

# SPIRITUS MUNDI REVIEW

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Literary Journal  
Ars Gratis Artis

July-August 2022



# ISSUE 1

# Editor's Note

Dear Reader,

The past two years have undoubtedly been some of the most difficult, confusing, and isolating for many around the globe. Yet as we emerge from the cocoon of the pandemic, the arts offer a medium of expression, a means to express our inner thoughts and feelings in beautiful ways. The arts are an invaluable medium for the youth, who have been denied traditional coming-of-age experiences, graduations and first days, and more.

*Spiritus Mundi Review* was founded in the midst of the pandemic. Although its form and function have evolved, its original purpose has held constant. We hope to be a place where lovers of literature can unite and investigate human experiences, and where young creators can see their work shared with others with intersecting interests.

Pulling together this issue was no simple feat. I am immensely grateful for the hard work of our staff and the incredible submissions of prose, poetry, and art we got from around the globe: from India to Singapore to Canada. I believe this issue strongly embodies *Spiritus Mundi* - the spirit of the world - thanks to these amazing works.

I sincerely hope that you enjoy our first issue in support of young artists around the world. It is *ars gratia artis*, art for the sake of art!

Sincerely,

**Breanna Crossman**

**Editor-in-Chief**

**Spiritus Mundi Review**

# SPIRITUS MUNDI REVIEW ISSUE 01

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# Prayer #3

by Willow Kang



The slumbering clouds tiptoe across azure fields,  
silent enough to keep the children dreaming  
in their cots & bedrooms of floral wallpapers  
clutching cross-eyed unicorns, like sentinels  
against scheming criers hanging around the harbor  
No, I have seen enough to know  
in the postcards on the coffee table  
there lives vigils &  
enough afternoon creatures to make a country  
of patient roads, mellow ponds  
cradles without opium-bearing trees  
& today the children dozed off  
in their sunlit dollhouses  
Keep away from trespassing upon their uplands  
let these ephemeral sylphs have their naps  
before the flocking augurs can return



# The Art Husk

By Mia Soumbasakis



Did I know her in highschool? Yes.  
I knew her before she knew herself.  
and she is my claim to fame, yes.  
and she is mine, still, yes.

She had five hearts that gnawed at each other  
with fangs sharper than whittled candy canes,  
each one pulling at the blood in her ears,  
toes, elbows, neck, hair.

To know her was to know untimely explosion.  
To hold her hand was to risk touching one of her hearts, which, you should know, are  
quite sticky and grotesque.

And sappy.

To look at her was to immediately think of theology majors or sunday school or  
any tenuous relation to god you might have.

No! No, not because she was holy.  
Because she clearly needed a god in her life.

I kept one of her hearts, you know.  
The one slimmer than a fry. It's sticky and grotesque and wraps around my wrist if I  
hold it for too long.

It's bitten my cheeks now and again but it makes for an excellent butter knife.  
It adds this tangy flavor to croissants I can only attribute to blood.



# The Art Husk



By Mia Soumbasakis

Did I love her?

Well that is a grand accusation. I had to do extra laundry because of her. Her fighting hearts spit blood on me.

I'd say I found it natural to be near her.

I knew her before she knew herself. I knew her like a beloved story.

She asked me once why I only had one heart, and why it was so cartoonlike, and why it wasn't connected to any vital organs in my body, and why it didn't have teeth, and why it always seemed to stare at her when she walked by.

I told her that wasn't my heart, it was a red wallet I kept strapped to my body under my clothes.

She'll never be able to see my heart. That wouldn't be anatomically sound. And she's gone now, anyway.

You think she's alive?

Of course, she's a walking wishing well of red and has four beating hearts, but no, of course she's not alive. She's a tableau performer like you, quite famous, like you, and I don't mean to offend, but if I were to blink right now, you might melt into the paint on the wall behind you. That has to feel draining, and not at all ekphrastic.

I could revive her, you know.

I have her fifth heart, the most loving one. The one that would always tear up the other hearts and swallow them whole.

I'll give it to her, eventually. You have a show tomorrow night, right?

I'd love to see her perform.



# Portrait in a Gallery

by Amina Radoncic

My body is a canvas, and she is my muse.

Her portrait is hung in my gallery alongside the countless others I've ever dreamt of being. With the stroke of a brush, I slather paint across my face.

The red pigment plastered on my cheeks blends with the tears that managed to escape. Their curves have served as a stencil, yet I always seemed to color outside the lines.

Those streaks have been shakily drawn with a broken pencil, poorly decorated with worn-out brushes and blotchy paint.

I am torn and stained; my attempts at change have failed and proof of that is etched into my skin.

I do all I can to recreate their art, but I have yet to be satisfied, blindly chasing after a beauty that is out of reach.

I am envious.

I am bitter.

I am desperate to embody all they are, despite the first painting differing from the next.

Still, I am an unframed sketch in the gallery that receives nothing more than a glance, the one they all walk past.



# The Writer

By Quinn Murphy

Ink-stained hands tainted black,  
Thoughts buzzing in the night,  
Words pour forth onto the page,  
The brightest guiding light.

Pattering rain, scratching pen,  
The skitter of a mouse.  
In her mind the noise resides,  
Near silent in her house.

The flame of the candle licks away.  
She twists a lock of hair.  
Stares at the page, a world in her eyes,  
A story she wants to share.

A chilly draught steals through the room,  
Lips trace unwritten verse,  
Scribbled line, then crossed out.  
She mutters a nettled curse.

Stars fade and darkness ebbs,  
Frustration clouds her mind.  
Still, she searches on in vain,  
For words she cannot find.

She's on the brink of giving up,  
And worries she's wasted time.  
Betrayed by tangled, messy thoughts,  
That resist both reason and rhyme.

Resigned to leave her work,  
Something seeps into the room.  
A welcome guest, arriving late,  
And not a moment too soon.

Her muddy head is clear at last.  
She draws a sharp inhale,  
And reaches out, so she might seize,  
The idea's fleeting tail.



# Fate

By Jarin Tasnim

Regardless of how infinite our souls can be,  
We cling onto regret and joy  
Like it's the last time we are allowed to value such  
emotion.

Unfortunately, we hold ourselves accountable  
For losing memories that are meant to be lost  
Or turning hope into failure.

Though there is much proof that our divine right rests  
on mortality,

We cannot judge a flower by its seed.

Fate is stronger than pride,  
But not stronger than will.



# A Little Thief

By Quinn Murphy

The tinkle of the bell over the door was the only indication that a person had entered the shop. Her footsteps were feather-light, her clothes neither so shabby nor so fine as to attract attention. No one paid her a moment's notice. At nine in the morning, the bakery was at its busiest. She wove through the crowd, towards the fresh loaves and warm buns. She was searching for something.

Finally, her gaze locked on a roll, just big enough to slip in her pocket. She dropped behind a woman, and one step, two steps, three steps. She was in arm's reach of it.

She hesitated a moment, just long enough to throw a furtive glance over her shoulder. Then her hand dropped to her side, pocketing the roll. Guilt nipped her conscience, but she ignored it.

She'd never done this before. Her heart was hammering and she tried to slow her breathing, forcing herself to walk instead of run to the door.

Then—

“You there!” a voice rang through the shop. Maybe he wasn't talking to her. She forced her way through the crowd near the door.

“Girl!”

People were turning to look at her. Her path to the door was blocked. For a panicked moment, she considered running for it. Slowly, she turned on the spot, searching for the voice. She found it.

The boy behind the counter hailed her from across the shop. In response to her questioning look, he raised his eyebrows as if to confirm that yes, he was speaking to her.

“S-sir?” she managed. It was a fight to get the word out. Terror parched her throat, and she tried desperately to steady her voice. She could feel the eyes of the other customers on her, and the longer they stared, the more conspicuous she felt.

“Would you come back here a moment?” he asked. His tone was almost...pleasant.

Her pulse was racing by this point, but she could hardly refuse him. She began her numb journey across the shop floor. Did he know what she had in her pocket? Why else would he be calling her into the back? But if he knew, then why wasn't he furious? She realized her hand had come to rest over the slight lump in her skirt, and she quickly pulled it away.

# A Little Thief

By Quinn Murphy

Oh, how she wished that she'd never touched that bread! If she could have willed it back into the basket, she would have.

The boy watched her approach. She couldn't have been older than twelve. When she came to the front of the counter, he lifted the pass-through.

"What's your name?" he asked, leading her back into the shop. A younger assistant came forward to take his place at the counter.

"Lottie," came the nervous little voice. "I'm Oliver," he said as he led her through the busy, yeast-scented kitchen. "My family owns this shop. You've been here before?"

"N-no," Lottie's insides were jumpy with nerves. "I haven't." A pause, "I'm sorry, but where are you taking me?"

"Just a bit further," Oliver replied, in the same cheerful voice

So Lottie followed. They'd exited the kitchen, and come to a locked door. Oliver pulled the key out of his pocket, and inserted it to the lock with a click. When the door swung back, Lottie saw a round wooden table with five chairs around it, which sat in front of a window, looking over the back garden.

"Do you want to sit down?" Oliver asked, gesturing to the table. "Are you hungry?" Lottie was, but she felt it would be a mistake to say so. Instead, she shook her head, "I shouldn't."

"Please do. We have some fresh bread and my family has already eaten. If you don't want it, we'll have to give it to the dogs."

"Really?" replied Lottie, perching warily on the chair he pulled out for her.

"Yes, I assure you. We have too much. Please, help yourself," he was already arranging food on a cutting board: a crusty little heel of bread, a wedge of sharp, strong cheese, a dish of butter. He watched her hungry eyes widen, and saw her tongue steal out over her lips at the sight of it.

Sitting down opposite her, he set the board down, and nudged it in her direction. She lifted her eyes to his, "Why?"

"You looked hungry," he replied. "I hope it's not presumptuous of me to say so." "But—" He cut her off gently, "When a person is hungry, they deserve to eat."

This seemed to satisfy her.

# A Little Thief

By Quinn Murphy

She pulled the board closer, and picked up the bread with trembling hands. Oliver noticed the dirt under her fingernails, and the way the bones of her wrists stuck out through her skin. She tore off a bite with her teeth, too eager to remember the butter he'd left for her.

"Do you have siblings?" he asked when she swallowed.

Lottie nodded, reaching for some cheese. "Yes. Two."

"Older or younger?"

"Both younger. One's four and the other's eight. And I'm eleven." This last bit was said with some self-importance.

"I had a sister your age. Lily. She looked a bit like you, too. She was taller though, and her eyes were green, not blue."

Something in what he said caught Lottie's attention, "Were?"

She died," he explained, dropping his eyes. "Last year. Scarlet fever. Today would have been her twelfth birthday."

Lottie stopped eating for a moment, "I'm sorry. Very sorry."

"Yes. It's alright. As much as it can be, anyway."

Lottie nodded. The bread in her pocket felt like it was getting heavier and heavier. She shifted a little in her chair. There was a gentle drip drip drip of the tap into the sink.

"Have you lived long in the village?" he changed the topic when the silence grew sticky. "No," each bite felt like she was feeding her guilt instead of her stomach. She still couldn't work out if he knew that the little girl who looked like his sister was actually a thief.

"Are you thirsty?" he asked benignly, observing the distress she was struggling to hide. His attentive tone almost made her flinch, "No. Thank you."

Another pause. Something was building in her chest, gathering speed. It had been growing ever since she took the bread, but now she could barely ignore it. She bit her lip, then, all in a rush, blurted out—

# A Little Thief

By Quinn Murphy

“I took something, and it was wrong and I’m sorry,” the words tripped over each other in her haste to speak them.

She pulled the loaf out of her pocket, and set it on the table. “I was very hungry, and my siblings are as well. My Pappa can’t get work and neither can my Mamma. But it was wrong to take it, and I hope you don’t regret your kindness, because you really have been very kind. And I’m terribly sorry about your sister.”

She broke off, quite red in the cheeks and staring down at the hands she’d folded in her lap.

He smiled then, the same friendly smile as when he called her from across the shop, “It’s alright.”

“Did you know?” She lifted her head, gaping. He nodded, which made her feel all the more ashamed, “I hoped you’d do yourself the favour of admitting it, as you have.”

“Are you going to get me in trouble?” she looked at him in pathetic misery. “Do you think I’m going to get you in trouble?” She considered for a moment, worrying her lower lip between her teeth, “No.”

“No,” he affirmed, rising from the table. “I’m not. On one condition.”

“Anything,” she looked at him in desperate hope.

Put that bread back in your pocket, and in the future, please ask. We bake so much here that we can never sell it all, and I’d be very happy if your family would take it off our hands for us.”

“Really?” Lottie could barely believe her luck.

“Really,” He rose from the table, a grin tweaking the corner of his mouth. “Now you’d better get back to your family before they worry.”

She got to her feet, and paused. Then, impulsively, she put her skinny arms around his waist, giving him a quick, bashful hug. He startled slightly, but returned it. For a moment, he could have sworn that Lily was there.

“Thank you,” she whispered, before pulling away.

And she ran home with a light conscience, leaving Oliver with the ghost of his sister lingering in his arms.

# A Message for Maz

By Prisha Goyal

The wind chose that time to come barging in, even though it had been sunny outside a second ago. And before you could snap your fingers once, darkness had fallen over Lynmernay like a thick blanket. I had a feeling a thunderstorm would follow soon, so I hurried back indoors. The weather was unpredictable. It hadn't always been like that though. A century ago, our town had once been just another normal town — with a spark of magic. But that magic left with the Weatherman.

The sky roared outside, like it was agreeing with my thoughts.

Nobody knows if the Weatherman was real, or just a creatively spun tale. But the Weatherman was a mystical figure who was said to control the clouds. He could whistle up the rain, and tell the clouds to move aside to let the sun shine down on Lynmernay. But a hundred years ago, he just walked away. Left without a word.

Some people reckon the weather's always changing because the Weatherman's not there to control it. Some people say the clouds are angry that the Weatherman abandoned them. I'll leave it up to you to decide what you want to believe in.

I went up to the attic to look for another book. My great-grandma Acadia Iynwick, once the most famous writer in all of Lynmernay, kept enough books to start a library. In fact, almost half the books in the Lynmernay Public Library were Acadia's. Our attic was small, but most of it was filled with books — stacks and stacks of them. Acadia's old writing desk was kept up here as well, and it was filled with books too. I was looking in particular for a book that had caught my eye when I had taken up the hopeless task of cataloging the books up here. I had failed miserably. I remembered seeing it on Acadia's desk, so I went there. I lifted a stack of books that looked like it hadn't been moved in decades.

'Achoo!' I sneezed eight times in a row as the dust made its way into my nostrils. Then I went through all the books, sneezing and looking, sneezing and looking. Some books tumbled beneath the desk, and I groaned as I sneezed yet again.

# A Message for Maz

By Prisha Goyal

Once I had tackled all the books on the desk, I retrieved a flashlight from downstairs and hunted for the book below the desk. Imagine my surprise when I looked beneath the desk and found something etched on the other side of the top surface. I squinted as I tried to make out what was written, and gasped. It was a message.

*Handed down,  
Woman to woman,  
In hopes of reaching a scribe.  
W.M.*

I wondered what it meant. I didn't know anyone with the initials W.M., but I decided not to worry about who wrote it for now. I got out from beneath the table (of course I had to bump my head while doing it) and plopped down on the jute rug that covered some of the floors. If it was something that was handed down, it must have been some sort of heirloom, right? The only heirlooms I had ever heard of were in books, and those were stuff like rings and necklaces. But what did the third part of the riddle mean? *In hopes of reaching a scribe*. What in the world was a scribe?

My thoughts were interrupted when my mom called out, "Mazarin, where are you?"

Then I heard footsteps coming up the stairs to the attic, and my mom came into view. She was wearing her favorite apron with different Egyptian hieroglyphs on it. Mom was a historian and specialized in ancient cultures.

"Maz, did you find the book you were looking for?" And then there was a pause during which Mom surveyed my clothes, which were covered with dust, and my hair, which probably looked like a bunch of rats had made a nest inside.

"Go bathe. Now."

So I got up and went, but before I did I asked, "What's a scribe?"

# A Message for Maz

By Prisha Goyal

Mom looked surprised and then got that finally-someone-is-taking-interest-in-history look. “Scribes, in ancient Egypt, were people who wrote stuff down. They mostly took note of stuff like the amount of crops harvested, but they would also record stories and other happenings. Not many people knew how to write back in the day –”

“Right, thanks, got it, Mom, I’m going to bathe now.”

And I fled before I could get an entire history lecture on scribes. Mom’s voice floated behind me. “Oh, Maz, I thought you’d also like to know that scribes wrote magic spells.”

That stopped me dead in my tracks. “Magic spells?”

“Oh yes. Their patron was the god Thoth and –”

It looked like the part about magic spells was over. So I went into the bathroom and thought about what my mom told me. The bathroom is a great place to quietly think stuff over. They would also record stories, Mom had said.

And that’s when a realization struck me so hard I almost toppled over. People write with pens. Scribes in ancient Egypt wouldn’t have had pens, but it didn’t matter. The riddle didn’t literally mean a scribe. It meant someone who wrote. And I had a pretty good idea of what that someone was and what they wrote.

So I hopped into the shower and five minutes later, I was out of the door. It was Saturday, and many people were out and about. But everyone, including me, was wearing a raincoat and wellingtons, and everyone was carrying an umbrella. Because of the unpredictable weather, everyone always wore these whenever they had to go outside. And of course, everyone was carrying a sweater in case it started snowing. But I had work to do.

I ran towards Haven Street, where the town’s only antique shop was located. A bell tinkled as I stepped inside.

# A Message for Maz

By Prisha Goyal

“Hello, Mazarin!” came the voice of an old lady. That was Mrs. Noearck, the owner of the shop. She was a kind woman who always had something for children in the shop. It would either be homemade rock candy in different colors, cakes or vegetables (“I can’t keep giving you kids sweets all the time, can I now? Your parents will be after me,” she’d say.)

Luckily, she had rock candy today (I love rock candy) and I chose the lemon variety.

“Looking around? Go ahead,” Mrs. Noearck said.

I headed to the place where stuff Acadia had given to the shop was. And it was there that I found it. The fountain pen that Acadia used to write all her novels. The placard read, “Fountain pen used by writer Acadia Iynwick from 1893-1915.”

I didn’t bother checking the price. I took it to Mrs. Noearck, who was at the front desk, bargaining with a tourist who wanted a china cat.

“The price was set by the family who gave it to me, sir,” Mrs. Noearck said. “I cannot change the price, and that is my final answer.”

Then seeing me, she said, “And I have other customers who are waiting.”

Fuming, the man took a few bills out of his pocket and then put them back. He set the china cat on the table and stormed out of the shop.

“Ah yes, Mazarin, what do you want to ask?”

“I wanted to know if I could borrow this pen. It was Acadia’s.”

“Definitely, Mazarin, definitely. Family members can borrow stuff whenever they want to. Just make sure you return it?”

“Of course, Mrs. Noearck.”

# A Message for Maz

By Prisha Goyal

“Good. Now off you go.”

She waved at me as I went out, and I waved back. Now that I had the pen, what was I going to do with it? I decided to focus on taking it back home safely, before I did anything else. I was about to tuck it into my raincoat pocket, when I heard a voice.

“Hi, Mazarin, what’s that?”

I groaned inwardly. The last person I needed to see right now was Lindsay Tucker, the girl infamous for poking her nose into others' business.

“Can I see it?” Lindsay asked, reaching out for it.

“No,” I snapped. Then, feeling a bit bad, I said, “I’ve borrowed this from Mrs. Noearck’s antique shop, and I don’t want to risk inflicting any damage to it.”

“Oh, but what is it?”

“It’s Acadia Iynwick’s pen,” I said, wishing that would satisfy her and she’d walk away. No such luck. Her eyes widened and she said, “She was your grandma, right?”

“Great-grandma. By the way, Mrs. Noearck has rock candy today.”

“That’s so cool!”

I wasn’t sure whether she meant that it was cool Acadia was my great-grandma, or that Mrs. Noearck had rock candy. “Thanks? Uh, I mean, thanks. Now, if you don’t mind, I have to get some groceries for my mom,” I lied, pointing towards the place where the farmers’ market was set up.

“Oh, of course,” Lindsay said, looking disappointed. “Maybe I can join you?”

# A Message for Maz

By Prisha Goyal

But by then I was already walking away, and pretended not to hear. I looked back and saw her disappearing into the antique shop. I grinned. Nobody wanted to miss out on rock candy.

I looked at the farmers' market. I was surprised farmers managed to farm anything in Lynmernay, what with the snow and hail and rain and sun. I went to a few stalls just in case Lindsay was looking (the girl has a longer nose than Pinocchio).

And then I sped home.

Once I was back in my room, I gently laid down the pen on the carpet and sat down. I looked all around the pen to see if there was another message, but I couldn't see anything. I shook the pen, and something nagged at the back of my mind. The pen seemed lighter than it should be. I twisted open the place where the ink cartridge should be, but it wasn't there. Instead, I found a tightly rolled up note.

The paper was in a remarkably good condition even after all this time. It hadn't yellowed, and the writing was still visible.

*To the place,  
Where heritage is preserved,  
Through things long forgotten.  
W.M.*

I almost laughed out loud. It was a museum of course! Granted, a small town like Lynmernay was a weird place to have a museum that was filled with stuff from all over the world, but people kept on donating so much stuff to the town we soon needed a museum for it all. And the thing that was great about that? Mom was the curator.

Then I sobered suddenly as I realized something. What was I going to find inside that museum? The note gave no indication of that whatsoever.

# A Message for Maz

By Prisha Goyal

I was about to give up on this mad clue-hunt, but some part of my brain told me to take a closer look. So I held that piece of paper to the sun, and I thought I could make something out. I focused on that symbol. It was something weird that I couldn't make out. I sketched it out as best as I could on a piece of paper:



I had a feeling I had seen that eye-like thing somewhere. But I couldn't remember. I thought about it for some time, but when my brain started to feel like it was overheating, I stopped. For the next few hours, I read, thought, and roamed aimlessly around the house and then around the town, and talked to people I knew, who were quite a lot. In a small town like Lynmernay, everyone knows everyone.

I walked past my school, past the clothing stores that lined Coppice Avenue, and was about to go past the jewelry store when something caught my eye. I hurried to the window display. There was a necklace there. But not any ordinary necklace. That one had the exact same symbol as the piece of paper!

I went inside the jewelry store, hoping to speak to Madame Gemme, the owner. But when I looked around, I only saw a bored-looking teenager who sat at the counter. He must have been Madame's assistant, but I doubted he could tell me what that symbol was.

"Can I interest you in something?" the assistant said. I could tell he had repeated the phrase many times. I debated over whether I should ask about the necklace or not. I decided to ask. Can't hurt to try, right?

"I was looking at the displays on the window, and I want to know what that eye-like thing is."

To my surprise, the assistant nodded. "That 'eye-like thing', as you call it, is the Eye of Horus. Horus was the Egyptian god of the sky and war. I'm afraid that's all I can tell you about him."

# A Message for Maz

By Prisha Goyal

Huh. Well, that was unexpected. But now I finally remembered where I'd seen that symbol before. On my mom's apron!

"So, would you like to buy it?"

"Uh, no thank you, bye, have a good day," I said and all but ran out of the shop towards the library. As I ran, the sky changed from windy to a thunderstorm, and people were opening up umbrellas. I still sprinted, only stopping once I'd reached the two-story building of the library. There I stopped to catch my breath before shaking myself like a wet dog.

I entered the library, taking off my wet raincoat as I was surrounded by the warmth of the library. I hung my raincoat on the coat rack and went to the place where Ms. Norie, the librarian, was recommending a book to a young girl. I waited for the girl to squeal and take the book for checkout before I went to Ms. Norie. She was wearing cat-eye glasses and was giving orders to her assistant, Maria. I waved at both of them, and Maria said, "Hi, Mazarin! Good to see you!" because both her hands were busy holding a huge box that she was carrying up the stairs.

Ms. Norie greeted me too. "Here's young Mazarin. What can I do for you today?"

"I was hoping you could tell me about the Eye of Horus. I would've gone to Mom, but she's probably busy with tours at the museum."

"Hmm, I'd suggest you look at the mythology section because I'm clueless when it comes to ancient Egypt."

"All right, thanks." I hurried to the mythology section, looked for Egypt, and then found one about the different deities. They were listed in alphabetical order, so I flipped to H and after Hathor, found Horus. The symbol matched the one I had seen perfectly, and I read the entry.

Horus was a deity associated with war and the sky.

The Eye of Horus was also a protection symbol in ancient Egypt.

# A Message for Maz

By Prisha Goyal

After that was just a bunch of stuff on relations with other Egyptian gods that I didn't bother reading, because my attention had been grabbed by some writing at the end of the page. It was written in a hand that I knew very well because I'd seen it so many times. I flipped to the front of the book, where in neat writing was written 'Acadia Iynwick'. So this had been one of her books. I went back to the note at the end.

*The Eye of Horus was also a symbol used by the Weatherman.*

A shiver went down my back. I don't think it was because of the cold, because as I mentioned, the library was pretty warm. I think it had to do with the fact that Acadia believed in the Weatherman. I realized that when Acadia had been alive, the Weatherman would have still been in Lynmernay. If, of course, he'd ever existed at all. I had no idea that the Weatherman had a symbol, but the Eye of Horus made sense. Horus was the god of the sky after all, wasn't he?

And below that, there was another word. Chest.

I put the book back on the shelf and walked towards the entrance, where I'd left my raincoat. It was time for a visit to the museum.

The rain had stopped, and it was sunny again outside, which was a relief. But when I looked at the town clock in the City Hall, I realized that it was four-thirty. Which meant the museum had closed. So I raced back home and found my mother waiting for me.

"Eye of Horus, is that right?" she said.

How did my mom find out? Though it didn't matter much, really. "Yes. I took an interest in Egyptian mythology after you told me about the magic spells. But how did you find out?" "I met Maria on my way home. Told me you'd been to the library today, asking about the Eye of Horus. Apparently, you also asked her brother about it at Madame Gemme's jewelry shop."

"Oh, yes, I saw a necklace that had the Eye of Horus on it, and since Madame Gemme wasn't there, I asked Maria's brother. I didn't know she had a brother."

# A Message for Maz

By Prisha Goyal

“Well, it’s nice to see you taking an interest in Egyptian mythology. If you have any questions, you can ask me.”

“Of course.”

/////

After dinner, I told my mom I was going out for a walk. Since it was still sunny outside, my mom said, “Sure, but be back by seven.”

I took her museum keys and went outside, my heart beating faster. Not many people were about at this time, but I did see a few people taking walks as well. I made it all the way to the museum without anyone asking what I was doing. So far so good. I inserted the key into the lock, but just then trouble came in the form of Lindsay Tucker.

“Hi, Mazarin, what a coincidence to bump into you! What are you doing with those keys?” she said, her eyes narrowing.

I thought quickly and replied, “Hi Lindsay. My mom is the curator of the museum. She left her purse inside the museum today, and I’m retrieving it for her.”

Lindsay still looked a bit suspicious, but she more or less seemed to believe me. “In that case,” she said, “can I come with you?”

“Sorry, no tourists or other people allowed after closing time.”

Lindsay huffed — probably annoyed that she hadn’t caught me red-handed committing a robbery or something — and walked away.

I opened the museum door, and went inside, locking it behind me in case Lindsay got some ideas about following me. I had to look for something with the Eye of Horus, and from Acadia’s note I had a feeling it was a chest. Luckily the museum wasn’t very big. I zipped around with my flashlight, through halls and corridors.

# A Message for Maz

By Prisha Goyal

I'd been coming here ever since I was born, and I knew it like the back of my hand. In just five minutes (I knew because I had a watch with me) I'd completed my search of all the rooms, except for one. And that's where the chest probably was.

And I was right. There was only one chest in the entire museum. The only thing was, it was locked inside a glass case. I looked to see if it had the Eye of Horus. It did. But I didn't know the combination. I had three chances before the burglar alarm rang. I tried to think, but panicking affects your ability to think in a surprising way, I learned.

I typed in IYNWICK.

Wrong. I typed in IYZEL, which was my mom's name.

One last try. I tried to think back to any conversation I'd heard between my mom and dad that mentioned the password. None came up, so in a final, desperate try I typed ACADIA.

The lock opened.

I stared in disbelief. "Seriously?" I shouted to no one in particular.

Time was running out. I had to be back home in twenty minutes. I took the chest out and opened it. It was empty.

What? All that hunting for nothing?

I turned the chest upside down and shook it real hard. I guess that must have done something or the other, because a sheaf of papers bound together fell out of it. I looked at the chest again, and realized it had a false bottom. Then, replacing the chest in the glass and locking it again (I didn't want to leave any evidence) I looked at the papers. They were titled 'The Weatherman of Lynmernay'. I gasped. But not because of the title. Because of the person who wrote it. Just underneath were the words 'Acadia Iynwick'.

# A Message for Maz

By Prisha Goyal

This must have been an unpublished book of hers! But why was it in this chest, marked with the symbol of the Weatherman?

I couldn't think further though. Suddenly I heard the sound of footsteps. But how? I had locked the door behind me, and no one came in at night...unless another burglar had somehow come inside and was planning to steal something? There wasn't any place to hide, so I turned off my torch and stood there.

And then I heard a voice. "I was wondering when someone would find those papers."

I turned around and saw a man in front of me. I would have been sure he was a burglar if his jacket didn't feature the Eye of Horus.

"Wh-wh-who are you?" I managed.

"Nobody knows, and I'm not going to tell you. But I have found myself a worthy successor. I have waited for over a century for someone who was smart enough to find out what I meant by my clues. You brought me back by finding the manuscript my sister wrote. I hand over to you, whoever you are, the duty of the Weatherman."

And as he slipped away into the darkness, I couldn't help but stare at the vanishing figure of the Weatherman.

# Welcome to Paradise

By Gabriela Benayoun

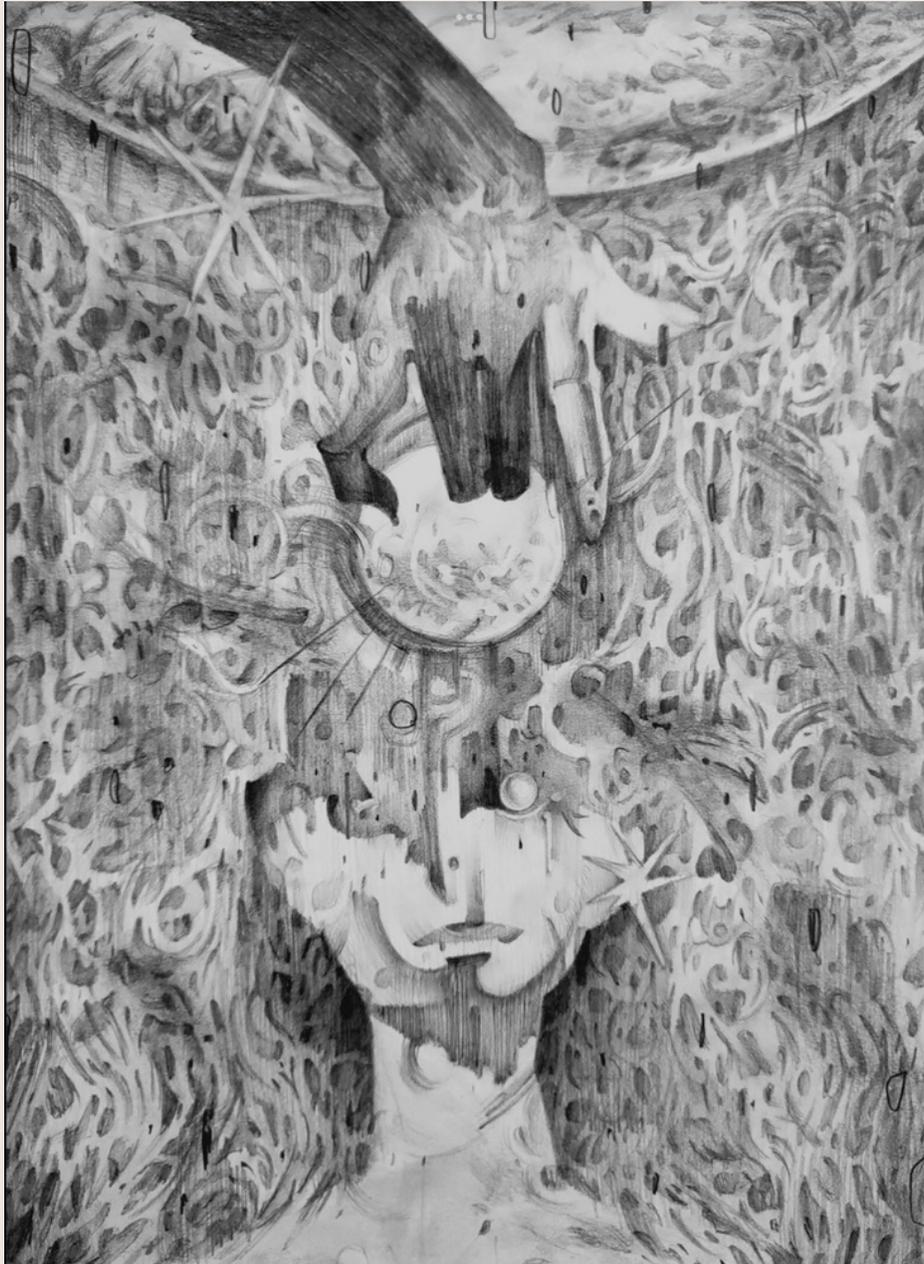
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# Hand

By SHEPENGUL

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# Immortal Soul

By SHEPENGUL

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# The Elder Sister

By Margarit Kulyan

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# Sad Bird in the Snowy Night

By Irina Tall

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# Lost in My Eyes

By Ariana Kata

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# The Red Man

By Breanna Crossman

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# En Miroir

By Alix Perrin

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# Contributors

In Order of Appearance

**Simon Wu (he/him)** is a 17-year-old artist and filmmaker from New York. He makes his pieces with the 3d software blender. He loves very imaginative movies and art. He spends his free time making art pieces while listening to indie rock or conversational podcasts.

**Willow Kang** is a writer from Singapore. After school, you can find her reading thick history textbooks and solving frustrating math problems in a futile attempt to conquer boredom. Just make sure that her coffee bowl stays full.

**Mia Soumbasakis** is an avid writer, birdwatcher, and first year Ethinc Studies major at UC Berkeley. They have published work in the New Santa Ana blog, Evolution, Inkblot, and the Mujeres Libres Anthology Zine. Their favorite genre is magical realism!

**Amina Radoncic (she/her)** is a sixteen-year-old writer from Long Island, New York. She is a lover of classic literature, her favorite reads include *To Kill A Mockingbird* and *Little Women*. While she chooses to spend most of her time reading or writing, you can also find her watching history documentaries, listening to music ranging from Taylor Swift to Vivaldi, and spending time with her dog.

**Quinn Murphy** is an 18-year-old writer based in British Columbia, Canada. She's been practicing creative writing since she was twelve, but she's been telling stories for much, much longer. When she was 14, she started working as a contributor for CBC (Canadian Broadcasting Company) Kids News, creating news articles for kids across Canada. She has a passion for creative writing, particularly short stories, and poetry, which she hopes will touch readers of all ages.

# Contributors

## In Order of Appearance

Jarin Tasnim is a sixteen-year-old who is not ready to make any decision by herself, considering she has drafted this introduction at least six times. Little does she know, that falling in love with literature makes her do what her parents believed she couldn't - put down that darn phone. Jarin specializes in unpacking the struggles of an immigrant's generational curse and modern femininity in her writing.

**Prisha Goyal** is a high school freshman and Hufflepuff from India who self-identifies as a perpetual bookworm and budding writer. Inspired by Rick Riordan and Roman Chokshi, to name but two, she writes both short and long-form fictional prose in her free time. She also enjoys painting, baking, and coding.

Born in Sao Paulo, Brazil, **Gabriela Benayoun (she/they)** is an avid photographer and videographer who has been known in the past for her experience in graphic design. Now a native New Yorker, she does photography for small events and parties as well as work in videography.

**Karina Chertkova (SHEPENGUL)** is a young artist from a small town in Siberia, living and working in Kharkiv since 2020. She works in the direction of magical surrealism, exploring the themes of the mystical and the mundane, trying to connect and disconnect the two aspects of life simultaneously. A big influence for her is the environment in which she was born and lived - a big empty light to white space that she carries through her artwork.

**Irina Novikova (Irina Tall)** is a graphic artist, illustrator, and writer. She graduated from the State Academy of Slavic Cultures with a degree in art and also has a bachelor's degree in design. Her personal exhibition "A Soul Like a Wild Hawk" (2002) was held in the museum of Maxim Bogdanovich. In her works, she raises themes of ecology, and she devoted a series of works to the Chornobyl disaster, drawing on anti-war topics. She draws fantastic creatures: unicorns, animals with human faces, she especially likes the image of a man-bird.

# Contributors

In Order of Appearance

**Ariana Kata (she/her)** is a seventeen-year-old painter, photographer, and writer from New York. She enjoys listening to music, playing guitar, people-watching, and spending time in nature.

**Breanna Crossman (she/her)** is a seventeen-year-old writer from Orange County, California, who currently resides in New York. She loves jasmine tea, egg tarts, and anything written by Joan Didion, Kurt Vonnegut, and Ocean Vuong. Her work has been recognized by the Scholastic Art and Writing Awards, NCTE, and the Adroit Prizes. In her free time, she hangs out with her cat and attempts to bake.

**Alix Perrin** is a French art student who uses a microscope to take pictures and reveal invisible structures with nature and plants.

Thank you for making it to the end of Issue 1.