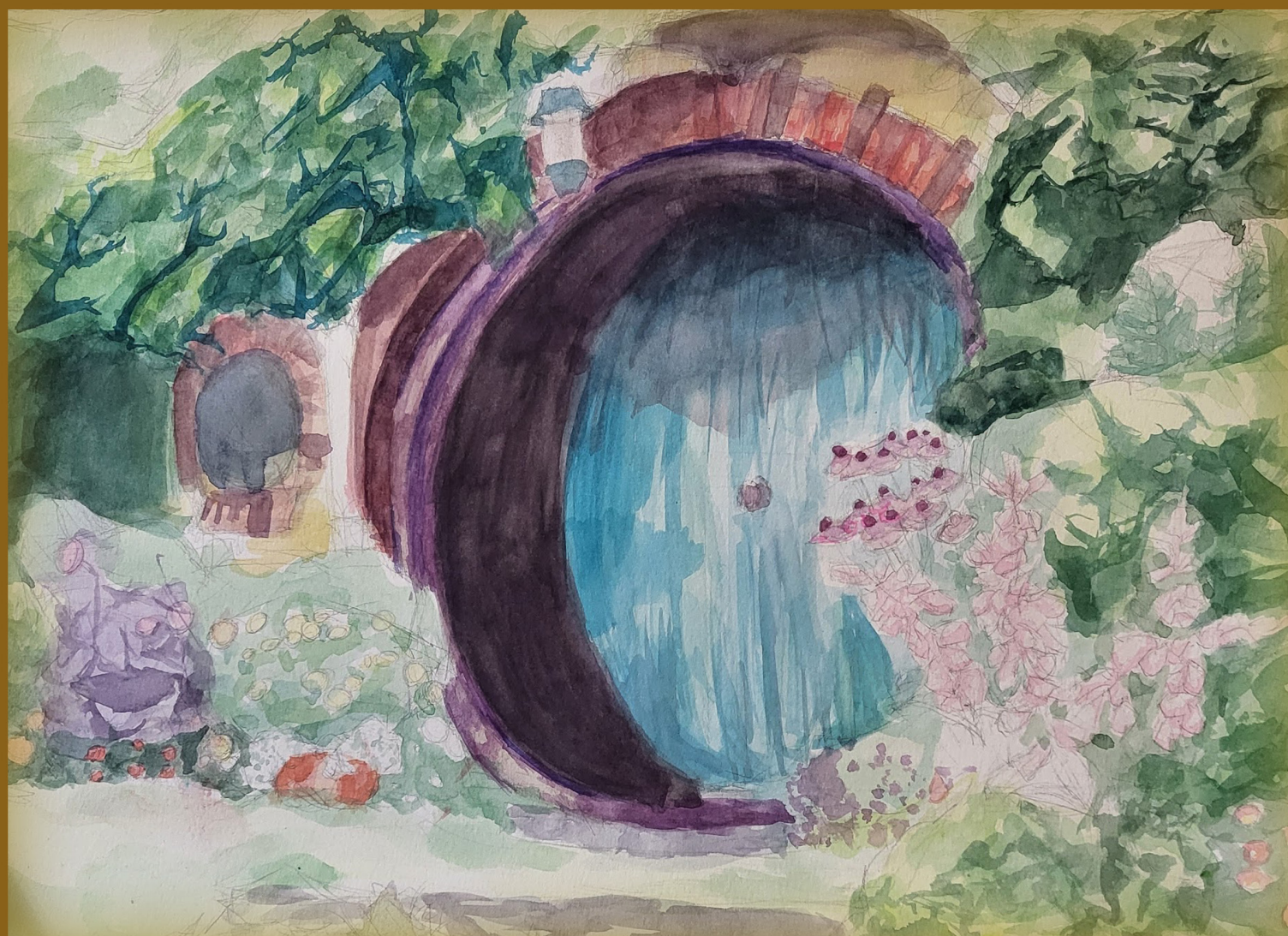


INCEPTION



SPRING 2023

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INCEPTION

Slocum Skewes Literary Magazine
Volume 9, June 2023

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650 Prospect Avenue
Ridgefield, NJ

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Inception Literary Magazine is designed to showcase the amazing talents of Slocum Skewes' young writers and artists in grades 6 through 8. It is a place where emerging writers and artists create and collaborate. This issue would not have been possible without the hard work and dedication of our talented staff and the encouragement of our entire school community.

We would especially like to thank
Mrs. Michelle Mariani for her assistance,
as well as the administration for their support.

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The Bridge

A beautiful bridge that shines during the day
Just looking at it makes my problems go away
Admiring the beauty from afar
As I drive past it in my car

Look at the gorgeous sky above
There are shades of pink and blue that I love
Look at all the clouds around
I view it while I'm on the ground

But now it's turning dark and the park is closing
And all the stars are now exposing
The moon is now up
I need to head home in my truck

By Melinda Ozcan

Photograph by Melinda Ozcan





Springtime

Butterflies fly
Bees buzz
It's springtime
It's a great time
The flowers bloom
They spread their perfume
The sky is blue
It has a beautiful hue
Children smile
Adults too
It's springtime
It's true

By Leann Choe
Illustration by Laelle Chon

Love Like a Flower

Spring

As the love was fresh the flower bloomed
It grew with every hug
With every meeting
With every laugh

Summer

The love continued to blossom
Every day it smiled
Every day it grew
Every day it became happier

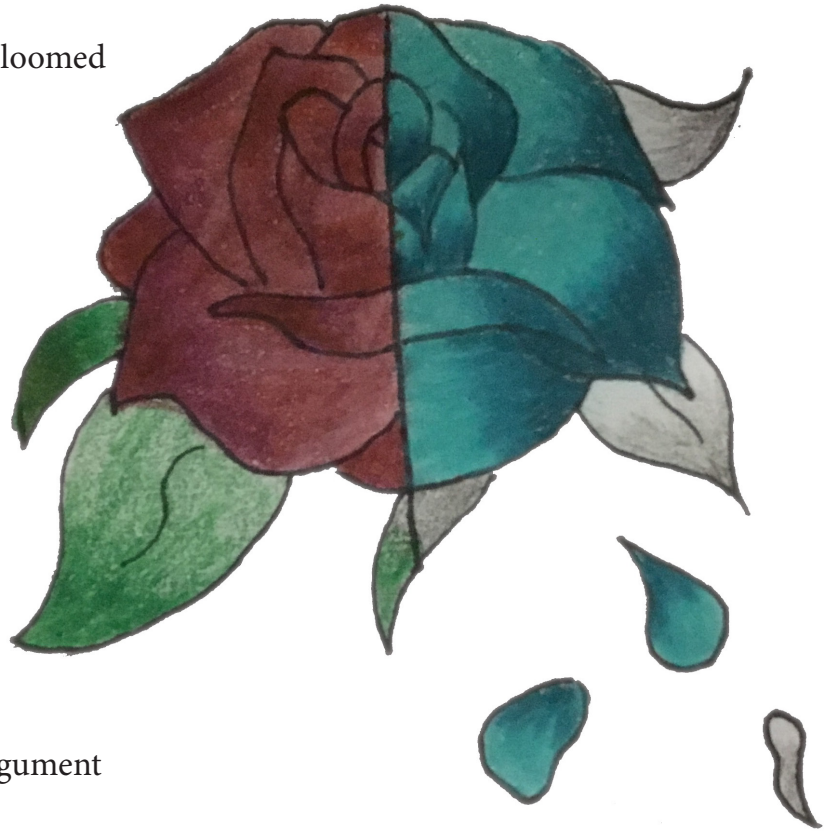
Fall

The petals began to fall
Every laugh shortened
Every smile turned sour
Every conversation became an argument

Winter

Soon the flower died
The petals turned dry
Its time was over
Even though it smiled
Even though it laughed
It had died

By Leann Choe
Illustration by Elif Oktay



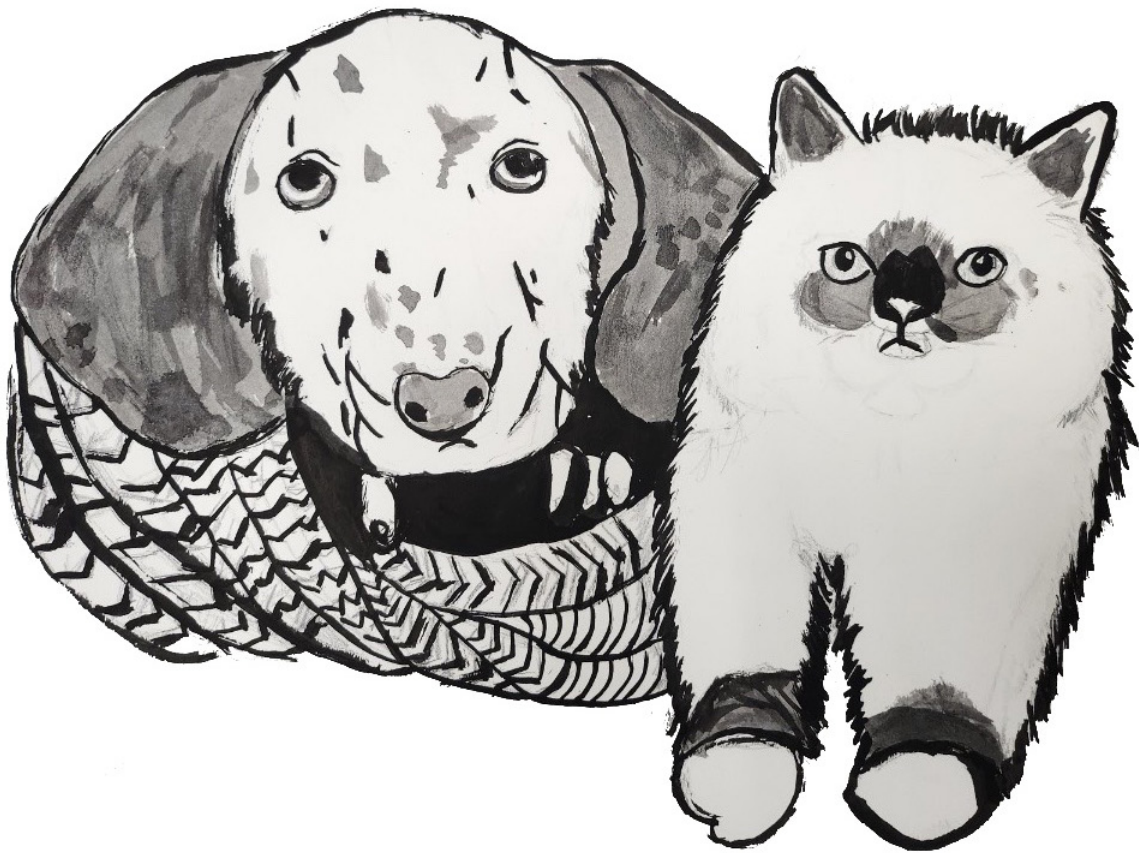


A Night Under the Stars

A starry night under the mountain
Snow drops from the sky like a fountain
I wonder if anyone has ever gone to the top
I ask myself if I ever could

The trees dance with the wind
The stars twinkle
A night under the stars with the snow
Gets me ready for the wind to blow

By Divina Jimenez
Illustration by Francesca Marakas



Friends to the End

There once were two very good friends
Who were together to the end
One was a cute dog
The cat was a log
They were drawn with too many pens

By Laelle Chon
Illustration by Jacob Lee

I am a Turtle

I live in a small glass box.
I've explored every corner of my enclosure
Counted every rock and spike on each plant.

I look out, I see the giant tap on my window.
They look, they watch, and observe
As I return the favor.

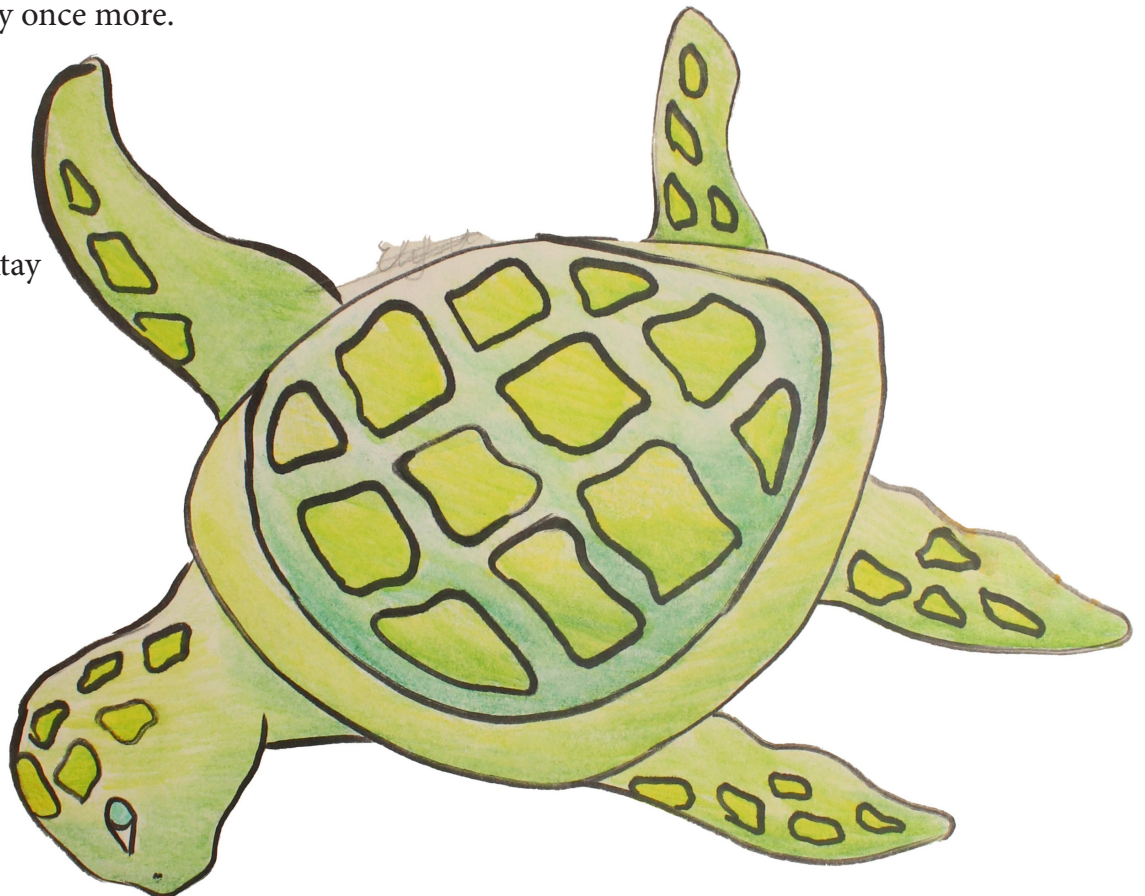
I don't like the feeling of being watched
It makes me feel like a source of entertainment,
That my captivity is simply for the amusement of something higher
than me
But I'm unbothered all the same.

I wonder if there's more to this life than a box.
There certainly is, I've walked out into it before
But I wish I could go up there and see it myself.

I wish to see the stars again.
I wish to breathe freely once more.

Just once.

By Alanis Avila
Illustration by Elif Oktay



The Process of Painting

My shaking hands, scared to pick up the pencil
My brain, not thinking of anything to draw
Or maybe it's thinking of everything at once and it all kind of cancels out
Or maybe it's thinking of something completely different
Like, what am I going to do tomorrow?
What am I going to say?
I always go off topic whenever I am about to draw
And I am doing it again now, aren't I?
When I do get to the stage of putting my thoughts and feelings on paper, it's like nothing else matters
I feel my pencil draining itself just trying to draw this picture
I hear the pain this pencil is going through just for this drawing
"Scccc" "Scccc" the pencil draws
My heart is put into every detail of this drawing, thankfully no one will ever see it
Or maybe I will have the courage to show someone these drawings one day
Until then, this pencil's pain will only be in my memory, and my heart will not be shown to the world

By Divina Jimenez

Illustration by Laelle Chon

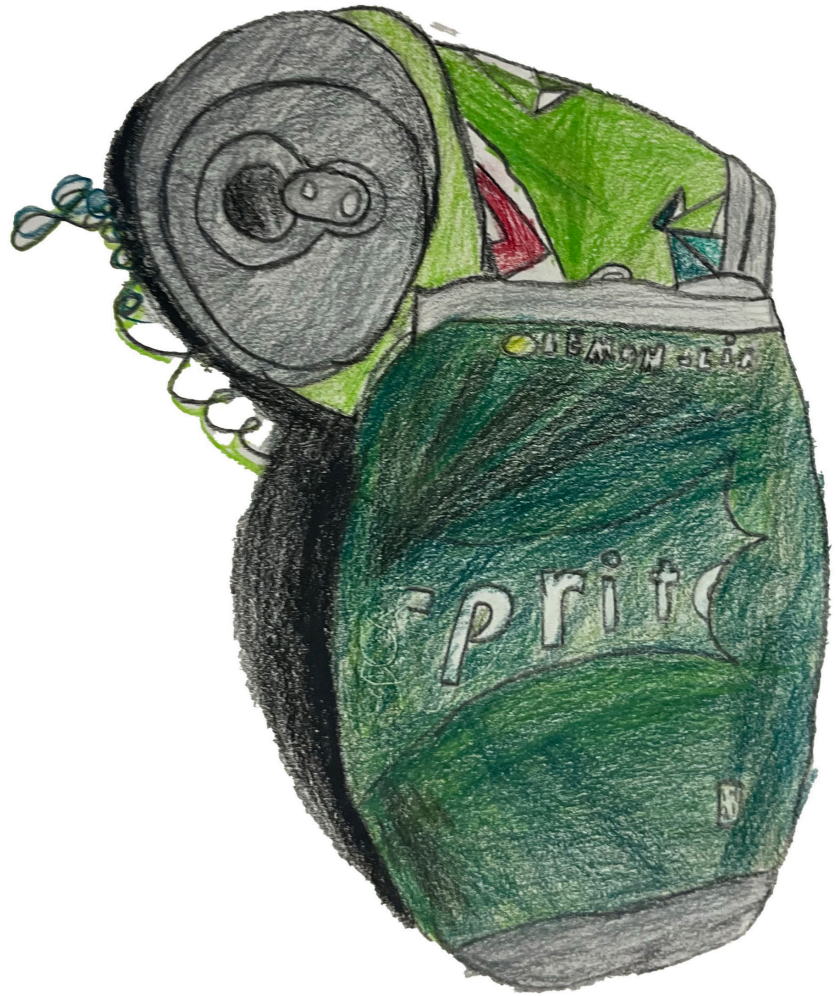


What's Up, Soda Pop

Metallic and shiny
Hot, cold
Is what makes a can very bold
Fizzy or not
Name on top
It starts to pop
Like it or not
Such is the life of a soda pop

By Jacob Lee

Illustration by Jacob Lee



The Grand Sunflower

I blow in the wind
My petals are bright yellow
I stand tall every day

In meadows I stand
In the soil I grow tall
I am very grand

By Leann Choe
Illustration by Laelle Chon





Free Bird

In the tree
A red bird stands tall
Its bright red wings shine
Waiting for the wind to blow
To fly away free

By Erica Yoon
Illustration by Jacob Lee

Not Just a Guitar

Whenever I play my guitar in public, everyone thinks that it is just that
A basic, long, golden brown instrument
I constantly stifle the urge to tell them that this is not that simple
This is the guitar that my mother, and her mother, and tens of generations before her played
This specific heirloom has been in my family for the longest time
And it is very important that people know that this is not just a simple guitar
Yet, I still manage to shut my mouth, and run my fingers through the five white strings
Knowing that the people around me believe this is only one simple instrument
One that could be replaced as easily as if it never existed at all

By Divina Jimenez

Illustration by Olivia Kim





Crayons

Colorful, playful, crayons

Remembering childhood

An amazingly large collection

You know where to find them

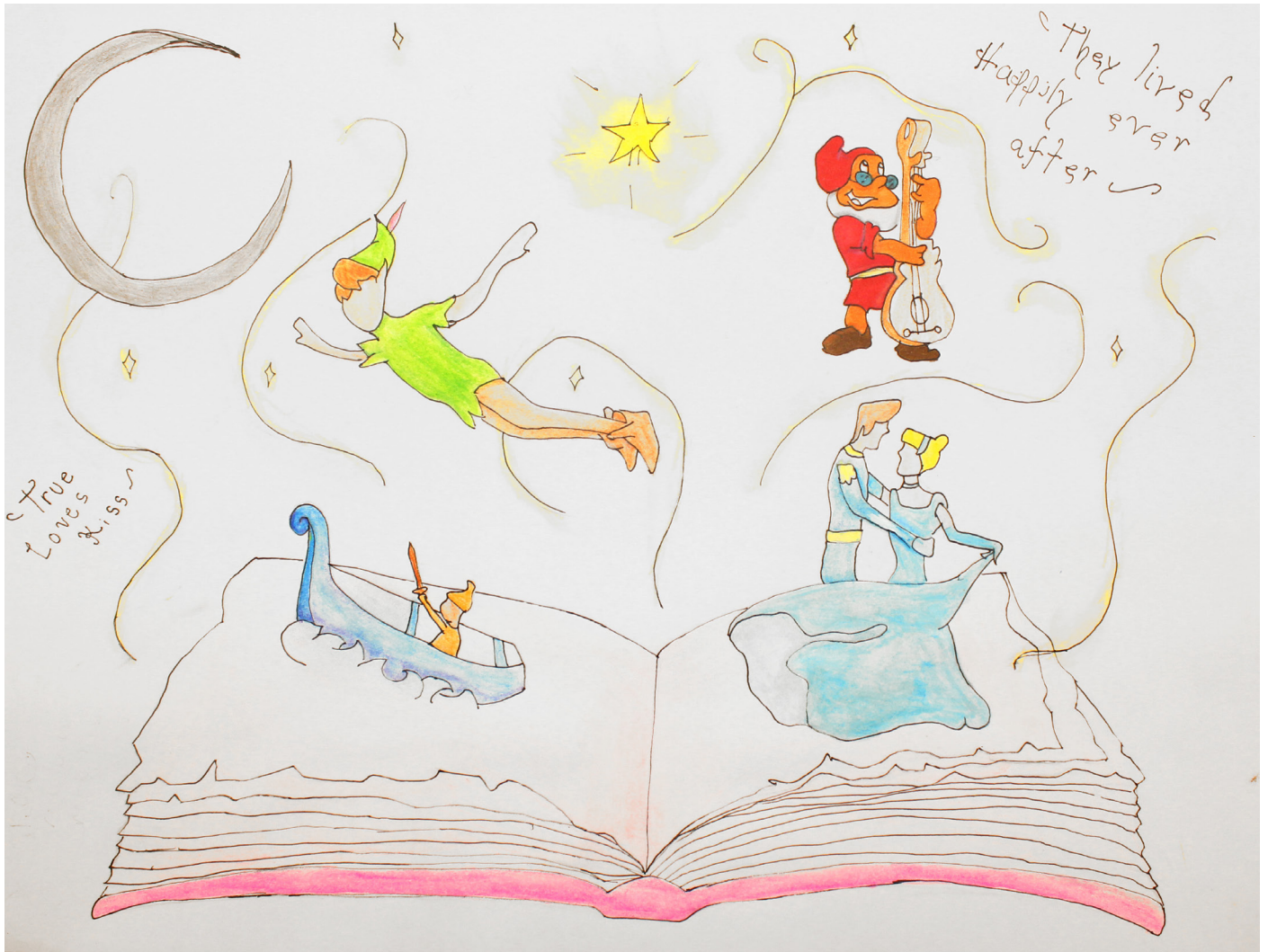
One is useful, but many is fun

None go to waste

Several colors of the rainbow

By Claire Lee

Illustration by Erica Yoon



My Friends on the Page

Wizards and witches
 Humans and demigods
 I hold them close to my heart
 Even when we have to part
 I follow them on their journeys
 While I make my own stories
 To write or to read
 To stay or to part
 Thank you my friends
 You made my heart

By Leann Choe
 Illustration Elif Oktay

Camile

There once was a bird named Camile.
He perched as he waited for his meal.
He looked to the ground,
No worm to be found.
Oh well, from another bird he'll steal.

By Francesca Marakas and Divina Jimenez
Illustration by Jacob Lee



Me And My Mom

My mom is caring; she is taller than me
She loves me so much, she is my key
Every night and day, she feeds me with fish
This feeling I will forever relish
Me And My Mom
She treats me with joy
With priceless gifts I always enjoy
This is my mom
She is my number one
You shine brighter for me than the sun

By John Yun

Illustration by Laelle Chon



Colors

Colors dance
Flowers prance
The light darkens
The grass in the gardens
They step off
Quiet cough
Sh.

By Claire Lee
Illustration by Francesca Marakas



Pen Art

Pen art

It makes you realize that one small mistake won't ever be fatal to your drawing

It shows you that anything can be fixed if you try hard enough

It gives you more freedom when you draw

It allows you to imagine

And to see things from different perspectives

To make sure everything is aligned

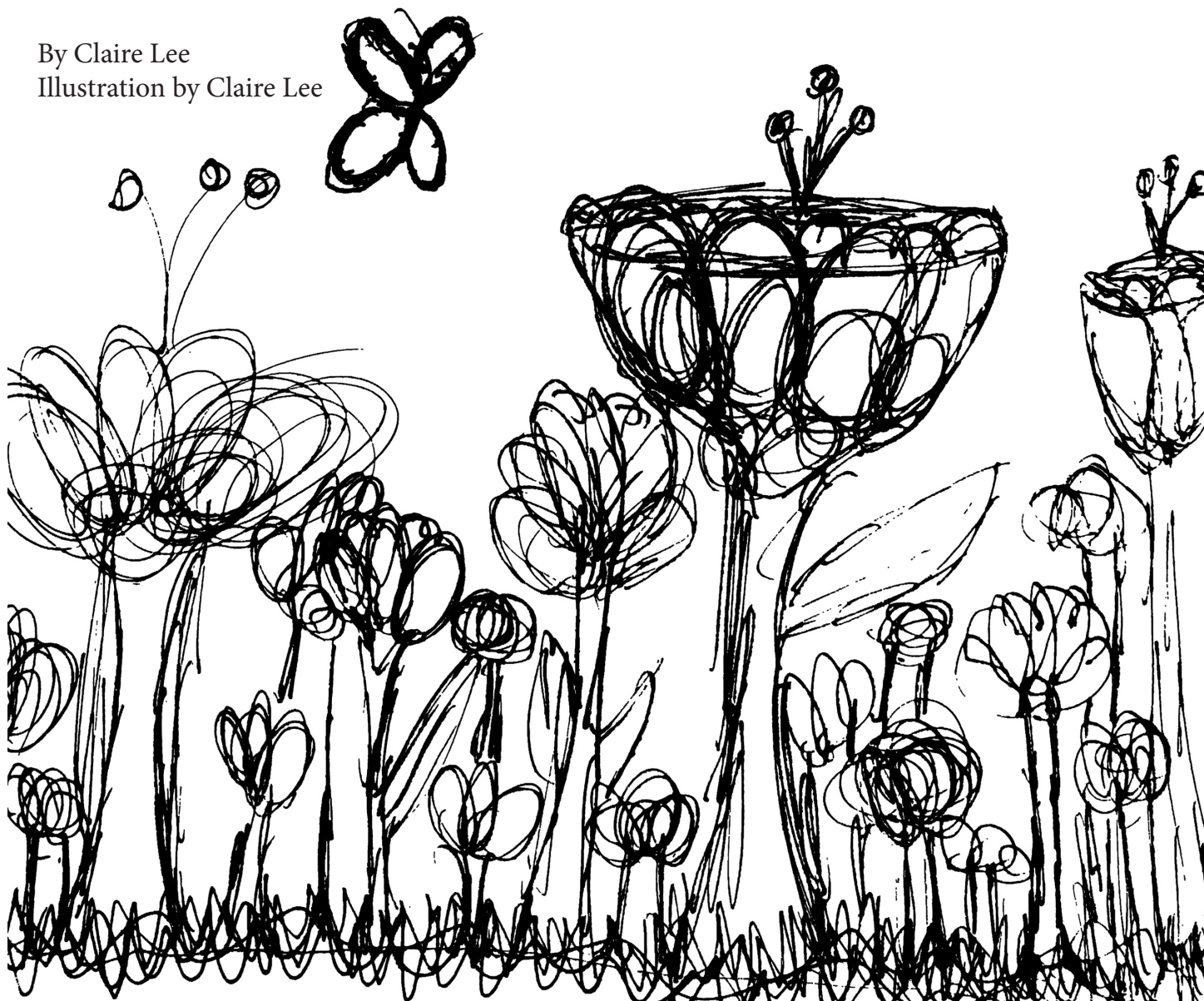
And even if it's not perfect

The end product will always be beautiful

Pen art

By Claire Lee

Illustration by Claire Lee



The Last Goodbye

Twelve years have passed since it started.
But now it is time to say goodbye.
Goodbye to the friends we made.
Goodbye to the building where I spent my days.
Goodbye to my teachers, who have given me something stronger than strength.
Goodbye to the days filled with laughter and smiles.
Goodbye to the hallways, where we would walk.
This is it.
As I hold my graduation cap, I realize this.
This is the last goodbye.

By Leann Choe

Illustration by Laelle Chon



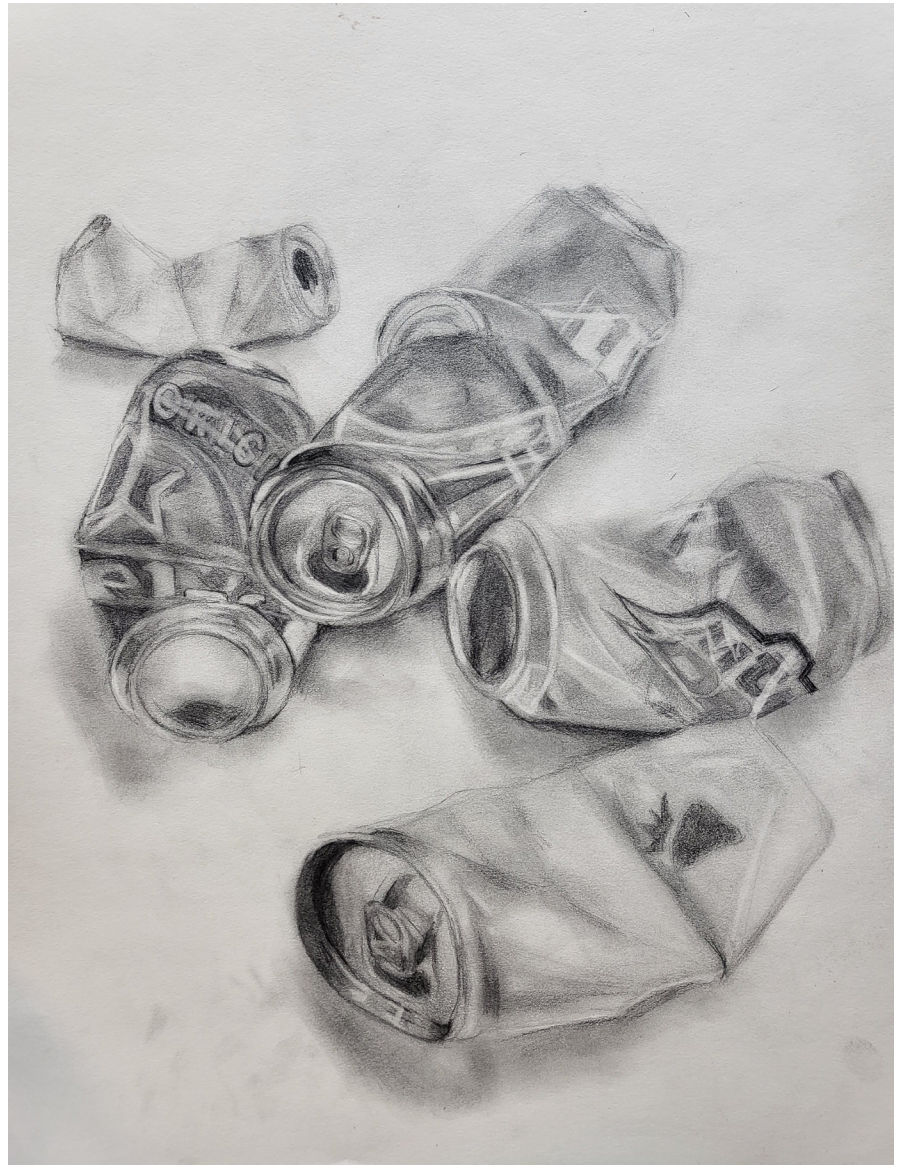
I Always Pick Lime

Anytime I went to the beach, I always got a soda
I loved the cans from the beach in Daytona
So many flavors, but I always picked lime
If I picked anything else, it felt like a crime

But those were the old days, when I lived near the boardwalk
Now, I never hear the waves talk
I would do anything just to go one more time
I would do anything just to be nine

The world seemed so calm
And I would lie on the sand, underneath a nice palm
Now, everything has changed
But the photos that remain in black and white
never seemed drained

By Melinda Ozcan
Illustration by Olivia Kim



The Rare Panda

In the bamboo forest so lush and green
A creature so rare, yet often unseen.
A red panda roams with grace and poise.
Its fur is so vibrant, a fiery noise.

With a bushy tail and curious eyes
It climbs high to reach the skies.
A master of balance, on branches it plays
In search of leaves, it spends its days.

A symbol of love, in Chinese culture,
It's hard not to admire its gentle nature.
A treasure of the forest, so small and sweet,
The red panda is a sight to meet.

So let us protect this precious friend
So that its beauty will never end.
In the bamboo forest, we can see,
A red panda, so happy and free.

By Nicholas Lee
Illustration by Laelle Chon



The Girl on the Screen

I pick up my phone, ready to scroll
Inside me, I feel a giant hole.
My heart aches as I press the button.
I start comparing myself to everyone
These negative thoughts all inside my head
I hold back my tears, that are filled with dread.
“Why can’t I have a car like hers?”
“Why can’t I have a house like hers?”
“Why can’t I have a life like hers?”
I spend hours just scrolling and crying,
I spend hours just trying,
I spend hours looking at the girl on the screen.

By Divina Jimenez
Illustration by Laelle Chon



Crystal Raindrops

The darkness is lit up with the stars in the sky
But nothing compares to the beauty that lies
Drops that shimmer and shine in the night
Crystallized drops that look like a light
The drops that make people sway and dance
And they simply start to prance
The stars in the sky envy those that shine
And tries to take away the raindrops of mine
Although there are thousands of stars in the sky
Nothing compares to crystal raindrops in your eyes.

By Claire Lee
Photograph by Claire Lee



Boy With a Toy

There once was a very young boy
Who ate a hamburger with joy
He had a big smile
That ended in a while
See, the hamburger was a toy.

By Laelle Chon
Illustration by Jacob Lee

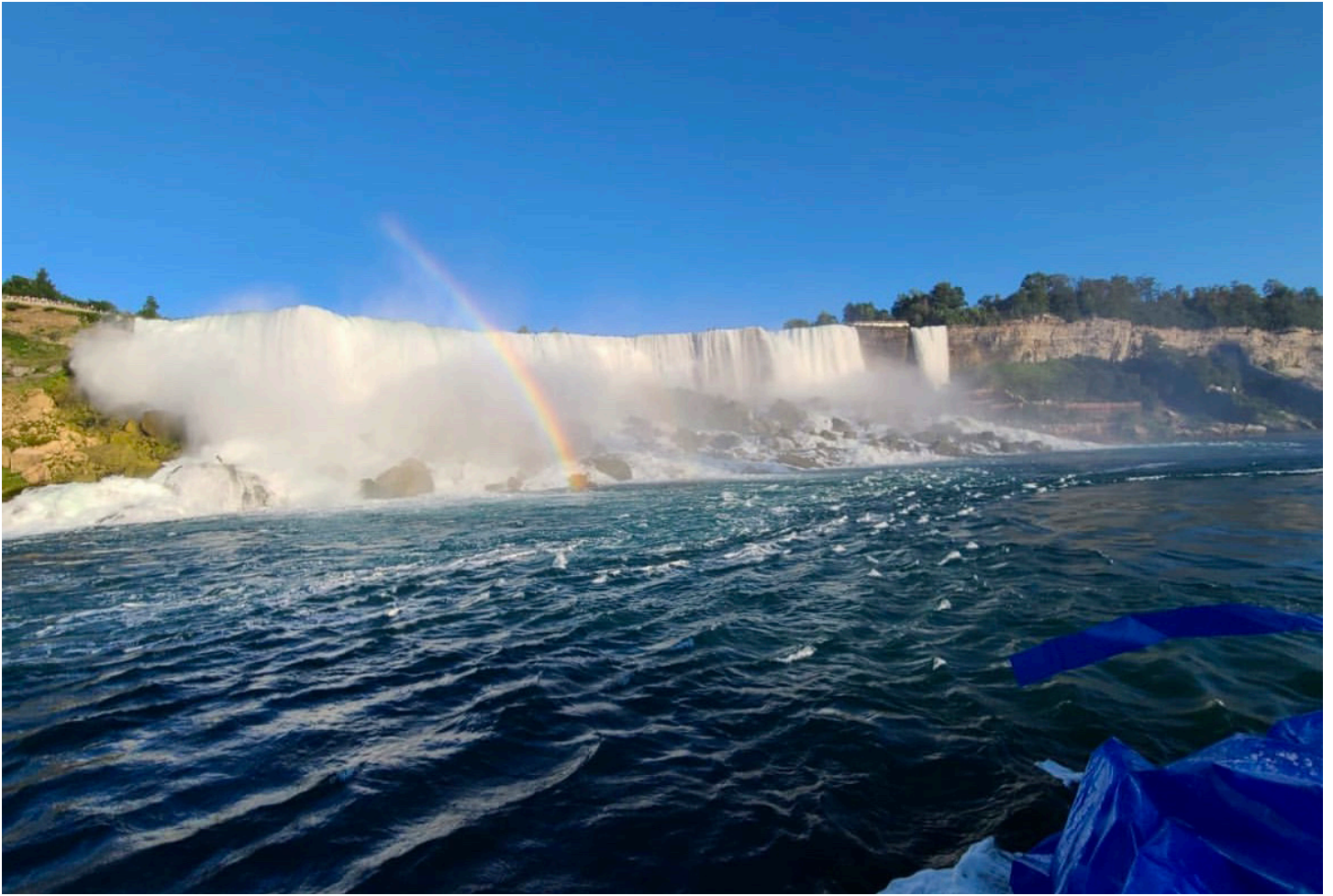


One-Sided

They laugh, they smile, they light up my life
They give me joy, making my life worthwhile
They make me happy, but today I must cry
For everything I knew, it was a lie
Today I see them with an unknown other
I didn't think that there would be another
So, today, I scream in pain
Because everything I did was all in vain

By Claire Lee
Photograph by Claire Lee





Nature's Gift

A beautiful sight for sore eyes
You can see the water in the air as it flies
The blue sky and the green grass complement it so well
And so does the fresh calming smell

Such serene beauty can only come from a waterfall
Nature's most tranquil gift of all
Even from a distance, its sound can still be heard
Followed by the noise of a soothing nightingale bird

Now as the sun starts to go down
My smile turns into a frown
One day I will come back here
I will never forget this waterfall, so clean and sincere

By Melinda Ozcan
Photograph by Jocelyn Sangurima



Playful Dolphins

I am a playful dolphin
I live in the shiny blue sea
Where I swim all day and night
With my friends happily

We have our own language
And we love to talk and play
And if I were ever to meet you
I would have lots to say

By Kairi Inagaki
Illustration by Laelle Chon



The Night I Wasn't Alone

As I arranged my pillows on my bed in a fancy manner, I saw my doll from years ago. It was on the dusty floorboards. Its huge blue and red eyes stared into my soul. I hadn't picked it up in years, and didn't understand the appeal to little old me. It was off putting and ominous. I stuffed it under my bed, not daring to look at it for another second.

Later that night I snuggled into my neatly made bed. I heard no other sounds except the howling wind outside. I brought the blankets up to my neck and closed my eyes. As I was about to drift off to sleep, a voice awakened me. It was soft and delicate, but also mean and rigid.

"Have you forgotten me?" the voice asked. As I peeked out from the blankets, I saw the blue and red eyes.

By Leann Choe
Illustration by Laelle Chon

In the Night

Silent and sweet
In the night
As perfect as the stars
In the night
Perhaps even better
In the night
The fire burns
In the night
They try to put it out
In the night
Away, they said
In the night
And no longer again
In the night

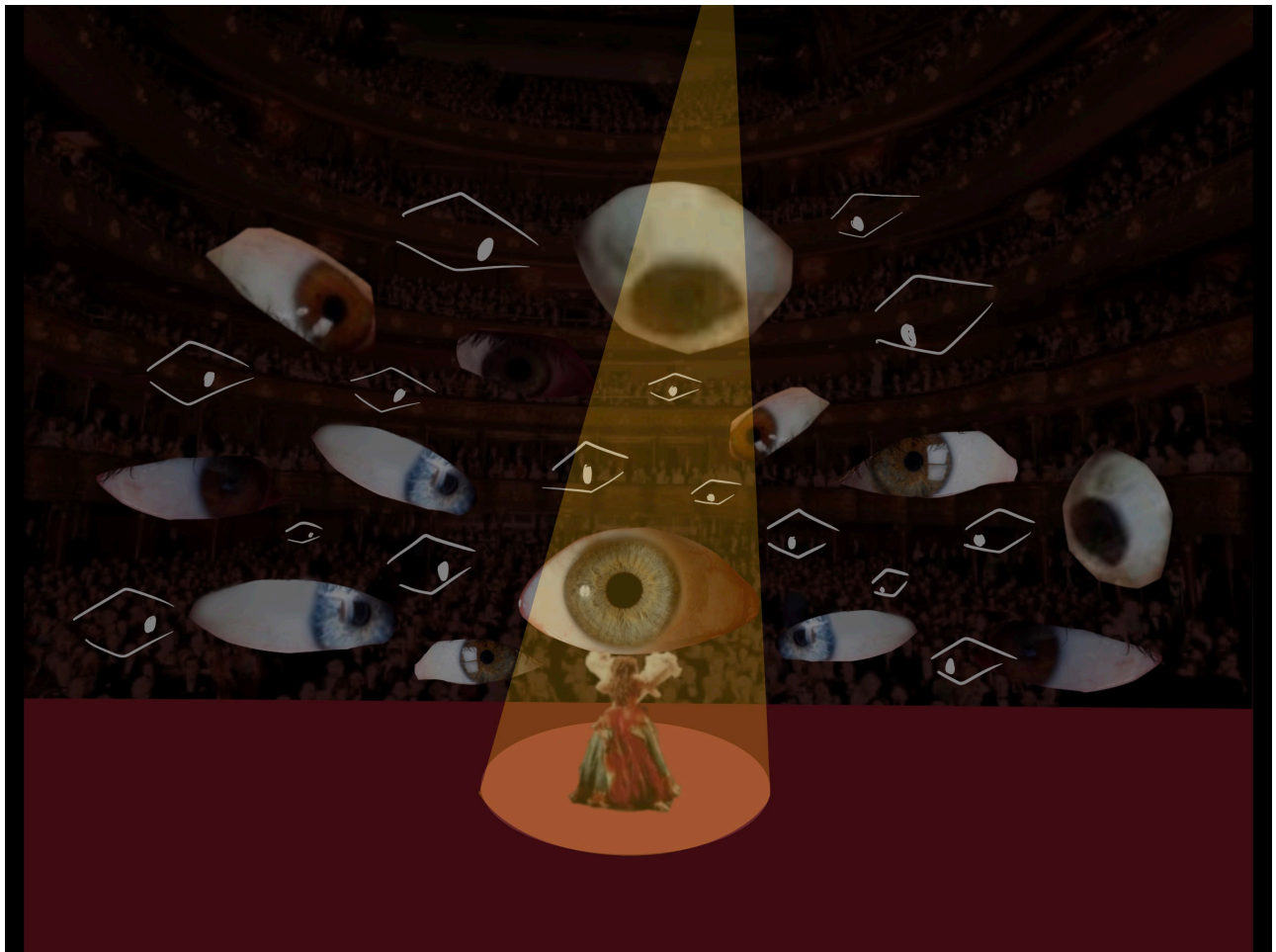
By Claire Lee
Illustration by Alanis Avila



Stage Fright

Stage Fright
I peek out the curtain
My heart beats
I take out my music sheets
Butterflies fly in my stomach
I take a deep breath
My hands shake
I hope I have no mistakes
The curtains draw open
I start to play
I hear cheers and claps
And I did it
But not without...
STAGE FRIGHT

By Leann Choe and Laelle Chon
Illustration by Olivia Kim



Waterfall

The soothing stream of water.
Slams against the poor, old, otters.
“Splish,” “splash.”
Into the river they go.
Into where?
We will never know.

By Francesca Marakas
Photograph by Alyssa Millan



