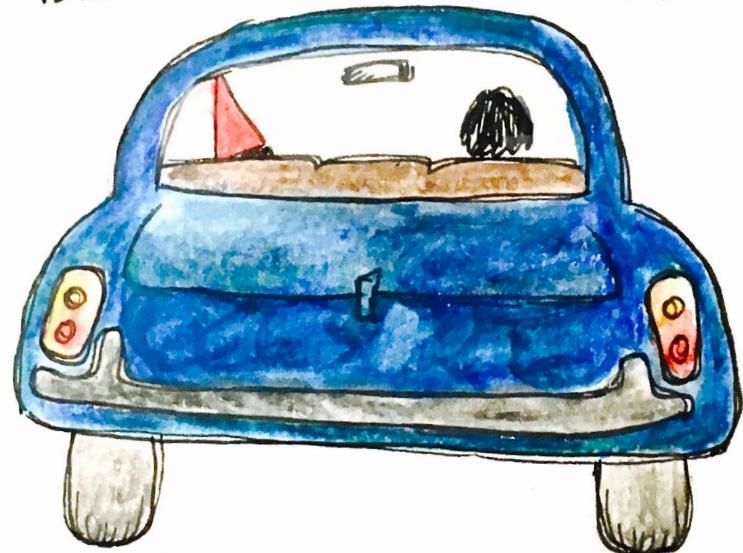




friends of virginia

Share a childhood
memory of creativity
unleashed without
boundaries or judgment.

I USED TO WRITE SHORT STORIES & POEMS IN THE CAR ON MY WAY HOME FROM SCHOOL. FOR SEVERAL YEARS MY ARTISTIC OUTPUT WAS CONCEIVED IN A



CAMRY STATION WAGON BETWEEN THE HOURS OF
14:30 AND 15:30. THERE WAS NO JUDGMENT
—ONLY TRAFFIC.

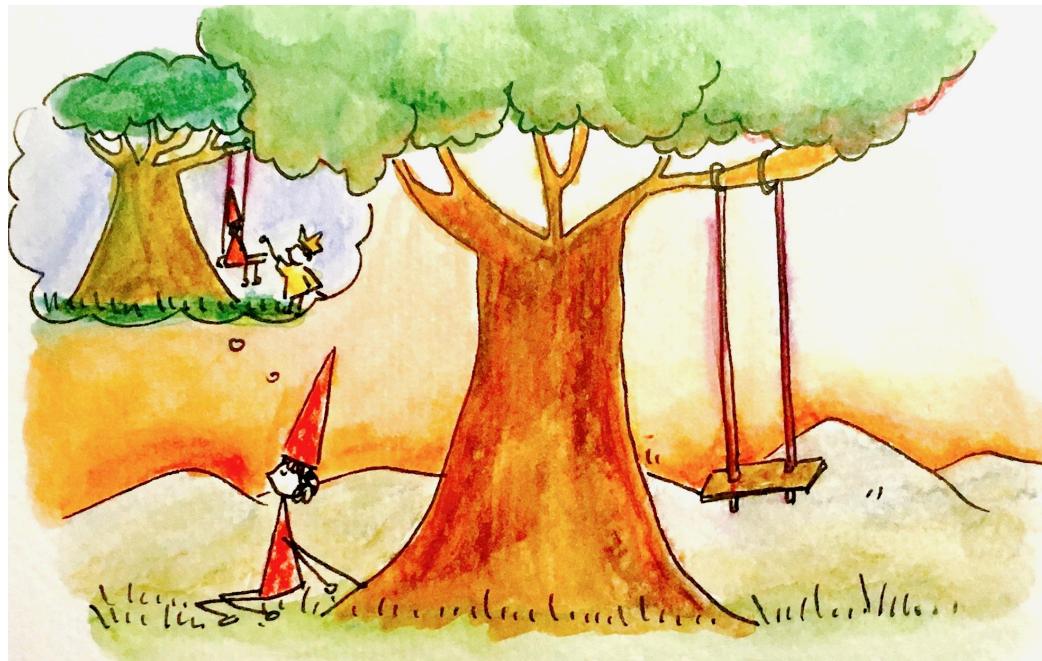
I WISH PEOPLE
WERE LESS

CRYPTIC



THE LAST LESSON YOU LEARNT :

don't regret the decisions
you made, because
at that moment that was
the best option for you
given the knowledge
you had.



IF YOU KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO DIE IN 365 DAYS,
IS THERE ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR LIFE THAT YOU WOULD CHANGE?

I would finally begin producing
more nice things -



essays,



spinach
dumplings,



than I consume, and I would not stop.

thank you

nov 2016