

Discovery Of The Bicycle

Amyst

It's violet shimmer from its structure attracts her attention as she walks alongside with something on her mind, her new friend leads her through the valley to open up, the river sings to them, "you don't fit in, you don't have to," she wanted that porcelain doll more than anything, she grew uneasy with envy like caged wildlife, before the sunset they hear the trees shiver and return home