

# The Crown

*by the students, for the students*

The King David School Student Magazine | Edition VI | December 2017 Iyar 5778



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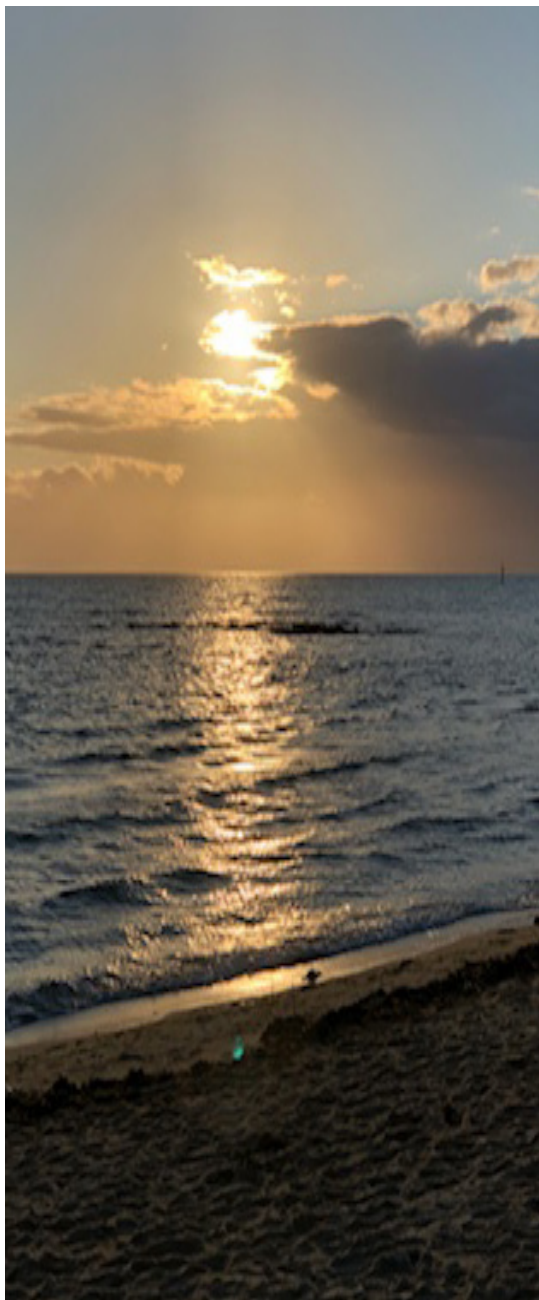
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# Editors' Note

## From Em

Edition 6. This is the third edition that I have worked on alongside Noa Abrahams, however this was the first time organizing it by myself. We have had a large increase of interest in The Crown since I first started. During the process, I have been very lucky to have been lead by Noa and to have been shown the ropes by her. As well as having made new connections with students and teachers that I didn't have before, I have learnt quite a bit from taking on this new responsibility. This edition has some new names in it and we hope to gain some more in the future! Enjoy <3

## From Noa

A couple of years ago, Australian artist Missy Higgins wrote a beautiful song called 'O Canada', a plea for countries around the world to support refugees and welcome them with open arms. I first watched the music video on my couch at home, late at night, crying from the sadness of it all, and from a vast sense of helplessness: that as a young person, I could not stop people dying at sea, in situations that our government should be preventing, rather than using as an excuse for terror and torture.

The next day, I arrived at school still shaken. In the weeks that followed, I did not manage to solve the humanitarian crisis we face. But I raised money for Save the Children in class, and began discussions which soon gave way to The Crown. From points of inspiration or sorrow, or hopelessness, we can all focus our passions to benefit our communities in some way.

Today, I'm sitting on my couch at home, late at night, reflecting on how The Crown has grown into something so exciting and beautiful. As Em continues to grow as a fantastic organiser and graphic designer for our student magazine, I only become more excited, about what the future will bring to this publication and to its contributors, and readers, alike.

Enjoy!

Noa, Em and the team xx

# Inter-Year Level Relations

## Year 6

Name: Jackson

Best school memory?

First day in year 5 meeting all my friends that I made in my trial days

Any funky dance moves?

The helicopter

\_\_\_\_\_ is not \_\_\_\_\_ without \_\_\_\_\_

I am not me without friends

Must have snack??

Nachos from tuckshop

If you could change one thing about KDS what would it be?

Less homework

Which teacher is your spirit animal?

Russel Newman



## Year 7

Name: Tobi

Best school memory? We made tacos today

Any funky dance moves? The tobi drop

\_\_\_\_\_ is not \_\_\_\_\_ without \_\_\_\_\_

King David is not King David without people annoying the teachers in Teffilah

Must have snack? Bisley

If you could change one thing about KDS what would it be?

The annoying people

Which teacher is your spirit animal?

Mr Hayman



## Year 8

Name: Ellie Georgia and Rylee

Best school memory?

Ellie: being a tentacle in the musical

Any funky dance moves?

Ellie: Shopping Trolley

Georgia: The Sprinkler

\_\_\_\_\_ is not \_\_\_\_\_ without \_\_\_\_\_

Rylee-King David is not King David without Ayal

Must have snack?? Ellie and Rylee-Zoe's ritz babies

If you could change one thing about KDS what would it be? All-Nothing it's perfect

Which teacher is your spirit animal?

All- Ayal



## Year 9

Name: Ariella

Best school memory?

once in Yr 7 our teacher forgot to come to class, so we found speakers and jamed our for a whole lesson

Any funky dance moves?

I like to get down no matter the dance move \_\_\_\_\_ is not \_\_\_\_\_ without \_\_\_\_\_

King David is not King David without tech problems

Must have snack?? Old flavor shapes

If you could change one thing about? KDS what would it be?

Uniform and hair policy

Which teacher is your spirit animal?

Julie Sheilds

## Yr 10

Name: Ella B

Best school memory?

I dunno

Any funky dance moves?

the neck shimmy

\_\_\_\_\_ is not \_\_\_\_\_ without \_\_\_\_\_

Life is not filled without pickles

Must have snack?? Blueberries

If you could change one thing about KDS what would it be? The tuckshop prices!

Which teacher is your spirit animal?

David Robinson

## Year 11

Name: Hannah, Erin and Zara Yr 11

Best school memory?

Erin pretending to be sick so we could toast our challah in sickbay

Any funky dance moves? Muzzing

\_\_\_\_\_ is not \_\_\_\_\_ without \_\_\_\_\_

school is not cool without us

must have snack?

Hannah&Zara:country cheese biscuits Erin:

Dates and peanut butter

If you could change one thing about KDS what would it be?

quiet classrooms during sacs (please)

which teacher is your spirit animal?

Mr P



# Littering...In Space!

by ari epstein

When you litter, you probably do it by leaving a wrapper on the ground, or by dropping it out of your pocket. Governments also like to litter. But they do it in a more spectacular fashion. They send a multimillion dollar spaceship out into orbit. Then when they're done with one stage, they litter, in space.

To understand this, we need to understand rocket staging. From when a rocket lifts off to when it lands, it does not use the one engine. Rather, it has multiple stages with different engines and fuel for different points of the journey. But the rocket can't keep the used up stages because when you are getting into orbit, 1 kilogram can be the difference between space and falling back to Earth. So the rocket jettisons and leaves them in space. Sometimes they fall back to earth and burn up safely, sometimes they sit in space, and become space junk.

Space junk is relatively new, because the first time something man made was sent into orbit was 1957, with Sputnik 1, a Russian satellite. Since then, humans have put over 1 billion pieces of space junk into orbit! These are all very dangerous, because they whizz around super fast, and pose a huge danger to satellites, the International Space Station, any space shuttles or astronauts spacewalking. But there is a solution.

There is an American company called SpaceX. They build shuttles and rockets, and their goal is to put humans on Mars by 2020. The shuttles and rockets that they use are now regularly used to resupply the ISS. They are now testing a new type of shuttle, one that doesn't litter. Their Falcon 9 rocket, used to carry their Dragon shuttle, can reuse its second stage. After it jettisons, it has some boosters to take it back to Earth, and then land safely, ready for a second or even third use. This program on started in 2011, but hopefully soon, rockets will be like aircraft, able to be used, taken down, refueled, and used again.

# KDS Uniform: Hot or Not

by theo boltman

Uniforms are like high heels, worn by so many people around the world. Sometimes they look amazing, and sometimes they look terrible. I set out on a mission to find out whether our uniforms were as good as a Prada stiletto or as bad as a clearance sale wedge. I interviewed 4 students in our school and here is what I discovered.

Jacqui Pizzo

**Q:What do you not like about the school uniform?**

A: The sports uniform can get hot and sticky on a hot day. The school jumper can get itchy through winter for some people.

**Q:What do you like about the school uniform?**

A: The school dress is suitable for a school student because it isn't itchy and the fabric is nice and smooth.

**Q:What do you think should be added to the uniform?**

A: I think all of our sport jumpers should be the same material as the "Great Vic" jumper.

Tobi Taranto

**Q:What do you not like about the school uniform?**

A:It is uncomfortable and we need to buy something every year and it is not stretchy so it always looks tight.

**Q:What do you like about the school uniform?**

A:I like The sport uniform. It is comfortable unlike the school uniform.

**Q:What do you think should be added to the uniform?**

A:I think there should be a tie.

Raquel Trapler

**Q: What do you not like about the school uniform.**

A: The school's uniform is not only dull, it is not suited for each individual and therefore inhibits any form of self-expression within the individual. Uniforms prevent individuals at the school from expressing their sense of identity.

**Q: What do you like about the school uniform.**

A: The school uniform shows the pride that each individual takes in going to The King David School. It reminds students that they are all part of a community in which they strive to support and encourage one another.

**Q: What do you think should be added to the uniform.**

A: It is not to say that something should necessarily be added to the uniform but rather students should be given the opportunity to personalise uniforms or accessories with their uniforms. This allows for the balance between showing pride in the school and also allowing one to express personal style and taste in an appropriate manner.

As we can understand from the interviews, students hold both common views but also unique views about the uniform and many students think the academic uniform is uncomfortable.

Maybe this could be something that the school could change or improve as it evolves each year or maybe the students will evolve and grow to like the school uniform in a way they have not before.

# Photography by jonah epstein







# A Chorus Line Review

by damien green

In Ancient Greek theatre the verb choreou (Ancient Greek) connotes dancing and singing on the orchestra, a semi-circular space (78m diameter) in front of the skene (stage) and at the base of the theatron (where the audience sat). The function of the chorus in ancient plays was to dance, sing and comment on the action of the play and, after the advent of democracy, they represented the demos (people of the audience). What is fascinating about A Chorus Line is that this ancient element of the play (from whom theatre itself may have originated!) whose intentions and motivations have historically been the least explored, are given centre stage.

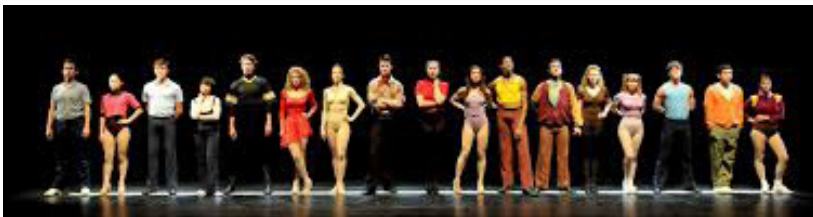
At the denouement of the play, audience members praised the total immersion of students into their roles. An immersion which enabled the audience to suspend their disbelief that we were watching a school play and were being treated to a night of theatre which could rival any offered by the professional playhouses of Melbourne. What made the performances compelling were the complicated dance routines in between the songs and monologues. This is extraordinarily difficult to do and is the acting equivalent of, for example, a musician being able to play guitar and sing at the same time. Without becoming breathless, the transitions from dance to song and then into monologues, were seamless for the most part. Added to this, the different accents through the actors speak their lines - from New England to the Bronx, provide added credibility to the parts.

## A Few Highlights

- the protagonists played by Hannah Cohen (Cassie Ferguson) and Jake Liberman (Zach) managed to convey their complex relationship, not an easy task considering that for a substantial part of the dialogue about it, Zach is off-stage and Cassie is on stage
- Ethan Engelder gives a considered performance as Assistant Choreographer, Larry.
- the 'vaudevillian' delivery of Serena Meltzer (Kristina) and Jay Boymal's (Al) dialogue on singing ability
- portrayals of LGBTQQA characters, which were sincerely performed by Erin Spitz (Donna), Gabe Reyzis (Greg/Rochmel Lev Ben Yokov Mayer Beckenstein) and Daniel Trakman (Paul) to elicit genuine emotions of laughter and tears from audience members
- Talia Benson (Connie), Freya Boltman (Maggie) and Raquel Trapler (Val) gave performances which enlivened their comedic monologues and sassy song numbers
- Amira Susskind maintained one of the more difficult Southern American accents throughout the delivery of her lines
- Guy Rif's performance of the peculiarities of Bobby amidst the dance numbers and singing which punctuated it

- Jamie Fink's characterisation of Micy displayed her outstanding tap dancing and vocal ability with elegance and grace
- Ethan Cohen, quite clearly a rising star, tackled his character Mark's awkward pubescent experiences with genius comic timing
- Mia Moses' portrayal of 'awkward Jewish girl' Bebe, was complimented by her melodic and emotive singing voice
- Leilah Suskind's wry performance of the jaded Sheila, which elicited genuine laughter with the delivery of each acerbic line
- Maddie Meltzer's portrayal of sassy Puerto Rican dancer, Diana is more than convincing as she leads the cast in a heart-warming rendition of 'What I Did For Love'
- Erin Spitz (Donna) and Rachel Silber's (Ricki) established dance abilities were on display as they each assisted the audience in connecting with their characters as Broadway Dancers

The Ensemble had to become cohesive when some members had years of dancing experience and others had very little. They embraced the challenge with aplomb and it was largely through the efforts of Noa Abrahams, Ella Benary-Belfer and Kylie Campbell that Emily Borenstein; Camilla Burrows; Avishai Conyer; Marnie Danos; Skyla Howard; Rafi Licenblat; Layla Light; Amanda Morris; Ariella Opat; Amy Priester; Sam Rudzki and Willow Ziguras did so well in the routines. It was great to see that the number of boys on the stage has increased over the years. The Tony Award winning musical score (1976) for the show is complex and iconic, with the audience being aware of how it should sound. Conducted by Adam Yee and performed by the Instrumental staff who teach the students Adam Kaplan on Clarinet and Saxophone and Daniel Freidgeim and Ethan Vaserman on electric piano acquitted themselves well with the professional musicians.



# Makers of the Future

by alex cowen

For 13 years I never pondered the thought that there was more to human existence than what was on the surface, I never thought of the underlying effect of all our actions, and for 13 years I never thought that anything needed to be changed. Then again, I didn't meet Harry until I was 13 in 1780.

Harry and I both lived a bit North of London, we both had the same boring wealthy lives and we both went to the same school. It had broken glass through every nook and cranny. The paint was chipping off the crumbling walls, the old floors were creaky and broken and outside was a sign that read in big bold writing, "LONDON GRAMMAR 3478".

The whole school was a hazard and even the wealthiest families had to send their children there, because of the revolution. It kept 2000 student each day but was originally built for 300. Still we did what we were told and followed strict instructions.

On the first day of Year 7 I was sat next to Harry. He had a cheeky grin and his deep and tender blue eyes reflected the ocean on the clearest day, that said he wanted to explore. He had a tight mouth. He had tufts of curly red hair and was just a bit taller than me. "Oh hello, I'm Harry," he murmured in a fragile cockney accent to the class.

"Hello Harry," the class replied.

When he came back to his seat, I signalled him to lean in and whispered in his ear, "hello Harry, I'm Emma. I guess were sitting next to each other this year."

"Well then, hello Emma."

After class I asked if he wanted to have lunch with me and he agreed. "Are you scared?" he asked me becoming louder and more confident each word.

I quickly swallowed my bite of sandwich and replied meekly, "I'm sorry but I don't understand. Scared of what?"

"The revolution of course. Adults keep telling us how it's going to be an incredible world and how we are just learning to change. All I see though is people on the street, hungry without food. I also see the smoke they are putting into the air. That can't be good, could it? We don't know what could happen.

We can't do things and expect that nothing will be affected."

I paused for a moment, "um... I've got to go," I replied timidly and then scampered back to the classroom.

That night I couldn't help but fixate on Harry's thoughts. Maybe he was right. Maybe this is the start of the end.

Hello there, I'm Harry. When I was 13 I met this girl, Emma. Her eyes were the glimmering color of emerald, sparkling in the light of the morning sun, with her soft smile and had rosy cheeks that lifted your day. She had strong cheekbones and a slim figure. Her hair was silky, long, almost black and she wore it in two long tight braids.

She was strange and completely oblivious to the outside world. She lived in her little box filled of a perfect world and she would never dare step outside or even expose herself to the real world, well until I came along. I however, was a realist. While the world was oohing and aring at the industrial revolution I always knew there was going to be a consequence. I knew that you can't push the worlds limits without there being a consequence. The day I told her about my superstition and she didn't react well. I think she thought I was crazy. The next day I went to clear things up, after all we were sitting next to each other for the year. "So, Emma, I just wanted to say sorry for what I said yesterday. I shouldn't have sprung my thoughts on you like that."

She just stood there blankly, staring at the wall, all the colour drained from her face. "No, no it's fine," she uttered starting to come back to life, "I need to do something though. My whole life I had lived never wanting to make a change or a difference. You finally opened me up to reality. We need to do something!" she declared enthusiastically, "You can help me, can't you?" she asked me, her eyes wide and reflecting her sense of determination.

"I would love too but we're just two kids. Do you really think the government will take us seriously?" I asked her hopefully.

"Even if they don't I think I can find a way around them. You know those numbers on the school sign?" she asked me rhetorically.

I nodded. She then continued speaking, "When the Prime Minister came to see the school he wrote those numbers down and then looked around to make sure no one was looking, but I quickly ran away. I don't know why but I think we could use them."

The next day we set off. We skipped school and caught the train to the city. Emma was constantly worried we were going to get caught but I stayed calm, enjoying the moment. When we got there we stumbled off the train and ran into the parliament building. It was crisp and clean with every pencil and fingerprint perfectly in place. "We need to talk to the Prime Minister urgently!" Emma pronounced proudly.

"Excuse me? Young lady, go home," The tall lean old man at the front desk replied.

Emma didn't even take the words into account. She ran up the thick marble stairs to the room that said 'Prime Minister'. She burst the doors open and announced, "3478!"

The Prime Minister's mouth dropped and his eyes widened, "young girl, how do you know that? Who are you?"

He was an old man with pale skin. He was wrinkled and wore a large black suit and had a big black top hat that hung on the back of the door. Emma's mouth was moving but the words weren't coming out, and then finally she got enough confidence, "Prime Minister Smith, I am just a young girl. My whole life people have made it clear to me that I will never be more than that, but when this boy here opened my eyes to the mess of our society, it was made clear that I need to make a difference. So tell me, Smith, are you willing to have that number released to the world or can you help me and Harry make a change?"

He sat there in astonishment staring at her. All the colour had drained from his face and he seemed to be getting older right in front of us. Finally he started to

speak in a soft mumble voice, "young lady... I don't know who you are or what you are doing but I suggest you get out right now."

At that moment Sophie and I admitted defeat and slowly walked out of the room. We were hunched over and our faces were completely blank, however, as we were walking out a glimpse of silver caught our eye, then we saw the cube looking shape, and then the shiny lock. We ran over to it, putting the four numbers in and then 'CLICK', the safe unlocked and inside it was \$1,000,000. The Prime Minister started talking, "get out of there--"

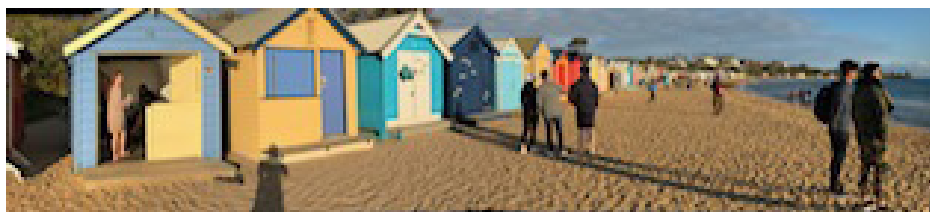
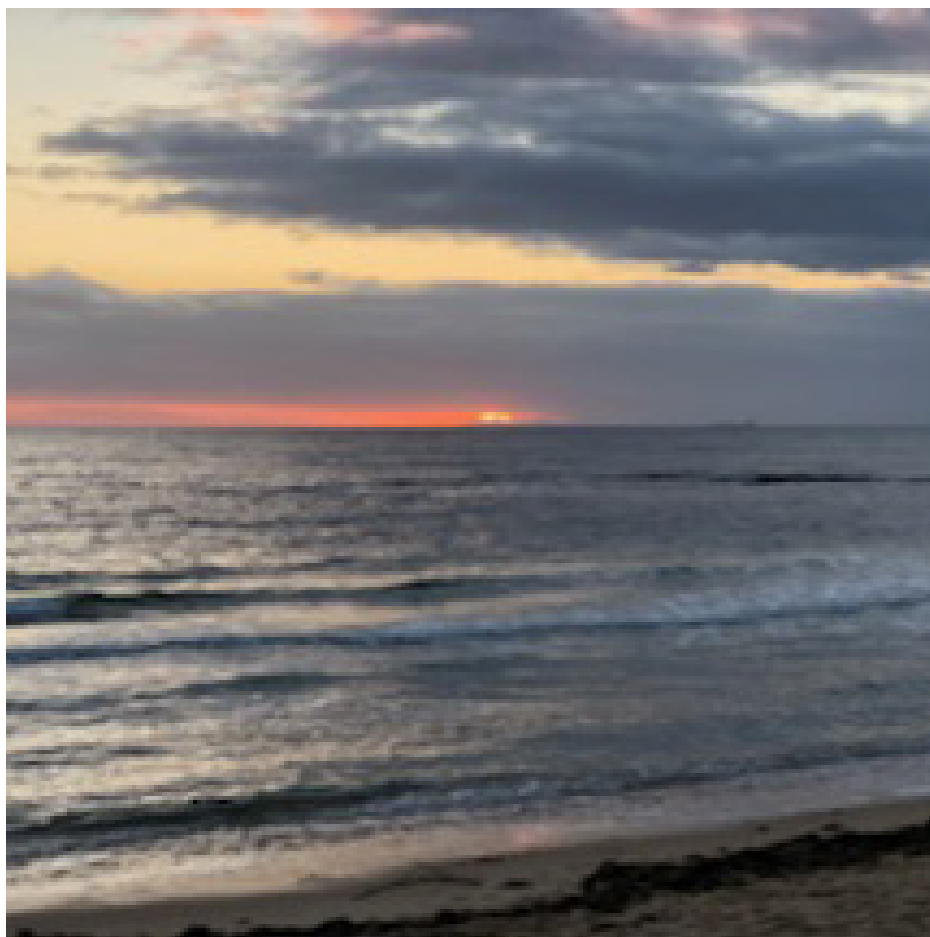
I cut him off, "this was the money for the school! You kept this money for yourself, didn't you? So someone guilted you into putting it on the sign to see how the children suffered. You are a monster! You are sacrificing the future generation for your own selfish needs!"

With that we ran out as fast as we could and jumped on the train, never to see Smith again.

Hello, it's Emma again. The night we told the Prime Minister about his terrible action was the night he quit. He was probably to ashamed to continue and was probably worried that his reputation would be smashed. I like to take credit for him quitting but the new Prime Minister came and kept the revolution going until 1820. Maybe the revolution wasn't something to stopped. Maybe it was a future problem we will have to deal with. Only the future will tell.

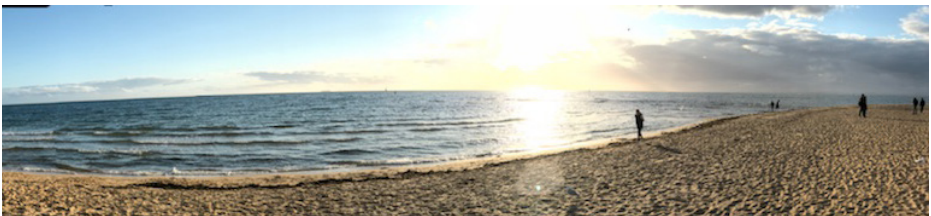
After that day Harry and I fell in love. We created a life for ourselves and had four children, now five grandchildren. As for Harry, he became Prime Minister in 1833. He opened thousands of people eyes, just not enough to make a huge difference. I became a teacher at London Grammar and Harry gave me \$10,000 to fix the school up. Everyday I sit boys and girls together hoping that they too will make a change, and be the makers of the future.

# Photography by blake sharp



# A Poem by max sandler

Nowadays things aint't the way they were,  
After all the "good old days" are over.  
Dorothy said "follow the rainbow"  
But to there how do you go?  
When the sky is so unhappy and grey,  
Due to the environment's decay.  
And when a species of soy,  
Is owned by a Monsanto boy.  
Innocent farmers living in Ohio,  
Get sued and have to throw down their hoe.  
Dolly told me "to wear my Sunday clothes"  
What clothes do people have when they live in ghettos?  
Evita once said "Don't cry for me Argentina",  
Instead let's cry for the refugees from Syria.  
When Cosmo said "Make 'em laugh",  
Could he think of a pig like Donald Trump as a gaffe?  
What should you do when there's a dummy down in North Korea?  
Keeping you up at night cause of a stupid, made-up missile dilemma.  
When Horace Vandegelder put "a penny in his pocket",  
Did he know that half of us make 17% less profit?  
What do you do when Cardinal Pell and his likes,  
Cover up children's abuse and grab all the mikes.  
Just remember that things were much better 50 years ago,  
Cause people didn't question and kept the status quo.



# KDS dogs by jesse ermer



Owner: Mr Katz

Names: Molly and Daniel

DOB: 19th July, 2013

Breed: Jackrussell Terriers



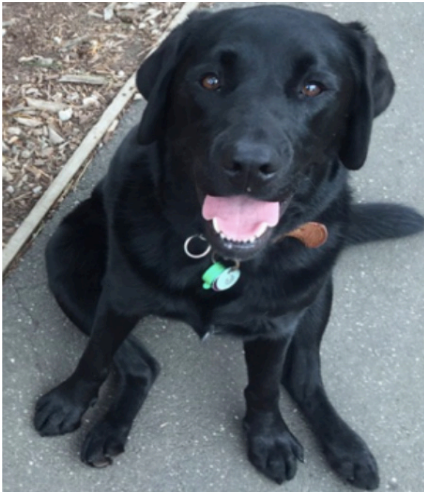
Owner: Jesse Ermer

Year: 7

Name: Sparky

DOB: May 6th, 2016

Breed: Toy Poodle



Owner: Freya, Ravi and Theo Boltman

Year: 10, 8, 6

Name: Ivy

DOB: 7th July, 2013

Breed: Black Labrador





Owner: Tahlia Perzuk

Year: 7

Name: Paris

DOB: 1st July, 2014

Breed: Cavoodle



Owner: Georgia Harrison

Year: 8

Name : Harry

DOB: 20th May, 2013

Breed: West Highland White Terrier



Owner: Zohar Starr

Year: 6

Name: Elsa

DOB: 20th February, 2016

Breed: Airedale Terrier

# Eclipse

by jonah epstein

It was a once in a lifetime experience. Everyone had been talking about it and in an era of bleak times it seemed like the only good thing happening. The year was 1984 and the date was November 22. I was living in Hawkeye, Georgia and was about to finish my last year of school. This eclipse was meant to be the most spectacular cosmic event in 30 years. And we had the perfect place to watch it. Hawkeye was a small town, picture perfect smack bang in the middle of Georgia. It was an old mining town that was abandoned for 40 years and had recently been resettled when a developer rebuilt the old houses and the main street. The uranium quarry had been filled in but was out of bounds due to the presence of radioactive material although, we didn't believe that stuff. In the middle, about 100 yards away from the fence was a large open clearing surrounded on all sides by old buildings, barbed wire, trash and fences. The perfect place to go for the day without anyone around or finding you. I'll also mention that this was the longest eclipse ever to take place as totality lasted for a full three hours in this particular spot.

12:47 - 18 minutes till totality.

I was driving my dad's car, an old light brown station wagon, with all my friends in it. We were buzzing with excitement.

12:53 - 12 minutes till totality.

We hopped over the fence and into the quarry, leaving the car parked behind a collection of bushes. Past the office, through the trees on the right, follow

the cleared path and there was our clearing.

1:00 - 5 minutes till totality.

We took out our glasses and lay down on the soft grass, the surroundings were dead quiet, as if we were inside a soundproof dome.

1:05:03 - Totality begins.

...

The moon moved completely over the sun, leaving just a ring of light, the air suddenly turned cold and the sky went dark. We were silent.

We lay like this, in the silence for a few minutes before I got up on account of a rustle of leaves. As I moved my head, I felt dizzy, as if I was drugged and everything was in slow motion. Out of the four (including me) of my friends that were lying here when I lay down, only three of us remained. I was scared. Cold. Dark. I tried to wake my friends but found myself unable to touch them. Still, the clearing remained silent. It felt like ages before my body moved for me to stand completely up. I looked around, panicked but still so slowly. Silence.

I heard the rustle of leaves, above me this time and as I slowly looked up, about four feet off the ground and three away from me was my friend John, hanging from a noose suspended in the air, his eyes wide open and his mouth in a demonic smile. I tried to run.

1:35 - 2 hours, 30 minutes till non-totality

I was lying down alone. Cold. Dark. Silent. I saw no moon, no sun, only flashes in the sky.

A man in a suit looked over me and slowly carves circles into my skin without ever touching it. How? Why? Cold. Dark.

I was standing in a field, trees were burning the moon is underneath me. A deer came to me running and screamed in my face, its unintelligible words scared my body and my skin felt as if it was ripped away although as I reached to my face I felt metal. I had a mask on made of some foreign alloy. I was terrified.

I ripped the mask off and was transported back again to the clearing.

2:17 - 1 hour, 43 minutes till non-totality

The man in the suit came back. I punched at his face but my fists were just swallowed by the darkness. Over me, a thousand cockroaches crawled above the sky. One fell down onto my skull and opened up, it's skin becoming massive and swallowing me. I saw my friends but they had cuts down the middle of their bodies. When they opened up, moons fall out and black molasses came spraying all over the cocoon of the cockroach.

2:59 - 6 minutes till non-totality

A room with infinite doors appeared and the priests began a chant. A skull floated down from the sun god's hand and into the fiery pit below. I was now wearing a red robe, like the priests. The chant intensified. The hand of the sun god opened and revealed a view of my town from a moon shaped globe. The hoods of the priests came off and they all had my face, chanting and bleeding from their mouths. The skull floated

back up to the hand and collided with the moon globe, sending shards of glass around the room. The priests chant reached a climax then and the room seemed to shake. The man in the suit and the deer are enveloped by the sun god, the deer still screaming. Our cloaks became made of cockroaches and blood filled the floor. I screamed louder than a volcano eruption but I could not hear it. Darkness.

November 22, 1984, 4:00 PM Crime scene report Location: JWG Uranium Quarry, Hawkeye Georgia

Officer Reynolds and Officer Gladstone first found scene when they were driving past the fence of the quarry and found it cut open.

Happening: Four dead teenagers (approx. 17-19 yoa). No marks on bodies or sign of stress. Eyes are white as snow. Bodies are ice cold despite lying in the hot sun.

Evidence/Notes:

- Brown Station Wagon found 100 yards away, possibly used to get there. - High radiation levels present.
- No footprints were found.
- Identities are yet to be confirmed.
- Blood which matches dna of subject #3 was found around the clearing.



# No Refunds

by Jackson Carew

