



THE STIRLING REVIEW

Issue 5

WINTER

2024



For the creativity that sparkles.

“SPARKLER” Srishty Sharma

EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear Reader,

Art is transformation. As artists, we have an obligation to see the world different than it exists in front of us; to embody something that resembles, but deviates from, the truth that is our present reality. Art frees us from the mundaneness of reality, as under an artist's lens, the mundane becomes a subject of wonder.

In these past couple of months, we've attempted to capture the concept of transformation in a bottle. Through judging over a thousand submissions in the Rising Voices Awards and creating the largest youth-run writing contest worldwide, we've encountered young artists who seek not only to transform not only their own worldview, but to inspire change in others'.

So without further ado, I invite you to dive into this issue of *The Stirling Review* and explore the theme of transformation through the lens of young artists who are reshaping the world around them. Whether you transform your idea of a train ride into a fantastical escape in *Journey* by Melissa Abbott, or let your body transform under the expectations of a mother in Naomi Hsu's *Split*, join us as we explore these fourteen pieces, each offering a unique perspective on the power of art to change our lives. Let down your defenses, your worldviews, and have your expectations ready to flip upside-down at any moment. And after you close the pages of this issue, we hope it inspires you to live in a constant state of wonder. As we celebrate our one-year anniversary, we are grateful for the opportunity to serve as a platform for young voices. Thank you for being a part of our journey, and here's to many more years of transformational storytelling.

With that, we are ecstatic to present the fifth issue of The Stirling Review! Thank you to the Stirling Review Staff who made all of this possible and to the rising artists whose voices we aim to amplify. Here's to Winter 2024, and many more to come.

- Tane Kim and Michael Liu
The Stirling Review

Spring 2024

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“JUNIOR YEAR ”



SABRINA XU

NATURALIZATION OATH

AIGERIM BIBOL



I hereby declare
to live and die for the promise of a nation unattained, a freedom-song
written in lyrical falsehoods; to seek purpose in an aimless
pursuit, never once questioning whether the destination truly
justifies the journey: I pledge allegiance to the Flag, red as the
blood-soaked soil of this stolen land, white as the bones buried six feet
under hills of forgotten history, blue as an ocean salty from
ever-flowing tears; star-spangled dreams eclipsed by stark
reality, illusory as a mirage in the desert, the way one can bear
true faith and allegiance to a state where truths are
self-evident only for some; to kill for peace and divide for
unity; to support autocracy in the name of democracy' working
harder for less, aching limbs and heavy heart and is this justice?
mind struggling to align with the tongue in its foreign
abode, twisting and contorting into each painstaking
syllable; the way one can say "neighbor" and really mean
"enemy"; when borders are not nature-born but
man-made; when "equality" is both the sentence and the
reprieve; so tell me once more what it means
to be a citizen



About the author

Aigerim Bibol is a high school junior from the DC area. She is an editor for Polyphony Lit Magazine, BreakBread Magazine, Peiskos Literary Magazine, The Trailblazer Review, and AspirAsian. Her work is published in Iris Youth Magazine, SeaGlass Literary, TeenInk Magazine, and Moonbow Magazine, among others. When she's not reading or writing, she can be found singing along to Taylor Swift, binge-watching Gilmore Girls, and drinking copious amounts of coffee.

SPLIT

NAOMI HSU



Here is what I know about my body: I live in a balled-up fist with mind and guts spilling out between the cracks of callused, experienced fingers, dripping onto wooden floors until I have been squeezed and wrung dry of my fluids, my form deflated, merged into my owner's skin to the point where my body is no longer my own. Please: I stay silent to listen. I stay silent to listen, and my body chokes and shakes from holding its breath. I open my mouth to say something, but I can only watch as my skin dries up and cracks, and then, I split.

One summer, when my mom tells me to come to the kitchen, I feel its cold, hardwood floors tensed underneath my feet before I realize I've even gotten out of my bed. She turns around and extends her palms towards me, and I look at them to see half of an apricot sitting in each, skin bleeding in shades of sunset orange and red. I take one half, she keeps the other, and in unison, we sink our teeth into the sweet, tender fruit, sucking on the wet, vulnerable flesh it offers inside.

Later, after dinner, I catch my mom with the apricots again. She holds three in just one hand and turns on the faucet to allow the water to run over their skin, cleansing them of any impurities. Then, she lays two of them down on a paper towel and places the third one between her fingers. As I stack dirty cups and plates, I watch the way she strokes the scalp of the apricots if to console it and presses her thumbs gently against the stem end of the fruit – *as if to say, Be quiet.*

I blink and then she inhales and angles her thumbs downward so that they fully sink into the small body secured within her hands, pushing through the meat and past the pit, allowing the sweet tears to dribble down the vein of her finger till the fruit splits.

I am the kind of daughter that my mother loves to instruct, the kind that is most

susceptible to her control: clueless about how long to heat up the leftovers, unsure of where the extra rolls of paper towels are, too poor at navigating the roads to be a good driver, too unlucky to have any success in the kitchen.

I tried to make fried rice once, but when I was chopping the green onions, trying to split them into small, green rings, I could hear my mom clicking her tongue and feel her eyes trailing my skin; they were always roaming, always searching, always itching to pounce forward and dig their claws into my back to share their not-so-positive appraisal of my stance, my choice, my form.

During my cooking endeavors, I've tried to ask my mom to stand just far enough from me so that there is space to breathe; but my mom is growing old, and her bones are softening, and it is getting easier for her to fly away at even the slightest touch. That's why more often than not, when she places her hands on top of mine, whispers in my ear, 妹妹^1, 你看^2你看, guiding the knife in slow, short motions across the green stalk, I let her.

I don't know who I am if not my mother's good, obedient daughter. She has brought me up to be more popular among parents than among any kids. Always always the mini adult, always so mature for her age; never the funny friend, never the teenage definition of cool. I don't know what to do other than lap up my mother's instruction and praise like a desperate, abandoned dog. I don't know how to wear a crop top without feeling ashamed. I don't know how to hang out with friends without thinking that I should be home focusing on my schoolwork. I don't know how to not be a baby, how to not be coddled and cosseted, how to live separate from my title of 妹妹, how to run away from my mother's infamous words, *What are you going to do without me in college?*

And I can't seem to answer any questions of *Who are you?* or *What do you think?* or *What should you do in this situation?* without whipping my head around and looking for my mother in my answer. My body is more hers than it is mine, but it's too late now to escape this framework that she carefully molded me into, applying pressure to my weak points and massaging my bare skin while whispering lessons into my ear before I went to bed; and then when I woke up, I would look into my mirror to see her wants and beliefs morphed into a nervous, tangible form that threatens to quiver, convulse, and shatter at any given moment. When I die, I

[1] Little Girl

[2] Look

imagine that my hollow corpse will turn to glass, and anyone who is there to witness my death will be able to see through me and understand that there is nothing there; I will fall onto cold, wooden floors and fracture into millions of clear shards only to die bloodlessly and without protest.

I think we instinctively fill empty things until they are brimming with the illusion of substance and purpose; diaries with words that will solve nothing, bookshelves with books that we will never read, closets full of clothes we impulsively bought that our mothers will never permit to leave the house, and other containers and cavities where grief, shame, and acceptance should take up space instead.

When we ache, we reach for temporary satisfaction and bandage the places on our bodies where our burdens leak, allowing these thin layers of protection to wither and fray at the ends before we reach for the box again to replace them with new ones. We never stand up, tear the bandages off, and allow ourselves to bleed until we no longer can, until we have to die or until we have to start over.

In my dream, the last time I see my mom, I am leaning my head on her shoulder and we are eating apricots on the sofa. I turn my gaze towards her, and I gather my final breath before I say the words, *I am willing for you to hate me if it means I can get to know who I am.*

My mother has never looked at me before, but in this dream—in my dying memory—she slowly twists her neck to stare at my scalp. Her eyes are not full of that all-knowing stare, but instead, a watery shine that is brimming with desperation, bewilderment, and fear. She raises her hands, but they don't cut through the air as they usually do, instead fluttering towards me, slow and imprecise. I wait, curious what she will do, until I recognize it: she strokes my hair and softly presses her thumbs into the crown of my head, as if to console me. She whispers, Please don't say anything, and then, she inhales, preparing to dig her fingers into my skull and push them through the rest of my body.

But before I am split, I put my hands over hers and pull them away from me. I detach myself from her shoulder, unraveling our entangled limbs so that I can stand up and walk away.

In this dream, my heart is so dense that I don't think it can break, my body so full of substance, of purpose, that I don't think I will turn back around. I can hear a soft cry disperse itself throughout the hallway as I manage to get to my bedroom before I feel my body give out on me, knees buckling and gaze unfocusing. I haven't realized that I've hit the floor when I close my eyes and begin to think about how I am going to start over.

I wish that I could stand in the kitchen, the knife hefty in my hand, my fingers wrapped tightly around its grip. I wish that I could bring it down firmly as if I know I'm right, as if I know anything at all.

But I was the daughter that my mother loved to instruct. She would watch me for as long as it took for my faults to reveal themselves, her gaze traveling all over my body. She would walk over, her chest so assured behind her worn-out blouse; she would put a hand on my shoulder and turn me just a bit, with the slightest motherly caress. Here, 妹妹, she would say, her guidance a gentle murmur to the heart. *Here's how it's done.* She would stand behind me and grip the knife in both our hands; she would raise it high above both our heads—the metal a blur of motion, of light—, and she would show me the proper way

to split.



About the author

Naomi Hsu is a sophomore from the Bay Area. Her work has been recognized by YoungArts, Scholastic Art and Writing Awards, Teen Ink, The Daily Californian, The Best of SNO, and other literary journals and platforms. When she's not whipping up creative nonfiction pieces or news articles, you can find her taking long naps, reading mock trial cases, or dancing on her school's varsity dance team.

"LAZY AFTERNOON"

CLAIRE LIN



THAATHAA

DIVYA VENKAT SRIDHAR



My papa's papa used to run after the wooden cart of prasadam
Young feet bleeding over the rough road. I like to imagine his eyes:
bright like a brown beetle, fresh like monsoon soil,
his chest burning like metal on metal as he gulps dusty air.
He's wearing sandbag shorts, mottled with flecks of dirt.
He's hurdling red rock and plastic bottles, blooming like a wild indigo,
Stomach roaring in his lame body.
His small hands are cupped and trembling, so empty they could hold
a Ganges of riches, a Yamuna of flooding wealth—
only a thin paper cup of rice lands in his fingers.

I like to imagine the summer when we go to Hyderabad now:
He holds my hair, and I feel the lines in his palms
Like parted sediment along a freshwater river.
He likes to laugh until his beetle eyes fly off into the clouds
and his face goes wrinkly like pottery on an unmanned wheel.
And when he cooks, he lays out food and food and colours
Rushing around the big table to fill our hearts
With cardamom and cinnamon and cloves- his love language,
Grown from a tongue once parched in poverty.
I like to imagine he's waited for this his whole life, and this pride
takes root in me like the eternal warmth of a sunlit sky.
His feet carry me over rough road, rock and rubble,
Until river, liquid gold breaks out from under his toes
like a lullaby.

NEBULA

DIVYA VENKAT SRIDHAR



and when we were bones
aching dry and
darkness overtook us
you were a cocoon above, brittle
like death, you were endless
cobweb ashes hurling
out
of an urn,
a whisper off the lip of a cliff and then
you were newborn,
wisps of hot pink flushes
and twirling skirts of hydrogen
ripples in the silk of space
outstretched under the earth
gravity tugging closer fleshy heat itching
until you blossomed with a chorus
of a thousand suns,
and we
listened, knowing
we, too, could begin again.



About the author

Divya Venkat Sridhar (she/her) is an Indian poet living in Switzerland. Her work has been published by the Poetry Society, Rattle Magazine, Zindabad Zine, and more. She was a 2023 winner of the Guernsey International Poetry Competition in the Poems on the Buses exhibition. When she isn't writing, you'll find her making pasta, playing the saxophone, or singing the La La Land soundtrack (terribly).

命 / STARS

CHURAN XU



When I was four, I remembered closely the first mole
emerging from the layers of my skin in my mirror.
Wàipó, with superstition, called it bad luck 厄运, the sound of it
rising in tides and then collapsing altogether.

Circumvent it, go around, and run as far away as you can. Like
the times your great-grandma ran away from the Japanese and chewed
them down in pieces, losing four pieces of teeth. Draw a map on your forehead, so
that the stars can suppress the
coming of your doomsday.

My head crouched in and thoughts leaned back
until three consecutive moles sprung on this unwanted land in absence of
preaching.

History was made of sounds.

If I had heard the red guards trumping from afar, I would have never lost the house.

If I heard the crickets announcing drought, I would have moved.

If I had opened my ears, I would have heard the surging tides of 命 as history
churns in circular motion. I would have
jumped.

When mā was four, she recalled

A black casket placed center in her half-straw bedroom.

Her village mayor teased, under his rotten breathe, how 白骨精, the mythical
creature with skeleton

true form, has manifested as the casket. His weak neurons didn't know
that wàipó placed great-grandma's casket as a symbol of worship.

One wall apart awaits death.

Wàipó sealed away half of the story; the drought
washed all her assets away, so the minute great-grandma coughed flesh, the manic
search for a coffin
began. Deprived of options, she stole an unoccupied one from the temple.
She dreamt of dying and thought she was complicit.
Mā dreamt of dying. Of rats biting on her nerve endings, waking up feeling like
she was the one in the casket,



About the author

Churan Xu is a 17-year-old student writer born in Shanghai, China. She has lived in the Middle East before attending The Lawrenceville School. Constantly inspired by the confluence of cultures, she wrote nonfiction works alongside cultivating a passion for bilingual poetry. She is the managing editor of Living Chronicles, a copies editor at her school's literature and art magazine, and a founder of AMPLIFY, an interdisciplinary space combining viewpoints of music, writing and anthropology. Submitting her portfolio for the first time, she is excited to grow as a poet.



"DUCK SMILE"

SABRINA XU

AN ABSENCE

THEODORE DOZIER

In the ridges of a countertop,
The paint-splotches of granite –
Stone acrylics left like coffee stains
After long conversations
And the black lines running between them
Highways for lost cars.

We were like lines in wood,
Concentric circles growing apart
Each year as new ones arrived –
Lines never touching, always circling
The natural geometry stronger
Than any straight-edge prison bars

Offset in our own sculptures,
Cast by the same hands and
Built of the same stone, staring
From across a stream of steps
Each taller and further than the last,
Though cut from the same block.

We were like the trails of
Two planes, towering pillars
Of cloud marking roadmaps
On the cornflower skies.
Coursing currents in a sea of absence
Wisps of vapor like outstretched hands.



About the author

Theodore Dozier is a high school senior from Salem, Oregon. He approaches poetry from an interdisciplinary angle, collaborating with friends and fellow writers on various projects such as his Lieder for String Quartet and Mezzo Soprano. In his spare time, he enjoys hiking in the Oregon wilderness, playing tennis and violin, and reading novels and poetry collections from both classic and contemporary writers.

THE CHINESE HOUSE

DAHLIA PEETERS



I. Do you appreciate fine things because I am so wretched?

The speckled, licorice-smelling mouth of the tunnel engulfs the moon like a silver coin, and swiftly as a fussy child, spits it out the opposite end. Angel Island haunts the coastline, surveilling the bay from a wickedly craggy perch— this is where immigrants first reckoned with impermanence (our sorrow extends to Chen Yini, Zhang XiaoYu, and my family who exist only in pictures and not on paper.)

Winter in Daly City slices us open without remorse—puffs of steam rise, like yeast leavening bread, from the shelter of Ma's scarf. We pull into the courtyard of Condominium 01, always the first house on the curb and the second that devastates you. A journal of chicken-scratch handwriting rests a thin cheek on my chest. The lyrics from inside pulsate, *a drop of rain borders on an arm of sea / from cruel gravity it gives way / what a time to go— / water nearly turned to snow.*

Abu answers the door with a thick wrist. My grandmother is a luxurious, fridge-shaped lady with a short perm and a deaf ear. Despite her penchant for expensive items, you will fail to encounter anyone as undeniably frugal. Her apartment breathes with tchotchkes and counterfeit couture clothing; no bureau drawer, shelf, or heirloom chest is vacant. We exchange hugs in the corridor; the draft blowing a plaintive wail past the lacework curtains. Taped beneath the golden peephole, a laminated portrait of Jesus Christ glints under a motion-activated lamp. *Do you expect to find God standing outside in the biting cold?*

A flicker from the stove diverts my attention to the squid lying wetly on the stone countertop, its stray tentacle sliding from the wooden cutting board to her feet.

"Abu, look," I mutter, pointing at the tiled floor.

"Aiya," she exclaims, winding her hair into a bun, "You are fortunate to retain such youth, so rich with spirit. In my old age, I can sense myself contorting into a figure I was not meant to be." She spirals into herself like a nautilus to dramatize the curvature of her vertebrae. "I am no match for this body. Just my luck, this

expensive meat gets bacteria all over."

"No, no. It's okay. We can wash it in the sink, no problem. Let me get it for you," I reassure her, reaching for the squid's semi-solid flesh. She regards me with skinny, watchful eyes.

"What a considerate girl," she says reflectively. "Please, go greet Gong Gong. He has been restless to see you." Her glove grazes my ear. It stinks like the sea. With the same fattish limb, she tosses the squid into a vat of boiling vegetable oil, sizzling wildly like firewood to a hearth.

Tucked below the canopy, two families war for a seat on the buck-hide couch. They pig themselves on anointed strips of duck from bright bowls, drunk with salt. On one side of the house are the Peeters, that is to say, Dad, Uncle Rob, Uncle Dan, and my grandparents, and on the other are the Chens, that is to say, Ma, Auntie Dot, Gong Gong. Dot husks mandarins, snickering to herself as they release glittering spray into the air. Their porous rinds land gently on a paper napkin. They sound like footsteps. Where are we going, Auntie? What are we becoming?

Dad's mom was a sophisticated woman who used words like "darling" and "marvelous" and wore the milkiest pearls on the market. She taught me how to scrape them properly to determine their value—enamel pressed to gorgeous gems that scarcely dodged worthlessness, feeling for their granularity with the same teeth I use to pulverize a meal.

I learned to admire by carving apart.

She brought with her tubs of brittle Irish soda bread that crumbled from even the faintest disturbance. Her chin-length blonde blowout, resembling a peanut-filled puff pastry, was an elegant sight to behold. At her family's lakehouse in Wisconsin, where I refuse to spend my summers now due to a terrible jet-ski incident years ago, her Rococo-inspired bathroom reeks of vanilla styling product and dogwood hand lotion. My grandma was not fond of the Chens, which became quite clear to me after she made some snide remarks concerning their parenting techniques on a train ride into the city.

"It's obvious that she was brought up in a Chinese house," she scoffs, of my mother, "When I was raising my sons, you know, I wasn't so harsh with them. I worry about you. I'm afraid she's dismantling your mental health."

A portion of my ego pined for an all-American mom who would spin lies and sweeten up at the slightest indication of disappointment. The other, however, knew she was the only person who could be entirely candid with me. As it happens, I cannot recognize the truth in its purest and most unadulterated form.

Abu joins us, a bead of sweat racing along her temple, heaving a vessel of fish maw and ginseng broth. The stewpot is a threshold between grandmothers, who

sit territorially on opposing ends with the unspeaking intensity of undomesticated hounds.

The Peeters brothers have just arrived from Aspen, Colorado, and their eyelids weigh more than their dignity. I am swept back to Clement Street—a sleepy town in San Francisco miming Chinatown's intimate Asian quality. Ma and I laughed, half-awake, in the seats of our Toyota Camry. As I nodded off, she rolled down the car window, listening for the distant hum of tires on the bridge. The sky overhead was unabashedly blue, and the road looked like a severed appendage dipped in a hideous red and white light.

"Why is it, Ma, that when we view colors from so far away, they do not blend?"

"Gaze out there. Tell me, which country do you see?"

A phantom of the flag quivered above the dashboard. Our heaven was a patriot.

"America," I responded.

"Indeed," she cooed. "The most rotten flaw instilled in humankind is our primal urge to divorce everything from everything. That is what makes us exceptionally stupid. We praise the artists who produce what we deem innovative or authentic yet neglect the architects behind their craft. An artist can only be as brilliant as the people dear to them. At the end of the day, consider what credit they are given."

I shrug.

"Right," She said shortly.

"But you forget—beautiful art is not a product of beautiful people. The subjects of brutally honest writing do not care to be seen. No, certainly not. Their jobs are to screw up so the poets and playwrights have stories to package into a consumable form. The common man will jump at any opportunity to adopt a life that is not his. It is a gift to turn someone unremarkable miserable."

Weathered with age, women trudged across the crosswalk, several lurid fabrics barricading them from December's bitter wind. Occasionally, I overheard Cantonese farmers' wheat-pierced scowls fueling heated disputes outside storefronts. This place granted us the freedom to be animals. Even so, I often wondered if we were drawing closer to a sanctuary or a slaughterhouse.

"You are my leavings. You are what survived. Do not commit a grossly fatal crime by letting me die in memory and not in writing."

Tonight, Ma does not stop eating. She guzzles down swollen morsels, too searing to chew and too bloated for conversation. Shiny noodles cascade through the sliver of space between her chopsticks. She tugs at my sleeve with a low head. Almost like bowing.

"It is better to chew than to use your mouth to speak."

II. Would you kiss me like brine respires for sickness?

I submerge my pulse in the lake. It laps and rocks tenderly by the pier. Stiff peaks of sun-bleached waves collide and crystallize in the process. Canoes are packed on the shore like herring cleansed with grease. I am anchored, kneeling to my abdomen. It is the Fourth of July at summer camp, and I am acquainted with all this diversion: teenagers in navy uniforms loitering at the café service window enjoying cinnamon soft-serve ice cream, plastic red cups, and root beer barrels stacked up onto bumpy folding tables. Out on the horizon, a wildfire blooms freshly. The beach is pristine, save for me and a girl kneading dark sand into a pillow for lying. We hollow out the ground to make a tide pool. An ambiguously bred dog trots by, his snout sticky from licking clumps of seagrass off the harbor. I am no stranger to this mutt; even he cannot deny we are the same troubled creature.

A song by Mazzy Star plays on the terrace speakers. We dance in the oven-heat of exhalation. There is a momentum to her that I want to be intimate with. She provokes energy with impossible contact. Her footwork overwhelms my unstable ballet, fashioned between snapped feet and calloused heels. Her perspiring palm unfurls itself over mine like a spring roll skin, glasslike and ready to splinter even though rice paper is supposed to be smooth. Her fist stalls in mine for longer than it needs to. But this is no instruction.

This is her confession to me—a festering touch.

She moves like an amphibian, voicing commands like *quick*, *switch*, or *grab me*, or *steady*, *I'm about to spin you or look at me*, *Dahlia*. She dissects my name into something clinical and articulates it like an accident. I hear cellos from the orchestra hall (I mistake them for flies). There are buildings that look like home (but I have never been here before; I have never loved a girl.)

Dad > dahlia, if you can, plz call us today, okay?

Ma > how are you, sweetie? call us.

Ma > did the smoke clear up?

The celebration concludes with the violent burst of fireworks overhead, followed by their dilation into a dreadfully silent pupil of space. Michigan waters marbled pink. A mourning for the unspeaking.

In theory, I am unafraid of my feelings for her. In practice, I do not display my heart on my sleeve; instead, I keep it tucked inside, near the purple vein, like looking at a cesarean scar protruding from the underbelly of a mother.

I dial my dad as soon as I reach the cabin, desperate to admit it all.

At a certain point, I have to ask myself if I am fundamentally disturbed. I devote

myself, it seems, with destructive necessity. That is my punishment. I think the kindest people are the ones who avoid tenderness. They understand that to harbor emotion so alive and vulnerable is to take an extraordinary risk. Do you rely on Mom to harvest innocence out of you? Or does she crack you like a whip, searching for the yolk?

The phone goes to voicemail.

Forgive me, Dad. Mercy, when you do.

Forgive me, Father, for my irrevocable sins. I vow my hand has met none other than the surface of its sister in moments of prayer.

There is no doubt I have changed; I cannot undo all the doing that she has done. In 48 hours, I am poised to leave for Oakland—I'll find myself back home while she boards a flight bound for Miami. I imagine as she grapples with what it means to be eight miles above sea level, above Earth's most turbulent tide pool, I will mourn for each version of this body that do not grow ill from hearing her name.

Abu, I asked you once if you expected to meet God in the front yard.

My enthralling days of guilt have taught me—and you'll be pleased to know—that there exist women in this world who can instill far greater terror in you than He ever could.



About the author

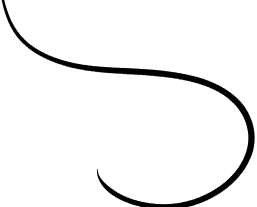
Dahlia Peeters is a high schooler from Oakland, California. Her works have earned Gold Keys from the Scholastic Art and Writing awards, been published in the Interlochen Arts Academy Anthology and won first place in Poetry at the Trailblazer Review.



“JOURNEY”

SRISHTY SHARMA

About Our Artists



Claire Lin (*OPEN - Cover Page, Lazy Afternoon - Page 10*) is currently a sophomore in high school. She lives in Princeton, New Jersey. She likes sunsets, autumn, and fuzzy cats. Recently, she has been exploring mixed media and sculpture.

Srishty Sharma (*sparkler - Inside Cover, Journey - Page 22*) is a sixteen-year-old amateur photographer from India. She uses her phone camera to capture photographs until she gets a professional one. She is currently in grade 11 and loves to read, write and paint apart from photography

Sabrina Xu (*Junior Year - Page 4, Duck Smile - page 15*) is a 16-year-old currently attending Stuyvesant High School in her junior year. In her free time, she loves to play tennis, try out new ramen recipes, and explore new boba shops. Her favorite subjects include chemistry and biology.



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