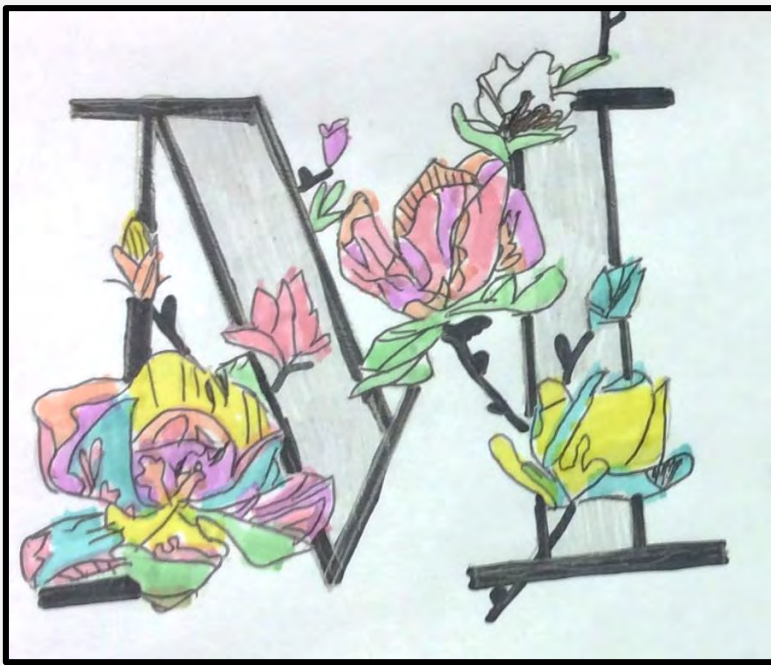
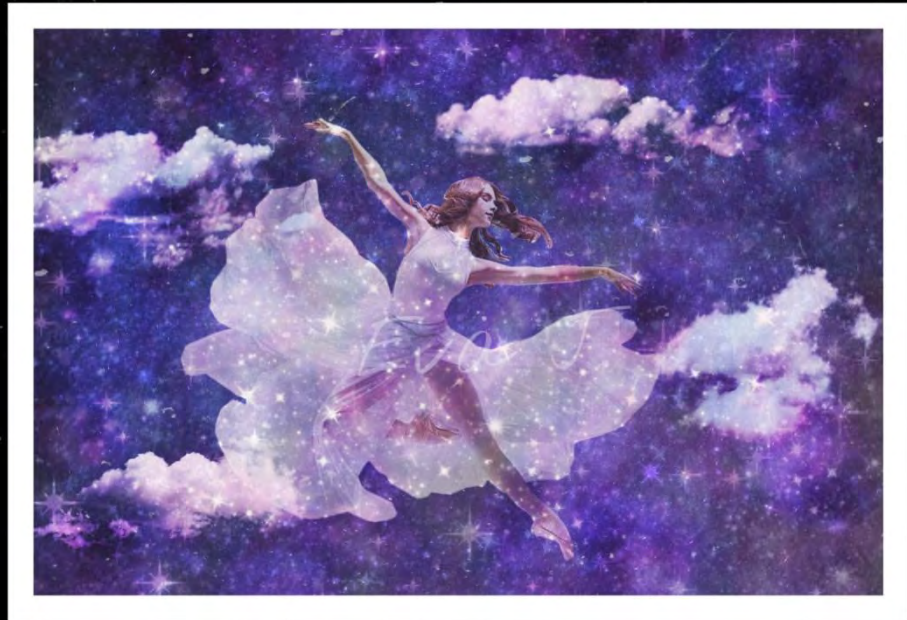


Welcome to the
Art Hall of Fame Gallery
Year 7 Decorative Lettering

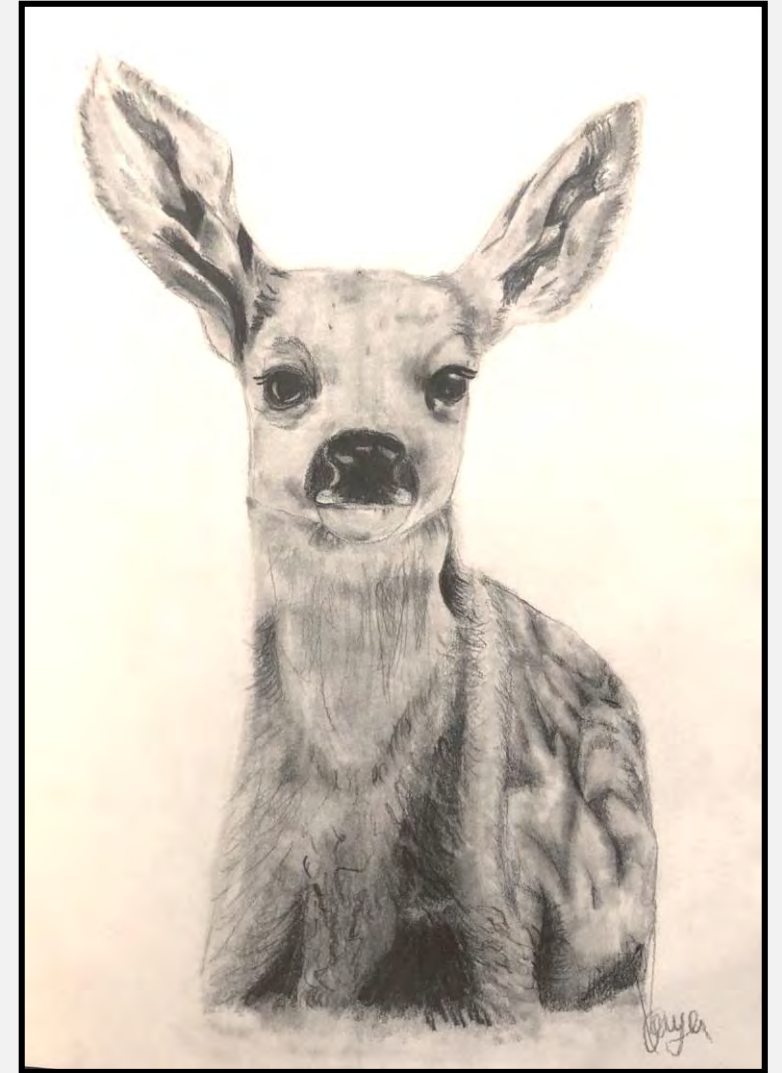




Year 8 Surreal Window Views



Year 9 in Detail



Year 9 Surface Textures

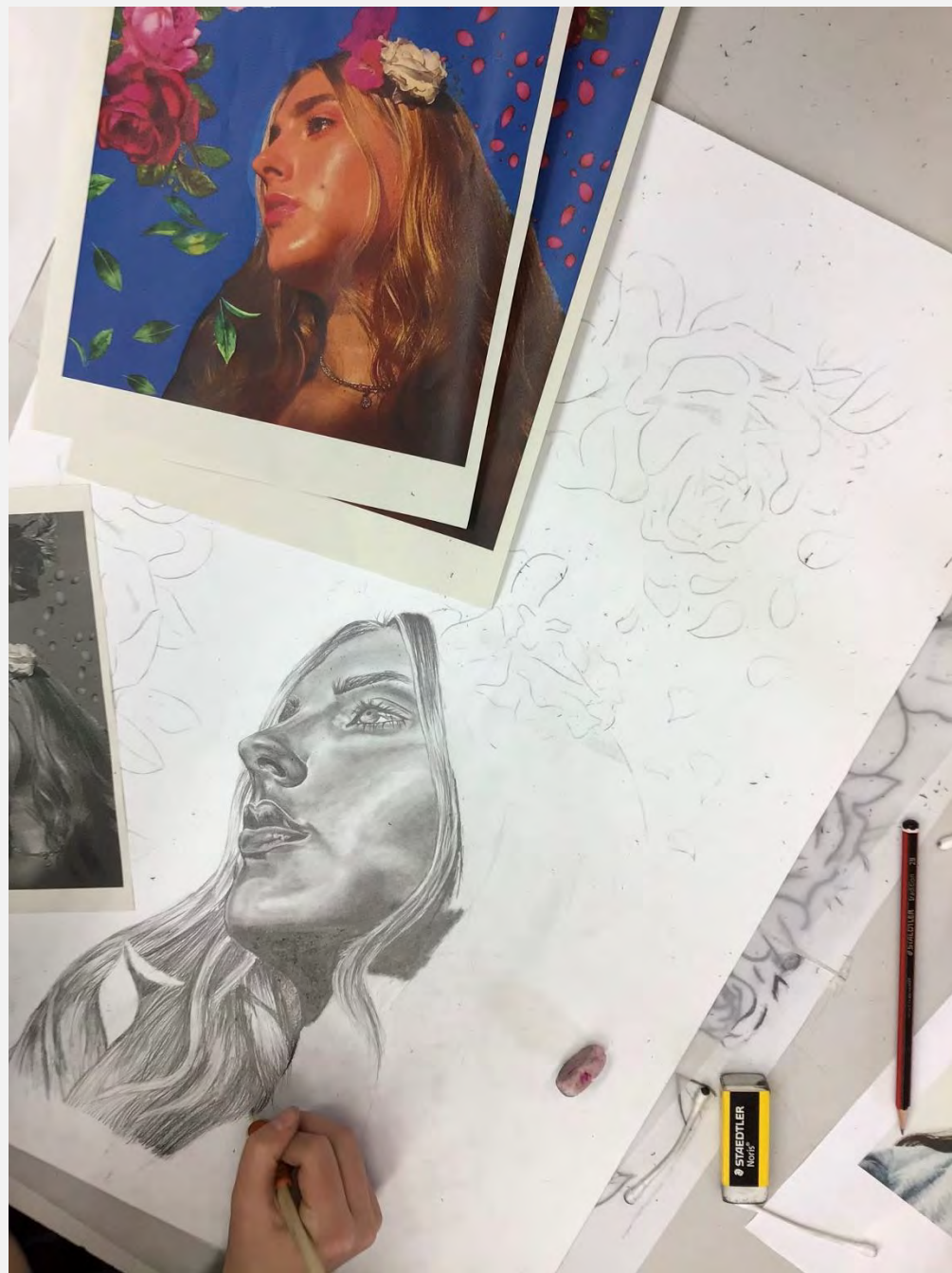




Year 10
Exploring the work
of Artists

Year 11

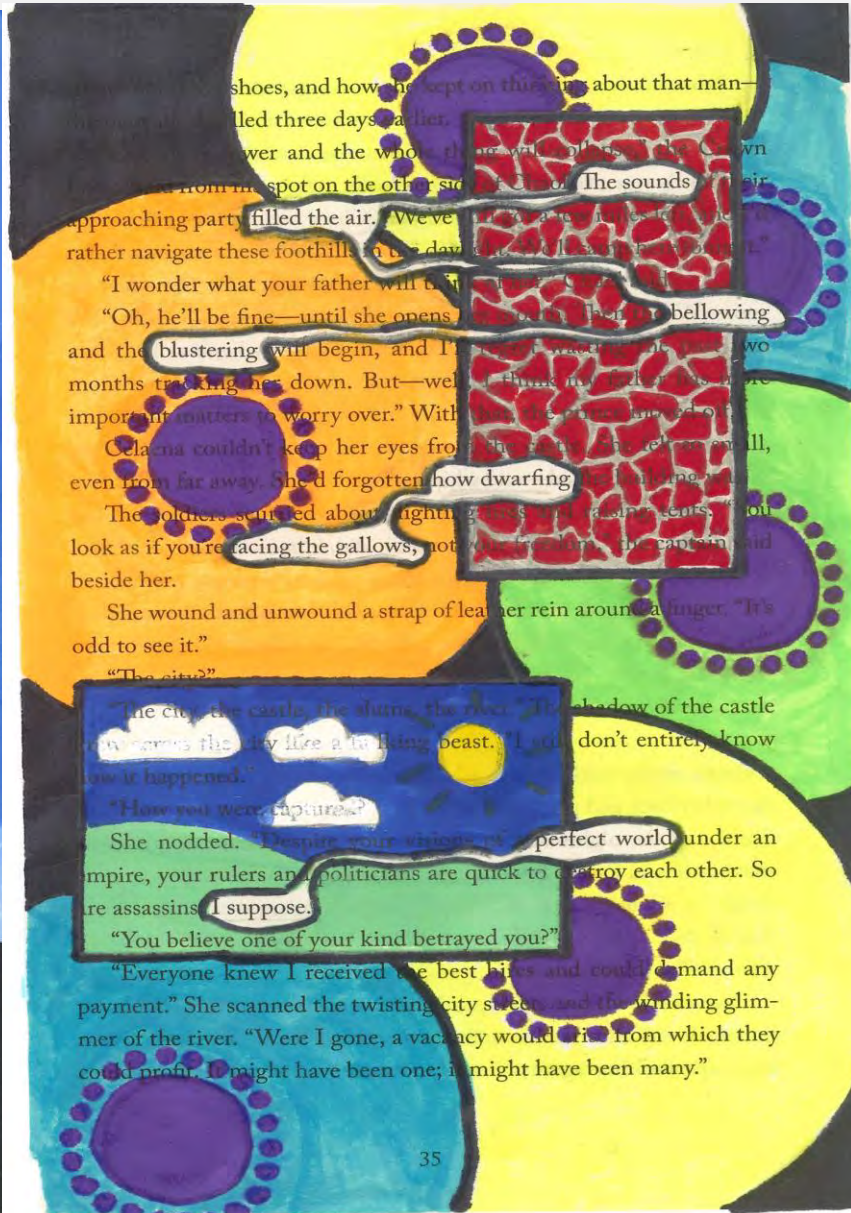
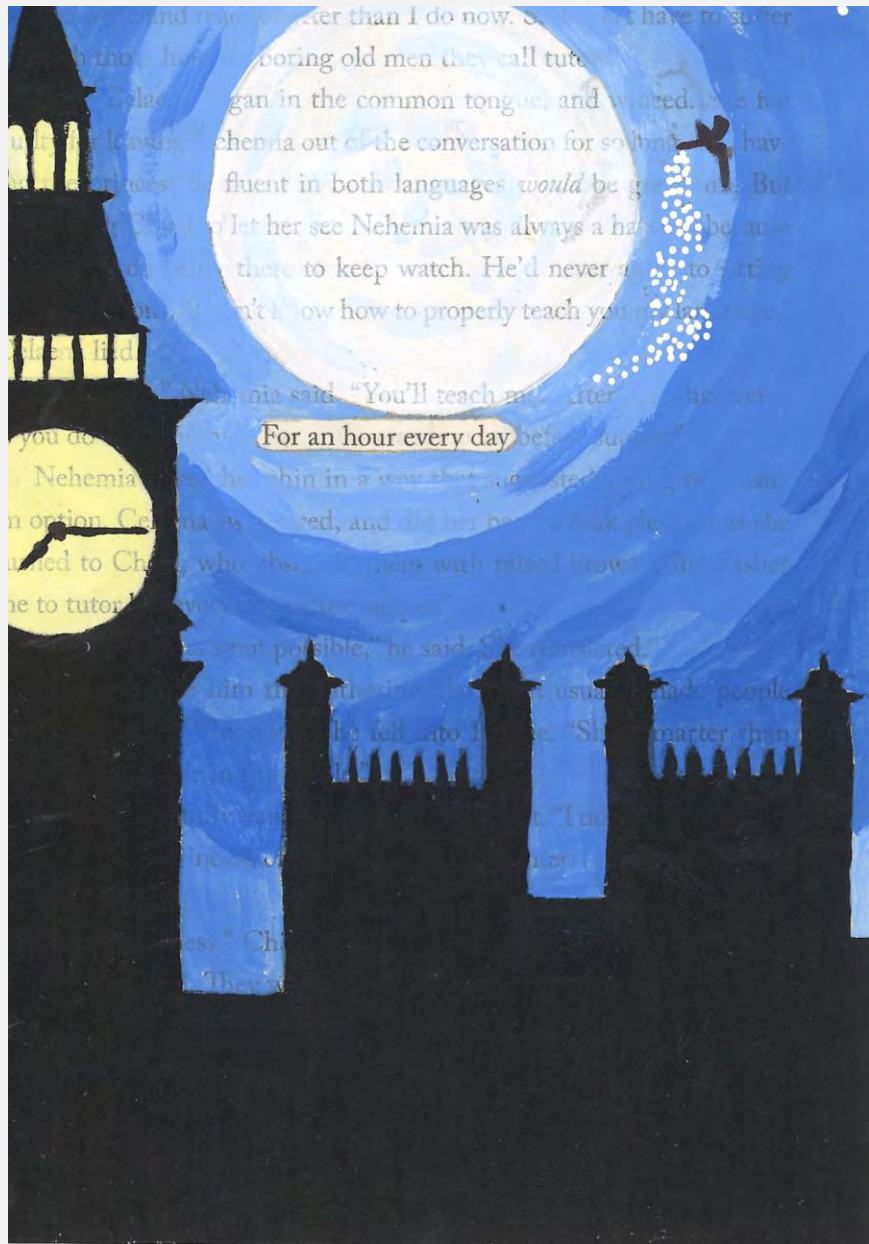
Portraits in progress



Year 11 Tonal Portraits -Mixed Media



Year 11 Book Art



netting with sailors calling to each other, too busy to notice the royal procession. At the sound of a whip, her head snapped to the side.

Slaves staggered down the gangplank of a merchant ship. A mix of conquered nations bound together, each of them had the hollow, raging face she'd seen so many times before. Most of the slaves were prisoners of war—rebels who'd been cut off the hunting blocks and endless lines of Adarlan's army. Some were prisoners of people who had been caught or accused of rebellion. But others were just ordinary folk, in the wrong place at the wrong time. Now that she noticed, there were countless chained slaves wading the docks, lifting and sweating, holding parasols and pots, in the air, over the ground or the sky—never on what was before them.

She wanted to leap from her horse and run to them. Or to simply scream that she wasn't a participant in this. It was so clear that she had no hand in bringing them here, chained and starved and beaten, that she had worked and bled with them, with their families and friends—she was not like these monsters that destroy everything. That she had *done* something, nearly two years ago, when she had freed almost two hundred slaves from the Pirate Lord. Even that, though, wasn't enough.

The city was suddenly separate, ripped from her. People still waved and bowed, cheering and laughing, throwing flowers and other nonsense before their horses. She had difficulty breathing.

Sooner than she would have liked, the iron and glass gate of the castle appeared, archedwork doors opened, and a dozen guards flanked the cobblestone path that led to the castle. They stood erect, they held their shields simple, and their eyes were dark beneath bronze helmets. Each wore a red cape. Their armor, while tarnished, was well crafted from copper and leather.

Beyond the archway sloped a road, lined with trees of gold and silver. Glass lampposts sprouted up between the hedges bordering the path. The sounds of the city vanished as they passed under another

entered her room, she'd know well in advance. And she'd managed to jammed some stolen sewing needles into a bar of soap for a makeshift miniature pike. It was better than nothing, especially if this murderer had a taste for Champion blood. She forced her hands to her sides, shaking her unease, and strode into the music and gaming room. She could not play billiards or cards by herself, but . . .

Celaena eyed the pianoforte. She used to play—oh, she'd loved to play, loved music, the way music could break and heal and make everything seem possible and heroic.

Carefully, as if approaching a sleeping person, Celaena walked to the large instrument. She pulled out the wooden bench, wincing at the loud scraping sound it made. Folding back the heavy lid, she pushed her feet on the pedals, testing them. She eyed the smooth ivory keys, and then the black keys, which were like the gaps between teeth.

She had been good once—perhaps better than good. Arobynn Hamel made her play for him whenever they saw each other.

She wondered if Arobynn knew she was out of the mines. Would he try to free her if he did? She still didn't dare to face the possibility of *who* might have betrayed her. Things had been such a haze when she'd been captured—in two weeks, she'd lost Sam and her own freedom, and lost something of herself in those blurry days, too.

Sam. What would he make of all this? If he'd been alive when she was captured, he would have had her out of the royal dungeons before the king even got word of her imprisonment. But Sam, like her, had been betrayed—and sometimes the absence of him hit her so hard that she forgot how to breathe. She touched a lower note. It was deep and throbbing, full of sorrow and anger.

Gingerly, with one hand, she tapped out a simple, slow melody on the higher keys. Echoes of memories came pouring out of the void of her mind. Her room was so *silent* that the music seemed obtrusive.