



g r a y
two thousand and one
m a t t e r

gray matter

two thousand and one

a matter of passion

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Cover:
Perception I by Claire Koh

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Along the Waters by Yiling Wang

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LOVER BLUE

by Ery Shin

Lover blue, lover fair;
Shadows trespass in my heart when thou art near,
For thy perfume lingers in my stray locks of hair.
My blind eyes the bearer of thy salty tear.



LOVE

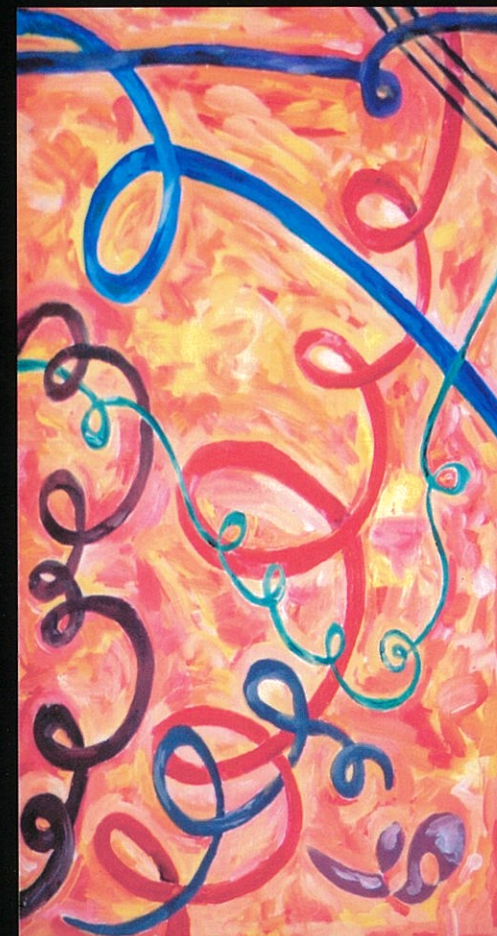
by Daniel Murray

Love is a snake gliding like oil over ice, with eyes of ebony
The skin peeling and sloughing through care
Until the snake slides free and unburdened
Each new scale shimmering in the sun like a winking eye.

Love is a mountain river crashing downhill after a winter thaw
Leaping and sparkling like drops of crystal
Thrashing and curving like a bow and arrow
Knowing no bounds, refreshing the dusty hillside.

Love is a small bud
The flower curled inside as if unaware of life
Hiding, waiting, sleeping, dormant until, one day
It will stretch, uncurl and blossom.

Love is an ivory hunting horn,
Its sound rolling across the pine forests,
Proudly proclaiming itself to the land
The hot blood coursing through veins, driven like a charioteer by the
Thudding heart.



EMBELLISHMENT

by Hannah Michell

Under the stare of swollen eyes,
Your image is beautiful,
You are the David,
Alive and mortal.
Your eyes a depth of blue
In which I swim naked
And I do not come up for air.
Your waters lead to a place,
A heave kept secret and pure
Reserved for the pilgrims within us.
I have been weeping silently,
My tears embellishing
the gentle glow of candlelight
Which has long blown out,
And I am swimming alone,
Long after you have closed your eyes.

FOUR SEASONS

by Ery Shin

Love is craving;
A longing to possess the infinite plains
Of fortitude, yet unable to forego the fleeting dewdrops of summer gone.
Ardor cripple by solemn Discontent.

Love is shadow;
Wisps of wistfulness disturb languor,
As lanterns burning bright, hesitate
Before the dusk, ancient in hunger.

Love is wind;
Blown hither on wings of fidelity.
Stirring thy veins to a sweet tempest,
Ever anxious to water new gardens.

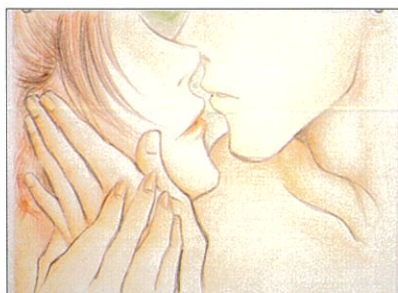
Love is ebony;
Whispers of seduced sincerity
Ringing from thy soul of night.
Adorning the blue moon, 'tis the owl warning away noon

RISE OPHELIA
by Hannah Michell

I am out of breath and undefined,
With my heart on a platter for you.
I am Ophelia,
Lying in the dark waters,
Blind and ready to be undermined,
Once more,
By you.

Surreptitiously I feel there is something wrong,
For neither of us are innocent anymore,
And it has been so long,
Since you were mine alone.

Gazing at the celestial sky with you,
I wonder, is there another me?
Another you?
Is there a place where you understand me too.
So much that you do not have to say the words,
But simply nod once with your eyes.
Time has taken it's toll on our hearts,
We stand here apart,
No longer one as we were in the start,
When I was just a pretty picture for you.
And I rise,
The kaleidoscope comes together,
And may not be pretty,
But it is who I am.



Untitled
by Stephanie Shim

We walked down the beaten path
side by side
to the sound of a blue bird's song.
Surrounded by a sea of color.

You whistled with the birds,
While I strained to see
beyond the bend.
Soon, I could stand it no longer.
I ran ahead
Leaving you behind.

Seeing nothing,
I sat on the side of the road to wait for you.
but you never came.
I waited, and you never came.

With a sigh, I walked on.
tears falling
while the beauty around me
continued to pass unnoticed.

Finally, I looked up
And I saw you.
Waiting at the side of the road,
Smiling.
I ran to you
laughing and crying.

We walked together
side by side,
whistling to the blue bird's song.

ANGER
by Sandy Choe

A monster's gnarled nightmare claw grasping at your throat
It demolishes the fragile glass soul and clutches at sensitive soul tendrils
But most of all
It is a fire obsession that consumes our minds
And waits, too quietly
Enveloped in darkness
For me
To burn myself with my hate

-HAVE-ME-NOT
by Annie H Lee

So clear
It grabs my attention
And won't let go
It beckons me
From behind the inconspicuous glass pane
Whispering
"have me, have me
don't you desire me?"

my hopes, my fantasies,
my vision of untainted love
all merged together, creating one lust-worthy pic-
ture
existing
just beyond that crystal clear glass

with passion aflame and yearning overpowering
I will my hesitant hand to reach forward
As my hunger for the utopia before my eyes
Extinguish all doubts and leave no residue

Tiptoeing towards the glass barrier
My hands strains forward, unstoppable

But

The instant my fingertip graze the pane
All is obliterated
The glass shatters
And the apparition is no more

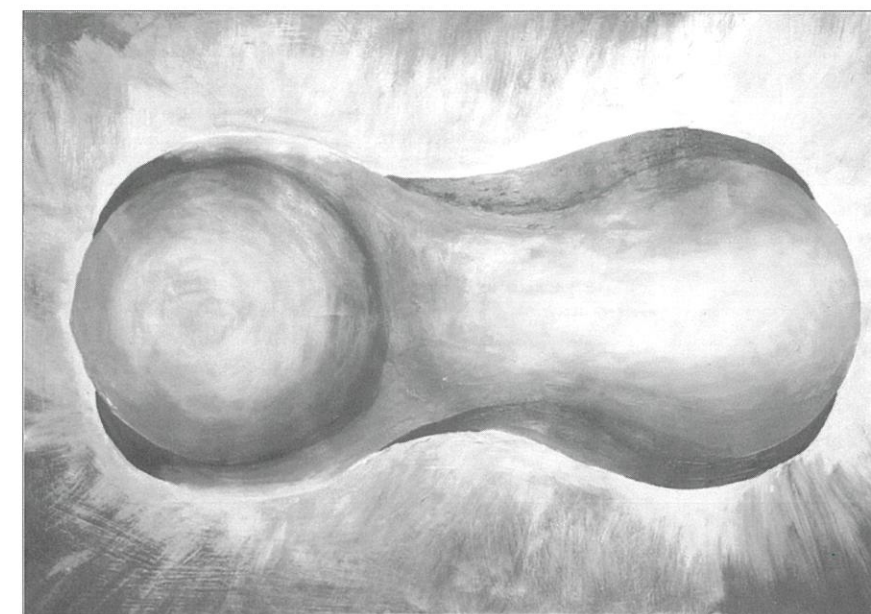
IT'S TIME...

by Diana Fauzan

it is almost here
the beating of my heart races on
swirling and dancing outside
on the perfectly laid out ivory landscape,
reflecting the golden moon, talking to the silver stars
as the darkness of the howling statue hovers near the white virgin
tree,
the flake capriciously attaches itself
on to the window and soon let go
as the rising heat from my room melts it away,
gradually marking its absence with a liquid spot
droplet sliding down, far down to meet the
minute-old snowflakes, soon ready to rise again

"life" I sigh out loud
this pain...
this discomfort...
disturbed and distressed
the world doesn't seem to perceive - yet again I sigh
streaks of crispy air slips inside
I hold my hands together, cold and panic
it's almost here...
I shut my eyes imagining the dirty flow of dreadfulness
overcoming my empty meditation
"I can't hold it anymore"
peeking at the wall, I illustrate my thoughts across it
what will happen to me tomorrow?
I look left, I look right
Silence is echoed by the ticking from the
Table clock frozen on the platform
I want to part today, I will begin fresh tomorrow
everything new...
peace has found its way
now time belongs to me
I close my watery eyes in serenity

the ticking is soon sheltered by stillness,
the ivory landscape is roofed by darkness,
as the golden moon fades away,
where once the howling statue cried,
as the snowflakes were sent down from heaven,
when my heart was pacing on and on and on...



Flight into Eternity

By Phil Chang

Look up, searching, into the infinite blue expanses
And lift your wings higher in great sweeping advances
Never look down, for the drop into the abyss is long.

Suspended between the planes of eternity,

You are destined to learn only
One
Way
Only
The rippling sloshing of the tides of time
The gusting howl of the winds of choice,
And in your mind thunders the echo of The voice (The voice)
"You may fly one way,
but fly that course to the fullest,
For too many dreams pursued will
Never be caught
Except in the clutches of feeble mediocrity,
Lost like a precious feather in the fickle winds of opportunity."
As you gloat buoyant as a cloud, pondering, elevated by
Nothing but the innovation of your own mind
As the horizon flashes by and by
Day revolves to reveal night
Eternity passes throughout your flight.
Keep a vision within your sights
And endeavor to always
Fly forever high.



Standing Up
by Ji Young Kim

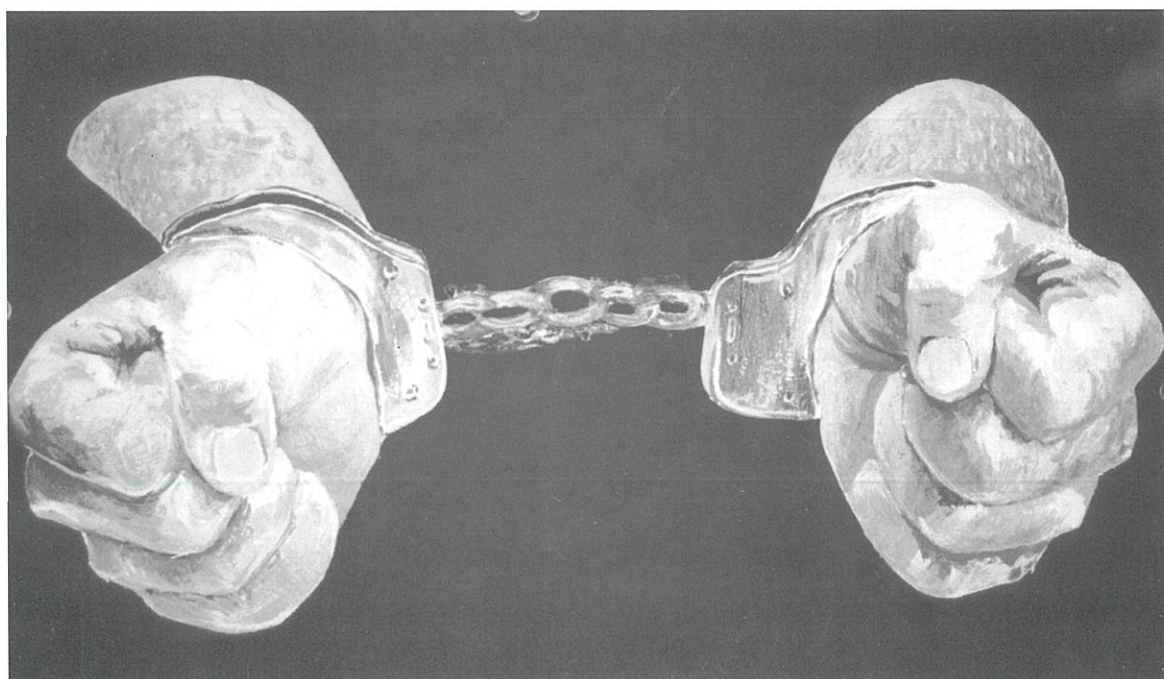
When I watch you
Get low grades
Through your fruitless efforts
Or trip and fall

When I watch you
Play that fast-paced game
Big and tough in a samurai way
And people say "don't listen to him"

I stand up
No matter what anyone says
I stand up

Untitled Haiku
by Sarah Yun

My sorrow remains
I sit here mindless tonight
All I have is tears



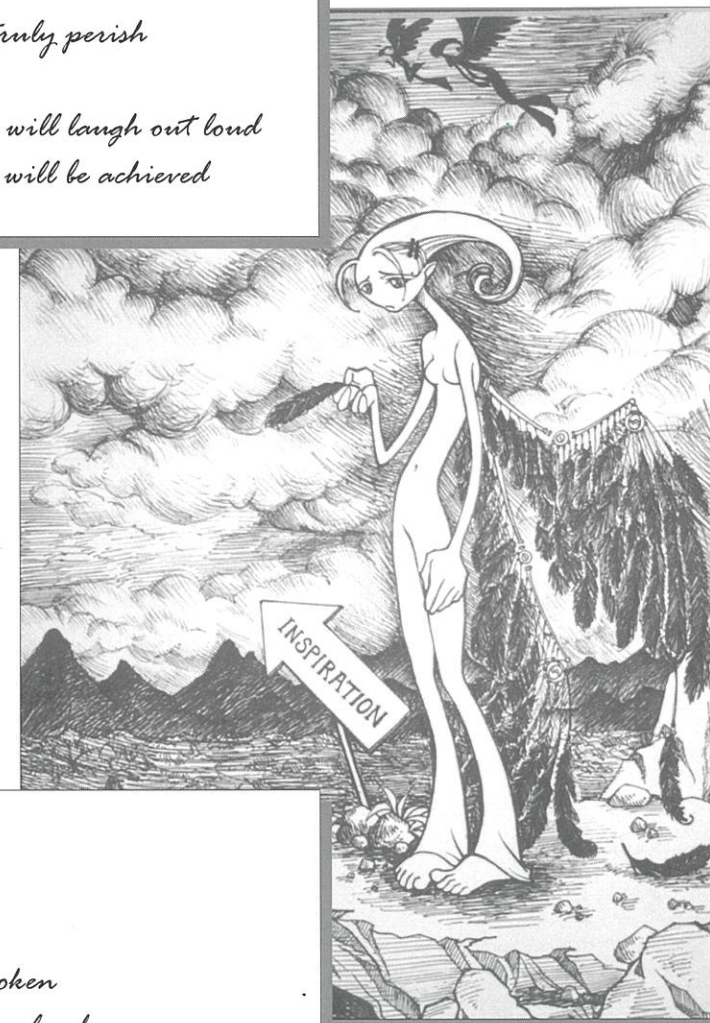
Death of a Writer

by Daniel Murray

Weep not, dear world, over the end of the scribe
For the grave itself cannot entirely take such a man
Though flesh be dust and fingers write no more
He lives on through his work

When his words are seen, and the pages are turned
His memory through us is reborn
As long as we continue to read his written art
Then the memory of him will never truly perish

We will skim over, we will study, we will laugh out loud
At his writing, and his immortality will be achieved



untitled

by Sandy Choe

The poet is a fair bird with wings broken
Flying above us high up in the puffy clouds
But is always caged to earth by mortality and silent pain
It strives to understand the beyond
And comes back to us knowing
But is always hurt by the whisperings of its own soul-being
Unable to mold pristineness into words

A Natural Matter

Morning in April

by Sandy Choe

the first blushes of pale raindrop pinkness slowly dot the tired horizon
lifting the sun out of its forever reverie
the huge disc of melted gold spans the reckless dawn, always luring it farther away
the first morning glory shyly opens her purple cocoon and the night painted flowers
sing their sweet harmony with the lull of the sweetgrass fairy crowns
the dappled, tranquil woodlark almost forgets his song
at the glowing, first love beauty of the new morning
as the wispy threads of silken wind begin their daily homage to the blades of small
prairie grass to let the world know that a new day has come
once again to the sound of the wild prairie's dawn



Theft

by Kristina Kay Rader

Enter a poem,
Like a thief,
Cloaked in vacant
Darkness. Look around,
Eyes trying to focus
On the hazy images within.
Open the door,
Be bold.
Have no fear
The discovery is
In the adventure
Live, read, breathe, absorb
Steal.
Become.
Once a transformation occurs,
From simple thief to
Millionaire
The poem,
Is your bounty.
And entering it,
Is the
Heist.

A Definition of Poetry

by Sandy Choe

Poetry is like a warm song
It grows from the heart
Powerful
The voice of my mind's soul that I dare to express
sometimes
By slowly molding into words

Spring

by May Kim

The piercing winds begin to disappear,
As the sun gently awakens frozen streams.
The sweet aroma of spring fills the atmosphere,
Waking animals from their endless dreams.
Butterflies chase each other with new wings,
As silently and serene as icicles quietly leave.

The bluebird happily sings,
When naked trees put on fresh olive leaves.
Dandelions begin their long journeys,
Ready to start a new generation.
Flowers bloom and welcome starved bumblebees,
For spring always brings many creations.
Ah, the delicate scent of spring we will never bury,
As it remains an everlasting memory.

Rose

by Kelly Kim

Droplets of fresh water,
Shimmer like silver sparkles,
Transparent crystal marbles,
Dribble smoothly onto the deep red velvet,
Her attractiveness captures your eyes,
Casting you under a magical spell,
Her desire for admiration
Has you amazed by her beauty
Irresistible sweet scent
Hypnotizes your mind
Forcing you to reach out
Attacking your fingertips
Powerfully with her sharp nails
Betraying your love for her

Mist

by Phil Chang

Sits and floats in an insipid,
Enervated sort of way.
Vapid, thick, and brooding,
Like tepid cream of mushroom soup.
You could almost slice through every pore,
And cut out a piece to eat.
Shimmied down every Chimney,
Nestled itself in every nook and cranny;
Peering cautiously at everyone.
Reaching with wispy tendrils.
This air of complete lassitude,
Why must you dwell so low and torment
Me, the boy who simply wants to get home,
Without getting lost in this
Procrustean milieu.

early february morning

by sandy choe

this morning i looked out my window and saw the world covered in sugar
white, flaky, frosty sugar that the hungry sky-ogre must have sprinkled
over all the rooftops in a pointless attempt
to eat the world and not be hungry anymore

Silent Footsteps

by Vicky Baker

Glowing lights begin to crumble,
Like the town's daily mumble.
The flicker of blinding light.
Silhouettes the jewels of night.

There's a soft patting of gliding paws,
With the silent scraping of claws.
The moon casts a silky shawl,
Over a town of mimicking walls.

The bristle of whiskers whisk into the shadows,
That in the coming of day turn into meadows.
Sharpened ears twitch,
To many a different pitch.

Its nose shivers,
As the soft breath of day quivers,
Fire bounces in front of the moon,
As the town's mumble will tingle soon.



Guiding Light

by Shana Hong

Sparkling bright stars
Shining down into my eyes
Show me the way home

A breath is taken
In the silence of darkness
Everything is still

By Albert Kim

If things were better
for me, flies, I'd invite you
to share my supper!

By Ghazal Vaziri

Autumn leaves changing
Beautiful are the colors
So sad they fall down

By Dohee Kim

December snowflake
Glistens and falls gently in
The silver moon sky

By Albert Ahn

The dew drips slowly
The green shakes as the leaves drop
There goes another

By John Jung

Dew Drops

By Araam Han

Glistening splendor
Shed overnight in beauty
To reveal her gift

All day in gray rain
colorful leaves, follows the sun's
invisible road.

By Ghazal Vaziri

A Matter of Perspective

Concerning Hypocrisy and Lies

By Phil Chang

A queer thing it is, this fickle siren of darkness.
As it beckons
You
Closer to it, crooning like a twisted bird
craving for a wriggling, squirming worm.
Yet we are drawn to this repulsive monstrosity.
And when you cross the
River Styx of unmatched peril to meet this vision,
She
Transforms
Into a monster. Only to grab you with wicked claws of
vice And plunge you
deeper into
A whirling maelstrom, a frothing Charbydis of
Despair that crushes your ribs into your chest cavity.
And causes your innards to implode upon themselves.
All the while you hear
The echoing,
Screaming sardonically at your impudence
And malicious lies,
This is truly ironic judgment.



Voices of War

By Daniel Murray

Dancing on the broken treaties
Dancing on the young and hopeful
Dancing with the sweat of factories
The dancer is dancing on

Let us crack open the canisters
and feed our hungry barrels
Let us pour the fuel
and drop our lightened flame
Let us march and chant in joy
and kick apart our world

"The Bomber"
I see the twinkling lights
dotting the black world beneath the bomber
place
Oh, how beautiful!
Push the button

"The Tank"
Crushing the soft bodies beneath the tank's
bulk grinding the face into chewed-up mud
Judging harshly all in range What genius / mad-
man could have dreamed up this?

Oh woe, oh bloody flagellation!
How the warm colours have been chilled to
grey
Beckoning delights behind an unsmiling glass
door
Such delight no longer in my grasp
The memories pouring in on my torture
An ashen cloud of despair that offers no joy
Just burnt-out embers remain

Dancing on the pile of skulls
dancing on the blind and mad
Dancing with the skeleton trees
The dancer dances on

In his poem "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," T.S. Elliot said, "There will be time to pre-
pare the face to meet the faces that you meet." What is one mask that you wear for others,
and why do you wear it?

By Diane B. Kim

Take a step away from me. From a distance, I seem tough and apathetic. I don't fret
over chipped nails and split ends, nor do I cry when I get hurt or when I am sick. Pain avoids me
and fear runs from me. And I'll let you in on a little secret. Every morning I put on a mask of
stoicism, which helps me to appear calm and stable in any situation.

The first time I remember wearing my mask was in kindergarten. It was the day of the
annual Christmas concert and my parents did not come to watch me perform in my Christmas
tree costume. I knew they were busy and that both of them were working that night, but the
mind of a small, five year old girl refused to think rationally. As disappointed as I was, I acted
as if nothing was wrong and fought back the tears that were welling up in my eyes. It was only
after the concert ended when I allowed myself to cry in the safety of my room, making sure no
one could see or hear me. I was ashamed to let others know that I was affected so greatly by
such a small incident.

As I grew older, not only did I avoid crying, but I also restricted myself from being driven
by my emotions. I hid fear and pain as best as I could. In the third grade, I rolled off the bed
one night and hurt my arm, but I did not tell me parents. It was after my mom discovered that
I couldn't even raise my arm to dress that she took me to the hospital to find I had fractured
my arm.

There is an old Korean proverb which states a man should only cry three times in his
life: when he is born, when his parents die, and when his country is annexed by another. This
saying reflects my personal philosophy of how I should act. Crying in public makes me feel un-
comfortable. The attention that is drawn to someone who is sobbing is too much to handle. I
need to let people know that I am strong and do not need anyone's help to pull myself to-
gether, in case I might shatter. My mask protects my self-esteem and pride, and I wear it to
prevent myself from falling too quickly.

Now, come and stand closer to me. The reality is, however, I do take off my mask from
time to time. I can be emotional and compassionate, only I don't choose to be in many circum-
stances. I am the kind if person who sits in the back. Simply listening and absorbing all that is
being said in a room full of sobbing people at a retreat. Sometimes I feel as if it is a sin not
crying in certain situations, but I can't force myself to cry in order to conform to those around
me. Perhaps it is because I feel that their tears substitute for mine. I choose to be strong
when all others are vulnerable and prefer to remain stable while others break down. I express
empathy with my heart, not my tears. As Paul Laurence Dunbar once wrote, "We wear the
mask that grins and lies, it hides our cheeks and shades our eyes..." The mask I wear makes up a
part of who I am.

Worlds Apart

By Michelle G. Lee

Two different realms, worlds, types of thought,
approaches on life
Yet a connection has been made
A bridge of steel

You think hip-hop, I think punk rock
We put on our fronts for the world to see

You want to blend in,
To walk the halls without being pointed out
While I don't mind sticking out
Like the sore thumb that I am

You might ponder
What's for lunch?
While I ask myself why I no longer have a strong faith in God

Trivial things
You're almost six feet, I'm barely five
You're Korean, and I'm Chinese
You're only a baby at 14, while I'm jaded at 16

You spell lyke thiz alz tha tyme on purpoze
While I check my grammar 5 times over for mistakes

You aim to entertain with your quirky interjections
While I aim to achieve my goal of ending superficially,
Conformity, and male chauvinism

Yet we share a common morality
We're straightedge
We're clean

I truly respect you for making the choice
In spite of your friend who says you're just chicken
Too chicken to try

I don't respect just anyone you know
You've proved yourself

Interesting.

I'm analyzing the way you walk
I'm judging your clown-like smile

And you'll never know it.

You'll never know any of this
Because I'll never tell you.

The Outer Me

By Ji Young Kim

If you take a fleeting glance,
A glimpse...You will see a
Sunny Disposition, a bright
Smile every time you say "hi".

If you take a fleeting glance,
A glimpse...You will notice an
Assiduous, Hardworking
Girl.

If you take a fleeting glance,
A glimpse...You will see and hear
Laughter as pure as gold
Echoing the halls of the school.

If you take a fleeting sniff,
A mere whiff...You will smell
Green Tea and Herbal Essences.



The Inner Voice

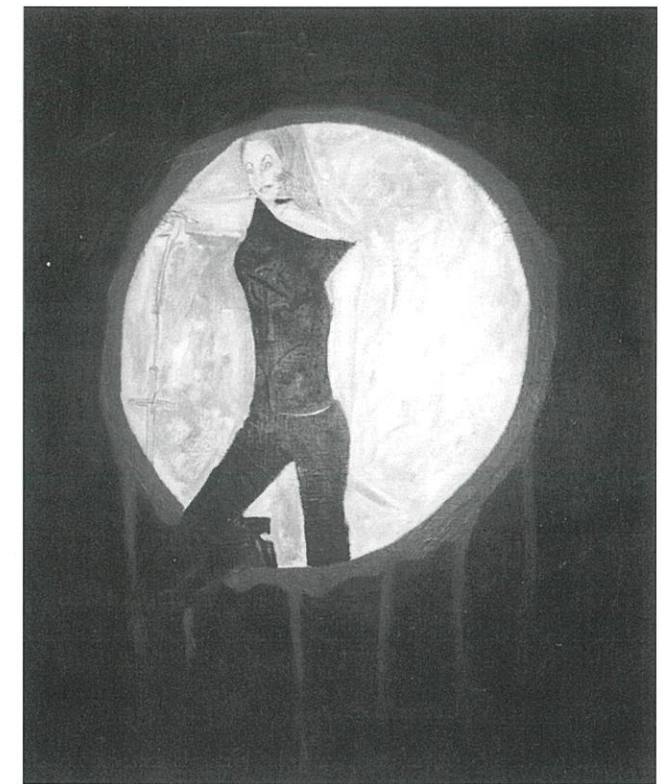
By Ji Young Kim

If you look closely,
Deeply...You will see
An abrasion, a scar that
Every Pain and Every
Hardship has left behind.

If you look closely,
Deeply...You will see
A smile, a grin as
Pristine as an angel's for
Every Joy and Every
Triumph that has rung
Through the Halls of my heart.

If you listen closely,
Deeply...You will hear
A shout, a yell for
Every Frustration and Every
Disappointment that an
Outsider will never hear.

If you dilate your nostrils,
And inhale Deeply...You will
smell
Every Fear and Every
Trepidation that has forced
My Bravery to Prevail.



The Masterpieces of Genius

Sandy Choe

He pulled out his pen and began to draw numbers, signs, many symbols
To show us what he thought
I don't really remember
Something about time and space and motion
When he was done and he looked at us all around in chairs
Staring at his storms of signs and many many symbols
And the world said it was insanity
What he wanted us to see was so insanely mad
Such a find border between insanity and utter genius

Untitled

By Sandy Choe

Some days
I sit in the worn velvet armchair by the peephole
Warming my chilled fingers with a mug of barley tea
And listen to the plinking song of the rain
It is in these rare droplets of tranquility
I have held in my heart all these years
That I think about what could have been
And pour out all my silenced dreams



Lost in my Dreams

By Grace Kim

Lost in my dreams,
I am tonight,
As I am, every night.

Living and breathing solely on illusions,
I spend each day,
Waiting for night,
So as I can drink a dream... or two.

Sometimes I savor banana splits, chocolate cakes, and mousse
Decoratively packaged as dazzling flights of fancy or visions of brilliance.
Sometimes I hold my nose and frown as I push down my throat,
Never-ending amounts of celery and turnips, olives and eggplants
Disguised as nightmares and horrid visions of terror

Nevertheless, I wait- for every hour to pass,
Counting the seconds, the minutes, the hours..
I tap my foot and sigh;
And when I hear the voice of my bedcovers calling me to sleep
I slip underneath and close my eyes- happy to be entering
The gates of my own world
Where I can be me, as loud and happy as can be.
I giggle and laugh with bliss,
Lost in my Dreams
I am tonight,
As I am, every night.

The Bookcase

By Daniel Murray

The inscrutable beast sits meditating
across the wall, claiming it as its own.
It has been witness to many things
since it was crafted by the hands of its maker.

It is at peace with the world and dreams
of distant spires and communes
With the little insects that run across it,
always listening, and thinking, contemplating.

It stores all that it knows in its teeth,
protruding in rows from the wooden lower gums of its
many mouths.
Some are lined up neatly like soldiers on parade,
others are crooked and leaning against each other.

There are the canines (horror), the molars (romance),
the incisors (adventure) and the premolars (mystery).
Some of the enamel is scuffed and worn through over-use.
dust gathers softly on the lips, between the teeth like
scraps of food.

The beast waggles its mouth open,
daring you to risk putting your hand through the jaws,
And dislodge one of the teeth
to find out what the world has to offer.



Haiku 2 "Midnight"

By James Chae

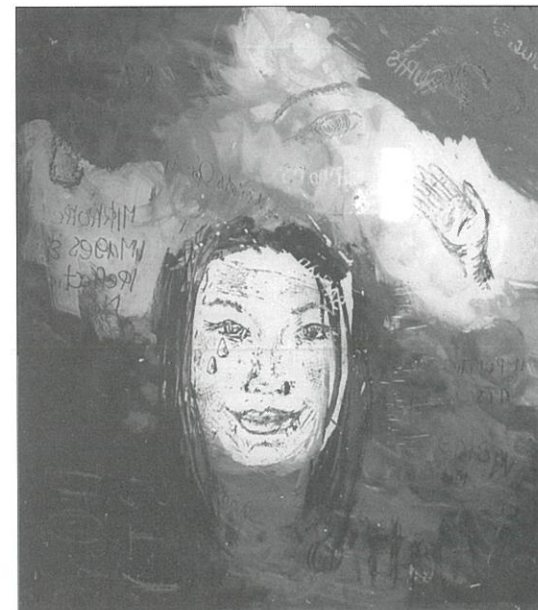
Stillness in a chair
Glaring monitor glowing
Numbness in the wrists

If Only...

By Grace Kim

I'm sitting on a bench and around me, I see a multitude of cherry and apple trees in full blossom. It's spring - April or May - I can not tell. A gust of wind suddenly appears and showers me with countless pink and red petals. Standing up to shake the petals off, I smell the enticing aroma of strawberries and cream. Closing my eyes to sense the smell better, I slowly start to pace towards the source. The fragrance gets stronger as I walk faster and faster and when I open my eyes, I see a pink room with a huge bathtub filled to the brim with warm water and bright red roses. I climb in, disregarding the fact that I'm fully clothed. Sighing with relief, I pull myself deeper in, down until my nose is underwater, with my eyes skimming the surface of the pool.

Poof A small puppy that looks unmistakably like how a sea otter pops up out of the water, trying to stay above, paddling its arms like mad. Its whiskers are quivering in fear and it manages to let out a small whimper. With a squeal, I whisk the puppy into my arms. Licking my hands and smiling at the same time, the otter-puppy rests its legs on my lap. We have just begun to get to know each other when a dark, mysterious hand sweeps the puppy out of my reach. Screaming and barking, the puppy starts to cry, and tears start falling down my cheeks in irresistible streams. A second later, a knife appears out of nowhere and slits open the stomach of the poor creature and I let out a scream of anger, horror, and despair. But as the dog reaches for me, I do not try to save it. All I do is run away and hide - like a complete coward and fool. I sit, crouched behind the bars of an eternal self-created prison, weeping and sobbing tears of sorrow and regret.

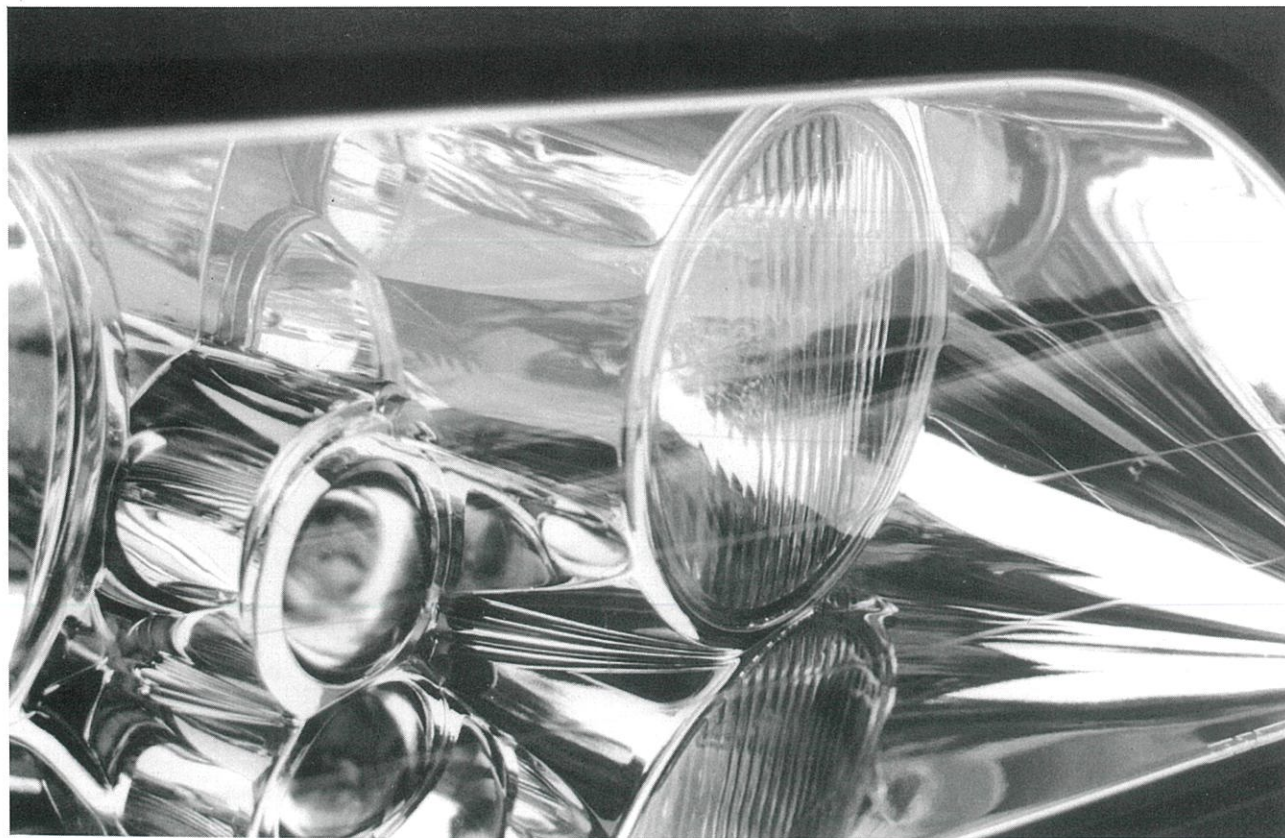


I wake up sweating, with irrepressible tears in my eyes and falling down the sides of my face. All I feel in my heart is an overwhelming, uncontrollable, and everlasting pain - created by guilt, remorse, and hate - towards my cowardly actions as well as myself. If only I had turned back and tried to save my small, helpless friend. If only I had stood up against my fears. If only I had fought off that horrible beast of a hand. If only... If only... If... Only...

Traffic Lights

By Molly McCarthy

We hurl ourselves down the road, fighting our way
Through waves of heat and swirling dust.
We all line up against the white lines.
Sleek foreign cars, humble auto rickshaws, old scooters packed with whole families.
A light tap on the window disrupts the chatting voices.
Pretending it was unheard; the conversation carries uneasily on.
Do I have to look?
Why do I have to stare at his pitiful worship?
The deep wrinkles in his hunger-ridden face, his toothless mouth as he makes
Some inaudible whimper against my tinted window.
I fidget about, pretending I can't find my purse,
All the time, waiting for the lights to change.
Why should he have to eat his dignity before a seventeen-year-old?
Finding a few rupees that will not even buy a piece of bread,
I roll down the window and drop the money into his elephant skinned hands.
Bending low, he bows, showing his respect.
Why should he?
I gave him less than he deserved.
As I turn to give him a faint smile, a tear forms against the unpleasant, bloodshot
White of his eye.
As the car creeps forward his wordless cry for a basic necessity echoes in my mind.
I look up and see the light change...green...freedom...but not for all of us.



In Defence of a Reputation

By Daniel Murray

The Editor
"The Times"
London

Sir,

I am writing to defend the public integrity of one of the most maligned figures in popular folk-tale. I am, of course, referring to a certain Mr. Lucifer, (or the "Morning Star" to his many friends), who has been subjected to, over a course of a couple of millennium, a barrage of ridicule and false stories. I, myself, have been privileged to have met Lucifer over the course of a few pentagons drawn in salt and goat's blood in the basement of an abandoned church, and am pleased to announce that the figure, commonly referred to as "Satan" or "the Devil", is merely a harmless old gent who is perplexed at the sheer venom directed at him.

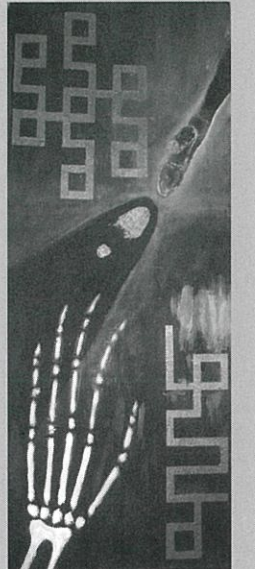
First of all, let me refer to Lucifer's exit from Heaven, rather vulgarly referred to as "The Fall". While many propagandist sources, (such as the much referred to "Bible"), claim that Lucifer, in his pride, attempted a rebellion in open battle and was "thrown out", (as is the expression, I believe). The truth is that he merely asked the Almighty for time off due to his busy schedule and was turned down. Since there was, (and still, I might add), no heavenly union, Lucifer stayed true to his liberal principles and left with a number of like-minded colleagues to set up his own corporation.

His name has been further slandered in a series of entirely biased films. While it is true he took "possession" (to put it coarsely) of young Regan's body in "The Exorcist", it was only for a short period of time while he got his affairs back in order. Unfortunately, he was subjected to much hassle by a pair of priestly hooligans and forced to leave. Similarly, "The Omen" puts much doubt on the character of his family, especially his beloved son, Damien. The truth is, Damien is a fine young man, very much involved in local community affairs and is currently coaching the high school girls' hockey team. I would like to remind my readers that the accusations claiming Damien was responsible for the outbreak of pestilence amongst rival hockey teams involve entirely circumstantial evidence.

And now, I would like to bring up the subject of a certain Mr. Dante Alighieri and his dubious poem, "The Divine Comedy". Although Mr. Alighieri is, of course, entitled to his own views, he does create the impression of Hell, Mr. Lucifer's organization, as being a terrible place of pain where the damned are tortured forever and that Mr. Lucifer has nothing better to do than chew people up. The reality of the matter is that Hell is a perfectly respectable company, very well organized with no pits of fire or burning sands strewn carelessly over the place. The case of Mr. Alighieri's slander is that during his tour of Hell, his poetry was constructively criticised by a certain Mr. Azazel. Mr. Alighieri took unreasonable offence at this and proceeded to create much libel against Mr. Lucifer and his estate. I am now currently lodging a lawsuit against Mr. Alighieri.

The truth of the matter is that Mr. Lucifer, far from being "the Great Beast", has done much to keep the various evangelists and preachers in business. He has been distressed by the entirely fictional involvement between himself and many unscrupulous, publicity-seeking types, namely Mr. Marilyn Manson and Mr. Aleister Crowley. I am confident that, once the various legal matters have been resolved, Mr. Lucifer will be seen in an entirely new light.

Yours untruly,
B.L.Zebub
Vice-President of the Seventh Circle of the Inferno



"Hope is a waking dream"
 Aristotle says,
 As he wipes his philosophers fingers over his
 brow
 And his shadow
 Mimics onto the wall
 Through the candle flame.
 Late night is broken by the sweat
 That drips down his forehead
 After waking from the shallow nightmare
 He has just entered.
 Insomnia gnaws at his eyes
 Making them dry
 dry
 dry
 As the thoughts in his
 mind absolutely
 race with a speed incomprehensible.
 Greased with the oil
 Of intelligence
 And unhinging
 For wanting of slowing down.
 All philosophers and geniuses
 Eventually go insane
 Their minds unhinged
 Too greased for their own sanity
 Hope is a waking dream
 Aristotle says.
 As he lays his head down upon his arms
 And weeps

By Kristina Rader

Move On Over Ebonics

By Albert Kim

The English language has evolved through the ages, from its early beginning with the Anglo-Saxons, to Shakespeare's brilliant prose, to eventually what has metamorphosed into modern English. The language has undergone yet another transformation in recent years and has officially declared Ebonics a language of its own. Dialects are present in great numbers in countries like China and Africa, so it comes as no surprise that English has adopted many variations of parlance as well. SFS has developed a vernacular of its own, which in many respects has elevated English to another level of elegance and perspicuity. It's so simple, easy to understand, and most importantly, grammatically correct in all cases. In addition, the synergy of English and Korean has truly made Seoul Foreign's dialect a cultural one.

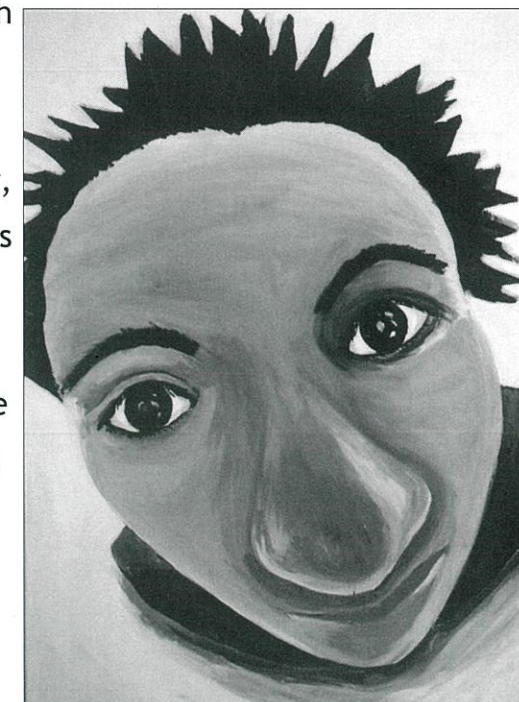
First off, let's assess the development of the "eh" statement that has become very popular among Seoul Foreign School's articulate youth. The sound "eh..." is used to display various emotions poorly evinced by other actions, words or English phrases. The most common feelings the word is used to express are confusion, disapproval,

arrogance, and embarrassment. This word can be best utilized to conceal emotions inappropriate for any given situation. For example, at a college interview, when faced with an inquiry that one has absolutely no intelligent response, it would be most wise to fill the silence with "eh...". If this silence continues and it is obvious beyond doubt that it is impossible to elicit any type of answer, one may attach the adjunct noun "soh...". Rather than show the interviewer any lack of knowledge or incapacity to reason intellectually, kill two birds with a stone and impress him or her with SFS's sophisticated style of speech.

The classic expression "I swear" has also established itself firmly in SFS's language and, like the expression "eh...", is used to portray contradiction to a statement, disapproval, or disbelief. However, more clever and witty individuals will take "I swear" and combine the phrase with a statement of their own, which ultimately creates an outrageously funny and sarcastic retort. Replacing the "s" with a "z", which produces a richer sound and adds emphasis to its statement, preserves the expression's originality.

The word "random" is also a common term, primarily used to express feelings experienced when something is out of the ordinary. In most cases, anything can be "random", especially a person's actions or female and male interaction. Far from being a jargon or solecism, the phrase "what the random?" has also become popular among SFS's finest and eloquent students. In addition, what is "random" can also be "brave" or, combining Korean and English, "ginger brave", and anything to draw attention is classified as such.

The neologisms and articulate style of speech are unparalleled, and they clearly manifest the student body's firm grasp of the English language. In the college interview example mentioned earlier, had the interviewer asked something along the lines of, "How do you think you will benefit from our school?", an SFS student's profound and inspirational response would be "Eh...soh...What the random? I zwear I know the answer. But I'm going to be ginger brave and say... .." Such a charming and captivating response would, without a doubt, enlighten the listener.





a matter of growing up

Where I'm From
By Kristina Rader

I'm from elusive grandparents of the skies
Big family Christmas
And an immortal Santa Claus poster
On the wall.

From campus kids with a
Fake red poinsettia on stage
Singing
"all I want for Christmas is my two front
teeth"
while my little cousin lifts her skirt
HIGH
Above her head.

I'm from a campus where everyone is an
Aunt or Uncle
Where little people with big ears
Play on a sand playground with a HUGE
slide
From hours outside climbing running bruising
laughing
Building forts and freeing my imagination

I'm from sports at recess and always tower-
ing
Over the boys

I swim in the tides of changing friendships
A new one paddling up to me each year.

I come from rice with everything
Sticky toes
And family devotions to conclude

My life has been only place,
With no boundaries
And I am still a little blonde Korean girl,
Whose chubby cheeks were always pinched
"yae pu da" (cute)
and who will always live in a world all her
own.



Shy Guy
Alex Paik

The groggy morning puts on a grey face
And prods me awake with an early draft,
Chilling my body down to its soul
While clouds overlap and fill the sky

On such days it is your radiance
That sweeps away the morning fog
Which had immersed me in Monday morning
Yet I hesitate in your presence

For sweet and innocent, yet quite awake
You are my Sleeping Beauty
And if I had just shield and sword
I would be your prince.

Where I'm From
By Camilla Snuggerud

I am from silver teaspoons,
Old Nordic folktales,
And 1001 Arabian Nights.

I am from my grandmother's laundry room,
And dusty glass bottles of banana milk,
In a dark kitchen.

I'm from old 70's hand me downs,
And The Sound of Music.

I'm from the sweet smell of lilac,
The heady smell of old gasoline.
From cod liver oil,
And 5-cent cotton candy,
That melted on my tongue on hot summer days.
From bad grades,
And good friends all around the world.

I'm from Kmart in Caboolture,
With long halls,
Filled with goods,
And flooded with bright,
Luminous lights,
To the spice souk in Damascus,
Overflowing with mint,
And garlic and thyme.

I am from brightly colored bags,
Of neon orange Doritos,
Small bowls of kimchi,
And smoked salmon.

I'm from the pumpkins,
And bamboo plants,
In my backyard.
And South Korean soldiers,
Standing in stern tae-kwon-do poses,
At the D.M.Z.

I am from the playground of my imagination.

My Shaping
By Annie H. Lee

Little hideout places
Designated by my brother and me
Secret code names
Evil strategies
Our mission: Make Our Neighbors Miserable!
Proudly succeeding more than failing

We dubbed ourselves...the Rigma club

Old Grandfather
The one I told my lonely stories to
The one who listened without complaint
Or more like, without any words at all
Always standing firmly in front of our yard,
rain or shine
Extending its hospitality to squirrels and ci-
cadas
Offering breezy music of leaves
My trusty oak tree
Loyal and dependable

Chiming lily of the valleys
Constantly grabbing my attention
Azaleas sporting fuschia
Blooming with abandon
Each one of those charming individuals
Giving color to my young, searching eyes

Wild shrieks
As I ran under the sprinkler
Cutting through a faint rainbow

The squish squash of my keds
Plodding through the morning dew

Waking up in awe to see blinding rays of
sunlight piercing my room

All of this
The jolts, fragments, chunks
Making me yearn for them once more
As they replay in my memory
In the front and back yards of my mind
Never letting me go...



Where I'm From
By Albert Kim

I am from grilled kalbi and broiled prime rib,
Ninja-turtles and Velcro.

I'm from the apples I refused to eat,
and the itch in my throat when I did.

I'm from bicycles.

Asphalt enamored with my knees,
Fresh cut grass and bologna sandwiches.

I'm from slave hood under a "knoogie" administrator,
Crimson eyes and incessant nasal explosions when the birds fly back north.

I'm from the "you should have listened to me's" and the "I'm sorry's"

Cardiac arrest while in the presence of beauty
Long talks with a friend who can walk on water.

I'm from the ivy and star peppered sky of an institution
Dedicated to culturing society's elite,
Submission to matriarchal ascendance;
The fiber never stops coming.

I'm from all that life has thrown my way
I wonder where I'll be from,
Tomorrow...

Shabby at all four edges, scotch taped at various parts with pictures and stickers, five medium-sized journals with ridiculous English words written on the covers primarily for advertisement purposes hold inside them the laughter, the tears, the hugs, and the hopes of my entire middle school and high school life. However, unlike other ordinary journals, these five simple notebooks not only reflect my own life, but also embody the inner thoughts of my best friend and my other half, Claire, and the development of our relationship.

Claire and I were among the twenty other pairs of girls who began a trend of "friendship" journals at our school. In fact, the initial stage of these diaries was more of a contest of which pair would be able to decorate their journals in the most elaborate way, maintain their secrecy, and at the same time sustain their progress. As months passed, however, everyone noticed that the once "hip" trend slowly appeared more and more childish. After all, we were becoming grown-up women, and women don't write in cute little journals with their best friends.

There is no particular reason why Claire and I decided to continue the journals even when this mob mentality began to categorize our journals as a childish, waste of time activity. It just seemed logical to us that trashing our journals after having spent endless hours decorating and writing in them would be absurd. Hence, our daily ritual persevered despite the fact that fewer and fewer people continued. Claire and I wrote in our journals daily, as if it were our natural inclination. Whether we were on summer vacation or traveling overseas, we carried our journals everywhere like little toddlers who hold onto their pillows or blankets.

Each carefully written entry of our journal brings back to mind a specific day or an event of our past. On June 16, 1998, I wrote to Claire asking for forgiveness because I had broken a promise to go with her to an amusement park. She had already been mad at me because I had

spent too much time with my boyfriend, and breaking the promise just added to her anger. On March 2, 1996, Claire wrote me that she had seen her "crush" nicknamed *Snow*, when passing by the high school. On January 2, 1997, I wrote a "Happy New Year" entry to Claire from New York City during our winter break. I had written that it was snowing in New York and wondered if it was snowing back in Seoul.

Many of our entries may seem trivial and even repetitive for others. After all, two friends gossiping about their middle school and high school lives may not be the most intellectual information in the world. Yet, as I look back at our writings, I realize that these journals have become one of my biggest treasures. In fact, I realize now that many of Claire's letters encouraged me to move on with my life despite all the troubles. Our journals are more than the list of names of our past "crushes." They signify more than our past "hit list" and even more than our past dances and fights. Our journals reflect our childhood, our transformation to adults and finally, our lives right now.



"In three words I can sum up everything I've learned about life: It goes on." - Robert Frost

A person's life is made up of minute choices; some of which have little importance, and others that have great significance. Choices affect people in many ways depending on their vitality. I am often acknowledged as one who makes good decisions to produce satisfactory outcomes, even at my young age. At the age of 17, my parents have given me the freedom to make up my own mind and have also given me the opportunity to take responsibility for the choices I make. This is all part of growing up and becoming independent.

It was the middle of my eighth grade year when my parents sat my sister and me down for a serious conversation. The first thing I noted was the hesitancy on my dad's face, which told me that he was pondering for a way to break some sort of news to me; news that I knew would not be pleasant. With my sister by my side, my parents came straight out and told me that I was going to move to Seoul, Korea, as soon as I graduated from middle school. The emotions I felt were overwhelming: I was red with fire, blue with sadness, and shaking with fear. I immediately refused to accept the information my parents had just passed on to me. High school was not just another four years of school, but it was something that I had looked forward to for years with my friends. I lost my sense of direction in life; all my plans were messed up, and all I could do was question the thought of life without the people I had shared it with for the past 14 years.

I had never lived in a foreign country before, and even though I am Korean, I didn't know exactly what it would be like or what to expect living in my mother country. I was in a state of quandary, continuously asking myself, "Why me?" I abandoned sleep and instead, spent countless hours thinking about what life would be like living in Korea. After a couple of weeks, I figured that the only possible choice I had was to accept the situation at hand. It was like Robert Frost put it, "In three words I can sum up everything I've learned about life: it goes on." I realized that no matter where I was, life would go on.

Soon it was one month away from graduation, and my parents sat me down one last time. This time, the topic was the same, but there was one difference. This time my parents gave me choice. Did I want to move to Korea? Yet, I had already gone through the hard part of figuring out what to do and had already started the long process of saying goodbye to my friends. I considered all the advantages and disadvantages of leaving my so-called "home" in Chicago. I figured that by moving, not only would I be given a chance to meet new friends, but also would be given the prospect of learning about my heritage. I figured by this point, there was no turning back, so I answered confidently, "I want to go."

As I look back upon that moment in time, I can't help but thank my parents for giving me a voice in determining my own future. Not only were they teaching me how to be an adult, but also they were really teaching me about whom I really was. Moving to Korea has definitely been a pleasurable, but hard experience. I have made friends of many ethnic backgrounds, and have grown to love this new "home." My life and experiences here in Korea have changed me in ways that are satisfactory and others that are not so great, but ultimately, my experience here in Korea has made me who I am today and will be tomorrow. I am living proof that "life does go on."

We look like big city girls, my sisters and I,
Strolling down the back alleyways of ghetto Canada.
That cocky smirk on our faces, we live dangerously,
But tonight, the Mafia blood in us is laying low.

The great lights of the city focus on us. Spotlight. And
We take in as much of the late chill.
It's probably only six, yet, we feel so grown up.
Frozen yogurt in one hand, we're singing.

We're troubadours bellowing out tunes for our fair lady,
Disciplinarian mother, trotting quite a distance behind us.
Knights wandering aimlessly towards the approaching Camelot.
We take our time.

Our Broadway voices echo against the tall, cardboard props
Passing extras laugh and shake their heads helplessly.
We're pros in the making and need practice. And the best
Part is that we're ad-libbing the whole scene.

It's the controversial era of anti-war protests,
The hippie in us has gone mad,
And we croon those crazy lyrics of Woodstock.
While the adrenaline level keeps rising, rising, rising.

And it's the ending of a happy movie.
Some sappy love song like Moonriver in the background
And our voices fade away until silence.
Only our mouths are moving, the exaggerated movements,
But no sound, just our happy faces
Illuminated by the city moon. Blurry, slow motion/
The curtains close tight.
It's a standing ovation.



In the Beginning
By Lynn Chung

In the Beginning
I sensed His presence around me.
I knew it was not for it to be seen,
But rather the power of faith to be realized.

He was like a strong shield hovering over me.
Nothing pierced that shield.
But I dropped it and fought the war alone.
It led to many worries as I stepped into the battlefield
Carrying only a sword of my own accord.

I faced and dealt with many double-minded souls,
Which brought me much pain and sorrow.
I was left with nothing but a despairing dagger.
I was lost, but my heart told me I still believed.



Vision
Sandy Choe

After going through several races back and forth,
My heart had found the hidden truth
Beyond that shield I once left behind.
My two wretched hands came together and
My heart started longing for mercy and comfort.

It was another beginning,
I proudly held my shield in hand and
His presence once again streamed over me like a radiant rainbow.

The beggar man
do you see him sitting
hunched away from the old troubles of the world
weariness dripping from the brim of his stained hat
mingled with rusty raindrops
like the tears making clear trails
down the myriad of ignored dreams
chiseled in his face

Overloaded
By Michelle G. Lee

I can't carry the burden alone
Everyday

Like Jesus carried his own cross
To his death
I'll carry my own worries with me
Until I die
To save the others from burden

I'm overloaded

If only someone would help me
Help me when I stumble and fall

That's what friends are suppose to be for right?

Well, where are they now
They're too busy to care
Too busy to notice the bruises
From when I have fallen
So many times

I cover the tell-tale marks
With small smiles
And restrained laughter
Like long-sleeved shirts cover
Scars on wrists



I try and lighten my load
My journal, my friend, keeps my secrets
But always reminds me of my past
My poetry has to flow, it can't be raw
And jagged, like my emotions are

I carry it
I don't complain

Even though
I'm overloaded



Self Control
By Daniel Murray

Holding down the loose ends
Of strong, struggling emotions
Tying the lengths together
Keeping them buried within
While radiating
Cool, flaccid calm outwards
To the red glare of the judging world

The Grocery Shoppe opened at 6:30 in the morning like it did every day, of course, excluding holidays for Christmas and Easter. It was one of those institutions in a town: always the same, never really changing, except for the expiry dates on the products. And the Mister and the Missus were guaranteed to be in their spots behind the counter and out and about the tiny store. Then again, the store didn't seem that tiny once inside. The dark cool interior with many wooden shelves all over made the Shoppe a welcoming place to visit during the hot summer days. Not only that, but the fascinating nooks and crannies around the store produced enough charm of its own to keep all of us kids in on a rainy day.

The Grocery Shoppe ran on its own store schedule. Opening at 6:30, and closing at 9:30, there were certain times when certain people came. And that's the way it had always been, always was, and most likely, always will be.

At 7:00 on the dot, Mrs. Jane and her daughter always walked in. Actually, it seemed more to be that Mrs. Jane walked in, while her daughter Mary was dragged in behind her. Mary never was ready for those morning grocery trips that her mother enforced so that they could spend quality "mother-daughter time" together. In fact, every morning she came in wearing one of her many nightgowns, her eyes practically shut, but with a pair of shiny shoes on her feet. Her shoes were always kept in good condition. I never saw a girl who took care of her shoes as well as Mary Jane.

As they would walk in, Mary would manage to pull herself from her mother's grasp, and sit down one of the barrels that were standing upright in the store. I forgot what the Mister and Missus put in them. They were just always there. Just like the store. My favorite seat was right next to the cashier, so I could pretend like I was taking people's orders, and giving them receipts.

Often times, Mrs. Jane would forget about Mary in her throes of shopping and leave her there until 10, which was when Mary's piano lesson started. But it was okay, because everyone knew that the town was safe, and that the Grocery Shoppe was one of the very safest places in it. It was an institution, remember.

At 8:15 precisely, A.J. would saunter in, with hands in pockets, and his head so low down on his chest that I sometimes doubted if he had a neck. As soon as he entered the store, however, his head began to rise...little by little.

"Good morning A.J.!" the Mister would always say.

"Good morning..." echoed A.J. softly.
"Would you like something to eat, A.J.?" the Missus would kindly inquire.

At that time, A.J.'s head sprung up the final distance that it hadn't come up already and he would reply positively, receiving the warm

hug that the Missus readily gave. I thought that he would have been such a good-looking boy if only he had shown his neck more often.

The Grocery Shoppe had its touch on people. Boys like A.J., who did not want to be seen running an errand for their mothers every single morning, managed to come in frowning and leave with a smile. It had that kind of effect on a person. More than just dust and mice dwelled in that small building. It had a purpose, and it had a meaning to all the people who came to it.

Dina had something about her. She had grown up in this town and I had often seen her on the streets, playing with everyone else. Now that she had grown and had a family of her own, I didn't see her very often. The Mister and Missus would tell me that she came promptly at 10 am, sometimes a bit earlier or later, depending on whether she had to fix something in her house that had become damaged. Dina was a klutz; that she was. She always ended up breaking something whenever she turned around. Her invisible tail constantly got in the way. Whenever the Mister and Missus saw her coming down the street, they would quickly move their glass jars to a shelf behind the counter and wait with cheery expressions for her to enter. Dina was as fun as she was clumsy. Always brought a smile and plenty of laughter wherever she went. No wonder she had had so many suitors during her teenage years. Almost made a girl jealous, it did. Not that she made me jealous, or anything of the sort.

And then there was boy. I don't quite recall whether he had a name. We just called him Boy. He was always changing, full of mischief, dressing up in those great animal costumes. He'd end up coming into the Grocery Shoppe to get whatever satisfied his hunger that day, if it were worms when he was a bird, and fish when he was a cat. For some odd reason the Mister and Missus would also be whispering right before the door jingled to let us know that boy had come in.

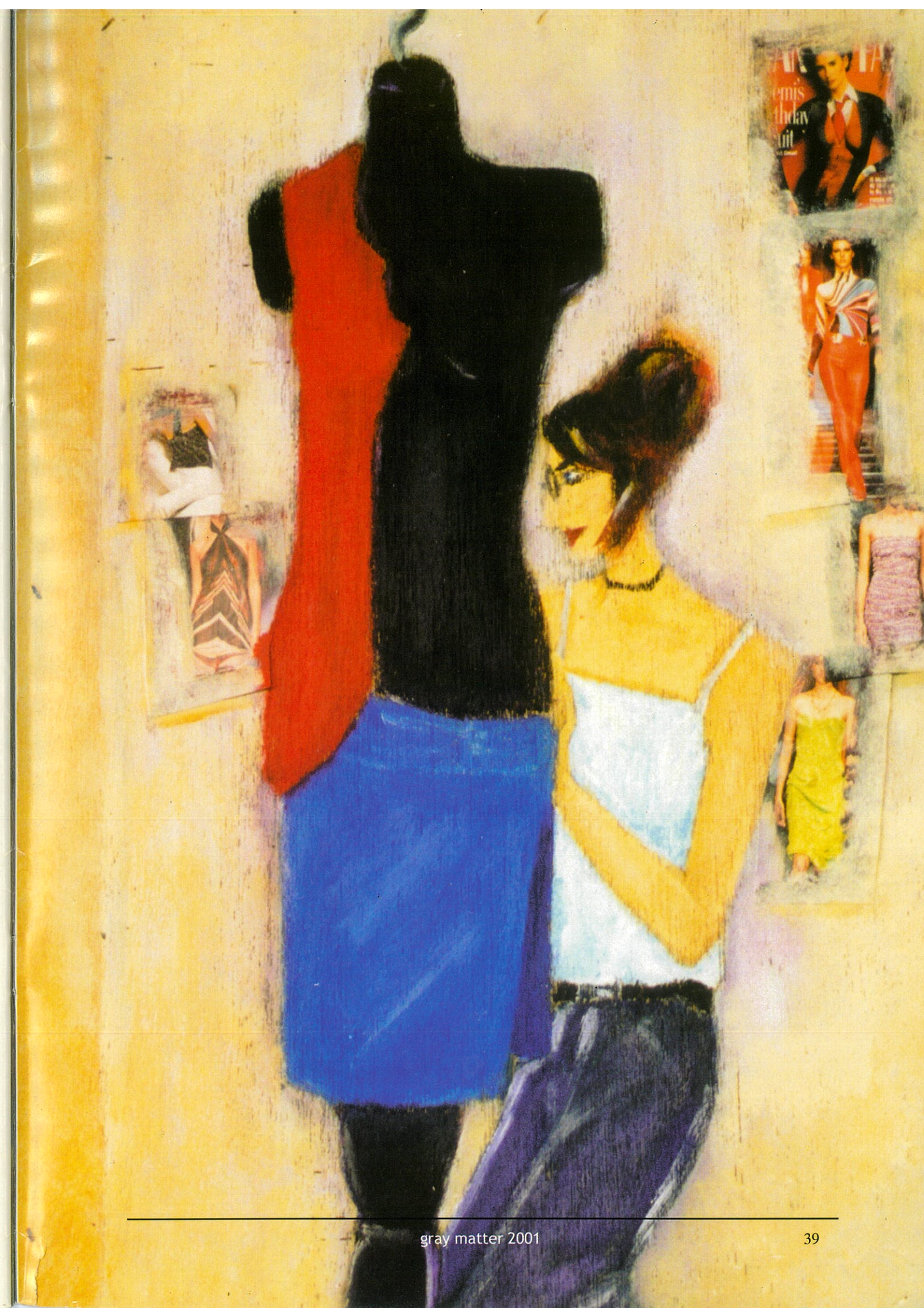
"What is he today, missus?"
"A Wolf. Do you think it's safe for us to leave the glass jars out in the open?"

"Well, my dear, he can't help it if he's forced to change his physical appearance everyday."

"No, I meant because he's in that awkward stage of adolescence and you know what boys are like when they're growing up! All arms and legs..."

Boy was one of my friends. So were Dina and Mary. And I, the Mister and Missus' god-daughter, red-headed me, were friends forever. It didn't matter that we hadn't graduated from elementary school yet. It didn't matter that nothing ever happened that year, or the year before, or the year before that. As long as they were by me, I knew that I could take on the world.

But the world came.





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