

Laying in the dark, in the silence after the war, I thought about how good it felt to have an enemy to fight against. Something concrete I could win against, me versus them, a war. It was nothing like the slow trudging battle of existing young, broke, and directionless. I daydreamed of what I'd get when I got paid. Steak and potatoes, vacuum bags, and duct tape too.



FINAL PROJECT
Annie Richardson