



Arts plastiques 2b

Merci Pinterest !



Portrait masqué





Portrait en carton











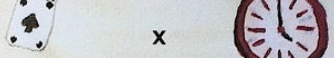


Le trou de la serrure



Gul frowned, his head feeling dizzy. The sun was warm on his skin. He could smell the salt spray from the sea. "What is this? A dream? An illusion?" Mylasa looked at him for a long moment, and then stood turning away to face the sea.

"Drink the wine," she said. "It is really very good."



"It is done," said Mylasa. Cleander flinched at the sound of the psyker's throaty voice. He would really rather have not been there, but he had insisted that they all gather in the cell where they had been keeping Prior Prefect Gul in the weeks since Dominic Prime.

Cleander glanced at his sister on the other side of the room, but Viola was looking at Covenant, her face emotionless beneath the plaited ivory of her hair. Covenant himself stood at the foot of the slab, robed in grey. Josef stood next to him, the gaucher's face mottled with fading bruises, a servitor hovering above his shoulder, gently pulsing blood into his neck through transparent tubes. That Josef was alive at all was a miracle, but perhaps that was the benefit of the Kolg lean against the wall to the side, posture and face unreadable. Severita knelt to the side of the prior, the hilt of her sword clasped between her hands, head bowed. The low sound of the ship's engines rumbled through the quiet. They were all waiting, he realised.

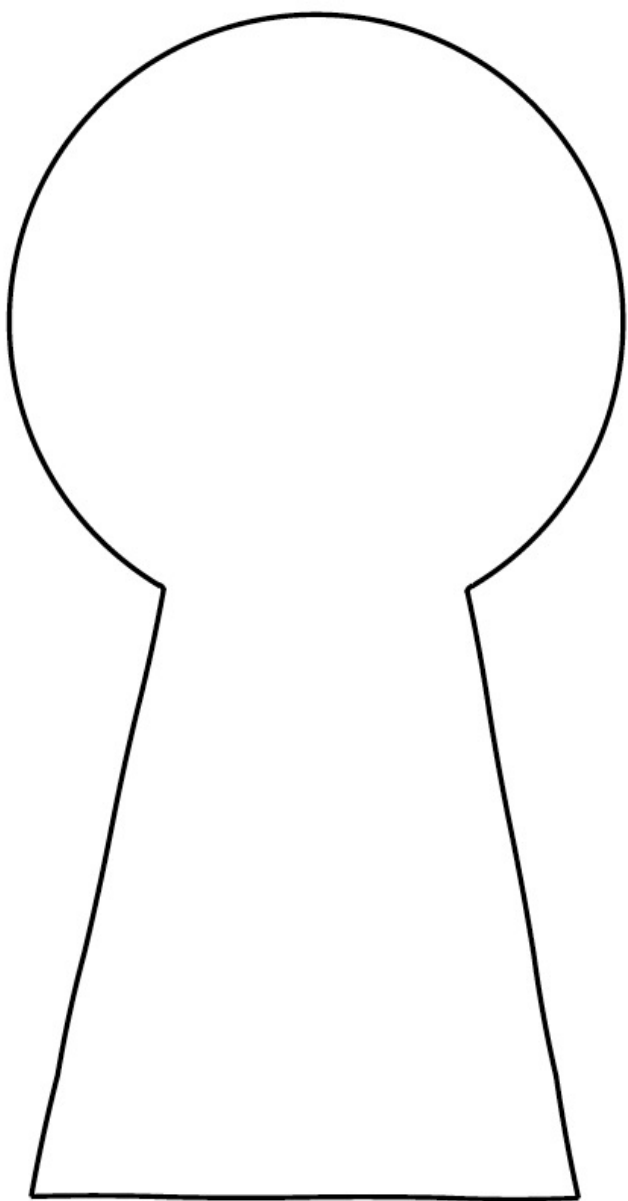
"He's dead?" asked Josef, eyes on the body of the prior slumped to the steel slab.

"Yes," replied Mylasa. Cleander looked at her reflexively, then turned away, with a sigh. Metal encircled the psyker's neck and hand. Bulbous steam hissed into the air, and





inside



Contraste















Origamis



Trouvé chez Segpaline:
<http://segpalienhask.canalblog.com>

Explication origami fleur

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0JzUQ5_L-0s&list=PLztX-Fn5HJUw5DOihsYx_fZmdqTi2UKQb&index=3