



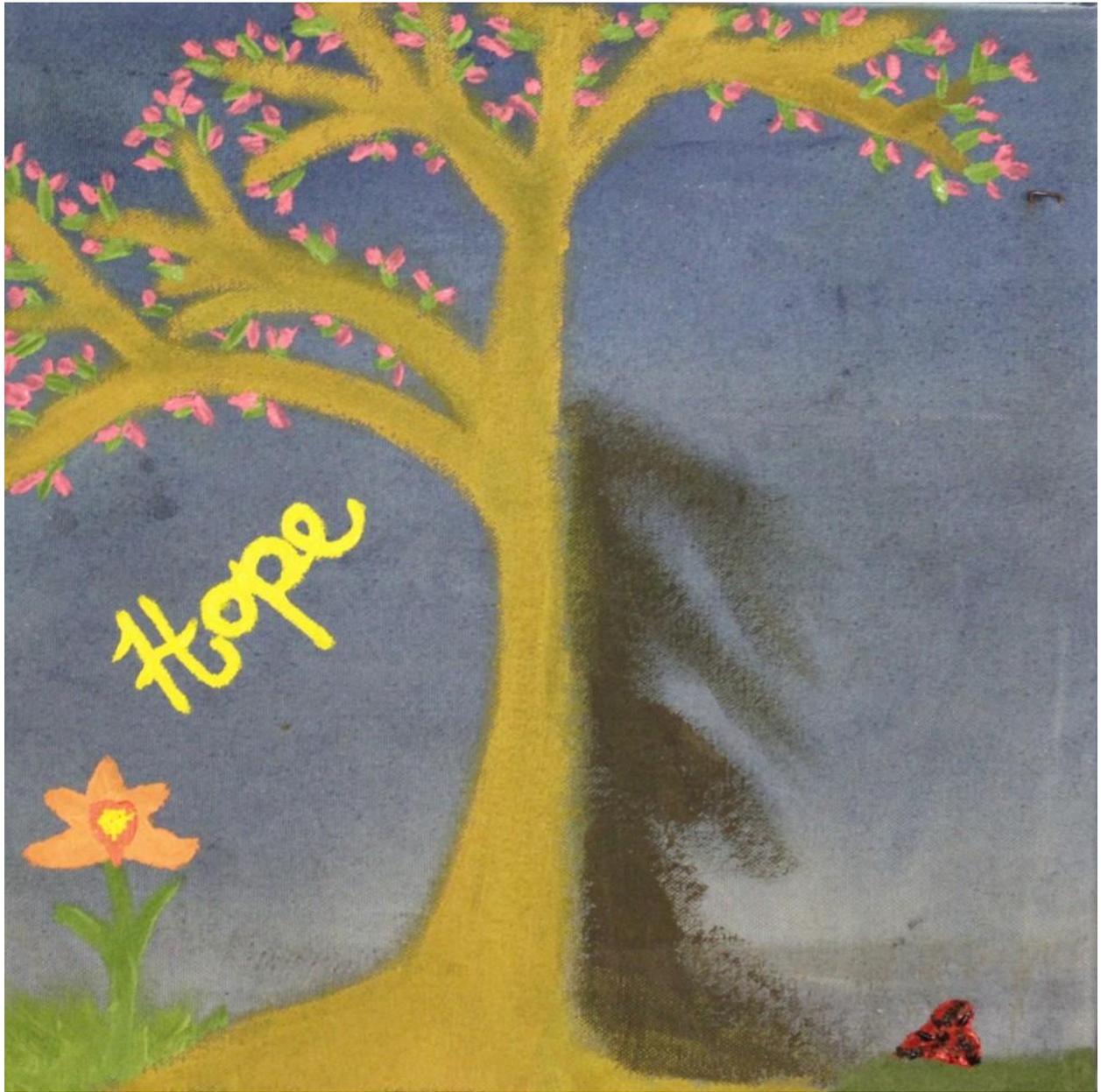
Rebel Session 2 Oct 2012  
Bound to Be Brave – april 2013  
Grapefruit Moon  
**Bound to Be Brave**  
I was 12 when I escaped death for the third time. It was then that I stopped celebrating. It was then that I consciously made the decision to stop fighting. Old enough to understand that I had physical and mental scars no therapy could cure, I set out to self-destruct. But not one bomb that I lit, or storm that I fed and grew could chase away the fighter I had formed inside of me at 5 years old. Death didn't stop trying, inventing new demons to dance in my path, each one bigger and scarier than the last, but the little girl inside fought for me when I has lost all hope. She pushed one foot in front of the other when I was nothing more than a walking corpse. Until she led me home, through the doors of the boxing gym and into the ring. Where I felt the breath of life flood through my crime scene of a corpse and turn it into a body, and then slowly feed the little girl until I finally felt like a real human being. Capable of emotion, capable of love, and strength and determination, capable of anything. So maybe it was 12 years old when I discovered that no matter how tightly they bound me, I would never stop being brave.  
Artist: 'Rebel'

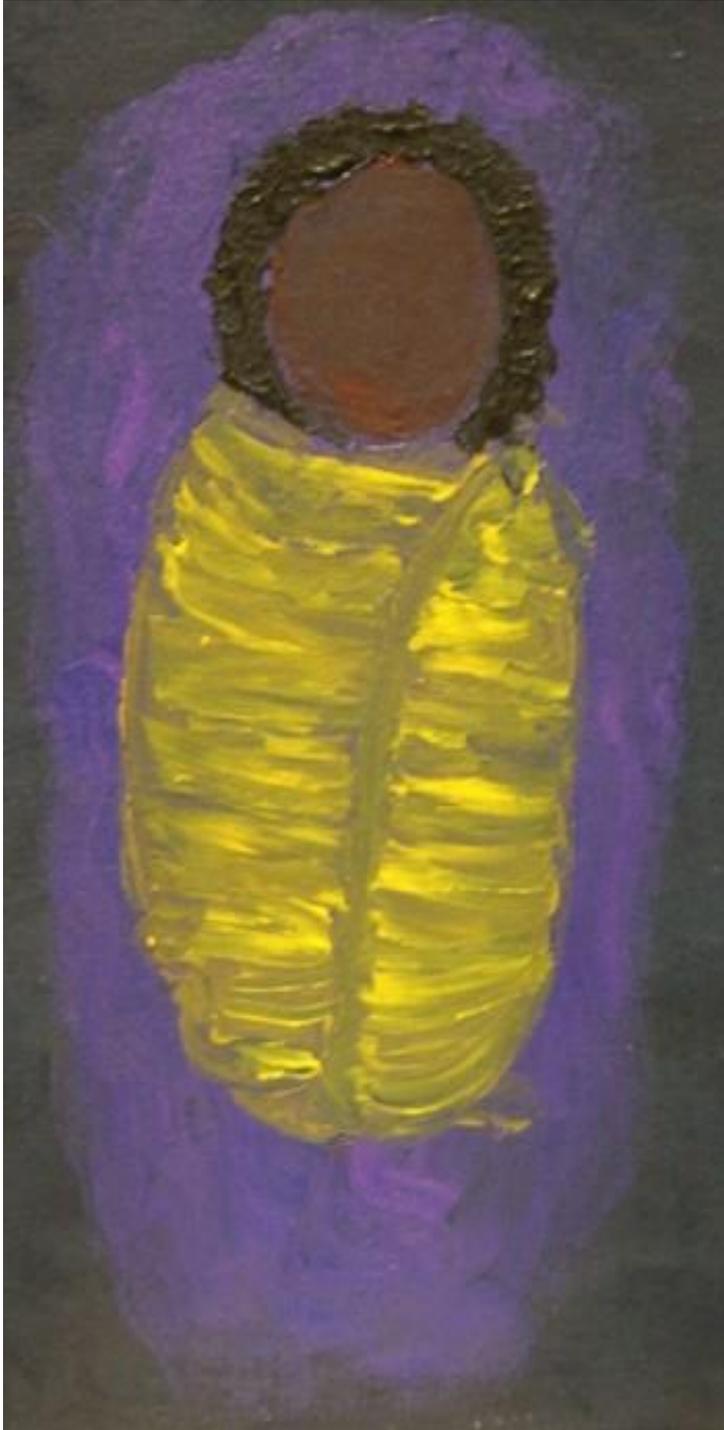
**Hope**

**There is power in finding out how strong I am.**

**Growing and breaking through the pain I know now what I am made of.**

**Artist: Lisa**





'untitled'

Victoria "Vicious" Herrera.  
I haven't always been a  
boxer, but I've always been  
a fighter.

First, as a teenage mother, I  
fought against backlash and  
discrimination. Then when I  
got divorced, I fought  
in court for her. I've always  
had to fight for her and I  
always will. When I'm  
boxing, I feel like a  
champion. By  
being a mother, I *am* a  
champion.

Right Hook - Left Jab  
Filling - in - the -  
empty - spaces  
Artist: Splatter

