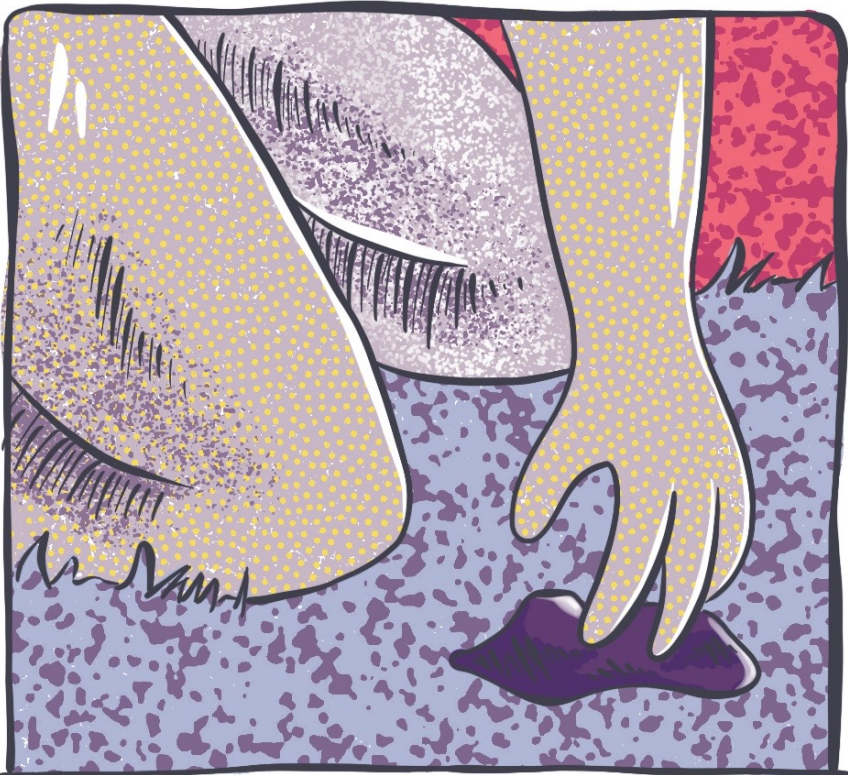


WERE YOU ALWAYS... THIS?



no.





I BEGAN
WITH A STONE,



FROM WHICH ALL
ELSE BLOOMED.



THE REST FELL
INTO PLACE.



I GREW.

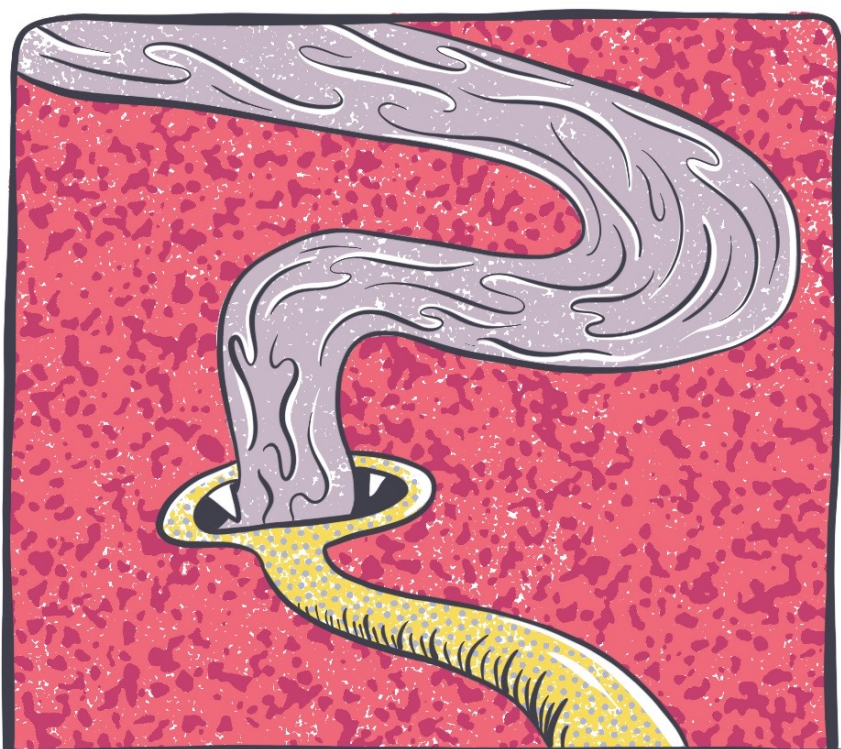
HANDS FOR FEET.
NOSE FOR ARM.



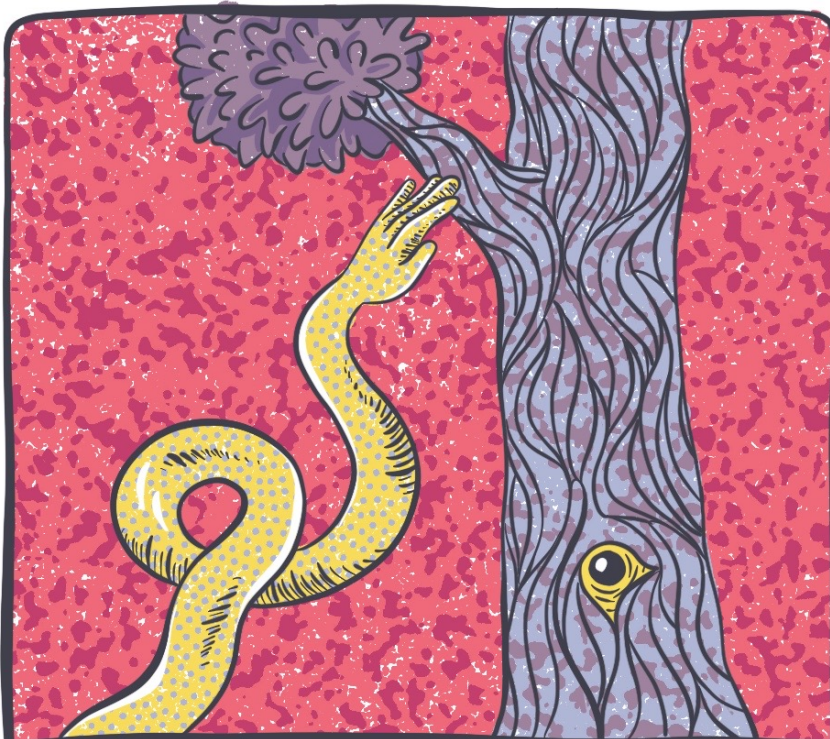
A MOUTH HERE.



AN EYE THERE.



BLOOD OF
A RIVER.



SKIN OF
A TREE.

SO WHAT COULD
YOU POSSIBLY
WANT FROM ME?



