

ESCAPE

2016 - 2017

ISSUE 2



A STUDENT-PUBLISHED

LITERARY & ART MAGAZINE

Note from the Editor-in- Chief

Dear authors, reviewers, and readers of *Escape*,

It is with great pride and pleasure that I welcome all of you to the second edition of *Escape*.

As a continuation of our previous publication, I am pleased to recognize the immense increase in the number of submissions we received in the past year. I would also like to extend my sincerest gratitude for all students and teachers who came together to make this publication possible: to all the contributing writers, artists, layout designers, and advisors on the team.

Our magazine is one focused on literary work, including narrative, prose, poetry, and fictional writing, written on an array of varying topics. Along with these writing works, we would also be displaying visual artworks created by students around the school. This year, the theme of our magazine is centered on individual interpretations of life. The literary, art, and photography works for this issue all convey certain feelings, thoughts, or events that are present in this journey. We hope that readers will be able to find pieces within the material that they can connect to with their own experiences.

Once again, I would like to welcome any and all comments or criticisms that will aid us in further development and improvement of the magazine. In addition, this note also acts as a calling for all aspiring writer or artists to join the team, to become part of the established community.

If you have any inquiries, please feel free to contact any member of the team. We look forward to working with you and listening to any suggestions that may be given.

Cheers and happy reading!

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Ginny Hwang', with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

Ginny Hwang

Editor-in-Chief

Chapters

I. SARX

II. PHOTISMOS

III. LÁTHOS

IV. HOLOS

V. AION

VI. THANATOS

VII. PNEUMA

Σάρξ
SARX
flesh

Childish

By Alec Chen G11 St. Anthony

I used to be,
you used to be,
we used to be
Naïve.

Pure and defenseless,
We have nothing but a pure and undeveloped heart.
Wandered the dawn of the horizon,
Amazed by the reflection of the pond,
Fascinated by the mist in the air

Collapse, Intertwine, Convert,
and Denature

Here we are,
the representatives of
hypocrisy, insincerity, and misery;
grown up--
things have been left behind.

Childish;
I used to be,
you used to be,
we used to be.



By Sana Endo G9 St. Raymond
from The Youth Collection
Photography

Inside

By Tiffany Lin G10 St. Albert

“Inside”

“I’m not afraid to shine,” she says,
looking at the reflection,

“but the brightness frightens me.”

Not.



By Sana Endo G9 St. Raymond
from The Youth Collection
Photography

Wonders

By Anita Chien G10 St. Albert

The place where reality and delusions collide
is where we risk to find.

Yet we camouflage in unity
in a mix of two worlds, it seems.

Going to the other side is all we ask,
on days of imbalance and anxiety
(and through the life scheme of extreme).
We try to deal with actuality.

You and I are similar,
just trying to escape the world of expectations--
finding where we can wonder with freedom,
where our hearts truly desire to be.

φωτισμοῦ
PHOTISMOS
light

Moments of Dreams

By Anita Chien G10 St. Albert

A bittersweet mirage was enticing
And tempting my heart.
Whispers of the past were pulling me in.
Bits of scattered memories
Uncovered my deepest fear.

Resting my head on the pillow,
My dreams drifted off so mellow.
The sky is not so far away after all.
The heavenliest sleep and sweetest dreams were
Adding on to my beaming smile.

I closed my eyes
As I watched them gleam and glitter like stars--
Soaring through the sky
And lighting up the dreadful darkness of the night.
For them I've decided to hold on and never let go.



By Jamie Lee G10 St. Albert

Title: A Cat and His House

Size: 21x 16cm

Medium: digital art



WE ARE TOGETHER.

2016.12.10

By Jamie Lee Gio St. Albert

Title: When It Comes to Love

Size: 21x 16cm

Medium: digital art

Positive Stigma

By Tiffany Lin G10 St. Albert

With broken legs, I walked
Toward what they called perfection.
I couldn't imagine
Failing their expectation.

The door locked, my energy drained,
I saw the mask dropping.
Putting an end to the masquerade party.

No more tags, no more disguise,
I applied a new foundation, called Genuineness
Then put on my new lipstick, named Confidence.

With this new self, I ran.
Toward the grassland named freedom.
Now I can imagine,
Living with imperfection.

not a privilege

By Ginny Hwang G10 St.Albert

And to peer,
peer into the darkness to question
what it means to truly be
alone—
surpassing physical desires or boundaries
and the inevitable need to feel
loved again by another.

Some say love is now conventional,
filling in the silences
between all words;
but darling, pray that your love
is sacred.

The spectrum we seek is denied without the prism.
For how can love exist in black and white,
when we live in colour?



By Rose Lee G11 St. Anthony

Thin Air

Size : 59.4 x 42 cm

Medium: acrylic on canvas

Toska

By Katherine DeLange G11 St. Anthony

Some in my life are like comets,
They brighten my night skies
But leave a burning trace behind.
Then they disappear from the universe,
And I wonder.

I spin and collide.
Some came crashing down to the earth
And permanently replace the things
I find sacred.

Most of them are stars.
A little glitter but no light, no harm.
No matter how I spin
I stay in my orbit,
And they theirs,
And I yearn.

Under that illuminated gloom
Still, would you?

λάθος
LÁTHOS
mistake

Fates

By Iris Ho G10 St. Albert

Time was cruel; centuries flew past as seconds went by.
I stood there as you cried.
In this unfamiliar place, the only familiar thing was each other.
The worst thing happened.
You left.
The light fell in as the dawn broke through the gloom.
That is when he came,
To take my life.

Hours died; minutes flew past as years went by.
In this uncharted world, the only one I knew was you
Nothing bad happened
I left.
The night sneaked in as the dusk covered the doomed
It is when when he departed,
To find me

Lost in this world, drowning in thousands of thoughts
He came once more, but gave me a hand
Now I acknowledge his civility,
But there is no time;
The orchestra is lamenting my death,
performing the symphony of eternal rest.



By Joyce Yang G11 St. Louis

Night

Size: 210x297mm

Medium: digital art

Oracle - part 2

See part 1 in Escape Issue I.

By Andre Hirakawa G11 St. Anthony

We were never really given a meaning of life.

Our destiny was determined by a scale on a genetic screening machine known as the Oracle. It happened 30 years ago, when geneticists discovered the gene that codes antisocial behavior. Before we knew it, governments have implemented programs to screen every citizen for these genetic indicators. Those that passed the Oracle's test live a normal life outside the facility. Those that didn't are transported to the National Facility of Genetics (NFG) where we live like prisoners.

I told myself that it was behind me now. The injections, the jail cells, and the blood drawn for tests that I did not sign up for. I was determined to escape this place. And I have.

The outside world is nothing like the way Martha described it to be. No snow. No merry-go-rounds. I guess a lot has changed in 30 years. I arrived at a town built atop a desert, but there was something peculiar about this town. It appeared deserted, and yet it was full of automatic cars that seemed to be the closest sign of human presence. It was near nightfall when I saw swirling smoke in the far distance. Desperate to see a living soul, I walked towards it. I found myself staring at a huge bonfire, around me is a dilapidated world composed of tarpaulin cabins. Some had a tyre for a window, and others had pieces of pipe as their frames, but all were weathered and covered in sand.

My heart skipped a beat when a little girl approached me from behind and said, "We're all waiting for you." I didn't know if I was more surprised by what she said or what she wore. The little girl's sole attire was the remnants of a T-shirt that was five sizes too big for her. She took me to one of the tarpaulin cabins, but unlike other cabins that have a hole as an entrance; this one has curtains as a door.

An old woman in the cabin greeted me with open arms.

“Welcome, my dear visitor!”

The old woman had such a loud voice that it seemed too big for her frail body. She had such an assertive edge to her voice that I could not object when she bade me to sit down beside her by the fire.

“Always so doubtful, those who escape from there. Now, now, don’t be afraid of us; we don’t harm.”

Then I remembered. These people here at this little village are nothing like those in the facility. They are peace-loving beings, not blood-thirsty monsters like those in the facility. These people are genetically incapable of committing atrocities like theft or murder. They are, in a way, a separate race. Then why is the world not perfect? Why do these people still live in these tarpaulin cabins? Did they not manage to get rid of crime?

“Because you can’t get rid of greed,” she said, “No matter how hard they try to decode someone’s DNA, they will never find greed. Yes, they may be able to find who has violent or antisocial tendencies, but greed, never. And so the

poor suffer, but we're happy, you know," she smiled meekly, "we're happy for what we have. It's a sin to be greedy."

The girl with the large T-shirt suddenly appeared at the entrance with a large book. She stared at me with such intensity that I had to avoid her glare.

"Give me the record book, Bailey, and greet our visitor when you enter. Ah, I forgot to introduce myself, I am Georgia, and this is my granddaughter Bailey." Georgia gingerly opens the fragile record book, and said, , "Now what is your last name?"

Edwards I said.

"Edwards, E..." said Georgia abstractedly, "Let's see, here we go. 52nd Maple Street. That's within walking distance! Would you like to go home now?" Her eyes wide with excitement, "Most people that escape from the facility are always so desperate to meet their family before the facility finally sends the guards out to bring them back."

Why have they not come for me yet? They must have noticed that I have run away. Perhaps they are waiting, waiting for me to commit some unimaginable crime.

Will they catch me and prove to the world that fate is unavoidable?

The very next day, Bailey took me to my home. It was a very small house at the end of the lane. Much to my disappointment, it was abandoned.

Though abandoned, it still had the feeling of home. The childish doodles on the refrigerator, the book shelves filled with toys and books, the black lines on the door frame... These were all traces of my family, traces of the love I lost. My family... What did they look like? I was taken by the facility at the age of five and I brought no photos with me. I searched, frantically, until I found myself staring at a portrait of my family.

I found Rob staring back at me.

Oracle - part 3

By Andre Hirakawa G11 St. Anthony

The ironies of fate! This must be a mistake, Rob couldn't be my father.

The thought of this pained me, but no matter how hard I tried to reason against it, we do share a shocking resemblance. I suppose those foggy eyes were the reason why I never noticed that they were the same brown shade as mine. And his white and tangled beard... It covered those thin lips, my thin lips. As for why we were placed in the same cell, I suppose I was the only way the facility could keep him calm. How ignorant I am! How could I have left him alone in the facility when I know that his symptoms deteriorate without my company?

I must go back.

With Georgia's assistance, I was able to return to the facility after two days. She knew the facility very well, and I was in the air vents in no time. An odd sense of home struck me. How absurd it is to feel attached to this hellish place! I crawled intuitively toward Martha's lab.

"You're not supposed to be here!" Martha shrieked, looking left and right instinctively, "You know perfectly well it's a trap!"

"Martha, calm down, I'm going to get caught anyway," I reassured her as I placed my hands on her shoulders.

"Listen to me! They didn't reveal your father's name on broadcast for nothing."

Those devils! I forgot the measures they were willing to take when they get desperate.

"Where is he?" Anger overcame me.

"Ben, you must understand that..." Martha was avoiding the glare of my eyes, "Your father was a Mental, he couldn't stand being alone without you, and you were his cure. And when you left, the facility gave him a knife. Ben, you shouldn't have left."

The last person I have, dead, because of my own doings. This must stop. The source of all this evil must be destroyed. I had no plan, but I know what to do. In a blinding rage, I snatched Martha's pass and crawled back into the air vent.

I knew exactly where the Oracle was kept. It was kept in the laboratory adjacent to the storage rooms. And there it was. Calling me, tempting me to see what it has to say about my destiny. The garish light from the screen shined with all its might, undaunted. It seemed as if it was unafraid of its own destruction, and the blinding light was in itself an attack. But it made its last struggle to prevent its imminent destruction. It persuaded me to do one last Oracle test. My curiosity overcame me. The results were one single word:

H O M I C I D E .

I could hear the Oracle laugh.

"Is This Real"

By Rose Lee G11 St. Anthony

That rush of feeling--
Was it as frigid as a stubborn stone
Or so intense yet brilliant
Like a lightning on fire?
She knew what makes satire,
Knew the mystery of a secret pessimist;
But of what it could do to her,
She knew not.
A glitch, a flickering of mind,
With chills on her back,
With scratches all over her sides,
With no real escape.
It was just a slip, an error, a mistake.
And the next second.
She was drenched in hail,
And he was gone



By Allison Huang G11 St. Anthony

Spare Me the Drama

Size: 15x 21cm

Medium: watercolor on paper

overdose

By Ginny Hwang G10 St.Albert

I saw a changing.

I suppose it wasn't anything that should have come as a surprise. After all, she had been changing, growing more and more distant from me and less and less like herself, all throughout the past year. I did not know why. Then again, I did not bother to find out why. I knew all this time that she would show the results of such change; I guess I didn't expect it to happen this soon. There were so many signs pointing to this, most of which I picked up on. Every time I noticed, however, I passed it off as an insignificant event, merely as an inconvenience that I kept at the back of my head. This was what I did when I first saw her give him that smile; it was one of those special smiles that she used to give me— those smiles where she would look into my eyes as

if we were sharing a secret that no one else knew of. I did the same even when I found the red handkerchief in my drawer. You would think there isn't anything peculiar with this, but I did not own the handkerchief. It belonged to another man, and I was supposed to be the only one in the house. Though its glaring red presence bothered me, I kept silent. I never thought to do anything about any of this. I did not think to ask her either. It was never because I didn't know how to, though. I guess I just never cared enough.

With this thought in mind, I merely stared at her when she finally came to me today and said the first words she has spoken in months. As I saw her final changing, I tried to conjure up a reaction or at least feel the slightest emotion to reaffirm the expected humanity that should be within me. When she brandished the divorce papers at me, however, I felt nothing. No regret, no sadness, no relief- nothing. All I could think of was the stack of paper

in front of me and how much a gold ring from four years ago would sell on the market today. Her expression reflected the same detachment.

When I looked up at her again, the faint red of the world emerged and I was once again flooded by the conventional color of love. She was transforming too fast, too much, all at once. I saw her flesh melting off, exposing the gleaming white of her bones, leaving behind only a fraction of the woman I once knew. I stepped forward, attempting to save what's left of her, but I knew it was too late. The bones surrendered to the laws of gravity and dropped in clusters as they spread out, untouched and raw, across the stained floors. After a few moments, the bones came together again and reformed to show her body and her face; I saw this process repeat before me, with the flashing red shining consistently in the background. This was the first time I studied her appearance so closely in the past

year; I realized, as I stared, that I had forgotten how she looks. Only now were things coming back to me, bits and pieces of what I once had.

I didn't want it to stop. I wanted this red. No, I needed it. The only thing that was keeping me sane and alive was slowly killing me, and I was consciously letting it.

“He was not the man I once knew. The pills, the bright red plastic pills, had changed him.”

λάθος
HOLOS
whole

Snippets.

By Rose Lee G11 St. Anthony

Words are like a game for her,
As they can
Turn the tables around
Or
Simply serve as a handy tool.

There is too much of the
U n k n o w n,
U n h e a r d,
U n s p o k e n,
That she keeps
Hidden at the bottom of her lungs

To utter them aloud
Is a quest.
Like a pair of dice,
The result can be
A paradise
Or
A straightforward complexion.

She takes bits and pieces out
One at a time,
Cuts them into snippets,
Shapes them,
Polishes them--
A weapon of choice, that is.
Now all she needs
Is a victim.

To whom does she owe the pleasure?

At first sight By Alec Chen G11 St. Anthony

November 18, Winter, New Haven

a primera vista,

An ice, cold breeze blew through my ear tip,

a grand solemn chapel stood in the front.

Wine red maple leaves dangled in the trees,

took a step forward, leaves rustling.

Held my camera in position,

locked the focus,

wondered to capture the breathtaking stunning view,

glanced at the picture - no chapel, no maple, but you.

a primera vista,

the brown coat and silvery-white scarf cannot hide your

floral scent,

midnight black hair and illuminated eyes,

form the constellations in the sky;

red lips and rosy cheeks redder than the maple;

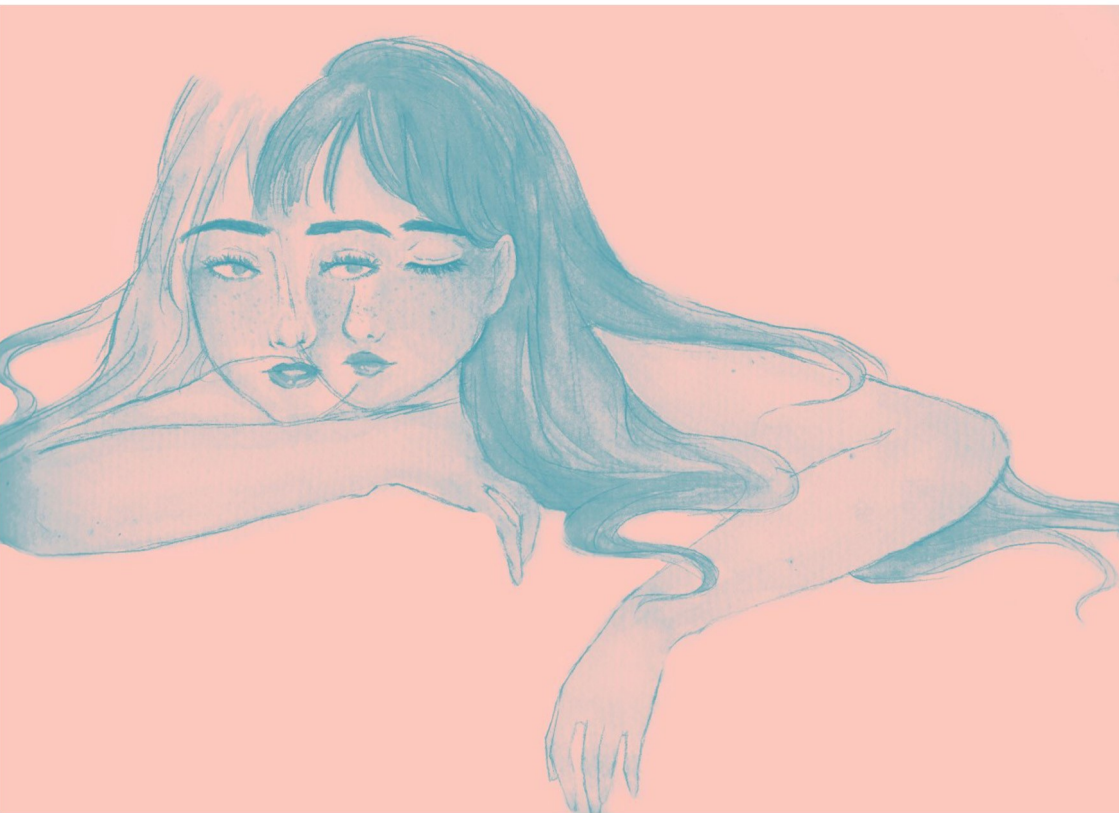
all of a sudden a warm breeze blew through;

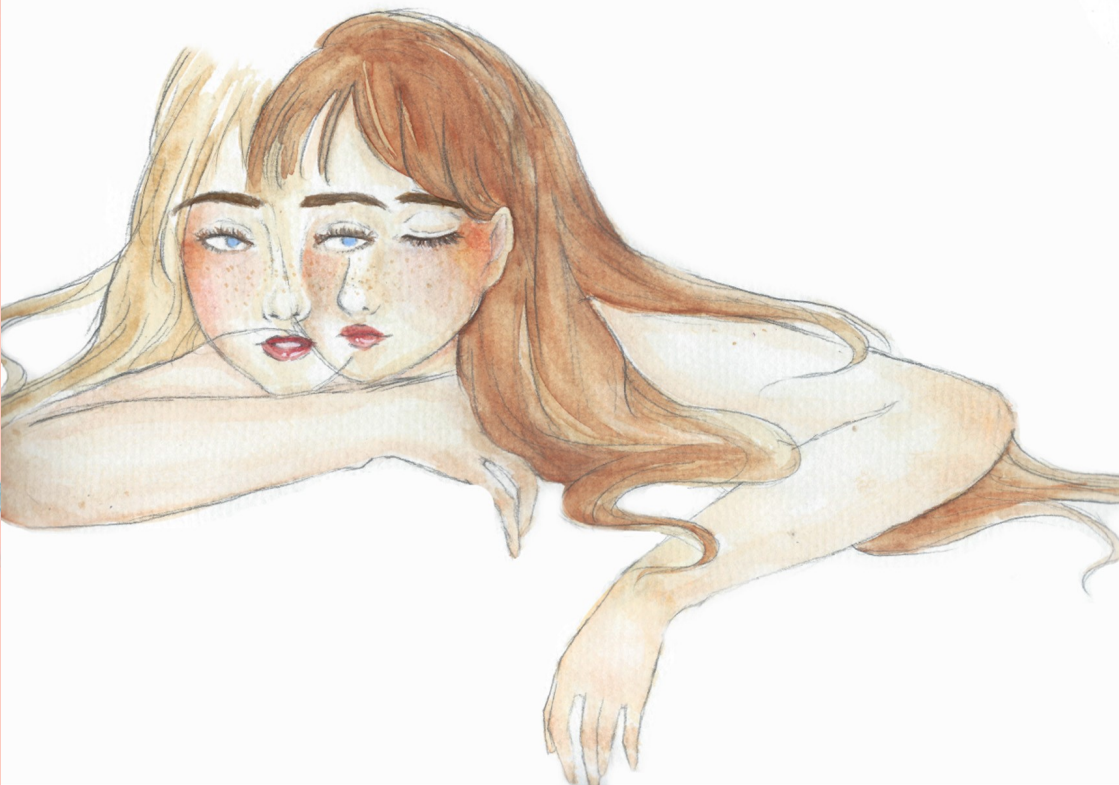
I feel you;

Romero is a beautiful name
with both a Spanish and an Italian surname, meaning
remembrance;

Espero que me extrañes y acuérdate de mí

At least I know I remember you.





By Rose Lee Gii St. Anthony

Double

Size: 279 x 210 mm

Medium: watercolor on paper

Edges

By Katherin DeLange G11 St. Anthony

She stared long into the sea,
Wishing to be beneath.
Every day she came,
Hoping for the ultimate dream.

This day she came
To see the serenity of the curling waves.
It splashed, and in its vanishing life, washed the
shore free of pits and pores.
Seemed so peaceful and wise in each of its lines
and wrinkles
Salt soaked into her skin
And made her its own element.
Sirens hidden in the faraway juts of stone called the
child of the ocean
With each quiver of music--
Near, near, there is no need to be afraid.

This day she came
To see the grace of the glistening waves.
The sinking sun spilt its rays of light
Onto the foams and had borne Beauty herself.
The pearl-like Aphrodite--
In entrancement she moved her feet
To step upon the wet sand,
To mold herself into the jade and white waves.
Yet, a sudden jolt of shock wrenched her away.

For she saw the violent undercurrents of the sea--
The swirling dark uncertainty lurking beneath,
The sun illuminated water is sharp and cold.
Cruelty in beauty unfolds.

Yet again she stared long into the sea
Wishing to be at peace,
To cross the boundary of land and sea.
She mirrors the waves
And comes day after day.
To gaze in wonder, in fear, or in longing
At the undiscovered country.



By Rose Lee G11 St. Anthony

Settle Down

Size : 279 x 210 mm

Medium: watercolor on paper

Day 1

By Jacqueline Gau G10 St. Peter

Walking on the streets

Putting my hands in the pocket of my jeans

In my head replaying the beats.

Watching those people meet

Wondering the destination they'll reach.

I can see colors in their eyes Or maybe it's just the

hard work they've tried

and the tears they've cried

They let my hope rise

Again.

Maybe I'm just lost,

Maybe I just need a little touch and smile,

Run back to those memories that made me laugh

Maybe I should just take my time and rest for a while.

Stand up again and try.

See the things I've never seen and

Feel the things that I've never felt before.

Is it the sweetness you took from the candy store,

Or is it just a lie to cover how you're a carnivore?

All I want is more.

From the day I met you at the book store.

This is what I go for.

Not just the laugh from you I adore,

And the care that I asked for.

Now let's explore,

I'm not afraid anymore.



By Joyce Yang Gii St. Louis

Thought

Size: 36.125x36.125cm

Medium: digital art

Stress Code

By Anonymous

Life is full of lies, malice, corruption, and much more. It isn't life's fault, nor is it the person living that life is a failure. It is the lovely societies'. "I guess this is life," stemmed from her thoughts, untold to anyone; her words were lost in the hollow wind.

What exactly is "life"?

The sound of an annoying alarm clock chimes within the room, and bright rays of sunlight shines through the windows. "Ach...." -an exhausted moan, those moans that come when one is annoyed and tired of someone or something. The source uncovered the blanket, revealing the frame of a girl with an attractive figure. The girl is very charming and incredibly adorable; ten out of ten guys would say so. "School... Don't want....," she complained, unable to finish even the most basic sentence correctly. Struggling to get out of bed, she was stuck to the warmth of the blanket and the lullaby by the pillow.

Then a sudden thought came to her, that dreaded report due today. She flung awake, rolling off the bed with a thump. She has had twenty minutes left to spare.

Time is an illusion; though it measures life, it doesn't represent it.

The school is ten minutes by walking, three minutes by a bus; basically, there is no way she can be late. None.

"Eryn, you're late. What's your excuse this time?" The macho tone of the professor echoes around the classroom.

"Human traffic."

"Human traffic?"

"Human traffic, yes." With the silence of the professor, she proceeded to her seat at the far rear, where she liked the most. Discussions filled the classroom- insults directed

at her primarily, said in distinct ways so she could hear, so that everyone could hear. The worse part? The professor allowed the peanut gallery to continue throughout the class.

Eryn's not great with people; she has difficulty expressing her emotions with others. Due to the lack of emotions, people marked her off as a "cold" person. It would seem like she gives people cold shrugs deliberately, but in reality, she's just timid. Society doesn't accept her timidity, especially while she is in a group environment. The dark side of society shows, despite its luring promise of acceptance for people of all kinds; it secretly discards those who cannot fit in.

Eryn is one of them.

Morning class ended not so peacefully. The ruckus in the classroom got to Eryn; she tried escaping sneakily as the bell rang.

"Stop right there!"

She froze in place, froze in response to the demanding tone which shattered the commotion in the classroom.

"Who do you think you are, acting so ignorantly?"

She felt the cold shivers running down her spine; she felt the powerful voice and the dagger-like stares. She lost her voice, unable to respond, and stood frozen in place. The sound of heavy footsteps approached her from behind.

"Thump. Thump. Thump." The steps begin sounding louder and louder, more and more forcefully. Finally, silence. Eryn turned around gradually. A stern face was looking at her deep into her eyes. The face has anger written all over it, complete with a cold stare and enlarged nostrils.

"I'm sorry," Eryn managed to squeeze the little voice she has left. She was shaking in fear. Mustering up all her remaining power, she ran for it.

You can run from life, but you can't hide from it.

There's something magical about the roof; it's an extraordinary place to fret, second to the showers. Eryn loved the roof. It was her solitary. The wind on the rooftop was incredible. The tears she shed will be taken away by the wind, perhaps even hitting one or few people on the streets. She cried, releasing her pent-up feelings in an instant. Contemplating the meaning of her life, she searched desperately for a reason. She questioned her fate and destiny, pondering and losing herself completely. She was flooded by all the nonsense that she has faced, entangled by the strings of fate.

The doors to the roof opened, startling Eryn. What came out the door was an unknown girl.

"Missy, your tears hit me on my way up," the mysterious girl said while passing Eryn a piece of tissue paper. Eryn received it quietly and proceeded to dry her running nose.

"Life problems, eh?" the girl asked calmly. She was right on point.

"Yes."

"It's okay, answers for life don't exist, and that's why we spend time searching for it." Someone on the same page as Eryn, someone who understood her, it's someone she had longed for.

The girl continued, "My name is Jocelyn. If you don't mind, would you search for the answer to life, the universe, and everything, with me?"

Hope can arrive too late; it arrived right on time that day.



By Cindy Cheng G9 St. Raymond

Untitled

Photography

That Little Warmth

By Anonymous

"Would you search for the answer to life with me?"

Imagine, one day, a girl shows up behind you asking you this question, what would you do?

"What was that again?"

"Would you search for the answer to life with me?"

Eryn stared deeply into the eyes of the girl; they reflected her seriousness. Her eyes also shared some resemblance to Eryn'-- the saddened eyes of being treated unjustly by society.

"Why me, though?" Eryn mustered up a little courage to mumble.

"I'm sure you can already tell, but we are practically the same person."

"No, we are--."

"Stop escaping the truth," the powerful voice of hers lingered in the heart of Eryn's, as though something hit her hard in the stomach.

The eyes of the girl turned serious as though flames were fueling it. Then, she asked once again, "Would you search for the answer to life with me?"

"Would you let me search for it, with you?"

"Yes. Yes, I will." This was something Eryn longed for-- acceptance. Her heart lightened up a bit, knowing that she's finally part of something.

"My name is Eryn, yours?"

"Jocelyn."

"Nice to meet you."

That day, Eryn showed the best smile ever.

Humans by nature want to be part of something, to be with someone, and to be accepted by someone.

Since that day, Jocelyn and Eryn would talk in and out of school every single day-- from helping each other out with their homework to chattering about girlish topics; however the "finding an answer to life" part was still lacking. Weeks after weeks, their relationship continued to improve, and so did Eryn's life. Since becoming friends with Jocelyn, she began to become more sociable in class; more people would talk to her. The more people come to understand her, they realize that she's not the kind of girl that they thought she was.

The view of a person changes once he or she comes to know that person; if you judge someone without knowing them, you will forever be the wrong one.

Up on the roof, the Eryn's humming could be heard.

"Why are you so happy today?"

"I've made more friends in class!"

"Woah, congrats!"

The giggles of the two girls on the roof can now be heard. Few months have passed since the invitation to search for the answer to life.

"Thank you, Jocelyn."

"Huh?"

"Without you, I wouldn't have been able to make other friends."

"Eryn..."

"I'm sure in the future, as long as you are by my side...
I can overcome anything!"

"Me too, Eryn...me too."

From humming to laughter, from laughter to tears, the two girls shared the rest of the day on the roof, knowing that tomorrow would be a better one and that tomorrow they would still be together.

Expectations led to disappointment, if there weren't any expectations to start with, naturally no one would be disappointed.

"Jocelyn?"

...

"Jocelyn!"

"What?"

"You're dozing off."

"I'm sorry I'm kind of tired."

"You look pale...you sure you're ok?"

"Yes, I'm all right."

Believing her words, Eryn continued on as if nothing happened.

"What do you think the answer to life will be?"

"What do you mean?" Eryn leaned over as she waited for Jocelyn's reponse.

"Do you think, it's an object? An emotion? Feeling?"

"I think it's something bigger, something that can't be explained through science."

"But Jocelyn...you know what, I think I found it."

"Huh?"

"I believe the answer to life..."

"The answer to life..."

"Is warmth."

"Warmth?"

"Yes...I believe the feeling I have now, this feeling I've never had before is the answer to life."

"Yes?"

"You are the answer to my life, being with you makes me happy. Being with you truly makes me feel alive."

She tried desperately to grab Jocelyn's hand, yet each time she tries, it goes right through.

"Goodbye..."

All that's left is Eryn alone, and within the cold air, tears could be heard and the old school chime.

Since then Eryn changed, changed for the better. With a newfound appreciation for people and the answer to her life. She continued on living, maybe we should to try and grasp that "answer" of ours.

A problem is still a problem without a proper solution.



By Erin Doan GII St. Louis

Title: Life has its Ups and Downs

Size: 28cx 37.5cm

Medium: watercolor on paper

αἰών
AION
age

A Broken Man's Contemplation

By Aster Wang G9 St. Raymond

To be or not to be,
Is that my question?

Ole William seemed to get it right,
Heartaches, treason, out of spite.
Ask me I'll say Romeo had it coming,
All love can reek is pain and dying.

To live in pain, might as well die.
To die alone, might as well cry.
All for a man, I give my whole.
All for nothing, I trip and fall.

If truth be told, I forgive thee,
Hoping truth hurts like it did me.
Oh pain, agony, felony, catastrophe,
All that you brought to me knowingly.

To live is to love they always say,
But what is left when love decays?
A soulless spirit is all that remains,
And a soundless scream I can barely contain.

So truly, I tell you my friends
That there is nothing love can't mend,
Other than the wound it leaves you when
Love rips out your heart and to pieces it tears.
By then you will know what it's like to bear
A life without meaning but to despair.

To live I choose to be,
Knowing that this life has no salvation.



By Sandy Wang G11 St. Anthony

A Head Full of Dreams

Size : 13.5x19 cm

Medium: watercolor on paper

Why?

By Anthony Wu G11 St. Anthony

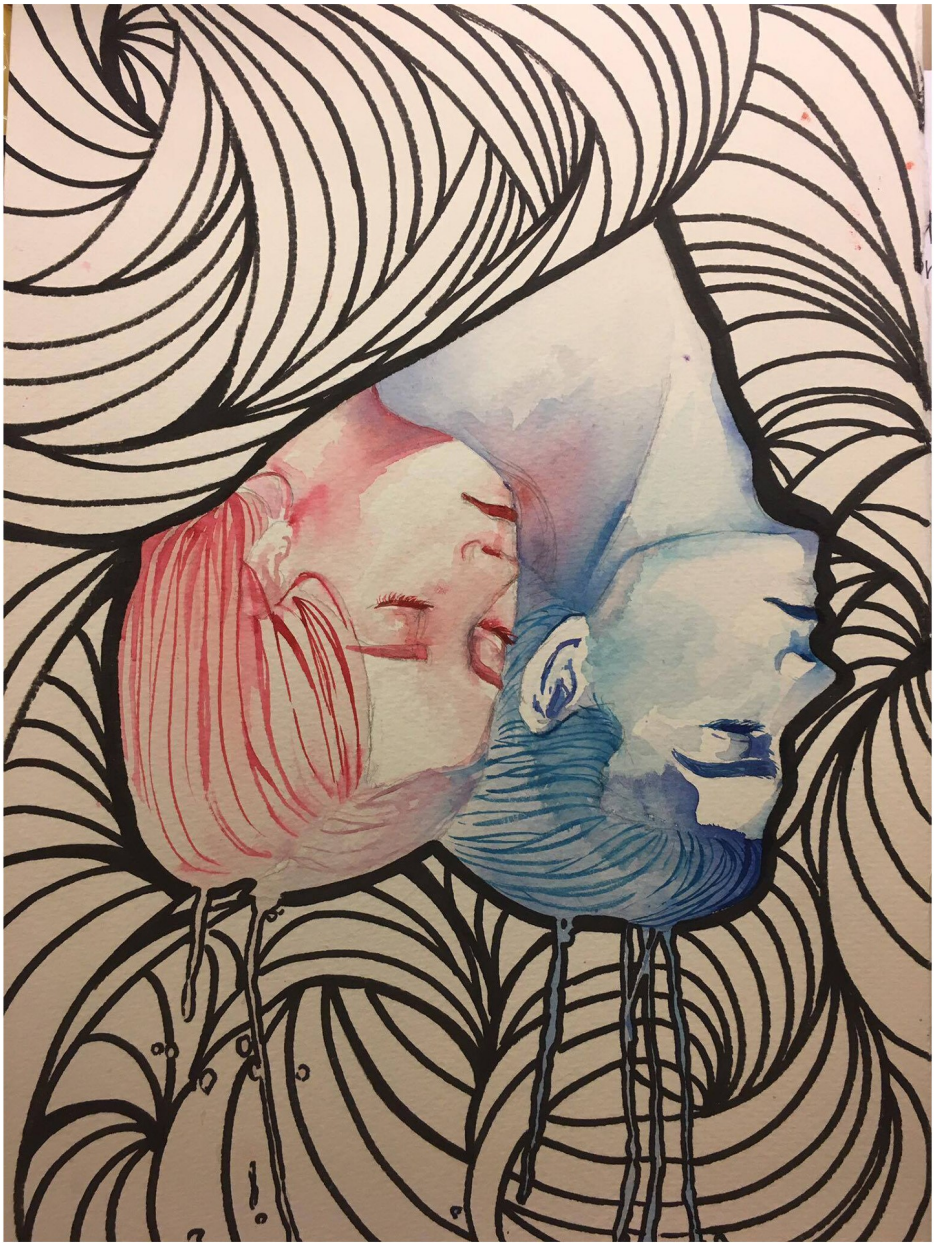
This is why we live,
This is why we die,
This is why we suffer,
This is why we survive.

Why is it that we hate?
Why is it that we lose?
Why is it that we perish?
What is it that we need?

This is where it begins,
This is where it ends,
This is why we exist.

What is the reason for
this passion?
What is it that I feel?
Why is this meaningful?
What is the reason for
striving?

This is how it started,
But also how it will finish.
What is this emotion that
I feel?



By Allison Huang G11 St. Anthony

"Seva"

Size: 297 x 420 mm

Medium: Watercolor

Asking Myself

By Ally Chang G11 St. Anthony

Every step, every breath

I ask myself—why?

The sky seems endless, a piece of fabric

What is my purpose—

Standing on this earth?

Why am I here—

Time passes, day falls into the night

Before my eyes shut—bye.

Dreams of Depression

By Justin Tseng G11 St. Anthony

Glistening snow dropped from the celestial sky.

Lying down on the floor holding hands and not saying bye.

The freezing wind flew through him

But didn't feel anything in his heart.

Skating on the icy road on the rich street of Gotham--

Where all the money depart.

Eyes upon magnificent walls of green paper,

Aligning themselves beside the path of ice.

Building up like skyscrapers;

Reaching up to paradise.

The green paper outside is not glamorous,

But drew deep attention.

These papers are people's intention

And human's hidden ambition.

Falling on the snow, being crushed
For being inconsequential.
Because of events of disgust,
They burned by fire for losing their value.

He sees the burning of his desire
Slowly crumble,
Slowly blacken,
Slowly disappearing among the smoke.

Smoke varnished.

The young man was welcomed
By the people burning their dreams.
They will have the same walkway to reach Utopia.

Growing Up

By Ally Chang G11 St. Anthony

A set of changing eyes,
a window to the world.
They view the Earth in a different way,
as we mature and grow.
At six, friends were friends.
at sixteen, friends are bonds.
Songs were tunes of sound,
now songs are emotions.
Long ago the clock just ticked,
Now, college feels much too close.



By Sana Endo G9 St. Raymond

The Unknown

Photography

His Treasures

By Tiffany Lin G10 St. Albert

The same wrinkles.

The same pair of sunken blue eyes.

The same old man who treasures his trash,
then puts them back into his basket.

Until one day, a kid runs to the man,
jabbing a hole on his basket.

While the litter starts falling, I grab the kid's arm and ask,
"Who are you?"

"Dementia, sir. My name is Dementia."

thnḗskō
THANATOS
death

Living

By Iris Ho G10 St. Albert

“Lastly, hate turns to love”,

Is not where the story ends.

“Victory belongs to the hero”,

Enters the endless repetition in stories but not always in reality.

“Tomorrow will be better”,

Ornately decorates your clothing with Life.

Banter among friends

Even when you seem to fail.

Azure sky turns dark again, but

Note the beautiful sunset in between,

Yearning for a change, and

accomplish it some day.

Hoping and working with effort for goals is needed.

In this world, we know that--

Naivety does not help to strive in the harshness of the society.

God--

deliver us from hell and bring us to heaven.



By Joshua Ramos G9 St. Rose
Everything was Blue
Photography

What He Taught Me

By Andre Hirakawa G11 St. Anthony

Everyone was kneeling on the cold cement floor, and I was baffled by what my relatives were doing. They were all somberly chanting “Be gone!” in Chinese, and I wanted to ask my mom what that meant, but she was crying. I have never seen my mother weep for anything in my life. I guessed that’s what you are supposed to do at funerals, but I was too callow to realize. So I just knelt there, thinking about this man in that casket, this man I affectionately called “A-Gong” (or grandfather) in Taiwanese, this man that I barely knew. And I felt guilty.

I never had too many opportunities to get to know my grandfather. I was always in Taiwan with my parents, and all my relatives were in the States. When my grandparents came back to Taiwan, I was always studying. Even so, we still had moments of joy together.

It was a late weekend afternoon, the afternoon sunlight poured in through the windows. My grandfather was in his room, so I decided to pay a visit. He was on the floor watching

TV. Though short, there were these rare moments with him that I always treasured. How I wished there were more of these moments.

When I asked Mom about A-Gong's life, she always starts with him losing his father when he was 13. Then she mentions how he had part-time jobs in order to sustain himself when he discovered he was good in math. Along with a sense of humor and a flair for languages, he entered the world of business. He single-handedly built a company. This company evolved from a small family business of manufactured gift items (including Chuck E. Cheese pens) to an international company that produces preserved fruits and snacks. Even with these accomplishments, like all other people, he was not flawless. He was impatient and his catch phrase was "Go, go, go!" He was ambitious, and he snored loudly. However, it was these flaws that made him who he was, and sometimes I see these same flaws in myself. My heart aches to know that I will never hear his "Go, go, go!" as he chuckles, asking me if I wanted to go to his favorite restaurant.

Now, as I reminisce about that day at the funeral, I remember gazing into the casket and thinking about how pale A-Gong looked. In this pale body once lived a vibrant soul that was so generous, so boisterous, and so kind. It is A-Gong's death that taught me how to treasure the living, even with what may seem like a simple weekly Skype call or a monthly email. This is what he taught me.

παράπνεύμα
PNEUMA
spirit

42

By Max Tung G10 St. Peter

He saw the priest's robes flutter as he walked out the door. He could still hear the priest's footsteps as the priest walked down the long corridor, leading to his room. The priest had come for what was his last confession. He hated his "room". He referred to it as his cell: he couldn't get out, nor could any hope come in. Hope. It was what he needed most, yet it seemed so far yet so close. Hope was just outside, with rays of sunshine that could make him well again. He had no choice but to stay, the strength was gone from him; moving any muscle the slightest bit would require too much energy.

He started feeling dizzy sometime after the priest had left. Now, he had given up on hope. He just craved a little attention, someone he could talk to. Yet he knew it was impossible, no one would come. He could not speak. The dizziness in his head started to slightly overwhelm him.

He turned his head with herculean effort to the monitor that showed his heart rate. 65, it read. The man let out a sigh of relief. His relief was short lived however, as his vision started blurring; he no longer had the energy to keep his eyes open. “I don’t want to die!” he screamed, but it was only in his head. He was out cold before any sound came out from his throat.

It seemed that he was in a new world now; previously weak, he now looked strong and healthy. The man couldn’t remember how long it had been since he could stand up, much less at full height. The world around him appeared so clean, so lovely. The best part about all the details was the sun. He walked around, exploring the new world around him.

“Enough,” came a voice. He turned to the direction of the sound with a radiated form. He could see no entity anywhere.

“Who are you? Where am...,” the man began.

“Silence!” the same voice that had spoken cut the man off.

A figure emerged from the light. The man would have described the figure as one from the comics of his youth, two-faced, only with darkness and light instead of the original color. He assumed it was Death and Life. The man began to plead for his life, yet there was no emotion from the entity. After what seemed like an eternity to the man, he went silent.

The entity then spoke, “Only now do you beg for me; when you had me, you never cherished me.”

The man was speechless. “I-I-I...I did cherish my life!” he managed to make out after a great deal of mumbling.

“Untruthful person! We shall see about that,” was all he got back. Before the man could think of a reply, his vision went black again.

It was the summer break of his first year in college; he and his friends were out enjoying themselves near the top of a waterfall. His friends called him the daredevil: he would take on any dare. They were observing the nature of their environment—looking at the trees, the insects, the birds, the rocks—as if they were Biology students. Or so they were, until one of his friends wagered twenty bucks that he wouldn't dare jump off the waterfall. As was the custom, the man, or rather, the youth, agreed. The waterfall was only around four stories high, a height he had jumped from several times before. A few scratches he reckoned, would be the price of maintaining his pride and nickname. As he jumped down, he repeated inside his head, "Feet first. Feet first." Then he hit the water.

"Not so careful with your life, huh?" the entity said.

It was another time now, just after the man had graduated. He and his pals were having a talk about the purpose of life. There was one Catholic, and he said that he wanted to prove

Darwin wrong-- that humans had not evolved from monkeys. The man was a hedonist. He openly said that the purpose of life was to have fun. Some agreed, while the others laughed. Yet at that time, it was what the man thought. Others spoke of their great ambitions and how to fulfill them. One of them struck him as especially vile; using every chance he could to get to the top rung. John, his name was. One timid guy, Kean, said his purpose was just to live life to the fullest.

“Your time of ‘fun’ has passed,” the entity spoke, mocking the man.

The man knew this stunt was going to be dangerous; yet he had to prove them wrong. He was going to attempt to sky dive from the ozone layer, a height never attempted before.

“No!” the man protested. He was trying his best to get back to the real world, or the world he was in with the entity. The vision had to be stopped. The man knew it. He

remembered this incident. He had come through with just a little life in him; this was what confined him to the cell for the rest of his life.

What had he done? Now, as he looked back, he saw his foolishness. If only he had chosen to live life not to have fun, but to truly cherish every moment of it. Now the man wondered what had become of Kean, who said he was going to live life to the fullest. As the entity studied his face, the man felt as if it knew what was going on in his head. The man looked at it, as if expecting it to say something.

“We will see what is happening to your peers,” was all it said.

The man thought it was a vision, but it was something else. He was watching others and what had happened. There, in a lavish office, was John.

“Surely it is him”, the man reckoned, “although John looked as if age had gotten the better of him.” John was

there doing his paperwork, until the police stormed into the office. “Fraud”, they said and took John away.

Now the man saw Kean. He thought to himself, “What had he done?” It was on a grassy plain, with a wonderful sunset. “Ah! The sun!” the man thought. Kean was there, still looking young, playing and singing with his grandchildren. There was always laughter. The man couldn’t help but feel jealous.

The man regained his vision. He saw that he was in the world with the entity. Before he could regret for what he had done with his life, the entity spoke, “Look at what you could have done with your life, you could have chosen anything. You wasted it when you had it.” The entity became silent. The utter silence became so unbearable that the man broke it. “So? What do you think?” The entity looked at him solemnly, and said with a tone of regret: “You never cherished your life; there will be no chances for you. Be gone!” As the entity faded away, he felt something inside him go. This time he knew, from his ashes no phoenix would rise up, he will be forgotten forever.

I am thoughts

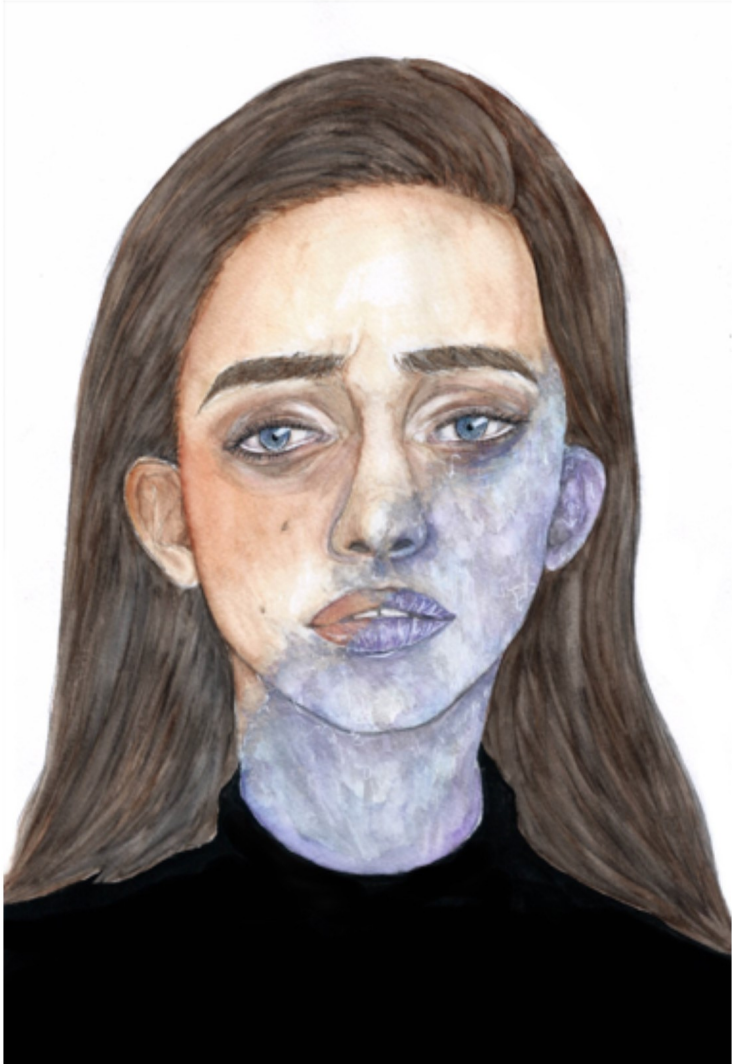
By Ginny Hwang G10 St.Albert

If this nature of life be true,
there need no distinction between
the aliveanddead of affections.

For with chance,
those gone merely wait for their moment of return
back into being,
and lives prove no more of
an expandable substance than
mere thoughts of yesterday.

To fade and forget and fail (to recall)
only proves the inability of one to let go.

Ob-sessions rule and Nostalgia plays god.



By Rose Lee G11 St. Anthony

Blue

Size : 279 x 210 mm

Medium: watercolor on paper

Editor-in-Chief

GINNY HWANG

Head of Literature

KATHERINE DE LANGE

Head of Art and Photography

ROSE LEE

Head of Layout and Design

TERESA LIN

Advisors

MS. MERCIA DE SOUZA

MS. CHANTING LEE

Escape Team

Literature

- KATHERINE DE LANGE
- ROSE LEE
- LAUREN LAM
- ALEC CHEN
- TIFFANY LIN
- ALLY CHANG
- ANDRE HIRAKAWA
- IRIS HO
- JACQUELINE GAU
- ANITA CHIEN
- GINNY HWANG

Art and Photography

- ROSE LEE
- ALLISON HUANG
- JAMIE LEE
- JOYCE YANG
- ERIN DOAN
- CINDY CHENG
- SANA ENDO

Layout and Design

- JOSHUA RAMOS
- TERESA LIN
- DAISY FUNG
- ETHAN CHEN

Contributors

ASTER WANG

JUSTIN TSENG

ANTHONY WU

MAX TUNG

SANDY WANG

