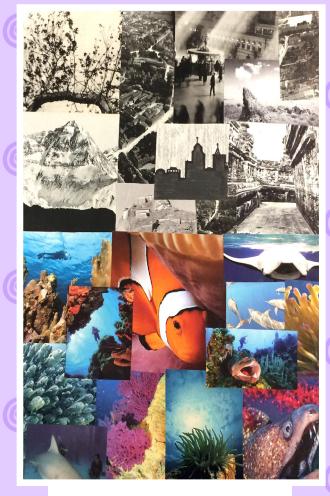
Made (with love) by Julia Enuton and Kait Mallardi in Mr. Shelor's 4th period Arts and Communication class.

This book is a collection of all mediums of art created by the students of Kealakehe High School.

We welcome you to the...

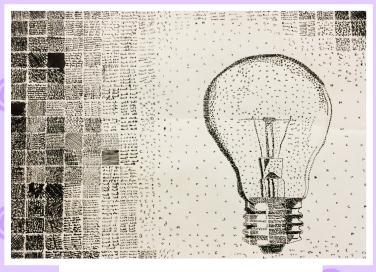


TRADITIONAL ART

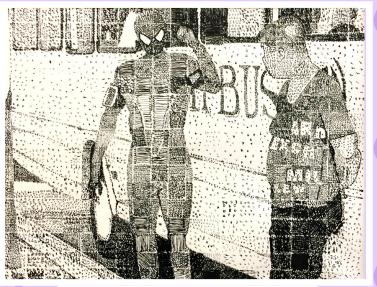


Alyse Perry



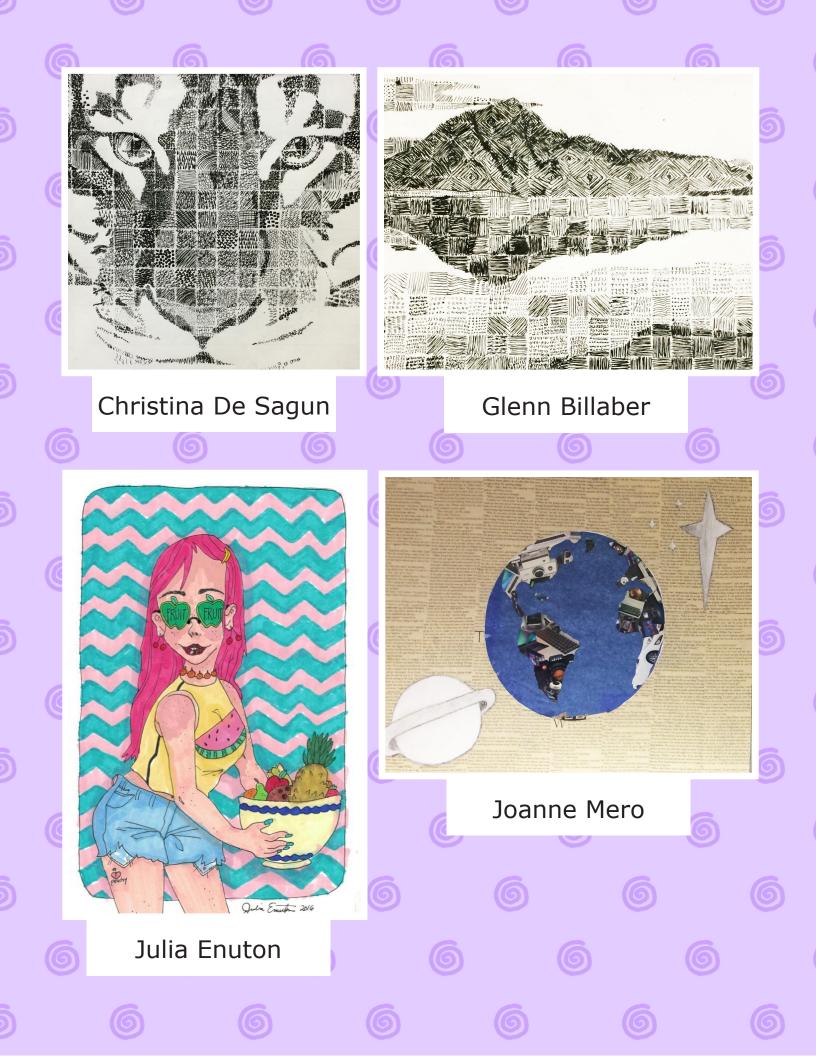


Bayan Sauer-Alinder



Brad Transfiguration

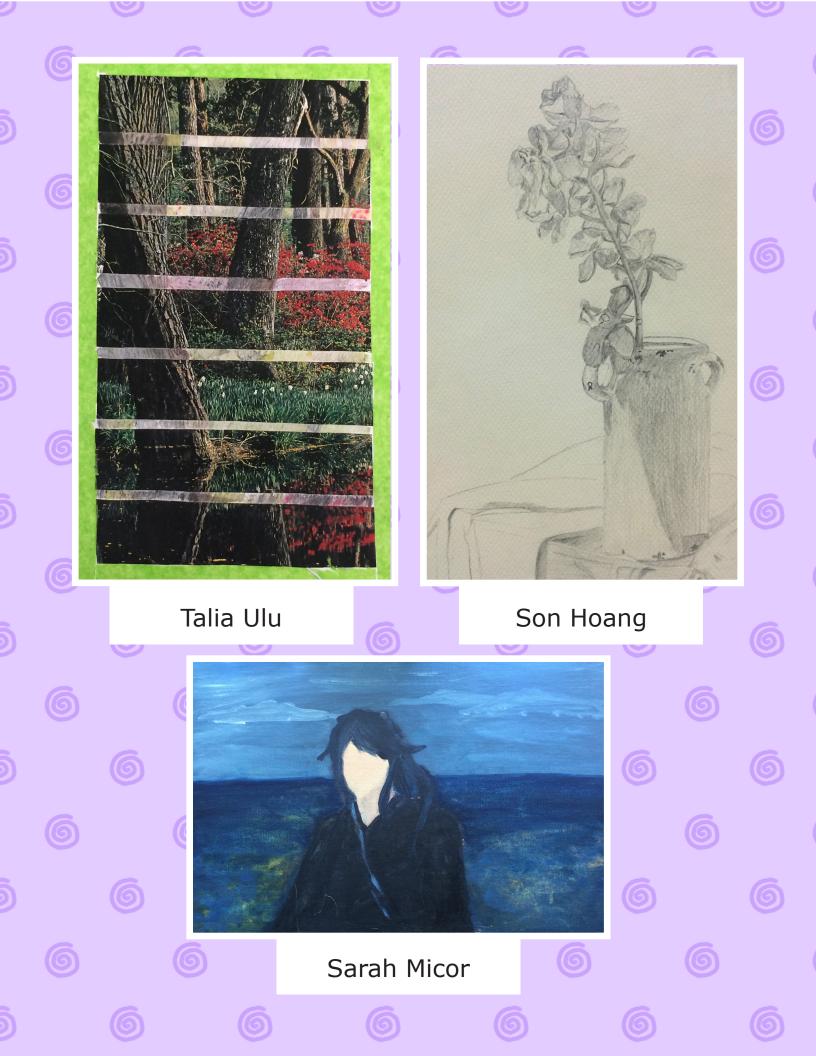
Chanda Luitel

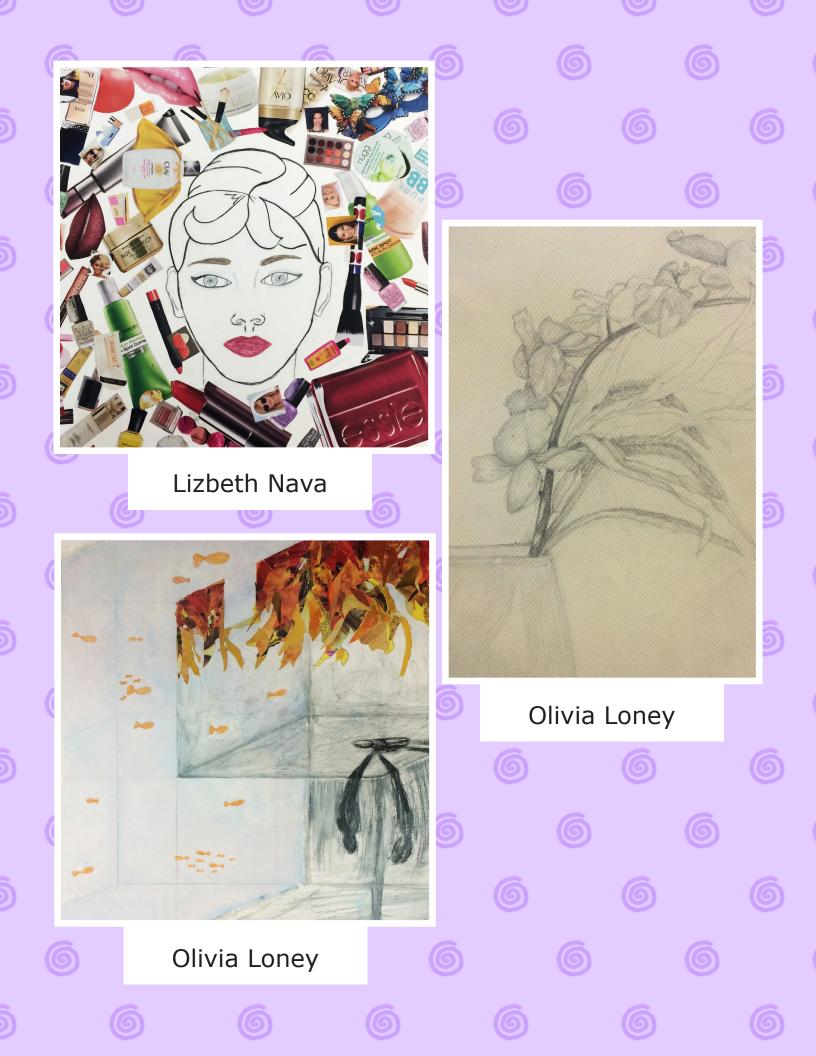






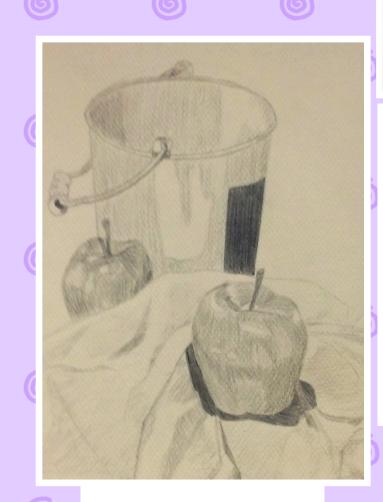




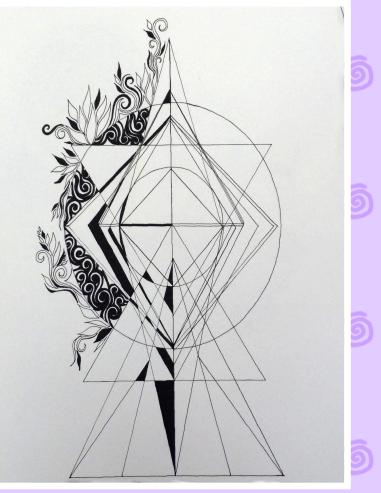




Pashia Rosario



Shannon Brown

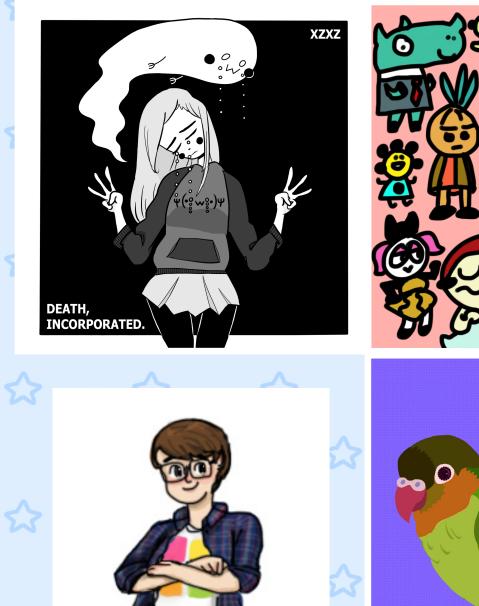




Sarah Micor

6









Julia Enuton

Kait Mallardi

CERÁMICS © © ©





Alex Grace Double





Alexis Makalii





Anthony Vierra



Cheldyn Kekaualua Nacis

Christian Huihui



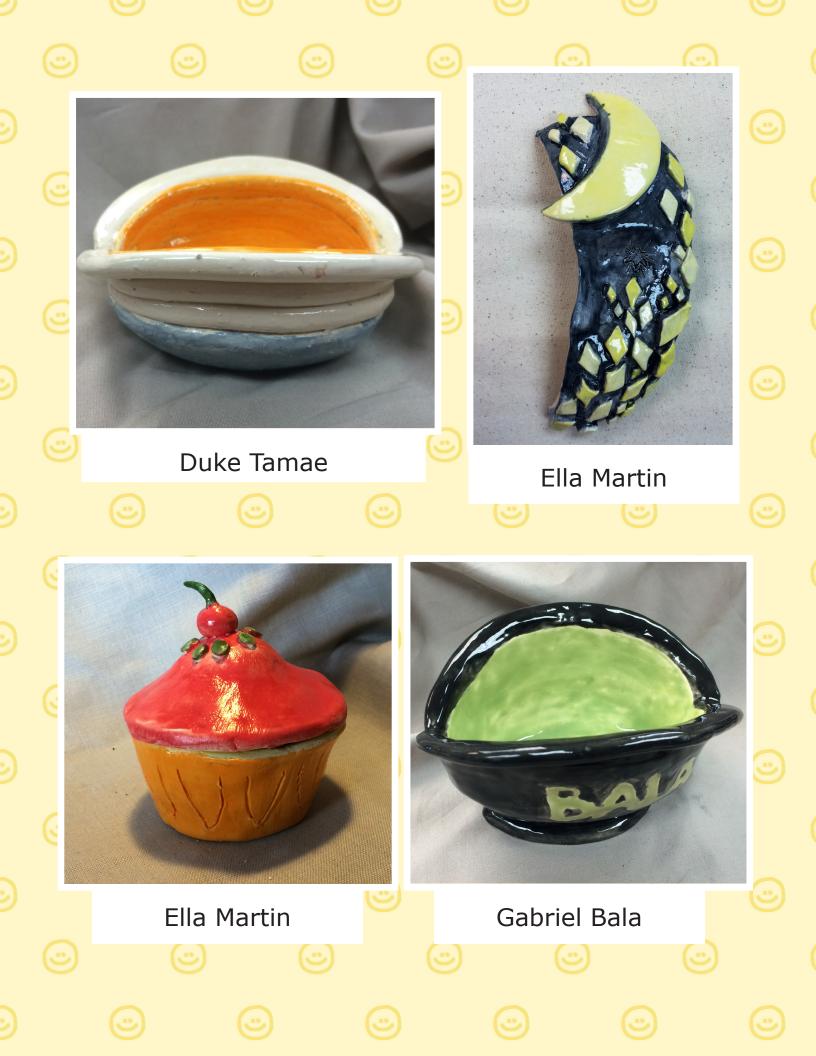
Cole Gardner



Duke Tamae



Daniel Arter















Kyle Nickelson

















Tatiana Shelden





Xing Xing He



PHOTOGRAPHY



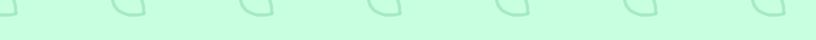


Jaira Ochoa

Ezra Kahanu



Rory Pascerelli





Jaira Ochoa



Anna Moon

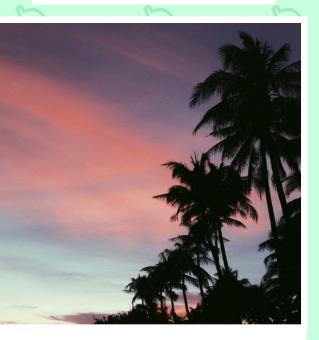


Ezra Kahanu





Moroni Freitas



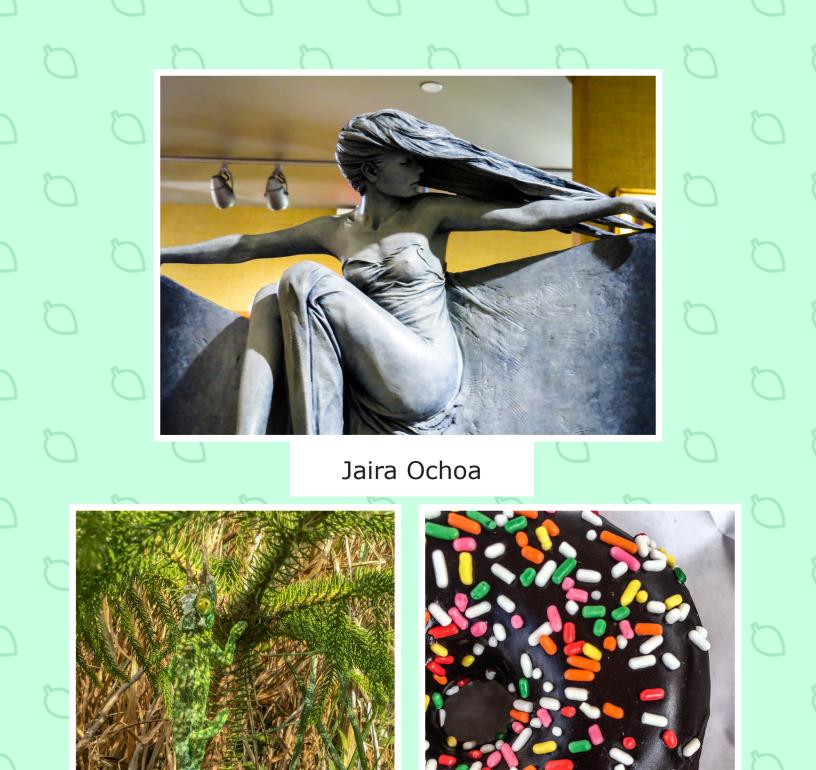
Wainani Hampton-Phillips



Ezra Kahanu



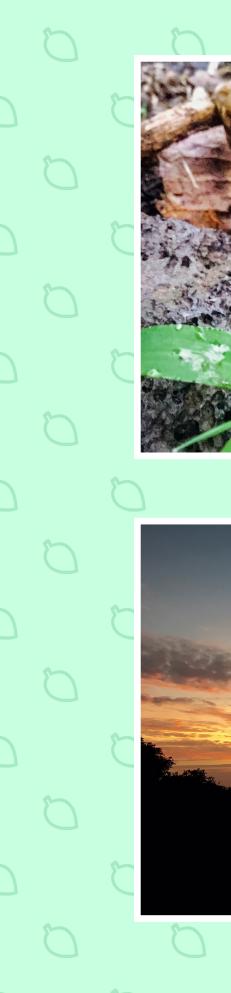
Jaira Ochoa



Aarindell Kendricks





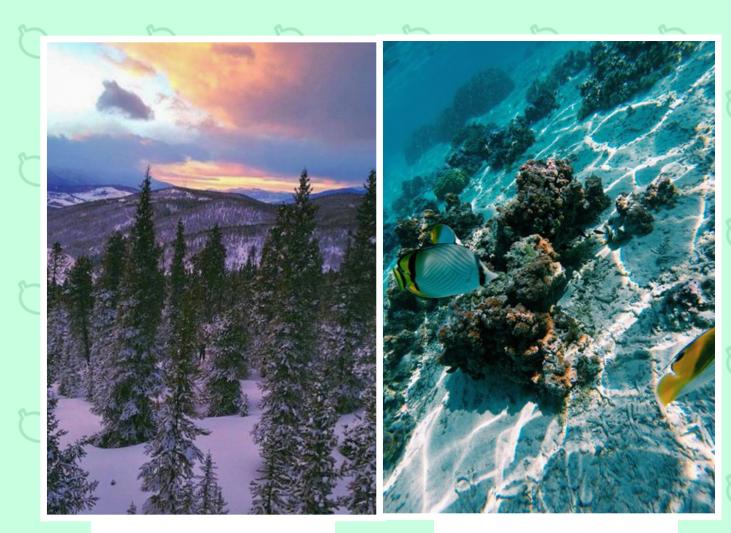




Aarindell Kendricks



Makana Gouveia



Aarindell Kendrick





Kait Mallardi



Reyna Simpliciano

POETRY

PHOTO by Colette Sumic

The haunted And the eerie This place I call a home Trapped in side this torture Stuck to see the world alone With a one sided perspective There's no one I can phone In this place I call a hell hole But we're I am nothing but a bone Trapped in side this picture For ever smiling I'm my own clone

WINTER by Colette Sumic

Winter is such a cold hearted person Slowly showing up more and more at the end of parties Always dressed with long coats and boots With smells of pumpkin spice and some how In some way sneaks in a present or two under that long coat Winter is always sick With snuffling and coughing galore Then slowly the layers start to peel off Now in jeans, a sweater, and a scarf Winter shuffles out the door bumping into a colorful Spring

CRAZY by Colette Sumic

Why oh why when I am with you I lack The divine feeling that I found my match Oh the wish that we perhaps could go back What I once looked at as my greatly catch That seeped pure elegance and great beauty What now I wish would see what's gone and come But why do I long for one so snooty Oh but one can see what we cannot sum How I always feel like an utter fool But my love I will try to not lose hope Am I just a pawn in your game a tool My dear i'm afraid it's too much to cope I can see we are not who we were then But there always a time it starts again

THANK YOU!