

exoskeletons ©





grow. to live with nature. to shed what no longer aligns with our becoming, and rise again... season after season... reaching always toward hope.

exoskeletons explores the tender ways we protect our inner worlds. each figure embodies a distinct animal spirit... soft guardians of instinct, intuition, curiosity, and quiet resilience. their exoskeletons are both shield and sanctuary, allowing sensitivity to survive in a world that can feel sharp.

a small moss ball rests atop each head: green, gentle, alive. a quiet reminder that growth continues even when unseen - strength forming softly beneath the layers that protect us.

beneath these animal shells, the inner child persists: fragile yet determined, adapting healing, becoming. through oversized, soulful eyes and tender detail, i reveal the invisible work of emotional renewal- the silent bravery of staying soft.

$C_6H_{12}O_6$ is the molecule of life... the fuel of every living thing, plants create it from light and air, weaving survival from the simplest elements. so too do we build ourselves from what the world gives us: softness, instinct, hope.

by invoking $C_6H_{12}O_6$, i bridge the chemistry of nature with the chemistry of becoming - a reminder that transformation doesn't always roar. sometimes, it is as small as a sugar molecule, and as powerful as choosing to keep growing.

like creatures of the forest, we adapt.
we endure. we rise.

$C_6H_{12}O_6$ - the chemistry of becoming.



sara sammakia
2026

ARTIST.
sara sammakia

DATE.
2026

MEDIUM.
acrylic & oil on linen

SIZE.
90 x 100 cm

TITLE.
the mountain hearth

she dwells where cloud and forest meet, where stones stay cool,
and roots breathe deep. through moss and rain her spirit goes,
a warmth the mountain stillness knows.

her steps are slow, her silence sure, a steadfast heart, serene
and pure. she keeps the calm the lost ones seek, the gentle
strength of earth beneath.

when winter folds the peaks in gray, her quiet faith will light
the way... for even through the coldest air, the soft endure,
the strong still care.



SIGNATURE.

Sara Sammakia

exoskeletons ©

C₆H₁₂O₆

forest soul

**soft armour grown from silence,
paint as breath, brush as bone,
moss and light stitched with hope
*formosan black bear.***

mitskii carries the calm of the mountains... the steady, living pulse that endures through every season. she is the keeper of quiet strength, the warmth that remains when all else has grown cold. her presence is a hearth in the mist, a reminder that gentleness, when rooted deeply, can outlast even the harshest winds.

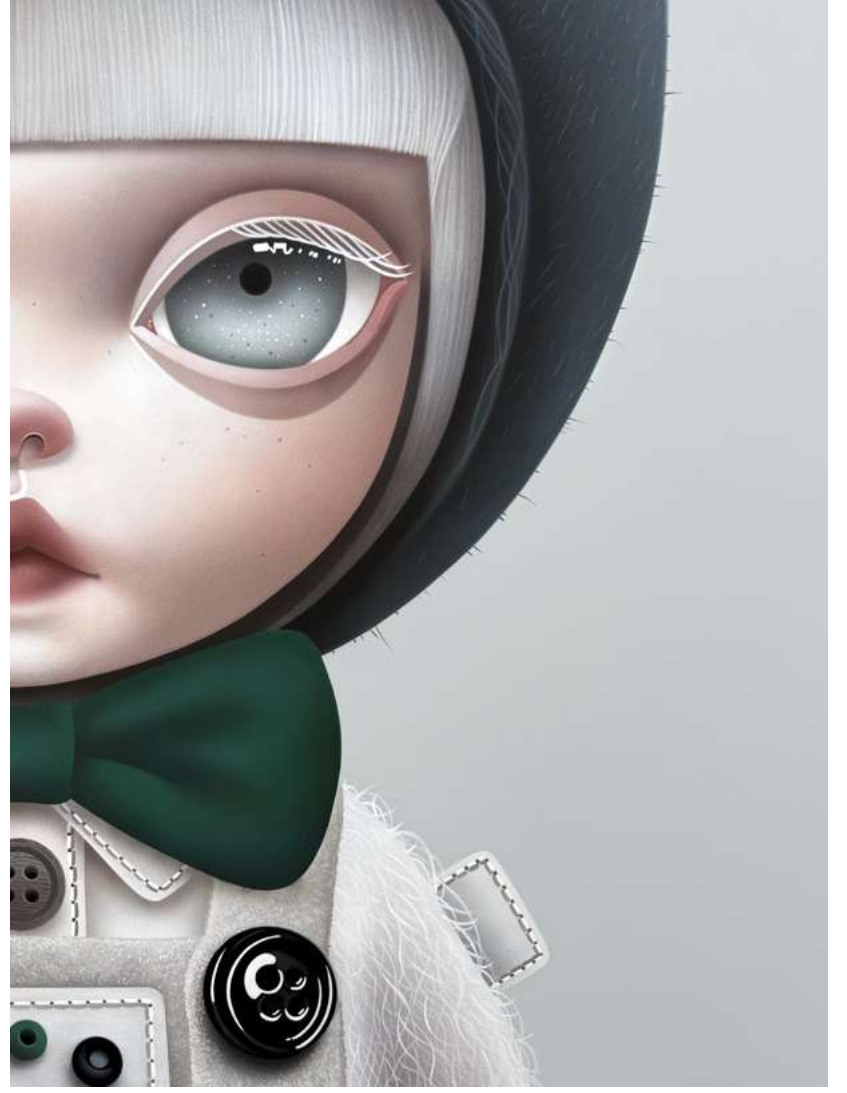
the formosan black bear lives high among taiwan's forests, where clouds cling to cedars and moss softens every stone. mitskii's shell echoes that landscape ... dark, protective, and alive with quiet life. the twin moss buds that rest atop her hood symbolize renewal through endurance: small signs of growth that persist even in shadow.

within exoskeletons, mitskii embodies soulful endurance and protection... the instinct to shelter what is tender, to keep warmth alive without needing to be seen. she reminds us that care is a strength, not a softness to be hidden. through her still gaze and unspoken calm, she becomes the forest's heartbeat ... a steady, living promise that love can survive the cold.

small ember in the mountain air

mitskii ©









ARTIST.

sara sammakia

DATE.

2026

MEDIUM.

acrylic & oil on linen

SIZE.

90 x 100 cm

TITLE.

nocturne for the lost

high in the hush where treetops sway, she drifts through dreams that greet the day. her feathered shell, both cloak and guise, holds quiet knowing in her eyes.

she guards the dark, yet loves the gleam, half waking thought, half silver dream. a tender mind, both calm and free, the forest thinks through ovelii.

and when the world grows dim with fear, her wings unfold to draw it near... a whisper told on winds that roam: the sky, like love, will lead you home.



SIGNATURE.

Sara Sammakia

exoskeletons ©

C₆H₁₂O₆

forest soul

**soft armour grown from silence,
paint as breath, brush as bone,
moss and light stitched with hope
owl.**

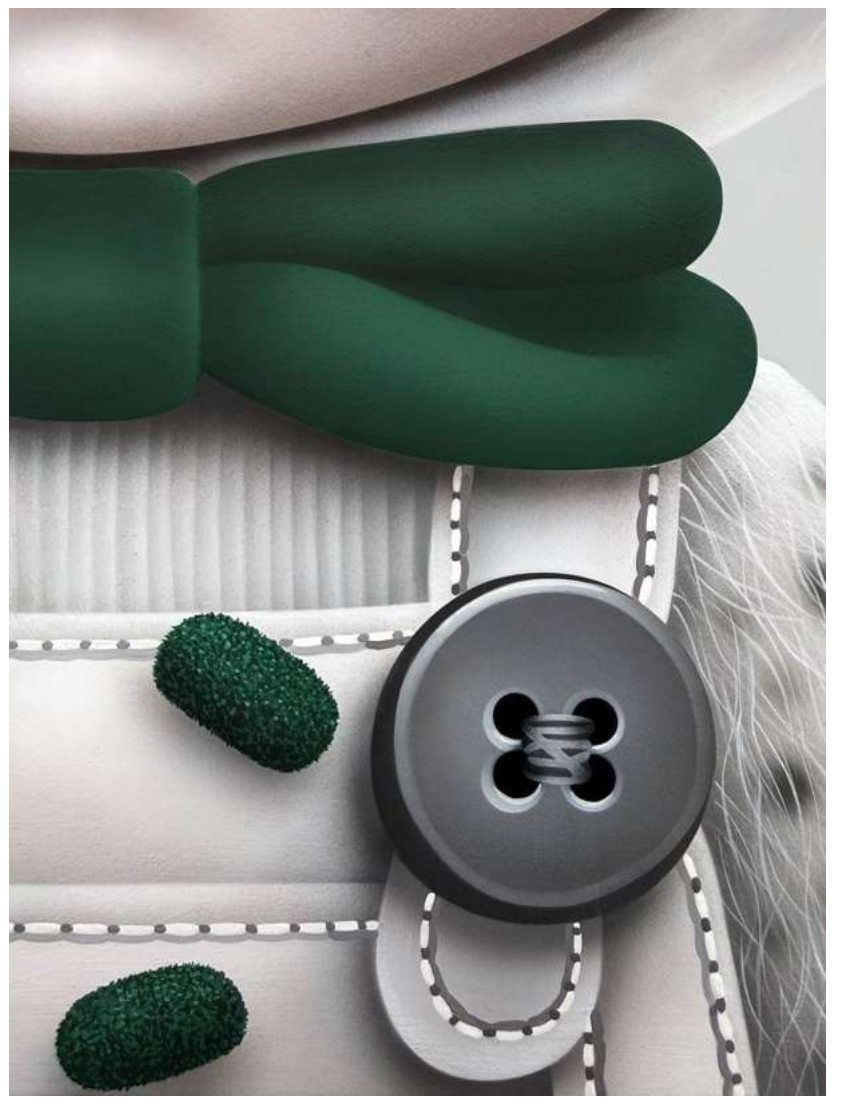
ovelii is the keeper of night... the mind of the forest when it dreams. her gaze sees beyond the visible, tracing the quiet threads that tie all living things together.

in darkness, she does not fear what cannot be seen; she listens instead, letting silence reveal what light often hides. her feathered shell is both cloak and compass... a vessel for perception, a home for intuition. the moss that crowns her glimmers faintly in moonlight, like thought taking root. through her, the forest remembers itself: every sound, every hush, every unseen stirring that belongs to the rhythm of life.

within exoskeletons, ovelii embodies intuition and guidance... the gentle wisdom that arrives when we stop searching and begin to trust what we already know. she reminds us that even in our loneliest hours, we are not lost but in transit... moving through the dusk toward understanding. Her presence whispers that love, like the sky, holds us even when unseen.

small gaze within the trees







harrii ©

ARTIST.

sara sammakia

DATE.

2026

MEDIUM.

acrylic & oil on linen

SIZE.

90 x 100 cm

TITLE.

what the gentle know

beneath the hush of leaf and thorn, he waits where gentle hearts
are born. his quills, though sharp, are spun with care... a woven
warmth, a breath of air.

he guards the small, the shy, the soft, the trembling roots that
lift aloft. a steady soul, both kind and true, he keeps the light
when storms pass through.

and when the night leans cold and near, his calm can make the
silence clear... a whispered truth the soft ones know: to bloom,
we sometimes curl below.



SIGNATURE.

Sara Sammakia

exoskeletons ©

C₆H₁₂O₆

forest soul

**soft armour grown from silence,
paint as breath, brush as bone,
moss and light stitched with hope**
Hedgehog.

harrii is the forest's quiet guardian... a small keeper of tenderness. where others rush or startle, he stays, listening to the subtle tremors beneath the earth. his quills, though sharp, are not meant to harm; they are boundaries woven from care, a reminder that softness can only survive when it knows how to protect itself.

he moves through the undergrowth slowly, gathering the fallen, the overlooked, the delicate. to the forest, he is both shield and shelter... a gentle soul who tends to what grows unseen. the moss that crowns him is dark and full, nourished by stillness, symbolizing strength rooted in patience.

within exoskeletons, Harrii embodies protection through empathy... the wisdom of those who have learned that kindness is not fragile, but deliberate. his presence teaches that we are allowed to guard our light, and that curling inward for a while does not mean retreat, but renewal. in his quiet way, harrii holds the truth all soft hearts know: that resilience and gentleness are never opposites, but two sides of the same soul.

small warmth under the leaves

harrii ©









faelii ©

ARTIST.

sara sammakia

DATE.

2026

MEDIUM.

acrylic & oil on linen

SIZE.

90 x 100 cm

TITLE.

the quiet bloom

he wakes where moss and sunlight meet, with trembling heart
and untried feet. the forest hums a soft decree: to grow is
simply meant to be.

he learns the rain will wash, not harm, the wind will cradle,
roots will warm. through seasons' turn, through loss, through
bloom, he sheds old fears and finds his room.

and though his steps are small and slow, his tender green begins
to show... for even hearts so faint, so new, can rise again,
and blossom too.



SIGNATURE.

Sara Sammakia

exoskeletons ©

C₆H₁₂O₆

forest soul

**soft armour grown from silence,
paint as breath, brush as bone,
moss and light stitched with hope
*fawn.***

faeli is the forest's first breath... a quiet embodiment of beginnings. he moves with the hesitance of one who is learning the world by feel: the damp moss beneath his feet, the soft tremor of leaves overhead, the echo of belonging in every drop of dew. In him, growth is not loud or sudden; it is tender, uncertain, and brave.

the fawn teaches that vulnerability itself is sacred... that courage often looks like standing still and letting the light find you. his moss ball carries the faintest blush of green, a symbol of life just stirring awake, of hope that has not yet learned its name.

within exoskeletons, Faelii represents awakening... the fragile moment when we open our eyes to change and realize that to grow is to trust the ground beneath us. his soft gaze and delicate stillness remind us that innocence is not weakness, but the purest form of faith.

small breath under the light





ARTIST.

sara sammakia

DATE.

2026

MEDIUM.

acrylic & oil on linen

SIZE.

90 x 100 cm

TITLE.

the pond remembers

where moss drinks light and shadows gleam, she waits
between the root and stream. the forest still... her
heart a pond, of whispered things the earth has
known.

in eucalyptus breath she sways, silver leaves in
drifting haze. each ripple born of loss or cheer, she
gathers close... then disappears.

through dusk and dawn, through flood and calm, her
silence holds a tender psalm... that even when the nights
grow long, the smallest voice can still belong.



SIGNATURE.

Sara Sammakia

exoskeletons ©

C₆H₁₂O₆

forest soul

**soft armour grown from silence,
paint as breath, brush as bone,
moss and light stitched with hope
*tree frog.***

euchii lives between stillness and sound... a quiet keeper of reflection. she is attuned to every drop that falls, every ripple that stirs the water's skin. in the forest, frogs bridge two worlds: earth and water, silence and song, the seen and the waiting. euchii carries this duality within her – she feels deeply, yet moves gently, letting emotions settle like rain before they bloom again into clarity.

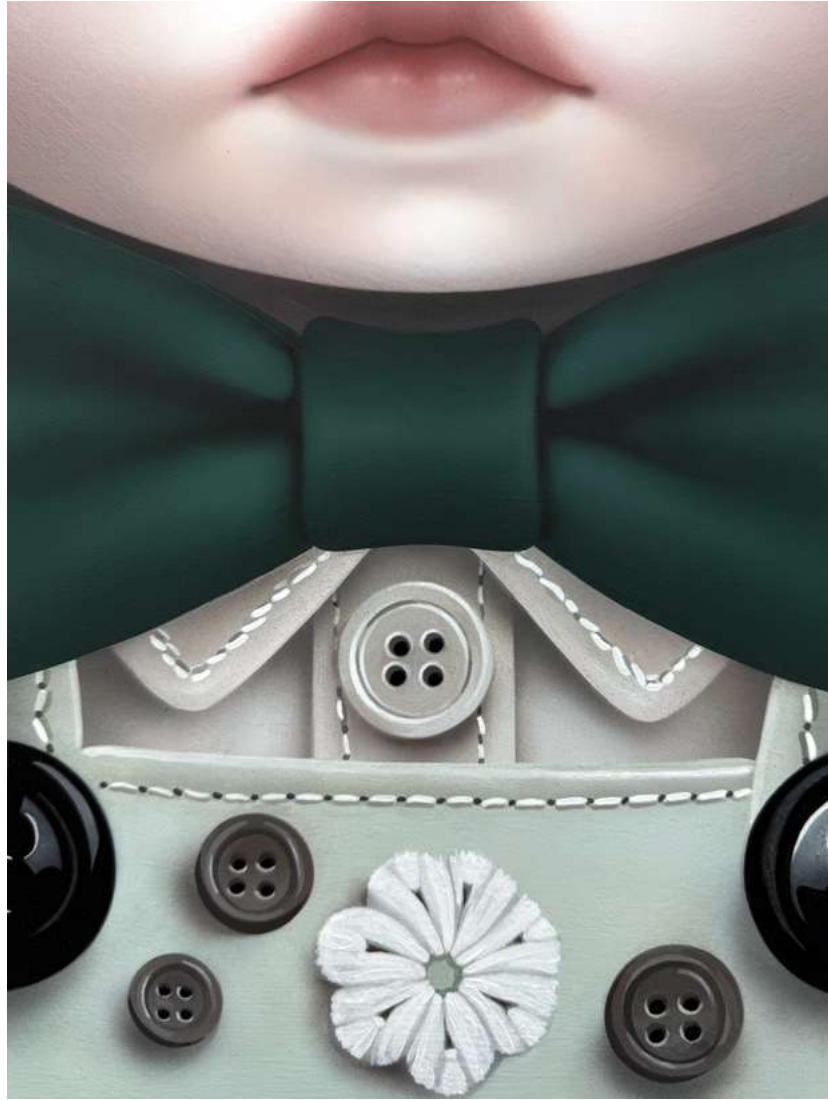
her shell, soft and dew-touched, reminds us that renewal often begins in still water... in the pause before transformation. she listens more than she speaks, finding wisdom in what is felt but unspoken. the moss atop her head holds tiny drops of memory; each one glimmers with a moment once lived, proof that even the smallest heart can hold vast reflections.

in exoskeletons, euchii embodies emotional listening... the quiet art of feeling without rushing to mend. she teaches that peace is not the absence of sorrow, but its softest echo finding rest.

small ripple under the moss

euchii ©









brunii ©

ARTIST.

sara sammakia

DATE.

2026

MEDIUM.

acrylic & oil on linen

SIZE.

90 x 100 cm

TITLE.

the rooted heart

beneath the soil he softly lies, where roots hum low and
sunlight sighs. his burrowed shell, both shield and home,
a heart that beats beneath the loam.

he sheds old fears the way leaves fall, yet answers still
the forest's call. a tender soul, so shy, so true, reborn
with every drop of dew.

and from his crown, the moss takes hold, a quiet tale
the green has told: that life will stir where stillness lies,
and hope will reach for open skies.



SIGNATURE.

Sara Sammakia

exoskeletons ©

C₆H₁₂O₆

forest soul

**soft armour grown from silence,
paint as breath, brush as bone,
moss and light stitched with hope
*badger.***

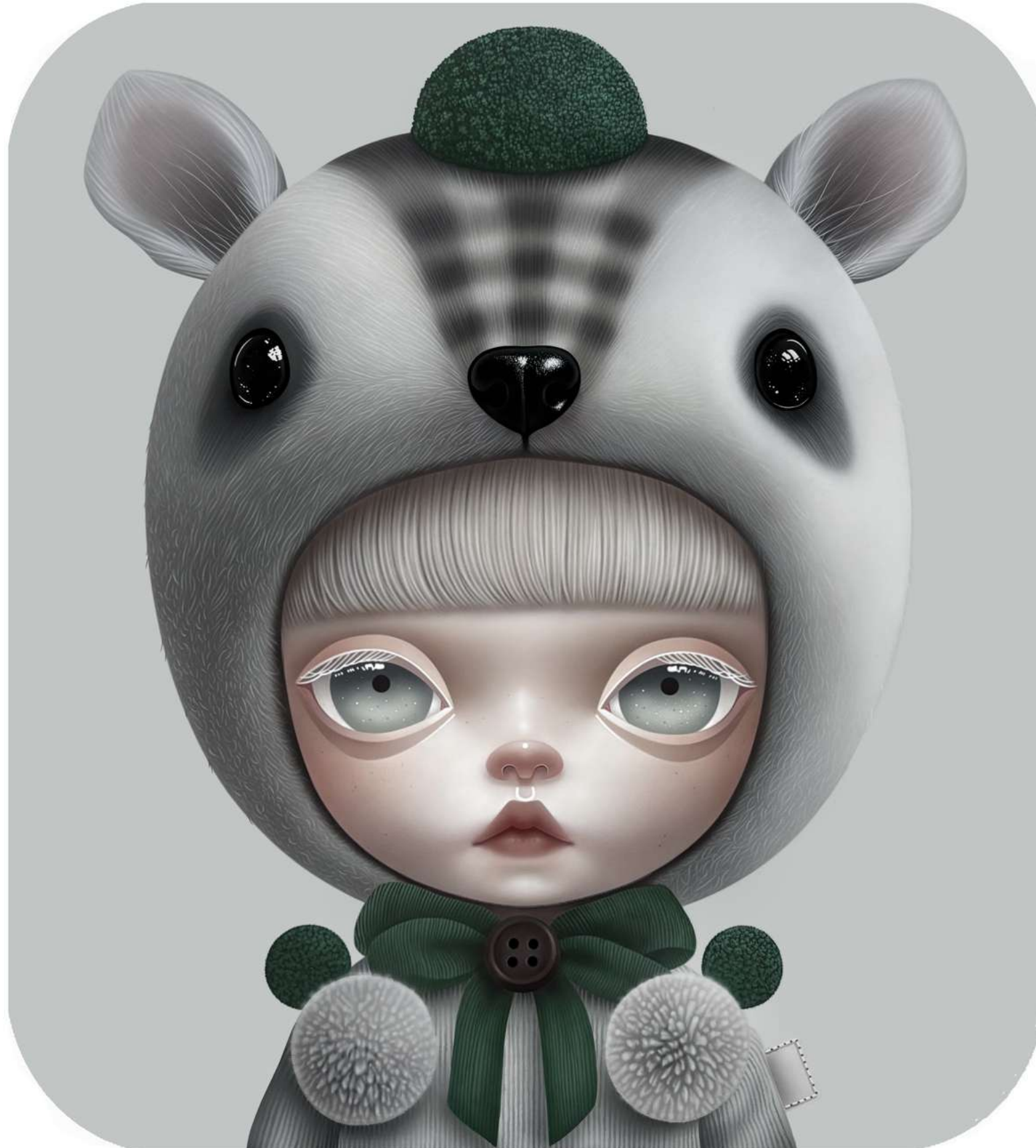
brunii dwells close to the earth, where life hums in steady rhythms unseen by the hurried. he is the quiet pulse beneath the forest floor... patient, enduring, always returning. within his burrowed stillness, he holds the truth that strength need not roar; it can rest, it can wait, it can grow unseen.

the badger, creature of soil and dusk, teaches resilience through groundedness. brunil's shell is both refuge and reminder... that healing happens not in escape, but in belonging. the moss that crowns him takes root in his calm, its slow, verdant bloom mirroring the peace he cultivates below the noise of the world.

within exoskeletons, brunii embodies resilience through rest... the wisdom of pausing, rooting, and trusting time to do its quiet work. he reminds us that growth often begins in darkness, beneath the weight of what we once feared. his presence is a heartbeat in the soil... a tender insistence that no matter how deeply we sink, life will always reach upward again.

a small heartbeat beneath the roots

brunii ©









nocturne in grey.

echoes from the moon-lit forest

miniture graphite series

in the quiet between dusk and dream,
they come...
small things in borrowed fur,
stitched from fog,
eyelids heavy with the weight of unsaid things.

they do not speak.

the forest echoes a lullaby
in tones of ash and antler.

and all the while,
beneath root and stone,
they are growing...
slowly, softly,
like moss grows:
unseen,
reaching toward one another
in the dark.

and far above, the moon...
patient and pale...
gathers them in light,

wraps their names into the fold between stars,

and keeps, even now,
a silver thread of hope
unbroken.

exoskeletons ©

C₆H₁₂O₆

forest soul

**soft armour grown from silence,
paint as breath, brush as bone,
moss and light stitched with hope
*squirrel.***

tivii holds the future close. she scurries along branches and bark, gathering tiny promises the forest hasn't yet grown into... acorns, seeds, tomorrow's light folded small. where others rush through the seasons unaware, she prepares the quiet warmth that keeps life moving forward.

squirrels are often mistaken for anxious or frantic, but tivil's urgency is love in motion. every seed she tucks away is a silent vow: spring will come again. her moss crown stays bright and young, a symbol of joy kept safe for the days when hearts need reminding.

within exoskeletons, tivii embodies hope preserved... the kind that doesn't demand recognition, but simply waits, ready to help when the cold arrives. she teaches that resilience isn't always loud or sweeping; sometimes it is the smallest act of care, made long before anyone knows it's needed.

through her determined little paws and ever-bright spirit, tivii ensures the forest has a tomorrow... and that even what seems tiny can sustain life when the world grows hard.

small seed beneath the green

tivii ©

ARTIST.

sara sammakia

DATE.

2026

MEDIUM.

graphite on paper

SIZE.

28 x 23 cm

TITLE.

the gatherer of hope

she climbs where daylight threads the leaves, storing suns
in hidden sleeves. each seed she saves through autumn's
call is faith the spring will rise from fall.

they see her anxious, always swift... yet gentleness is
what she lifts. for every acorn tucked away is hope
prepared for colder days.

she knows that growth begins unseen, beneath the roots,
beneath the green. and in her warmth the forest learns...
the smallest heart can feed its turns.



SIGNATURE.

Sara Sammakia

tivii ©





ARTIST.
sara sammakia

DATE.
2026

MEDIUM.
graphite on paper

SIZE.
28 x 23 cm

TITLE.
the rooted heart

beneath the soil he softly lies, where roots hum low and
sunlight sighs. his burrowed shell, both shield and home,
a heart that beats beneath the loam.

he sheds old fears the way leaves fall, yet answers still
the forest’s call. a tender soul, so shy, so true, reborn
with every drop of dew.

and from his crown, the moss takes hold, a quiet tale
the green has told: that life will stir where stillness lies,
and hope will reach for open skies.



SIGNATURE.

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Sara Sammakia".

brunii 0.1 ©





ARTIST.
sara sammakia

DATE.
2026

MEDIUM.
graphite on paper

SIZE.
28 x 23 cm

TITLE.
the pond remembers

where moss drinks light and shadows gleam, she waits
between the root and stream. the forest still... her
heart a pond, of whispered things the earth has
known.

in eucalyptus breath she sways, silver leaves in
drifting haze. each ripple born of loss or cheer, she
gathers close... then disappears.

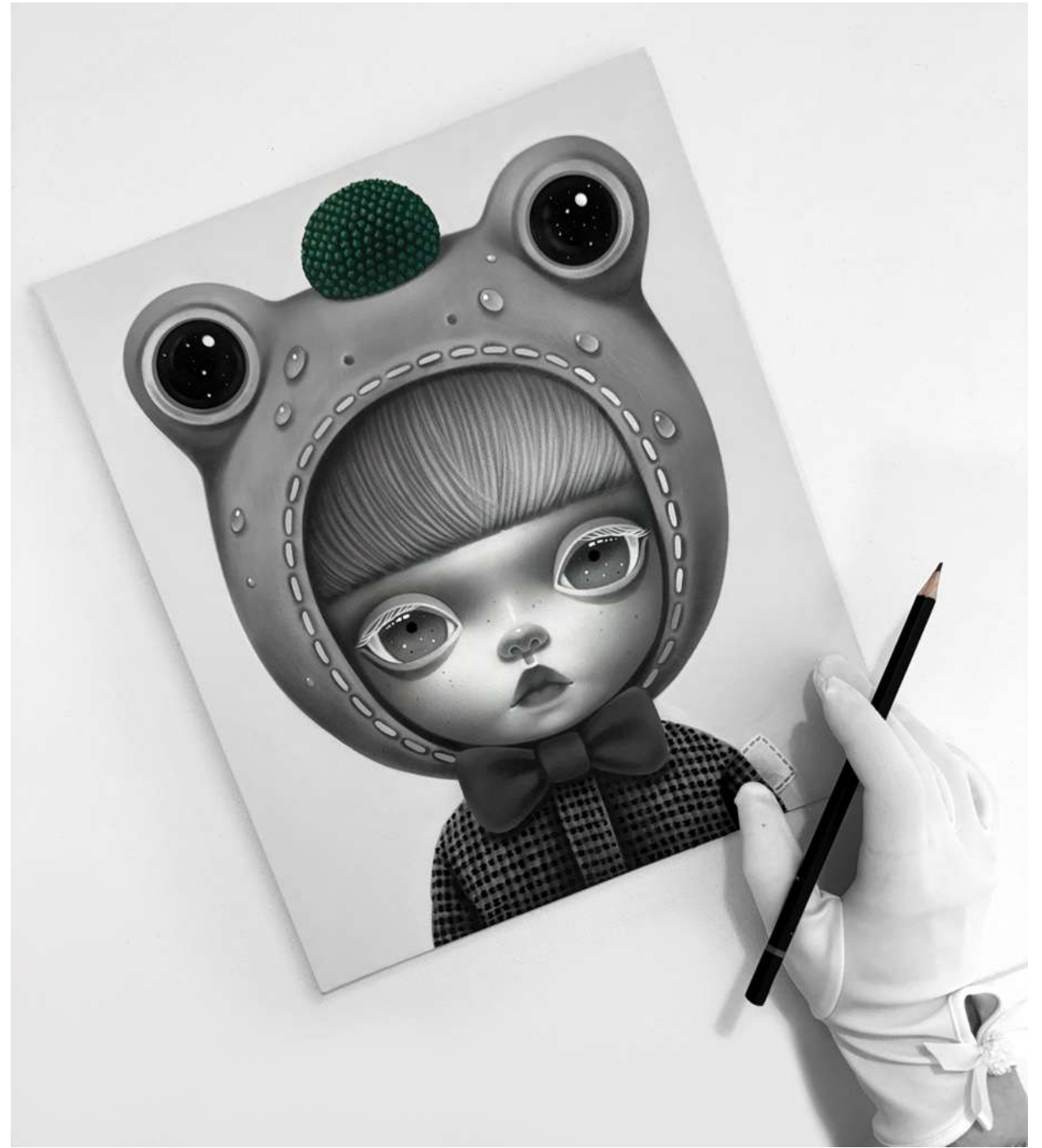
through dusk and dawn, through flood and calm, her
silence holds a tender psalm... that even when the nights
grow long, the smallest voice can still belong.



SIGNATURE.

Sara Sammakia







mui ©

ARTIST.

sara sammakia

DATE.

2026

MEDIUM.

acrylic on linen

SIZE.

120 x 120 cm

TITLE.

the language unseen

mui, soft-footed, unaware of how much quiet strength you bear. you wander close to root and stone, curious, yet never alone. a winding leaf, a curling line, you follow paths that softly wind. small things gathered, tucked away, seeds of who you'll be one day.

your home is not a place you roam, but something carried, gently grown. a hidden world beneath your feet, where silent threads of life still speak. in stillness, deep and without sound, you feel the life that moves the ground... a quiet truth, so soft, so true, the world unfolding under you.

mui, you move, you pause, you see... becoming all you're meant to be.



SIGNATURE.

Sara Sammakia

mui ©





exoskeletons ©

C₆H₁₂O₆

forest soul

soft armour grown from
silence, paint as breath,
brush as bone,
earth and light held gently within

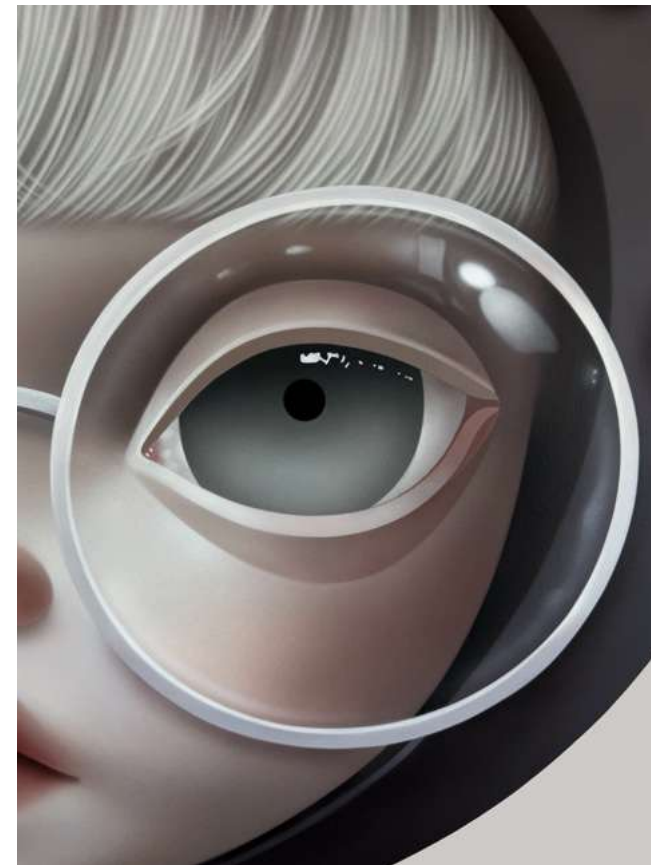
bear cub

this brown bear cub carries a quiet language of becoming - told through the elements woven into his shell. the stitches speak of healing... of what has been mended, held together, and carried forward. the leaf and spiral vine trace the path of growth... not straight, but winding... unfolding in its own time. the acorn rests as a promise of potential... small, contained, yet holding the shape of what it may become. the pocket, with twig and berries, gathers fragments of the forest - memory, nourishment, and the small things we keep close as we move through change.

the house patch is a reminder that home is not a place we find, but something we carry... within ourselves, and within nature. the mushroom speaks within the unseen... to the quiet networks beneath the surface - mycorrhizal threads that connect, communicate, and sustain life in ways we do not always see.

within exoskeletons, these elements form a living system... a reflection of how we grow, heal, and remain connected. C₆H₁₂O₆ exists here as part of this unseen language... the molecular language of life, transforming light into substance, connection into continuation. like the forest, we are never separate - only becoming, together.

a small home carried within the wild



sui ©

ARTIST.

sara sammakia

DATE.

2026

MEDIUM.

acrylic on linen

SIZE.

120 x 120 cm

TITLE.

sweetness held in silence

once a small bloom, now turning within, holding the warmth that gathers in skin. sweetness drawn slowly from light and from air, time moving gently, unnoticed but there.

seeds mark the surface, quiet and true, tracing the places you quietly grew. dew rests a moment, then lifts out of view, each change returning, familiar yet new. you soften, you hold, you quietly grow...a sweetness that deepens, seen in your glow.

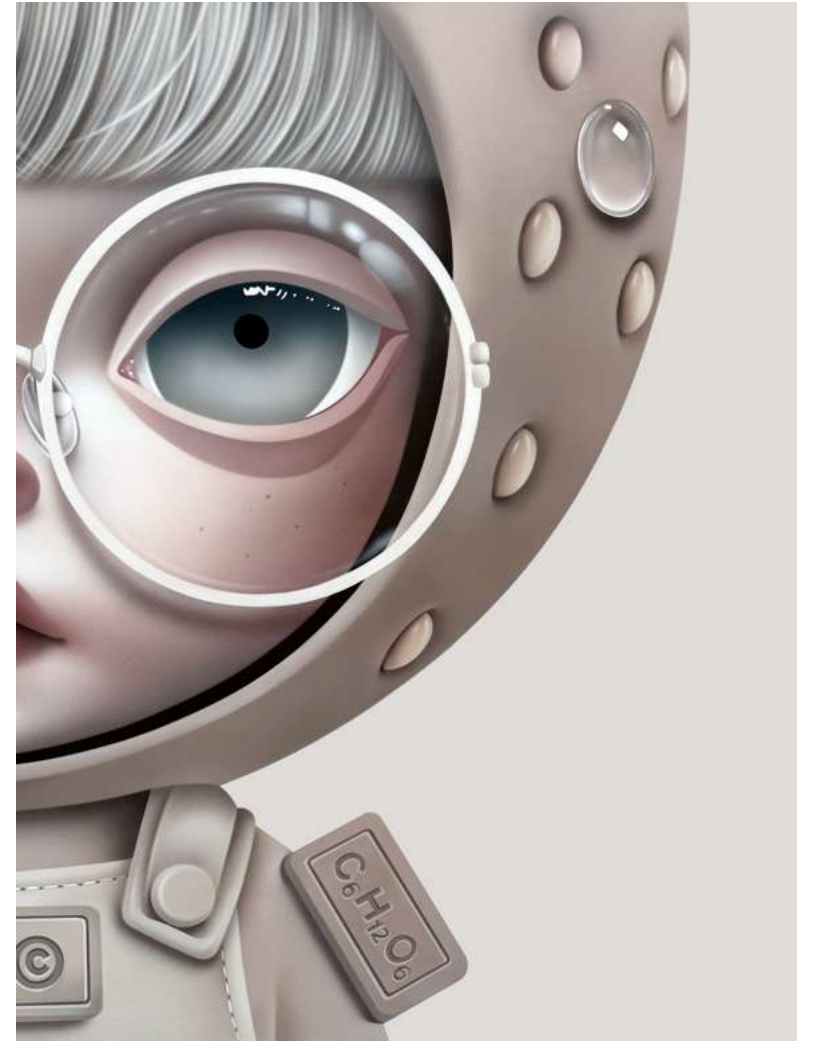


SIGNATURE.

Sara Sammakia

sui ©







exoskeletons ©

C₆H₁₂O₆

forest soul

softness ripening slowly,
held beneath the surface,
sweetness and weight entwined,
time moving quietly within

strawberry

this strawberry figure carries a quieter, more inward language of becoming - one shaped through softening, ripening, and the slow unfolding of what is held inside. the surface, marked with seeds, speaks of accumulation... small moments gathered over time, each one held, each one remembered. the skin protects, yet remains delicate... a boundary that both contains and reveals. it is not fixed, but changing - responding to time, to care, to the unseen processes that shape it from within. sweetness here is not lightness, but something deeper... something that carries weight.

*the flower rests gently upon the form - a trace of origin, a reminder of where growth begins. what once opened outward now turns inward, becoming fruit... becoming form. within this, transformation is not sudden, but patient... a quiet evolution held in stillness. beneath the surface, something constant remains - a soft core, steady and unseen. like all living things, it is shaped through cycles... through nourishment, through time, through change. within exoskeletons, this form reflects the inner work of becoming - not through force, but through yielding. a reminder that to soften is not to weaken, but to transform... to hold both fragility and fullness at once. through a quiet lens, she observes what she is becoming... not resisting, not rushing - only witnessing, as softness takes form. C₆H₁₂O₆ exists here as part of this unseen language... the quiet chemistry that turns light into substance, growth into form, and time into change. it lives within the fruit, and within us... sustaining, shaping, continuing. like the forest, like the body, we change slowly,
we hold what we become.*

a quiet sweetness, carried within

bui ©

ARTIST.

sara sammakia

DATE.

2026

MEDIUM.

acrylic on linen

SIZE.

60 x 60 cm

TITLE.

the many held as one

layers gathering, soft and slow, holding the weight of all
you know. formed in clusters, part by part, many pieces,
one quiet heart.

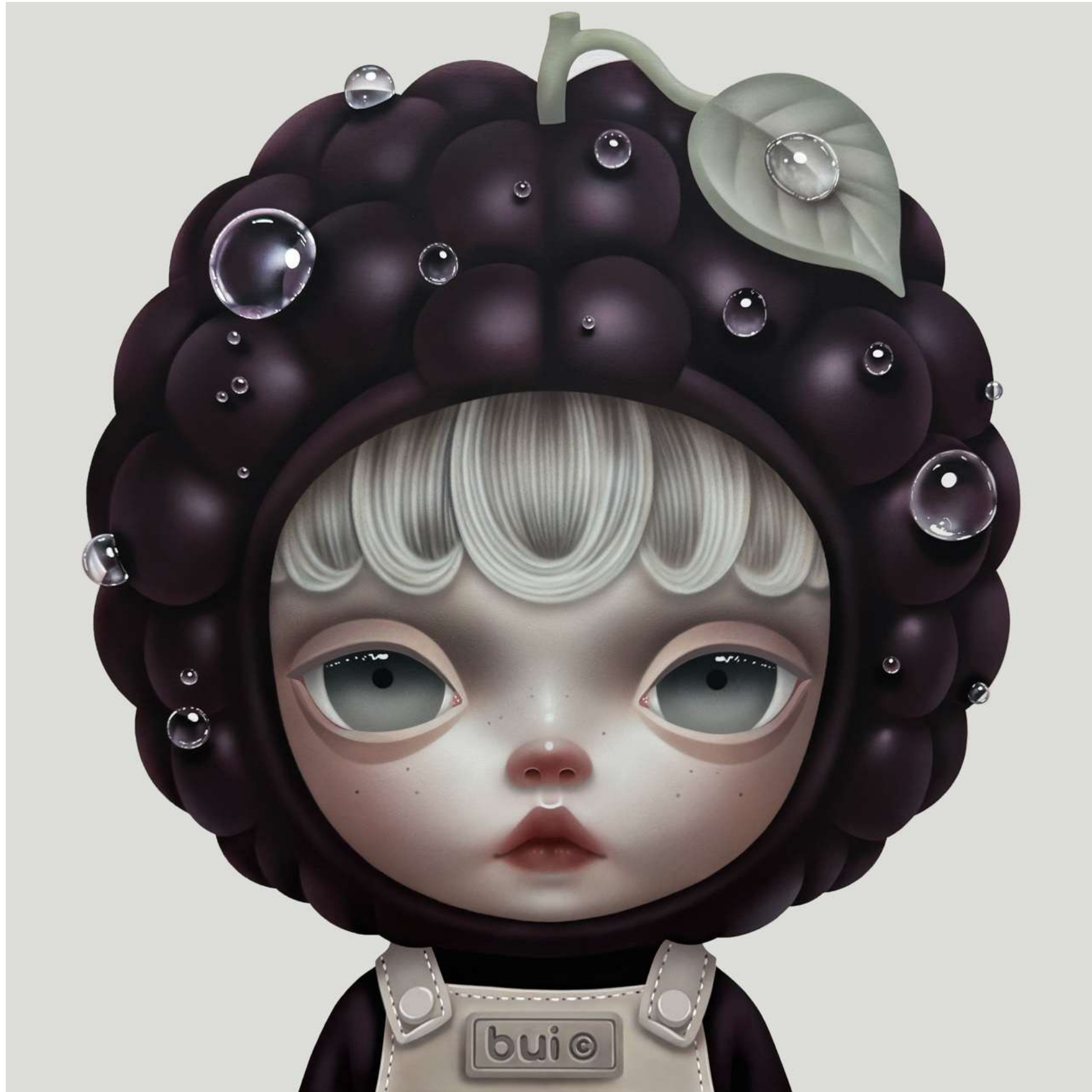
depth unfolds as you grow, sweetness shaped in shadowed
flow. nothing separate, all within, a quiet depth beneath the
skin. you soften, you hold, you quietly grow... a sweetness
deepened in shadowed glow.



SIGNATURE.

Sara Sammakia

bui ©







exoskeletons ©

C₆H₁₂O₆

forest soul

layers gathering slowly,
held within the form,
sweetness deepened over time,
what is carried, worn

blackberry

this blackberry figure carries a quieter, more layered language of becoming - one shaped through accumulation... through what is gathered, held, and slowly deepened over time. each clustered form speaks of many parts coming together... small moments, memories, and experiences, held side by side, forming something whole.

the surface is not singular, but composed... a collection of forms, each one complete, yet inseparable from the others. it does not smooth or simplify, but holds complexity gently... allowing contrast, density, and variation to exist without resistance. sweetness here is not immediate, but developed... shaped through time, through shadow, through quiet persistence. the leaf rests above - a point of connection, a trace of origin... while the form beneath grows inward and outward at once. nothing here unfolds in isolation... each part influenced by what surrounds it, what supports it, what has come before. dew gathers lightly across the surface... resting briefly before returning again to air. each drop holds a moment - breath, time, and change... touching the form without altering its nature. beneath it all, something constant remains... a quiet core, steady and unseen, shaped through cycles of nourishment and transformation.

within exoskeletons, this form reflects the complexity of becoming - not as a single path, but as a gathering... a layering of what we carry, what we hold, and what we become through time. not through force, but through accumulation... through allowing all parts to exist as they are. C₆H₁₂O₆ exists here as part of this unseen language... the quiet chemistry that turns light into substance, growth into form, and time into depth. it moves through each layer, sustaining what continues to gather. like the forest, like the body, we are not singular... but composed, connected, and always becoming.

a quiet depth, carried within

cui ©

ARTIST.

sara sammakia

DATE.

2026

MEDIUM.

acrylic on linen

SIZE.

60 x 60 cm

TITLE.

a stone within softness

rounded in stillness, ripening slow, holding a softness you choose to show. smooth is the surface, gentle in tone, a quiet sweetness around a stone.

time passes through, yet nothing is lost, depth held steady, whatever the cost. not all remain soft, not all endure, some fade in sharpness... this stays sure.

you soften, you hold, you quietly grow... a strength kept hidden in all you show.

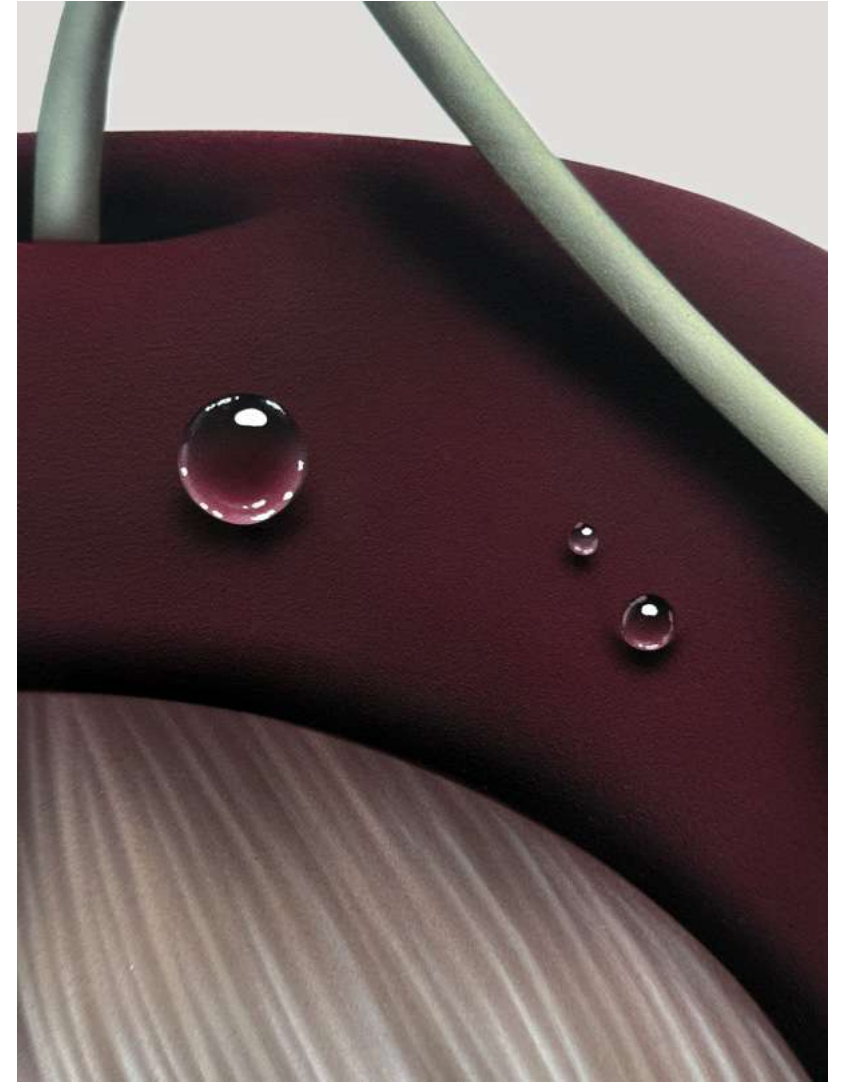


SIGNATURE.

Sara Sammakia

cui ©







exoskeletons ©

C₆H₁₂O₆

forest soul

softness held in fullness,
quiet weight below,
sweetness sealed in silence,
time moving slow

cherry

this cherry soul carries a quieter, more contained language of becoming - one shaped through fullness, stillness, and the quiet weight of what is held within. its form speaks in simplicity... a single, rounded presence holding depth beneath a smooth and softened surface. the skin protects gently - not as armour, but as a vessel. it holds sweetness close, allowing it to deepen over time without needing to reveal itself all at once. what is carried here is gathered inward... steady, centred, and whole within its own quiet space.

the stem and leaf rest above - a trace of origin, a subtle connection to where growth began. beneath, the form holds the memory of light, nourishment, and time... the unseen processes that shape what is felt more than what is seen. nothing here rushes to unfold. this is a form that deepens quietly... where sweetness is not immediate, but developed... shaped slowly through cycles of holding, softening, and becoming.

within exoskeletons, this figure reflects the quiet strength of containment - the way something can be complete without needing to expand outward. a reminder that depth does not always announce itself... it can rest, gather, and grow in silence. C₆H₁₂O₆ exists here as part of this unseen language... the quiet chemistry that turns light into substance, growth into form, and time into sweetness. it moves gently within, sustaining what is held and slowly transformed. like the forest, like the body, we carry what we become... deepening softly, from within.

a quiet fullness, carried within

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cui ©

ARTIST.

sara sammakia

DATE.

2026

MEDIUM.

acrylic & oil on linen

SIZE.

105 x 120 cm

TITLE.

the season between

cui, you turn a blossom in your hands,
never asking where it lands.

spring becomes the fruit you see,
fruit becomes tomorrow's tree.

the quiet moments pass unseen...

life grows gently in the season between.



SIGNATURE.

Sara Sammakia

cui ©





exoskeletons ©

C₆H₁₂O₆

forest soul

softness held in fullness,
quiet weight below,
sweetness sealed in silence,
time moving slow

cherry

cui stands quietly, holding a fallen blossom as though it contains a question. around her rest scattered petals, a whole cherry, and another opened to reveal its seed. each belongs to the same life, yet each occupies a different season. together they trace a cycle in which nothing is truly lost; every stage quietly prepares the next.

cui's attention settles on the blossom. it is the most fragile, the most immediate, the easiest to hold. the seed, by contrast, appears almost incidental. yet it carries the possibility that extends furthest beyond the present moment.

the work lingers in the space between these forms... not at the beginning, and not at the end, but in the quiet interval where one gives way to another. it reflects on those moments in life when we stand between who we have been and who we are becoming. these seasons rarely announce themselves. they often feel like waiting, uncertainty, or loss. yet beneath the surface, something essential is already taking shape.

perhaps becoming is not about finding what is missing.

perhaps it is about recognising that every season already carries the beginning of the next.



Sara Sannalia