

while hunting wild koala bear in  
tazmania... running through the  
bush - running for my life, i spotted  
a young girl, kiwi by the looks of  
it, staring in horror at what stalked  
me from behind. i couldn't have  
possibly known at the time, who  
could have, save the beast that  
stared her in the eye. alone and  
bewildered she would cry out to  
the night one last time, those words  
still ringing in my ears, on the  
hesitant finger of my rifle - words  
full of hope - aware of the fate i  
could not protect her from, words  
with gentle trepidation spoken in  
fierce whispers ushering me to a  
new truth and a better tomorrow.

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