

INK

Literature & Art



2016~2017

CATALOG

Cover Artist: Lynn Ding

Mister Lies (<i>Tristen Pasternak</i>)	3
I once met a women (<i>Tristen Pasternak</i>)	3
Doggy Detective (<i>Jack Correll</i>)	3
Seated (<i>Jack Correll</i>)	3
Soy Yo/I am (<i>Angela Zhang</i>)	4
A Bird Cage (<i>Caroline Weaver</i>)	5
The Bird (<i>Lynn Ding</i>)	5
My dreams are keeping me awake (<i>Tristen Pasternak</i>)	6
Lying Down(<i>Jack Correll</i>)	6
Thorn (<i>Angela Zhang</i>)	7
The Hand (<i>Tristen Pasternak</i>)	7
Landscape Painting I (<i>Alice Hu</i>)	9
One Wrong Move (<i>James Peterson</i>)	10
Reflection (<i>Yutian Feng</i>)	10
Next Station (<i>Jiwei Cheng</i>)	12
Junk Drawer Things (<i>Eva Gonzalez</i>)	13
Independence (<i>Gavin Sultan</i>)	14
Call me a social renegade(<i>Tristen Pasternak</i>)	14
Black Hole (<i>Kendra Allman</i>)	15
Tunnel (<i>Jack Correll</i>)	15
Ambition (<i>Erlend Lane</i>)	17
Ceiling (<i>Sydney Kaplan</i>)	17
A Postcard (<i>Angela Zhang</i>)	18
Untitled(<i>Jiwei Cheng</i>)	19
Yellow	20
Yellow flowers (<i>Lynn Ding</i>)	20
Ancient History (<i>Elisabeth Forsyth</i>)	21

When You Meet Peter - Part 10 (<i>Evan Paszamant</i>)	22
Unknown (<i>Alice Hu</i>)	23
The Haunting (<i>Elisabeth Forsyth</i>)	24
Light (<i>Yutian Feng</i>)	25
26 Sentences	26
Face (<i>Jack Correll</i>)	28
Duality (<i>Elisabeth Forsyth</i>)	28
13 Ways Of Looking At A Dandelion	29
Landscape Painting II (<i>Alice Hu</i>)	32
Landscape Painting III (<i>Alice Hu</i>)	32
Can I Undo Your Wrinkles Like You Undo My Hat? (<i>Choya Chen</i>)	33
The Hat (<i>Yutian Feng</i>)	34
Mirror (<i>Gavin Sultan</i>)	36
Are You There (<i>Tristen Pasternak</i>)	36
Untitled	38
Goat (<i>Jack Correll</i>)	38
Trumpet Gold (<i>Jack Correll</i>)	39



Jack Correll

Mister Lies

By Tristen Pasternak

Mister Lies
Mister Lies
We notice how the skin around those
eyes
Crinkles up around the sides
When you smile

Did you smile
With those eyes
When you reached between their
thighs
And felt all dignified
Did you smile?

Are you smiling now mister Guy
Mister Man
Mister white dude in a suit
Are you happy you've received
What you sought in hot pursuit?
Are you happy they believe you,



Jack Correll



Jack Correll

I once met a woman
Who sang to me in a dream
And the words that she sang
Made me cry endlessly

By Tristen Pasternak

Soy Yo

By Angela Zhang

Las palomas pueden volar
Extienden las alas blancas en el cielo
azul y
viajan libremente en todas partes del
mundo
Pero, yo no puedo

Los leones pueden rugir
Abren sus bocas y el sol oye la voz
tan fuerte el rey dorado de todos
Pero, yo no puedo

Los delfines pueden nadar
Respiran en agua debajo a luz
plateada de la luna
Exploran los secretos en el
profundísimo océano
Pero, yo no puedo

Sin embargo, yo soy quien yo soy
Yo puedo leer, escribir, hablar, cantar
y dibujar
Yo puedo hacer que la gente ría con
mi amor
Yo puedo hacer que las estrellas
bailen con mi imaginación

Yo no soy una Paloma o un león o un
delfín
Pero yo soy quien yo soy
Yo quiero quien yo soy

I Am

By Angela Zhang

Doves can fly
Spread their white wings against the
blue sky
Travel freely to any part of this world
But I can't.

Lions can roar
Open their mouths and even the sun
can hear their voice
As strong as a golden king of all
realm
But I can't.

Dolphins can swim
Breathe under the water under the
silver moonlight
Explore the secrets of the deepest
ocean
But I can not

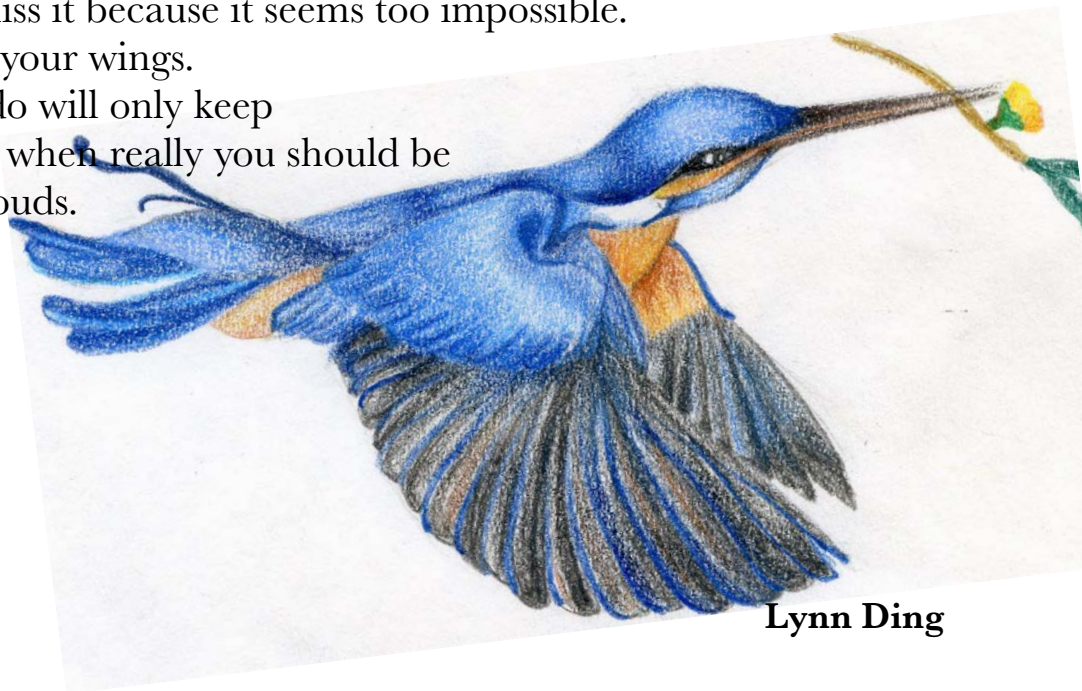
However, I am who I am
I can read, write, talk, sing and draw
I can make people smile with my love
I can make the stars dance with my
imagination

I am no dove or lion or dolphin
But I am who I am
I love who I am

A Bird Caged

By Caroline Weaver

Are you sure it's okay to fly,
Because I have grown up with my wings
Clipped.
Drawn in tightly to my silhouette,
Etched into my back
Forced to stay hidden so they
Grew into my skin.
Highlights of where the feathers used to be are still
Indicated by faint lines,
Just as jetstreams fade into nothingness.
Knowing that they were there, and being able to
Look and see them are two very different things.
Moments go by and it's like
Nothing was ever present.
Overactive imagination?
Possibly.
Quite likely if you asked anyone who didn't know that what's
Real and what isn't all depends on your perspective.
Slowly your grasp on reality will fade
The more you close your mind to
Unlikely situations.
Very likely you will dismiss it because it seems too impossible.
Well my love, never clip your wings.
Xing out what you can do will only keep
Your feet in the ground, when really you should be
Zooming through the clouds.



My dreams are keeping me awake
They will not let me sleep
With them I can't feel sound
For the tree trunks growing from your bed
Soon have their roots seep
Into earth deep under ground
Fair features and lips
So sincere
Visit me
Do not leave my head
I awake
And in fear
Of leaving them
I do not get out of bed

By Tristen Pasternak



Jack Correll

Thorn

By Angela Zhang

It was 2 in the morning.

Grace was sitting at the edge of her tub bath. A thousand voices were screaming in her head that made her headache even worse.

A little piece of metal was on the palm of her right hand. Burning, like hot coal. She could see nothing but darkness. Steam from the hot water was rising from her emaciated lower back and climbing up her vertebrae. It made her head a little bit dizzy.

She knew exactly where she was: the bathroom on the second floor between the room of her little sister and hers. But the darkness was endless and it seemed like she was in the middle of nowhere, from nowhere, heading nowhere. Both of her feet were bare on the glazed tile floor. Coldness of the tiles climbed up her shin, through her thigh to her heart.

The little piece of metal at the tip of her fingers was burning, like hot coal. Grace started to breathe very shortly and quickly. She felt like she was being tossed and drowned by an invisible wave.

The 4 AP classes she was taking; the coming up ACT test in December; the lit quiz she had to take tomorrow; the German project she needed to finish by the end of the week. The audition for the fall play; the soccer game on Friday; her lab partner who did absolutely nothing so she needed to do all the lab report. Her crush in precalc class; her recent fight with her best friend; the number of likes on her instagram account. The outbursting pimple on her nose; her ugly dirty blonde hair; her chubby cheek and her baby-fat body. Her little sister's birthday, her grandmother's cancer; her dad's job.

And everything.



Tristen Pasternak

They were all so scary. If she screws up even one of them, her life is going to be a complete mess. She would not be able to get into a good college; she would not be able to get a good job; she would not be able to find her true love. Things would all fall apart in her life. Grace feels like she is walking on a tightrope over an abyss with a million things balancing on top of her head. One thing falls off she would fall off into the hopeless darkness.

Grace was very afraid. She didn't know what to do. The only thing she knew was that the little piece of metal she was holding right now could relieve some of her pain. As the blade went in, Grace felt the sharp pain but she didn't feel the blood. The only thing she felt was the burning liquid climbing down her skin.

The world magically sank into complete silence. Grace moaned in agony with pleasure and let out a long, deep breath. She closed her eyes and leaned backwards. Feeling the pain as it arose, like a thorn growing out of her arm.

So she lifted up her wrist again, and blood came out. Instantaneously, all of her burden seemed to disappear. She felt the joy. She felt like floating on a cloud and finally, the world was peaceful again.

"I wish I could throw off the thoughts which poison my happiness and yet I take a kind of pleasure in indulging them," she whispered. She didn't know why she thought about this. It was a quote from Frederic Chopin.

"I wish..." she murmured, "oh I wish."

Grace took great pleasure in this. She knew it was wrong but she was unable to put an end to it. She just couldn't. She knew for a fact that she was trapped. The blade was her only way out. It was the only thing that enabled her to run away from her problems and pressure which sucked out all of the air of her life. It was the only thing that enabled her to block all of her worries and put her restless mind into rest. It was the only thing that enabled her to be herself, a vulnerable, sensitive, unconfident seventeen year old Grace. It was her only way to break out from the dark forest of her life but it also locked her into a cage made of thorns. Under the blade, she was both free and trapped. It was almost

like she made a deal with the devil, in a old puritan way. She signed the black book and gave up her soul, in exchange, the black man gives her this temporary freedom from everything else. He also initiated her into this world. This confusing and chaotic world where she could just let go of everything. It was like the wound and the blood made the world quiet and she finally got a chance to enjoy her free self. Cutting was consuming her and reviving her.

“I wish I could just stay,” she thought.

In the cage of thorn, Grace got her peace.



Alice Hu

One Wrong Move

By James Peterson

Scott trudged through the train car, his bags dragging behind him. He fell into a window seat, leaving his bags in the aisle seat next to him. Everything was finally done and he could return home. He began to drift off into sleep, letting his mind wander among the possibilities that awaited him back in his home town. Yet these thoughts were dashed when the train came to a sudden halt. Scott jerked forward and was woken up when his head hit the seat in front of him. Should've worn a seatbelt. He could hear shouting coming from somewhere a few cars up followed by the unmistakable sound of a laser being fired. It was them. The same silver-suit clad henchmen and women that had chased him here all the way from Missouri. Scott laid back in his chair. He had fought this moment long enough. There was no use in running anymore. But why him? Why did this happen? Where did it all go so wrong?

One week and five days ago Scott was going through his usual routine;



Yutian Feng

had a good heart (or so it seemed). Scott's searching usually proved fruitless, except that night, in August, when he found Alex. Alex was insane. Actually insane. But Scott didn't know this at the time, he only wanted to have another notch under his belt. So he proceeded to talk him up, asking about what he liked to do, his favorite places to visit, his bucket list, and his favorite movies. Alex seemed sociable and friendly. He responded happily to all of the questions he was asked and provided Scott with some questions of his own. Scott thought he had Alex. Alex knew he had Scott. So the two kept talking and bonding until Scott posed the question. It was the same question that Scott had been using for the past year. The question that Alex was waiting for, counting on even, so that he could make his move. "Can I see you?" Alex wasted no time sending him a barrage of mirror pictures and selfies. Scott was surprised, and read this behavior as eagerness, instead of maliciousness. It wasn't long until the two were video chatting on a frequent basis and plans were made to meet up and hang out. Scott thought for sure that he was in. Alex knew that he had already won.

They had talked online for about a week. In those six days, the screens between them seemed to relay the deepest of convictions and feelings, communicating the impossible and bringing two worlds together. But when those two worlds were brought together, there was hell on earth for one, and happiness and bliss for the other. Alex wanted to torture and murder Scott. Scott wanted to have sex with Alex. But when he smelled the drug in his drink, he asked no questions and ran as fast as he could. Scott ducked through alleyways and over tables, sprinting through every hard to reach place he saw in the Atlanta streets stretched out before him. The whole time he thought Alex was chasing him but as he looked back he saw no one. Little did he know that Alex was prepared for this and all outcomes.

For the last few years Alex had been stalking Scott, watching his every move. He knew exactly how he thought, how he acted, and what he would respond to. That's why it was so easy. Anything Scott could do, Alex could predict. He sat back when Scott started running, and brought out his cell phone. His friends were on speed dial, and with the relaying of a few simple coordinates, they were on their way.

And for the next few days they chased him all around Georgia. Some days he hid in people's houses or underground. Others, he stayed on the run, jumping at every sound and shadow. He eventually bought a train ticket, but there were several strange-looking men and women in silver suits at the station looking around. They chased him on sight and while he was able to lose them, he knew they would be waiting for him at the train station since he had to wait a day for his train to arrive. And when it did, he was there, sprinting through the station with a regiment of silver-suit clad goons trailing him.

Despite the goons, he made it onto the train, believing he was safe. But now the train was stopped. Now the car doors at the front and rear of his train car opened and produced a number of silver-clad men and women. Now they walked forward, surrounding him. Scott raised his hands above his head. There was no use in fighting anymore. He decided to submit, to whatever it is that awaited him.



Jiwei Cheng

Junk Drawer Things

By Eva Gonzalez

Pretty things, like roll-on perfumes that
smell like meadows and peonies with hints of
vanilla and musk.
Things like honest but unmailed postcards
from places previously visited. Some unwritten too.
Ugly things like tear-stained tissues.
Things like dirty shoelaces.
Tasty things like cookie crumbs and lollipop sticks,
a gum wrapper or two.
Eternal things like Polaroid pictures,
even those I wish I could forget.
Useful things like ballpoint pens and
pocket-size notebooks with paper of the college-ruled variety,
perfect for writing poetry and making supermarket lists.
Things like band-aids decorated with cartoons.
Useless things like phone numbers of boys who
never texted back.
Things like an expired gift card, a temporary credit card.
Loose change, composed of mostly pennies.
Eerie things like screams
captured inside those four drawer walls
escaping slowly, painfully, silently, through the keyhole.
Things I do not want to think about, like
crumpled up post-it notes in vibrant shades of pink,
scribbled plots and character names and first lines,
ghosts of abandoned ideas.



Gavin Sultan

Call me a social renegade
I am running with a cause
For what I am escaping from
Has no presence
Rules
Or any laws
I find myself onstage in awe

When the curtain closes
The lights dim with no applause
Around the corner is my dressing room
Its inhabitants are no more
For I am slightly frightened
When I return
To find roses at my door

By Tristen Pasternak

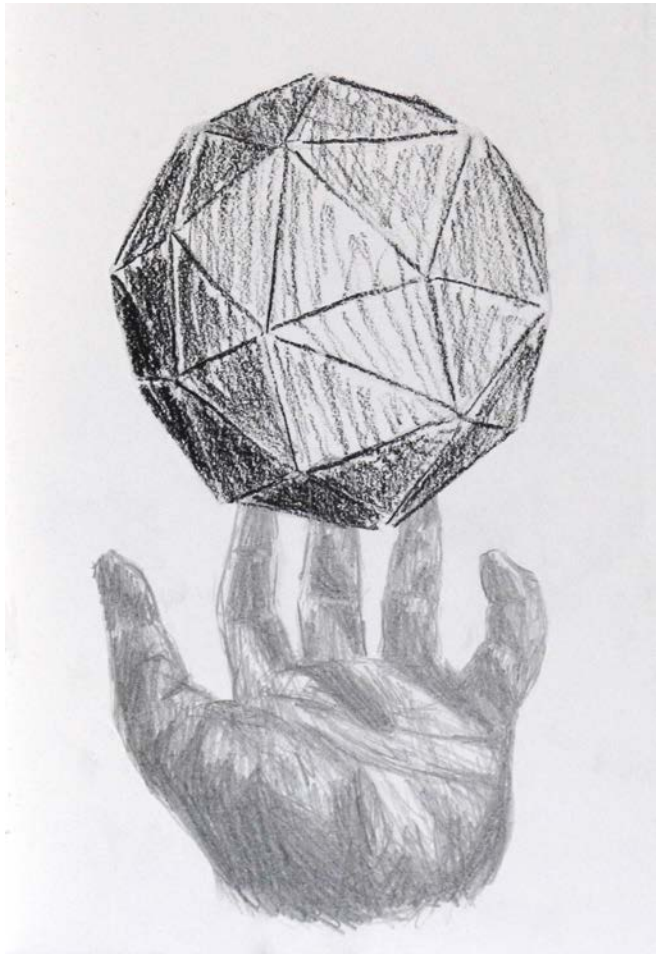
Black Hole

By Kendra Allman

I am a magic man.

But I wasn't always. Before I recognized myself as such I was but a magic little boy, burning dexterously flakes of moon molecules between my fingers, and spidering along the eggshell surfaces of the dead. And before even that I was but a magic little embryo, curled like a wisp of smoke around the neck of a star potentate. I was conceived of magic and born of magic, eons ago amongst the gory remains of a red supergiant, its tendrils forming my tendons, its heart forming my lopsided, bulbous baby head. The universe's dark and vibrant, gaseous hands cradled me the moment I entered the world, and I knew upon arrival that I was loved — if not by my lacerated mother, then by my trillion aunts and uncles, and above all, by the velvet folds that had them suspended and swiveling like a mobile above my cosmic crib.

Now, I will tell you a secret about this remarkable event, one that is only known to a select few, but which I reveal to you in the hopes that you may glean from it some valuable wisdom: when I was born, I had a twin. A brother. A shadow, spilling from a scorched ribcage of hydrogen and pooling over my ankles. He, my new partner, suckled at my new toes with ferocious adoration, and I felt towards him, in those first few moments of consciousness, a devoted endearment



Jack Correll

that spanned a broken solar system. I shimmered as though seen through crystalline, sun-stained waves of water; he reflected me like a dark, stagnant slough, and I remember, very distinctly, the action of pulling back my wispy cheeks and smiling at him — smiling at my reflection — my dark, distorted brother, whom I loved, truly. Truly.

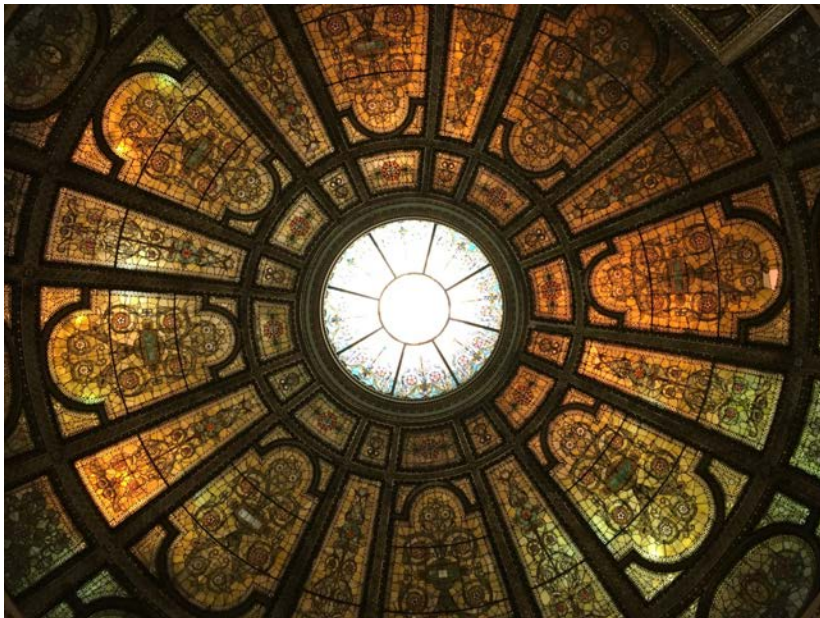
However — unfortunately — I was born with magic, which came, oftentimes in those days, with an undeniable sagacity. This demanded, without abashment, without pause, my only companion's demise. Galaxies brayed to me with it, my aunts and uncles mewled and whimpered, and the universe herself petted my hair and urged me to action. If I hesitated, I might have slipped and collapsed under a wave of my hungry brother, fallen into a fathomless tear. I did not hesitate; I did as my red mother would have wanted. And thus I crouched to press my lips to him in a parting kiss, then sucked and slurped as messily as any newborn a welcoming meal, until my belly was full of black, of viscous, of infinitely dense vacancy.

You understand. He would've eaten the world — inhaled every nebula, imbibed every pulsar, guzzled every last drop of starlight. You understand — don't you? I was hoping you would. I did what I had to do. I am a magic man, and from the day I was born, I've done what I had to. I am a magic man, and he had no magic at all. I did what I had to. I knew you'd understand.

Ambition

By Erlend Lane

Move and shift resent and bumble
snatching fog out of the sky
eyes stuck up while we rub shoulders
watch how hard the others try
there's a kid modeling puddles
runoff carved like a throne
eyes fixated on a cloud
10 ft dirt patch his spine made home
another fall-victim with eyes still focused
towards grey stairs they couldn't finish
sage smears mist into a locust
vision could help but is diminished.
Turn left once, 500 feet away
breathy roars come from the sea
froth kissing shore but nothing to say
I'd see a throne in the tsunami
but all our necks stretch towards the sky



Sydney Kaplan

A Postcard

By Angela Zhang

“When the war is over, The toils of life is through. I’ll be coming back my darling to home, sweet home, and you.” Inside of the glass display case, a single piece of crisp yellow paper lies against the black background, waiting to be received by Catherine Isabelle Plate.

It was written by Olivier Plate, a soldier merely 23 years old, on an early morning of May 10th, 1940. He was sent to the war about a year ago, only 6 months married to his Catherine. She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life: her soft brown hair was always in a perfect bun; when she smiled, happiness poured out of her big hazel eyes and an unsymmetrical dimple on her left cheek.

An unexpected rain interrupted him; hastily, he used his dirty jacket to protect the postcard and carefully placed it in the deepest pocket of his vest. He looked up at the sky and squinted, the clouds were grey and heavy: a storm is coming. The commander said that the German forces would attack through central Belgium as they did in the Great War, and that’s where most of his comrades went. He, Olivier Plate on the other hand, was sent to the Ardennes Forest in southeastern Belgium with a small military detachment. “For precaution,” Lieutenant Fowler said. Olivier remembered that day when Lieutenant Fowler announced that he was put to this detachment while almost all the others were sent to the Franco-Belgian border to meet the German attack. He was very disappointed at first---as a hot blooded young man, it had always been his dream to be at the frontline and kill some German scum to win glory for the Great Britain. However, as a newly-wedded lover, he was secretly delighted because this meant that he may be able to return home safely and earlier to his lovely Catherine.

In the thought of this, he lifted up his coat, pulled out the postcard under it and added with a grin: “to home, sweet home, and you.”

The sky became darker and the clouds were so close to the ground that he felt even air had been drawn out. The Ardennes Forest was still and quiet. A little bit

too quiet. He could hear his own breath. The Ardennes Forest looked a bit suspicious. He felt uneasy.

Suddenly, a deafening sound broke the silence. Olivier saw a huge black monster emerge behind the pine trees, and two and three and everywhere. He jumped up to his toes, shoveled the postcard in the deepest pocket of his vest and ran as fast as possible to the camp. "Germans are here!!" He screamed so hard that he felt the pain rise from his throat. He rushed to the tent. He grasped his gun. Everything was in a chaos. He pressed on the postcard, and then followed the others, lifted his gun, jumped through their trenches, ran over the top. Tanks crept and toppled forward to everything in front of them. The barrage roared and lifted. The pine trees crashing by the dun monsters. Olivier and the others jostled and climbed to meet the bristling fire. With bombs and guns and shovels and battle-gear, they seemed so small, so clumsy, so powerless. "I'll be waiting for you." Catherine's heart-breaking voice filled his mind. Time ticked blankly and carelessly somewhere in the universe, bullets flew, weaving a web of death. "Please come back." Fire turned the green Ardennes Forest into red, into a crematorium; then into black and white, into the devil's playground. Men's lives were like leaves, tossed, blown, scattered in flocks of ruin. "So we can start a family." And hope, floundered in mud. Olivier didn't feel the pain. He simply fell. But fear filled his chest to the full. He couldn't hear anything. The screams, the shouts, the curses of the machines...they were all leaving him now. The world seemed to be so quiet. A little bit too quiet. It seemed unreal but he saw Catherine, his Catherine, his sweet darling Catherine. He was so afraid to never see her again. But she was smiling at him now. So sweet that he could feel the happiness pouring out of her watery hazel eyes, and the cute little dimple, on her left cheek. It was unsymmetrical but he found it adorable. As a red flower bloomed from his chest, Olivier murmured with an almost imperceptible voice: "Catherine."

"When the war is over, The toils of life is through. I'll be coming back my darling to home, sweet home, and you." Inside of the glass display case, there is a single piece of crisp yellow paper with a couple of maroon dots. It lies against the black background, waiting for Catherine Isabelle Plate.

I want a dyke for president. I want a person with aids for president and I want a fag for vice president and I want someone with no health insurance and I want someone who grew up in a place where the earth is so saturated with toxic waste that they didn't have a choice about getting leukemia. I want a president that had an abortion at sixteen and I want a candidate who isn't the lesser of two evils and I want a president who lost their last lover to aids, who still sees that in their eyes every time they lay down to rest, who held their lover in their arms and knew they were dying. I want a president with no airconditioning, a president who has stood on line at the clinic, at the dmv, at the welfare office and has been unemployed and lashed off sexually harassed and gaybashed and deported. I want someone who has spent the night in the tombs and had a cross burned on their lawn and survived rape. I want someone who has been love and been hurt, who respects sex, who has made mistakes and learned from them. I want a Black woman for president. I want someone with bad teeth and an attitude, someone who has eaten that nasty hospital food, someone who wears crossdresses and has done drugs and been in therapy. I want someone who has committed civil disobedience and I want to know why it isn't possible. I want to know why it's so hard to learn something on the line that a person is always a john and never a hooker. Always a thief and never a worker.

Jiwei Cheng

Yellow

But I could not help but notice
The essentiality of this moment:
All yellow aligned.

Mellow sun
Shone through the window panes,
Warm on everything it bathed.
Suddenly there was a shift:
I noticed the heightened feeling
Which hung in this space,
Fleeting and glorious.



Lynn Ding

She stood in the path of light,
Open heart and beaten soul;
I do not know her story but I
Long to.
She wore a
Yellow striped shirt -
Which is my favorite shirt I have seen her
wear,
I am sure -
Hugging her figure,
Framing her neckline.
She stretched -
She is a flow of everything;
Never have I seen her still.
The ocean
In the sun

To her right were the flowers,
Bright and ribboned,
Sitting in their vase
And doing a lot for our small cafe.

Yellow flowers
Yellow girl
In the yellow sun
Opened my yellow mind
And it blended in a singular moment
With all other colors
Which have manifested themselves in me

Ancient History

By Elisabeth Forsyth

The change was unexpected in the least and it threw her off guard. After only seeing grotesque images for so long, fighting against demons she'd never be able to forget, she was now met with a new type of challenge. She wasn't warned about this, but then again she had made it farther than most, if not the farthest. She considered hiding behind the many pots in the room to collect herself, but she soon realized it was pointless since the goddess had noticed her presence already. Her voice was so melodic, she almost didn't pay attention to what the beauty was saying. But it was also then that she realized what was wrong. The mark, the mark that was everywhere in this place, was on the goddess's otherwise unblemished skin as well. Her thoughts were cloudy and she couldn't think straight. But through the madness she managed to quickly ask why such a thing had occurred. The answer she got had shocked her to the core and helped to rip her out of her stupor. "Why, even a gentle spirit can become mischievous and destructive if it gets bored my dear." The spirit then tried to pull her in for a kiss but missed an important detail. Our heroine then stabbed the being in the stomach with her enchanted blade and watched as the area started to glow a blinding white. She sadly smiled as she watched the beauty writhe in agony. She may have been able to snap out of the spell a bit, but it still caused her to have feelings for this 'gentle spirit'. And as the final bits of the being were disappearing, she heard a beautiful voice ring in her head. "That attitude of yours, working hard then dying fast, is going to come for you one day. And when that day comes I'll be waiting. As you are the only one able to defeat me, I'm tied to you. But next time I won't be as friendly." The girl shivered but smiled as it finally ended. She picked up her sword and walked away, knowing the next challenges would be harder, but none as memorable as this short one was.

When You Meet Peter

Evan Paszamant

Part 10: If We Had Just Another Minute

Time: 11:35 pm

Date: February 9, 1936

Place: Just outside of Carter's room in the west wing of the 8th floor

When Madeline arrived just down the hall from Carter's room, she noticed both nurses and doctors rushing in and out of his room. From the other end of the hall you could hear the commotion coming only from his room. Madeline began to run to her son's room, praying that nothing was wrong with Carter.

As Madeline walked through the door, she saw doctors jabbing her son with different needles and nurses trying to lift Carter from his bed and onto a movable crash cart. Madeline could not even begin to understand exactly what was going on because the doctors and nurses were speaking in a sophisticated medical language.

One of the nurses turned and noticed Madeline.

"You must be Carter's mom," the nurse said hurriedly while trying to stay calm. "Everything is alright, but the lower half of his body appears to be dysfunctional, possibly paralyzed. Now don't panic though! The doctors are just taking him to the O.R. to see what's going on inside."

"Wait!" Madeline shouted. "What's wrong with him? What's going on with my baby?"

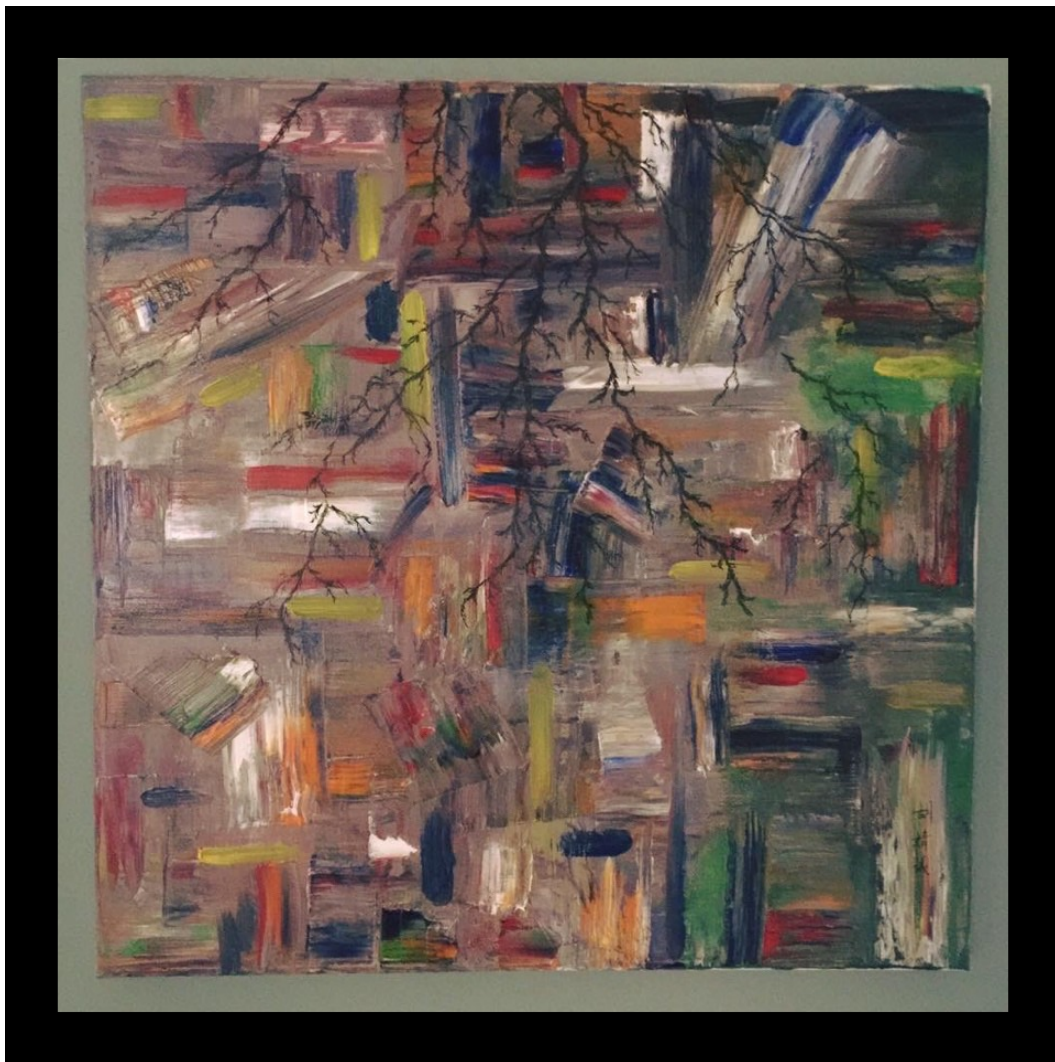
"Ma'am, I need you to please step aside for just a moment," the nurse said politely.

Just as the nurse finished speaking, the crash cart carrying Carter rolled out of the room. Carter was just given a dose of anesthetics to calm him down. Madeline watched quietly as her own child was helplessly moved out of the room and into the hallway. Madeline stumbled as she made her way to be next to her son. Carter looked worn out, and Madeline could tell through her motherly instincts that Carter was tired of fighting his battle.

"Hi baby," Madeline said through the stream of tears coming down her face. "I'll see you when you get out of surgery okay?" At this point Madeline could barely form a single sentence. She was shaking and physically and emotionally falling apart. Just as Carter was about to be pushed away, he turned to face his mother for the last time.

"I'll see you in a l-li-t-t-le while Mom," Carter said while slowly falling asleep.

"I love you with all my heart," Madeline said as she watched her son disappear down the hallway, escaping her embrace for the last time.



Alice Hu

The Haunting

By Elisabeth Forsyth

The shuffling of cards. The stench of fresh print. A smug smile. Eyes as dark as the night and crueller than the imagination. The being lifted its head looking straight ahead into the emptiness. The smile soon turned sinister. A voice unrecognizable, forgotten the instant it fades, but the words forever ingrained in the universe. A haunting melody, the notes born from sorrows and memories, woven like silk, the words predetermined for every soul who hears them. Interchangeable and cursed.

A hand reached out, and grabbed a box. If one were to inspect the box, they'd find it to be a normal card deck box. But if they looked close enough, a secret would reveal itself. A single name woven into the patterns. This is true for all the decks within the darkness of the room. Some hide deep enough to not be reached yet. Some are so close they are barely in the shadows. But there are a few in the middle, ripe for the picking. 'Perfectly ripe,' the being muses as it fiddles with the small box in its hands. Setting the box down on a table that was never there yet always there, the eyes glinting with excitement and an emotion that no mortal could pinpoint. With a microscopic movement, the box exploded open, the shreds of cardboard disintegrating into black sand and melting into the floor. There lay a deck of cards. The smell of fresh ink reaches the being's nose. The smile increases tenfold and it begins to hum the melody again. Taking up the cards in a hand, it launches them into the air. Most of the deck disappears just as the cardboard box. The cards that remain float in front of the being's head. They seem like normal cards, until the being flicks its wrist. The patterns and faces change into real people, with real names. The portraits are accurate to a level no artist could ever even dream to achieve, and the being merely drops its smile at the sight of the cards.

'That no good brat got to them before me? Well well, that will not do! I will just have to mess up this wonderful life no? Now, who first...'

The being brought its head close to the cards in inspection, then finally

stopped in front of one card. It was glowing a golden color and the human was smiling happily at the being, unaware of what it really was. It was a chosen one. The being's sinister smile returned. It flipped the card over with one finger, hummed the melody right above it once, and watched as the melody completed itself again. But as it was coming to a close, another card turned itself over and joined in.

'Well. This just got interesting~ Maybe I'll put even more thought into this now that there are a connected two...'

The being, satisfied with what it hopes to achieve, dismissed the cards back into a box made out of thin air. The cards slide in and the box falls to the table. The being gave the box one last look before dissolving into black sand himself.

But had he stayed one more moment, he would have heard the melody beginning again with the same lyrics and people from before. The melody would finish and the golden color surrounding the two chosen cards would turn to black.



Yutian Feng

26 Sentences

A tall, lengthy man walked into the room.

Because of his crooked nose, his awkward stride, and his giant, deep and powerful laugh, I knew it was my father. The

Corn from my lunch fell from my mouth, dribbling down my chin, as I sat there, stunned, mouth wide open like a sitcom character.

Dad, if he even has the right to be called that, walked toward me. He grabbed a Hershey's kiss out of the candy jar on the desk, completely ignoring my presence.

Every one of my colleagues started to stare. My cliché stunned reaction was truly comical. Eventually, my father started to stare as well.

Finally, he spoke. "What's up son, cat got your tongue?" I knew that when he said son, he meant it in a friendly way; like "what's good buddy" or "what's good kid". It had been so long that he had no idea who I was.

God, had I waited for this moment. The moment when I would see my father again. After all of these years, after all he had did to me.

Had I been prepared I would have had a speech ready. The sort of speech that brings crowds to tears. The sort of speech that requires a standing ovation after because

It was just that powerful.

Just as I began to compose myself to answer his question, the phone on the desk started to ring. I could not pick it up, I could not focus on anything else

Knowing he was there, staring at me the same way he had all those years ago.

Little memories sprang up in my heart, beating down on my body. I felt as if I was going to throw up.

My mind was racing. Everyone was still staring, including my father. My father. My father was here. And he was looking at me.

Nothing, no possible scenario, could be as bizarre as this one.

One after one, words began to pour out of my mouth like word vomit.

"Please move to the back of the line sir, we'll take care of you in just a moment, even though you never took care of me, even though you left me and Mom to clean up the mess that you made, even though you left me to grow up alone, without a dad. Even though you kissed me goodnight that night acting like everything was normal, but

weren't there when we woke up. Even though you left your family for another, thinking that this was an okay thing to do - that this was the morally correct thing to do. Even though you left us with the debt that you put us into. Even though you left no note, no goodbye, no apology, no letter for me to read at my graduation or my wedding day. Even though when you left you took all of the happiness with you.”

Quite honestly, this is not what I said, but this is what I thought as I continued to stare, mouth and eyes wide open.

Reality was, I didn't say anything at all, my colleagues took care of what he needed; a refund on the broken headboard he had bought. What he didn't realize was that you can't just expect no consequences when you break something apart. You can't return a broken object and pretend it wasn't your fault.

So many days I had spent dreaming of this exact moment.

Too many days. When you imagine something for long enough it eventually becomes a fake reality; a fantasy that will never come true.

Unfortunately (or maybe fortunately) this moment did not go how I had always imagined. I didn't end up playing the

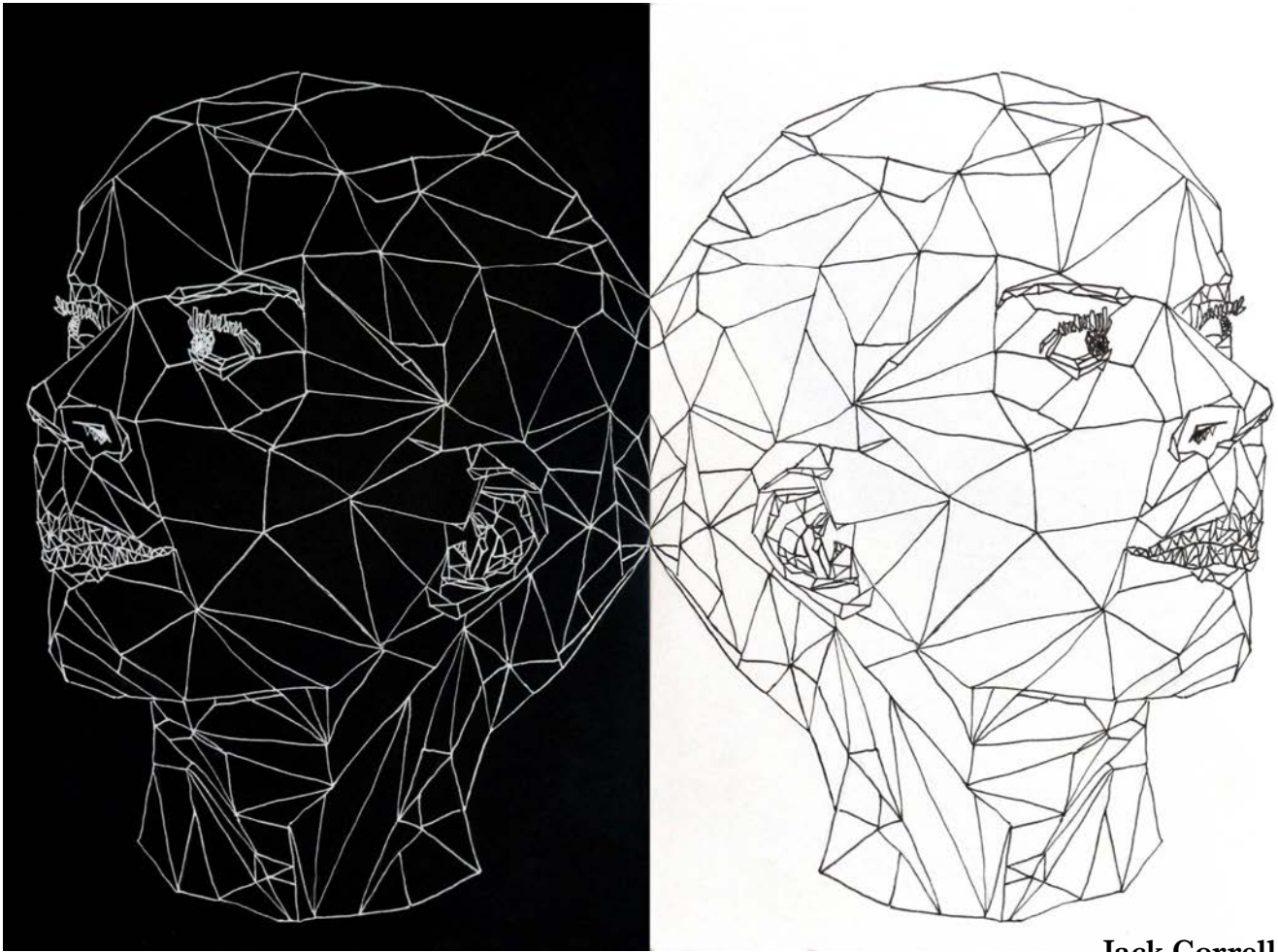
Victim.

Whether or not my life would have gone differently from that point on if I had just spoken up and released all of those thoughts that clogged my mind, I will never know. The

Xylophone that my father gave me on my 4th birthday still sits in my room, along with all the grief and sadness that he left and had never healed.

Yesterday I thought about my dad and tomorrow I will again. I will likely think of him every day for a while until the day comes that I will be able to

Zip all the things he left in a metaphorical bag, close it up, and store it away in my brain where the things inside will no longer matter or affect me. Where he will no longer affect me.



Jack Correll

Duality

By Elisabeth Forsyth

Her anger boils under the surface. It always glints in her eyes, however short the appearance may be. Sitting alone, her fists will clench and unclench at speeds inhuman. And yet no one noticed. No one realized the potential of explosion that surrounds her like a lover. She found it almost comical. But it made her distant. But no one noticed. No one came to help her when she couldn't help herself. It ate her from the inside out. There was nothing left inside that shell beside pure, uncontrolled anger. She was never quite whole to begin with. But this beast within destroyed any chance of becoming whole. She became a being of anger, soon a being of hatred. But no one noticed.

13 Ways Of Looking At A Dandelion

I

All the wind is swirling
The seasons truly whirling
All the others have gone
One dandelion left behind

II

spring flight of gossamer
summer sea of yellow

III

A dandelion grows in the sun
and dances to the beat of the wind,
Full of seeds
Full of dreams
Full of life
A budding dandelion, dispersing its seeds on the Earth
Leaving an imprint on the ground
I am unsure what my seeds will look like,
Regardless, they'll somehow leave an imprint on the world.

IV

The seeds blow off into the wind
Being carried by a gentle hand
off to explore the land

V

When I'm in an appreciative mood, I look at the dandelion,
astonished by the simple beauty it offers.

When I'm in a greedy mood, I look at the dandelion,
wishing more would grow in my garden.
When I'm in an angry mood, I notice the subtle imperfections about the
dandelion, and get frustrated that they even exist.
Despite my mood, I look at the dandelion every day;
it is a continuous object which contradicts my rapidly-changing emotions.

VI

The world would be
Motionless
Colorless
Without the constant swaying
Of the dandelion fields

VII

The yellow slowly fading
Going gray with age
Puffing up
And waiting to disappear

VIII

A field of dandelions

All the same

But different.

IX

A glance at the white stains in an open field
The white softness blowing away in a gust of wind.
Or by someone's own.

X

Small in our world
Overlooked and stepped upon
But provides shade and shelter
For those even smaller

XI

I can see those dandelions
 and how they were dancing,
 to the serene bliss of wind
 whispering,
obsequious promises

XII

A plot of Earth,
A sprinkling of Rain,
A gust of Wind,
A sunshine Ray,
United to create a simple seed,
That grew into a dandelion weed.

XIII

Rooted into the depths of the earth
Sun-colored blossoms departing
Into a pillow-white afterlife
Parachuting angels soaring in search
Of their final destination
In hopes of the fulfillment of a wish



Alice Hu



Alice Hu

Can I Undo Your Wrinkles Like You Undo My Hat?

By Choya Chen

I have never seen someone who can control knitting needles so well. Shuttling back and forth with the slight motions of her hands, those wooden sticks seem not to be naughty at all. Also, you can hardly find a sign of tension on her face, there's only peacefulness and a little bit of seriousness. The sun shines on the left side of her face, and there's birds singing in the garden. I can't help staring at her on such a warm, serene Sunday afternoon.

"Come on, get up, let me see if it fits you." She puts the unfinished hat around my head with gentleness, pushing up her glasses with her index finger, and stares at me thoughtfully.

"What's wrong?" I say, noticing the frown on her forehead.

"You are growing up so fast," she replies, removing the hat from my head.

"It's too small for my 16-year-old girl." Then she undoes the former work and starts over with a smile on her face.

Yeah, it's been 16 years, I say to myself.

When I was in kindergarten, my parents left me in my grandparents' house since they considered work was more important than their child (so I thought as a young child). I became one of those left behind children who most people think should be crying and missing parents all day and all night. Yes, it's true that I didn't have my parents to come to the parent meetings in school, to drive me to my friend's parties and kiss me goodbye and tell me to have fun, to do everything that parents should be doing for their children. But I had something that many kids don't have, something that I treasure the most.

Everyday after the dismissal bell rang, carrying my heavy backpack full of workbooks that needed to be completed, I ran out of the classroom as fast as I could. I turned right at the gate, walked past the mailbox, and there she was, standing next to her bike just as usual. I passed her my backpack to put in the front basket and sat behind her on the backseat, putting my arms around her waist. Along our way home, I talked about news that happened in school today or I was too tired to talk about anything and just fell asleep. I can still remember the breeze which had a nice smell in it blowing my hair, the old man at the bicycle repairing house waving at us, and the arch covered with green plants whose names were still a



Yutian Feng

mystery. And I knew, deep in my heart, those were the things that I could never discover if I was sitting in my parent's car.

There's a balcony at my grandparents' house where I spent most of my time on the weekend. With the traditional dessert made by my grandmother, I could spend the whole afternoon doing nothing but staring at the willow tree dancing in the wind. But my favorite fun thing to do was knitting with my grandmother. I remember she got me a small pair of knitting needles which could easily be controlled by my small hands and a yarn ball of my favorite color. She was so patient and so kind to help me get started. I messed up one time, but all she did was smile and comfort me to undo the wrong part. I knitted a small and kind of ugly scarf which could only suit a doll. Still, the excitement and the tears almost dropped from her eyes when I gave her that scarf that I had made. At night, I was lying on the sling chair next to her, feeling the warmth from the sweater made from her on my body. The stars, the wind, the chirps of crickets, all the normal things were full of sweetness all of a sudden.

“Hey, try this time.” Her voice brings me back from my memory.

I get the soft hat and put it on my head. It fits perfectly.

She smiles.

It’s the exact same smile that she had 10 years ago on the balcony except for the wrinkles next to the corner of her eyes. God, 16 years. I’m growing up and she's getting older. Her hair is turning grey, her skin is not so tight like it used to be, she even has to close her eyes a little bit to focus on knitting. God, what a fool I’ve been that I didn't notice the oldness sweeping across her whole body. I feel like there’s something dragging my heart, that I’m numb and can not breathe. I want to cry, but my eyes are so dry and sore that no tears will come out.

“What's wrong, honey?” She notices the expression on my face.

Time, the only truth that exists on this planet and also the only thing that can tell you what you have done and what you need to do. I know I can’t go back in time, I know I can’t change that she is old. But I also know what I can do. I can change myself. I can treat her better. I can do things for her just like all that she did for me. I can make her the happiest person in the world, at least, in her world.

The sun shines on the left side of her face, and there's birds singing in the garden. I can't help staring at her on such a warm, serene Sunday afternoon.

“Undo that hat. It’s too large. I want it back to what it used to be.” I say calmly.



Gavin Sultan

Are You There

By Tristen Pasternak

Are you there
Hello sir
Are you there
There are footsteps in your room
Yes, hello sir
Over there
Who's that shadowed figure on your
roof
Outside the window
Over there
Over there
Hello sir
Excuse me
I heard a noise coming from the stairs

Squeaky stairs
Creaky step
Over there sir
Over there

Excuse me sir
I've got to go now
I'm going home
I'm going home
You hear a creak now
Not from the stairs
But somehow
In the corner of your room

What's that noise

Am I awake

I'll sit on
The edge of my bed
And try to decide
If I've lost my head
If I'm dreaming
Or maybe I'm just dead
Six feet under
Under covers
I can't move
With your skeleton fingers
Around my neck

There's something in your closet
Over there
Over there
It's standing
There
Behind the door
I'm older now
I shouldn't see your face here anymore
But I still feel the torture
Of your bones touching my skin
Standing over
Looking down
With your frozen stone-carved grin

Why won't the man stop smiling
The bald man
Over there
Who is standing in your room
His smile is six feet wide

I fear that great big smile
Of the bald man with no eyes

There's something over there now
Over there I see a figure
Not a human
Help me God what is that
Creature so disfigured

The doors are locked
Blinds down
Head against the pillow case
Jesus lord God help me
If I again must set my eyes
Upon that eyeless smiling face
Please I pray
Please help me
If again I am tied down
Beneath the shapeless structure
With a jaw that cannot frown
I am begging for your mercy
If again I have to see
The awful shape
Of disfigured form
Skulking from my closet
Bounding toward me

Leave the room
Leave me be
Alone I'll sleep
In serenity
Without you here
I'll be fine
How do get I rid of something
That lives inside my mind

Untitled

Darkness overcomes me
Here, there is nothing but cold
And rain
I am a leopard sprinting toward my next path
My spots have turned too quickly
I must put my pen to action
Some may say it's odd
I say it's just my path

To the editor, respectfully,
The problem at the bus stop
Was the oddities collector
Mistaking the aging models
For his wares
Respectively yours, concerned, aging model

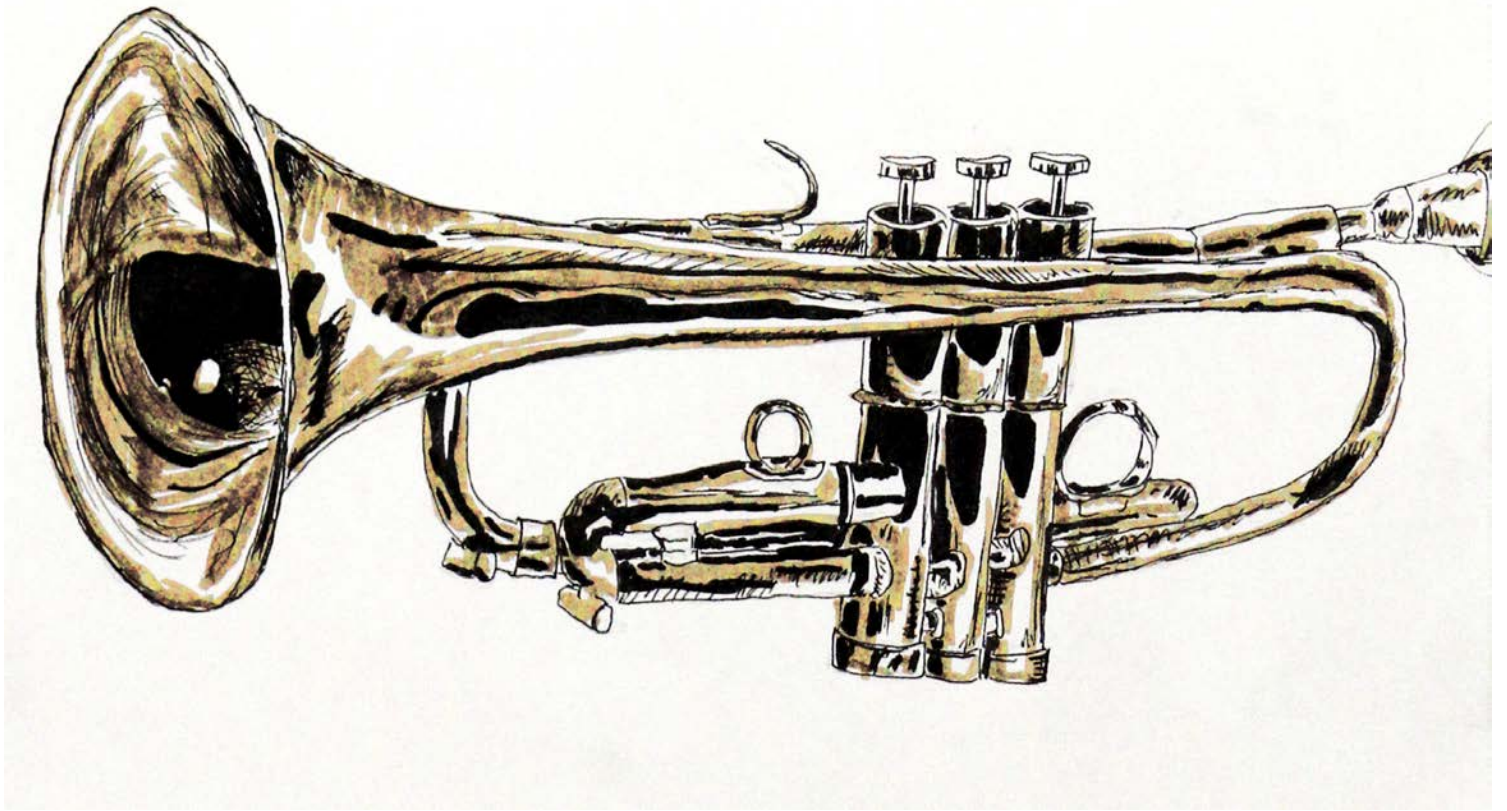
Letters to the editor got weird sometimes
Especially when the subject was aging models
And when written by an oddities collector
Then it was just disturbing
And when they spoke of observing them at the bus stop
Then they were a problem at the bus stop

The oddities collector was becoming a problem at the bus stop
Always writing letters to the editor
And attempting to collect aging models

The aging model was an oddity
But not to be collected
And definitely not at the bus station, perhaps somewhere else
And certainly not to be the subject of letters to the editor



Jack Correll



Jack Correll

Magazine Edited By

Lynn Ding

Eva Gonzalez

Elisabeth Forsyth