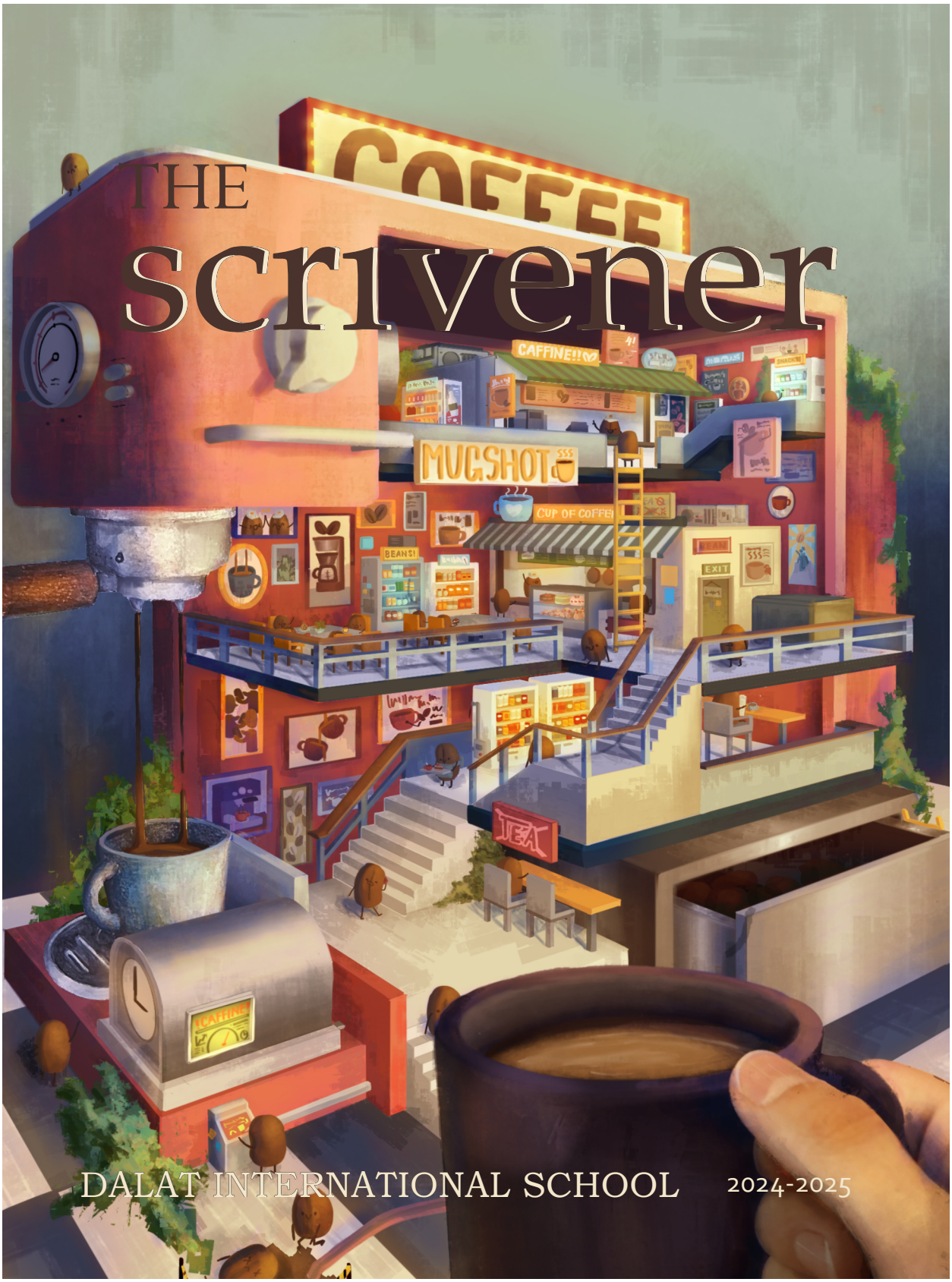

THE scrivener

DALAT INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL 2024-2025

FOREWORD

Dear reader,

We are happy to release our 2025 edition of The Scrivener! There is an art in the collection of words, one that I hope this magazine has achieved.

It has been an honor to edit this year's literary magazine, which is filled with submissions that explore hope, love, dreams, faith, and growth. These submissions provide an insight into the courage of young writers willing to share their vulnerabilities with the community.

Thank you to all the contributors who had the courage to express, create, and share their pieces of art. Whether your piece is wild and fun, deep and introspective, or any of the other wonderful attributes of your writing, your voice is what made this literary magazine possible.

Thank you for taking the time to read, reflect, and celebrate the voices of young poets, authors, and dreamers. May you be inspired, moved, and reminded that storytelling can be achieved by simply having an idea and the courage to turn it into something beautiful.

Sincerely,

Finley A. White, The Scrivener

CONTENTS

A Girl Who Dreams

By: Ysabelle Wan

There's a girl next door. A girl who dreams of stepping outside and dreams of tomorrow. She wishes to see the leaves rustle one more time and to hear the birds sing outside of her bedroom window. She wants to see the cherry blossoms bloom and have her parents hold her once more. She doesn't want to be alone… all alone in a cold, dark gilded cage. With cold, clinical walls and none of her peeling wallpaper. With sharp, sharp tools that threaten to tear at her while she sleeps. She's afraid to sleep because when she sleeps, she doesn't dream of her birds and blossoms. She doesn't dream of her parents holding her and of the leaves whispering, whispering sweet nothings. But she's a girl who dreams- and a girl who dreams can dream of anything. Anything, everything, but to be the girl next door.

A Song of Fleeting Light

By: Onyou Kim

Hope bloomed through the abyss
With the stars amiss
Dreams dissolved like morning mist
A white dress dyed red
A silent plea the night dismissed

A shaking paradigm unfolds
The red light inside the black darkness
So black as it can be
To be engulfed in silence
A story of such woe

Caught within rules without rules
A bird is set free
To this everlasting melody
The verdant lights fade
As dawn rises unshaken and sure

A stained history
With quiet longing
The lonely moon will dream
A universe brimming with dreams
Buried in the blur of time

Wings drenched in longing
This dark crimson air
Blazes up in the sky
There's no point fighting back
The endless walls

Until these falling stars
Drift into slumber
The gentle wind
And scattered sorrow
Sways and dances

It’s just a sweet dream
The sea that sings
Turning the hourglass
Standing on the edge of the cliff
Hope withered in the abyss

Eyes

By: Ella Uzzle

Hope bloomed through the abyss
Eyes tell tales mouths wish they could utter
For when they open they seem to stutter
Take care when you look into eyes whatever
the reason may be
For the truth is what you'll see

Some burn like flaming coals
For those belong to darker souls
Some are light and sweet
They belong to someone neat
Some are strong and steely
Those make you wonder who are they really

All eyes of the earth
Are something awaited on to see at
birth

Falling into the Arms of Tomorrow

By: Catherine Komensen

The name for what her child bore had not existed yet. This woman had a tattoo that said "tattoo"; she had a shirt that said "shirt," I always presumed she did this to cope with her inevitable future, and I could never help but just smile at the absolute absurdity. I would jokingly presume she would name her child, "child," but she was far beyond running jokes to do that.

It had been over a decade, and even now I vaguely remember her face. I do not usually remember specific patients; I help birth hundreds of children per year. I am a silent observer of the starts and ends of life daily. I cannot get attached to patients, whether it is death or birth—it is only necessary for this field of work.

But something was different about her… it must have been my growing sympathy–a dagger of terminal infections wounded her terribly, and the birth of her child was her, "only gift to the world."

She was leaving this world, and someone was coming into it; almost like she had traded her soul for her child. I could never imagine her child's position: being born on the day of your mother's death… would you consider that a blessing, or a curse?

Should I have been celebrating the birth of her child, or mourning for her near death?

The sun had just appeared after a heavy storm that ran through her birthing process. It was gleaming and reflected a "rare" occurrence–a double rainbow. One was clear as day, and the other was fading into forever. How could one be so radiant, and the other so elusive? I always had my interpretations, yet I knew what this was. I knew what was long coming.

"My body is in this hospital, yet my soul is drifting between yesterday and tomorrow. I don't even think I prepared myself enough for this."

I asked her what she meant.

"It's just sad. I never thought holding my child would be the last thing I would do before dying. My mind is so clear, yet I feel so much turmoil. It feels just like the days approaching my mother's death. Except now I'm the one dying."

Her voice began shaking, tears filling her eyes.

“I will never hear his first words. I will never witness his first steps, his first days of school, and his last days of school.”

A long tear streaked down her face.

“I will die before he even begins to live his life. Is it selfish that I feel upset knowing that someone else will raise him?”

I stayed silent and lowered my head. It is only a mother’s right to feel such connection to her child.

Her voice echoed through an empty room. I was there with her, but it felt as though she was reassuring herself instead of speaking to me. Glancing around the room, I could see no family, no presents, no flowers; absolutely nothing in the past few days. She let out a laugh and faced me.

“I can only imagine what my child will look like. Will he look like me? Or maybe like his ancestors?”

“I’m sure he’ll look as beautiful as you are.” I squeezed her hand.

“Of course. I’m only his mother, after all.”

Her words left a lingering silence in the room. She laid back and closed her eyes. Perhaps she was imagining all the moments she would have experienced with her child; or maybe she was grappling with the fact that her child would not grow with her by his side.

“I wish so desperately I could stay on this Earth, just a little while longer. Just long enough to hear him call me his Mom, and maybe even long enough for me to introduce myself.”

The sun had disappeared from the window's view, and for a brief moment, I saw the fading outline of the second rainbow. It definitely wasn’t glowing as much as it had minutes ago, but it persistently stayed, like perhaps, it too had a wish to be granted.

“I’m sure he’ll remember you in ways you can’t even imagine,” I whispered as I watched the rainbow fade eternally. Its time in my life had been very brief, yet impactful.

“You’re his mother, after all.”

Intelligence is Silence

By: Anonymous

Intelligence is Silence, till one breaks it like a Fool,
but is it true, this madness? – this perceived analytical mind?
This seemingly lavish love longing for the unknown would only be a tool
for those who wish to bind
Us?
Somewhere we live inside.

Alone in a garden, or simply alone again?
Absorbing it all, a Thousand silences bigger than the sky.
But why
are we thought Wise in the Silence? For this is simply not true.

Do flowers bloom in the Dark so no one can see them?
No.
They just want someone else to see
that they can be.

Invisible Pane

By: Timothy Hollon

It's painful, it hurts
The way you look through me.
I promise, I'm here
Although you ignore me.

Protection I offer,
Through frost, rain, or thunder.
Ignored I remain,
And again I will wonder:

How do you miss me?
Your gaze goes right through.
I know I'm a window,
But it needn't be true.

How will you feel
Once I finally break?
When a neighborhood kid
Makes a fatal mistake?

When Johnny's new baseball flies up, and shatters me.
What will you do?

As you pick up my pieces,
As my glass cuts your hand,
You'll piece it together,
And finally understand.

That although it's expected,
The way you look through me,
It needn't be true
The way you ignore me.

Mango Hearts

By: Audrey Chan

The girl with golden locks of hair and rusted copper sewn between
Small hands jut out with a mango heart with a lustrous golden sheen
Two grey teeth catch the gleaming glare and sparkle of the light
How could she gauge the gaping space of my ribcage and sluggish beating of my heart
One step
two steps
three steps
stop
Click.
Ba-thump, ba-thump, ba-thump
The lock I'd once forgot was mine caged by bars, now held a beating drum
Fading away the girl once there, the one who gave a rhythm and my heart
Sickly sweet is the wafting scent as the mango starts to rot
A mango tree starts to sprout in the quickly aged space between my ribs
Root and branch spin and twirl far and wide looking for a golden girl
A tree grown fast for a girl gone past, its fruit never bore
I wait to to see an eternity deep in the core of the mango tree

Time

By: Ellen Jeon

Since a long time ago,
from the time that no one and even no history book could remember,
time has been running forward.
Never stopping or even turning back.
Running and running, making a constant sound,
Tick tock tick tock

Every night, inside the rooms,
Students with empty eyes
spend sleepless nights and days without dreams
with the cycle of alarms that go
Tick tock tick tock
The pens move every second just to write words,
words that have no meaning,
faster than the time.
Tick tock tick tock

Every evening, at homes that have become houses,
spoons and forks move like programmed robots, hitting the plates.
Tick tock tick tock
Words, meaningless words,
but no communication passes through the table.
Tick tock tick tock

Every morning, along the roads,
grey people's black feet move at a constant speed.
Tick tock tick tock
Their eyes stare nowhere, and their brains have lost music.
There is the only echo of
Tick tock tick tock

Every day, the never-exhausted, nonstop clock hits people's ears.
Tick tock tick tock
Shouting, "There is no time to waste!".
Tick tock tick tock

The time never stops.
Tick tock tick tock
It never ends.
Tick tock tick tock
Forever
Tick tock tick tock
Tick tock tick tock
Tick tock tick tock

Time's Weight

By: Min Ji Kim

Time presses on me,
Like a heavy hand on my chest.
Each moment builds up,
Never giving me a rest.

The past holds its weight,
Like stones in a pile,
Memories lingering,
Some bitter, some mild.

The clock keeps on ticking,
It won't slow or stay,
No matter how much
I wish for a delay.

But time isn't only
A burden to bear-
It pushes me forward,
It teaches, it dares.

So though it feels heavy,
I'll take it in stride,
Let it shape who I am,
Not just weigh me inside.

Tomorrow

By: Ella Uzzle

To look back on the past
Will uncover questions that have gone unasked
And if you want to know the truth
First, you need to have the proof

Don't get stuck in history
For it is not the mystery
But keep looking forward
For tomorrow is a double-edged sword

It may look shiny and bright
But when it comes be ready to fight
It leaves blood and pain in its wake
Truly it is the history we make

When You Speak a Word

By: Joshua Conklin

When you speak a word, it ceases to be yours

It takes on a life of its own

No amount of coaxing can make it stay

Even when you attempt to tackle it down onto paper

Feverishly trying to trap it in a prison of ink

But they are slippery things indeed

To one, meaning one thing

To another, meaning another

Determined, it etches itself into time, space, and reality

Worms itself into hearts, minds, and souls

It writes its own story

Like a child

You merely give it life, set it on a course, and pray

CREDITS

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COVER ARTWORK

Abby Yeoh

Caffeine runs through a coffee machine which is transformed into a busy cafe, signifying the chaos of a coffee ran working world. Coffee beans transform a mundane espresso machine into a lively cafe.

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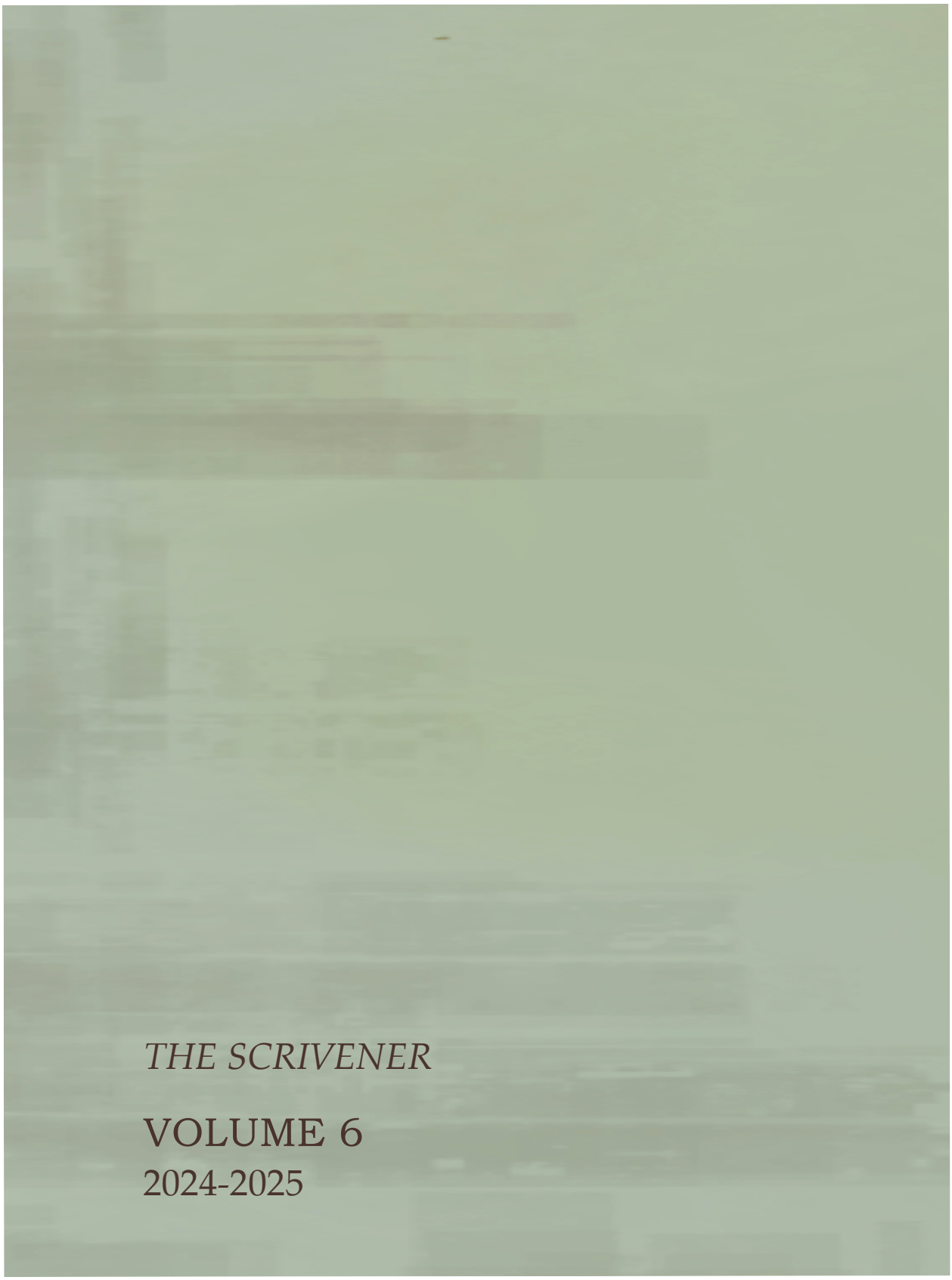
Ysabelle Wan



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