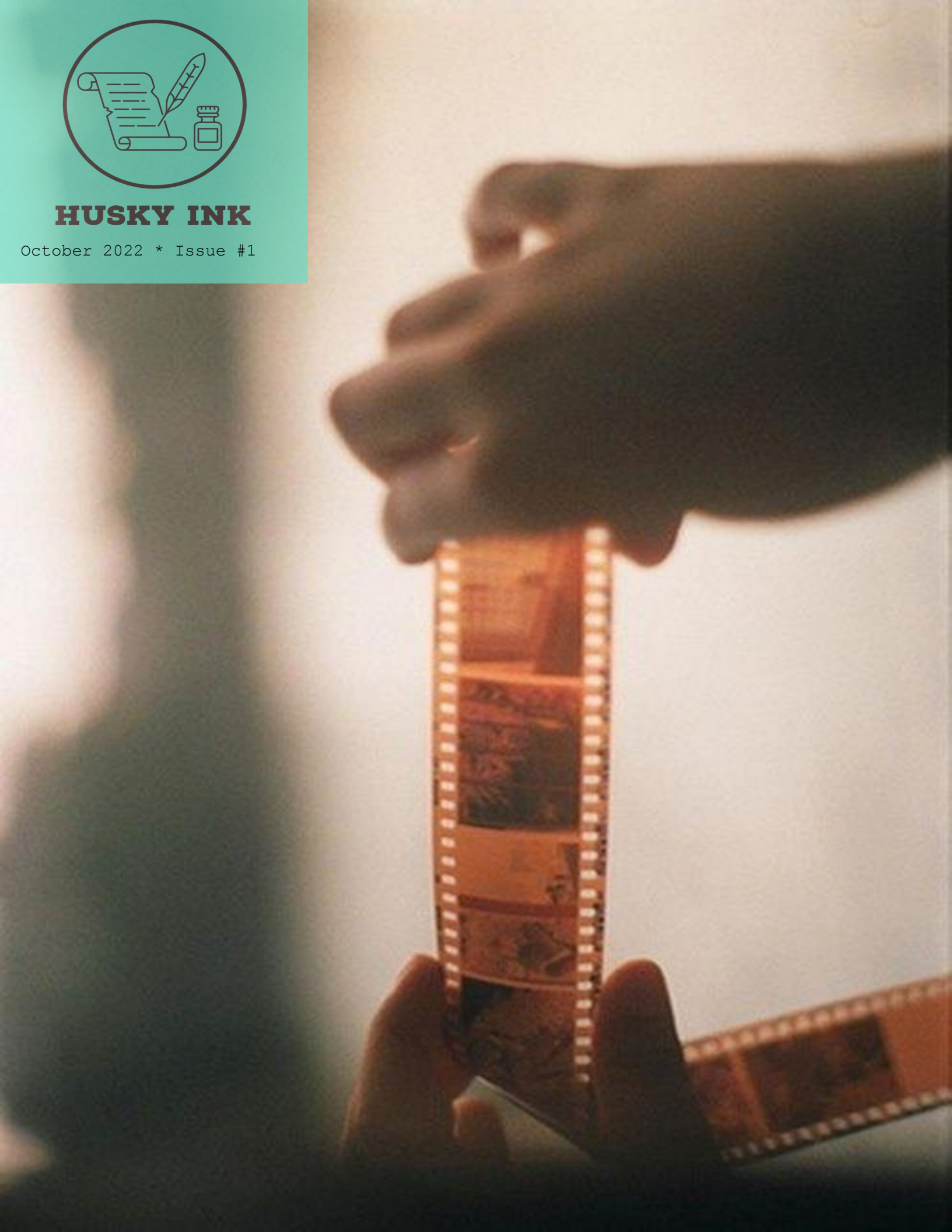




HUSKY INK

October 2022 * Issue #1





Calling All Creative Writers

Enter Husky
Ink's First
Ever Writing
Competition

Enter for a chance to be published in Husky Ink's next publication.

Write a polished piece of writing in any form you feel comfortable with. Pieces should be less than 500 words and respond to the following prompt: Where do you come from?

*"People are made of places. They carry with them
hints of jungles or mountains, a tropic grace
or the cool eyes of sea gazers."- Elizabeth Brewster*

Any and all forms of writing and languages (poetry, vignette, short stories) accepted.

Not so much a writer but an artist? We will accept your art as well and feature you in Husky Ink's next addition.

To enter head to the Student Google Classroom and enter your work onto the "October Writing Competition" tab.

All submissions must be entered by October 14th. Winners will be announced late October.

The Dog Eared Pages

Memoir

Chimes

Big Beautiful Island

Scents of Past

People Always Assume

Beautiful Waterfall

Red Car

Paper Cranes

Calm Forest

Another Color

Moon Rising

Sky

Those Who Don't Know

Black Cat

Who I wish I Could Be

Fawn in the Forest

What is Home?

Bee Lights

Jasmine

Expectations

A Name

Opposite Me

Maggots

Promise of Home

Diesel Fuel



What is a Memoir?

Memoir is a narrative genre that is written from the perspective of the author about a specific time in their lives.

Memoirs often tell rich recounts of memories from the author's world.

These stories can be completely nonfiction or be a mix of both facts and fiction.

Memoirs can be descriptive and usually make the reader feel like they are transported back into the author's past.

Memoirs help us know *we are not alone in our experiences.*

Pieces without a title or name is due to the author wanting to remain anonymous.

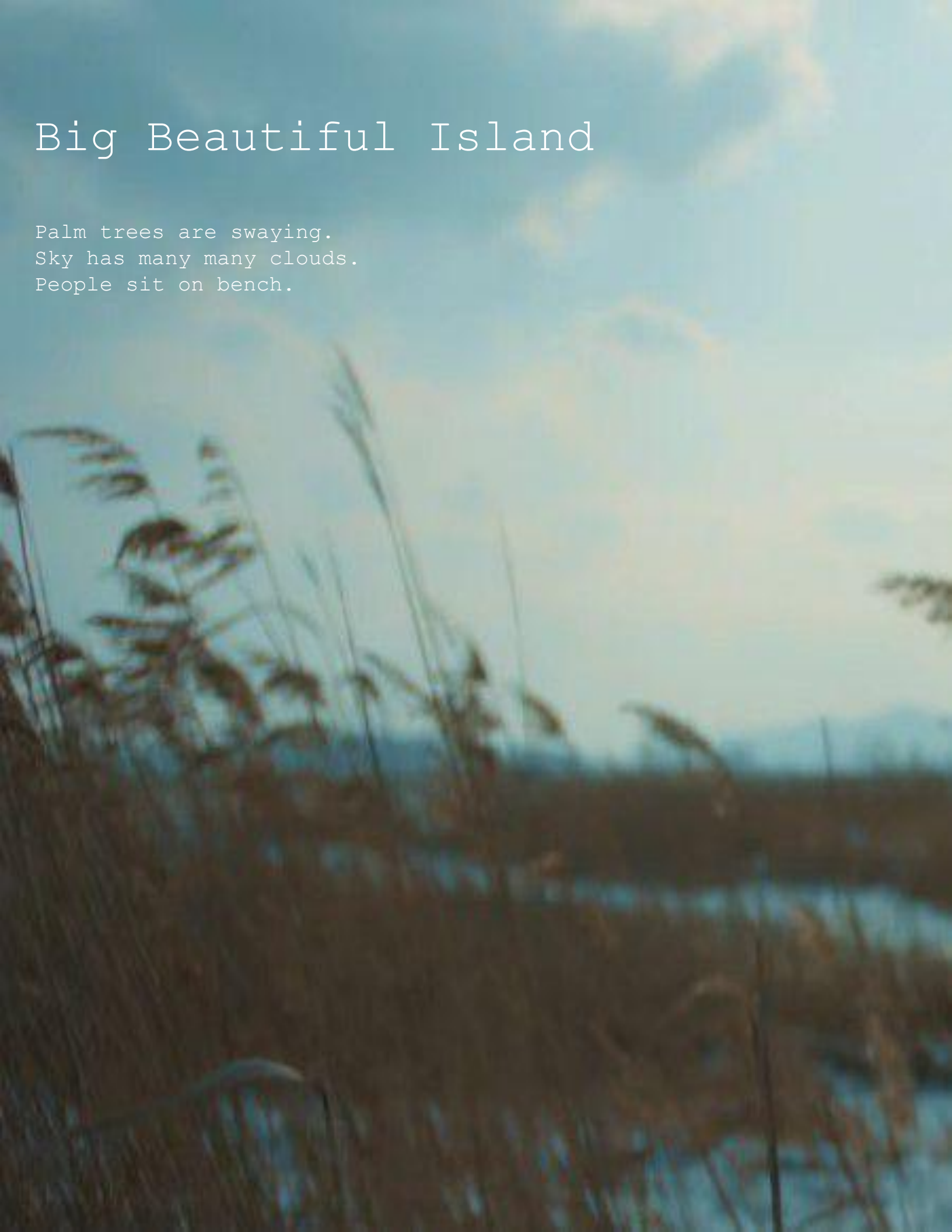
Chimes

Our car pulls up, rocks cracking underneath the wheels. We walk to the door and ring the doorbell, which makes a "ding dong!" inside the house. We are let in, our mom leaving us for the day, while her heels "click-clack" as she walks away. The spring breeze in the backyard blows in the morning, as the warm sunlight shines through the green outside roof. You smell the crisp morning air. You hear windchimes from a neighbor's house. The hanging plants sway a bit, giving you a warm feeling. Remember the games of finding babes, the games of playing hide-and-seek, the time swinging on the swing, while it creaks. Inside, you smell some delicious food Grandma is making. Grandpa and one of our uncles went to work. Our other uncle is gone somewhere. You hear the hum from his work room. It has three computers. Meanwhile, you hear the toys being dumped. These toys used to be at our house, but now here. You hear the fridge water flowing into your glass. You hear yourself gulping down water, not really paying attention to it. Somewhere else, close, but far away, in the evening, lanterns are lit up, and the pool is glowing. The smell of fresh, ordered pizza was earlier, now almost all eaten up. The scent of the car engine blowing. The scent of nature from the front yard. The sound of the crackling rocks underneath the wheels of cars, driving away.



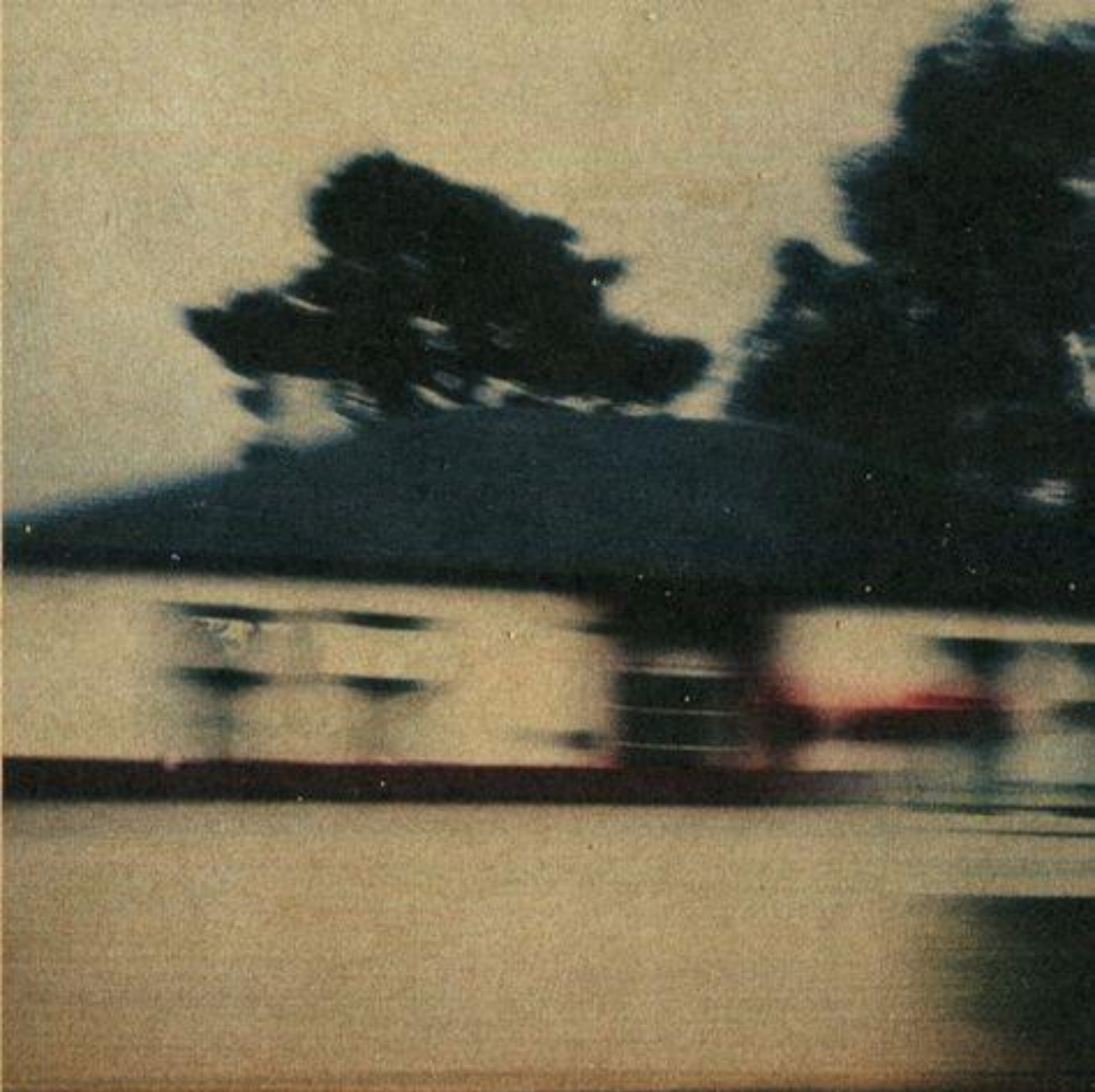
Big Beautiful Island

Palm trees are swaying.
Sky has many many clouds.
People sit on bench.



One of the scents is gas. It also smelled like food in the house. It also smelled like a kid was in the house for one week. I also smelled dust. I also smelled cake. It also smelled like paper. I also smelled pepper in the kitchen. I also smelled salt in the kitchen. I also smelled perfume. It also smelled like old socks.

I heard my parents yelling. I heard baby cries. I heard cars. I heard buses. I heard trains. I heard people talking. I heard sirens. I heard drills. I heard hammers. I heard stuff falling.



People always assumed that she didn't talk too much because she hated people. They thought she was cold and rude. That she just wanted to be left alone. But did they ever stop to think that that wasn't the case? She just wanted someone by her side, someone to understand her. No one knew her life of struggles.

Those who don't know always assume.

A vertical photograph of a waterfall cascading through a dense, lush green forest. The water flows from the top center, down the left side, and then continues down the center towards the bottom. The surrounding trees are thick and vibrant green, with some branches framing the top and sides of the waterfall. The lighting is soft, suggesting a shaded forest environment.

Peaceful Waterfall

Peaceful waterfall
Falling calmly to the lake
It's so wonderful

Red car driving
Car drives around the forest
Colorful forest

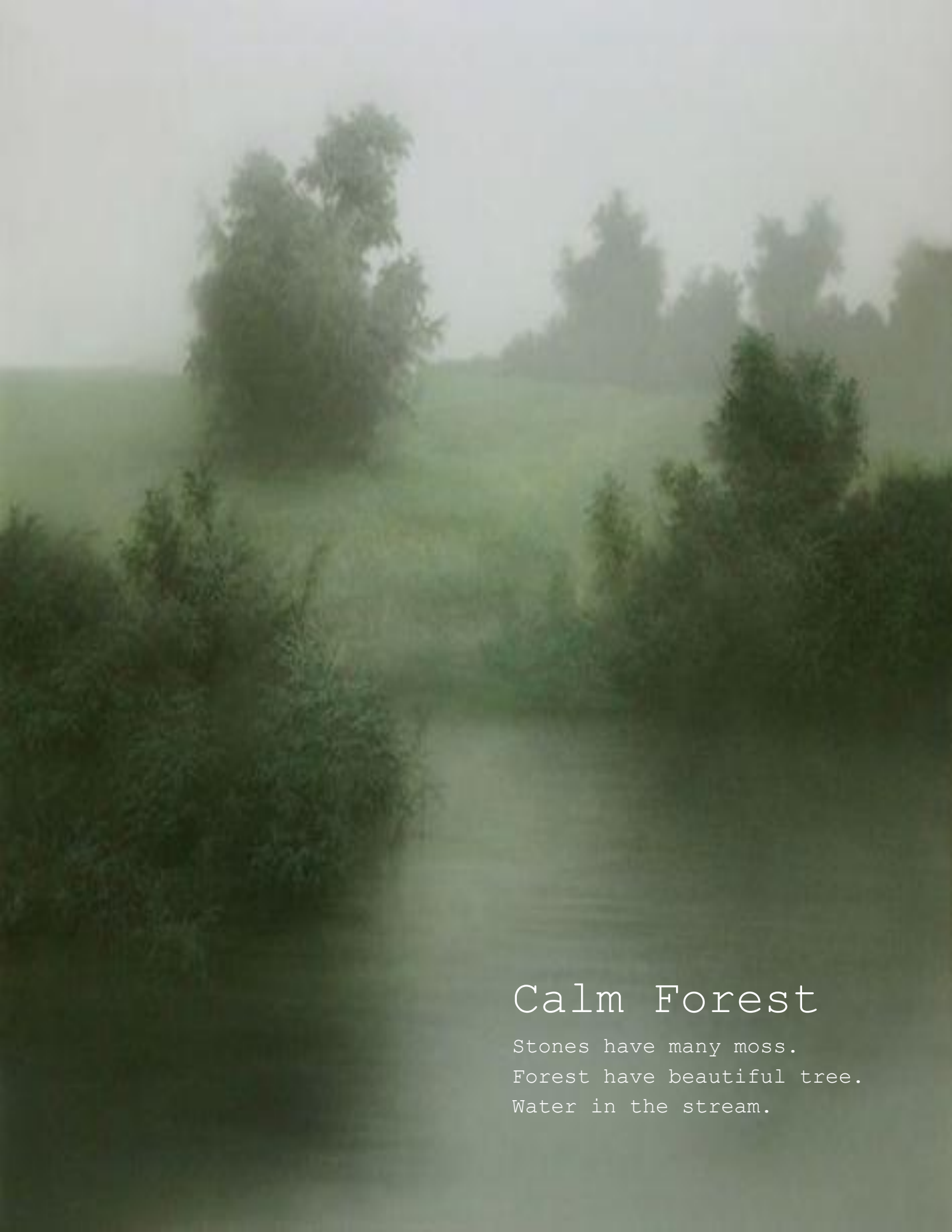
The smell of cinnamon floats upstairs and into my grandma's office. She puts on Paul Simon and we dance in the sunbeam living room. Diamonds on the souls of our shoes. I watch her hands float across the piano. I try to close my eyes and remember this moment forever. She plays Clair De Lune. It echoes in my memory. I sit next to her and see our reflection. Two black silhouettes- orange glow behind us. Cranes hang from the ceiling in the kitchen window. She says we are having the usual tonight. Peas. Tortellini. Do you want the bread?

I run my fingers over the spines of her books. Egypt. Paris. Film photos protected by plastic sleeves. "You will go here one day" she looks at me.

The light beams in his studio. Thick globs of paint. I know I am not supposed to be in there. Might break a painting. Might spill a jar. But I creep inside. I touch his paintings. I pretend I am there.

There is a forest in the backyard. A thick winding jungle. I imagine myself getting lost. Finding a world I can't escape. I must be just missing it. To stay here forever.





Calm Forest

Stones have many moss.
Forest have beautiful tree.
Water in the stream.

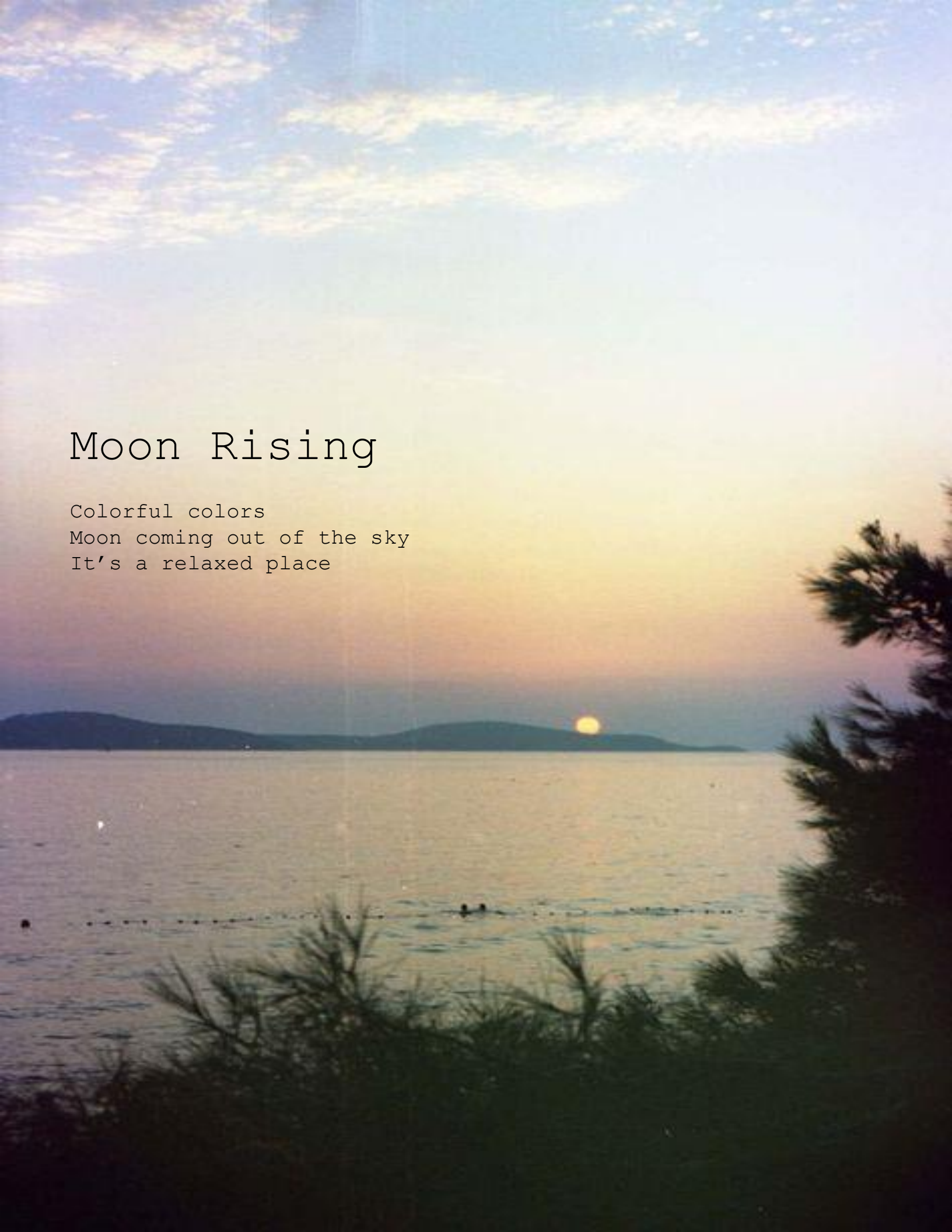
My name. According to Google, my name means who is like God? I do not consider myself like God or close to God. If I were Google, I would define my name as something similar to shy. I am very shy and rarely speak out in class. My symbols. When I think of myself I think of a computer mouse, always being controlled by others and no free will. Some of the other symbols I think as myself are sunflowers. A nice kind person, honest, and devoted person. If I were to describe my name to someone who has never met me before. I would describe myself as kind, nice, patient, and funny. If I were to describe it in deeper details I would say it's mainly a Russian name that most people use that were in our family. Just like mine! If my name was a color. The color would probably be light blue. If I were to choose another color for my name it would be pure light gold. I chose pure light gold because that describes me. In my opinion the pure light gold is a shy color that doesn't really like to be considered as a color, but still is! The online definition of my name. My family history plays into my name because both of my grandparents names are Michael and Mikhail. My name impacts my identity. It impacts it because people probably assume a lot about me. People probably assume different things of my name based on their culture or religion. They probably assume that I'm really spoiled. Along with assuming that I'm probably really poor because I wear the same exact shirt every few days. I'm not really poor. That's just my favorite shirt.

Moon Rising

Colorful colors

Moon coming out of the sky


It's a relaxed place



My name originates from Greece, meaning "wisdom". It was also used by European royalty in the Middle Ages. My preferred name is a Japanese gender-neutral one. When I think of my preferred name, the first symbol I think of is a simple cloud. Probably because it just goes together. I sometimes also think of a flower, mainly a Sakura blossom. Same with the one of the colors it reminds me of, just a Sakura pink. The way I would describe my name to someone I never met before would be pretty simple. I would tell them how to pronounce it first. It's like when you say "sorry", but instead of saying "e" you would say "a". Sora. It's a nice name. The color my name reminds me of a light sky blue. Sora means "sky" in Japanese. The way my name impacts me is that when my teacher thinks of my name, she thinks of someone talking in the back of the class (hehe) or a character I always write about, Axel. I like my preferred name more than my real name. The name Sora is really helpful in class. Especially when there are multiple people that have the same name as my real one. Nobody else in my classes is named Sora. The name Sora also means "conch shell", which is a shell you can find at a store or a beach. I also like the name Sora because it's really easy and you won't ever spell the name wrong in any way. There's really only one way to spell it. Sora. It's funny when people try to say "Sorry, Sora" because if you try to say it fast it will twist your tongue into different positions. Everytime someone tries to say "Sorry", I tell them to not say "Sora". I don't need them trying to say it while I'm over here just wanting to get it over with. Therefore, Sora is the real me.

Those Who Don't Know

By Sora Tokarchuk

A white butterfly is captured in flight, its wings spread wide, against a dark, blurred background of a forest. The background consists of out-of-focus green and brown tones, suggesting trees and foliage. The butterfly is positioned in the lower-left quadrant of the page, slightly to the left of the main text block.

Some people say that I look like a teacher's pet. It's probably because of the glasses. And the ponytail. And the clothes, somehow. People say I look artsy, because of the bracelets. And because all my notebooks are filled with drawings. Others say I look like an anime kid. No explanation, just from first glance. Someone told me I looked introverted but sometimes, I can be social. Others say I look depressed. My friend said I look sarcastic (hehe) and different, like I can blend in but at the same time stand out. I can be many different things at once, but really, I'm only myself.



Black Cat

Black cat, with sad eyes
He wants to help all people
But they don't love him

Who I Wish I Could Be

By Mirriam Kadyra

Their name would be Reki. They would be an artist, and be able to sing without worrying about people judging them. They wouldn't worry about people and actually be able to socialize better. They would be very organized and responsible, and wouldn't procrastinate. They would have really soft but short hair, the color of the night. They wouldn't be insecure about their appearance or body, because their body would be in the shape of an hour-glass, and they would look gorgeous. Their parents would be proud of them with everything, and they would be able to help people through their hardships, no matter what, like a therapist. People would like them, but there would probably still be people that dislike them, but that's ok, cause they wouldn't care. They would love reading and have many books. They would also be really good at writing. They would be able to bake or cook, and make delicious pastries.



Fawn in the Forest

The forest is calm.
Many lives in the forest.
Fawn is beautiful.

What is Home?

By Sora Tokarchuk

It was blue. Not that kind of harsh blue- the soft blue, like the fur of the horses down the street. Three shoebox rooms. Cut grass lining the sidewalk. Laughter coming from the neighbor's yard, like the soft ringing of bells. Bees buzzing around, collecting sweet nectar from the colorful assortment of flowers.

This time it was tan- the kind that looks like sand. Three rooms, and one big playroom. The butterflies and bees outside, doing their own things. The squeaks of the hamster, ready to be fed. The clicking of the toys against the hard, wooden floors. Not a thought running through my head, no concerns of the world. Her hands glided across the piano, so graceful like a dancer. I thought this was my home, one I will never leave.

This one was also a sandy-like color. Tall and wide. The windows were dusty, like they haven't been cleaned in years. Inside, the walls were gray and cold, like the feeling of rain. The carpeted floors were dirty, as if they haven't seen a vacuum in two years. The echoes of the footsteps running through the downstairs rooms. Four rooms, each one big enough for each of us. Not mine though. Mine was a shoebox, like always. It was the perfect size for me though, I liked it. Soon, there would be paintings lining the walls, a desk and a chair, my bed in a corner. I hoped this was the home that we would stay in and never leave.

It took me a few years, but I finally realized that to me, home isn't a place. It isn't the actual home you live in. To me, it's a group of people I feel safe with. My family, my small group of friends. That is my real home.

The bee lights would bring the glow. The stacks
of books. The green pillows. The rugs. The
birds-chirping somewhere in an upstairs room.
The smell of cinnamon.

The sun would set on our home one day. The amber
glow of a summer's night closing. The breathless
exhaustion from the field. The echoing screams
of play.



Jasmine

Her name would be Jasmine. She is everybody's favorite. She seems to have this shining personality but doesn't at the same time. She would play the piano and sketch every week. She would be a musical artist, playing the piano as her fingers run through the keys.

She is good at playing the guitar but I'm not the best at it, because I never have any time to learn how to. She is good at cooking and knows what to cook every morning and dinner. She would be organized with her perfect white board and her files all in place, color coded with letters and numbers for each file.

I'm really good at cooking and making up random recipes, but I can't make up my mind of what to make everyday. I'm okay when I organize my stuff but I know people are better than me because they organize and color code their sticky-notes, papers, files.

She has a whole group of friends and is very close with the teachers. I only have four friends and I'm only close with one teacher but I know that they will never turn their back on me.

I know I'm not her, I know I'm not good at piano and sketch every week, I know I don't have a big group of friends, I know I can't cook like her. But it's fine if I'm not her I enjoy being myself and love myself. Sometimes I can still get jealous and wish I want to be another person but it doesn't bother me anymore. **You don't have to be HER to be perfect.**



Expectations

People everywhere
Looking but never seeing
Searching, wanting, but empty

A name.

What exactly is a name.

Is it a color? A vibe?

Maybe it's just a meaningless word.

Although, we use names every day.

Maybe a name is the proud grin of a mother, once she finally chose a suitable name for her child.

Maybe it's a statement echoing through every house, big or small.

It could also be the playful laughter of children outside, enjoying their summer.

A name could be a memory replaying in the back of someone's mind.

A name could mean a lot of things.

Is a name an identity?

Is a name something you are, or should strive to be?

(expectation)

Names are complicated things.

Though, there's beauty in complicated things.

There are many different meanings of a name.

It really depends on the person.

So now I have an important question.

What is a name to you?


Opposite Me

His name would be Chester. He always talks in a way that everyone understands. He is good at never getting distracted. He is a good friend to hang around. He is a straight A+ student. He is a great role model. He always says nice things to everyone. He is a great typer. He isn't a quiet kid. He is great at writing. He is always there to help. He isn't lazy. He is always a great artist. He is nice to everyone. He is a nice guy and that's the end of Chester's description.

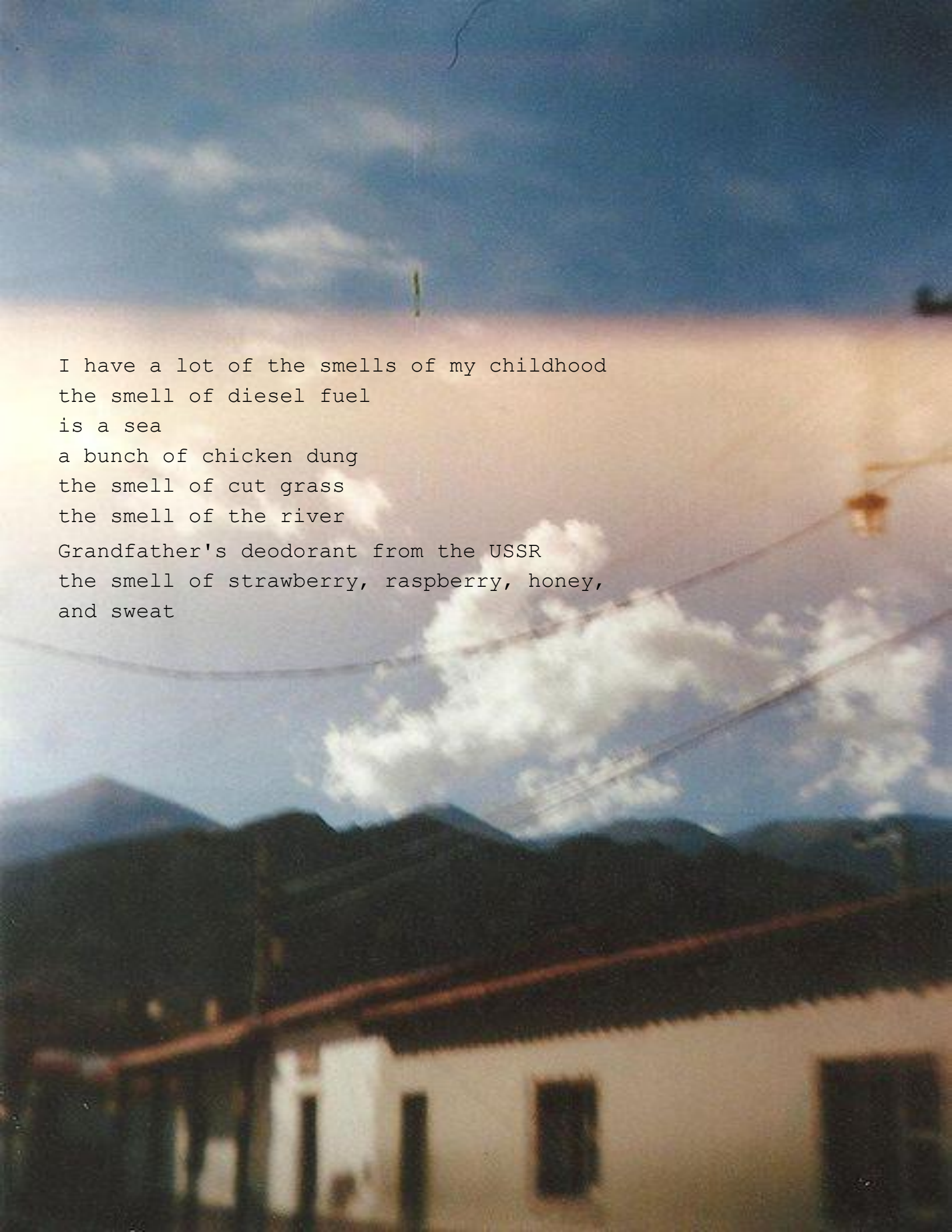


There's maggots in our pantry- mom
would say. Rice and cereal spread
like paper on our floor.





The roses giggle against the
twilight.
Motionless.
The promise of home.
Thick purple backslash on the
mountains.
Heat that warms your bones.
Thunder rolling across the
lights.
October wind whines in the
trees.
You can hear the music of
summer laughter. The twist of
the arms. The opening of the
lock. It calls to you- come out
of the darkness.



I have a lot of the smells of my childhood
the smell of diesel fuel
is a sea
a bunch of chicken dung
the smell of cut grass
the smell of the river
Grandfather's deodorant from the USSR
the smell of strawberry, raspberry, honey,
and sweat

