Ink & Feather
Literary and Arts Journal

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Alina Chisti
Surabhi Sajith

EDITORIAL TEAM
Isabella Ferrero
Ava Kim
Rachel Woosley
Haileigh Pettit
Suvasini Subbaraman
Nandini Warrier
Ameerah Zafar

FOUNDER/ADVISOR
Lysette Cohen
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Editor’s Note

Greetings Readers,

Throughout our years working with Ink & Feather and its creatives, we have experienced immense joy as we not only watched the journal grow, but also your creativity. Dear readers, you became a fundamental part of our journey at Ink & Feather. Our mission would not be complete without your unending support, creativity, and bravery in showcasing yourselves to the world.

The Ink & Feather Summer 2021 issue has been an exciting and much anticipated journey into the unknown. This summer, we, the graduating editors, passed down the magazine to a new group of brilliant youth to become the next official editorial staff for the 2021-2022 term.

This issue is unlike any we’ve ever done before because it is a collaboration between our former editors and incoming editors, a merging of tradition and classical concepts with exploration and creativity. We are beyond thrilled with our new board of brilliant editors and would like to applaud them for all of their hard work and dedication as they embark on their own unique journey of creativity, exploration, and passion that will foster growth in not only their craft but also their character.

The Summer 2021 Issue is an ode to the past, present, and future. It combines frustrations and a desire for change, with lively fantasy and a recognition of all we are and all we can be. It is a mergence that demonstrates the individual uniqueness of each of our creatives yet the similarity found in all.

Although it is time for us to move on, our time at Ink & Feather taught us invaluable experience and skills. We are honored to have been a part of this project, this vision, that Ms. Lysa founded. We are also grateful to you readers, for following us on this path, and we hope that you will continue to support our magazine.
Sincerely,
Isabella Ferrero
Alina Chisti
Ava Kim
My Extension

Surabhi Sajith

Spinning, spinning, spinning, my shadow follows me across the floor.
Dipping, curving, leaping, she is agile, beautiful.
My extension, my echo. Venus and Athena in one. A silhouette of grace—lithe and feminine.

The curtains close, the lights dim.
The shadow is gone—all that is left is me.

In front of the dressing room mirror, smudged makeup, teared skirt, frizzed hair.
Peeling foundation reveals the deep walnut color skin—
My mother spent hours hiding it away.
Clattering bangles drop on the floor, the hair on my arms released from their metal bondage.

With every layer removed, the shadow reappears, elongated and slim behind me.
Now figureless, compassionless, energyless.
My extension, my echo. A silhouette of stiffness—awkward and graceless.
Years of a Tug of War between two shadows that refuse to merge.

Unfeminine features that have cultivated matronly love and compassion to compensate.
I don’t see a princess when I look in the mirror.
I don’t see rosy cheeks on glowing skin, and hairless, lean legs.

I see an imposter. A girl, a shadow, who atones with love.
She consoles friends, providing advice to the most emotional problems.
My sister tells me that I am like a mother to a daughter’s fears, like aloe vera to a sunburn.

That figureless shadow lurks behind me when I hold my friend’s hand.
She pushes me, tells me to speak loudly and not to accept what you’re told to do.
Refuse modesty and shyness.
Accept the intelligence that generations of locked girls hid away in contempt.
She is my constant companion—enemy and friend. Closest confidant and bitter rival.

The 17th year of Tug of War collapses.
My shadow, elegant but shapeless, feminine but clumsy.
Energized, loud, caring.
My extension, my echo. A silhouette of the girl who will talk with large, thunderous passion.
I love you

Shruthi Sajith

That moment that I didn't want to let go
The radiance of happiness it shined
A feeling where emotions move with flow
The feeling as emotions sighed

The carefree spirit through the air
The feeling of cloud nine
The rare feeling inside my heart
I feel divine

I almost cry tears of joy
For the satisfaction at the time
I feel like a little kid with a new toy
I feel at my prime

The pleasure in every step I take
The contentment with my life
There is not a part of me that aches
I feel so great inside

And again and again I tell myself
These details as time flies
These are the feelings that I feel
As I look into your eyes
Longing

Nina Sreeprasad

Dreams are so far away.
No matter how hard one tries,
Those clouds of hopes will disintegrate,
As the rain drops of reality sprinkle on your wrinkled skin.
Only the lucky ones can see the sun of victory,
Rising over the horizon.
The colors of purple and orange become so clear like the sky above them,
As for the others, who are glued to the ground with,
ice-cold feet and glassy eyes,
the reality of their future sinks deeper and deeper.
Some say it’s because the unfortunate souls have not worked hard enough,
to deserve their reward.
Others say it’s because they were just unsuccessful.
But both groups agree,
that the ones who were rewarded with victory earned the love of the people,
While the hapless individuals long for more.
On the Road Again

Sarah Levy

Artist’s Statement: She is a travelling artist, trying to find work to prove her parents wrong, and show them that it is possible for her to use her talent as an artist and become successful.
Heritage District

Alina Chisti
Artist’s statement: These photos juxtapose modern neon lights with historical nostalgia in downtown heritage districts. I wanted to explore modern city lights in an old and more quaint town through capturing different angles and reflections of the lights on the historical buildings.
The aroma of flowers bring me power,
Against the wind, they do not cower.
I look up to the petals as they wipe my tears, It is the thorns that I no longer fear.
As the pollen pollen powders my nose,
I remember the first time I ever rose.
The steps on the fountain illuminate where I will stand, The poetess will rise again and again, And with her the garden will awaken.
“A murder case?” I asked. “That’s going to be my first case?”

“Yes Nicole, it is,” My manager replied. I sat back down in my chair. “But, don’t worry, Courtney Reyes will be there to help you” Great, Just great, I thought to myself. Courtney has to be the one helping me.

Courtney is the definition of a perfect woman—her hair was curled like a princess’, her nails were manicured flawlessly, and she probably had all the rules of being a detective screwed into her brain. She wears a blood-red ribbon in her hair, tying those unique curls. I was quite jealous of how well it suited her dark brown hair. My manager handed me the file, which I took, before she waved me to go off. Though I had to work with Ms. Princess, I couldn’t help but feel excited.

“Well, are you going to show me the file?” A shrill voice interrupted my excitement.

“Sorry, Courtney...” I replied, handing it to her. She then proceeded to open the file, reading it in a way so that I couldn’t see the contents. I sighed.

“Are you coming?” My eyes shot up, realizing that she was holding the door to the building open. A gust of wind greeted us as we exited the building in which we worked. Courtney called over a taxi. After telling the driver where we needed to go, she tossed the file to me. I opened it with care.

Name: Margaret Stokes
Age: 52
DOB: April 23, 1963

The file told me everything I needed to know about the case. The taxi pulled to a stop, near a house which had bright yellow caution tapes around it. People were trying to get in, but officers stopped them.

“Detective Courtney Reyes.” She held up her ID. “This is my assistant Nicole Flores”. The local police let us through. Looks like we’re the first ones here. I clutched the file so hard, I could have easily ripped the papers.

“Listen Natalie-”

“Nicole,” I interrupted.
“Yes, that’s what I said. Listen, Natalie,” I sighed. She may have said my name correctly to the police, but that was probably a one-time thing. “This is your first case, why don’t you take a step back and watch.” I was about to protest, but I knew that would do nothing. I nodded, for I had decided I would sit back and observe. Courtney smiled.

“Ma’am, that’s where the body?” The officer who was supposed to show the body to us panicked. My eyes caught a very faint trail of footprints made out of blood on the carpet. I walked over there.

“Sir…” I looked up to the officer.

“Yes?” He replied before Courtney could say anything.

“Whoever took the body was wearing a pair of heels. If they were wearing sneakers, the prints would be different.”

“What are you saying?”

“I’m saying, the culprit most likely is a girl,” I concluded. The officer nodded and I saw a flash of jealousy in Courtney’s eyes. That’s right, Ms. Perfect. I’m also a detective, I thought to myself, proud of the fact that I had found this clue before Courtney had.

“Anything else, Ms. Flores?”

“Uh... yes...” I said, looking around the room. “Whoever planned this must have thought it out pretty well. The footprints look like they’ve been wiped, and the only reason I could spot it was that it was on the carpet.” The officer nodded, taking some notes. A person came through the door.

“Where is-” The man started. He looked to where there was a pool of blood on the carpet. “Where was the body?” The officer told him where the body had been. The man took out a suitcase and started doing forensics. there were different things such as powder, gloves, sheets etc. I barely knew what half of them could be used for

“Why don’t you two detectives search the rest of the house?” The officer asked. Courtney and I nodded. It was a well kept house, two floors. I walked into a bedroom and checked under the bed- you never knew where a body could be hiding. I opened the closet. Shoes were in the bottom drawer while clothes on the top. I gasped. Right there, hidden far to the right, underneath a pile of clothes, was a pair of bright red heels.

“Could you check to see if this has any fingerprints?” I held out the pair of heels, touching very little of it as I could.

“Why?” The man, whose name I learned to be was Marcus, asked.
To him, I re-explained my theory on how the murderer might’ve worn heels. “So ending on that, these heels were very well hidden underneath the woman’s clothes” Marcus nodded and started doing forensics on the heels. A grin crossed his face.

“I believe you have made a discovery,"

“What discovery?” I’d almost forgotten Little Miss Perfect was there.

“Marcus was just telling me that the heels I found might be the ones the murderer wore,” I explained to Courtney.

The police asked us to enter the car. I took one more look at the area as Courtney and Marcus got inside the car. Something red caught my trained eyes. I put it in my pocket, for it might be evidence later on. I ignored the nagging and got in the car- a careless thing for a detective to do.

“The culprit is most likely a woman?” the chief police asked. I nodded. “Do we have any idea about who wears red heels?”

Red red red it was like a chant in my mind. Red... It hit me. I took the item I had found near the blood out of my pocket and Courtney’s eyes flashed dangerously.

“I believe I may know who it is...” I said as the blood-red ribbon dangled from my hand, and my eyes trailed to the identical one in my fellow detective’s hair.
Rainbow Forest

Allie Ophardt

Man would not recognize the earth as it was 200 million years ago. In the land that would one day be called Arizona, conifers grew in a vast forest. Their ancient, feather-like arms reached and stretched and groaned towards the sky. Life had to fight a tremendous war just to exist and every day, the conifers suited up for battle. They were armed with a sturdy and proud fire-resistant bark, thin, sharp needles coated in a waxy armor to hold onto water at all costs and dropped grenade sized seed cones that whistled to the ground in hope that the lineage it contained could live to see another century. Perhaps the most formidable enemy of the conifers was the great volcanoes. The temperamental explosions spit lava and smoke that decimated the sturdy forest. Soldiers were felled left and right every time the mighty beast let out a fiery roar. The cavalry could not stand the constant attacks. Right when it seemed that the day was lost for them, a few conifers, moved by an innate will to live, toppled into a rushing river.

There in the river, the trees lay, and having no bodily autonomy of their own they were carried downstream through parts of the ravaged forest that they had never seen before from their rooted perch. The trees were carried as far as the river could take them. Eventually they hit a bank and could be taken no further. The greedy river took the conifer’s branches one by one until the only thing left was a great trunk that had once towered eighty feet up in the Triassic sky. There’s no-one more steadfast and patient than a conifer, and all the tree in the riverbank could do was to wait. It was uprooted from it’s forest, stripped of its branches, and all it could do was persist as layers of sand and mud were washed over it by the ever-taking river.

The layers of sand built up and over hundreds of years the sediment hardened into rock. Many of the waterlogged trees were crushed under the pressure as layers or rock formed above them. You could almost hear the groans as the trees that had weathered storms and volcanoes had at last met their end, buried beneath thousands of pounds of pressure. It seemed that all the ancient conifers would be wiped out if it wasn’t for the silica. Under one in
a million odds, the exact temperature and perfect alkalinity, the silica ash from the volcano began to dissolve and flow into the wood. The old conifer was exhausted and soon as it felt the silica creeping into its sturdy rectangular cell walls. It took its last breath, for it knew that the preservation that the whole forest had gone to war for would come to fruition. The silica flowed into each cell, replacing life with quartz.

The quartz itself was colorless and hard, not unlike the force of will that had brought the trees this far. The petrified conifers would have been stark white if it wasn’t for the minerals of the river that brought them color. The river that had taken so much, now gave manganese, iron, and copper deposits that colored the crystals a stunning array of reds and yellows. The once wooden log now ranged from deep burgundies, crisp reds, burnt oranges, to soft ochres. The fossils rested under layers of sediment, weighted blankets that stretched for miles. As the trees were transforming, the Triassic forest they knew was disappearing fast. Volcanoes ravaged the land, destroying everything that lived. The Jurassic period followed, and then came the Cenozoic era; all the while the trees lay in the riverbed encased in rock. Time moves differently for the petrified conifers. A person hoping to have their legacy preserved as long as the great Leonardo Da Vinci, even to be remembered as long as the ancient Hammurabi must realize that their influence lasted as long as it takes for the conifer to lazily stretch and let out a yawn. They felt the rocks start to erode away above them, the whistling wind coaxing them out of a slumber.

At long last, a strong gale blew away the last layer of sediment and one of the ancient conifers felt the sun warm its back for the first time in 200 million years. It could not believe the world it had emerged into. What once was a lush and thick forest where dinosaurs walked was now a vast desert as far as the eye could see. Strange painted hills rose and fell as cliffs jutted out, striped with sandstone that faded into bleached white paths. The forest that had once stood tall was now tired out from the centuries of sleep, and the gigantic quartz logs lay down in the hills, in wonder at their new surroundings. The only vegetation in these giants’ beds was scrubby yellow grass that stretched unto the horizon and then a perfect blue sky, the most these trees had ever seen.

Standing sentiently above, it took in the faces it had once seen centuries before.
First there was the People, running their careful hands over the perfectly replicated rings of quartz and amethyst. They did not have a term for permineralization or known of the conditions required for silicification, but they understood the ancient trees. They could feel how long these trees struggled to preserve themselves. Touching the cracks and dust that clung to the surface, they understood the war that their great brothers had endured.

Then came the Scientists. They photographed the People, studied their irrigation, learned their religion with a chuckle and a shake of their heads, and then swiftly disposed of them. They dusted their hands off and searched for the next subject to study. The trees felt the loss of the People. They mourned that the People could not fossilize themselves and be preserved. Full of sorrow, the quartz logs began to crack apart as now the great crystal forest looked as though many strong lumberjacks had felled the trees and chopped them apart, perhaps for firewood.

Explorer Scientists first recorded the ancient forest of fossils in the 19th century, and in 1906, created a National Monument to protect them from their own pilfering ways. Scientists wondered how the People were able to keep these fossils in the same place without a mandate of protection from their government. Hah! They laughed, the People had no government at all! The Scientists studied the ancient trees and learned their history. Soon they could explain the entire process of petrification down to the molecules. The Scientists thought they could explain everything, but through their detailed scientific analysis they never stopped to ponder how slim the odds were for this process to occur, and how many trees had been preserved. Missing from their studies was that the trees had simply lived this long because had the trees wanted to, nothing could stop their desperate will.

The fallen conifers received many visitors. They were prodded, poked at, and in some cases: pocketed. The park rangers had anticipated rocks being taken by tourists (they knew the ways of their own kind) but they were completely taken aback when the letters started arriving. Some were very short,

“I snaked these three years ago. Very bad luck.”

Others were longer and more detailed,
“Upon leaving my husband I took these pieces as souvenirs. Now after all the bad luck we’ve had I am returning them back to where they belong. Upon returning home we first found out my stepmother had kidney failure, our central air conditioning went out and our freezer, I had a really close call in having a bad auto accident, our truck broke down needing major repairs, our cat was killed last night close to our home, a gas well blew out a cap causing us to be evacuated for a while. So please take these pieces back before we have any more bad luck and accept our deepest apologize” It was signed with “Thanks, No name please”.

The park rangers were amazed as more and more letters arrived every day, each containing small, sometimes large, fragments of petrified wood, hoping to be returned back to the park by their regretful owner.

“Did someone start a rumor of a curse?” The head ranger asked his employees. With no answers, he was left completely baffled as the letters continued to arrive. Soon the rangers agreed that the letters would help to discourage visitors from taking the precious fossils and posted the conscience letters on the wall in their park museum.

* * *

Christopher stared out at the flatlands. His breath had been taken away 30 minutes before by the way the ponderosa pines and the alligator junipers blanketed the Mogollon Rim. The grand mountains rose and fell with the deep green trees filling the skyline and making the mountainous region look almost like a rough day at sea. Christopher and Sam, mariners in their Hyundai, took a left off of the two lane road and soon began to rise upward, making the tree lose their towering demeanors and become more and more shrub-like. Now they were faced with nothing on all sides of them except for miles of copper-dyed dirt. Christopher cleared his throat,

“Look at all this open space,” He nudged Sam to get her to look up from the book she had been sulking with.

“It’s kind of freaking me out. There’s nothing at all to look at,” She stared out the window.
The sun was kinder here than down in the lower part of Arizona where the two had
driven from. Instead of the unrelenting heat of Phoenix, a sunny day in Northern Arizona was
kept crisp and expectant. Getting fresh air had been Christopher’s idea.

“Me and your mom used to love hiking the Mogollon Rim,” Christopher filled the quiet
air, “She took notes about everything: the vegetation, the clouds. All her field notes are gone
from the fire... all lost...” He trailed off, “Ah, last stop before the National Park.” The blinker
chimed and the Hyundai pulled into an old service station. Christopher walked the aisles of
snack foods and grabbed some Arizona Ice Tea for Sam. He noticed his hands were trembling
slightly. He was so close. This was a man who had been beaten down to almost nothing.

First it was small coincidences, on his drive to work every light he had to pass was red.
He thought nothing of it until it had been two weeks without a green light. Weeks became
months and then there was the dog. He’d often work in the garage when no one else was
home, and their dog Willie would always accompany him. It was at the peak of the Arizona
summer when Christopher, wiping his brow, decided to go inside to cool off and have some
lunch. He was eating a chicken salad and was making his way through his third article about the
current goings on in Washington when he realized too late that Willie was not curled up at his
feet. The horror of finding his dog lying dead on the front-door mat with scratch marks on the
wooden door did not shake the perplexing feeling that he knew he had kept the door propped
open when he left. Even through his protests and ample condolences, Sam still blamed him. His
car then went through bouts of various illnesses, the mechanic scratching his head over how a
car made two years ago needed so many consecutive repairs. Christopher was shuffling in from
the third trip to the mechanic that week, eyeing the gashes a few feet up the wooden door
when his hand jumped back, feeling the heat of the doorknob. Using a rag to open the door he
gasped as smoke spilled out, not the white, silky smoke of Sam’s incense but a dark grey smoke
bringing toxins and heat. It slowly crept to the ceiling and glided across it, consuming the old
man’s sightline in noxious waves. Startled, he ran room to room, trying to remember where he
had stored the box. Adrenaline took over and he blindly thrashed into his bedroom, only to find
it was the source of the flames. Crackling like they were in on a joke, they engulfed his papers,
blankets, and had moved onto his bed frame. Christopher rubbed his eyes and witnessed
flames jump onto the last research of his late wife, the papers writhing in the heat, and eventually turning black and flaking away. Crying out as the flames raced towards him, gaining speed, he fled his house, unable to rub the vision of the last of his wife writhe away into black nothingness.

Neighbors and grandparents reached out, feeding and taking care of the family of two who had taken loss after loss. Staying in her Grandpa’s house, Sam retreated inwards for the life she had known so far required strong borders to protect her from the next misfortune that life would deal. She didn’t have the refuge of a few close friends to confide in, one sacred to a kid in middle school Christopher took these tragedies as any man raised in 1970’s America would: he had failed at being good enough of a father, a provider, and a man to keep his family together. He spent long hours staring at his hands, creased and calloused from years of carpentry, and wondered how he had let so much slip out of his grasp. He would walk through the ruins where his house used to stand, remembering making pancakes with Sam in the kitchen, the porch where she picked her plucky guitar for him in the cool fall evenings. He stepped through the ash where his bedroom was, and his foot kicked a small rock. Picking it up to inspect it, Christopher felt the wave of a memory flood over him.

It was last summer, he had taken Sam on a road trip across Arizona: visiting Sunset Crater, hiking through the cathedrals of Sedona, and sleeping in the small ranch town of Winslow. Their last stop before making their way back to Phoenix was Petrified Forest National Park. Christopher remembered that day fondly, Sam had been singing along to Creedence Clearwater Revival the whole way up and was still young enough to run down the Painted Desert trails and reverent enough to sit and quietly take in the Blue Mesa. She read the signs aloud as they looked out at the petrified logs, wondering at their many colors. On the trail signs, he remembered, they had also posted letters people had written to the park returning rocks they had taken and warning of some kind of curse. But he had taken one anyway, he remembered. As Sam turned to watch a tour bus roll past, he had pocketed a small piece of petrified wood to remember their day by. Christopher now stared at the small piece of petrified wood in his hand, turning it. As he inspected the stripes and fragments of color the minerals
had deposited in the quartz, he felt his stomach slowly rollover. The fire had started in this room.

“That’s gonna be $4.78, sir,” The cashier said.

“Ah,” Christopher paid for his snacks and headed back to the car where Sam was still working on her book. She was unaware of the real reason for the surprise road trip that her haggard dad had shaken her awake at six thirty for, but she knew he was acting stranger than usual. All this year she had watched her father be worn away from her but today something seemed to push him into a strange gear. The man who had spent day after day locking himself in his room and to any suggestion of going out would sigh and say he was “just feeling a little tired today” seemed to take on a new energy. Christopher, fingering the rock he had put in his pocket for safekeeping, started up the Hyundai, and they continued down the dusty red road.

The months of Arizona sun beating down on the land were brutal. Anything that lived on its blistering ground was keenly and sharply adapted to make it through the summer. The great saguaro grows sharp spines that shade it and catch every last drop of precious water; it coats itself in wax to ensure that no moisture seeps out. The venomous Gila monster stores 15-20 percent of water in its bladder so it can be reabsorbed for hydration. The roadrunner reduces its activity to conserve energy and absorbs its water a second time before excretion. But for a few glorious days in August, the sky opens up and gives the desert’s most valuable commodity in abundance. Raindrops hit the windshield with heavy plops, and the soothing rhythmic tapping all around her lulled Sam to sleep. Christopher was left to squint through the windshield wipers and press into the gas, closing the final stretches of road between him and the Petrified Forest.

Soon the black Hyundai rolled past a sign reading, “United States Department of the Interior, National Parks Service: Petrified Forest National Park”. This time he skipped the gift shop, paid the fee in the window, and did not accept the park map offered to him. The road through the painted desert was isolated and quiet. Thankfully, Christopher thought Sam was still asleep so she wouldn’t question why they were passing some of the park’s main attractions. The rain’s meter swelled to fortissimo as it pelted the windshield; the screaming wipers cleared his view only to be flooded a second later. The rich red and purple desert was
clouded, with no sun to illuminate the colors it took on a muddy brown shade. Water began to pool in any dips in the land, flowing over the road in some places. The wheels of the car sliced through the water sending up a spray of drops. It screeched to a halt at a small stop with a small sign that read “Rainbow Forest”. Here was the place where the logs of quartz lay. Christopher remembered them so well, the great rocks that were a perfect carbon copy of a log; it was unbelievable that what was before him was not made of wood. His hand shaking, he ran his hand down the spine of the quartz; he could count the rings on the trunk that cataloged its years of life. He slowly reached into his pocket and pulled out the small piece of petrified wood.

Smaller than the length of his thumb, Christopher would never have believed that this small quartz rock would be the source of so much strife. That was before this horrible year. The Christopher now would make a four-hour drive for a rock, he thought. He could remember the two logs he was standing next to when he bent down to pocket a fragment. Tenderly, he laid down the piece of quartz, iron, and manganese that had once flooded the cells of a desperate conifer. He looked at the ground where it had been returned to and instead of the great relief he had been expecting, Christopher only felt a wave of bitterness and stupidity. He bit his lip and held back tears while continuing to be soaked to the bone as the rain poured on. This was his solution to get this life back on track, he looked at the rock bitterly, returning a piece of quartz.

Pathetic.

Sam had woken up and joined him to stare at the rock.

“Sorry the rain ruined your road trip,” she said tentatively. He could barely even feel her presence beside him, guilt and pain beat into his eardrums; heat flooded his face. Turning, he stepped over the rock and sat back in the car.

Sam sat down on the wet dirt next to the logs. Running her fingers down the wood grain that had deposited she stared at her dad sitting in the car looking desolate and decided she wanted to walk to the gift shop by herself. Shielding her eyes from the rain, she motioned towards it to her dad and headed down the trail as thunder rolled.
Putting the car into gear, Christopher watched as his daughter ran down the path, and he thought of her only a year ago running excitedly down the same trail. She seemed so much younger then. Now he saw her short blonde haircut and her mature brown eyes; something had left her, and it had been replaced with a guarded wiseness. The thunder boomed again and as Sam stepped beyond the entrance sign, wringing out her wet hair, Christopher watched as a white hot streak of lightning tore through the sky and struck Sam down. Calling her name, he jumped out of the car and ran towards her, grabbing her jacket to shake her. As he shook the jacket something hard hit against his leg. Crying out, he collapse onto the ground in agony as, out of her jacket he had pulled a striped piece of petrified wood.

The paramedics could only tell Christopher what he already knew as they could not find her pulse. He laid on the wet red dirt and cried. The desperation began to soak into the ground and the great conifers, enshrined in their quartz pillars, started to awaken. As they stirred, the despair in the dirt brought up ancient memories of their struggle of a lifetime. They could feel the anguish of being tossed into a raging river, forever ripped from their homes, the quiet destitution of being encased in a sedimentary tomb as the world around them was eroded. They felt the pain of a man who had been welded and pounded so that he was the one who provided a back for his family to rest, to build a foundation where they could live, and shores they could thrive on. He had watched as it was all pulled out of his arms. Without providing, allowing his family to persevere, he had nothing left. Soon the trees were so moved they began to weep with him; and with their tears flowed silica. It sunk into the dirt and began to seep into his legs, his calloused knees, his fingernails, his knuckles. With the rain still pouring, it began to solidify, and petrify into quartz. Every cell was replaced, his heart stopped pumping when the blood hardened into rock. His eyelids toughened shut, and his arms became quartz columns. And there he lay, in the Rainbow Forest, a man made of quartz draped among the ancient conifers.
Winter Stroll

Shriya Mohite

Artist’s statement: This piece was inspired by the Swiss Alps, representing the tranquility of nature through a triptych. The medium used for the triptych is scratch paper with the centerpiece being a collage. This piece captures the essence of an isolated environment that had hardly been touched by man and largely preserved by nature.
Climate Change: How Low-Income Communities are Impacted

Nandini Warrier

Fresh water sources are being polluted, forests are burning down, and homes are being wiped out by natural disasters. This is the reality of climate change, one of the most challenging problems that the world is currently facing. Many people often disregard environmental issues because they think it doesn’t directly affect them. However, for low-income communities, the climate crisis cannot be ignored. The impacts caused by climate change, global warming, and pollution are detrimental to low-income neighborhoods.

Climate change and global warming lead to more frequent natural disasters which is dangerous for underprivileged communities. For example, “cheaper homes built without strong foundations or storm windows tend to be less safe during tornadoes and hurricanes. Flooding hit low-lying neighborhoods the hardest, and many low-lying neighborhoods are low-income neighborhoods” (Lowrey 2019). Important buildings, such as schools or hospitals, can be permanently lost, forcing communities to lose access. If these disasters were to damage vital infrastructure, it would be harmful to the people in the area because it makes healthcare and education less accessible due to longer travel times and costs.

In addition, climate change leads to pollution, which often hits low income communities the hardest. Community residents are forced to breathe in harsh fumes as soon as they walk out the door. To add, "short- and/or long-term exposure to air pollution has been associated with a wide range of human health effects including increased respiratory symptoms, hospitalization for heart or lung diseases, and even premature death" (Managing Air Quality 2018). For those with pre-existing breathing issues, this poses a unique threat, especially if they can’t afford healthcare. If the pollution were to contaminate water sources, it would make it more difficult to grow crops and drink clean water.

Another negative impact of global warming is sudden cold fronts and heat waves. In low income neighborhoods, people might not be able to afford full heating or air conditioning which is often dangerous. An example of this occurred in Texas, where the government was ill-
equipped for the sudden temperature changes. Specifically, predominantly white and wealthy areas in downtown Austin were able to find backup sources of power, whereas East Austin, comprised of primarily Black and Hispanic residents, were left without any power (Yancey-Bragg). This demonstrates how already struggling communities have a much more difficult time in recovering from natural disasters, simply from the lack of quality infrastructure.

However, there are many measures we can take to prevent rapid climate change. One option is to harness renewable energy sources such as hydroelectric, wind, and solar. This reduces the overall greenhouse gas emissions, which is instrumental in tackling global warming. Greenhouse gases chip away at the ozone layer and trap heat in the environment and cause increased temperature fluctuation. Another solution is implementing more green technology in these communities to reduce plastic use, save water, and also lessen carbon emissions. An example of this is having closed recycling and composting loops and selling the items at an affordable price to help people and the environment.

Ways to deal with the damaging effects of climate change before long term energy reform include the government aid programs that provide low-income areas with resources such as disaster kits with food and first-aid to combat natural disasters before they happen. In terms of protecting people after they have been impacted by pollution, the most effective solution is regularly checking for contaminants in water sources and purifying the water so people don’t get sick. This will also help with growing crops/farming because contaminated water won’t be used to water plants. This sounds simple but it is necessary to have clean water for the safety and health of everyone.

To summarize, we need to be aware of the problems that everyone is facing, and not just ourselves or people in our income bracket. Climate change should not be a class issue, but one that we need to work together to provide creative solutions for. We need to work harder to give the resources these communities desperately need to combat climate change. Climate change is an urgent problem. We must act now.
Protected?

Sarah Levy

Artist’s Statement: The inspiration behind this piece is the irony of how a lot of people make it seem like protecting the environment is so important, when we are still building huge apartment complexes where desert used to be.
Review of Aru Shah and the Tree of Wishes

Nevyn Parisa Haque

Aru Shah and the Tree of Wishes is a book of the Aru Shah series written by Roshani Chokshi. The series is based on the Hindu epic poem, Mahabharath. The Mahabharath is about Pandavas and Kauravas - who, in the Kurukshetra War, battle for the throne of Hastinapura. The Pandava brothers are five brothers Yudhishtira (Or Dharmaraja), Bhima, Arjuna, Nakula and Sahadeva. They were sons of Pandu, the king of Hastinapur and his two wives Kunti and Madri. The five brothers had one wife named Draupadi.

It is about a girl named Aru Shah, who lives in a museum of Ancient Indian artefacts and statues of Indian gods and goddesses. She is a wallflower and yet she is bullied by classmates. In the first book of the series, her classmates came to her home to create a bad image about her. Her classmates dared her to light the Lamp of Bharta, which she strictly was not allowed to touch by her mother. Aru thinks nothing will happen if she lights the lamp. Unknowingly, she releases a demon who freezes her mother and classmates in time; but a talking pigeon named Boo comes to her and the next word he says changes her life forever. She is a reincarnation of one of the five Pandava brothers. They go to the Court of the Sky, where they go through the Claiming Ceremony. Aru is the reincarnation of Arjuna, son of Indra, the god of thunder and lightning. She meets Mini, who is the reincarnation of Yudhishtira, son of Dharma Raja, Lord of Death and Justice. They are given a quest to go to the Kingdom of Death and learn how to stop the Sleeper and activate the celestial weapons before the Sleeper gets them from the Pool of the Past. If the Sleeper gets the celestial weapons before them, he will wake Shiva, who will perform his cosmic dance and end time forever.

In the third book, Aru, Mini, and their new companions, Brynne and Aiden, go on a mission to rescue the twins, Nikita and Sheela. Brynne is the reincarnation of Bhima, son of Vayu, god of wind. Aiden is a half apsara (heavenly, beautiful and skilled dancers of the Court of the Heavens). The twins, Nikita and Sheela, are trapped in a Ferris wheel. The Pandavas have to rescue the twins and protect Sheela at any cost as she has the power to see the future and sprout prophecies. They have to get the twins before the Sleeper’s army does. They manage to
get them out of the Ferris wheel but when they are close to the Court of the Sky, the Sleeper’s army captures the twins. The Pandavas must go to the Tree of Wishes to rescue the twins from the Sleeper.

The book was brilliant for me. It has many movie, TV show, and pop music references like Lord of the Rings. The chapter names are really amusing and the new generation may find many of them relatable. The author showed us more in-depth to Hindu mythology. We got to see new characters like Opal and Rudy. The aspect I liked in this book was how we got to see Saturn and how he cannot keep his eyes off the ground. Another concept I liked was how and why Chandra, the moon god, transforms and the myth of why the moon waxes and wanes. The concept I disliked was how the questors entered the Tree of Wishes and how they fought the Sleeper and his army. The author leaves us on a cliffhanger at the end and creates suspense for the reader, leaving the reader confused. The fourth book of the series, Aru Shah and the City of Gold will come out in Spring 2021.
Petrified

Shruthi Sajith

The room was black
All that you could see was the fan spinning on the ceiling.
To accompany that the bed that made a creak
But inside I was screaming

Let me out
I felt petrified
I wanted to shout
But couldn’t let out anything inside.

I couldn’t move
But my hand made a slight twitch
I didn’t know what to do
I felt like I was a glitch

It started with my head
The horrid thoughts inside of me
Those thoughts they spread
It would not let me free

Tears start to roll down my eyes
They kept starting to drop
I wasn’t trying to cry
But the shock was nonstop

My body starts to panic
And with that so do I
The pain it was gigantic
And that is where I lie
Artist Statement: Inspired by the popular show "Attack on Titan," this piece uses surrealistic principles to depict furry creatures terrorizing a city. I created it using prismacolors for the bunnies, acrylic paint for the sky, and construction paper for the buildings.
Hill 937

Shivansh Jha

“I had him, Rosario. I had him,” I shouted, the mud-touched water dripping from my lips. Routine thunderstorms that crashed down on our game of bullets had returned that night. The algid rainwater stormed upon the dense forests, demonstrating to us soldiers what it truly meant to be valiant. Rosario wrapped his wrists around my shoulders and dragged me through the wet muck, his slippery palms barely managing to maintain a tight grip.

“Sure, you did,” he said in an eerily calm voice, accompanied by that evergreen, dimpled smile. He possessed the kind smile that would bring the essence of life to a valley covered in the cloak of death.

Throwing caution to the wind, Rosario stopped walking and placed my back against a charred tree trunk that had been ripped in half by the merciless lightning. The basil hue of my uniform had been stained red by the blood oozing out of my stomach. We rested on a narrow flat surface that separated a steep hill and an immediate fall of a hundred feet. Lanky wet trees that had lost the freshness in the air to artillery fire surrounded us in all directions. The dank ground had long lost its generative soil, soaked in the blood of valorous men.

I looked upwards, my eyes frantically searching for a way there. Water dropped ruthlessly on my face, making my surroundings hard to make out. “Rosario, you have to go,” I begged, grabbing his collar.

“Shut up,” he replied. Thunderous winds fluttered his dampened hair strands into his brown eyes, possibly trying to stop me from looking into them and recognizing the fear that rested underneath the optimistic aura.
I squirmed in pain as he unbuttoned my uniform. A bullet had shot through my gut during the machine gun fire that the North had opened upon us. Typically, a barrage of artillery fire ensues, but that night had just seen the playful exchange of a few hundred bullets till then.

Rosario shuffled through his saggy backpack, or a RUCKsack as we used to call them. He pulled out a soggy bandage roll that reminded me of the tasteless sandwiches my mom used to make back home. The pale hint of my hardened face had long left me, as I sat among the trees in the forest, relying on Rosario to live another day. He ripped off a part of the roll using his snow-white teeth and swiftly wrapped it around my back, making sure to cover my wound entirely.

“Remember the time I broke my leg in football practice?” I spoke out, as my voice began to lose its depth.

“Yeah?” he replied, focusing his might on tying the bandage firmly. The watery mud flooded down his face and arms as he desperately tried to tie two sides of the roll. “And you had just run down eighty yards, untouched?” I asked, as he finally managed to tie a knot. I buttoned up my shirt, looking at the foul mixture of blood, sweat, and mud water that covered my bare skin.

“Yes, Thomas. Get to the point.”

“My lower leg was swollen pretty bad. Do you remember?”

“Thomas!”

“Do you remember that you tried to treat my fracture with ice?”
“Why are you bringing this up now?” he asked with his brows furrowed.

“A thin string of a bandage won’t help a bullet wound!” I shouted, almost losing the final chunk of energy my voice possessed.

“All I remember is I scored the play before and you had tossed the ball to me,” he chuckled, as he strapped his disheveled, sullied boots. “This time...you’ll run with me.” He grabbed out a half-empty canteen and shoved the fluid down my throat. Well, to me it was half-empty. To him, it was half-full. “There ya go. That’ll fuel you,” said Rosario, as he wrapped my arm around his shoulders.

“Rosario, you can’t run that steep with me on your back!” I grunted, grabbing my belly because of the sudden shooting pain. “They could begin any minute. Are you hearing me?”

“The radio is up there, Thomas!” he shouted, taking his first heavy step up the hill. With my weight pounding over his shoulders, and his eyes being stormed by the continuous downpour, I’m sure his legs felt numb underneath his green pants. “Roberts will call for a medevac.” Rosario took a deep breath and rushed up the hill. Without looking back, and without stopping, he ran. The bleak and heavy breeze pushed down against our life-clinging bodies, but he didn’t stop.

By the time we arrived at the top of the climb, my senses were on the verge of collapsing. My vision blurred out, making it even harder to see amidst the slight fog that had situated itself at the top. My head spun as nausea and dizziness wrapped themselves around me like a blanket. My heart pounded against itself, becoming louder than the artillery drops I had heard. Rhythmic beating reverberated in my ear as if my heart had pounced from my chest and situated itself near my eardrum. I had fallen into an abyss of emptiness. It felt as if I had been dropped in the middle of nowhere and was floating around in empty, yet infinite space.
Rosario had left me alone after resting me against a tree—this one, however, towered over me with full strength. I could not completely visualize where I was but it seemed to be a soldier camp. The wretched smell of cannabis entered into my nasal pathways, indicating to me the presence of many soldiers.

“Sergeant Liverpool?! I have a medical emergency. A soldier of mine has been hit with an M-60. I’ll need a medevac!” shouted Lieutenant Roberts, aggressively over the radio. Even through the thick winds and heavy rain, I instantly recognized the baritone voice of Lieutenant Harry Roberts. “Roger that! We’re near Hill 937!”

Rosario raced towards me, the mud on the ground splattering all over his boots. “You alright man?” he asked, gently taking off my cracked helmet. As soon as the weight of the helmet was removed from the top, a tingling gush of freedom ran through my hair. “You’ll be alright. They should be here any minute.”

“In this we....ather..?” I mumbled.

“Yeah, they have strict orders to minimize the body count. The people back home are accusing General Zais and the President of issuing the movement near the hill,” he explained, enthusiastically panting. “Some senator went on the floor and called this operation a waste of American lives. Aye, you hearing me brother?”

I was. I truly was, yet no words found me. Since the bullet had struck me and Rosario had carried my defunct frame up the hill, my mind had wrapped itself around the idea of upcoming artillery fire. The boisterous booms of the attack had already begun to resound in my head. “They....wi...will....,” I muttered, trying to get my message across to Rosario. But by then, the
ear-piercing buzzing of the helicopter had shoved off my faint voice into the air.

“Oh, Thomas! They’re here!” hollered Rosario, in jubilation. For the first time that evening, I managed to glance into his eyes. There was no fear like I had assumed. There remained no concern either. It was all joy. His amber-colored eyes sparkled in pure joy.

The helicopter descended upon the hill, heavy winds blinding us momentarily until the buzzing of the chopper blades stopped. Three men, all dressed up in military uniforms, rushed out towards me with a stretcher. A compressed piece of fabric had been attached to two wooden planks, each one competing with the other to hold more weight. Two of the medics grabbed my weak shoulders, and the other picked up my legs. “One! Two! Three!” they yelled out in unison, as they quickly placed me on the pallet. Within a few seconds, I had been transported about 20 yards and safely placed inside the helicopter. I could hear Rosario’s voice fade away as the medics began to prepare for take-off. “I’ll see you soon man!” he shouted, as the medic shut the chopper door.

The doctors began their procedure as soon as the pilot took flight. The brutal winds shook up the helicopter as the soldiers tried to remain firm in their work. I just lay there, lifeless. My eyes had begun to shut, barely being able to visualize the various medical equipment. My brain had supposedly frozen in time, throwing me into a deep state of emptiness yet again. My heart had slowed down, beginning to skip beats at its leisure. The tense voices of the medics and the noise from the circular fluttering of the chopper blades were somehow being barred from entering my ears. And then, I heard it. I heard a boom. And another one. And another one. Each one bombarded with a little more anger and sonority as if increasing in elevation every time. But before I heard more, the anesthesia had numbed me forever.

“What happened to Rosario, grandpa?” asked Thomas’s six-year-old grandson, his brown eyes sparkling with curiosity.

“Hm?”

“What happened to Rosario?”
Thomas looked at the boy with his calm, watery eyes. He flashed a tender smile, his aging face looking sullen. He churlishly wiped the tears and stroked his grandson’s messy hair. His lips spread a little wider, as if trying to imitate a smile that had been lost among the jungles of Vietnam five decades ago. “Nothing,” he said, keeping his reassuring grin. “Let’s go toss around a football.”
Tranquility

Ameerah Zafar

Artist Statement: This painting is meant to be a soothing depiction of a lake at night.
Medium: Procreate
“This is the great new problem of mankind: We have inherited a big house, a great World House, in which we have to live together — Black and White, Easterners and Westerners, Gentiles and Jews, Catholics and Protestants, Muslim and Hindu — a family unduly separated in ideas, culture, and interests, who, because we can never again live without each other, must learn somehow, in this one big world, to live with each other.” — Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., Nobel Peace Prize Lecture, 1964

The world is more than enough for the World House

The world is not enough for the World House

The House is a battlefield.

A warzone.

The gun of prejudice lies on the table

spotlighted, without a speck of dust, for all to see.

The dust on the gun wiped off by those

who first used the gun, those who let others use the gun, those who turn a blind eye to the gun.

How did we ever create the gun? Why did the blood of the gun never stop someone?

Create the gun with the loss of humanity. Shoot the gun with one belief—you are the only
The House is a minefield.

An optical illusion.

The gun of prejudice lies on the table

no lights, covered in dust, fingerprinted, for all to see.

The dust on the gun remains, stained by those

who first faced the gun, those who told others to not use the gun, those who closed their eyes

in fear when faced with the gun.

When did we allow the gun to strip others of humanity?

When race, religion, nationality, creed, color, style, personality, love,

differences in simply being—were ways to lose humanity.

Create the gun with the loss of humanity. Shoot the gun with one belief—you are the only

humanity.

The House is ruled by all.

We must stop the illusions.

We must stop the war.

For the gun of prejudice to become untouched,

humanity must reign free.

For the dust of the gun to settle,
our differences in simply being, become a thread to unity.

Our differences in simply being—become our humanity, rather than our loss of it.

The gun of prejudice lies on the table
dormant, untouched, gone but never forgotten, for all to remember
The gun of prejudice becomes dust,
converted into a reminder of what was
before the World House
A reminder of what is now
Our differences became our similarities
The House learned to lift each other,
To protect each other, to love each other
Most importantly, the World House learned

    The gun of prejudice had no place in our new home.

The world is not enough for the World House
The world is more than enough for the World House.
The world is the World House.
Contributor Bios

**Nevyn P. Haque** is a student of Grade VIII, European Standard School, Dhaka Bangladesh. She is 15 years old. She was awarded for British Council Reading Competition in 2014 and came in 9th position of the WINGS Learning Centre first Annual General Knowledge Quiz Competition in 2018. She campaigned at her school to raise donations for Nepal’s Earth Quake victims in 2015. Her essays, book reviews and photography were published in The Key Lit Magazine, Ink and Feather 2020 Spring and Summer Issues, Teen Belle Magazine, IHRAF Youth Anthology on Human Rights and Social Justice, and IHRAF PUBLISHES_YOUTH. She takes a keen interest in community service and anti-bullying campaigns. She has completed her Virtual Rotary Youth Exchange program 2020-2021 as a pilot exchange participant in Bangladesh. Her pastimes include reading, travelling, trying different cuisine, and taking pictures.

**Shivansh Jha** is from Chandler, Arizona, and attends the local high school BASIS Chandler. He has always been fascinated with the art of storytelling, especially theatre and movies. He is in the process of completing his first novel and believes that great stories efficiently portray the human psyche and virtues to further drive the plot.

**Sarah Levy** is a 7th grader at Sunrise Middle School, in Phoenix, Arizona. Previously, Sarah was student body president at North Ranch Elementary School, spearheading many events and fundraisers. Her passions include music, art, and photography. In her spare time, she loves to read and play with her two dogs.

**Shriya Mohite**: Art has always been something Shriya took interest in and honed since childhood. Her art enhanced her creative capabilities while also providing her with a means of self-expression. It facilitated her in becoming less of a perfectionist, as it taught her to make positivity out of her mistakes rather than giving up after making an error.

**Gouri Nair** is an 8th grader living in Mesa. She likes to read books, doodle, and write short stories.
Puja Pradhan is a junior at BASIS Ahwatukee high school. She enjoys drawing and painting in her free time as well as beekeeping and playing with her dog.

Shruthi Sajith is an 8th grader at BASIS Ahwatukee. She’s been learning Indian classical dance forms for over 7 years. Aside from dance, she loves to use different artforms to express her creativity, such as writing. She enjoys singing and participating in theatre performances.

Niranjana Sreeprasad, who goes by Nina, is a 15 year old from Chandler, Arizona. She is in her school's newspaper club and Speech and Debate club. Nina enjoys writing, drawing, baking, and doing Indian Classical Dance.

Allie Ophardt is a senior in high school from Phoenix, Arizona. She loves hiking at National Parks and the landscape in Arizona especially inspires her. John Steinbeck is her favorite author to read. Art is her main hobby and she will be attending the Maine College of Art in the fall.
Editorial Staff

Alina Chisti, Editor-in-Chief

Alina Chisti will be a freshman at Cornell University in the fall of 2021. She has been part of the editing staff for the Ink & Feather literary magazine since freshman year, and she is the program director for PeerSquared Inc. Her work has been published in the Arizona State University anthology, the Blue Guitar Junior literary magazine, and the Scarlet Leaf Review. Alina is the president of her school’s tutoring club and an active volunteer for local and school-based volunteer organizations such as Red Cross, the Islamic Social Services Organization, and local STEM camps. Alina is also an avid theatre student, photography geek, writer, and guitar player. You can find her photography on her Instagram @photography_alinazohra.

Surabhi Sajith, Editor-in-Chief

Surabhi Sajith will be attending Barrett, the Honors College at Arizona State University as a Flinn Scholar in fall of 2021. She enjoys pursuing the creative arts through different forms including dance, music, and writing. She has won local and national awards for her dance skills, most notably in Indian classical forms. Aside from the arts, Surabhi enjoys volunteering as the administrative head at Southland Hospice and researching with the American Cancer Society. She hopes to pursue a career in medicine in the future. Surabhi is excited to continue to explore creative genres as she begins college.

Isabella Ferrero will be attending Northern Arizona University Honors College in the fall. She is involved in Harmony Project's Latin-Caribbean Orchestra where she plays trumpet. Beyond music, Isabella spends her time dreaming up characters and using her life experiences to create stories. In her spare time, she sings, spends time with family, and bakes for her small business. Isabella plans on being
an author to share the stories of her country. You can find some of her work on Instagram @isaferwriting.

**Ava Kim** will be attending college. She writes in her spare time and has published multiple times for Ink & Feather and Blue Guitar Jr. Her future goal is to publish a book. You can find her artwork at Instagram @disinstq.

**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.

**Maryam Chisti** will be a freshman at Hamilton High this year. She loves drawing, or anything to do with the creative arts really, and cats. Just cats everywhere. Along with cats, running and manga are the food that she lives off of. Her writing and art has been published in the Junior Scribbler Literary & Arts Magazine, and she has also won an essay contest.

**Haileigh Pettit** will be a freshman in college this fall. She enjoys reading books, writing music and poetry, and studying anything and everything science. Her goal is to finish and publish her first novel while she completes her first two years of college. You can find her outside at any point throughout the day, drawing inspiration from people in the afternoons or from the sky at night!

**Suvasini Subbaraman** is a freshman in high school. She enjoys the creative arts, such as music and art. She has played the violin for 3 years, has sung Indian classical music for 8 years, and has drawn for over 5 years. She enjoys doing many
things in her free time, such as drawing, watching anime, and reading manga, mainly from the author, Ito Junji.

**Nandini (Nan) Warrier** is an incoming freshman at Paradise Valley High School. She loves running, playing the piano, and singing. She has played piano for over 7 years. Her favorite subject is writing, and she enjoys helping her friends work on and edit pieces. She has participated in academic competitions and hopes to continue in high school. Her hobbies also include reading, baking, and spending time with friends.
Founder/Advisor

Lysette Cohen holds a M.A. in English and Creative Writing from Southern New Hampshire University and a M.Ed. in Education from Northern Arizona University. She is currently working on a PhD in Curriculum, Assessment, Instruction, and Evaluation. She has been an educator for 20 years teaching ABE/GED, American History, Creative Writing, English/Composition, ACT Test Prep, 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 Gulf Harbors, Florida. 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 and Feather Literary Journal is seeking prose, poetry, and art submissions by youth writers and artists (ages 13-20). Submissions are open to all genres—fiction, creative nonfiction, poetry, and art.

Details:
- Deadline for submissions is 09/10/2021.
- There is no charge to submit.
- Writers and artists may submit in more than one genre.
- Please review Submission Guidelines at http://www.inkandfeatherliteraryjournal.com
- Submit your piece(s) through this form: https://forms.gle/2izfNbmufBAmJQ4p6