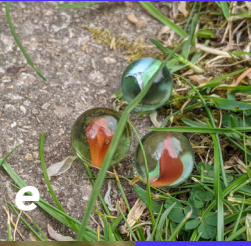
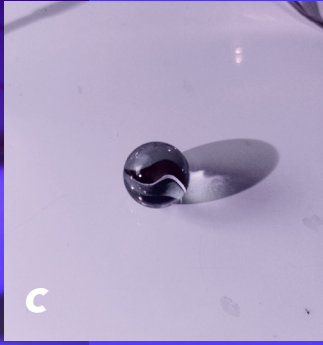
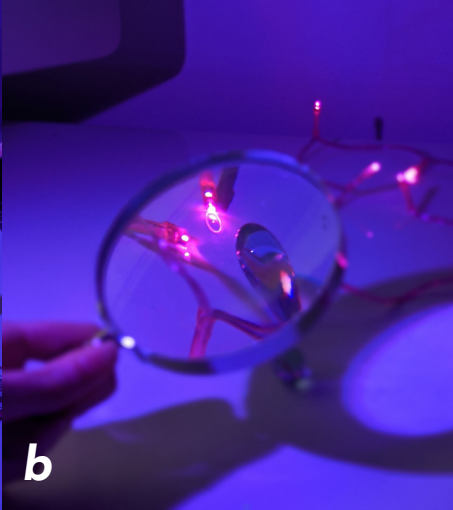
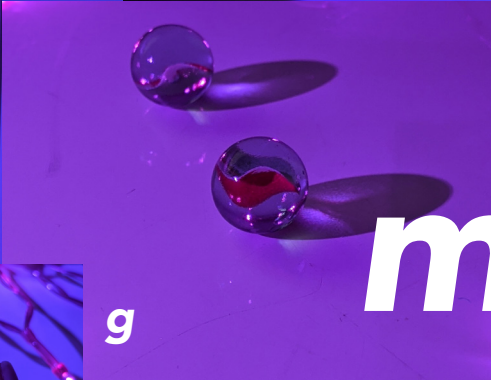
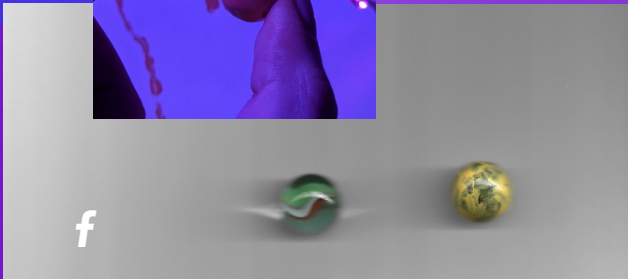
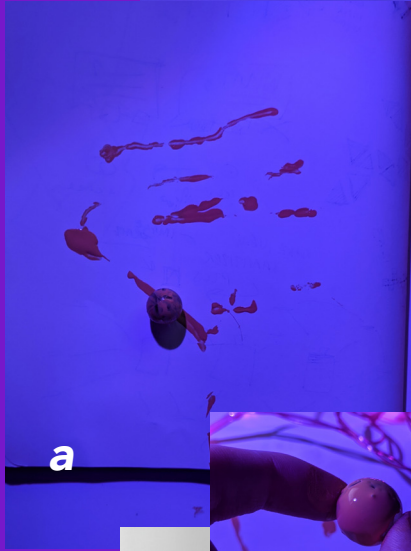


weight: 5g

cost: 10p

- a** all my paint is dried up so used nail-polish
- b** magnify glass
- c** b&w
- d** blurred
- e** change in environment, taken outside
- f** scan
- g** shadow
- h** dropped in water
- i** memory



marble

hard glass,
about 13 mm in diameter,
nostalgic,
spherical,
earthy ones,
"cat-eye" trapped inside,
coloured glass,
swirl,
toy

a well I used to be a curious child, inspecting e
streets.

old fashioned games in her overgrown
"secret" back garden, filled with fairies and the spooky
"green Man" mask that was hung to the back of her
house. She has lots of fascinating tales to tell but now
I can't hear them anymore until we go back to
normal.

My
grand-
ma would
often join in
the fun and we
would go off to play

old fashioned games in her overgrown
"secret" back garden, filled with fairies and the spooky
"green Man" mask that was hung to the back of her
house. She has lots of fascinating tales to tell but now
I can't hear them anymore until we go back to
normal.

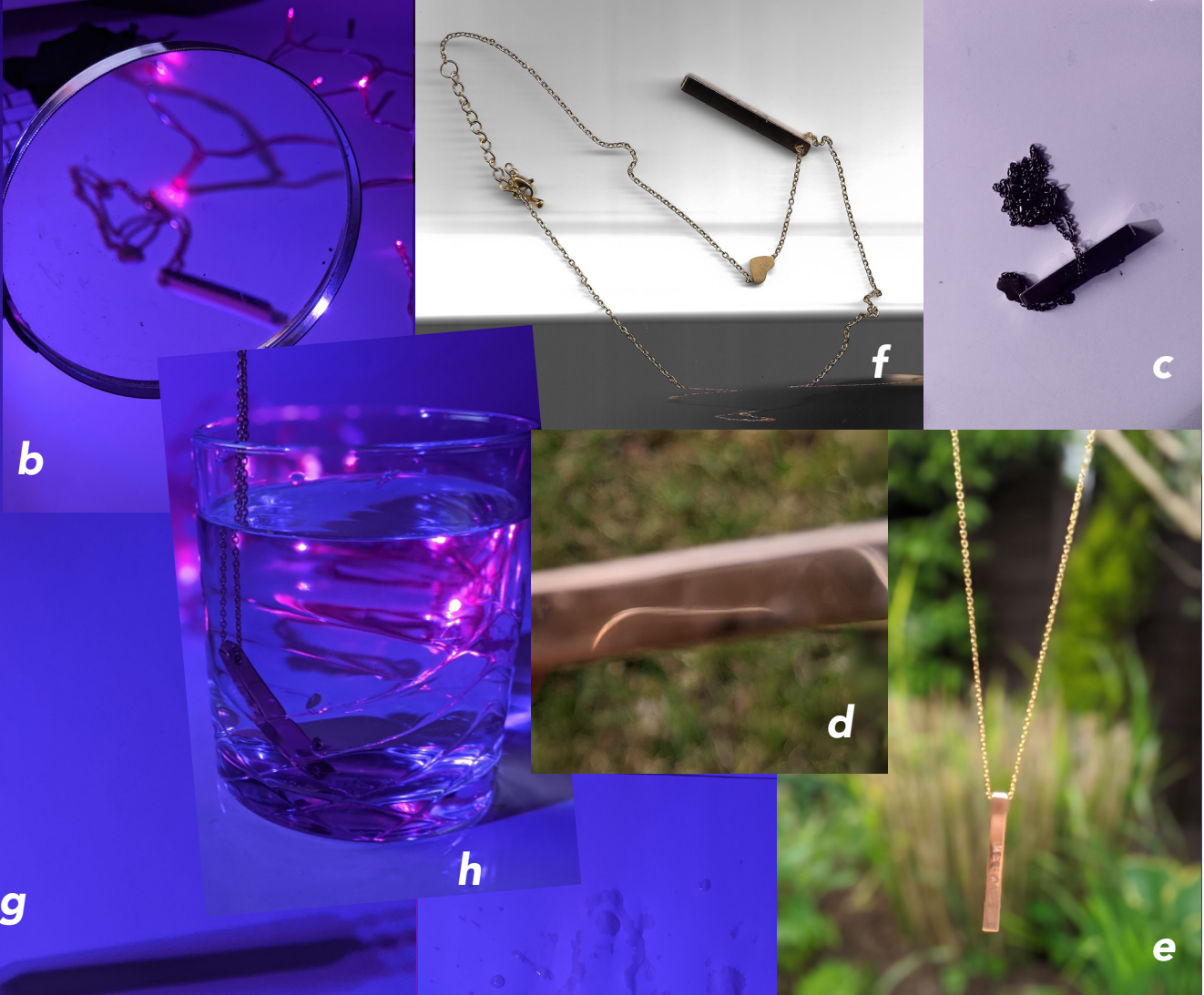
i

weight: 10g

cost: £80

**fashion,
lightweight,
gold,
engraved,
small,
expensive**

- a** water map
- b** magnify glass
- c** b&w
- d** blurred
- e** change in environment, taken outside
- f** scan
- g** shadow
- h** dropped in water
- i** memory



necklace

necklace that started off a love for minimalist jewellery, a Christmas present from my stylish auntie.

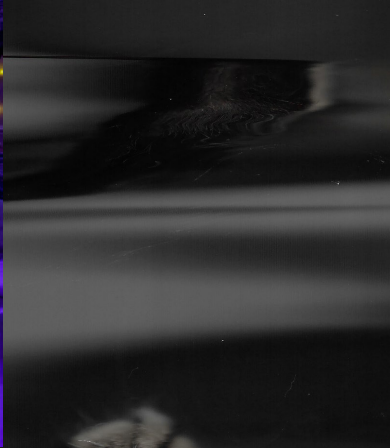
This necklace sits comfortably, falling

...below my collarbone and is regularly being fiddled with due to my lack of patience... remembering snippets of first introductions between myself and new people: "What's your name?", "Meg" I reply hesitantly.

weight: 3.5kg

cost: £250

- a** playtime
- b** magnify glass
- c** b&w
- d** size comparison to marbles + necklcae
- e** change in environment, taken indoors
- f** scan
- g** shadow
- h** texture
- i** memory



cute,
furball,
scatty,
gorgeous,
spotty,
smelly

pet yoko

the best present of them all, a replacement of myself. Yoko the cat was a kitten we gifted to my mum while I was off in the big smoke. Mum was pleased at Yoko's spotted belly appearance at first, but later frowned upon her destructive bad behaviour at climbing up the walls (yes, literally) But now she mollycoddles the cat to the point they're more important than us. Bad thing I'm allergic to cats. I hope I stop scratching once we go back to normal.