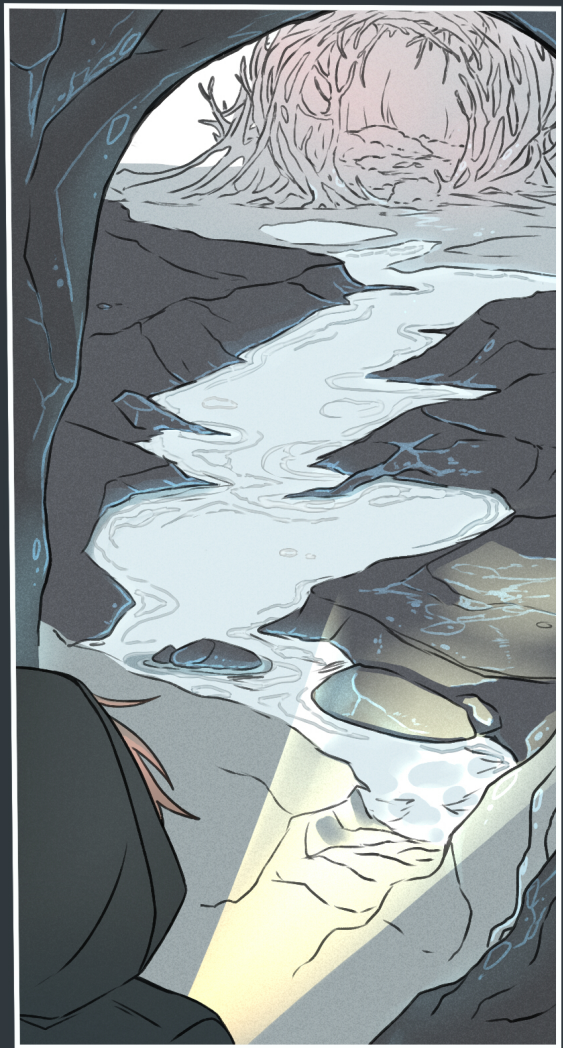
to return to  
somewhere  
dangerous

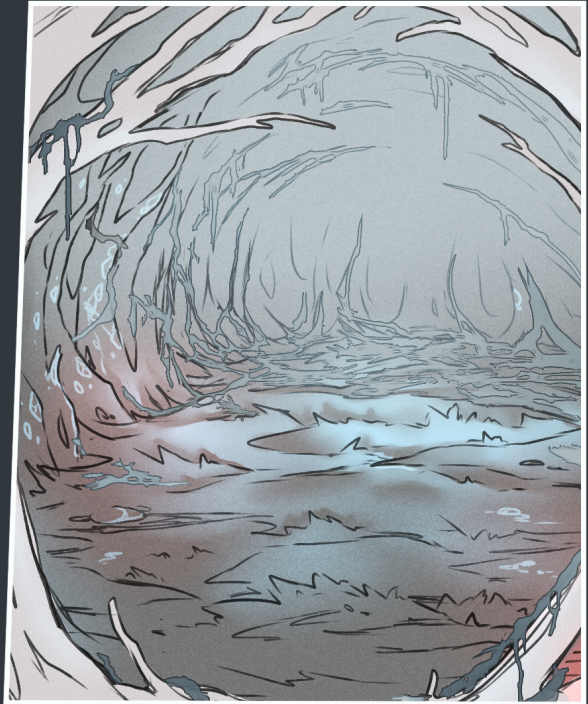
time  
and time  
again.



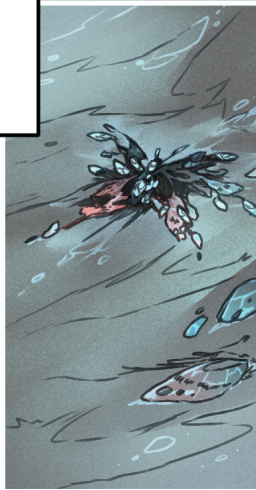
But not knowing the truth

scares me even more.

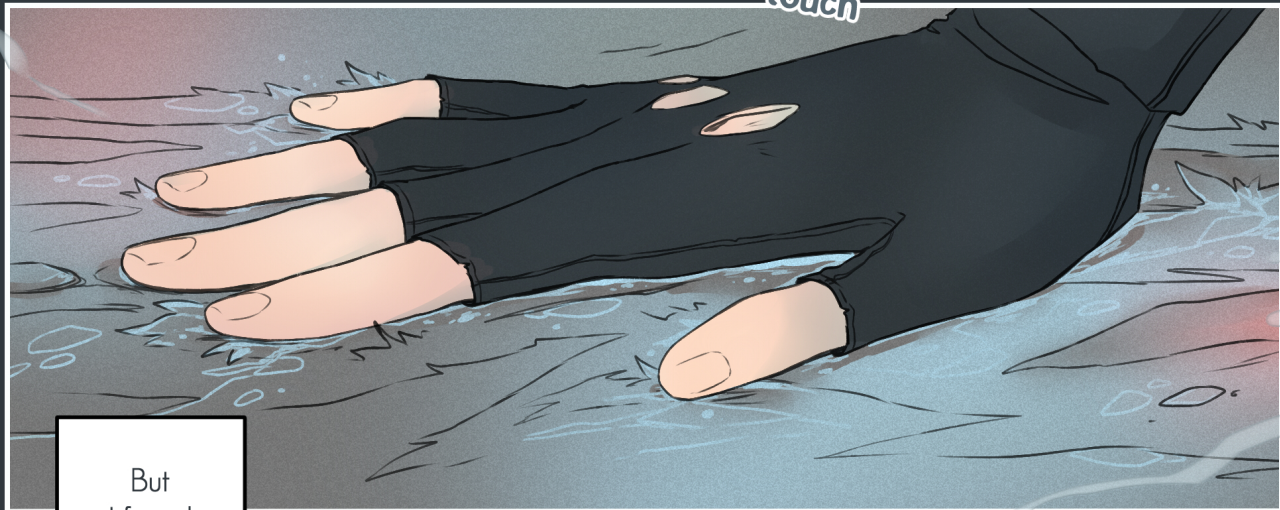




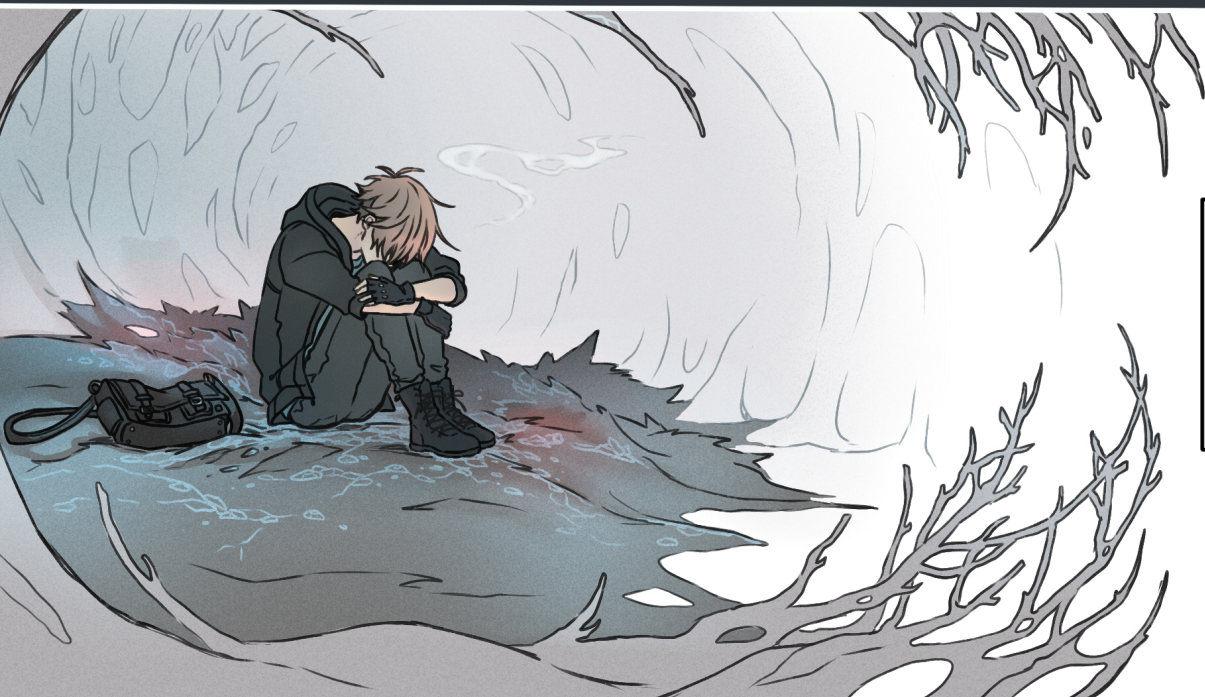
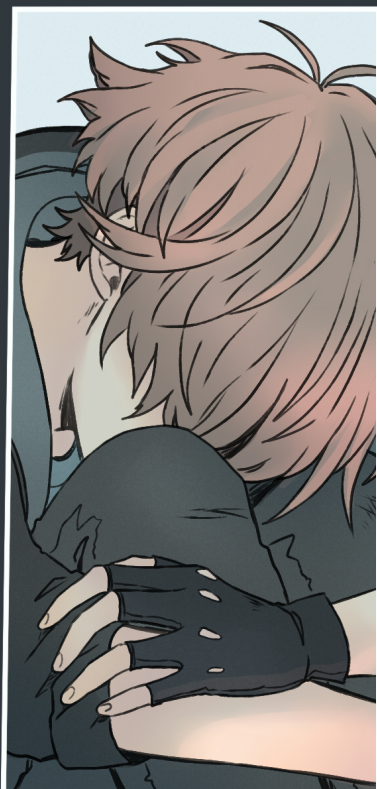
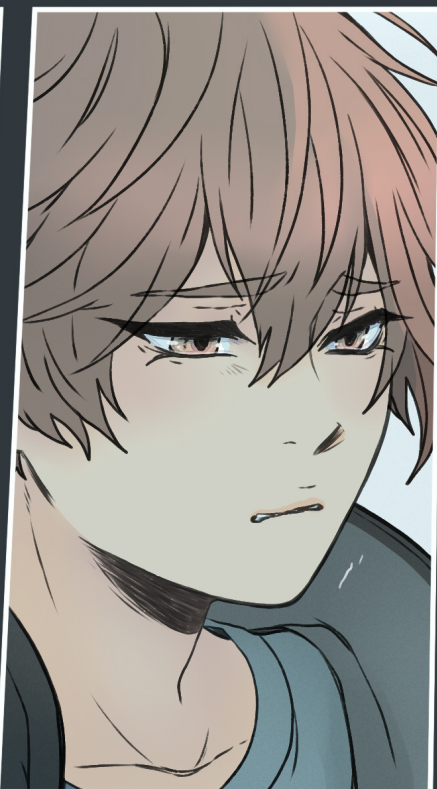
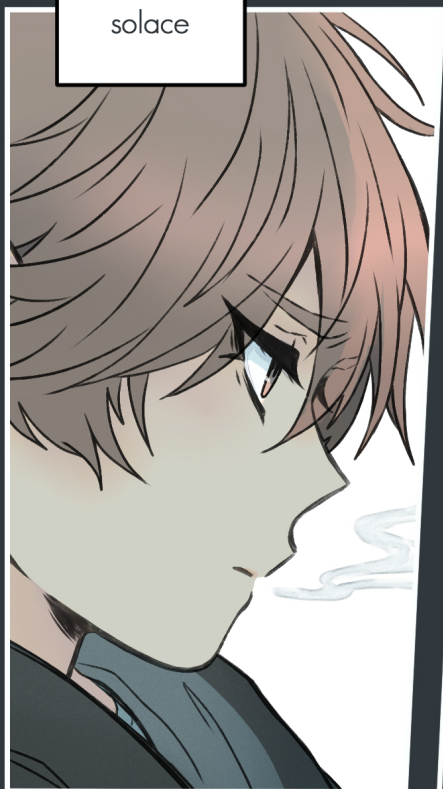
I couldn't really find answers in there,



touch



But  
I found  
solace



for all  
kinds of  
feelings.