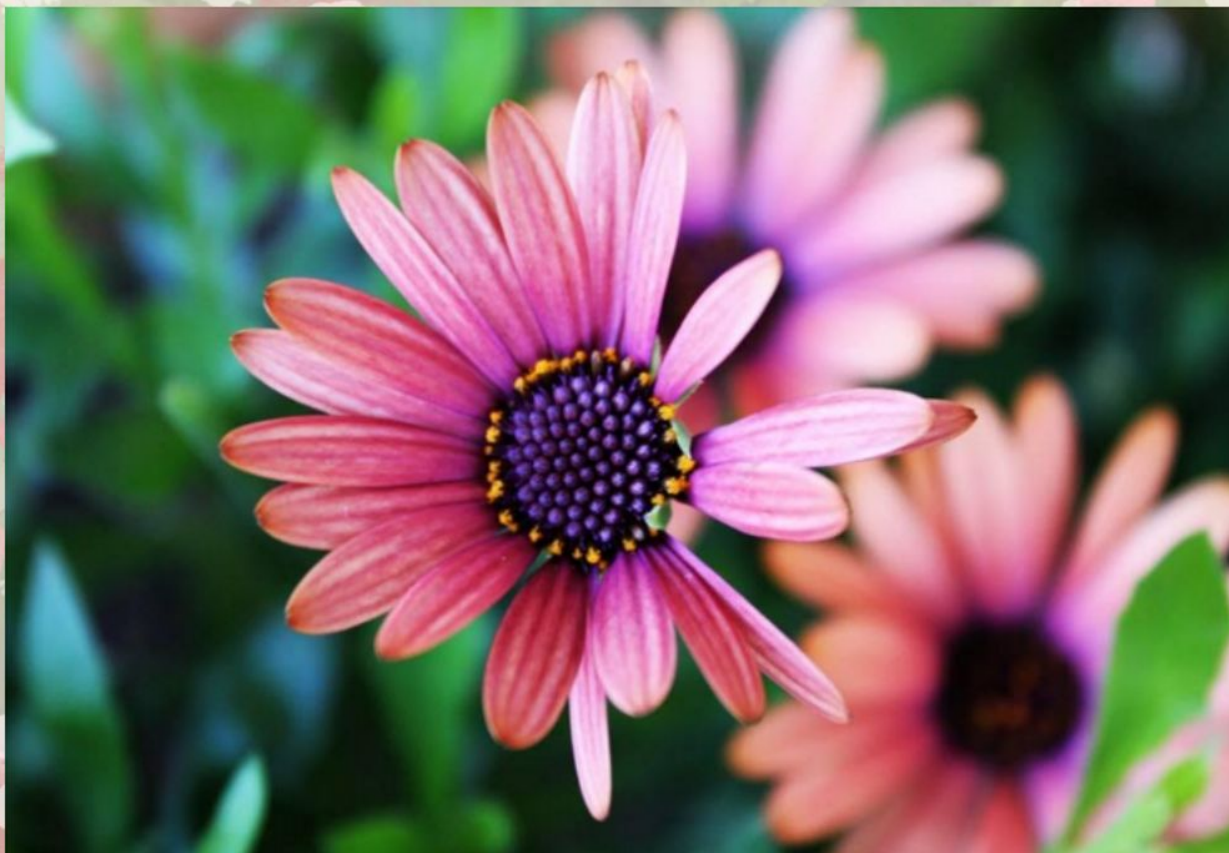


The background of the cover is a light-colored grid pattern. It is decorated with various ink splatters and watercolor washes. In the top right, there are brown and black ink splatters. In the bottom left, there is a large, dark blue watercolor wash. In the center, there are several circular, textured blue-grey washes. The title 'Inklings' is written in a large, stylized, black script font, with the 'I' being particularly large and ornate. Below the title, the words 'LITERARY MAGAZINE' are written in a smaller, black, sans-serif font. A thin black line separates the title from the subtitle.

Inklings

LITERARY MAGAZINE

2015 - 2016



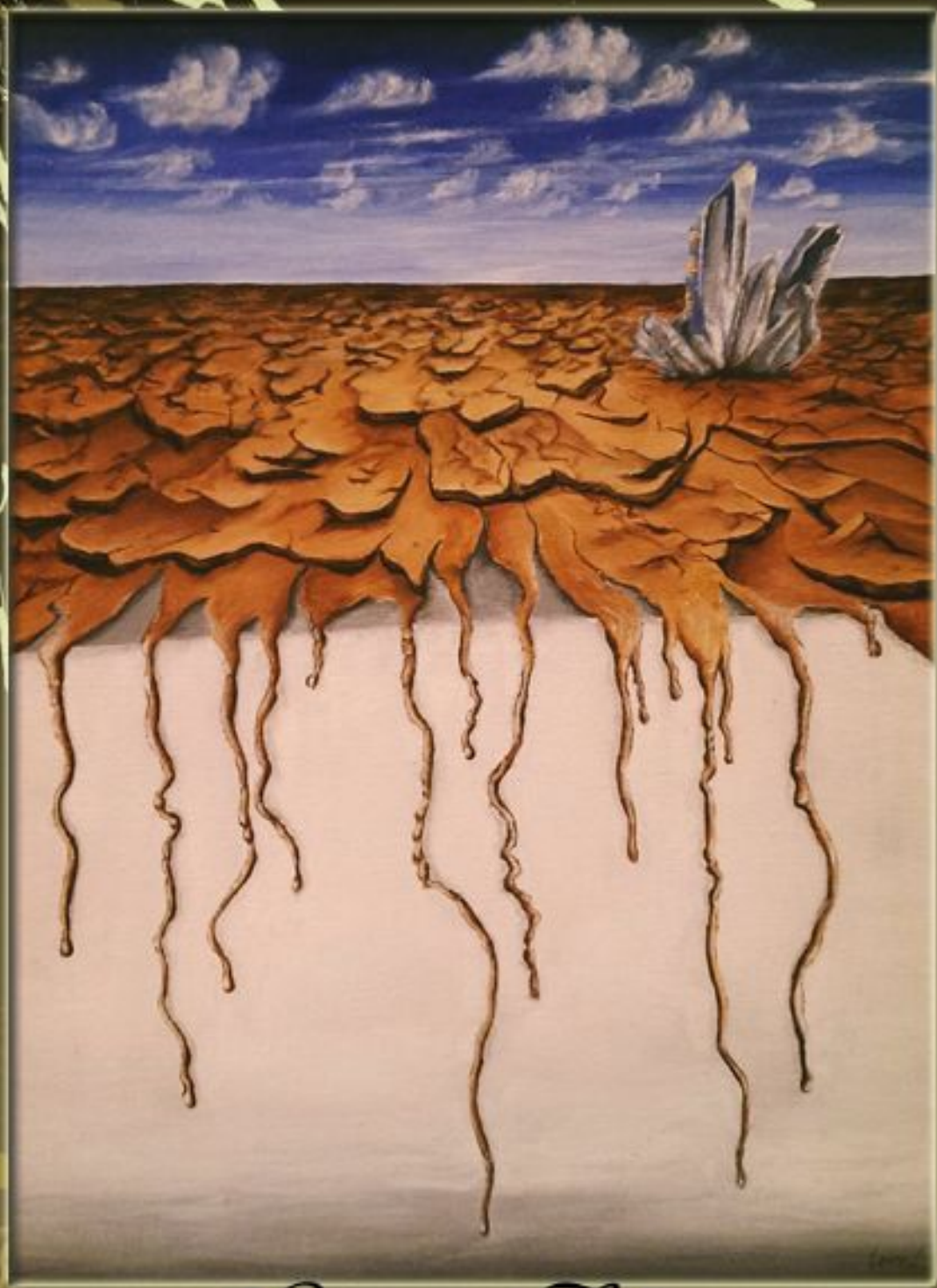
ALLYSSA
WINTER



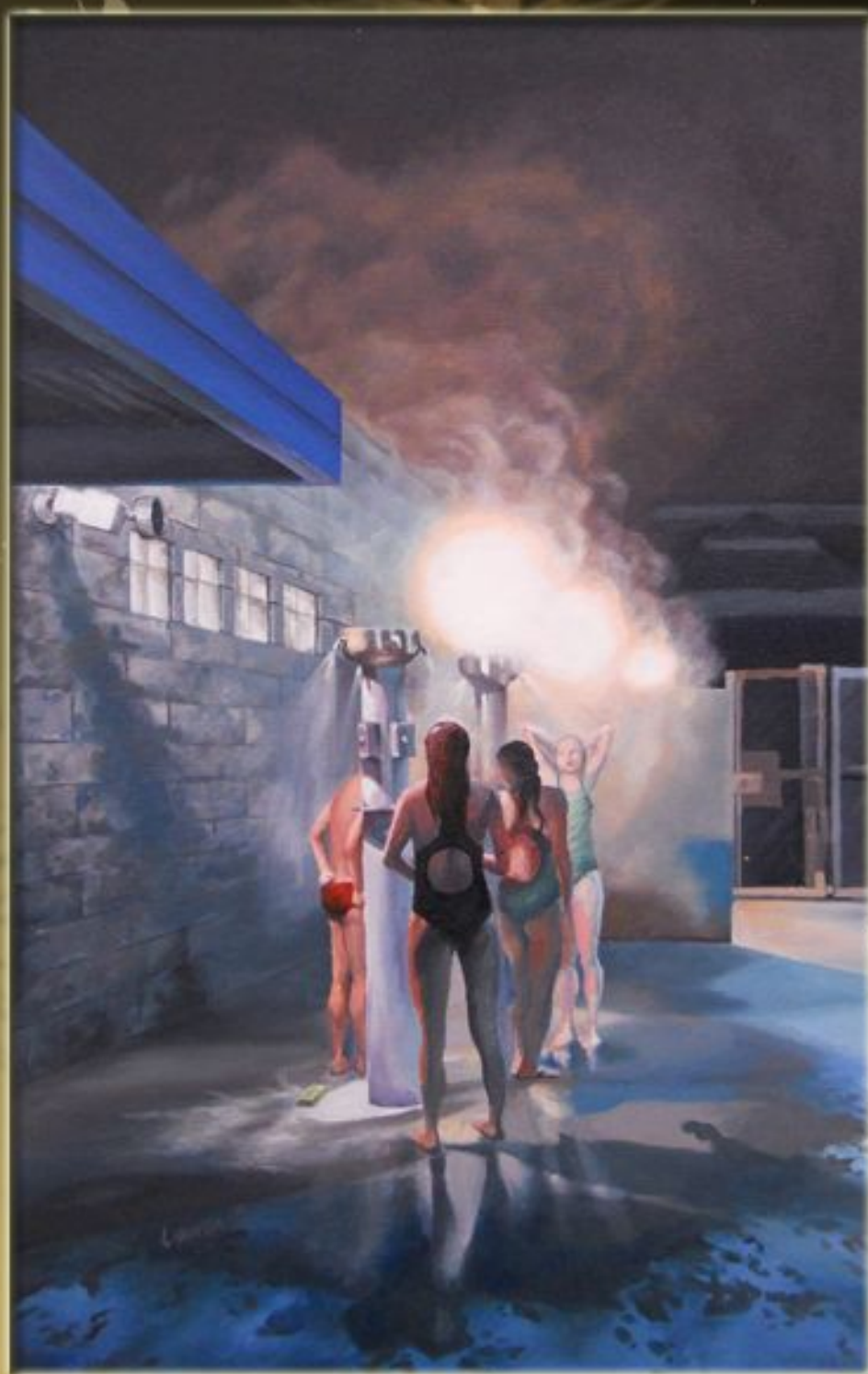
Hearts

Hearts will fall
And love
And break
And change
And mend
And do it again.

- Kathryn Chan

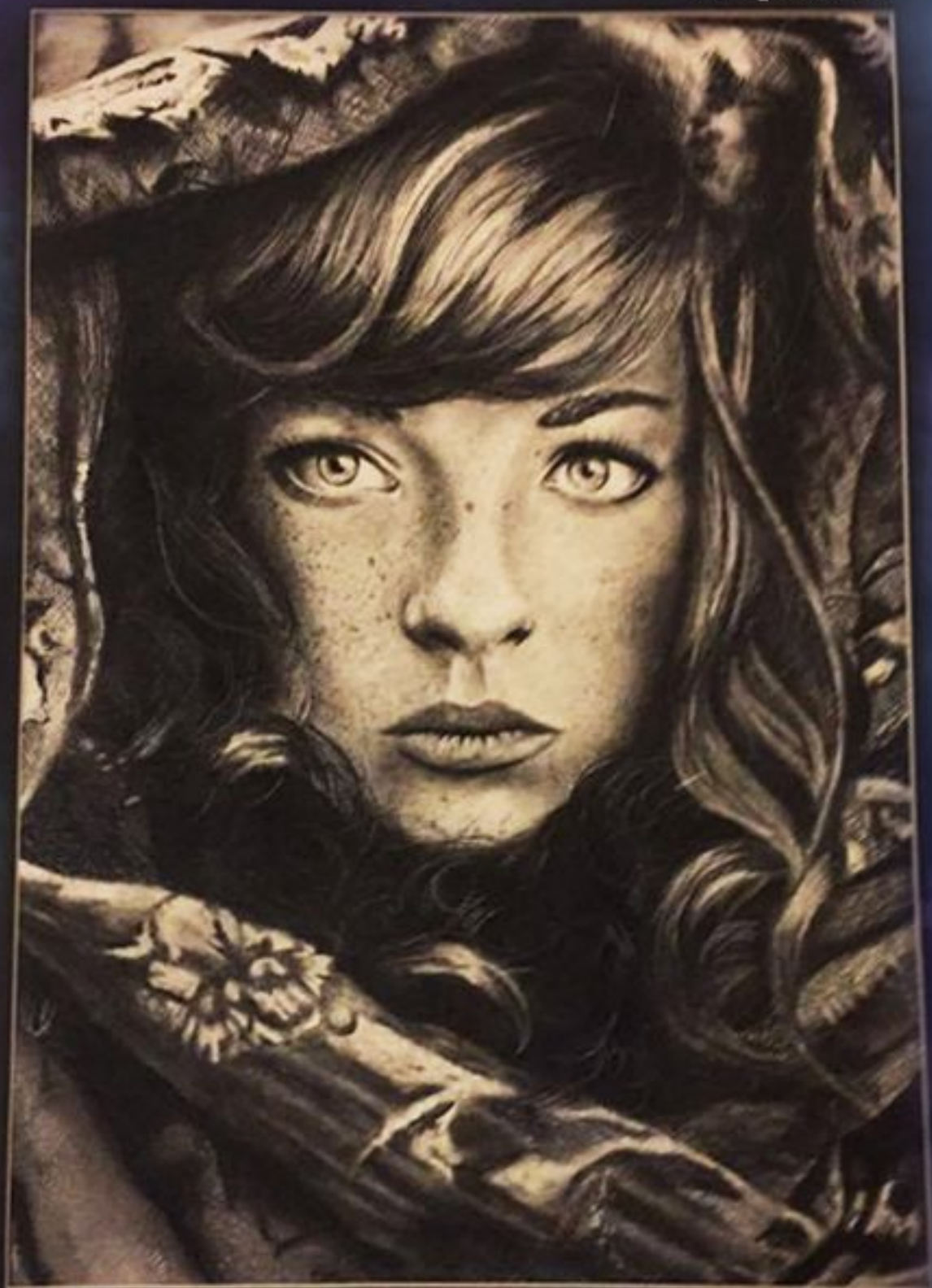


Lauren Zhang



Lauren Zhang

AMBER LI



COME AGAIN ANOTHER DAY

GREY CLOUDS HOVER ABOVE
ENVELOPING US IN SHADOWS.
WE WEEP AS THEY WEEP.
WE SCREAM AS THEY SCREAM.
AND ITS AS OF THERE WILL BE NO SUNSHINE
TOMORROW.
UNTIL GREY FILLS THE SKY,
WE CONCENTRATE ON OUR LIVES
DESPIRE THE TRAGEDY THAT HAS PASSED
AND THE HORROR THAT IS TO HAPPEN
TOMORROW.

VIVIAN LEE



Olivia Huang



Catherine Sun

Getting a Spiritual Cold

*i mostly love grey days, crisp,
cool, clean
but right now
the cold air punishes my skin
i'd like to drown in my blankets
close my eyes —
wake up when it's warm outside*



Ayssa Winter

KEYBOARD

Lauren Zhang

It was a beautiful day--the keyboard clacked in a self-aware kind of way, as if aware of how meta it was being as it acknowledged the hackneyed intro its user had just typed.

for a picnic by the beach--the dusty plastic keys clung to her fingertips each time they made contact, each time a digit forcefully descended upon it. It was an old keyboard, but she didn't mind. She was content, the keyboard could tell, and it liked it that way.

A fan fiction, the keyboard deduced as she continued. That was good. Nothing like the words she had pounded out of it a few days ago. Such sorrowful, desperate, hateful, fearful words.

facebook.com she'd typed. There had been a long pause as usual as she probably scrolled down the new posts, but then a single salty drop of water fell on its spacebar, quickly swiped away before keys were pushed down, yet with a hint of weakness and uncertainty. Furious, defiant words were punched out, but they masked a broiling anxiety.

So fan fiction was good. Keys bounced up and down as fluffy shipping commenced, a sort of quiet manic energy infused in their movement. Happy energy. The keyboard liked that kind of rhythm. It may not have been as interesting as the nervous use of the backspace during a chat with her crush(that had not been for years but the keyboard remembered it fondly) but it was certainly better than the droll tapping of an English paper filled with lazily-thesaurused synonyms and redundant redundancy or the light clickety-clack of keys not being pushed as she awkwardly wrote an email to a teacher.

Fingers deliberated over it for a while before deciding to wrap up the story. Several hours passed. She returned and worked on some literature essay.

Now, the keyboard was a keyboard after all, but it could tell something was wrong, even as she nonchalantly plagiarized spark notes. That same forceful but despairing rhythm and weight in her movement. Her words were distracted, her mind somewhere far from the symbols in the *Scarlett Letter*. After a few minutes she gave up.

The keyboard hoped this mood wouldn't last. It hoped it was just some moody hormonal teenager stuff. But unlike the fickle emotion of an adolescent, this didn't sway.

That's not to say her fingers were like this every time they brushed its worn surfaces. That's also not to say it didn't become the norm either.

She had always used her keyboard very often, but now more so now than ever. Preferred it to writing probably. How the keyboard wished she didn't though, not after the angst it had transferred to her Google Drive document. A document titled *life sucks*.

Maybe it shouldn't have been so surprised then, when half a year later, she opened a word document. She never opened it, always preferring Google Drive, but today, for whatever reason, the keyboard found it putting words into Microsoft Word.

Unlike the aggressiveness she had used that half-year ago, this movement was delayed and deliberate, designed to draw out the time. It was resigned too. The keyboard did not like it one bit.

The hopelessness was just as palpable in her words and the keyboard decided that it really, really, did. Not. Like. This.

When a save dialog box prompted her to enter the name of the document, the keyboard desperately hoped that the dried tears that had fallen between the gaps between the keys in the past months would stop them from working. But they didn't, and the keyboard couldn't stop itself from letting her enter in the document title: *Goodbye World*.

The keyboard never felt her fingers again.



Alexa Lui

Chills
Vivian Lee

Her voice never sounded so cold.

It makes her want to get down on her knees
and beg for forgiveness. Ask the one person
who watched over her, for her entire life,
to forget the words that have spilled out of
her mouth in a rush of unthinkable frustration.

She wants to say that she doesn't mean it,
that her mother is actually the opposite of
what she's just called her.

But it's a truth that has been brought
back to the present.

A reminder of someone else's
regrets.

And she wishes she's never spoken.

To Have Stared into the Eyes of the Universe

Emily Liu

I'm awoken by a soft whisper in my ear and a light hand on my shoulder.

Wake up, boy.

What is it? I murmur back. Why? Sleep is still heavy and thick in my voice.

Something is about to happen.

Nothing more is offered to me. I sit up with a groan, wipe my eyes clean of my interrupted dream, and begin dressing.

Swiftly, now. We will miss it.

I heed the words and pull my fur over my shoulders. My companion lifts the flap of the tent up, and we step carefully outside amidst the burst of chilly wind. I straighten up once we are outside and breath in the crisp air, pulling my fur a little tighter around me. From our high mountain view, the stars are clear and bright. The darkness stretches on forever around me. It is a beautiful night, but there is nothing special about it.

Why did you wake me?

Ah, but you will see. Watch the sky carefully on this night.

Our breaths make small puffs of air that linger in the air. I gaze steadfastly at the sky, though I feel foolish. Minutes pass as we stand there.

Do you see it? There. I follow the finger to where it points.

An ordinary expanse of black night. I am about to turn away, question in my eyes, but then I, too, see it.

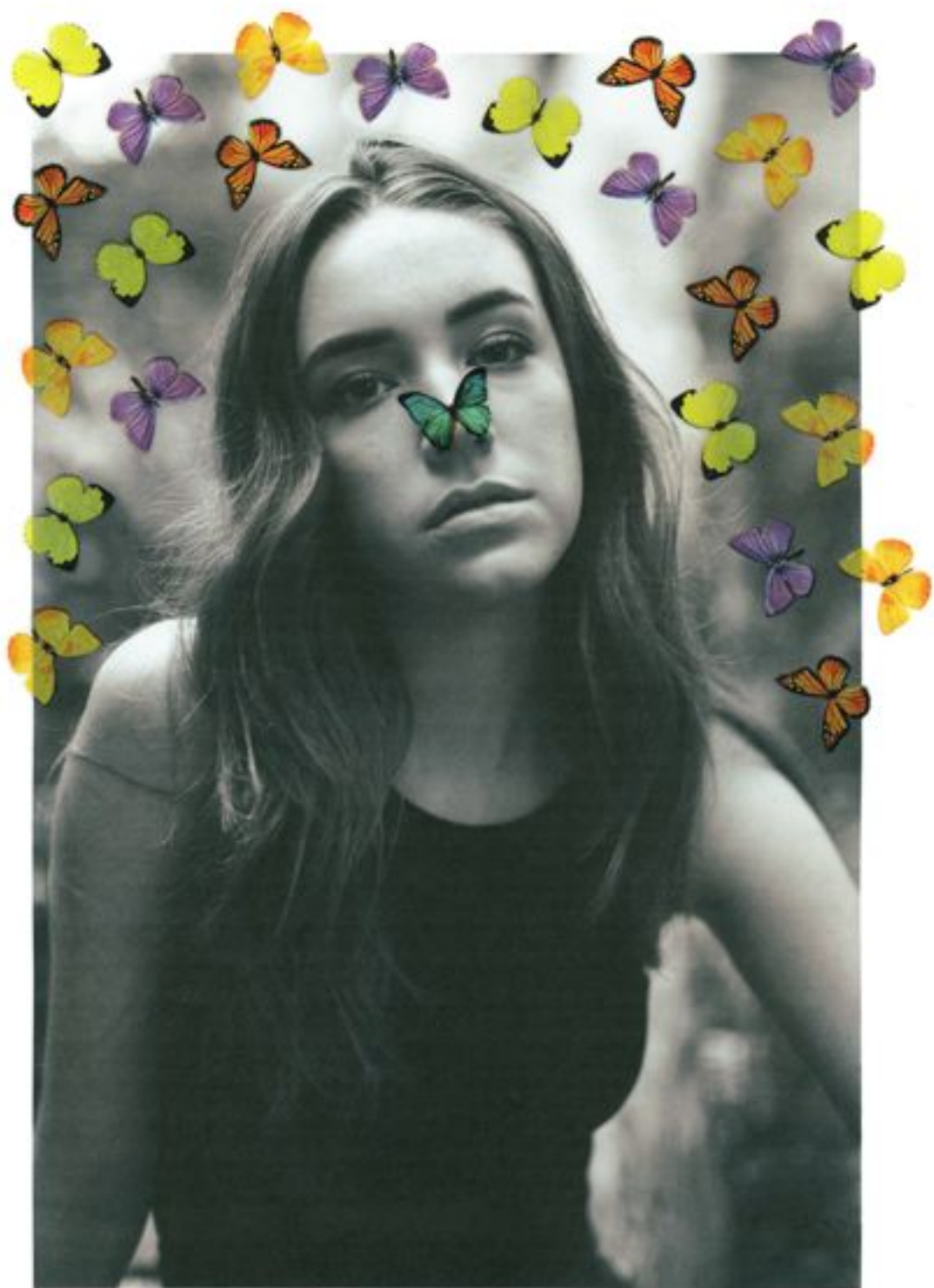
A small disturbance rippling among the stars and distorting into a circular shape. We watch, breathless, as the circle expands and then... opens up. Dual gasps hiss through the air. The circle is a sphere that holds iridescent flames, and the orange fire that spits around it has formed itself into the shape of a cat's eye. I can't look away from the center, the pupil of the eye, mesmerized by the otherworldly, swirling matter that speaks of things beyond what I will ever see in this world. A movement from the side catches my eye, and I tear my stare away reluctantly, only to see another eye open up. It is massive. Purple flames ring its center, and shiny black liquid in the center moves to its own mysterious pulse, flickering with little bits of silver. Slowly, my vision becomes filled with movement. I am transfixed, utterly so, as nebula eyes open up across the entire sky, some miniscule, some gargantuan. The largest seems so close to our mountaintop that I daresay I could touch it if I reached out. Each eye is a different hue. Soon, there are so many eyes that it seems as if the entire night sky has become one mass of pulsing material. A thin silver nexus, barely visible, forms and crisscrosses across the night sky even as we watch until everything is connected. The eyes to each other, and we to the eyes. We have become part of something more vast and alien than our own universe.

And it is beautiful, and it is terrible.

Each eye, each beating, living center, is a universe unto itself. I am staring into all that has existed and all that exists and all that will ever exist. The eyes call out to me, draw me ever closer. To step inside those rippling energies, those alien portals, and to disappear in an instant as if I had never existed, to be transported to a different universe with no way home, to be lost forever and yet to have found everything. I am filled with its ungraspable potential. There is so much out there, so much more than I ever imagined, and it is all here before me now...



Olivia Huang



KAREN NI

"The story wasn't right..."

Even after eight years, I didn't know his name. I didn't know his name, so it was only his portrait I recognized in the obituaries, a portrait of the crinkled face with those dark eyes sunken in, a portrait of the days spent in the futile search for something more. Something beyond the nights spent with cheeks pressed against the freezing concrete, with hands clenching the blanket as the lifeline. Something beyond the days counting every extra nickel that clanged in the rusted tin can.

I didn't know his name but I saw him daily at the coffee shop—rain or shine, holiday or not. So when he didn't appear in the coffee shop on December 14 for the first time in eight years, I knew something was wrong.

I awoke every day precisely at 5:00 am, when the night still shrouded the city in void. I was an author, after all, and throughout the years, I had realized that the words flowed more freely in the early hours of dawn, despite the toll that such a habit often took on my health. But I never could say that I was the earliest. For whenever I parted the blinds and peered onto the streets, the light morning breezes rippling through my hair, I always spotted him hunched along the sidewalk with a cup of coffee and newspaper. He beat me every day. Without fail.

He played nightly on the grand piano at the coffee shop on the next boulevard. I saw him every single day, without exception, as I spent hours in there gazing out the window and writing. I believe that was how he sustained himself. His stained jeans and weather beaten skin marked the life of a man who spent the night on the streets, but he possessed a certain kind of professionalism and musicality absent in amateurs. The disparity between his surface façade as a homeless man and his veiled past made him truly interesting. And so, he became the inspiration for my first short story.

It was fiction. With this creative license, with my own liberty of pen and paper, I began to spin the story. I knew nothing about him, except that he spent his days on the streets and his night on the piano in the coffee shop. So that's how I wrote about him, as a homeless man who had nothing. I wrote, yet I never seriously considered interviewing him about his own life. I assured myself that there was no need, that he was simply the inspiration, that the story was not meant to be factually centered on him. And, at any rate, there didn't seem to be any other possibilities. Why would he sleep on the streets if he had a home, after all?

But as I clutched the newspapers in my hands now, I saw how wrong I was.

He was a conservatory pianist, and had received recognition for exceptionality. He married, had a daughter. But then, he and his wife had split up. The house had gone to his wife. Too proud to continue living under her roof, he had opted for the streets.

He had died from the cold. I traced my fingers across his name. Jeff Steen. It wasn't David, as I had imagined him, as I had written in my story.

How little had I known. I glanced down at my notebook, with the pages and pages of stories I had written, painting him as a man forced into homelessness with no other choice. But he had a choice. The story wasn't right. And now, he wasn't just the inspiration for the story. He became the story.

Slowly, I reached for the pages and began to tear them off of the binding. I allowed the pieces to flutter into the trashcan at my bedside.

Then, glancing out the window, at the exact spot where I would have seen him sitting before dawn any other day, I began again.

-Anonymous



“Lost Hope”
Catherine Sun



ALLYSSA
WINTER

Perspective

4:33pm

right now
i look down
into the depths
of depression
and think
"i'll never really fall
that far"
it's scary
to think
that maybe
i don't know myself
and that one day
i'll look up
and know
i thought wrong

- Kathryn Chan

MISSION STATEMENT

Inklings Literary Magazine aims to showcase the literary and artistic talents of the Westview student body as well as promote art and writing throughout the school.

THIS ISSUE

The 2016 issue of Inklings contains a collection of the various writing and art pieces submitted by Westview students. This year, we worked on unifying the magazine design by standardizing brushes, colors, and layouts.

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THANKS FOR READING!

