

# The Point: Creative

Issue 1



# Editor's Note

Dear Reader,

Sometimes it feels like everything is happening all at once, all the time.

This generation has gone through surges in hate and polarization, a global pandemic, wars, insurrections, violence, natural disasters, etc. All of which, is now available to us 24/7 with a simple click or tap of a finger.

We've experienced all of this, before we've even gotten old enough to be allowed to express ourselves while being taken seriously.

This publication was formed out of a desire to provide an opportunity for youth to express and showcase their thoughts, commentary, and the messy, complex reality of growing up in this modern era.

I'd like to thank everyone who has supported us, especially our lovely, talented creators who have shown immense bravery and vulnerability through their pieces.

I hope that you enjoy this issue and find something, familiar and unfamiliar, in it. Now, I'd officially like to welcome you to the first issue of The Point's creative division!

Sincerely,

Sia Han  
Editor-in-Chief  
The Point Magazine

# Table of Contents

Malvina Chen (Cover art) // 手

Sia Han // *4th Draft of an Email*

Allison Choi // *Scorched Earth*

Peng // *Travel Photo Series*

Shristi Nigam // *My Name Means Universe*

Eunice Kim // *Like Cameron and Monica*

Anonymous // *Iron Jawed Angels*

Isabella Choi // *What Abigail Adams Wanted to Say to Her Husband*

Samie Park // *goodbye?*

Lilirose Luo // *Gambier, Ohio*

Sia Han // *To those Pororo Training Chopsticks*

Malvina Chen // 放风筝

Serena Chen // *Spring in the Winter*

Allison Choi // *A Message For You, Father*

Malvina Chen // 女孩

Sia Han // *Innately Yours*

# 4th Draft of an Email

*Sia Han*

Dear Ms. [NAME],

**I hope you are doing well!**

[I sigh and hand her the phone, “Here.”

She anxiously scans the screen,

she looks frustrated.

“더 좋은 말... can't you make it sound more *prettier*?”

“What do you mean *more*? It's an *email*, just send it.”

As I get up, the old Ikea bed frame creaks

(It was originally mine but Umma uses it ever since I got a new one).

She sighs,

“Please? 한번만? {Just once?}”]

**[DELETED] I hope you and your family are staying safe and healthy!**

**You've been a huge help to us in at school.**

[“Is it ‘at’ or ‘in’ school?”

“Uhh, usually people say ‘at’? But I don't think it really matters though, they're both fine.”

“So ‘in’ is wrong?”

“No, it's just- I don't really know but like, I don't think she'll *care*.”

She sighs.

“You're an American, how come you don't know this?”]

**You're so considerate and thoughtful, we're so grateful to you!**

[“Isn't that too much?”

“Well, she really did help us a lot.”

“Yea, but it's just too much. It's too overbearing, like what if she feels awkward?”

“Then what else should I say? You just don't know how to thank someone properly.”]

**You've really worked hard, we couldn't have done it without your help!**

[“큰할머니 {Great-Grandmother}? She died?”

“어, last night. 내가 한국에 있는 동안 많이 도와주는데, 10년 동안 보지 못했어.” {She helped me a lot when I was in Korea, I haven't seen her in ten years.}

“...”

“보고싶다.” {I want to see her.}

“... That sucks.”]

**(Add something here?)**

[She sighs,

“싫으면 안 해도 괜찮아 {If you don't want to, it's okay}, I can do it.”

I guiltily sit back down

the bed creaks as we both shift to make room

(it can barely fit one of us).

“Is there a way to say ‘보답하고 싶어요’ in English?”

“Uhh... I don't think so.”

“English is such a stupid language.”

I grin, “Yea. It is.”]

**Once again thank you so much for all of your help, have a great day!**

**Sincerely,**

**[REDACTED]**

# Scorched Earth

Allison Choi

In fields once green, now scorched by sun's fierce heat,  
The earth lays barren, parched, and all but dead,  
As drought and flames strip life from land and street,  
And green is but a memory in my head.

The forests that once stood so tall and proud,  
Now bow to man's relentless demand,  
Their precious wood reduced to ash and shroud,  
Their vibrant life extinguished by our hand.

But still we turn a blind eye to this plight,  
And choose to ignore the warning signs we see,  
As temperatures rise and day turns to night,  
And nature screams out in its agony.

But when will people start to see this plight,  
When will they realize the damage done,  
Will they only see it when we lose the fight,  
When everyone starts to die, one by one?

It's time to act, to heal the wounds we've made,  
Before our planet's beauty starts to fade.



# Travel Photo Series

Peng



*Lebanon*

“I was finally making it home, my missing piece was being found.”





*Nuwara Eliya, Sri Lanka*

“It was empty, it was quiet, but it was the emptiness I needed.”





*Kfarhamam, Lebanon*

“The sound of childhood echoes in my brain was I walk down here.”



*Turkey*

“And after feeling suffocated, I found myself breathing again.”





*Kfarhamam, Lebanon*  
“And summer flew by just like the years before it.”





*Kfarhamam, Lebanon*

“The smallest things were what I needed to light the spark in me again, the smell of green and the sound of laughter.”



# My Name Means Universe

*Shristi Nigam*

My self-hating guilt is,  
Being the firstborn female of immigrant parents.  
Where I,  
Have to put the struggle of my family before my emotional stability. Where I,  
do not want to display my emotions,  
and be deceived by life.  
Where I,  
hope to encounter challenges,  
Advancing closer to my fluttering destiny;  
and further from this sense of reality.  
A film production starring, the necessity of human love.  
Which for me is limited.  
Rather,  
halted in the presence of responsibilities.  
Portraying the versatility;  
the desperation of my human soul.  
As my desires melt into deferred dreams.  
Floating away.  
And sinking.  
Into the very pool of my subconscious.  
Perhaps if I reached,  
Into the surface of my heart, I could give life to those futures.  
I could become one with the universe.  
I could be,  
In some way,  
Shristi.

# Like Cameron and Monica

*Eunice Kim*

“Wow, that movie sucked absolute balls.”

June made a face, glaring up at Dave as they climbed onto the sturdiest branch of the beech tree growing in her backyard.

“Hey! I’ll have you know Nicolas Cage is a master of film! But of course someone like *you* wouldn’t understand.” She rolled her eyes in spite of the grin that slowly crept its way onto her face.

“Ohhhhh, I’m so hurt, I can’t believe you’d say that to me... After everything we’ve been through together, *this* is how I’m being treated?” Dave fluttered his eyelashes innocently, as June tried to unsuccessfully stifle the giggle that was bubbling in her throat.

“You’re a doofus,” she chortled. Dave scrutinized her face for a few moments, noticing how her nose tended to scrunch up when she laughed, her effervescent blue orbs squinting behind thick-rimmed glasses. He quickly looked away, realizing that he had been staring for longer than he had intended. June careened her head backwards a little, legs swinging back and forth as her short raven locks swayed to the direction of the wind. Their hands were almost touching, and Dave attempted to close the distance, ultimately failing with a flustered expression on his face, which thankfully went unnoticed. Forehead prickling with sweat, he readied himself to spit out what he’d been meaning to tell June all day.

“Hey, so like,” Dave scratched the back of his neck. “Uh. So like.” June gazed at him with a quizzical look. “Uhhh. Erm. Well.” Dave cursed to himself, painfully aware of how bad he was at this. “Do you think,” he made a nervous gesture with his hands, “you know that song from your shitty movie that’s like ‘*How do I live without youuuuu*’?” June raised an eyebrow.

“From *Con Air*, you mean?”

“Yeah that. What if that was us?” Dave let out a strained, robotic laugh.

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“Like Cameron and Monica from your stupid shitty movie.”

June’s face brightened. “So you *were* paying attention to the movie!”

He rolled his eyes. “Yeah, only because you would smack me in the face every time I interrupted.” June snickered, then turned to face him.

“I think we’d be pretty funny as Cameron and Monica, but only if *I* get to be Cameron.”

“Yeah totally, I’ll be the hot vapid broad,” he swooned. “My knight in shining armor you are.”

June let out a guffaw, her laughter ringing in the air, finally dying down after several fits of giggles. Dave observed in awe as her face conveyed ten different fleeting emotions in the span of a few seconds. He snapped out of his trance, bringing his hand up again and rubbing the hairs on the back of his neck.

“Sooo...”

“It’s a yes, Dave.”

“Oh.”

He flushed and watched as speckles of sunlight danced across June’s face. A radiant smile tugged at the corners of her lips, and he suddenly felt an inexplicable urge to kiss the upturned crescent. He leaned in to do just that, when suddenly the branch that had been supporting them let out a *crack*, propelling his body backward with his limbs flailing in the air like a monkey.

June caught his left arm, keeping him from plummeting to the ground. She pulled him up with surprising strength despite her slim physique, steadying him onto the branch opposite of her. They both looked horrified for a moment, and as the tree stilled once more June broke out into uncontrollable laughter, causing Dave to scowl as bright crimson spilled across his cheeks.

“I almost died there and you’re *laughing*. Is this funny to you?” He spat, with no real malice behind his words. June smirked at his tousled blonde hair and the way his shades were now

lopsided on the bridge of his nose.

“I would never let my damsel in distress get her face all fucked up by some tree,” she deadpanned, with a hint of humor in her voice.

She regarded the faux irritation creasing the lines of Dave’s face as he proceeded to scowl even harder, grabbing him by the collar of his shirt to press a tender kiss to his lips.



# Iron Jawed Angels

*Anonymous*

12:03 PM

The guards roughly snatch her arm,  
forcing her off the rusting bench,  
dragging her along the unclean floors  
while she kicks her feet out in despair.

12: 05 PM

She pushes back.  
*They pull back.*  
As the ruckus of voices wither into  
stone-cold silence.  
*As they observe themselves*  
*dragged into the depths of a solid well*  
*they know is impossible to see daylight out of.*

12:11 PM

The guards shove her into a dull cell Calling  
torment,  
where a wired black chair  
awaits the poor captive,  
leather straps ready to bind the  
martyr of independence  
into an unwanted necessity.

12:15 PM

The rough shield cracks

*Out pours the liquidy egg yolk  
And the tainted albumen*  
whisked until the sustenance melds  
into a fatal concoction.

12:17 PM

Her jaw is forced open.  
*She kicks and clenches and thrashes.*  
An iron clamp is thrust into her mouth.  
*Dehumanizing, is it not  
to take your right to consume?*

The long, plastic tube  
stretching across the bay of terror  
finds its place through the iron hole  
and into the silenced mouth.

12:18 PM

Yellow goo trickles down the tube,  
passing the iron jaw  
into a void of lost rebellion.

My, what voices we have stolen  
As iron-jawed angels sing in motion.  
Little do we know the papers will come  
'Morrow with the martyr in its head (line).

# What Abigail Adams Wanted to Say to Her Husband

*Isabella Choi*

Dear John,

I can only hope you can find it to entertain yourself in writing a letter half as long as I write to you.

You're drafting Liberty  
configuring a nation branded for justice  
gulping handfuls of sovereignty and  
regurgitating ink onto paper. There is

savagery in independence. Your sex are inhumanly voracious for Liberty. You have been pacing at home after dinner. You talk about our ancestors, how they've reaped a civilization from a fertile harvest. Dear, have you

forgotten what I asked of you? I wish for Liberty to be found in the heart of women, nestled beneath the breast and tucked into inadequate pockets of muliebrity. Femininity can be violent, too. Dear, do you

remember what I have asked of you? I hear you are preparing laws and freedoms; I suppose it necessary for me to request you to remember the ladies treat them with more generosity and favor than our ancestors. Remember to not

put unlimited power into the hands of husbands. All men would be tyrants if they could. Please, remember the ladies do not belittle or patronize us. Patriarchy and patronize are born from the same puzzle box.

The fact that your sex are natural tyrants holds no opposition from the common people

but I draft a wish for you  
to surrender the harshness of Master  
and replace it with the soft edges of Friend. I wish to hear more from  
you than I do. Our neighbors are dying from ailment. I am stitching and embroidering  
when I am not at the female jury, but the  
sounds of war cry against my skull like weeping cicadas. Can you hear

the moonlight? The moon is female. She is coughing saltpeter to preserve  
this: John, my dear, I ask of you to  
remember the ladies  
don't you dare bark with laughter when I say this—  
A world without man is without law  
yet  
a world without women is without success.



# goodbye?

*Samie Park*



# Gambier, Ohio

*Lilrose Luo*

The horizon remains restless— can't help  
pushing down, God's pregnant belly  
gentling with soft kicks. Full moon  
& amniotic. My body in these Ohio forests,  
endless lullaby of sanctity. An oak  
tree's elbow curve cradling  
a robin's nest, a branch splitting into  
a lightning-blessed prayer. Ask me  
what I'm writing & I'll say— Two  
leaves, together, embracing with an  
open-mouthed gentleness. Still  
& strange. Closer to one another  
than any poet has ever been to  
God. Below the damp foliage,  
all the fungal threads curling parallel  
routes around elder roots. Uneven  
& beautiful. Ask me what I'm praying & I'll  
tell you this. A land-locked state re-naming  
tenderness. Frilled mushrooms intertwined like  
two waists. Our mouths circular & swaying  
like late July leaves. Ask me what I'm wanting—  
& I'll mail you a plane ticket.

# To those Pororo training chopsticks

*Sia Han*

I'm sorry I didn't use you. But to be fair, you're kind of to blame too.

Your white plastic exterior is tacky at best  
and a tasteless kind of childishness at worst.  
The little blue gel thing holding you in place,  
or maybe it's pink I can't really remember,  
is somehow, after days and decades of sitting idle,  
still always slightly sticky and gross to the touch.  
And that little face of yours,  
that stupid little blue, beaked bastard on your center  
don't even get me started.  
Always unnervingly smug in your stare  
and that happy-go-lucky smile,  
bitch-ass penguin.

I'm sorry. I think, no I'm being too cruel.

I still think of you you know.

When the server brings out our food  
and I pathetically smile with the raise of my hand  
as I sit across from my mother,  
her hand effortlessly working, the shiny, silver gleam in the face of my  
miserable 4-pronged make-believe.

And when I finally muster up enough courage  
only to have it snatched away by the

abrasive and uneasy way  
they seem to (not) balance  
on my fingers,  
permanently displaced.

And maybe I'm scared. That  
we both know the answer to the question:  
if one day me and you were both dropped  
in front of 할머니 and 할아버지,  
who would they recognize first?

*Pororo: Protagonist of famous Korean children's show*

할머니: *Grandmother*

할아버지: *Grandfather*



# 放风筝

*Malvina Chen*



# Spring in the Winter

*Serena Chen*

He sat on the bench, alone.

The trees behind the bench blew, waving their little feathered fingers in the quiet breeze. The air smelled sweet, despite the gloominess of the park that I stood in. The clouds covered the sun and the morning dew covered the grass like pixie dust. It was 6:30 am. The park was completely empty, except for the bench that was now half occupied.

His head was bent down, looking into the lens of a camera.

I slowly walked towards him, sitting down on the farthest corner of the bench—not wanting to bother him. He looked up, smiling at me as a polaroid slid out of the camera. His eyes matched his wild black hair— both having a stark contrast against the early morning light.

“You were in my photo,” he said.

He looked into my eyes and I glanced back into his.

And although there were no flowers to be seen just yet, the air brought a sense of happiness and joy; the breeze flowed with ease, and even carried a slight scent of cherry blossoms. He shook the polaroid, staring intently at it, as the black slowly disappeared, leaving the silhouette of my figure.

He handed the picture to me, but the breeze slipped it out of his fingers before me.

I was glad that the polaroid fell to the ground with the breeze.

I don't want to fall in love alone.

# A Message For You, Father

*Allison Choi*

Just one pencil  
Just one paper  
Just enough to express  
My love for you

How much more time  
Do I have to wait  
Until you come back  
And wrap me  
With those arms

No seconds to spend  
With you, my father  
No hi's, no bye's;  
How much longer do I have  
To live like this... it's suffocating

You once shined light in my life  
But I didn't realize that you did  
Until the light disappeared  
And your presence was no longer near

Your love for me is immeasurable  
But so is my love for you  
What would I do  
When you're no longer here

I feel your blood, sweat, and tears  
I don't know if I can bear  
Another drop of those  
Because the only face that

Behind all that pain and sorrow

You say you're happy  
You say you're strong  
But I know that's not true  
I know all that work  
For the past twenty hours  
Drained your strength  
As well as your happy moments  
With those you love the most  
How much more time  
Do I have to spend  
Without you  
By my side

Glass shatters  
Just like my heart  
When I notice that  
You are no longer near

I very much miss  
The moments where I  
Smiled and laughed  
With you next to me

You'll never know  
My love for you  
Because I can only show you  
So much in so little time

All those memories  
We can create

Are the smiles and laughs  
Behind all that pain and sorrow

I will be your caffeine when you're tired,  
I will be your strength when you're weak;  
I will be anything for you  
For as long as I live and breathe

You may only see a teenage girl  
But that girl is much, much more  
She is strong and she is brave  
She'll outgrow you  
Just wait.

Your smile always makes my day  
I want my smile to do the same;  
I will wait and wait and wait and wait  
Until the day you see my smile

It's been a while  
Since I saw your face  
Without any dark circles  
Under those beautiful brown eyes

Thank you, father  
Three words I always say  
Three words that cannot express enough for  
Everything that you've sacrificed  
For my well being

I can't thank you enough  
For being my strength  
For being my joy  
And lastly,

Are limited to  
For being my father

I want to become someone  
That you can be proud to  
Call your daughter  
And put your head up high  
With a smile on your face

As your daughter,  
I am proud to say  
That you are my father;  
I will gladly take your hand  
And walk the years to follow  
With you by my side

Your love cannot be replaced  
And your happiness matters the most to me  
So for the remaining years of your life  
I wish for you to live healthily and happily

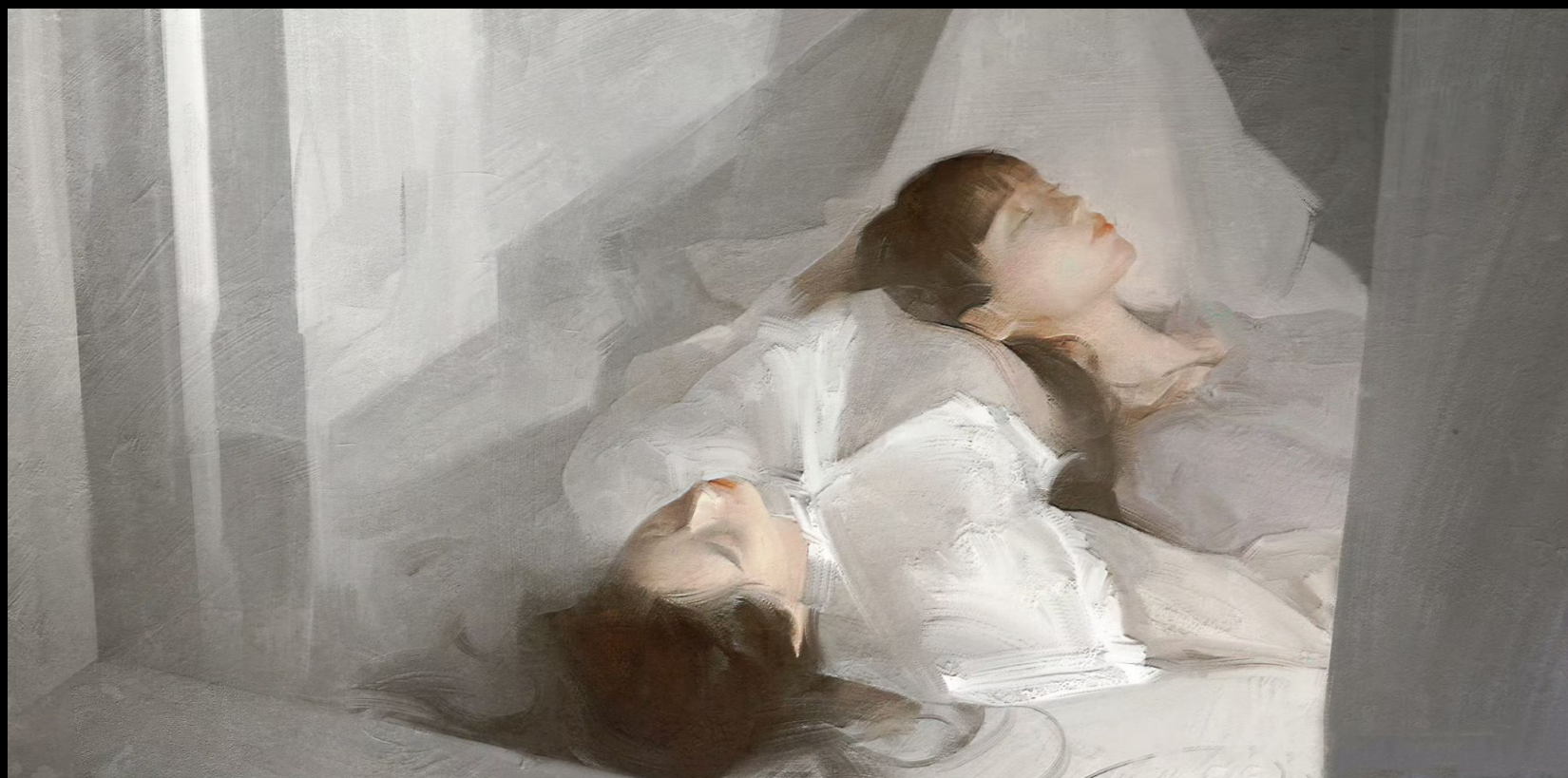
I'll end this with  
These three words  
That I did not find the time  
To say to you  
For a while  
Father,  
I love you  
And I'll never stop  
Because my love for you,  
It's eternal.

Sincerely,  
Your Princess



# 女孩

*Malvina Chen*



# Innately, Yours

*Sia Han*

This should be an easy letter to write.

The words should come easily to me- the words that can explain how my love for you feels so vast to the point of no return. Like I'm standing on the edge of a mountain, howling out what I *can* manage till my eyes begin to water and my lungs have been hollowed out.

How you're so intertwined with my being, that if you were to one day cease to exist, I think I'd as well. The indescribable, swirling mass in my stomach that seems to grow with every step I take to get closer to you, its loose ends unraveling only to multiply and slither further into every nook and cranny in my person.

I wish I could put it all into words, preferably poetic and clever ones, but I think that would take at least a decade's worth of solitary contemplation. I know that for you, such a phrase probably sounds so simple and dumb and cliché, but I can't help it:

I miss you.

The way that the gaps between your fingers seem to call for mine  
the way your chest heaves in and out  
as proof of your existence and mine,  
the way my feet seem to pull themselves to your doorstep  
the way my cheek meshes with the crevices of your nape  
the way your laughter immortalizes you in the mind of every passersby  
the way I unknowingly reach out my hand to rest upon your shoulder  
And the way my head jolts sideways only to catch my hand slowly drifting down,

the way I unknowingly reach out my hand to rest upon your shoulder  
And the way my head jolts sideways only to catch my hand slowly drifting down,



resting softly on what's left of your shadow.

But,

when I feel the warmth of your hands creeping its way back into mine  
when I hear that familiar shuffling on the hardwood floors  
    from the (worn out) soles of your boots  
when I wake in the morning and spot a fresh cup of water on my bedside table  
and when that gap between your front two teeth emerges as you spot my face,  
I think it's okay.

(The words seem to magically flow from your fingertips to mine anyways.)

And I can't help it, I love the way you love.  
I love you.

Innately,  
    Yours

# Masthead

Sia Han // Editor in Chief

Eunice Kim // Editor in Chief

Ceri Kang // Herricks Branch Editor

Allison Choi // Contributing Writer

Shristi Nigam // Contributing Writer

Serena Chen // Contributing Writer

Samie Park // Contributing Artist