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Editor’s Note

Greetings,

The mission of this magazine is to showcase and give platform to the thoughts and creativity of today’s youth. Literature and art are the staples of creativity which the human mind cannot live without. As this era of technology and science continues to progress, creative arts are often overlooked and undervalued. But this is where the spirit of humanity resides, in the echoes of the conscious. The world may rely on the mathematical precision of machines and numbers, but it cannot change the innate necessity of these arts.

This magazine is a passion project, created and continued off the generosity of so many others. I have read so many beautiful pieces of work and enjoyed the gorgeous art submissions for this magazine. My sincerest wish is that you, dear readers, may also see how lovely each individual piece is and that it also inspires something in you.

Sincerely,
Ava Kim
Editor
Sunday Ice Cream

Alina Chisti

A perfect porcelain vase sitting on the mantle in the living room
A family heirloom
Unchipped and smooth with a glossy coat
Preserved for generations
It’s worth millions to you
But you have a tendency to tip over precious things

You come home at noon with a hint of lavender on the nape of your neck
You toss your suit jacket into the laundry hamper
Before hopping into the shower to wash her off of you
She greets you in the kitchen
Damp dishrag in her shriveled hand

Her copper highlights are faded like your love
Her smile lines bear the evidence of her age and your desire for supple youth
And the dark eyebags against her caramel skin bear her motherhood and the fatherhood you’ve avoided
Her playful hazel eyes look the same as they did 20 years ago though
She leans in to kiss you
Her rose perfume lingers with the lavender for a few moments before
Dark and heavy clouds pass over her sunny iris as she jerks away from you

By the afternoon, millions of pieces are shattered on the ground

Your kids muffle their cries behind the stair railing
How many tears before they dry and crack?
The older one loses herself in a cloud of smoke on the balcony
It smells like raspberries and nicotine
And like the smoke, your wife disappears out the front porch

The grains of porcelain get caught in the heels of your shoes as you try to sweep them together in the aftermath
Some fall into the floorboard crevices and disappear
Your bloody fingers pick up the shards of porcelains on the floor
As you futilely try to super glue the pieces back together,
the toxic cyanocrilate in the glue stings your fingers as you displace every piece
There’s no point
All that’s left of your family heirloom is loose sediment and chunks of sappy glue.

The house is frighteningly silent
When your kids’ afternoon tears dry
You try to turn on happiness like a light switch
But even Sunday ice cream can’t fix this

The neon open sign outside the parlour fades on and off
You hear a subtle jingle every time the door creaks open,
letting in gusts of icy wind and chatty guests
The jacket secured around your shoulders doesn’t stop the cold emptiness from consuming you
You force a smile and attempt to start amicable conversation
Your kids stare back at you, stoic and unresponsive

Cold ice cream on the chapped lips of tear stained faces tastes bitter
The three dollar scoops of betrayal daunt them
They forcefully consume the sweet cream with slow and silent gulps
You look at the younger ones red rimmed eyes
How long can you turn her frown upside down with comfort cookie dough and false promises?

Your plastic spoon sinks into the artificial flavors as your smile melts away
All that’s left is salt taffy tears and melted ice cream
There’s nothing for you to piece back together.
Desolatum

Rachel Woosley

Pins, paint, and a stuffed bear.
My piece features a stuffed bear embedded with pins poking through the hollow form of the bear. The outside of the object creates a barrier, suggesting “Stay away; don’t touch,” while the inside reveals the essence of candy-coated pinheads inviting you to come closer. Seeing both of these interactions in a cluster at the same time shines light on
how many times we push others away and then offer sweet apologies to bring them back to us. This artwork was inspired by Saskia Jordà and her ideas about one’s place in a community and personal space.
City Silence

Timofei Babenko

My eyes
were closed
my mind
in fervor

My words
were dead
and my mouth
the murderer
The Summoner

Makyla Simpson-Gerritsen

It was dusk.

Demi half awoke in a rocky cliff, exiting her paralysis and struggling to grasp consciousness.

As the memories flooded back she ran her raw fingers against the jagged lip of the cliff.

So close to death, she could roll off the edge... a limp bag falling free. Or she could live... live in pain, guilt, grief.

She felt the dark presence of The Summoner. Restless in the mountains. Full of anger, jealousy, revenge.
Thirsty for karma's blood and wanting more. More of her family’s blood? Was there any left?

Demi had ventured through the dense forest for days to arrive at the “Cliff to Hell.”
It was a range of eerie mountains where you went to make a deal with the Devil, which is exactly what she did.

Demi sold her soul for wealth and knowledge so she could keep her family safe and fed.
In return, he asked her to kill and do rituals. Assault and sin.

Demi had come from a poor Christian family and although she feared it, she declined him.
This of course came with consequences.

The devil called upon the summoner, which happily shed the blood of Demi’s relatives and left her for dead on the rocky cliffside.

To die alone with a hand of now useless wealth and the knowledge that she was the reason her family was dead.

“It’s my fault”

These were the last words that fell from her scarred lips as she tumbled down the endless abyss.
to Hell.
Nothing

Alina Chisti

Pounding head against my pillow
Sweaty feet under woolen knit socks
My body is the shriveled remain of my self deprecating mind
My sweaty palms press my earbuds against my eardrums as I lay on my side
Hoping the muffled melody will keep me from fading into dust
Dust disappearing out through the nooks of the balcony window with the blow of the ceiling fan
The ash perforating throughout the sky and reducing to nothing

What if I am nothing?
A particle amongst thousands amounts to an insignificant value, does it not?
Or are flesh and a beating heart enough to be worthy, independent of rank in a sea of billions

I can only see myself relative to everyone else though
I shut my eyes

Perhaps the tears dripping down the bridge of my nose and onto the grey pillow covers will take
away bits of my liquifying mind
Or maybe their warmth will transport me to my mother’s secure embrace
Reminding me that I’m a living and breathing entity

Life itself is worthy enough
Right?

My grip is starting to fade
I need her to hold on

The amplitude of the sound waves start diminishing as the music player shuffles
I need the next song to cue immediately
I’m scared of disappearing.
6:59 PM MST

Alina Chisti
i once had a friend,
he whined to me about his sister
she was on the phone, asking for flowers.
yellow roses, she said.
*ask someone else, i am not getting you flowers!*
he hung up and shrugged it off.
3 hours pass by, and he gets another call.
*she had an accident.*
the next day, he carried a bouquet of flowers to her funeral.
yellow roses, just as she asked.
*i’m sorry for not bringing them sooner*
he cries on the casket and the others leave him be
it was only him, and her yellow roses.
HOME

When I think of her, i think of home.  
there are no enough words in a language  
to describe her fully but home.  
In times of sorrow and distraught,  
She offered her shelter and warmth  
in times of spring and happiness,  
She opened her windows of love.  
She grew gardens of hope, courage, and kindness  
despite the storms of hatred and anger;  
She fostered the penniless and crowned them with platinum,  
She spoke softly and endured strong words of hate,  
She embellished her walls with peace and gratefulness.  
no matter how many seasons pass,  
no matter how much i am trampled upon  
i always fight back blooming when i am with her,  
My home, my Mother.
**THIS YEAR**

it has already been 11 months since this year started.
I can still vividly see january 1st, 2020
it is now december. Strange isn’t it?
you must have heard this phrase a lot
“when things go back to normal”
I have heard it till i don’t see that as normal anymore.
What is normal, you tell me
Sitting in my room, schooling in my room, eating in my room
Everything was confined to me and my room.
it was almost as if my reality became a mystery movie plot,
Oh please, you do not want to be the main character in this one.
if someone can yell “cut!”, please do
But honey, this is reality. No retakes.
it’s a real mystery, trust me.
Maybe let’s set some rules here
Eating out seems is a crime,
showing your full face is a crime,
Even being next to a deathbed of a loved one
Is a crime.
But that is what reality is. Cruel.
No retakes, no cuts. Only action.
Same Old. Same Old.

Sudhigna Lingareddy

Why am I even trying,
When I am meant to be unfortunate?
Why do I keep praying,
When life just wants me to cry?

Are my dreams too far for me to reach?
Am I supposed to fit into everyone’s wishes?
Should I succumb into pressure,
That would leave me in stitches.

I’m surrounded, yet lonely.
When alone, I’m empty,
Yet fulfilled that I won’t be a bother.
I’ve learned to keep quiet, smile, and nod.

Trying to be free of petty, childish drama.
Leaving behind the scars of my past.
Being free from the bonds that hold me back.
Wishing to let them go or for a different life.

“Help me.” I implore.
“I want to be free and happy.
Is that too much to ask of you?
Because I don’t want to be stuck with
The Same Old, Same Old.”
9 of Wands

Rachel Woosley
I’ve never really been one to like beaches, but for some reason the way the breeze hit me that day and the sound of the waves crashing into one another was different. In front of me lied a vast sea of trees that seemed to cast shadows onto the ocean itself. The deeper I got into the forest the easier it became for the breaking of leaves under my feet to overbear the chatter of beasts in the distance. Eventually I reached what appeared to be a ring of trees surrounding a moat. The cherry blossoms hadn’t bloomed, and the lake was barely large enough to bathe in, but it would have to do.

I began loosening the draw strings on my bag to unload my rusty canteen, splintered matches, battered axe, pocket knife, and finally my hammock. Quickly I sat up and singled out two trees to make the pillars of my bed, but I was interrupted by sounds of twigs snapping and leaves rustling.

“Who’s there?” I said boldly before every muscle in my body stiffened. A figure with a slim but fit build emerged from the shadows. I couldn’t make out what it was at first, but I was able to hear her voice.

“Hm. I didn’t think there’d be any humans here, let alone a campsite.”

“Hah. Actually this isn’t any old campsite this is where I plan on...”

Suddenly she decided to immerse herself in light. In front of me stood a tall dark skinned woman with short raven hair and piercing amber eyes that glowed brighter than the sun itself.

“Wait a minute, your feet aren’t touching the ground. How are you...wait don’t tell me you’re—“
“Yes, yes. I’m a Fairy. I’m guessing now you’re curious as to how I’m able to fly and are tempted to relentlessly question me about it, just like every other human I’ve met.”

“Uhhh, well I—“

“I’ll admit I am a bit surprised you aren’t forcing it out of me by now. Of course that never turns out well for offenders but, maybe I won’t have to raise my hand this time. I get the feeling you won’t be so abrasive. Am I Right?”

“...Uhh, no I guess not?”

“Oh. Thank goodness. Well in that case, I’ll explain myself. I wanted to use this spot to bury my brother but, if you need it that badly then—“

“Huh? Why bury him here and not in the fairy world? Man all I wanted was a nice place to get away. Wasn’t anticipating all this.”

“Hm. Your selflessness peaks volumes.” she muttered.

“What?”

“Um yea, I wonder, that too. I just.. never understood my brother. He loved the human world, but not humans. He would visit this spot frequently since humans wouldn’t dare come near it. Well, usually.” She said with slightly narrowed eyes and a forced smile.

“Hey don’t look at me like that. I’m here for the same reason. No one comes here, and thank god for that. If this Island wasn’t infested with monsters people would be turning it into a resort.”

“A human who doesn’t like other humans? Well that’s peculiar. I don’t think they’re all bad though, despite popular opinion amongst fairies.”

“What? Why don’t fairies like humans? We’re great!” I said over enthusiastically as she raised an eyebrow at my sarcasm.

“But all jokes aside, I thought it was just the other way around. Humans hating fairies.”
“Mm, it used to be, but Fairies eventually got tired of being targeted and abhorred. It all started when a powerful nation's leader went on a voyage to discover a new type of magic with his best friend, a fairy. Apparently their ship sank, and instead of helping the humans take control of the ship, the fairy flew away so he could take the magic for himself. Ever since then we were labeled as greedy and malicious, and despite the many sacrifices we make, humans still fail to trust us.”

“Wait, I don’t get it. How is it your fault that a fairy flew away and got greedy and all that? That happened ages ago didn’t it?”

“Well yes but, as fairies, don’t you think we should admit we were at fault and prove goodness by sacrificing freedoms and taking responsibility for other fairies’ wrongdoings?”

“No. Not really. That’s just pointless sacrifice. Some things are outta your hands. No matter what you do there’s always gonna be bad fairies, just like there’s always gonna be good fairies. In fact humans are no different. The bad ones are the reason I’m here.”

“The bad ones… what did humans do to chase you all the way to an island this secluded and dangerous?”

“Let’s just say, where I’m from, if you messed something up you’d get in loads of trouble. No matter which relative I was sent to live with next I was always scolded and beaten for the littlest things. I learned to fight back of course but, it never really amounted to anything, so I left.”

“I don’t understand, so your parents gave you up?”

“I guess. More like they gave up on me, and all my mistakes”

“Gosh. Did they tell you that themselves?”

“Well no but how could you love a kid that constantly messes everything up for you? It doesn't make any sense.”
“What? It shouldn’t have to make sense. That kind of mindset will just drive you insane. Mistakes are just one of the things in life you learn from. They’re part of what makes you human. If you don’t accept them then, you’ll never be able to accept yourself. And, if fighting back didn’t amount to anything, then you fought the wrong way and for the wrong reasons.”

“...What are you—“ just then I heard a deep roar bellowing from behind us. I turned my head swiftly as the fairies’ ears swiveled to discern the noise.

“Well, good thing I brought my axe with me hehehe.” I said sinsterly before charging in the direction of the monster.

“Wait! I recognize that growl. It’s likely some creatures on this island are native to the fairy realm. If you leave that monster alone it may leave you be!”

“I can’t take that chance. Plus what’s a challenge every now and then am I right?”

“But you can’t just—at least wait!” She said concerningly before taking to the skies. My legs took me as far as they could until finally I’d found the source of the disturbances. It had purple fur as dark as the night and ferocious green eyes that consumed the darkness. Its silhouette was akin to that of a deformed human but it possessed the wings of a bat, the beak of a vulture, and towered over the trees. I pulled out my dated axe with chipped paint and glossy pocket knife with moon engravings on the hilt. Burying each into the tree one at a time I climbed to the highest branch. I prepared to leap off it and use the beast’s head as a landing spot, but just before I could thrust myself off, the fairy appeared.

“Wait! You can’t—“

“Relax! I’m not gonna try to decapitate it or anything. I’ll just jump onto his head, smash in his eyes, and bada bing bada boom! We’re saved! That’ll show my good for nothing parents I ain’t a screw up.” The painful screams of my childhood echoed in the chambers of my head as I leapt towards the beast. It overpowered both the monster’s ear splitting bellows and the fairies'
frustrated screams. Before I knew it I had buried my ax into its cold unforgiving eyes and carved a slash into its face.

“Listen to me!! Slaying that monster isn't going to prove anything! And besides it has more than two eye—“ she gasped in concern as the monster opened its back set of eyes and slowly shifted each towards me.

“Ugh. Well, this sucks,” I sighed heavily

“Looks like I’m a screw up till the very end. Sorry I couldn’t protect your brother’s grave, fairy.” Just then her passionate gaze met my heartfelt smile. That was the first time in a long time I learned from a mistake rather than taking the pain of failure out on others. I didn’t feel the need to kill the monster anymore. I guess I had her to thank for that. I saw the monster starting to raise its fist, but not only had I lost the will to fight at that point, my legs could barely hold up the weight of my torso. I closed my eyes, accepting of the end, when suddenly I felt myself propell off the monster’s head and into the branches just behind it. Grasping the branch tightly, I opened my eyes and looked at the monster in front of me. I widened my eyes at the sight of the fairy holding up its fists with her arms alone.

“What are you doing?! Didn’t I say there’s no point in—“

“In what? Sacrificing your arm in exchange for your friend’s life?”

“You can’t take that thing on without any weapons! At this rate you’ll break more than an arm!”

“You... really don’t know anything about fairies do you?” She said breathlessly. All of a sudden a yellow flash of light emitted from what appeared to be a portal forming behind the monster. From it a spear with a sun engraved on the staff emerged and pierced through its chest, putting an end to its miserable screams.

“There. Now it won’t have to feel the pain in its eyes anymore. Even I couldn’t heal that.”
“Are you... Why didn’t you just start with that?! Then you wouldn’t have had to break your arm smart... ugh what’s your name anyways?”

“Heh. It’s Lillaim... And, yeah. I normally can’t control techniques like that because I end up creating too much collateral damage but, I guess, for once I wasn’t sacrificing for the sake of giving, but for the sake of protecting someone, so it was easy. Looks like... we both...” I noticed her eyes beginning to roll into the back of her head and swiftly jumped from branch to branch. As soon as I reached the ground my legs pulled me to the spot where it seemed she might fall, but rather than crashing into me she drifted into my arms like a feather.

“Yea. Looks like we both learned something today. I’m Al by the way. Short for Alen.”

“Alen..” she said lethargically. “Yeah. That’s the generic human name I was expecting.”

“Tch. Shut up Lilliam.”
Daydream

Alina Chisti

I don’t close my eyes unless I’m asleep
Afraid of the silence
Afraid of the stillness
Afraid of drifting out and getting constricted in a hopeless abyss for too long
Afraid of becoming the object of my own harsh judgment
Until all I see is a grotesque version of myself

A deformed body and soul
Battered with sin,
amplified flaws,
and past mistakes

So I let my mind wander to you

Temporarily existing between a million hypotheticals and childish fantasies

The fleeting thought of loving you
However impossible
And despite the slight pit in my stomach that comes with acknowledging its definite futility
A hopeless fantasy is better than an unfiltered reality

Getting lost in a daydream of you allow me to temporarily escape my mind
Or to at least to temporarily stop my mind from daunting me

You’re my favorite tangent
And the best redirection of my thoughts
Can we live together in my mind forever?
I don’t want to wake up from my daydream
Skylight

Alina Chisti
Light the Path

Alina Chisti
In My Own World

Mia Perias

Whenever I am tired of the real world
Of the complicated ins-and-outs of politics
Of the loud voices of opinions
Of the chaotic state of the Earth
I retreat to my own world

In my own world
Where it is high in the clouds
Far away from the chaos below
A clouded bubble that protects me
From the things I want to escape from

In my own world
Where it is a safehouse for me
Far away enough for me to focus
A bunch of distractions to keep me sane
While others turn me insane

In my own world
Where there is no sound
Except for the music that I listen to
A whole playlist of instrumentals
Though some lyrics are an exception

In my own world
Where there are colors all around
From reds, yellows, greens, and blues
A full rainbow just for me
As they are a perfect reference for drawing

In my own world
Where I have much leisure time
For me to escape to other further worlds
An adventure that awaits for me through a screen
How I wish I was in that world instead

Eventually I do leave to face the real one
Because even if it is full of horrors and confusion
There is still my friends and family
And I don’t have them in my own world
Crab

Isaac Jones
Contributor Bios

**Timofei Babenko** is a junior in high school. Growing up in a suburban area, Timofei enjoys both nature and a more urban setting, and he often tries to find a balance. He enjoys poetry and the manipulation of language, especially through short phrases that can have a variety of meanings. He’ll often look for a word, only to find that he needs to make his own.

**Alina Chisti** is a senior honors student at Hamilton High School. She is currently the Editor-in-Chief of the Ink & Feather Literary and Arts Magazine. Her work has been published in The Blue Guitar Literary Magazine and the Arizona State University Piper Writing Center Anthology. She is also a member of Culture Talk’s podcast Team, a writer for the WE! Climate Collaboratory Newsletter, and the president of her school’s peer tutoring club. Alina is an avid theatre student, photography geek, writer, and guitar player. You can find her photography on her Instagram @photography_alinazohra.

**Makayla Simpson Gerritsen**
Makyla is 14 years old and from Hamilton, New Zealand. She enjoys creative writing and reading dark stories such as Stephen King novels. She hopes you enjoy her short story.

**Emilie Gunti** is an American Indian who grew up in Chandler, Arizona. She has attended BASIS Chandler and is currently a senior. She hopes to pursue a degree in Computer Science in her undergraduate studies. She loves to paint, sing as well as write!

**Isaac Jones** is a senior at Upper Mississippi Academy in St. Paul, Minnesota. He has been drawing and painting ever since he can remember as he finds it relaxing and peaceful. In his spare time, he enjoys drawing, making music, and playing video games.

**Sudhigna Lingareddy** is a freshman in high school. Her favorite thing to do is learn and try new activities. Recently, she has been focusing on the arts and trying to perfect what I have learned in the past.
**Farheen Monsur** is seventeen years old and from the state of Arizona. Some of her talents include singing, writing, and drawing. Some of her hobbies include video games and watching TV/YouTube. Lately, she is proud of herself for having perfected her favorite anime openings on piano, losing ten pounds without restrictive diets or exercise, and remembering how to play the guitar.

**Mia Perias**
Mia Perias likes to play video games, write original stories, draw characters from her stories, and play piano.

**Surabhi Sajith** is a senior at BASIS Ahwatukee. She enjoys pursuing the creative arts through different forms including dance, music, and writing. Surabhi has worked to raise money for charity events through her dance performances, and continues to give back to the community through peer tutoring and volunteering with hospitals, low income communities, and Tempe City facilities. She spends time working with youth in organizations such as Chinmaya Mission Phoenix and Arizona’s Interfaith Community. She's involved in clubs at school, such as NHS, Speech and Debate, and the French Honors Society.

**Rachel Woosley** is a senior in high school. For the past three years she's been in Visions, an honor's arts program that allows seven students to workshop with various artists around the state. At the end of the program, those seven students submit a piece for an exhibition that goes up in the Scottsdale Center For The Performing Arts. Rachel keeps cooped up inside but stays busy reading and learning about her favorite subject, psychology. Some other hobbies she enjoys are drawing and writing, while throwing a dose of craziness and social awkwardness into the mix. Her short stories and poems have been published in The Blue Guitar Literary and Arts Magazine and Blue Guitar Jr.
Editorial Staff

Alina Chisti, Editor-in-Chief
Alina Chisti is a senior honors student at Hamilton High School. She is currently the Editor-in-Chief of the Ink & Feather Literary and Arts Magazine. Her work has been published in The Blue Guitar Literary Magazine and the Arizona State University Piper Writing Center Anthology. She is also a member of Culture Talk’s podcast Team, a writer for the WE! Climate Collaboratory Newsletter, and the president of her school’s peer tutoring club. Alina is an avid theatre student, photography geek, writer, and guitar player. You can find her photography on her Instagram @photography_alinazohra.

Surabhi Sajith, Managing Editor
Surabhi Sajith is a senior at BASIS Ahwatukee. She enjoys pursuing the creative arts through different forms including dance, music, and writing. Surabhi has worked to raise money for charity events through her dance performances, and continues to give back to the community through peer tutoring and volunteering with hospitals, low income communities, and Tempe City facilities. She spends time working with youth in organizations such as Chinmaya Mission Phoenix and Arizona’s Interfaith Community. She’s involved in clubs at school, such as NHS, Speech and Debate, and the French Honors Society.

Editors

Ava Kim is a senior in high school. She writes in her spare time and has published multiple times for this magazine and Blue Guitar Jr. Her future goal is to publish a book. You can find her artwork on Instagram @disnstq.

Isabella Ferrero is a senior in high school. She is President of the Tri-M Music Honors Society which brings music to the community through volunteering, and is involved in multiple bands outside of school such as the Harmony Project’s Latin-Caribbean Orchestra where she plays trumpet. Beyond music and school, Isabella spends her time dreaming up characters and using her life experiences to create stories. In her spare time, she plays ukulele, sings, spends time with family, bakes, plays with her dog, and tries new makeup looks. She loves to create
memories with her friends and bring smiles to their faces. Isabella plans on being an author. You can find some of her work on Instagram @isaferwriting.

Rachel Woosley is a senior in high school. For the past two years she’s been in Visions, an honor's arts program that allows seven students to workshop with various artists around the state. At the end of the program, those seven students submit a piece for an exhibition that goes up in the Scottsdale Center For The Performing Arts. Rachel keeps cooped up inside but stays busy reading and learning about her favorite subject, psychology. Some other hobbies she enjoys are drawing and writing, while throwing a dose of craziness and social awkwardness into the mix. Her short stories and poems have been published in The Blue Guitar Literary and Arts Magazine and Blue Guitar Jr.

Founder/Advisor

Lysette Cohen holds a M.Ed. in Education from Northern Arizona University and a M.A. in English and Creative Writing from Southern New Hampshire University. She is currently working on a PhD in Curriculum, Assessment, and Evaluation. She has been an educator for 20 years teaching ABE/GED, American History, Creative Writing, English/Composition, and SAT Test Prep. In addition to teaching, she is a professional musician, playing and teaching guitar, mandolin, piano, violin, and viola. Lysette has traveled extensively, but currently makes her home in Phoenix, Arizona. Her nonfiction essays, short stories, and poems can be found in Page & Spine, The Penman Review, The Scarlet Leaf, Unstrung, The Blue Guitar Literary and Arts Magazine, and Blue Guitar Jr.
Open Call to Artists and Writers

Ink & Feather Literary and Arts Journal is seeking art, fiction, non-fiction and poetry submissions by artists and writers (ages 13-18).

Details:

- Deadline for submissions is 2/20/21
- Writers and artists may submit in more than one genre.
- Please review the Submission Guidelines page at http://www.inkandfeatherliteraryjournal.com
- Please email your submissions to editor@inkandfeatherliteraryjournal.com