

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO TATTLE

IHS TATTLE

2026 TATTLE LITERARY ISSUE

Cycles

S T N E T N O C

P O E T R Y

1 Planting Garlic at Dusk
Miriam DeGeorge p. 24

2 God and Teal Garages
Felix James Vast-Binder
Faris p. 21

3 I Must Apprise
Campbell Renee Wright
p. 21

“Supporting Green Together”
Lee Cho p. 70

A Rant for Mandarin
Lee Cho p. 11

E World is She
Corallus Meeks p. 65

E Finding Reasons
Cornelia Ye p. 16

E Andromeda
Cornelia Ye p. 22

E A Prose Poem For a Flower
or a Slug
Zadie Wang p. 17

Aries
Naima Dege p. 57

A Dark Season
Eli Ash p. 71

Songs That Makes Me Think of You
Zadie Kolodji p. 12

Moving Through the Seasons
Sonam Gupta p. 50

Living (or the look at the mind’s
point of view)
Ben Mellon p. 25

E Patroclus
Julia Kleinberg p. 16

To a Nuthatch After Snowfall
Miriam DeGeorge p. 19

E *Tattler* Editorial Board
member submission, not
considered for a prize

MUSIC COMPOSITION

1 If you were the rain
Lucy Park-Hookway p. 23

2 Ithaca Evening
Andres Ryan p. 20

3 This Golden Age: A
Wind Quartet in G sharp
minor
Elliott Purser p. 50

Gini Index Project
Skylor Ford p. 35

(Before) I'm Happy
Again
*Zee Kasian & David
Kretz p. 38*

It Can't Be Said
*Will Goodreau, Leonid
Korzukhin p. 39*

Downhill
Furkan Uyar p. 32

Population Project Part 2
Skylor Ford p. 34

Hope
Skylor Ford p. 15

Translucence
Lucy Park-Hookway p. 21

Tattler Medley
*Andres Ryan, Simon
Gibb, Ethan Fishel, Arya
Basu, Antonio
CorderoNavas p. 25*

THEME: CYCLES

1 walk away
Allison Karasin p. 7

2 seasons, changing
Dani Falk p. 15

3 Ripples
Owen Kinney p. 22

Every night
Dani Falk p. 10

Will It Ever End?
Julia Madrid p. 18

The Last Birth
Jingying Xu p. 28

Spiraling Up
Furkan Uyar p. 10

E Untitled (1)
Corallus Meeks p. 51

E 4.1-Cubic-Foot Top-Load Washer
Cornelia Ye p. 20

Encroaching Further Every Year
Owen Kinney p. 22

PHOTOGRAPHY

1 Rustic Sparrows
Lutèce Morgan-Knapp p. 36

2 Perpetual Motion
Owen Kinney p. 26

3 Glow and Steady
Nathan McClintic p. 40

Untitled (1)
Salih Uyar p. 50

Untitled (2)
Salih Uyar p. 67

Untitled (3)
Salih Uyar p. 41

Untitled (4)
Salih Uyar p. 61

Untitled (5)
Salih Uyar p. 52

Untitled (6)
Gabriel Cruz-Gallo p. 51

Sunset in Incheon, South Korea
Lee Cho p. 50

Fall Creek
Benjamin You p. 47

The Bridge
Salih Uyar p. 51

The Great Sunset
Salih Uyar p. 67

Cat's Eye View
Cecilia He p. 10

Solitary Adventure
Cecilia He p. 47

Incheon, South Korea
Lee Cho p. 36

Waterfall
Lee Cho p. 68

Monstrous Spider
Furkan Uyar p. 56

Cutouts
Will Goodreau p. 49

Morning Dew
Furkan Uyar p. 12

Growing Together
Furkan Uyar p. 32

Falls of Buttermilk
Furkan Uyar p. 46

Water Flow
Furkan Uyar p. 56

The Whole Fall
Furkan Uyar p. 68

A View From Above
Furkan Uyar p. 69

Ancient Steps
Furkan Uyar p. 38

Eye of The Tree
Furkan Uyar p. 63

Flowing Out
Furkan Uyar p. 70

Pool of Water
Furkan Uyar p. 22

The Rotting Red Canoe
Simka Dolch p. 68

autumn field
Asher Kolodji p. 7

Spring in NYC
Asher Kolodji p. 46

The Great Fall
Furkan Uyar p. 19

la calle
Asher Kolodji p. 53

amsterdam sunset
Asher Kolodji p. 11

la ciudad
Asher Kolodji p. 69

grassy meadow
Asher Kolodji p. 68

las montañas
Asher Kolodji p. 49

Dizzy
Corallus Meeks p. 20

Home of a Hornet
Furkan Uyar p. 68

The Small Fall
Furkan Uyar p. 69

Flow
Furkan Uyar p. 65

Standing
Furkan Uyar p. 19

Ocean City
Furkan Uyar p. 52

Gorges
Furkan Uyar p. 63

Peaceful
Furkan Uyar p. 62

E Rosemary Lane
Cornelia Ye p. 52

Watcher on the West
Owen Kinney p. 35

Watkins Glen
Furkan Uyar p. 49

Untitled (7)
Aaron Hugo Martinez p. 36

E Hourglass
Joshua Yoon p. 39

Over the Mountain
Furkan Uyar p. 52

Territorial
Owen Kinney p. 24

Lighthouse
Owen Kinney p. 32

Fall has fallen
Cecilia He p. 46

Layered on Top
Furkan Uyar p. 62

Crushing Waves
Furkan Uyar p. 62

Little Feet
Furkan Uyar p. 41

Red Sky
Furkan Uyar p. 11

Exploring
Furkan Uyar p. 56

Scouting
Furkan Uyar p. 62

Sunrise
Furkan Uyar p. 41

Sand Dunes
Furkan Uyar p. 12

Resting
Furkan Uyar p. 62

Ponies
Furkan Uyar p. 49

The Snow
Salih Uyar p. 14

Seals
Furkan Uyar p. 48

SHORT STORY

1 a recurring nightmare
Kaitlyn Laura Burke p. 38

2 Dreambound
Joseph Frug p. 58

3 Learning Makes Connection
Lee Cho p. 66

the legend of Manny
Hugo Templier p. 54

E Downsizing
Zadie Wang p. 64

E an old-timey wintry love story
Corallus Meeks p. 14

Equilibrium
Nancy Wang p. 42

E Cycling
Kate Thomas p. 33

The Magic Pool Table
Anna James p. 47

ARTWORK

1 Interchangeable
Cya-Jade Volcy p. 8

2 The Swarm
Axl Chavez p. 39

3 My Little Pony
Juliana Niemack p. 19

Untitled (1)
Cya-Jade Volcy p. 34

Ascension
Song Phi-Hu p. 13

City Map
Rufus Percy Edwards p. 34

The Star of The Night
Salih Uyar p. 17

9 Point Star
Salih Uyar p. 13

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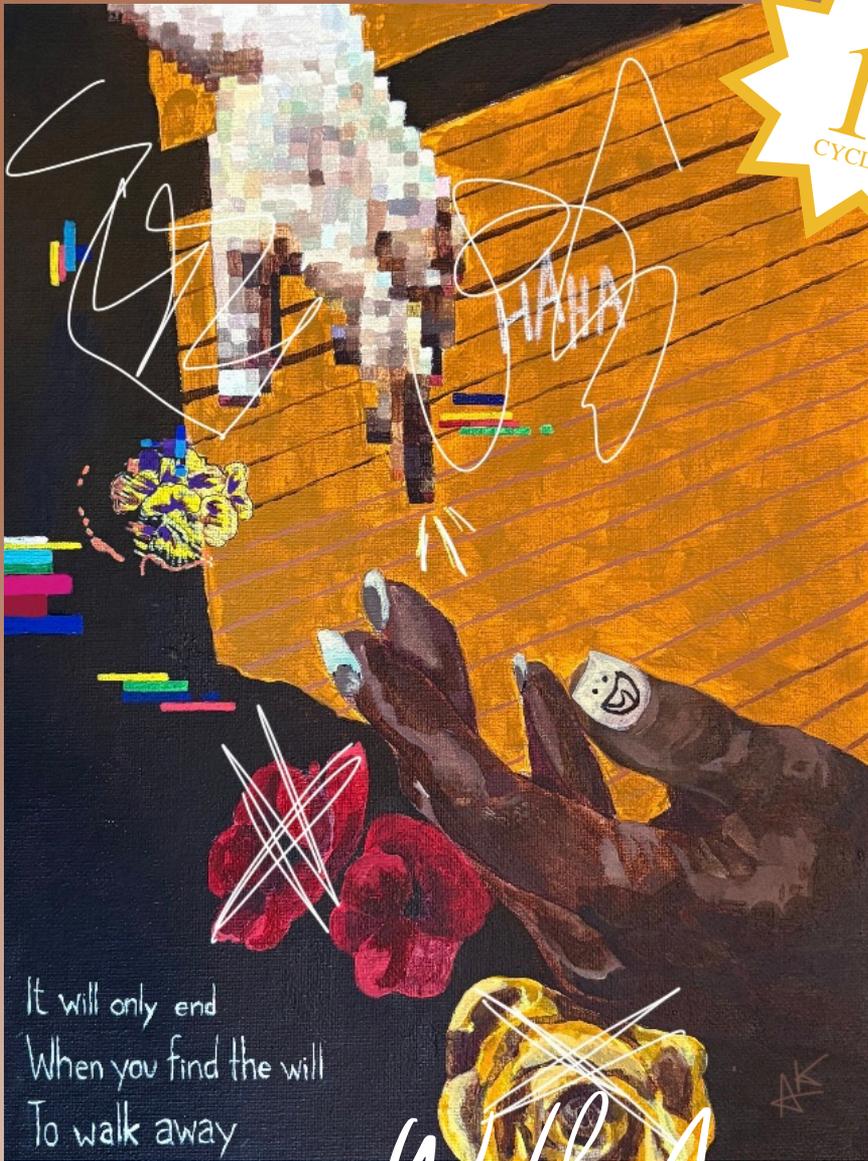
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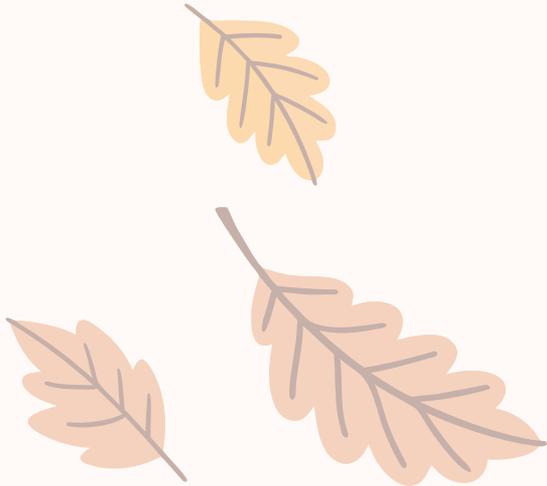


1st
CYCLES

It will only end
When you find the will
To walk away

Walk Away

By ALLISON KARASIN



Autumn Field

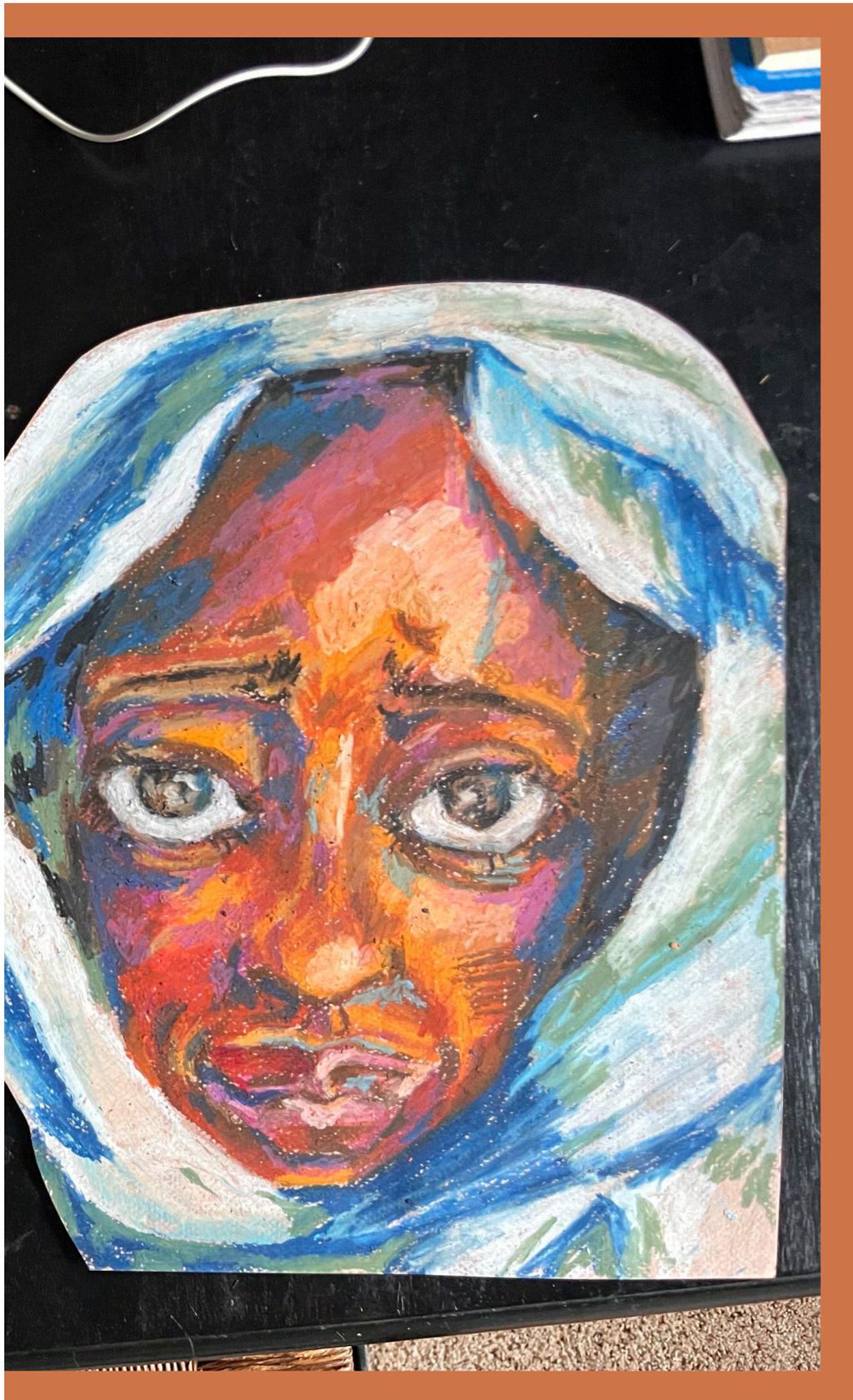


By ASHER KOLODJI

1st
ARTWORK



Interchangeable



By **CYA-JADE VOLCY**



Spiraling Up

By FURKAN UYAR



Cat's Eye View

By CECILIA HE

Every Night

Every night
She walks onstage
And dances
And holds him to her
And lets him go
While words tumble from her lips
To dance alongside her
Or fall and stain the wood beneath her feet

Every night
The pages of a book flutter between her fingers
She lets her eyes glaze over
While she reads words she could recite in her sleep
They are as etched into her heart
As they are into the paper

Every night
The melodies of her favorite song fill the darkness of her bedroom
With harmonies thick enough that she could snatch them
Right out of the air
But instead she lets the music wash over her
While one of the waves drags her eyes shut

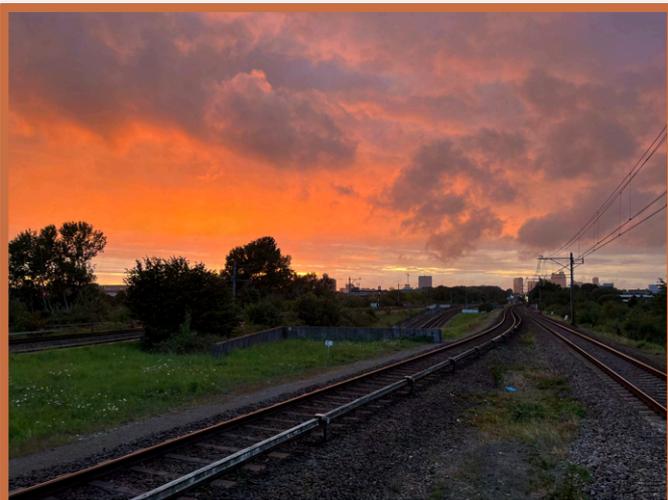
Every night
A girl falls in love
A boy learns a secret
A woman remembers
or forgets
They learn something new
But no matter how far their journey takes them
Tomorrow, they'll be right back where they started

By DANI FALK

A RANT FOR MANDARIN

By LEE CHO

We had Mandarin as a language option at school.
Seeing new cultures in the school, wasn't that cool?
Yes, Mandarin was an option... was.
It isn't now, because...
We spent money on new tools, new buses and clocks.
Over five-hundred thousand dollars, spending money in blocks.
Eventually, there was not enough to fund Mandarin.
In June 2024, it was removed as a language option.
Let's ask a question:
Were those tools really worth it?
If we didn't have those materials,
Would it really have regressed us a single bit?
After Mandarin's cutting, cultural representation
Quickly spiraled down in the district,
Over materials that maybe weren't needed,
As Mandarin over those tools could have been picked.
What was made to a new culture was a relation,
Eventually ending up alone at the train station.
Over new materials, debatable if they are an important part of the animation.
Maybe it should be brought back: Mandarin.
To bring back the cultural representation shown
In our district.
This poem may sound like a dreamer, but
In the end, if a wish is made to bring it back and the candles are blown,
And Mandarin is back in town,
You would see that the power in our district has grown.



Amsterdam sunset

By ASHER KOLODJI



Red sky

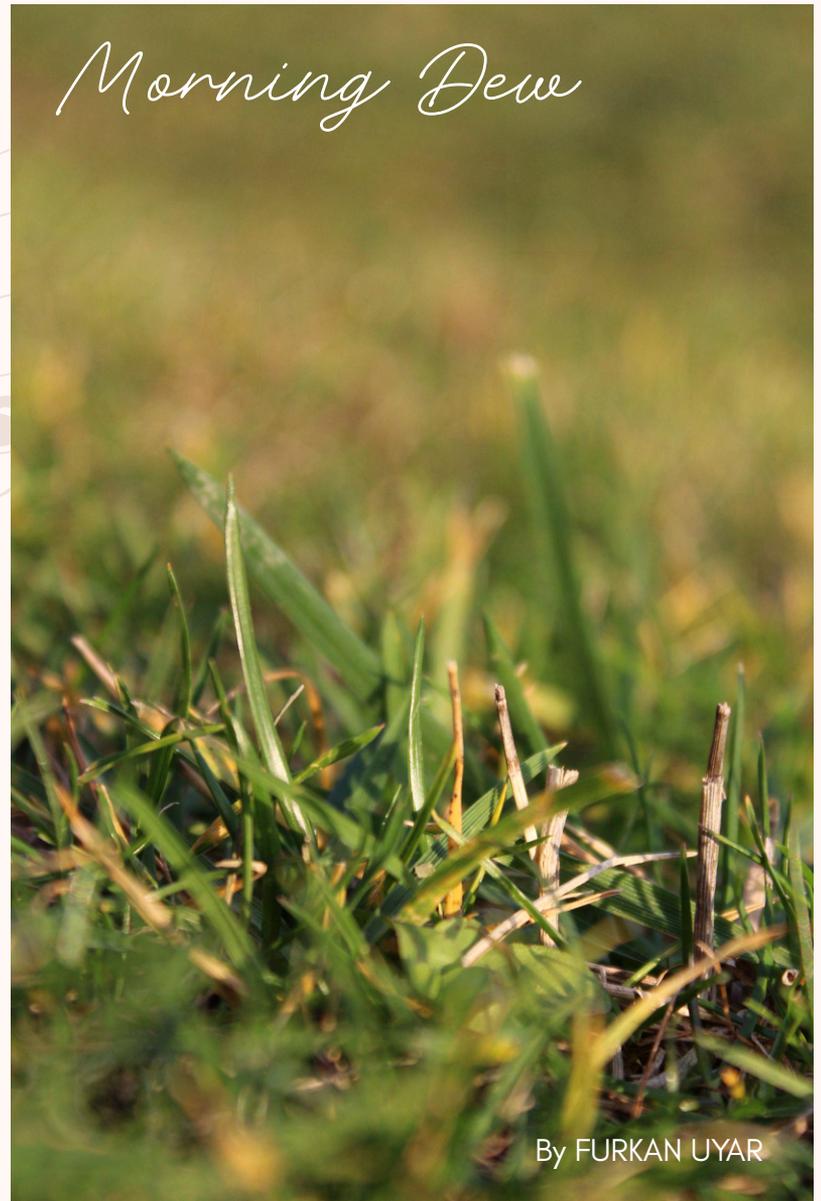
By FURKAN UYAR

Morning Dew

SONGS THAT MAKE ME THINK OF YOU

By ZADIE KOLODJI

the sad one from the silly show
the Ben Platt one that I actually love
the one you don't know
the one that I'm really tired of
the old albums from the band you claimed
some for no reason at all
the one by the guy with the great name
one that feels like being handcuffed
two about growing up and being dumb
the Taylor Swift deep cuts
obviously the one by Mckenna Grace
the one I wish you never told me about
of course the one about space
not as many as I thought



By FURKAN UYAR

SAND DUNES

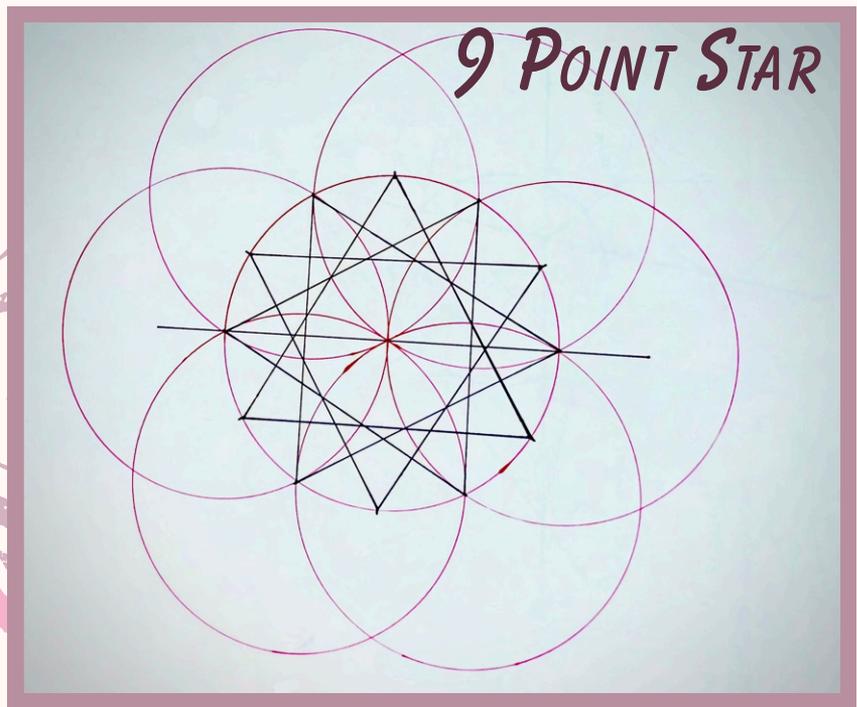
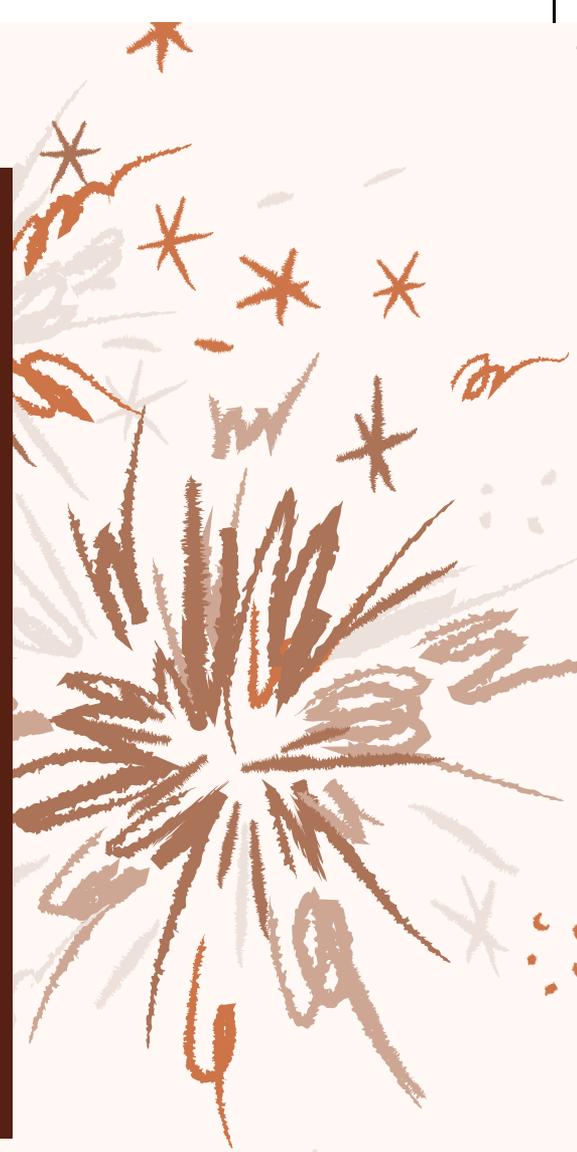


By FURKAN UYAR



Ascension

By SONG PHI-HU



By SALIH UYAR

an old-timey wintry love story

By CORALLUS MEEKS



Snow flakes danced down their own tiny spiral staircases outside frosted window panes. Engrossed in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, your thoughts are rudely disrupted by the explosion of a snowball against glass. Peering out over the front yard, your eyes follow a trail of footprints through a thick layer of snow. They lead to the familiar dimple-smile of a boy, neck craned, smug in his attention-gaining achievement. You watch the falling snow slowly melt into the kinks of his dark curls. Already dampened front pieces cling helplessly to his forehead. His perpetration of disturbance is betrayed by the residual flakes still coating his brown wool mittens. Your mouth forms silent scornful words, yet the faintest smile lines betray your inner amusement. Perfect white teeth are framed by lips that exaggerate a plea for your company. His hands, with fierce motions, assist in delivering the message. Inside you're well aware any external hesitation is pure performance. The tip of your right pointer finger meets the glass, willing the patience of his affections, as you fold down the corner of your book page and lay it to rest atop a stack of unfinished romance novels. Unwelcome, adrenaline pumps with the rising heart beat under your layered cardigan and vest. Your cheeks flush even before Jack Frost's cold has kissed them. With one boot out the door you've already experienced enough chill to send you back in for an auburn scarf perched atop a basket of abandoned half-knit hats. In the rush of delayed greeting you run to him, letting out an unaccounted for rush of glee. His arms lock around your waist and you are lifted above the frozen, yet blanketed ground. Soft, warm cheeks press against each other as your lips bury in the folds of his fleece collar; his in your frenzied curls. He grabs the scarf still clutched between your gloved fingers, taking one end into each hand and weaving it securely around your bare neck. So many words seem to bounce between you, despite the silence. He leads you back to the mistletoe-green Cordoba that delivered him to your corner of the world that day. Opening the passenger-side door, he leans in to switch on the stereo. *You're just too good to be true*. Your own uncontainable laughter bubbles over as he cranks up the volume. Taking both your hands, he pulls you toward untouched snow. Stepping one foot back he reaches, arms above, and you obediently twirl, your one foot planted in the subdued, white dance floor, the other popped up at the knee as if to catch the flakes that twirl with you. *I love you, baby, and if it's quite all right, I need you baby, to warm my lonely nights*. Dipping in and out of his arms, your hearts find time with the music and snowfall. And your distant, youthful minds find harmony in the love and laughter.



By SALIH UYAR

The Snow

SEASONS, CHANGING

by DANI FALK



footprints filling in with snow
tips of just-washed hair freezing solid
catching up on assignments from sick-days past
steaming cups of chocolate comfort
hugs to calm the shivering
days gradually, eventually, reluctantly growing longer

flowers blooming, butterflies fluttering
pollen tickling noses, ants tickling skin
nice-weather days wasted inside, studying
losing an hour of sleep, gaining an hour of light
long walks, long talks
cold mornings, warm afternoons

a sweltering sun turning cheeks painfully, prettily pink
drenched bathing suits drying within minutes
empty days ahead — blissfully open, begging for routine
creaking fans drowning out all silence
late nights on a call that lasts for hours
new beginnings creeping ever closer

a crackling carpet to mirror the canopy above
leaves picked out of hair after a walk in the woods
matching new names to new faces
rewatching favorite shows for the second, fifth, eleventh time
sharing the coziest nooks of a library
burying beds in blankets

Hope

By Skylor Ford



Patroclus



By JULIA KLEINBERG

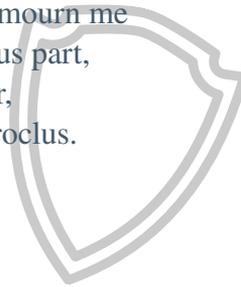
I'll be your Patroclus,
my warrior, my
Achilles.
Though you reap
short-lived glory,
I will spill every drop
of my ichorless blood
to engrave your name
in more permanent
stone.

I'll be your Pallas,
my goddess, my Athena.
Though you reach
for Olympus,
I will lay myself down
to catch you and your
spear
when you tumble back
into my lifeless arms.

I'll be your Echo,
my idol, my Narcissus.
Though you won't
turn to face me,
I will stand by your side
'til I lose my own form
to let you blossom
into your potential.

I'll be your Penelope,
my leader, my
Odysseus.
Though you can't
stay to hold me,
I will keep the fire
warm
and your side of the bed
so you'll always have
a place to come home
to.

I'll be your Penelope,
Echo, your Pallas,
if you'll be my hero,
my lover, my savior.
So long as you mourn me
when death do us part,
now and forever,
I'll be your Patroclus.



Finding Reasons



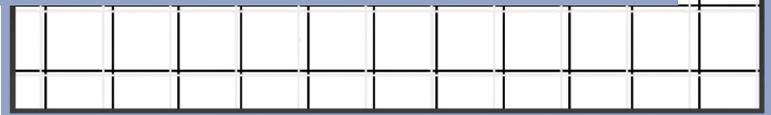
By CORNELIA YE

When love gathers me so gently,
And the world opens its arms as if I were its own,

When the birds serenade me with their blessings,
And blossoms turn their radiant faces to mine,
When each morning greets me with a renewed warmth,
And the stars and moon light my way home,

When each breath flows steadily through my chest,
And light pours unbidden into my eyes,
When the wind whispers secrets through my hair,
And I am held by all that I adore,

Who am I, then, to cry?





The Star of the Night

By SALIH UYAR

a prose poem for a flower or a slug

By ZADIE WANG

“ It is a spotless room. It is so white if I coughed up ash I’d make the whole room depressed. It is blue and green and there are new colors in my head each time I picture it. When I am in that room I am a slug under a size six foot wearing a size eight shoe. When I am in that room I am small and the ceiling is out of reach. It is so cruel. When I am in that room I wish for my father and thank him for raising me to be so damn nice. It is a spotless room. It is so white that my wedding dress drenched itself in gasoline out of jealousy. When I am in that room I am a pressed flower, I am a slug smeared between unfriendly carpet fibers. When I am in that room I want to cover the walls with my skin, to make it ugly, to make it real. I wish for my father and my mother and nothing more.

”

Will It Ever End?

By JULIA MADRID

Day in and day out, you relive the same system. Wake up, get ready, go to school, go home, do your homework, eat, sleep, repeat. You're used to it—after all, it's been the same deal since you were 5 years old. Back then, it was only ABCs and naptime. Now, every 47 minutes you push and shove your way to your next class, waiting till that final bell at 3:40 rings in your ears. Will it ever end?

It's another Monday. Your alarm reads 7:25 am as you roll out of bed. You put in an Airpod and tell Siri "play Chill Mix on Spotify". You groggily stalk up the stairs and into the kitchen. You toast your bagel, spread the peanut butter and jelly on top, and slowly eat the same breakfast you've had for the past few months. It's a funny thing, routine is. If you do the same thing every day, why not eat the same way as well? The dishes clatter into the sink as you stalk back downstairs. You throw on an outfit (which was pre-picked and laid out the previous night) and head to the bathroom for your morning routine. The cold water wakes you up (at least for a moment). You make your lunch, grab your backpack, and head out the door by 8:40 am.

9:00 am. The bell rings, signaling the day has started. Everyone is in their seats (the same ones they sat down in on the first day of school) with their notebooks and pencils out, whether they're ready to learn or not. But you should be ready to learn. You need to perform well. That's the way the system goes. Those who perform well get As on their report cards, which is seen by their proud parents, biased teachers, and money-sucking colleges. However, you need those As (although sometimes a B or C is okay) in order for these money-sucking colleges to notice you. You want them to notice you. They're the gateway into adult life. A life (whether you like it or not) you will experience. So you must be prepared. American society demands you to make money in order to survive. How will you make money? Easy, a job. How will you get a job? Not so easy, a degree. How will you get a degree? By performing well. It all cycles back. The pressure, stress, anxiety fuels you to work hard until you collapse into your mother's arms, crying over this unfair system.

Anyways, at your desk, you take notes, chat with your friends, pack up your bag, and repeat the exact same process in your next six classes. By 3:40, your head physically hurts from being stimulated for 6 hours and 40 minutes straight. Even lunch, a time of relaxation and socializing, was stimulating from the sheer amount of students, teachers, other faculty all bustling around, whether you interacted with them or not.

You might be home now, but the day isn't over yet. You sit down at your cluttered desk, filled with stacked textbooks, loose papers, and dead pens. You don't have time to tidy it up. You don't have time for much else besides school. You take out your notebooks again, this time to practice what you've learned. Two mind-numbing hours of homework leave you slumped over the endless pages. You're only halfway through. Your mom calls you up for dinner, so you leave the scribbled pages behind for a moment as you venture upstairs. Once finished, you put your plate in the sink and retreat back to your room. You work into the night. The numbers on your clock gradually increase, before resetting back to 1. What is sleep? Do you really need it? What you need is an A. Sleep can wait. After all, you'll just have to be awake in six hours anyways to do this entire routine over again.

3rd
ARTWORK



By JULIANA NIEMACK

My Little Pony

to a nuthatch after snowfall

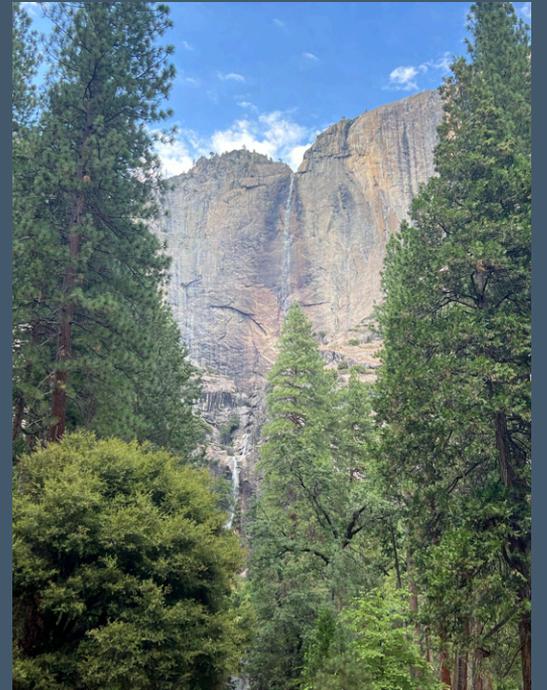
By MIRIAM DEGEORGE

soft down over earth
shudders in the wind,
settles on thin treetops.
silence dreams
the world anew;
the folds of
earth's nightgown
dull.
amidst the still,
you sing the woods an early lullaby.



Standing

By FURKAN UYAR



The Great Fall

By FURKAN UYAR

4.1-Cubic-Foot Top-Load Washer



By CORNELIA YE

It gives a quiet hum as it comes to life,
The press of a button having woken it from
its slumber.

Water rushes into its stomach,
And detergent down its throat.
It inhales suds and exhales steam as it
churns:

A mechanical dance,
To remove even the most stubborn of stains.

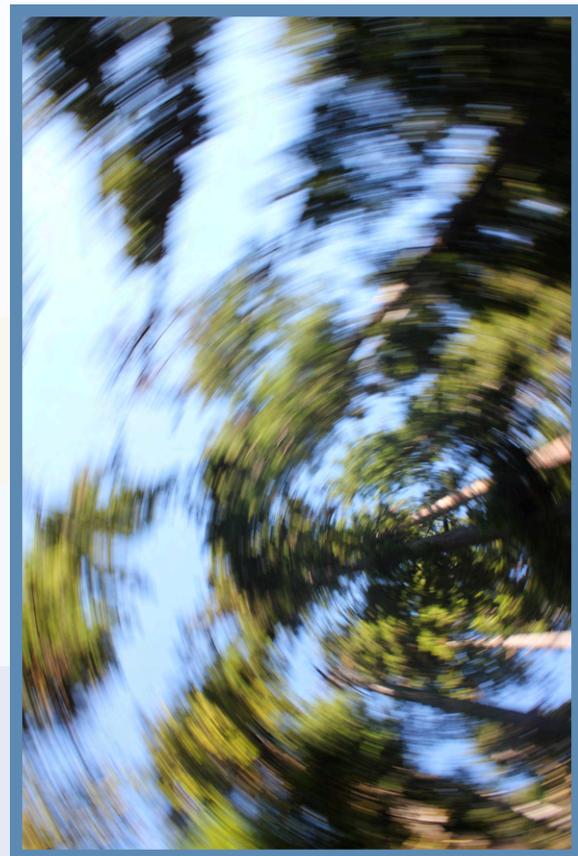
As the water finally drains out,
It sinks back into a silent hibernation,
Leaving behind no signs of ever having been
alive,
Only a simple offering,
Fresh clothing.

By CORALLUS MEEKS



Ithaca Evening

By ANDRES RYAN



DIZZY



GOD AND TEAL GARAGES

By FELIX JAMES VAST-BINDER FARIS



If I throw away Your flowers
are the roots still there
Does any of this transcend this
moment
And all the grace prevailing can't save
us
But I know You'll stay if only for
Your own sake
If I offer up sounds can You
shape a prayer
Wash my hair with gentle hands
till I can sleep
sound again



By LUCY PARK-HOOKWAY

Translucence



I MUST APPRISE



By CAMPBELL WRIGHT

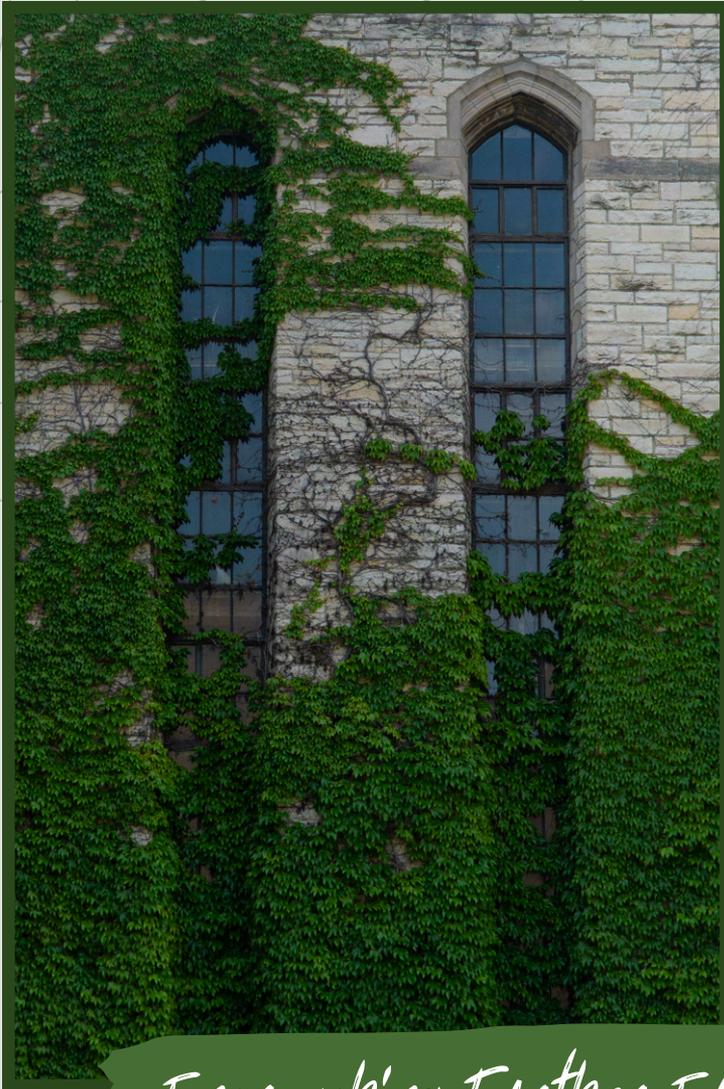
Take me, take pride, and take my lying tongue,
For lips may falter though the heart stays true;
My thoughts abide where secret songs are sung,
A stream of wisdom, old yet ever new.

Say then my name—twice spoken wakes my soul,
And thrice shall bind me to thy mortal plea;
You'll hold my heart, though never own it whole,
For still there hides a key that governs me.

Unseal my core, yet know not what you seek,
For knowledge burns the hand that dares to turn;
The mirror whispers truths to saints and weak,
And love itself must with the lesson burn.

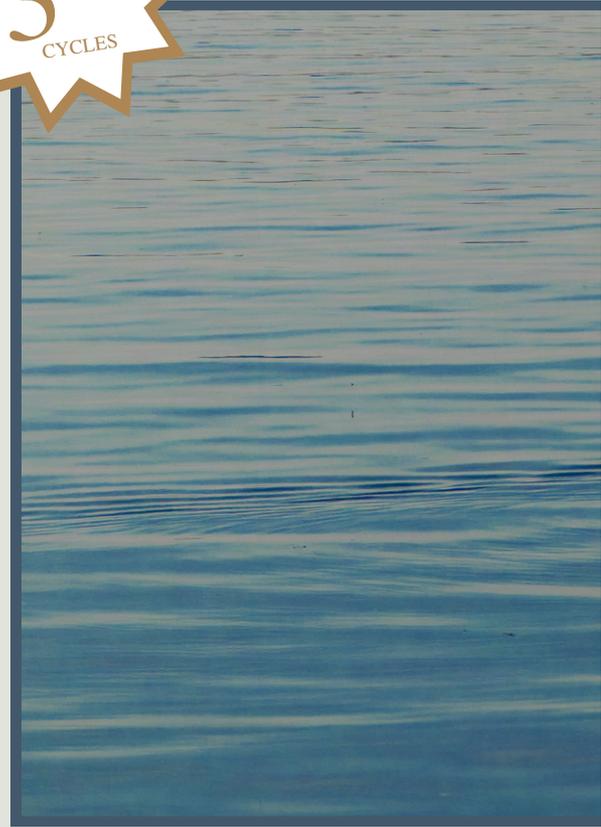
So keep the key, but guard your mortal breath—
To know me whole is but to beckon death.





By OWEN KINNEY

3rd
CYCLES



By OWEN KINNEY

Encroaching Further Every Year

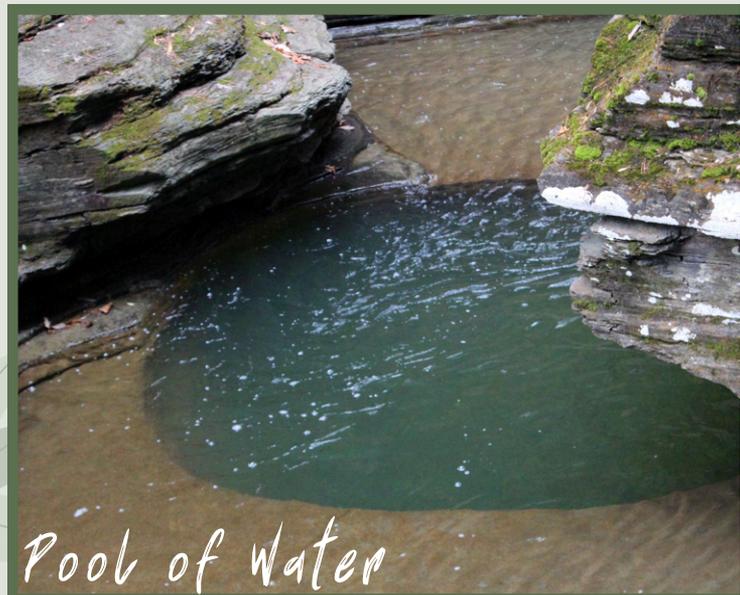
ANDROMEDA E

By CORNELIA YE

She was rising in the eastern sky,
The day you stopped calling.

Does she frown down upon you now,
As you lay your head to rest?

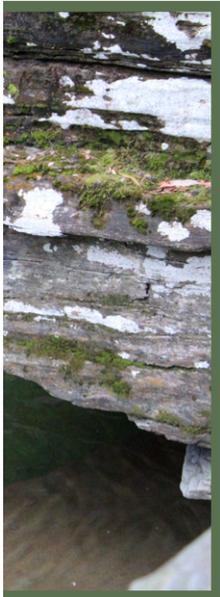
Or does she consecrate your every day,
When she sets at dawn?



Pool of Water



Ripples



By FURKAN UYAR



IF YOU WERE THE RAIN

By LUCY PARK-HOOKWAY

planting garlic at dusk

By MIRIAM DEGEORGE



Low moonrise;
over the yard and behind the trees.

Birds soundless fly overhead.
The solar panel watches the sun set,
then turns over,
puts itself to sleep,

thinking of starlight and Venus.
My hands are shaking,
the air still with cold,
garden bed before me.

We are tucking in rows of garlic,
all bone-bleached white
for a beautiful winter,
while the wind above us dreams west.



By OWEN KINNEY

Living (or the look at the mind's point of view)

By BEN MELLON

What I would give for your joy
Your hope
Your optimism

We are alive
But not
Living

I am half empty
And while can and are happy
Your outlook on the world intrigues me

Neither of us is whole
Each with a piece missing
Each is not standing with only one leg

How does your world seem so sunny?
How come mine still has rain?
How come? How come? How come?

And that is why I want your optimism
And that is why I want to give you my pessimism
Because it will make us whole

However the more I see
The more I know like your world
Isn't ideal

I do not want to take your joy
Nor to replace my sadness
But for us to live

Neither is mine
But we are similar
We just don't realize it

You are not just joy
I am not just sadness
But either way, our outlooks are defined

There is no true pessimism in your world
Nor is there optimism in mine
And this is how we live

But I can't appreciate the colors in life
I can't appreciate when someone compliments me
When so many others are harsh

However you can't appreciate a good cry
Or a day where you can be alone
Or the relief when you don't want to be alone, and someone says hi to you

You nor I know how to live
It's in our nature
But it's not black and white

I still feel joy
You still feel discontent
But we still don't know how to live

Tattler Medley



By ANDRES RYAN, SIMON GIBB,
ETHAN FISHEL, ARYA BASU,
ANTONIO CORDERONAVAS



PERPETUA

By OWEN KINNEY



ALMOTION

The Last Birth

By JINGYING XU

I. f(1965) = The Bloom

The first time Amina met a census man, he emerged from the thorn-scrub with a slurping sound, like a snail pulled from its shell. He wore a gray jacket and a smile that tried to be a bridge. He said her name carefully as if it were a delicate equation.

“How many live in your household?” he queried, pencil ready.

Amina counted on her fingers, Mother. Father. Four brothers, a bantam cockeral of a boy among them who crowed at dawn. Two sisters, the youngest still redolent of milk. “Eight,” she said, then added, “Nine, if you count my grandmother. She is mostly breath.”

The man nodded, allayed, and made marks on paper that Amina longed to decipher. He said the country was changing: wells drilled, latrines dug, vaccines that thinned what was thin in the fevers. “People live,” he said. “Longer. More of us each year” (“Demographics of South Africa”).

In the market, Madam Abara rolled noodles beneath a corrugated tin roof and swore that even her dough was rising faster these days. The village doubled in the span between one harvest and the next. Fields that had been primeval scrub sprouted houses; verandas sprouted radios; rumors sprouted from both.

At night, Amina lay on the roof and watched the stars, which glowed deep yellow like dying embers when the harmattan moved dust across the sky. She imagined each star as a person being born, a breaker upon a beach—the same wave, new water. The world’s numbers rose and rose, and even the elders, slow, steady drinkers with garrulous tongues, said it was a blessed dictum: more children meant more hands, more futures, more everything (World Bank).

When the census man returned a year later, his paper grid could barely hold the digits. “It is like a magic trick,” he laughed, a prestidigitator with a clipboard. “In 1960, there were three billion on Earth; by 1974, it will be four; by 1987, five” (“World Population”). He ticked them off like eggs counted before they were hatched. “By the time your hair is gray, the world will be six, seven, eight billion” (“World Population”).

Amina learned to read from the marks he left behind. She traced them with a stick in red earth until her letters were straight and her numbers true. Years later, she would write a letter of her own, to the ministry office in a distant capital, the paper flecked with dust and cassava starch. My village has doubled twice since your last visit. We need more wells. We need more books.

She did not know that this letter would be scanned, archived, and eventually folded into the appendix of a report by a young demographer named David, who would run his finger along a swelling curve and whisper, to nobody, “Inflection.”

II. f(1983) = The Inflection

David worked in a room with wall-to-wall windows and a travertine table that did not belong to him. On Mondays, the light streamed in like immaculate data. He was paid to make the world make sense: to coax a line out of scatter, to fit the unruly with a function.

He stared at the printout. Points rose from left to right, as obedient as schoolchildren. Yet a tremor lived in the slope. The breath of the curve was easing (“Model Predicts”). Infinitesimal changes murmured that change itself was changing.

He plotted two fits: the pink of optimism and the blue of restraint. He added citations in his tight, punctilious hand: UN World Population Prospects; World Bank Fertility 1960-1982. He footnoted a quote from a rural letter about wells and books and the arithmetic of children. A footnote he never expected anyone to read.

In the evening, he stood before a mirror and studied his face—tight, organized—wishing for a moment to share its symmetry with the world he was modeling. Sometimes he feared beauty the way he feared neat solutions: both could be lies. He mused, our policies gone in circles for five years, a bureaucracy’s pantomime; foisted initiatives, respited reforms, browbeating and backsliding (Connelly 312). The curve did not care. The curve obeyed a deeper appetite.

He presented the report to a committee that had the same maddening procession of thoughts each month, that lashed him with questions like whips on a bare back. One man, crowed about markets and destiny and called demographic concerns “asinine.” David left the room stupefied, in torpor.

That night, he opened the file again. He placed Amina’s letter beside the graph and, on a whim that felt like superstition, traced his finger from her name to the point where the slope began to flatten. “If this is right,” he whispered, “my granddaughter will live to see the peak.” he imagined her standing under a sky pink as a wound, watching the world crest like a wave and then, almost tenderly, ebb.

III. f(2050) = The Plateau

The school where Hana taught had thirty classrooms and three students.

The building sat on a hill where the rich had once built precarious houses to prove that money could conquer matter. The concrete had aged; the hillside had slipped; the city had grown gray, which Graham on the morning news insisted was a “power color.” Hana, mollified by routine, wiped the board and wrote the lesson with a neat head: Logistic Growth.

Her students, slow, steady learners, copied the equation with solemn care. She told them about carrying capacity—about soils and aquifers and the kind of quiet that descends when the last child leaves a playground and the swing keeps moving by itself. She told them about crude birth rates: Japan's sinking to 6.7%, then lower; the stories of friends who had no time or no money or no desire for children, or who were caring for four elders on two wages (Population Projections for Japan). She pulled up Our World in Data and UN WPP 2022: the world reaching eight billion in 2022; projections bending toward a peak between 2080 and 2100; half the nations shrinking by century’s end (United Nations).

At lunch, she sat under the eaves and watched rain fall in torrents. She opened an old textbook found in a forgotten cupboard, its pages browned, its margins scribbled with a precise hand. A graph had been tucked inside—a printout in pink and blue with a dashed line at eight billion. In the corner, a signature: D.H. In the appendix, a scan of a letter from a village to a ministry office about wells and books.

Hana followed the thread because she needed threads. She found a digitized archive, a bibliography, a photograph of a young demographer in a gray suit blinking in hard light; she found, unbelievably, a family tree that bent like a branch toward the name of her own grandmother, who had left Southeast Asia for Tokyo decades ago during a labor shortage, who had typed reports for the very office that received the letter about wells and books.

At dusk, she walked home along a riderless road. The sky bled pink over the harbor. A billboard touted Pronatalist Incentives! Tax Credits! Free Crèches! As if fertility were a product mispriced by markets. She felt a capricious ache—chattel slavery to duty on one shoulder, freedom's insidious stricture on the other. She wanted children and did not want them. She wanted the assurance of numbers and the quiet of a library. She wanted a world where nothing counted but gentle might.

That night, power flickered. She lit a candle and held the old graph up to the wavering flame. For a moment, she saw the curve as a body: rising, pausing, respiring, falling; a chest that had lifted under a billion births and now exhaled, endlessly. The candle guttered. The room went dark. The curve, which had once promised infinity, lay against the wall like a horizon.

IV. $f(\infty)$ = The Last Birth

Our house is built on the edge of a cliff. In the hills, people used to build anywhere; the more parlous the palisade, the more they needed to raise glass and stone upon it, a victory of money over matter. Now the road to our house is empty. The city's lights are fewer each year. From our veranda, we can see the ocean and the black ribs of towers that no longer have names.

I carry the portable monitor to the makeshift clinic we keep in the old garage, where the AI chassis hums softly and the solar batteries blink. There are perhaps eight hundred thousand of us left on Earth. The last true city went dark five years ago, after a long exodus; aquifers failed in regions that had been green for centuries; coastlines revised their claims. We are thoroughbred survivors and ragamuffin mechanics, smugglers of seeds, slow, steady sippers of rain. We live by counting. We are counted by no one.

I am in labor.

Graham is pale and fey, a little card of a man who cracks jokes when afraid. He says gray is a power color. He says the derivative of our fear is constant. He doffs his cap to the AI and tells it to mind its bedside manner.

Contractions come like breakers upon a beach. There is new water each time, but the wave looks the same. I breathe. I think of a graph I found in an archive on an old server, the document that outlived its makers: pink and blue curves. In the notes, a schoolteacher in

Tokyo scanned the graph and wrote illegible scribbles. We are kin only by curve, but that is enough.

The monitor beeps. A sine wave blooms. The AI announces cervical change with the officiousness of a clerk. I hate its bureaucracy and bless its competence.

Pain takes me to the edge where language becomes inimitable.

“Push,” Graham says softly.

I push.

For a moment, everything narrows to a limit. The world is a breath toward zero, not reaching it. The function trembles at the axis and refuses to cross.

She arrives with a sound that splits the room like lightning.

The monitor sings, a small, perfect periodicity. The curve, our curve, rises one point. The AI announces Apgars with professional obliquity. Graham cries. I laugh, and we both are silent because the sound of her is enormous.

We wrap her. We name her Lina, from linea, the line that connects points.

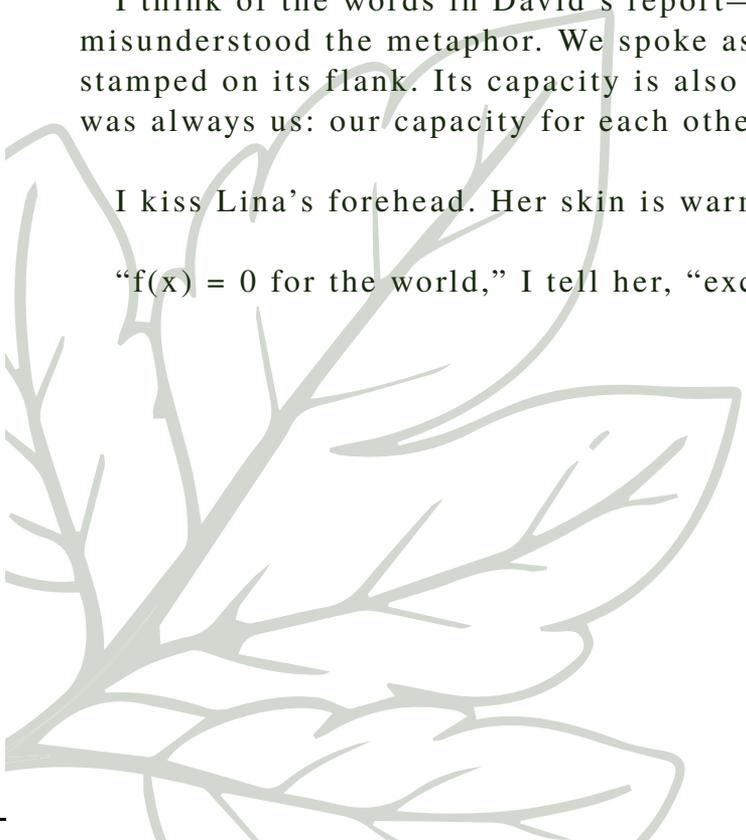
I carry her into the showroom. The projector is on, and I call up the graph. I add a single dot with my fingertip.

“Look,” I purr to her, though her eyes are closed, lashes like atomic commas. “Amina’s village, David’s margin note. Hana’s lesson. And you.” I want to cross the stars for us, but I settle for tracing that small constellation of names on the wall.

I think of the words in David’s report—carrying capacity—and wonder if we misunderstood the metaphor. We spoke as if the Earth were a beast of burden with a number stamped on its flank. Its capacity is also what a vessel has for holding. Perhaps the vessel was always us: our capacity for each other, for restraint.

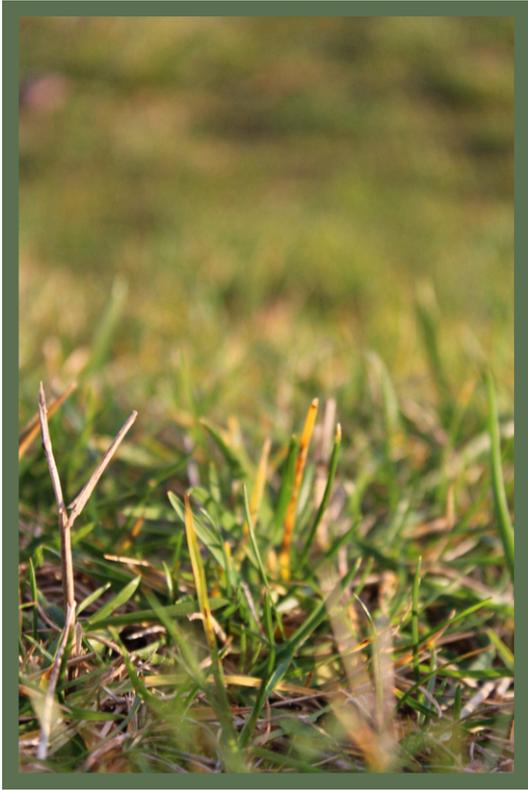
I kiss Lina’s forehead. Her skin is warm and smells faintly of iron and milk.

“ $f(x) = 0$ for the world,” I tell her, “except for us.”



— Growing Together —

By FURKAN UYAR



Downhill



By FURKAN UYAR

Lighthouse



By OWEN KINNEY

Cycling

By KATE THOMAS



Franklin George was a World Class Cyclist. He sprung out of bed each morning and hopped on the stationary bike, ready to tackle the world. His walls were laden with shelves that held every trophy under the sun. He made sure to eat properly, and he followed a strict 7-day meal plan full of power greens and rather bland protein.

Still, Franklin George wasn't exactly what you must be imagining. At 74, he was perhaps the oldest world-class cyclist that had ever been. But, of course, that didn't stop him. His training was as vigorous as ever, and his hamstrings bounced back as easily as that stress ball his daughter bought him. No, old age wasn't a problem for Franklin George.

The World Cycling Official Race Board disagreed. They had deemed him "too old to race" at the ripe age of 45 and he hadn't seen an official course since. If Franklin was honest, it had been depressing.

This morning was much like many other Tuesdays, except it was worse. The stationary bike was broken, and the screen showed a flashing red error symbol.

- ★ His kale smoothie had tasted like dirt (he really should start washing his
- ★ produce). His shower had begun to run cold halfway through shampooing and
- ★ was never warm again. But that wasn't even the final straw.

His prize trophy shelf, highest of them all, had lost a screw and slipped off the wall. Franklin George was livid. His World Class Cyclist award had chipped. He stormed out of his house, got in his car, and furiously drove to the hardware store to buy more nails. Pulling into the parking lot, he saw a big red sign in the window: closed.

Furious again, Franklin George drove back to his house and pulled into the driveway.

Slamming the door, he crossed the lawn to his neighbor's house.

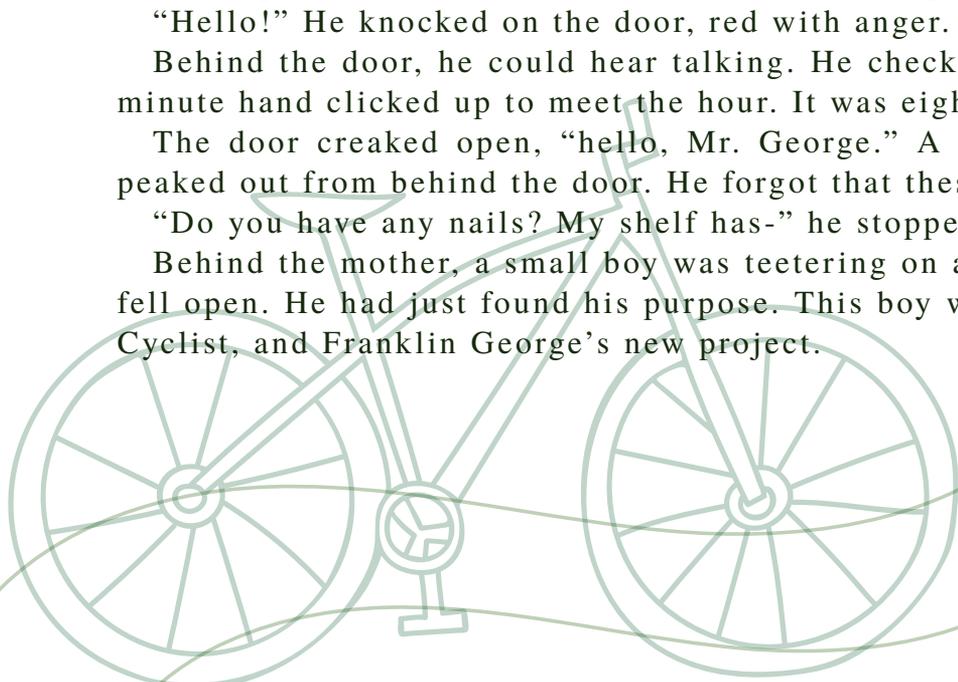
"Hello!" He knocked on the door, red with anger.

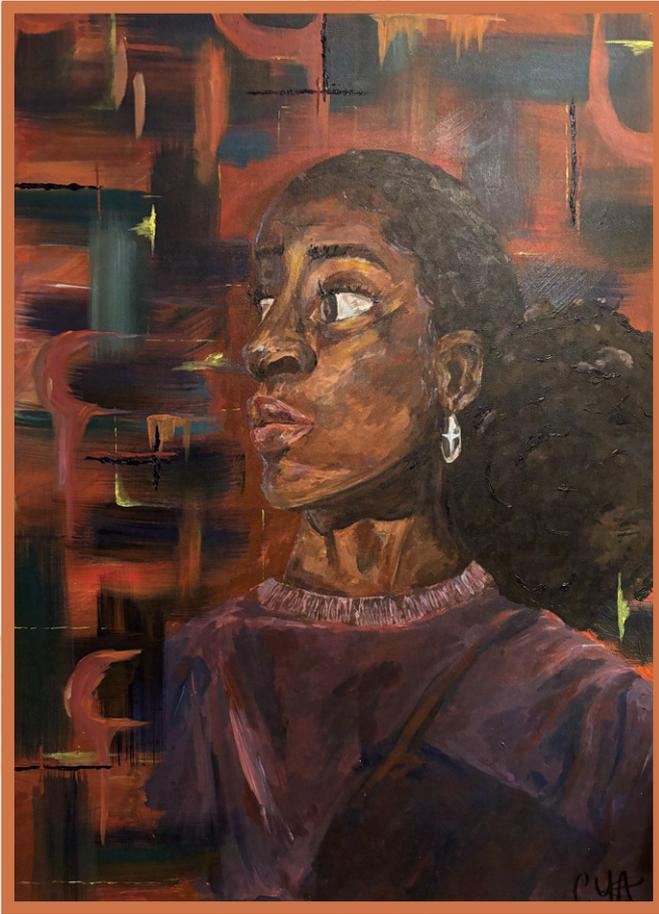
Behind the door, he could hear talking. He checked his watch, watching as the minute hand clicked up to meet the hour. It was eight AM.

The door creaked open, "hello, Mr. George." A pretty face, slightly nervous, peaked out from behind the door. He forgot that these were new neighbors.

"Do you have any nails? My shelf has-" he stopped abruptly.

Behind the mother, a small boy was teetering on a trike. Franklin George's jaw fell open. He had just found his purpose. This boy would be the next World Class Cyclist, and Franklin George's new project.





Untitled (1)

By CYA-JADE VOLCY



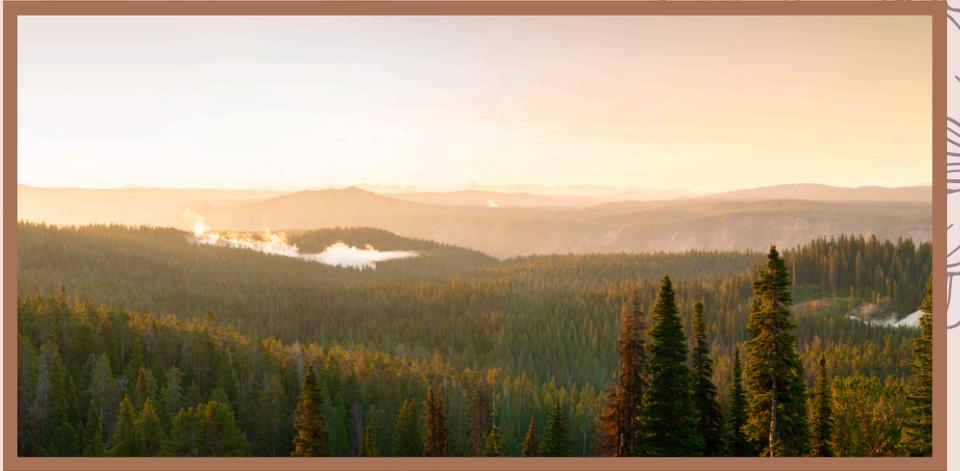
City Map



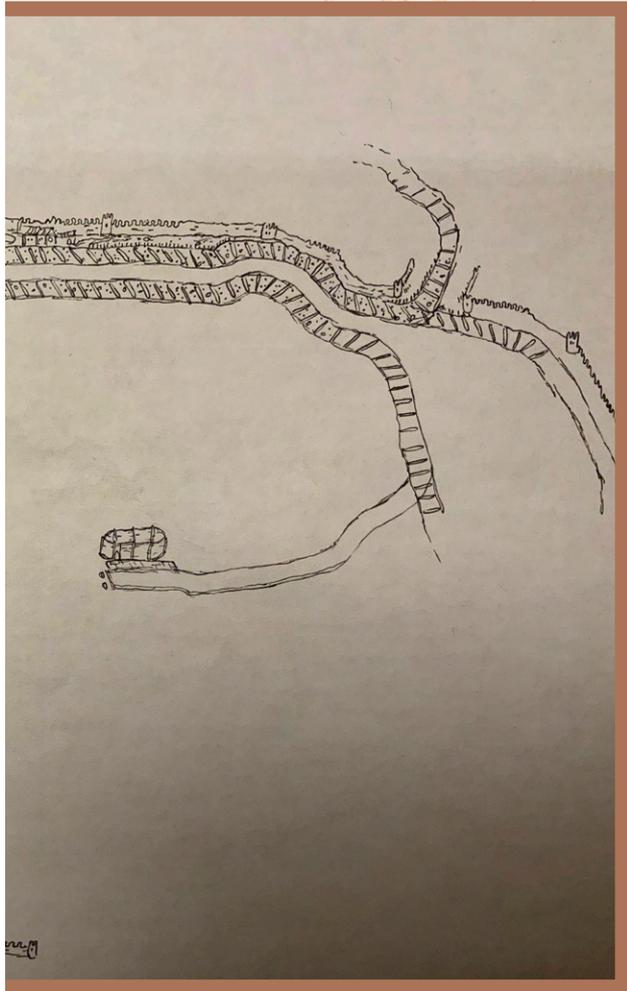
Population Project Part 2

By SKYLOR FORD

By OWEN KINNEY



Watcher on the West



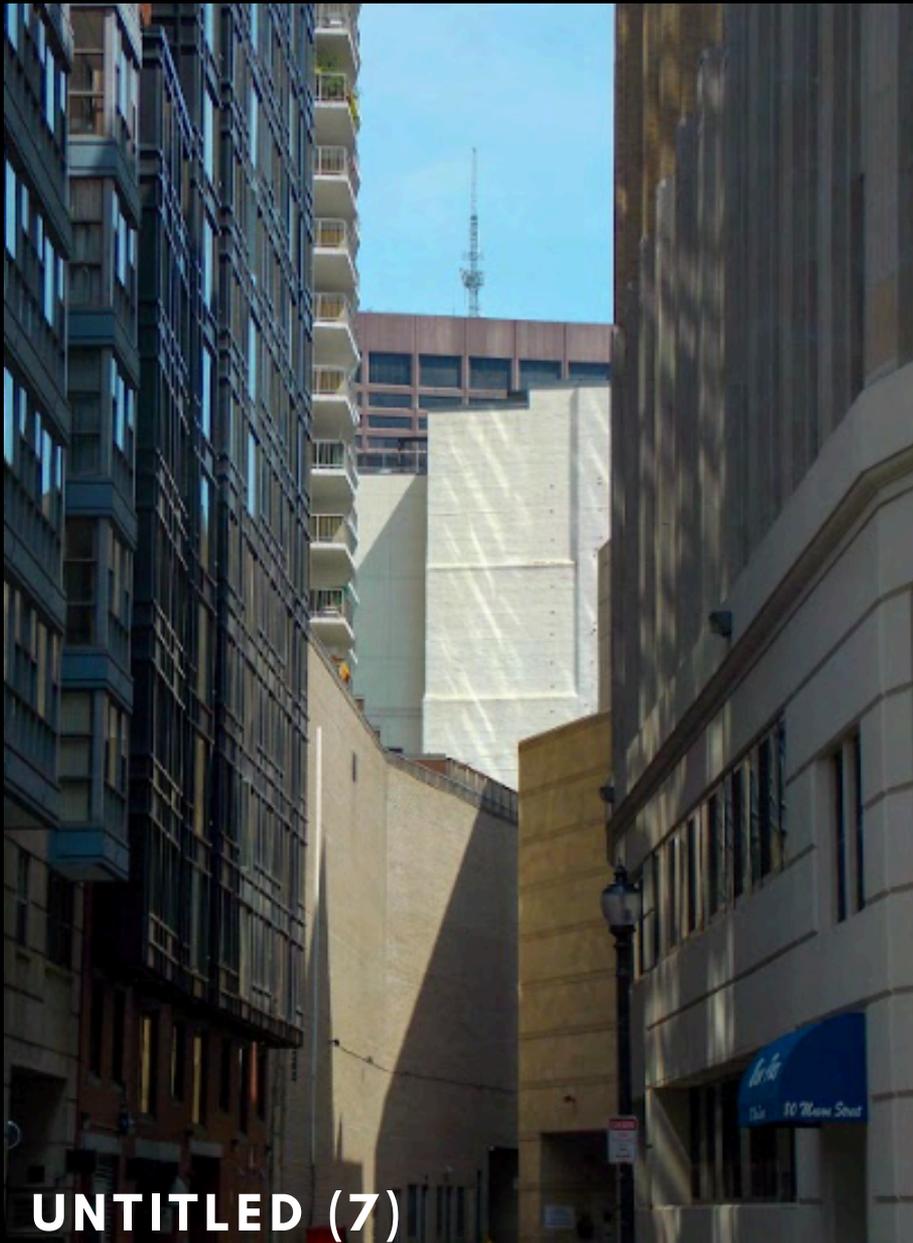
By RUFUS PEARCY EDWARDS



Gini Index Project

By SKYLOR FORD





UNTITLED (7)
By AARON HUGO MARTINEZ



INCHEON, SOUTH KOREA
By LEE CHO



Rustic
By LUTÈCE



tic Sparrows

E MORGAN-KNAPP

a recurring nightmare

By KAITLYN LAURA BURKE



I knew I was dreaming the second I opened my eyes, the woods pressed in around me, trees twisting into grotesque shapes that seemed distorted. Each leaf vibrated with an unnatural intensity, the colors glitching, going from too bright to too sharp, as if reality had been cranked up to an unbearable level. A cold dread washed over me as I realized I was being watched, a phantom mimicking my steps like a shadow, never losing its grip on me. I bolted, the ground uneven beneath my feet, roots snaking out like grasping fingers. Behind me, I could sense it gaining speed, its footsteps heavy on the earth, echoing off the atmosphere as if there was an invisible barrier.

I looked back and saw it. My breath hitched in my throat, horror seeping into my bones and rooting me to the ground. I took an experimental step backwards, the forest shifting with every step, familiar paths dissolving into mazes of thorny bushes and looming shadows, each turn leading back to where I began. I stopped, desperation clawing at me as I began to run, the illusory woods mocking my efforts. The trees blurred into a dizzying illusion of colors, the unseen entity growing closer, its presence suffocating. The woods had become a maze of roots and vines, every direction mirroring the last, trapping me in an endless loop of terror. I was lost, trapped in a nightmare where every sense was heightened, every fear amplified, and escape was a cruel illusion.

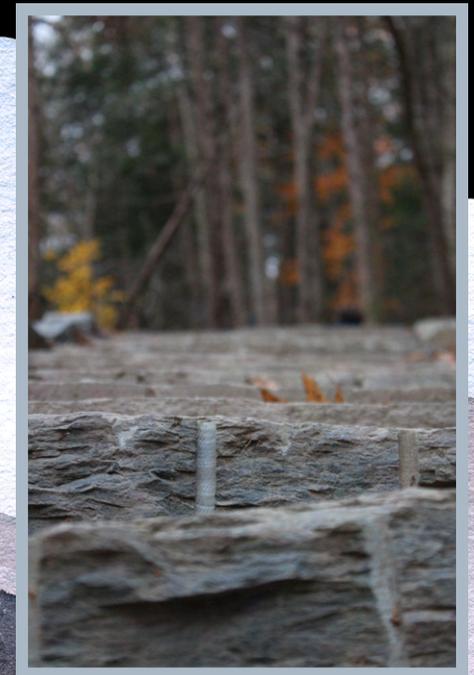
My gaze sharpened, and the chaotic woods began to merge into a more structured scene. A tall, imposing concrete building seemed to emerge from the trees, its stark lines a beacon of hope. Surrounding it was an iron fence, its intricate design a promise of escape. Hope surged through me, a desperate need to break free from the suffocating woods. Without hesitation, I started to sprint towards the fence, the ground seeming to flatten beneath my feet. The cold metal of the fence loomed closer, and I reached out, fingers outstretched, ready to grasp the bars and pull myself to safety. But as my hand made contact, the metal dissolved, fingers slipping through the fictitious barrier. The building and the fence glitched, the solid forms wavering before my eyes. With a chilling realization, I understood: the building, the fence, the promise of escape, all were merely another layer of the illusion, a cruel trick of my mind.

By ZEE KASIAN & DAVID KRETZ

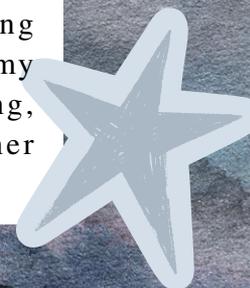


(Before) I'm Happy Again

By FURKAN UYAR



Ancient Steps





Hourglass

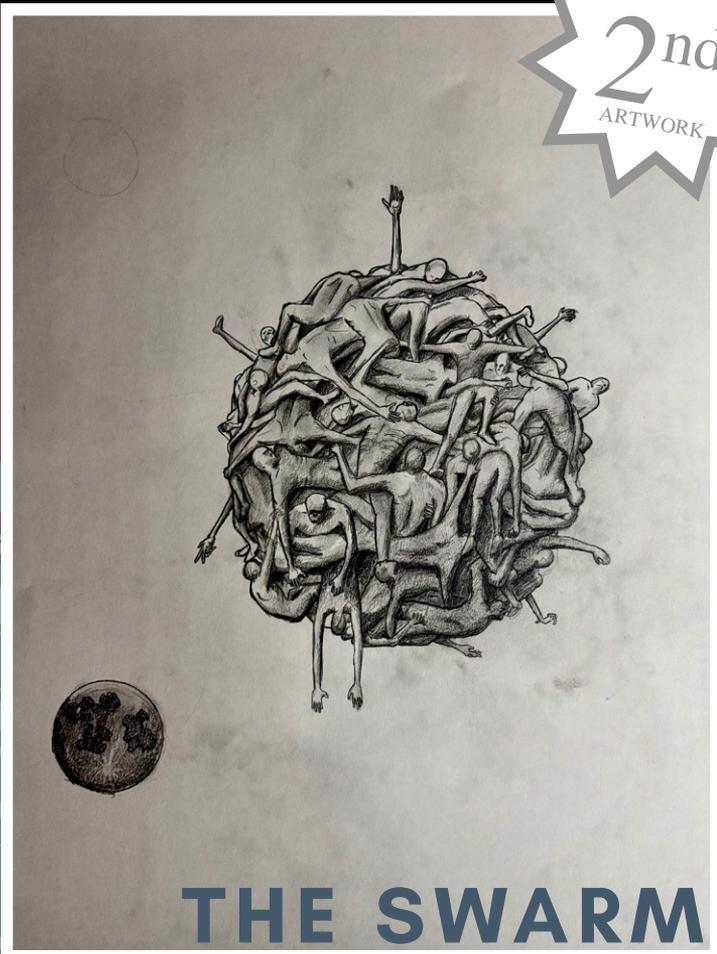


By JOSHUA YOON

IT CAN'T BE SAID



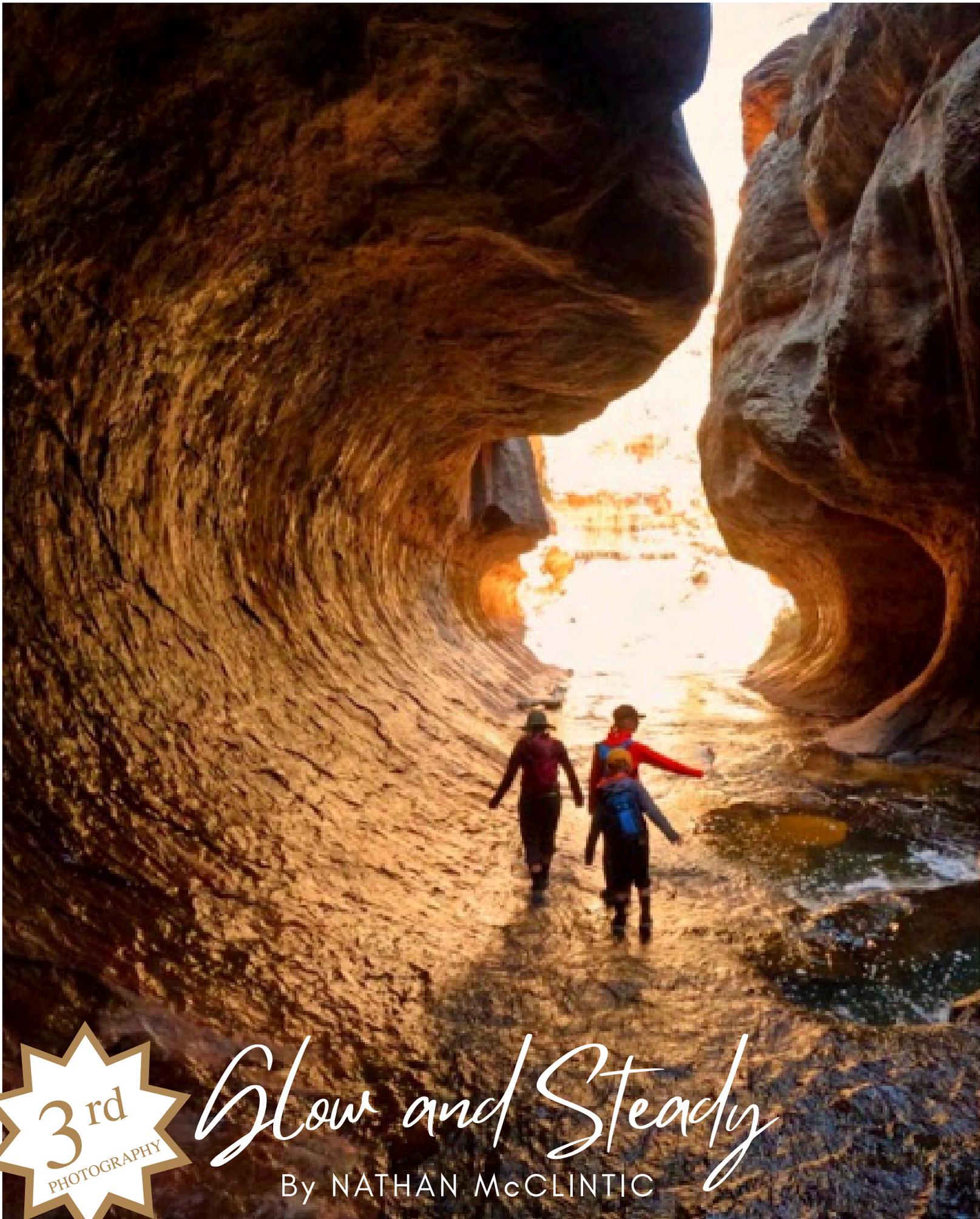
By WILL GOODREAU &
LEONID KORZUKHIN



THE SWARM

By AXL CHAVEZ





3rd
PHOTOGRAPHY

Glow and Steady

By NATHAN McCLINTIC



LITTLE FEET

By FURKAN UYAR



UNTITLED (3)

By SALIH UYAR



SUNRISE

By FURKAN UYAR

Equilibrium

By NANCY WANG

Day ??? - ???

Dear Diary,

You might be too late by the time you are reading this.

-.-- --- ..- / .- .. -.. -.. / -... / -.. --- --- . -..

Day 1 - Year 4167 October 19

I found this leather journal while sorting files for the Ministry. It was by the furnaces, worn out and slightly burnt from the fire. There were still some previous writings from the previous writer. It looked like the previous owner had given up. It's a wonder it is still preserved; this book looks like it's been through thousands of years, even before the Ministry was formed. From the previous writings, it seems like this small journal is something called a "diary" where I could treat it as a friend I could write to.

Day 2 - 4167-10-20

Today, I was notified by the Ministry that we would only be able to get 3 gallons of water per day for use. It was barely any. I am lucky I get at least 3 gallons; my friend Bill said normal civilians under the Ministry's influence only get 1 gallon of water. This wasn't even enough to go through daily life. Today, while going to the train station, I heard children begging for water, civilians fighting just to get one sip of water, and delivery drones getting destroyed and hacked, just to access the water inside that powers the drones. The price for train tickets has also gone up a lot. Today, my ticket to the Capitol cost me about 15 Aquads (AQD), a big increase from the normal 4 Aquads. I heard grocery stores have also increased their prices exponentially, but I haven't gotten the chance to check it out.

Day 4 - 4167-10-22

Ok. I'm also getting desperate for water. I can't even make a full meal anymore. I don't have enough Aquads to buy a proper meal. I've also heard the Ministry is starting to censor people who are questioning them.

Some guy yesterday tried to escape the dome, but ended up getting caught by the guards. Today, he wasn't waiting for the train like usual. The space seemed like a threat to everyone else about what would happen if you crossed the Ministry.

Day 5 - 4167-10-23

I was forced into a new housing unit. This unit was the newly budgeted construction project that happened a few years ago. When I arrived, I couldn't express how disgusted I was. My room was about the size of two full beds side by side, with barely enough space to function. This was one of the better rooms in this unit. I gazed down the balcony to see children crying and multiple people sharing rooms even smaller than mine. There are an awful lot of infants these days. People say it's the hope for future generations and the hope for humanity to continue, but they also require an awful amount of resources wasted on them.

Day 8 - 4167-10-26

Today, the Ministry released an official statement saying everyone's food rations are also decreasing. My friend Bill said there's been an exponential increase in births in the hospital. This means our rations decrease. Yesterday, while in the Ministry sector 2S, I saw large amounts of water being poured into large buckets for Ministry use, while we starved. If I were slightly more thirsty, I would have just hurled myself into those pools and drank to my heart's content. Reality hit me that if I had probably done it, I would have been executed. No one would even care about me; it's just more water for them. These days, people have become significantly more hypocritical. My stomach always growled while I sorted files. I would watch the executives eat and drink like kings, while I had miniature rations compared to them. Sleeping was also hard. The thin, cheap cardboard walls felt like they were going to collapse onto me. Next door, a family of ten was barely able to survive. The children cried the entire night, the adults begging and getting hit by loan sharks. Their situation was grave. Last night I gave them some of my leftover bread, and they seemed to be so grateful. In return, they shared that they used to be Ministry workers who wondered too much; they were forced into hiding. I was even invited into their small complex. It couldn't even fit one full-sized bed, and somehow all ten people were

able to live. This opened my eyes to how grateful I should be.

Day 9 - 4167-10-27

In Sector 20, I heard rumors of the Ministry's psychology department developing new water that could be produced within seconds. It is supposed to be able to be produced in unlimited amounts and could quench thirst. I also heard rumors that they aren't using any water when developing this. They aren't even using any fluids.

Day 16 - 4167-10-34

Recently, I noticed how silent my neighbors have been these past few days.

When I opened the door to my neighbors' today, I was greeted by a stark, small bedroom. It was unusually clean and stark, with nothing in the room. There wasn't even a single trace of the family, as if they had vanished completely in thin air. Confused, I asked Bill about the family, but he said there was no such family that ever existed. Desperate, I told him the room number, but he said that the number and room never existed. Refusing to believe him, I showed him the door, but when I opened the door, it was just an equipment room. There wasn't even a trace of the room with the family of ten. I was so confused, I asked another guy named Fred. He had previously fallen while climbing the dome and barely escaped from the Ministry's grasp. He also said no family ever existed. In addition, he said exactly what Bill had told me. I must be going insane.

Day 20 - 4167-11-8

I'm starting to crave water and food. Today I secretly got more than I needed from the Ministry cafeteria, and I got caught. As punishment, I will be receiving only $\frac{1}{5}$ of my rations for the next 40 days. Today, when my delivery drone arrived, I only saw a small parcel of resources. As I write, I can feel my entire body shaking, and my throat has been sore and dry for the past few days. My lips are parched, but I can't risk my last bit of water just to un-parch my lips for a few seconds. Instead, I have to just resort to using my saliva as a way to satisfy my body's need for water.

Day 25 - 4167-11-13

Today I won the lottery I entered almost 10 years ago. I had almost forgotten about it because the company got into debt and postponed the lottery. This resulted in angry gamblers revolting against the company, so they reluctantly chose their winners. I was so shocked when I heard the radio blare my name. I couldn't believe it! It was enough water to satisfy me for a month. I had won 20 million Aquads! With 10 million Aquads, I happily rushed to the nearest general store. Inside, I found a full fight, and I barely managed to steal one bag of bread. When I had grabbed the bag, everyone hurled themselves at me, so I ran all my life to the back exit. I don't even know how much I ran before they stopped pursuing. As I opened my bag, I saw a child no more than 5 years old crying. She was in the lap of a tired mother, who looked like she was on the verge of falling asleep. She stared at my bread while huddled in the small corner. My stomach was growling, yet I saw her hopeful expression. I realized they would die without bread. After a long battle in my mind, I walked towards them. Wiping the blood on my cheek, I offered the entire bag of bread. She grabbed it.

Day 30 4167-11-18

On the bright side, I was able to go to the general store and snatch a few canned goods. I was even able to grab one can of steamed vegetables, which I have been craving ever since this resource strain started. I heard it's going to be only worse from now on. There are a few suspected dates when the Ministry will lower the daily rations even more.

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Day 31 4167-11-19

Today, the once bustling general stores in the heart of the dome are all abandoned. When I went to check, it was abandoned. The lights were off, the shelves were empty, the floor was a mess, evidence of recent activity right before it was left to crumble. At sector 2S, I overheard one of the workers who tried to access the Ministry's supply of water got punished. When I went to check his cubicle, I only saw one cup of water on a blank white table that wasn't his. All his belongings were gone. His water dispenser had also been trashed, with all the water gone and not a single drop remaining. I looked at the cup of water. The reflection of me eerily looked back. This wasn't normal water, I knew it wasn't normal water. The Ministry is planning something.

Day 32 4167-11-20

Today, when I was heading to the train station, the announcement speakers suddenly blared. **THE WATER CRISIS IS SOLVED. NO MORE LIMITED RATIONS. GET YOUR CUPS OF WATER AT REFILLING STATIONS.** They repeated this over and over again, like a mantra. People burst out of their rooms and ran and pushed people until they were able

to get to the refilling stations. When I arrived at the nearest refilling station, I saw everyone fighting to get water. People were holding large buckets, all waiting to get their buckets filled with water. When I finally got my cup of water and drank it all in one go. It quenched my thirst instantly, and I felt fresher and newer than ever. Yet, during work, I felt insanely thirsty and parched. No amount of water could help me; in fact, it made me even more thirsty.

Day 35 4167-11-23

Tonight, a little girl asked me for food. Her innocent eyes reminded me of what I wished my life could be. She reminded me of my sister. She was sold into a marriage with a man when she was only 15. When I got the news that she had killed herself, I was too late. Her husband had taken their two kids and burned her body to hide any traces. I asked one of her children about what happened, but he just stared at me with blank, devoid eyes. After that day, I have never seen any traces of her husband or her children, yet I still get nightmares of that night. I saw the last of her body burn and her child just staring at me.

I gave the girl a little bit of my bread, and she left. When I went to get some of my water from the water station, I saw a line of children getting all of the water supply from the large tank. This meant I had to wait another two hours until the next supply came. I saw the mother carry two entire gallons of water and lead the children back to their complex. I wonder if my sister is doing the same thing, just in a different part of the dome.

Day 36 4167-11-24

Today, Bill died. He was my best friend for years since we entered the water crisis. He was always by my side, yet yesterday he died due to dizziness. He was reportedly losing consciousness while trying to go home and fell off a bridge.

Day 41 4167-11-29

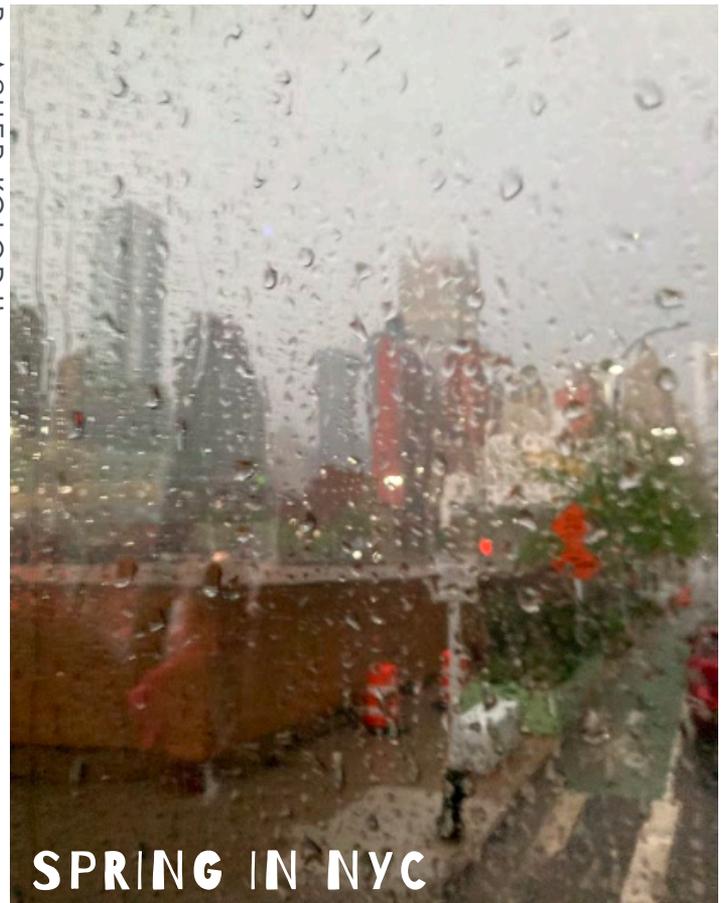
Other than Bill, many other people also died from dizziness and hallucinations. I heard cases of people driving themselves to insanity. Many of these bodies also severely lacked water. Is this because everyone is hogging the water supply? No—it can't be, there is

lips. As a way to survive, I have decided to drink my own blood. At first, it tasted disgusting and metallic, but the need for water overcame my senses and I drank a lot of my blood. Today, the Ministry was also running out of water. A shutdown happened just a few minutes ago. The announcements blared as the artificial sun disappeared, leaving the dome in complete darkness. After a few seconds, everyone completely lost their sanity. People rushed into the halls. I'm in a small window sill watching the lights flicker while writing this entry. I think the dome is collapsing.

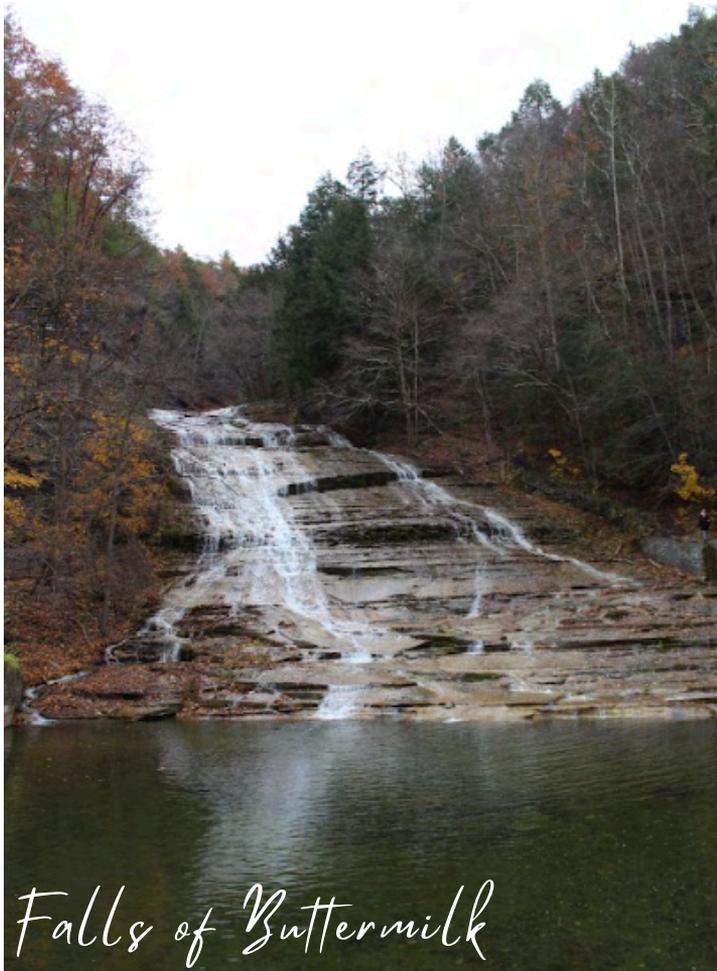
Day 67 4167-12-25

Today I heard the radio. The Ministry has announced that real water has been developed. For the first time in months, hope surged through me. I could almost taste relief.

BY ASHER KOLODJI

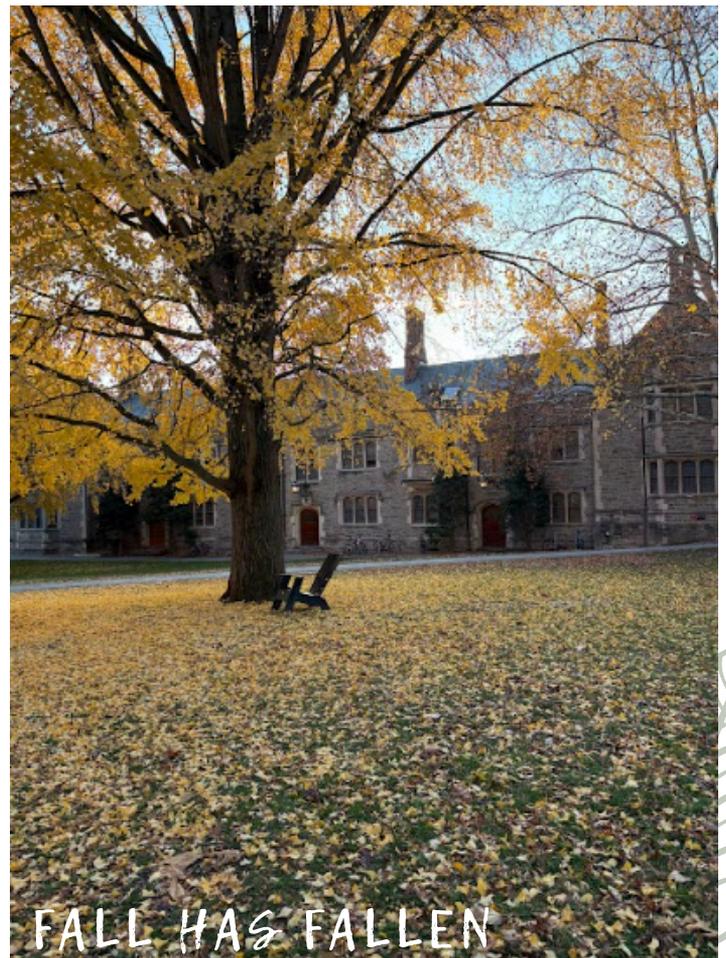


SPRING IN NYC



Falls of Buttermilk

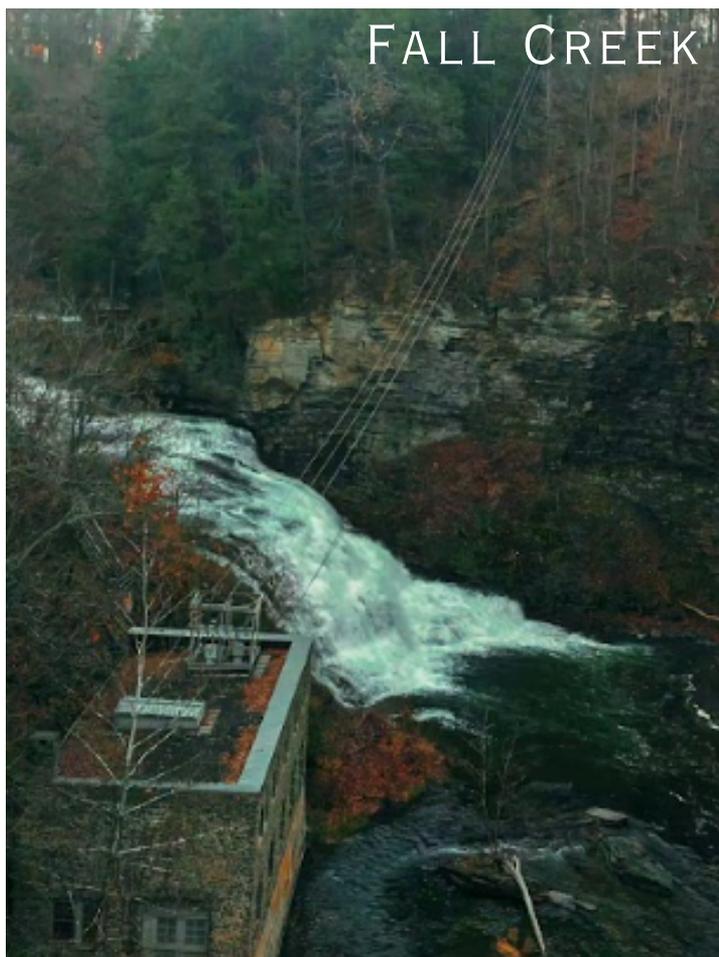
By FURKAN UYAR



FALL HAS FALLEN

By CECILIA HE





By BENJAMIN YOU



By CECILIA HE

The Magic Pool Table

By ANNA JAMES

One day, a girl named Maya sat at her kitchen table, bored & distressed. There was nothing to do around here anymore, especially since it was winter now. Summer was easy to find something. Selling candy. Pool days. Bike rides around the park with her friends. This summer was one of the best. They had driven all the way to Connecticut from Maine to their grandparents' house. It was probably the most chaotic car drive ever, mainly from claustrophobia. Maya chuckled as she remembered her siblings crying over their seats, about being hungry. . .She jumped as the doorbell rang. It was probably her older brother coming back from school. He was in 9th grade now, so he came back later than usual. She went to open the door. Nobody was there. All she saw was a box. A huge box, at that. It came up to her chest!" Moom?" she yelled inside." Did you order something recently?" "No. Now leave me alone. I'm resting!" Her mother's cranky voice echoed from her room. Maya looked back at the box. If her mom didn't order the box, then who did? Maya shrugged. It was at their doorstep. She dragged it inside (took about 10 minutes) & stared in awe at the box. Instead of a deep chestnut color like most packages, this one was a deep magenta. It was wrapped with a hot pink ribbon. But the one thing that caught Maya's attention was the name it was addressed to. Instead of it being addressed to her mom, it was addressed to her! It said:

Maya Fooracer
111 Calamban St. Suite 7, 23013
Age 12.
(Enjoy the pool table! I did)

Oh, so it was a pool table. But who knew where she lived? And who knew her name? And her age? And who was this mysterious stranger? Maya had so many questions? But first, she had to open the box. She had to wait for her brother to get home though; she wasn't that strong. So she went to sit back down, but this time, she felt more anxious. She couldn't wait for Jake to get home so they could open the pool table. Obviously, it had to be special. Why was the package a bright

purple? She was still thinking about the pool table when her brother walked in. “Jake!” she exclaimed happily. “Wow, Maya. This is the most energized I’ve seen you in weeee...WHAT THE HECK?!” “Shhhhh! Mom’s trying to sleep!” Maya whisper-yelled. “Whoops! Well, when did this get here? It wasn’t here this morning.” Jake whispered. “It’s a pool table.” Maya explained. “I waited for you to get home so we could open it.” They immediately got to work. But since there were only two of them, it took longer to open. By the time they were done, they both needed to sit down for a second to recollect themselves. After they finished, they came to stare in awe at the pool table. It was so mesmerizing! Instead of the traditional green of a pool table, it was a hot pink. The exact same color of the ribbon outside of the box. The bowling balls were different as well. Instead of numbers, there were symbols. They looked like a different language. “What do these mean? I’ve never seen these before.” Maya questioned. “I don’t know, but whatever they are, they seem...sort of...ancient, in a way.” Jake said. They went quiet, their eyes jumping around, exploring the surface, until... “Hey, Jake! What’s this?” Maya asked, holding up an old-looking sheet of paper. “Gimme this.” Jake took the paper out of Maya’s hands. “It looks like it tells us the different types of...worlds?” Maya came to look over his shoulder. They read:

The Number World
 The Letter World
 The Swirling World
 The River World
 The Rocky World
 The Scary World
 The Earth World
 The Wish World

The Windy World
 The Broken World
 The Bending World
 The Wonderful World
 The Magma World
 The Water World
 The Candy World
 The Ice World

“What does this mean? Maya asked. That’s when she noticed the symbols on the balls could be the keys to these worlds. She wondered if... She took the paper back out of Jake’s hands, with a protest of “Hey!” from him, & flipped it around to the back. She was right, but not in the way she thought. There was a note. It said:

**To activate this table, have
 A will & a way. Hit the ball
 Make a score, Watch the world**

**Change before your eyes. It only lasts
 1 hour before it disappears, so be quick
 You can use it multiple times. Each ball
 Takes you to a different world, Use wisely. I believe
 in you.**

Anonymous

**(P.S.: It doesn’t affect time in the real world while
 you’re inside each world.)**

Who was this Anonymous person? And what did they mean? At least she had found out how to use the table. She showed Jake the note. “Do you know how to play pool?” Jake asked. “No, but I can try.” Jake jumped in front of her to grab the blue pool cue. She leaped to grab it first. When she grabbed it, she turned around to look at Jake, a stoic gaze on her face. “Just because I’m 2 years younger than you doesn’t mean I can’t do anything.” She turned back towards the table, Jake staring in silence with her. She decided to go for the Wish World; maybe she could find some answers. She aimed, & she shot. They both cringed as they watched. The ball rolled across the table, & fell straight into the hole. They both breathed a sigh of relief, but both tensed again as the hole the ball fell into lit up like a firework. They started to float as the world disintegrated. They began to spin at a rapid speed. The Wish World came into view as they started to slow down. They finally came to a stop safely on a platform that had materialized under their feet as the rest of the world built itself. Maya & Jake were lowered to the peak of a mountain, & the platform was absorbed into the top. “Where are we?” Jake asked carefully as they looked around. Maya already knew. They were in the Wish World, the land of wishes.

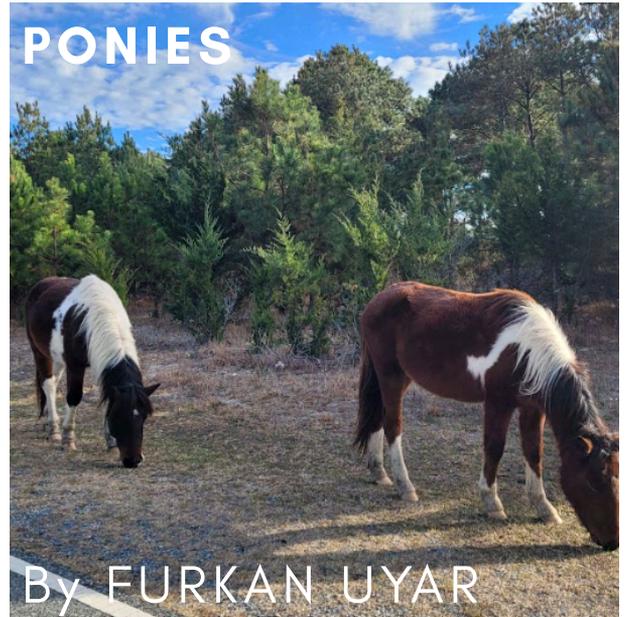


LAS MONTAÑAS

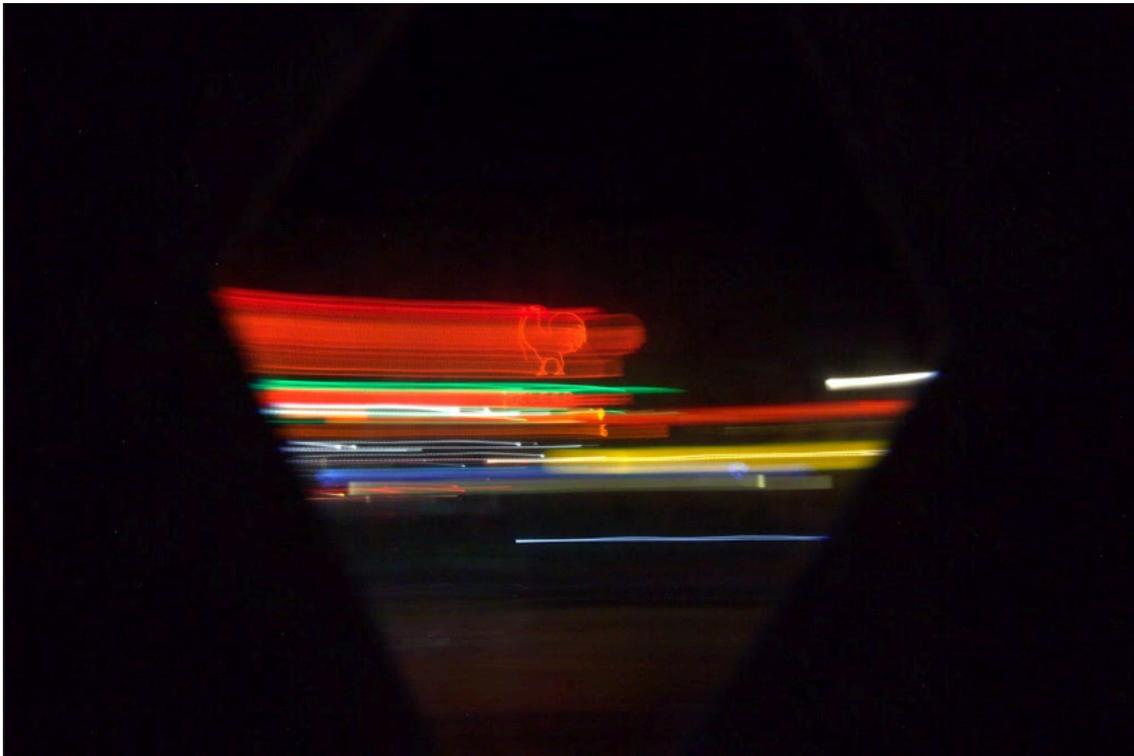


By ASHER KOLODJI

PONIES



By FURKAN UYAR



CUTOUTS
By WILL
GOODREAU

**WATKINS
GLEN**
By FURKAN
UYAR



Moving Through The Seasons

By SONAM GUPTA



Leaves fall.
Colors blend.
A soft hand.
Envelops mine.
I feel warm.
Warm.
Warm.
Warm.
Time slows.
It moves again.
Fast.
Rushing.
Relentless.
Ruthless.
There I am.
White blurs around me.
Snow.
I feel cold.
Cold.
Cold.
Cold.
I reach out.
No hand.
No warmth.
Repetition.
I move through.
Over.
And over.
Warm.
Then cold.
Warm.
No.
No.
No.
Only cold.
Only darkness.
The cycle continues.



By SALIH UYAR



By LEE CHO



By ELLIOTT PURSER

*This Golden Age: A Wind
Quartet in G sharp minor*



UNTITLED (6)



By GABRIEL CRUZ-GALLO

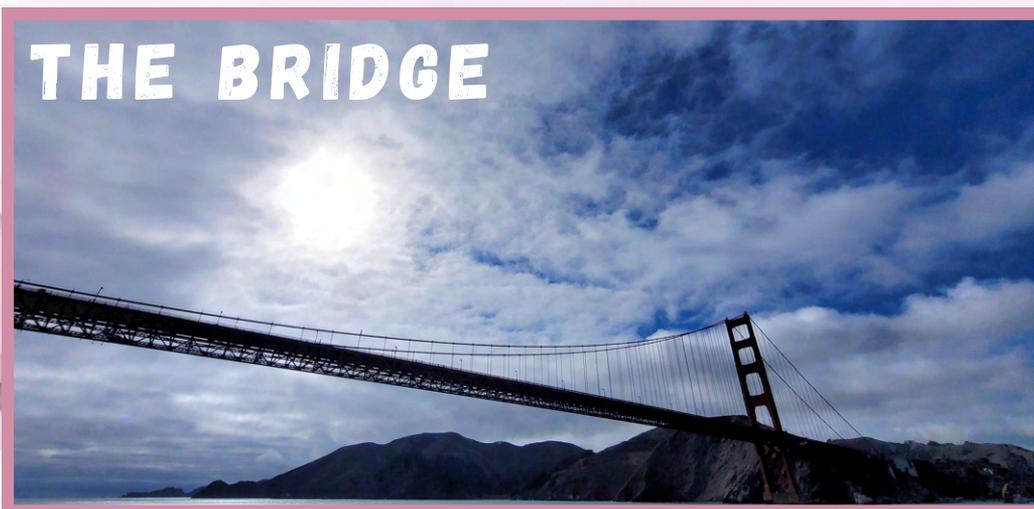
Untitled (1)

By CORALLUS MEEKS



With the moon I will go through cyclic phases of emptiness before I regain fullness.

THE BRIDGE



By SALIH UYAR

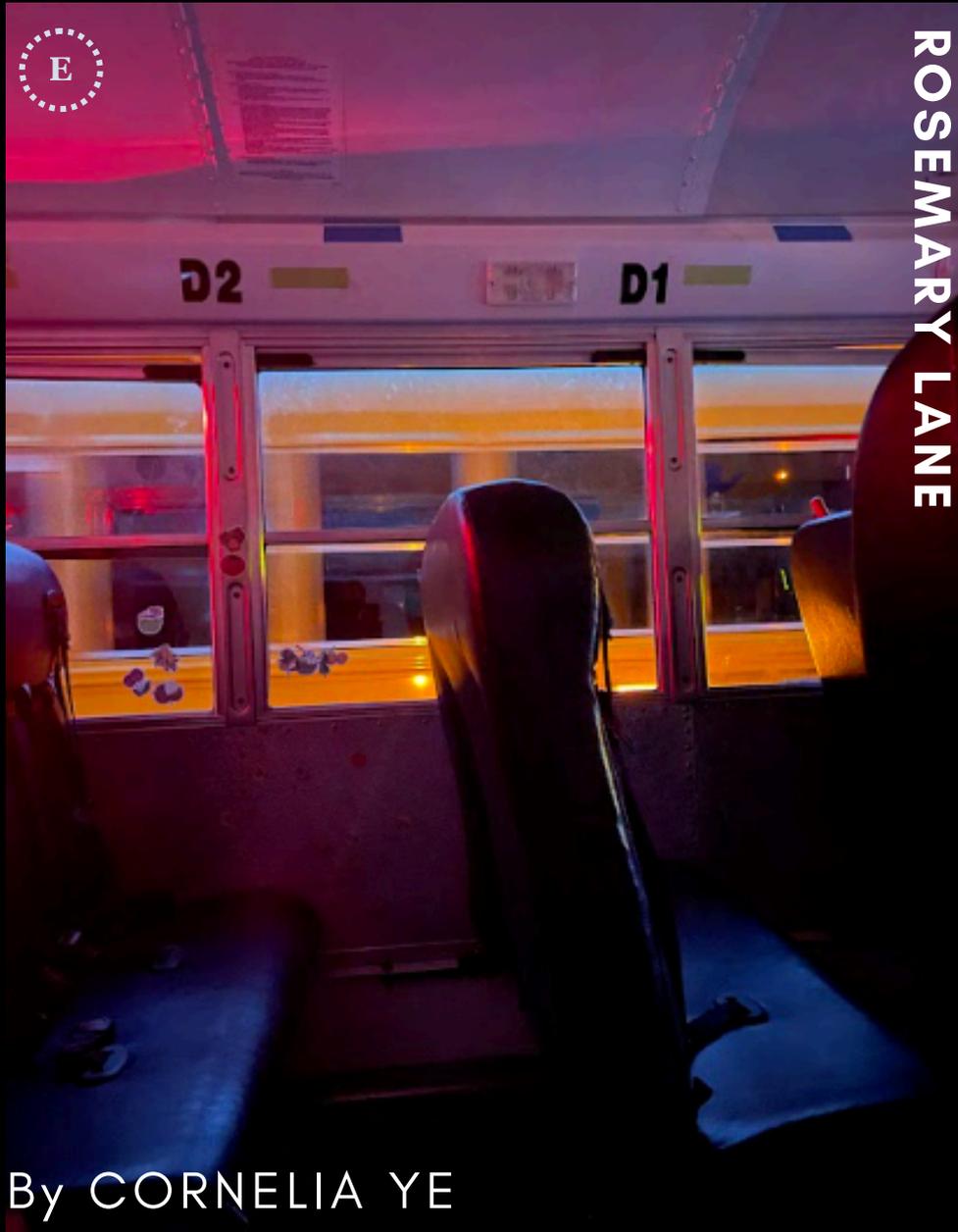
OVER THE MOUNTAIN



By FURKAN UYAR



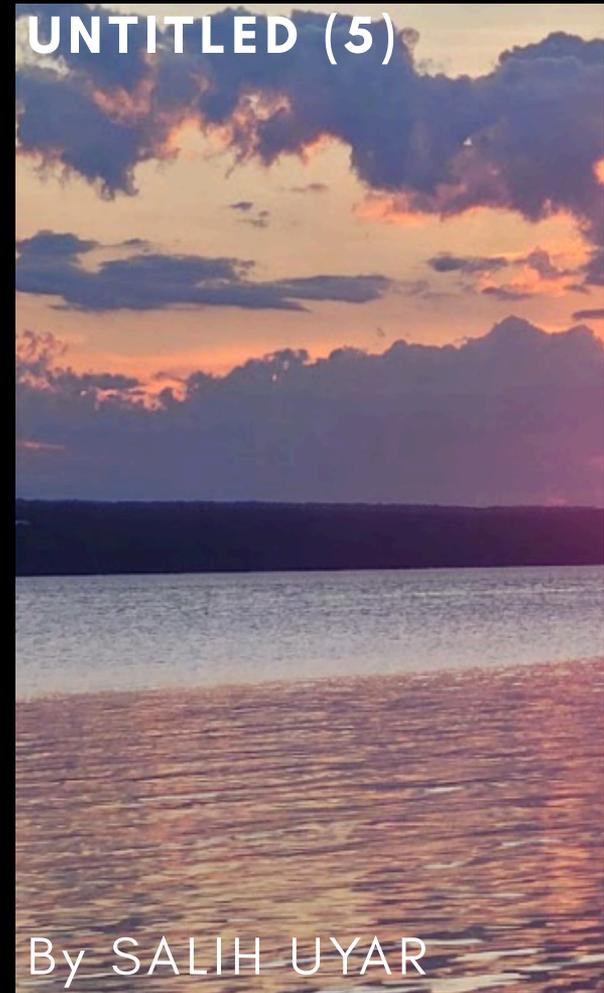
By FURKAN UYAR



E

ROSEMARY LANE

By CORNELIA YE



UNTITLED (5)

By SALIH UYAR



OCEAN CITY



LA CALLE

By ASHER KOLODJI



THE LEGEND OF MANNY

By HUGO TEMPLIER

Manny “Pacman” Pacquiao was born on December 17, 1978, into a family of 5, in the slums of General Santos, Philippines. Little did baby Manny know it, but life had a lot of surprises in store for him.

Manny presumably didn’t have much happiness growing up. People often say that this or that motivates them to get out of bed in the morning, but Manny didn’t even have a bed to ruminate on. His whole universe was about his mom.

The young child’s daily alarm clock was the piercing squeals of his little siblings, hollow with hunger. Even at the tender age of 9, he already knew how tough life was. He had seen one of his siblings die already from cholera.

He stumbled each morning from his hard, wooden table that served as his bed and onto the hard, dirt-packed floor. All around him, similar scenes were taking place in homes jam-packed right next door to his, stacked haphazardly and in ruin, walls and roofs barely still standing. They stretched on for miles and miles, the roads snaking past crocodile-infested waterways, living cheek to jowl. When tourists passed by this spot, usually by complete accident, their first impression was that if even one little home collapsed, then like a Jenga tower the whole entire complex would go down. But they never did. By some miracle, it stood.

Manny would soon discover, though, that this was by far the only miracle in the slums. Everything else was dreary. Manny learned to fend for himself, to take nothing for granted. Life was about survival. His childhood passed in a blink of an eye, his mind forced to adapt to the tough circumstances. In an environment like this, the weak are weeded out early on.

Manny alternated walking and running to school, capable of both. He could carry 40 pounds of weight when he only weighed about 100. He had sinewy muscles, extraordinary endurance, and didn’t even take notice of them. All his slum classmates were built the same. The harsh, unforgiving slum had molded all of their clay the same way. At least that’s the way Manny saw it. From his classmate’s point of view, however, Manny was unique. His will to live, smoldered in his

eyes. A defiant fire. One look at them eyes and you can tell this is someone who you do not want to mess with. His classmates gave him a wide, wide berth.

Sometimes, Manny would come home from a tough day of school with nothing in his stomach and find that his evening dinner was hot water. Here, there wasn’t room for empathy or anything like that. The basic desire to see the sunrise tomorrow was the North Star, this young man’s guiding light. Manny’s iron spirit refused to cave in. He soldiered on. He drank the hot water. By the time Manny was 12, he was functioning as an independent man. He depended on his mom only for basic necessities. If he were to be thrown out onto the streets, he would probably manage to eke out a living.

His mom came to the same conclusion. One fateful day, she explained to her eldest about their living situation - 5 kids that she had to single-handedly feed each day with a slim, slim paycheck. She couldn’t bear losing another one to the iron claws of death. She knew that he was practically a grown man. The streets, he could manage. But if he stayed, one of his siblings would certainly die. Saying this last part tearfully, she had no choice but to boot him, ending with how proud she was of him. Shocked, Manny just sat there. His brain certainly could understand the logic, but his heart and soul couldn’t. He looked out the window and right just then saw a man slumped against a wall, half-sleeping, his gray eyes defeated and staring off into space. The streets had beaten him in submission. The sight aroused his fighting spirit. He mustered his courage and accepted. With one last sorrowful glance backward, Manny walked out the door for the last time.

I can’t imagine how hard the first few hours, days, weeks, months were for Manny. The stuff of his 5-year-old nightmares had come true. Functioning on autopilot he wandered the streets, scavenging, relying on his razor-sharp instincts. Occasionally a tough guy would come and try and mug him, thinking that this boy was a painfully easy target, and it was then - and only then - that Manny arose from his torpor. Fighting, kicking, scratching, all of it. The 12-year-old skinny

oy rose victorious from the ashes every time. The mugger would flee, ashamed and abashed. Then, after the adrenaline wore off, he would subside back into melancholy. One cold winter day, Manny was moping around his old home, hoping to catch a glimpse of his mom. The man in him refused to acknowledge it, but he still held a sentimental streak. He had thought the streets had beaten it out of him, on that day for some reason, it had resurfaced. Waiting for hours in the biting wind, with only a stolen scarf to protect him, Manny huddled and endured. Nothing. On the verge of giving up, he turned back and in his peripheral vision caught sight of a heavy-set man with stubble on his cheeks and the same fire-eyes that set Manny apart.

Manny caught his breath. Uncle?

Uncle drew closer. Manny squinted. It was indeed Uncle. After so much time away, Manny was hesitant to draw closer. Did this man know that his sister had left her favorite nephew for the dogs? Would he even recognize Manny?

But there was something else. His time on the streets had taught him to trust his gut instincts, and right now his instincts were telling him his uncle was dangerous. Something flashed; it was a dagger that he was gripping so tightly that the knuckles on his hand had turned white. A quick sweep of the eyes told him that his uncle was loaded. The bulge in his trouser pocket was a handgun.

At that moment, any longing for his family that had lingered in his heart vanished. Turning his back, Manny headed down the street at a leisurely pace, making sure to not draw suspicion. From that day on, his family was no longer a part of his internal monologue. He had left his boyhood behind on that lonely slum street. Maybe, hopefully the wind had seized it and thrown it far, far away. A new Manny emerged. This Manny didn't have an ounce of self-pity or any time for self-reflection. His clay was finally molded.

He grew to like his tussles with the would-be assaulters, relishing the sweet feeling of victory afterward. He didn't really like the actual fighting. It was all a blur to him. Quick and light on his feet, his hands like lightning, his endurance from earlier days serving him great use. Of course, Manny lost sometimes. If all the experience on the streets had taught him one lesson, it would be that life is not fair. People don't fight fair.

About a year after the Uncle encounter, Manny was

dreaming of the man who terrified him. A flashback, to when he was 11 and still had a home. Uncle had come over with a punching bag and introduced the boy to boxing. He told Manny that he thought he would be a natural. Manny didn't know what that meant, but what he did know is that he liked the feeling of punching something. It was a way of self-expression, to vent all his feelings and channel his fire into whacking the crap out of something. Afterward, he was sad when Uncle left.

Now, Manny was 13 and on the streets, bound by nothing. His dreams of Uncle and his punching bag haunted him, waking him up in the dead of night, cold sweat on his forehead. Most dreams evaporated by morning, but this one stayed over and over again, like that stubborn raindrop that just won't slide off to oblivion by the wiper, hanging on to the glass.

Strolling on the streets, suddenly he was seized by a sudden urge to look to the left of him. Perhaps God took pity on him. What he saw was a park - a public park. Where he could do what he wanted. He could box.

As if in a trance, he darted across the road and into the park. He flew across the grass until he reached a particular tree, the one he had been searching for. This tree had a leaf-covered stick hanging from a branch way above, dropping to a height perfect for punching. A miracle. Manny couldn't believe himself. Luck had finally blessed him for the first time in his short life. About time, his tougher, uglier side growled.

He punched it once, experimentally. It was just like Uncle's old punching bag. A few more times. A lull settled over him. The fire leaped up, wild and free and untamed. His hands darted in and out. The innocent stick in front of him transformed into all his street opponents, taunting and sizing him up. Gradually, this lost, 13-year old man-boy lost himself in the perfect storm.

Boxing was just a convenient way to release all the bottled-up sea of emotions inside me, he reflected that night, curled up in his makeshift shelter. I can't possibly hope to tame the ocean, but I can channel it.

As Manny got better and better at boxing, he decided to enter into his first boxing competition. Just a taste of how other people are, he thought as he filled out the sign-up sheet. He was 14 now, and boxing had made him stronger. Tougher. The fire-eyes smoldered constantly now.

His first match in the ring. He'd just bought brand-

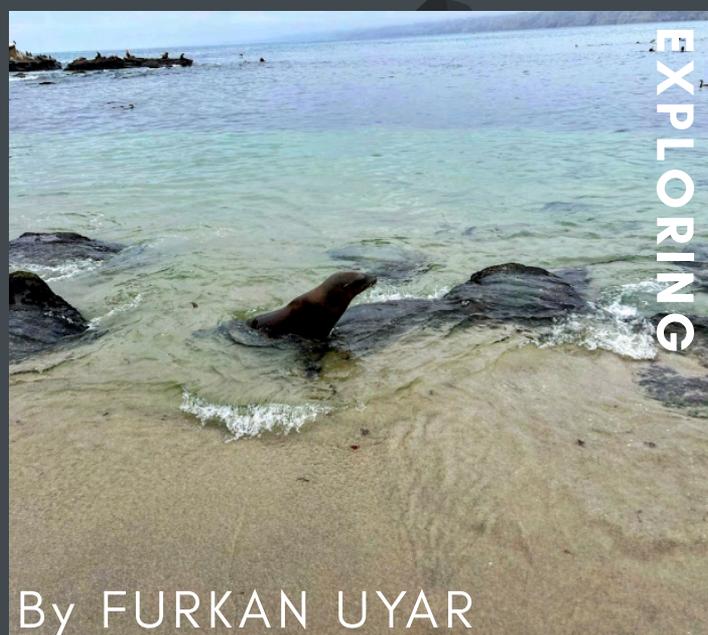
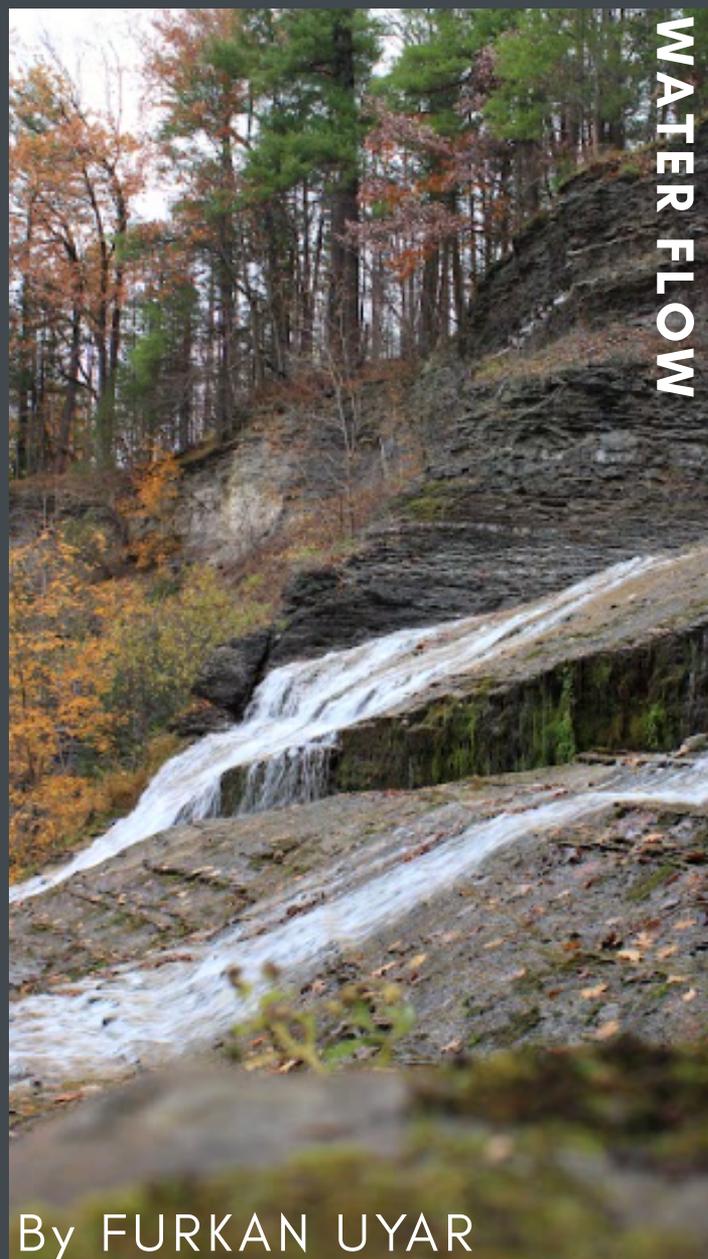
new boxing gloves. He looked at his opponent. A smooth fighter that moved around fluidly in his warm-ups. Like a snake. Snake guy looked at Manny and his fire-eyes. The first round began. They both stepped onto the sweat-soaked mat. Snake guy snaked around. For a second, he was still - but that was all it took. Manny visualized the stick at the magic tree, and without even thinking lashed out in a flurry of punches. He socked the guy right in the jaw. To the Snake's everlasting credit, he didn't waver or buckle. He quickly moved away, but when he stopped to take a rest Manny was on him again. The few people watching cheered.

Manny's heart wasn't even in the ring. All his pent-up feelings rushed out of him like lava flowing out of a volcano. You can't stop an avalanche from tumbling down the peak or a tsunami from scything down a city. His will to live came to the fore. Poor Snake-dude didn't even have a chance.

Actually, neither did the rest of Manny's other opponents. By the end of the day, he had a shiny new trophy, a pocket full of money and a new nickname: "Pacman". Personally, I would've gone with "Manny the Monster of Manila," but it's Manny's choice I guess.

The whole entire city of General Santos didn't have a prayer against this poor slum boy with the fire-eyes and defiant spirit. Pacman single-handedly fought his way out of General Santos and into the fastest-growing city in the world, Manila, and within a few years out of the Philippines and into the world. The rest is history. As a man, his legendary spirit never wavered or buckled. He wanted to play basketball, so he did. He wanted to become a Senator, so he did. As a boxer, he is the only man in history to hold world championship titles across three decades, from the 1990s to 2022.

Maybe he'll venture out into space one day, and the odyssey will be complete. From a slum to space.



ARIES

By NAIMA DEGE

Why do You fight?
Why do You keep Your head
held high
while You could
look
down

and take in the
destruction
and pain
before you
Do You have no shame
no remorse
no love
for the things
in Your wake?

I know You do
Because I've seen it
I've seen it in forms of
Obama
Mandela

Butler
Parks

hooks

Beauvoir

Truth

Tubman

King Jr.

Wells

Lorde

Wollsoncraft

But to You
Humanity
becomes a Weakness
Because why would people Worship something

Just

Like

Them?

Why would anyone care for a God

Who

They

Don't

Fear?

Aries

Get over yourself

There has never been a need

To teach people Fear

Get down from Your

High

High

High

pedistol

and realize

that no matter

what

War

You

Fight

everyone in it

is as

Human

as You

Every aspect of their lives

filling the voids You can't

Their Love

Their Friends

Their Home

Their Voice

Their Peace

Their Wants

Running their lives

Letting them hope to get by

While You Sit

And Ponder

The best one of them to Kill

To give yourself

The Illusion of Power

So

Aries

Stop being a God

Be something

That doesn't need

Pretending

End This Cycle

So we

Can all just

Be



DREAMBOUND



By JOSEPH FUG

Zane awoke to find a frog sitting on his bedside table. It was watching him intently, waiting to see his reaction and whether his reaction would necessitate a frantic escape on the frogs' part. Glancing over at his clock Zane saw that it was 8:27am on May 2nd. He let his head fall back to the pillow and lay there for another 30 seconds. He knew he did not have much time to get to work and shouldn't let himself fall back asleep but the idea of an extra minute of rest was dangerously enticing. He roused himself and managed to slowly extricate his person from bed. The frog remained where it had been, shifting its head to follow as Zane searched for fresh clothes. Zane tried to watch the frog out of the corner of his eye as he pulled on a fresh pair of jeans. The frog had vanished from his bedside table and was now perched on his desk. He had not seen the frog move nor had the frog created an audible noise or air current in this journey.

Nevertheless the frog had moved. Zane, now fully dressed, opened his door and exited his room. He walked down the hallway toward his living room window. The windowsill contained a number of cacti. Zane had found himself incapable of caring for most plants but cacti were resilient and he found them to be quite beautiful. The frog had appeared on the far left side of his windowsill. Zane gave the frog a nod of acknowledgement. The frog remained unmoving watching him intently but no longer with any sense of assessing the possibility of necessary reaction. Zane decided to get some fresh air and made his way to his front door. He walked into the mudroom, slipped his shoes on, unlocked the deadbolt and tried to open the door. The door handle did not turn an inch. He double checked that it was unlocked and tried to twist it again but it still did not budge. Zane turned around only to find the entrance he had come into the mudroom through was now a wall of carpet which he soon realized he had been laying on top of.

Zane opened his eyes and woke up. The carpet was the one which adorned the floor of his room. The carpet had come perhaps from one of his relatives, one of those gifts that serves both as a present and as a method of disposal of a no longer wanted item. The patterns on the carpet were quite complex and were quite good to follow as the mind wandered. Overlapping circles with characters of odd shapes in between in shades of red, brown and tan. However, despite its slight appearance the carpet was not very comfortable to lay on. Zane rolled over onto his stomach in order to stand up and came face to face with the frog. Its large eyes stared directly into his and followed him as he slowly got to his feet. Zane realized that he had fallen back asleep in the clothes he had changed into. He sat on his bed allowing his bleary eyes to remain unfocused. He glanced at his clock and seeing that it was 8:23 am he had seven minutes before he needed to get up for work. He blinked and looked at the clock again. It read 8:23am May 2nd. He thought nothing of this. He must have misread the clock the first time, seeing 8:07 or 8:17 as 8:27. He walked through his living room,

grabbed his backpack, slipped his shoes on, opened his door and stepped outside. It was a pleasant temperature with just enough cloud coverage to provide occasional shelter from direct sunlight but not so much that it boded rain within the next few days. His drive seemed to be taking less time than usual. The roads he took into town were surrounded by forest on either side for the first 10 or so minutes but he could have sworn it had not been two minutes before he was driving alongside the river that accompanied him for the middle stretch of his journey. The frog on the right side of his dash seemed to be enjoying the view. Zane had found the route quite scenic for the first 2 months or so he had been driving it but had gotten somewhat stale 7 months in. On some level he knew that it was beautiful, and that he should appreciate its beauty, but he could not quite bring himself to enjoy it.

It had been some time since Zane had really enjoyed much about his life. His work while not physically strenuous or particularly stressful had a dull beige feel. Nothing was that difficult, nothing was that pressing, nothing felt like it was hugely important. His employment officially was as a data entry worker but really this entailed filling in numbers, names, addresses into online files and double checking that such information was correct. It frequented the top results of a google search of 'most boring office jobs.' One task needed to be completed to make it possible for another task to be completed. But someone needed to complete the tasks and currently, for better or worse, that someone was Zane.

Zane walked to his cubicle and sat down at his desk, opened his computer and started working. Hours went by, droning on slowly, sounds of typing and occasionally a distant murmur of conversation. Somewhere along the way he ate the banana and apple that had been in his backpack. The frog periodically would appear and vanish from his desk. He ignored it and kept on with his work, it was all too easy to ignore it and daydream.

Zane realized he had missed his turn into town and was still driving along the lake. He saw another right turn coming up and tried to slow down so he could pull off and turn around but the brake pedal wouldn't move. Slowly starting to panic, Zane found the car was unable to slow down, feeling just out of his control. His hands which he thought should be frantically grasping the steering wheel still seemed loose and his attempts to break continued to be futile. The car started drifting to the right toward the steep decline of the edge of the road. In horror he watched his car approach a bend in the road and go straight through the railing. Everything felt like it slowed down as he soared through the air, the car beginning to tilt and rotate upside down in the air...

Thump. Zane's head had slid off his hand and down his arm and had just hit his desk. Startled he jolted his head up looking around he saw the familiar gray of his cubicle walls. The frog was perched on his monitor, safely out of range of any precariously tumbling extremities of any heavy eyed humans. Zane decided to get some water, stood up, stretched for a moment then exited his cubicle into a jungle. The trees were towered over him, and there was an abundance of noise, more than ambiance, enough that he could have stood and listened happily for hours. However he noticed a large shape moving towards him though. He managed to react just in time to get out of the way of the charging giraffe that was approaching him at a speed which rendered collisions incompatible with human life. The giraffe crashed into the hippopotamus that had been only a few feet behind him. The two animals

began to clash, the hippo attacking the giraffe's legs while the giraffe tried to create distance for another charging collision. Zane watched and was amused as the two behemoths morphed into a giant dragonfly and a moth, taking their battle to the air, their wings creating huge currents that whipped against his face. The trees around had shifted into a rainbow of saturated colors, pink, orange, yellow, bright blue. The leaves had subsequently begun to shift and melt into clouds that began rising to follow the insects' battle. Zane soared into the sky on a cloud finding himself flying with enormous winged creatures- bird-like apart from their enormous elephantine ears and the three trunks that sprouted from under their beaks. One of the creatures had joined the battle of the moth and the dragonfly, causing the former adversaries to join forces against this new foe. Zane felt the backdrop of the sky slowly beginning to fade as his cloud mount became moist and permeable. He was suddenly underwater, in a coral reef, a beautiful sight which was quite spoiled by the feeling of water entering his lungs. He frantically swam to the surface, where he saw a group of sea turtles headed towards him. The turtles seemed to be moving at reasonable speeds so Zane waited as they approached him. On top of one turtle he saw a silhouette that appeared to be human. He waited as they approached. The sun had begun to set on the horizon of the beach he now found himself standing on, but the silhouette was now right next to him. Zane found himself entranced with the figure. Twilight made it difficult for him to make out any exact features, but for some reason he found himself pulled towards it. As the figure turned as if to leave Zane, trying to shout but managing only a whisper said "wait."

The figure turned its head. It looked at Zane, curious, as if it had only now begun to consider the possibility that the creature it beheld could be of some interest. "Why?" the figure said. The low voice was smooth and carried a certainty with it as if there was no possible answer Zane could give that she had not considered already.

Zane thought. He tried to come up with an answer but found himself dumbstruck. Why? Why should she wait to talk to him? What was the value that he possessed, the insight, the perspective, the utility he could perhaps provide to make it worth her time to stand there and talk to him. Why should she even wait for him to string a coherent thought together out of his tangled train of thought. Panic began to ensue, he was running out of time, he still couldn't find the words, he struggled to try to string a sentence together, but barely could make two words stick, and he knew it was almost too late, that the sands were slipping through the hourglass just slightly to fast for him to catch up to and by the time the words left his mouth she would be gone-

"Just bloody talk to her already mate" said the frog. Zane was shocked back into focus. The presence of the frog had been unsurprising to Zane. The frog itself was a stranger to him but the concept of the frog's presence was an established phenomenon. Zane would not infrequently be visited by such entities. But none had ever spoken to him yet. Zane reminded himself that this was just a dream and not the actually frog he had been visited by

"Once you start getting followed by frogs you seriously need to consider the possibility that you were never awake in the first place" The frog said as if reading

Zane's mind. Why was the frog talking. How was the frog talking. Why was the frog speaking to him in what was now clearly an Australian accent? How could the frog know what he was thinking how-

“Yea I am reading your bloody mind mate so chill out with all the panic and introspection and go talk to the lady already”

“But what do I say?” Zane asked the frog

“It doesn't bloody matter what you say mate as long as you go and say it to her”
The Frog replied.

Zane turned and looked but the figure suddenly seemed farther away, he broke into a sprint finding unusually great speed in his legs chasing after her, through the hallways of his office, through corridors of commercial shopping centers, through enormous metal play structures that had been scaled up to full adult size, over a rickety wooden bridge and finally at the edge of a waterfall he caught up with her. She turned to him expectantly

“Well?”

“How do you feel about cacti?” said Zane

“I can't say I'm really a fan, but I could be convinced” replied the woman

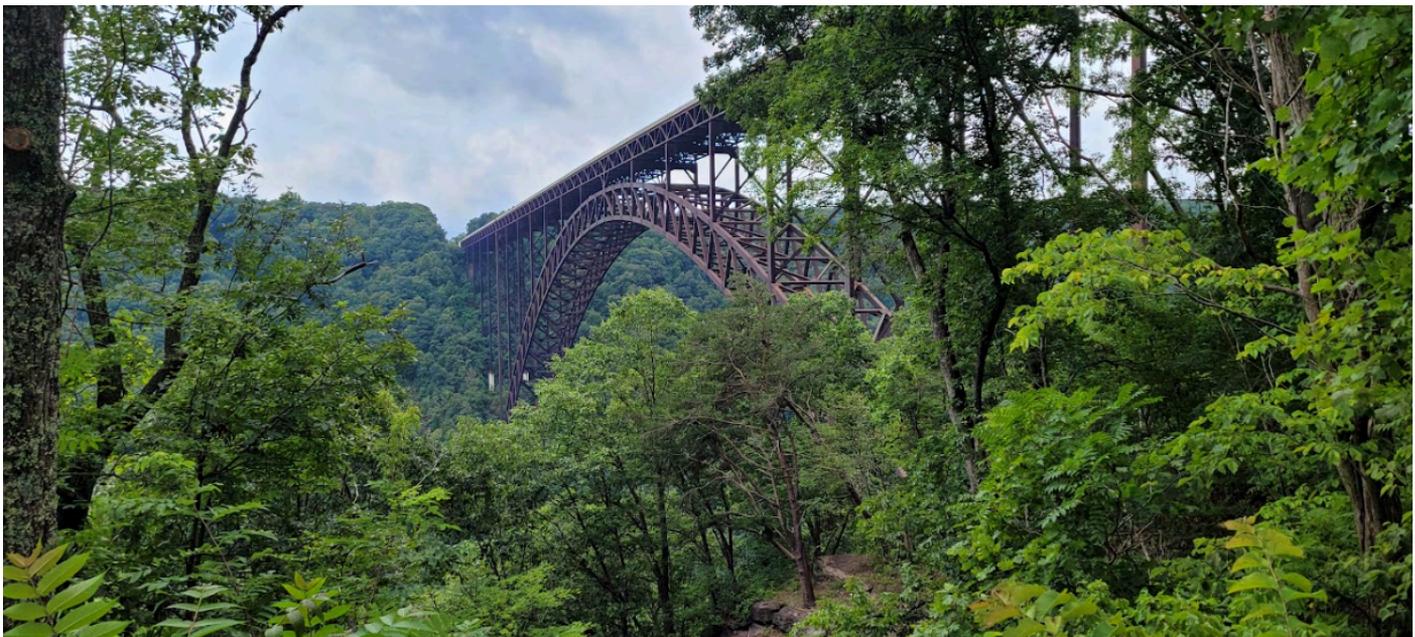
“Come find me”

Zane woke up.

He glanced at the clock. It read 7:59 on May 2nd.

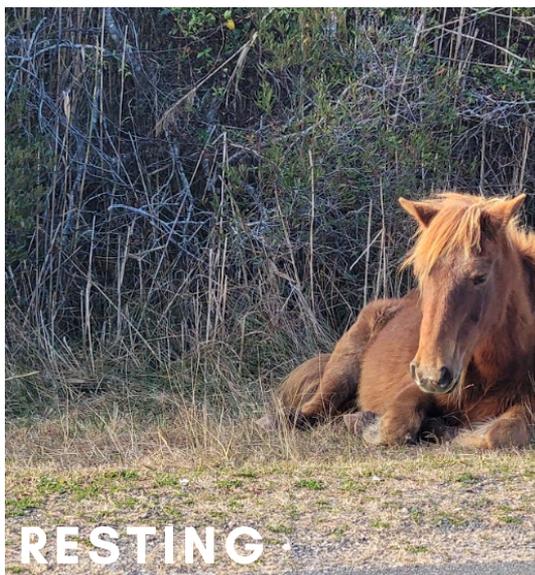
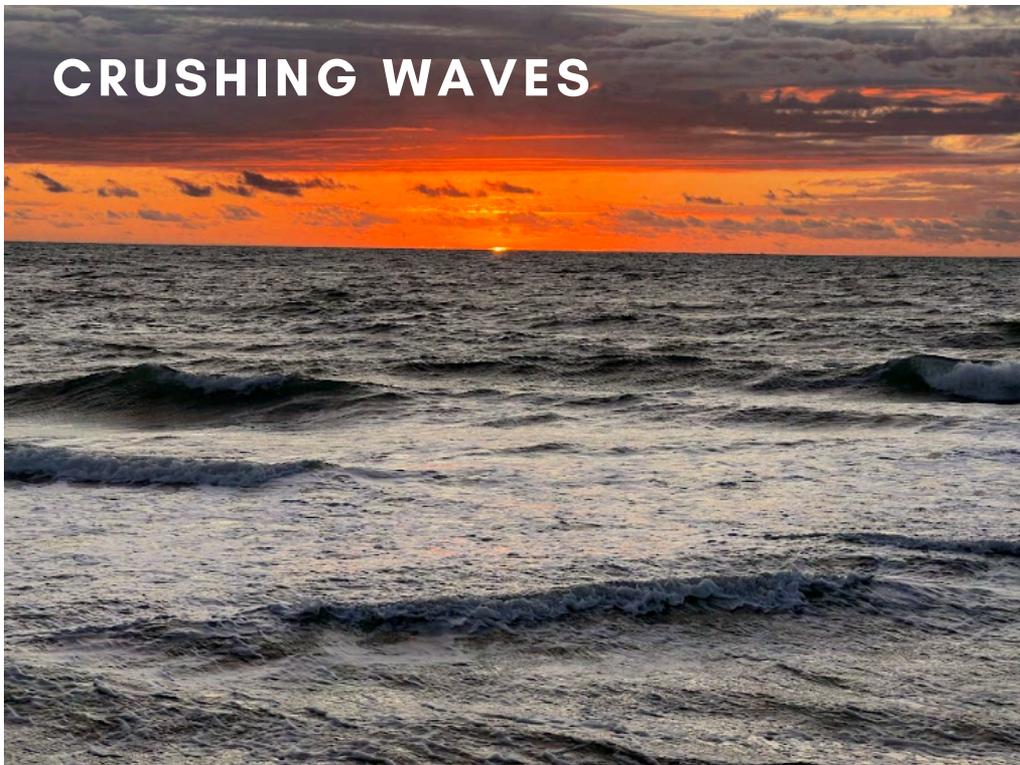
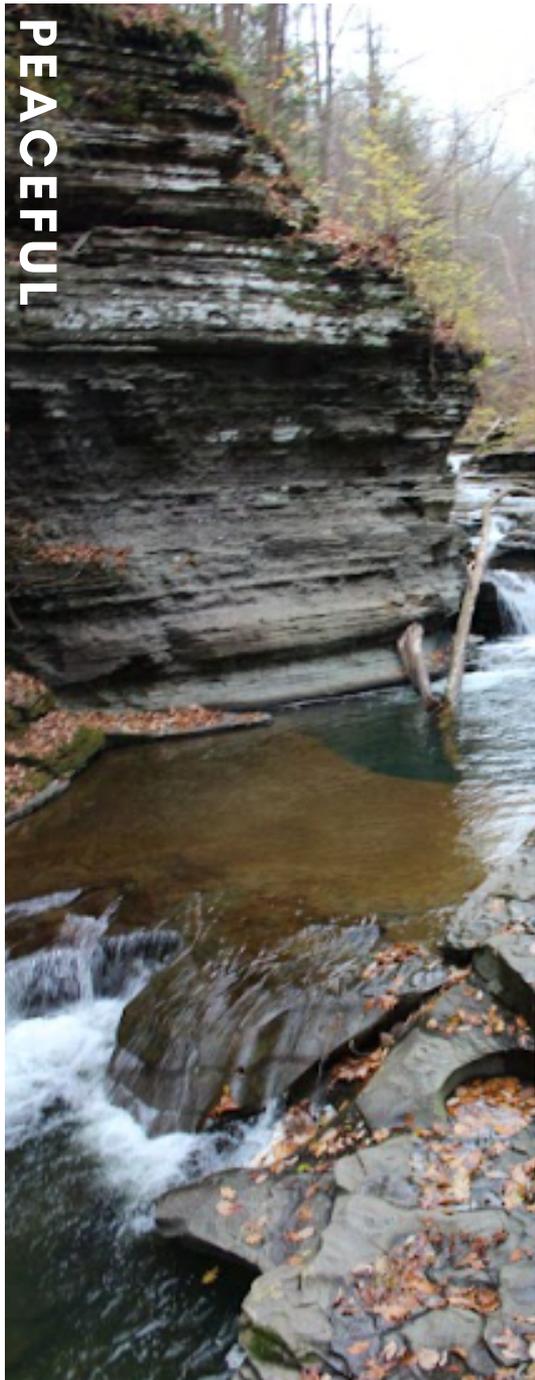
He glanced around his room. The frog, as he had suspected, was nowhere to be found.

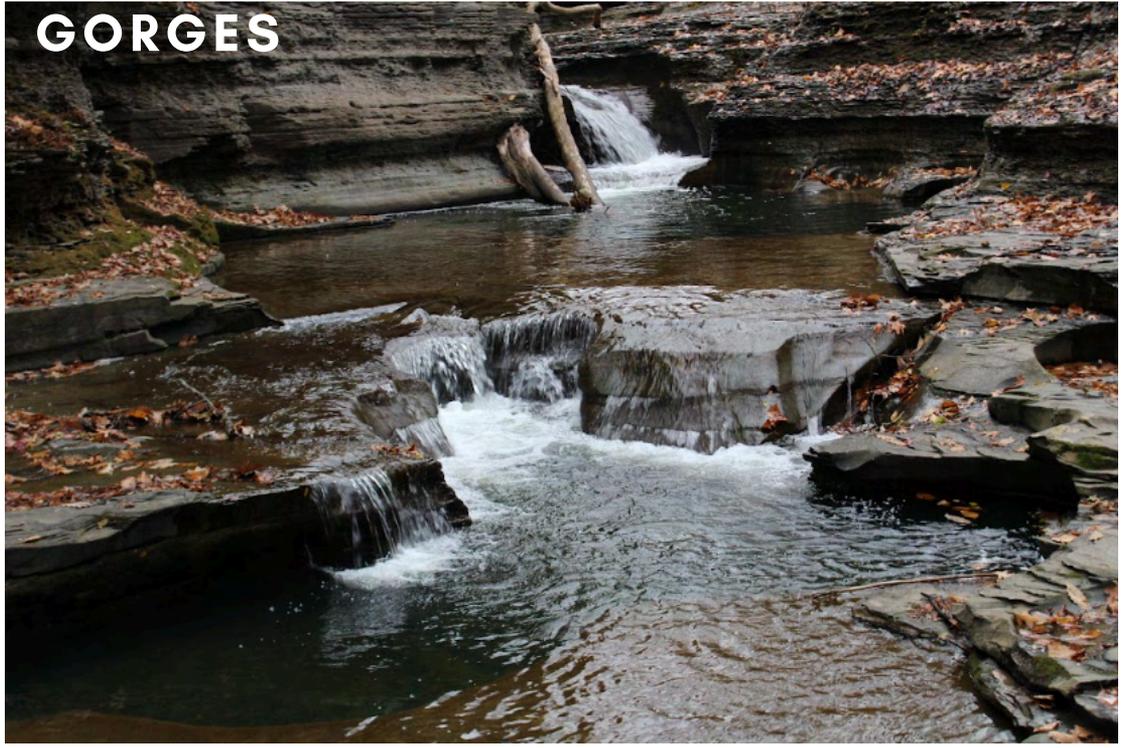
Zane got dressed, checked on his cacti, walked out the door, and saw the frog sitting on his front door step.



By SALIH UYAR

UNTITLED (4)





BY FURKAN UYAR



Downsizing

By ZADIE WANG



As I sat at the counter of the hole-in-the-wall bar, I contemplated the implications of my move to the city.

I had rationalized this move by insisting that I needed a new start. My ambitions, which at first seemed to be well-contained by the constant echo of be grateful for what you have, now seemed eager to leak out of the fringes of my hometown. The city seemed a logical place to channel this aforementioned desire—dreams were said to be made within the sleepless networks of the five boroughs. I wanted these dreams realized. I also wanted more breathing space.

I had, in actuality, downsized. My new apartment was an eyesore, poorly decorated with repurposed farewell gifts and pictures of who I'd left behind. The bathtub reeked of mildew; the faucet's joints creaked at every use. It was not a place you could bring lovers back to, or one that children could run amok in, or even a place you could, with great adoration, call home. But it was a home in its own sense of the word, and I enjoyed breathing in it without wondering which neighbor was watching the muscles in my neck contract.

Even still, it felt pathetic to sit in on such a lively night. Thus explains my trip to the bar, where I ordered myself a club soda and sipped it gingerly. I people-watched as I did so. Wasted girls held to their boyfriends like drowners to a buoy. Investment bankers tapped their platinum cards to the pay terminal without glancing at the total. Men looked my way, smiled, and looked back. I wondered if any of them were as new to the city as I was, and I wondered if any would take a liking to me and join me at the counter.

It was a hard no on both accounts. Most were able to greet the bartenders by name, or at least look at them with affectionate recognition. When they had their beer or martini or rum in hand—their usual—they drifted from the bar back to their groups. There was no room in their night for a woman of small stature, no leftover excitement after consuming it in liquid form. It was as if they formed the loci of impenetrable circles.

And so I sat unaccompanied, the cold glass of soda bringing the sensation to my hands that I otherwise lacked. I was pathetic, and alone, and full of possibility.

World is She

By CORALLUS MEEKS



protruding procreation
reaped from a womb
unsung of her woes
defaced of her glory

not is she of the world
world is she
upon her freedom
bring what may be

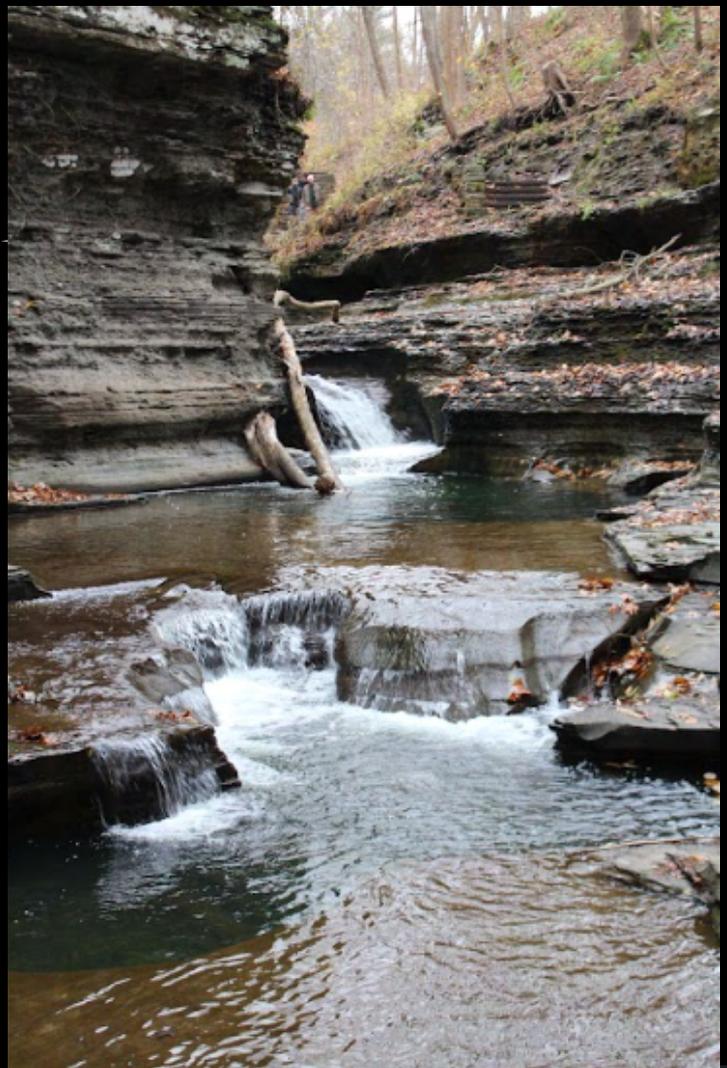
vices left in obscurity
lest her fiery temple be divulged
scathe lands of turpitude
awaken what's gentle

to her heart we anchor
yet abandon our soiled achievements
for what is the empire
without the hand that raised it

temper the tide
as it rises
to blanket her vast
queendom of many splendors
consuming itself
in flames of spite

yet she stands atop
the burning threshold
bearing galaxies
and in her wake she is unseen

she
who bends darkness into radiating lineage
she
who curbs storms into silence
she
we must unfetter
and watch the world she births
bloom beneath her gaze



FLOW
By FURKAN UYAR



LEARNING MAKES CONNECTION

By LEE CHO

Martin was quite the bright person. He knew how to do long division problems in his head, he was the champion of the school spelling bee, he was one of the top chess players in his home state. One day, he was about to go on vacation to Italy with his family. They had everything prepared. The itinerary was planned, the flight was booked with nothing to delay it, all the essentials were packed, all the streets were figured out. The family thought that they were good to go. One thing, however, was not prepared on purpose- their skills in Italian. Why do we have to learn it? Are we really going to use it long term? And what are the benefits? It's just extra work anyway. They get onto the plane. And soon, they would regret what they said about learning Italian. They would get into barriers with hotel receptionists, restaurant employees, and cashiers. They were getting into them left and right.

One day, out of nowhere, the family found a tool at a tourist store in Rome: a translator. It could translate into Greek, Mandarin, Japanese, Korean, Filipino, many other languages-including Italian, the most important for their situation. Desperate to avoid barriers, they purchased it. After that buy, they felt unstoppable. For the rest of the trip, there was no such thing as a barrier for them. A couple weeks later, the trip was finished, and the family flew back home to Denver.

On one hand, Martin was happy. He had always wanted to go to Italy, and he managed to dodge all the barriers with translators. But at the same time, he felt something down in the pit of his stomach. He thought of something that he didn't think a single bit about before- learning a language. He realized that he was monolingual- and could only communicate with only just over one billion three million people (less than a fourth of the world population), and the number of native speakers in his language falls short to not only Mandarin, but Spanish as well. He realized that he attended a multicultural school where he couldn't connect to anybody. He realized that he was always vulnerable to barriers. And the translator? Well, that took away the wholesomeness of speaking a new language to someone- and it misses out on learning about the people that speak it- the practices, the rituals, the culture, the customs. And don't forget about the cognitive benefits. Learning a language leads to higher test scores, better focus. It can even open up for more job opportunities.

Knowing about all of this, Martin had a longing urge- day by day- to learn a new language. Eventually, he couldn't not do it. He got himself some study resources and started learning Italian. It was a hard and long journey, but he eventually got to stringing basic sentences together- to communicating with other people- and eventually, he was able to break through and reach fluency. Motivated, he returned to Italy to study abroad in college. And boom- he was surprising locals, he was having fluid interactions with Italians, he felt sharper everyday, he could relate to the people, he felt extremely connected and welcomed. Things he didn't feel much or couldn't achieve when he went the first time with his parents. And when he flew back, he felt

even more accomplished on this trip than ever before.

There is one thing that everyone can take from this story: the power of speaking new languages. Not many people understand the power of learning one- and it's time for that to change. Let's make yourself more accessible in the world if you aren't multilingual yet. Think about a time when you had a barrier between someone who couldn't speak the same language as you and use it as fuel to get you to learn a language rather than recalling it as an awkward moment. Learning a language gets you to talk with more people, helping you express ideas to others. It can help you learn about different cultures and therefore different people; after all, the cultures you are associated with are one, two, a few out of many. Drop the translators, as it takes away from the joy, happiness, the benefits, and the art of learning a new language. It may be a long, hard, rocky path, but if the motivation is kept and one keeps going, enduring the struggles, they will find themselves with a gift one should be proud to receive- relating and connecting to different people in the world. There are eight billion people in the world, and only knowing one language- and one culture- prevents you from discovering the wonders of others. Everyone says that a world where everyone is more welcoming to each other is a desire. It's time to make that desire true, and learning languages and cultures of different people can get us to do just that.



THE GREAT SUNSET

By SALIH UYAR



UNTITLED (2)

By SALIH UYAR



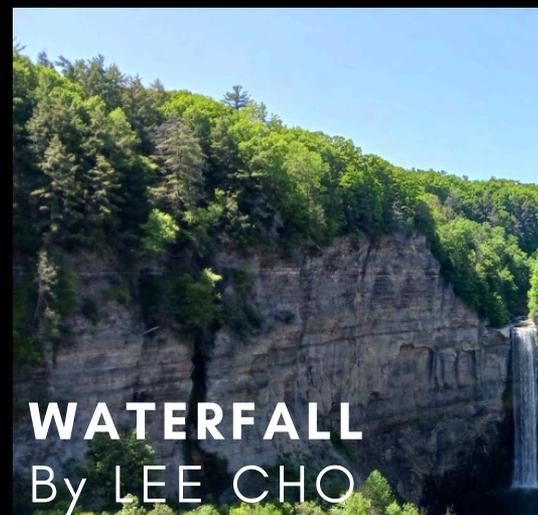
HOME OF A HORNET
By FURKAN UYAR



GRASSY MEAD
By ASHER KOLOD



THE WHOLE FALL
By FURKAN UYAR



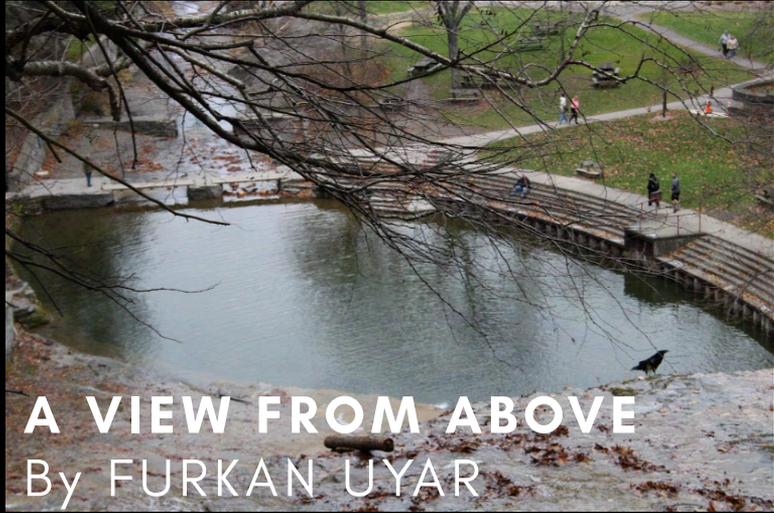
WATERFALL
By LEE CHO



THE ROTTING RED
By SIMKA DOLCH



LA CIUDAD
By AHSHER KOLODJI



A VIEW FROM ABOVE
By FURKAN UYAR



THE SMALL FALL
By FURKAN UYAR

SUPPORTING GREEN TOGETHER

By LEE CHO

As a human society, we use many resources.

We need them to survive.

Things like energy, and wood are needed, of course,

But our ecosystem can't thrive.

Why can't it? Our resources, you see,

Hurt the environment.

Our needs tailored to every day life, to a degree,

Harm our poor ecosystem, despite

Our resources it has lent.

For energy, we burn fossil fuels.

Carbon dioxide dances in the air.

They join into the greenhouse effect,

Heating up our ecosystem from here to there.

Habitats are being cut through due to highways,

So commuting by car doesn't take many days.

What else is being cut? People ask,

Our precious trees; for them, the skies feel gray.

Biodiversity is dwindling

As our world loses environmental resilience.

We used to have so much forest for our animals to thrive.

What has even happened ever since?

We have done too much damage to our

Precious environment by the hour.

It's hard to undo that damage so that the

Skies in our ecosystem show the sun

Because of how much we have done.

What have we done to our environment that is now sour?

We need to fix this so again, our ecosystem can

Reach back up to the top of the tower.

We've got people who are trying to take this back,

Luckily they acknowledge this environmental crack.

They have gotten rid of DDTs, CFCs, lead from gas.

As the environmental barriers we set up we attempt to pass.

It's not only up to those climate supporters, but it's also up to everyer

Try to undo the damage we've done.

Let's switch to sustainable energy, eat less meat, switch

To electric vehicles, and to the environment

The benefits at it we could pitch

To save it from the ditch.

Let's save the environment. It has given us what we need.

All we have to do is lessen our greed.

We must do our best to fight for the well-being of our planet,

After all, it's the only planet that life to us it has sent.



FLOWING O
By FURKAN U



A Dark Season

By ELI ASH

After the summer's sun and fun
After the autumn's fallen leaves
The following is what's dreaded
The Winter season is here.

No more light and pretty days
Grey gloom sweeps the streets
As Jack steals all of our sun rays.

The days slowly shorten
The Light that was so lively,
Soon becomes lifeless
For the darkness is revived.

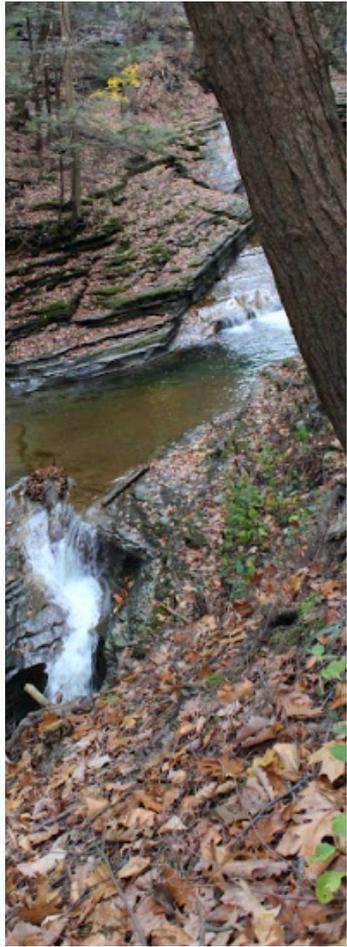
What is your favorite season?
"Summer, I love to swim!"
"Autumn, I love the colors!"
"Spring, I love the flowers!"

But winter...
"It's too dim!"
"It's not like the others!"
"It has no hours!"

What a terrible season... But Wait!
There's so much to see,
So much to do and be!
Blink a few times, and you'll find
The true beauty in winter's spilled tea.

Through the holidays, snowflakes,
cozy fires, and songs. With friends and family,
there's love all around.
It's a wonderful time so let it go!

A feeling anew. The magical season is finally
here, so welcome it through and through.



UYAR



