

# *Daphne*

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# *The Editors*

Franklin Peerce

Beatrice Brice

## *Editor's Note*

Dear Readers!

We are proud to share our second publication with you all! We received 153 submissions for our second issue, but selected prose, poems, and art pieces from nine students that best displayed what Daphne is about. We hope you enjoy this issue, and thank you to everyone involved in putting this together.

Best,

Beatrice

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# *Harry Clanstine*

About Tom was written by Glenbrook North High School Freshman Harry M. Clanstine. His hobbies include reading novels his parents read and trying to understand them. That and playing with his cat.

## *About Tom*

Tired and hungry, Tom climbed the stairs to his porch. He could hear laughter from inside, the sounds of his wife and children as they talked about how the day had been. He was tempted to stay outside for a few minutes, listen as they went on about their marvelous day, their friends, and the lives they had each built for themselves in the town. Granted, Tom was far from rich, but he had always made sure he provided for his family. His wife supported him all through; she was a homemaker from Texas with a jovial mood.

Still in her twenties, Grace was full of life and aspirations. She wanted to become a writer, express her feelings and emotions in words. By speaking to her, you could tell she was good at weaving words. Listening to her, one could easily find themselves dreaming, unable to disentangle themselves from her words. In a way, she had made Tom the man he was. Back in high school, Tom had been immature and close-minded. He barely knew what he wanted with his life till she came along. Since then, Tom had changed into a strong young man, capable of raising his two children, and providing for his family.

He sat on the last staircase, leaning on the wall, all the while thinking about his life. Slivers of light escaped the house and lit a bit of the porch, providing Tom with light in an otherwise gloomy night. Tom was a journalist for the local paper. He had worked hard, climbed the ladder to become the editor. Coincidentally, Tom loved art in any form. As such, writing had been a calling for him. He loved reading articles as he assessed their credibility to be put on paper. Moreover, every Friday evening would find Tom and his lovely bride at the theater. They once tried the opera but Tom slept through half the show, so they settled for the theater. It was a twenty-minute walk to their favorite theater, time that they both looked forward to at the end of the week. Forty minutes of pure bliss. It was the only time of the week they got to themselves, to talk to each other without any inhibitions. The children would be tucked in by Grace's mother by the time they got back, as such, they had no worries on Friday.

Today was Thursday, Tom's boss had been putting pressure on him to reduce sections written by the new young staff. He did not like this idea since he believed in most of these writers' abilities. However, the decision had been made by his superiors, and unless he wanted to be out of a job, he would have to dim down another person's ideas. The cold was getting to him; he needed to get to some place warm before he caught a cold. He knocked on the door, checking his phone for emails from work as tiny footsteps approached the door. He had to smile; he loved his family. A sentimental person, Tom believed that when he and his wife inevitably passed on, they would live on through their children. Therefore, he had to make sure that they got the best of everything he could afford. They went to a good school, dressed nicely, and received regular advice from him; they were not fond of these talks, though. However, they had turned out remarkably well, attaining good grades in school and having a general happy aura around them.

Tom kissed his wife on the cheek, with Hailey on his back and Lyon tugging at the back of his trousers. Lyon was slightly older than Hailey, a silent but smart boy. He had his father's smile and his mother's eyes, gray eyes that seemed fascinated by everything around them. He did not speak much but observed a lot. He would occasionally utter a statement, or ask his father about something he did not fully comprehend. His father was his role model; he looked up to him in every way possible. Tom made sure he set the best example for his children, he was the perfect husband to his perfect wife. After a few hours of watching TV, Tom and Grace were left alone. The children were off to bed; they had school in the morning.

They went on with their conversation for hours on end; it was rare for Tom not to be exhausted. They rarely spoke when he got home from work. Today, he spent hours watching 'the proud family,' his favorite cartoon show, with his wife. He missed her company; he had never truly thought about how much work had changed him. Once a boy used to t-shirts and jeans, he had transformed into a grown man, with clean cut hair, a suit, and a trench coat, the only remnant from his past. But it was for the better, for his legacy. His family had done that to him, changed him into a family man. He drifted to the past, reminiscing with Grace over photographs of their youth, Tom was a man now and loved every moment of it.



# *Floridia Johnson*

Floridia is a Senior at Johnson Preparatory in Florida. She spends most of her off-time looking in the wind, trying to create new phrases and, hopefully one day, her own language. She comes from a wonderful family but would like to write about disturbing topics one day.



*1*

The situation presented an appealing option:  
To be whisked away by some power greater than oneself  
To be enlivened by the wind, the rain, earth, and fire  
To be set upon a path that had not yet been traversed  
To be reminded what life looks like when one lives without fear  
To learn that bravery is a discipline which yields fortune in its rarest  
form

## 2

They were taught to remember everything  
That would help them form a picture of who they were  
But not of who they would become  
“Those pictures,” their mother explained, “of who you will be—  
they form themselves every moment of every minute as it unfolds here  
and now...  
So pay attention”...

### 3

Divisions were resolved peacefully by way of the rod  
Used to measure out the dimensions  
Of a newly restored castle and its kingdom  
What was promised in the ancient texts manifested accordingly  
Jewels, tiles, and fanciful decor aside—  
This was the place where dreams went to live—where magic is alive



4

We loosened the ties that bind us to struggle  
And set sail in a direction which better suited our frame of mind  
We found ourselves riding waves among others  
Evenly displaced on the surface of a sea of consciousness  
We let the ebb and flow of circumstances carry us home

# *Henry Ocean*

Henry is a Sophomore at Minnetonka High School in MN. His hobbies include reading history books. He aspires to becoming a creative writing professor.

*1*

I wonder at the thought that  
A person may travel faster  
Than the speed of light  
And in enough time experience  
Everything this life can offer  
Without having time to say goodbye



## 2

The beginning was always simple:  
Comb one's hair, brush one's teeth  
But the ending was much more complicated:  
Look after the children, put others first, tend to the house and to work  
If anything made sense anymore  
It was because love was exchanged in the mix

3

Rough drafts were strewn across  
An inner landscape of picket fences and willow trees  
Jotted notes and incoherencies laid across grass  
Like fallen soldiers in a battle of defeat  
And yet some words still rose to meet the day  
And assert themselves as worthy of being woven into thought

A

Little boys were busy taming dragons in their dreams  
While little girls busied themselves with building things  
And through city streets there crept a tide of innocence  
Enticing boys and girls alike to divert from the social norms before  
them  
Until every one had gone his or her own way in the world  
Until every dream belonging to them, no matter the scope, was realized



# *Hoerim Kim*

Hoerim Kim is a Senior at Garrison Forest School in Owings Mills, Maryland. She uses a variety of techniques, including prisma colors, pastels, and charcoal. She is interested in different themes including Korean culture, World War I, and foods from various nations. After she graduates from Garrison Forest School, she plans to extend her passion for the arts in college and deepen her portfolio.

*Girl in the Armor*





# *Inmo Kang*

Inmo Kang is a Senior at Saint James School. Through art, he wants to effectively portray his appreciation and passion for Korean culture, and strengthen the uniqueness of his background. In addition to art, he enjoys learning applied math and science, French, plays the drums, and plays board games with his friends.

*Fado*





# *Sangyeon Yoon*

Sangyeon started his young art career making collages in preschool. Bored with the limitations, he began painting in the third grade. There was nothing more interesting to him than a blank canvas. All in all, he has so far finished roughly 20 pieces that he is at once proud of and ashamed of.

*Rusted*





# *Soo Jung Tang*

Soo Jung is a rising Senior at Peddie School where half the campus will call her a computer geek and the other part an artsy fartsy, as in “Hi, Artsy Fartsy!” But she loves both monikers and wants to live in a world where she can pursue both.

*Solitudes*





# *Lily Ye Eun Cho*

Lily Ye Eun Cho is from Kuri, Kyeonggido. She received a few prizes for her poems and short stories since elementary school. Her dream is to become a doctor, either in general surgery or veterinary. In the future, she wants to travel to developing countries to work with underserved communities that need medical attention.

## *My Dearest Sam*

“I’m much better off than you are right now. Don’t be so sad about me. Forget me. Forgive me...”

Then he disappears into the darkness. I try to catch him, but he’s already gone.

I woke up from that nightmare again, gasping with fear, my eyes filled with horror and sadness. I really wanted to touch his face again. Just once more, then I’d be fine. I still felt like he was right next to me holding my hands with his, so warm and unforgettable. I could not forget how romantic and amazing he was and his lovely scent.

I will be there someday, honey, there’s not much time left ahead of me. I really miss you, but before I meet you in the holy place, I should do what I should be doing. Susan won’t be able to bear the sadness, the same thing I felt for you. If it wasn’t for your damn pancreas, you’d still be with me. You shouldn’t have worked that hard.

Curse you world! Same for you, money! You two can’t be all in this universe. Ya’ll lead people to death, pain, competition, and other detestable things. My husband, my dear Sam would not have been like this if it wasn’t for you two! He was just an innocent man who worked so hard that he broke his back for his sick wife... That damn tree... Oh, Sam...

It leaves me with a little encouragement that Susan and her kids visit me every Thursday morning since my Sam left me. I love them with all my heart. They’re the only hope and solace that God allowed me to have, a ray of light that pushed me to live out my days. Even though tomorrow morning is the last time I can touch them and talk to them physically, I’m not scared. Even though my legs won’t move and my arms won’t listen to what I say, it’s fine. The only thing I need is to leave my words of love engraved on the hearts of those I care about.

# *About the Cover Art*

## *"A Late Summer Night's Dream"*

The cover art is by Jeehyun Jenn Moon. She is eighteen years old and a Senior at JSerra Catholic High School. She enjoys listening to music, creating short movies on her laptop, and drawing celebrities or characters from animation films. She likes to apply several different mediums to her artwork including prisma color pencils and pens, and charcoal. She wants to major in communication art or fine arts in college, and work as an illustrator and a curator. She has been published at three literary magazines: The Adroit Journal (three inside art), the Claremont Review (one cover art and one inside art), and Daphne (cover art).