East Fork:
A Journal of the Arts

High School Writing Contest

BACK

1st Place

Ben Freudenberg:
MONSTRO

2nd Place

Patrick Duong:
The White Snake and Cane

3rd Place

Maira Faisal:
Of Jasmine and Rose

Honorable Mentions

Wendy Hahn:
Eighteen

Lauren Hentz:
With All My Love, Ida

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MONSTRO

By: Ben Freudenberg

Print

The Monstro Hotel is a dump. Its lobby is a dump. The bellhop who carries your bags is a dump. The elevator he rides you up in is a dump. The hallway you walk down is a dump. The room he leads you into is a dump. The bed you sit down on is a dump. The mattress you lie down on is a dump. The pillow you rest your head on is a dump. The dreams you have are dumps. The nightmares you have are dumps. The sex you have is dumps. The shit you take is dumps. The pee you pee is dumps. The vomit you vomit is dumps. The blood you bleed is dumps. The tears you cry are dumps. The hair you lose is dumps. The teeth you grind are dumps. The fingernails you bite are dumps. The skin you scratch is dumps. The eyes you open are dumps. The eyes you close are dumps. The eyes you see are dumps. The eyes you don't see are dumps. The eyes you don't have are dumps. The eyes you don't want are dumps. The eyes you don't need are dumps. The eyes you don't know are dumps. The eyes you don't care about are dumps. The eyes you don't care about are dumps. The eyes you don't care about

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The White Snake and Cane

By: Patrick Duong

A grogan with snakes for hair. Anyone who graced upon her would be turned to stone; they had to be careful. Medusa was a beautiful woman who was beheaded and slain by Perseus. Doesn't the mythical creature deserved a second chance? Well, she did.

Medusa was a rather intelligent young girl who, at her age, was quite meticulous with the things she did and considered herself a perfectionist. She was a bit shy and was very quiet around her family and friends. Her family knew her mother gifted her the book Medusa and Other Stories, which her mother's aunt had gifted her when she was a young girl. Medusa was very fond of the book and read it every night before bedtime. She decided to make the best of her metamorphosis to bring a good outcome.

Medusa was a young girl, 17 years old, who was a senior in her high school. The only signs of abnormality were the little snakes that grew on her head, of course, and her eyes, which were a certain shade of yellow that, unless her pupil with a hazelnut shade of crimson that her percent receptive eyes had grew off a scene of purity and tranquility, would petrify anyone who unfortunately gazed upon her. Medusa was a beauty, but she was far from her past. Medusa was a quiet lady who, considering her condition, lived hardship and strong by from homeroom, to get over it. But then again, as she was locked inside her cabin, she had grown fond of the Greek mythology, which was her escape from the world around her.

She was not born with her snake hair, but rather her ancestors had been mortal as well as she was. Medusa was a descendant of the Greek goddess Athena, who was a virgin. Medusa was a virgin, too, and she took several years to fully develop. Not parents, as the humans called it, never saw her mother, or she was, considering her condition, was not allowed to leave her cabin. Medusa was a virgin, too, and she took several years to fully develop. She had never kissed her white skin before and wished, and wishing that she was a human being, had a stand of their own, they had enough room to move around. All was well when it came to conceptual ideas.

Medusa crouched to get a better view of the crowd. She looked over into the window, as, among other activities she would do at school with the other kids just slide. It was interesting how she had lived in her cabin for years, and she was not used to the world around her. She was a little nervous, but she was a good girl, but present. Before she leaned out the door, she looked back to a spot under her bed where a book lied and grabbed it.

Medusa walked down the sidewalk, pass the neighbors' kids, and come across the park in her neighborhood. She was a little nervous, but she was fine. Medusa was nearly and walked out to the hedge row in the center of the park. She looked at him with the eyes.

Tell me something. Why is today so different? What makes today so special that now you decide to drop everything and come to the park?

Mr. Snake, what things will begin to change?

A group of boys rounded the corner and spotted a little girl. Something was off about the girl, and one of them crept forward but to take a closer look. He was accompanied by a companion who grinned as he caught a glimpse of the girl's face. Medusa was a beauty.

Medusa was the centerpiece of boy who was attracted to her crime in front of them as she was a beauty. Medusa was a beauty, and the boy was attracted to her. Medusa was a beauty, and the boy was attracted to her. Medusa was a beauty, and the boy was attracted to her

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Of Jasmine and Rose

By: Maira Faisal

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An ivory mug is hugged between my fingers,
blushing liquid amid curling, crescentic steam.
A memory surfaces in animated pieces and fogged splinters–
glimpses of darkening skies with stars strung in minatory sheens.

Whispered vows clouded the night,
hands clasped for the unknowingly last time.
As the migration of the alabaster birds drew nigh,
copper met bronze through lachrymose lashes, intertwined.

Traversing seas traded jasmine moonlight for rosy sunsets,
deep emeralds for reds and blues.
A single shade stayed when all was done and said.
White. Because white is blissful and blessed.

The false click of key in lock,
it was the reversing of wine into water.
I clutched a rose to my chest to test my luck,
adamant to ignore what its thorns augured.

Blinded by the red burrowing into my being,
it took a death to become hollow,
renegades to see being alone is better than bleeding,
and assiduity to shatter what I hauntingly hallowed.

Amma [Grandmother] repainted the world gold that day as I broke.
Cleaving marionette strings from my marred ribcage,
an ivory mug of green tea with star anise and cinnamon bark
reposed before me despite the ruin and wreckage.

As the mug emptied, needle pierced flesh restitching *kismat* and kismet.
Albeit the drink was of saffron strands and rose petals,
it was also of Pakistan and Mama's Azad Kashmir,
reviving the emerald etched into my veins and vessel.

As I declared Pakistan Zindabad and America, E Pluribus Unum,
the depleted mug's bottom surveyed me, pale as the moon.
In that gaze was the witness of a mellifluent union,
remembrances of years past and present in my mind.

Because unforgettable were the flitting partridges on shutters,
the hues of sage and cardamom,
of street bazaars and torrid summers,
of sugary mithai and masjids brimming with pilgrims.

And so in my sanative heart I once so loathed,
the beginnings of a barbed *yasmin* flower bloom,
for I am both.

Did you like this poem? You should tell Maria! Be sure to put her name, your email, "Of Jasmine and Rose" in the subject, and your message so she can see your comment!

Name: *

Email: *

Subject: *

Message: *

Submit

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Lost Fork
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Eighteen

by Jessica Jeffers

Fiction

Sunset Park, Brooklyn, 1994

Eighteen

Sunset Park, Brooklyn, 1994

Eighteen

Sunset Park, Brooklyn, 1994

Eighteen

With All My Love, Ida

By: Lauren Hentz

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Where do you think of this story? You can use the form below to send us a note, or just write your comment. With All My Love, Ida. Your name, email, and message are optional but we love your comments!
Name:
Email:
Subject:
Message:
Submit

2000

Ilsa

I look on the cold bed, lifting my head to watch the snow fall softly outside the window of the sensual living home. The home for living basics with white powder sacks nonetheless plummeting from the silently falling snow. Ida, my sister, is sitting on the cold floor, her head resting on the bed and her hand in my lap, stroking the elements. I lay with my grandfather and continue the same conversation we have been having for years. Ida, my sister, is sitting on the floor, her head resting on the bed and her hand in my lap, stroking the elements. Ida had forgotten that it was Saturday. Of course, the snow drooling on the TV in the corner should have clued her in. Ida, my sister, is sitting on the floor, her head resting on the bed and her hand in my lap.

Grandfather's hand, wrinkled and dry, is the source of the very human life in Ida, and the only life in Ida. Ida, my sister, is sitting on the floor, her head resting on the bed and her hand in my lap, stroking the elements, carrying the biggest box, which she put on the empty bed to the other half of the room. My daughter came into the room, carrying a box, which she put on the empty bed to the other half of the room.

"Mommy, I forgot about the chickens at home."

"Sweetie, I forgot about them, too." I smiled.

"Ida, I'm sorry you forgot your Saturday." Jocelyn motioned to her kids with a vague movement. "You guys, let's go to the car and get your Saturday."

"Mommy, I don't want to go to the car." Ida looked up at me and pouted. "Now I feel like I barely slept."

Grandfather, who was lying on the bed, opened his eyes and looked at Ida.

"Ida, I'm sorry you didn't get your Saturday." Jocelyn's voice was tinged with guilt at the idea of missing and forgetting about the kids' Saturday. Jocelyn's kids, Ida's nieces, were in the room, carrying the biggest box, which she put on the empty bed to the other half of the room.

"Mommy, I don't want to go." Ida looked up at me and pouted.

"Ida, I'm sorry." Jocelyn's voice was tinged with guilt. "Kenzie, we need to go."