

WINK

ISSUE 01

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

DEC. 2015

E.J. Aire
Kung-Min Lin
Amrita Sangani
& more

A selection of creative works.

FEATURING

the combined
creativity of ten
individuals!

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Wink Literary Magazine.
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Foreword

Wink Literary Magazine features prose, poetry, photography, artwork, and other creative works from students. Ten people have contributed in various ways to the making of Issue 01 of Wink Literary Magazine.

To view the online publication, visit Wink's blog:

<https://winkliterarymagazine.wordpress.com/category/archives/issue-01/>

If you, reader, are interested in contributing to a future issue, please visit the blog here: <https://winkliterarymagazine.wordpress.com>.

If you have any questions regarding Wink Literary Magazine, please visit our FAQ page.

Sincerely,

E.J. Aire, T.K. Lawrence & M. Kaz

Co-Editors of Wink Literary Magazine



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Glow, Light, and Up



Mika





THE CLUE IN THE MYSTERIOUS, BUT OTHERWISE UNIMPORTANT PAPER

E.J. AIRE

(The Thursday, March Twelfth, 2020 Verte
de Ville Times, top of page L12, 1st article)

Prologue

"Late at night (1:13 am, according to the security camera), a masked thief crept into the prestigious Tolstevsky museum and stole one of the seven wonders of the modernized natural world... no one knew who he was, no one knew what he stole until the next day, his sidekick knocked over a Greek vase, which shattered, but they remained unidentified..."

Elizabeth Aire walked in the only park in the small town of Wodloow, in the state of Forntheld, and on the coast of Verte de Ville. Verte de Ville was named for the abundance of beautiful

foliage the small country held, like the elegant purple flowers that perfectly conformed to the Golden Ratio, most of which had only been discovered in the past few years, 2017-2020. The crisp morning air smelled clean and full of possibility in March, when it had been raining almost nonstop since the beginning of December. Now, as it was nearing the middle of March, only light showers with rainbows sprinkled the air. Elizabeth thought that the best part was how the lavender was coming up and the bees were coming out.

"Elizabeth!" called Kay Elle Minkle, her best friend. **(cont on pg 9)**

(cont from pg 8)

Elizabeth hurried to the sound of her voice, the rain misting them more than a little bit now. Her umbrella opened with a swoosh and a click, then expanded to cover her. Suddenly she stumbled. A laugh rang out, then a quick apology.

“Where are you? I can’t see where you are!” shouted Elizabeth.

“Over here! Underground—I’m staying here until SM5 calms down. She went hysteric when I showed her my pet capybara,” yelled Kay Elle. All this time Elizabeth was walking towards the sound. She then saw an inconspicuous wooden cover, painted to look like a big sewer cover. Elizabeth quickly ducked under it and fell into an underground home. It had a bed, fireplace, and a cupboard of food. It’s walls were just big panels of wood cemented to the earthen walls, and painted a sunny yellow. It was all the handiwork of Kay Elle, a carpenter at heart. “I believe I’ll stay here for a while.”

“You know that you can always stay with us. I’m sure that my parents

would let you,” said Elizabeth.

“I don’t believe so. I think that I’ll just stay here for a bit, just long enough for my father to quit paying attention to those horrid people, and look out for me a bit,” Her tone grew wearier with every syllable. She looked up, and Elizabeth was certain that there were tears glistening sadly in her eyes.

“Look, I found a note in between the boards of a bench in the park. It looks like a series of text messages that was printed out. You know about how the 39 Gem Geode was stolen from the Tolstevsky?” All Kay Elle could manage was a weak nod. “These people are talking about where it’s hiding. They didn’t bother to camouflage where they were texting from, but guess what?”

“What?” mumbled Kay Elle, clearly emotionally and physically tired.

“It turns out that they were in downtown Wodloow! Right where we are! I want to go look for it. Er, um, do you wish to go too, I mean, with the evil ladies, and your dad, and all of that, and the fact that you’re living underground in the **(cont on pg 10)**

(cont from pg 9) park, would you be able to do it?"

"Are you CRAZY? Of course I want to do it! You know that I love a good mystery just as much as you do, though I do tend to read less about them. Let's go!"

The next day they caught a bus to the Tolstevsky, which was amazingly open, even though it was only the day after the robbery. They gazed in awe at the gargantuan metal structure, with its tiny details that caught your attention, like the little seats built into the side of the building, big enough to sit on and eat on the table that pulled out from the wall, and the check in stations that looked like perfect miniatures of the Tolstevsky, complete with tiny dolls sitting on the seats. Then they decided that they didn't need to go there, and started trying to figure out what the text said.

"Bank perch. What is that supposed to mean? At the banker's favorite place, or favorite perch? How would we know where that is, though? Perhaps we ought to go to the bank and take a survey." said Elizabeth. Presently they

went to the bank, asked all 14 of the bankers their favorite place to hang out with the other bankers, and found that the popular Eclipse Café was the spot that all of the bankers held their weekly meetings. Having found out what the 'bank perch' was, they went back to Kay Elle's makeshift house and discussed what to do.

"I think that we should go to Eclipse Café and investigate whether or not someone has come in and tried to inconspicuously hide something," said Kay Elle.

"Sorry, but do you really think that Ellen will respond kindly? You saw that article in the newspaper about how she was named Meanest Café Worker, right?"

"Yeah, but..."

Kay Elle had to concede that it wasn't the best plan. "Well, then what if we don't ask Ellen, but one of the others? Maybe they'll be more willing to help."

"They all have to report back to Ellen. She's like a Lady Voldemorta, with complete power over her employees." Elizabeth read a lot **(cont on pg 11)**

(cont from pg 10) of books, and had read the Harry Potter series several times, resulting in lots of literary connections, like when she said that an unnecessarily mean teacher was like Mr. Brocklehurst from Jane Eyre.

“Here, to take you mind off of that mean person, a newspaper article.” She inhaled sharply as she saw the headline, seeming to grow six inches, then she slowly let her breath out, reverting to her original height. “It’s about the thievery, and look! The article is about the thievery of the geode, and it has notes on it saying where to go to find it.”

Indeed, it did have markings on it, like a crude map. Elizabeth laid it out onto the ground, and they both sat beside it to examine it carefully. It looked like a bench near a pond, with the geode in the second plank of the bench. It was from Blake Leif Neun the 45th to Vadid Yorter. Vadid Yorter, the infamous criminal?

“Elizabeth, do you really believe such nonsense that there could be the world’s greatest geode in the park bench in the random city of Wodloow?

Do you really believe that two twelve year olds could find it, even if it was there?” asked a skeptical Kay Elle “Yes. Why couldn’t there be hidden treasure? After all, the museum formerly housing the geode is in the so-called ‘random’ city of Wodloow. Let’s go around the koi pond to the second plank of the bench.” Thus they went around, and found that the second plank was made of two planks glued together. When they went back to Kay Elle’s underground house, they immediately got out screwdrivers and glue.

Finally they went back to the bench. The air was cold, as it was night, and the light from Elizabeth’s keychain provided only just enough light to see the slight crack in the board, just the tiniest difference in the grain of the wood. Indeed, whoever did this thought of most everything. They had even used glue that dried thin, smooth, and clear, so as to not call the crack to attention of most eyes. All but the most observant did not know that the most famous geode of all time, the most famous hollow rock with at minerals already **(cont on pg 12)**

(cont from pg 12) formed inside of it, was hidden in a bench that was sat upon daily-by the old lady with the blue-white hair that fed the squirrels, to the singing man who could be heard by the passengers on the subway passing by, to the artists painting the koi, all of the people could be sitting right on top of a priceless natural jewel collection-yet they didn't know it.

Elizabeth and Kay Elle decided that it would be best to work from the middle of the plank out to the edge, with them going in two different directions. When they finally pried their screwdrivers in, they both hit a piece of metal. "No problem, I'll just head back and grab some metal solvent. Stay where you are, okay?" said Kay Elle.

Soon Kay Elle came back with the solvent and two syringes. They also had thick gloves, strong enough to protect their hands from any rogue splash of solvent. Seeing as they were ready, they began to squirt and pry open the metal with the screwdrivers. What they saw was another layer of metal, this time with a protective layer of soft and sticky sap upon it. They wondered why

there would be sap on it, until they tried to use the solvent. The solvent just made the sap harden, so they got out a putty knife and scraped it off, using another solvent meant for chewing and bubble gum that was in the bucket with the metal solvent to get the last sticky strands of the clear, amber goo off. It reminded her of *The Janitor's Boy*, by Andrew Clements, especially the part when the kid is scraping gum off of desks, with a putty knife and solvent. This time when they used the metal solvent and pried it open, they found a large frosted glass box. How tantalizing the glass was, frosted just enough to see the rough outline of the small geode, but a hint too frosted to see the beautiful colors that they were sure would be revealed if the glass wasn't there.

A small hinge on the box showed that there would be an opening lid. Elizabeth gingerly grasped the box and pulled it out. She set it down on the ground between them and started to glue the boards back in place, helped by Kay Elle. Finally they were done, and they went to Kay Elle's **(cont on pg 13)**

(cont from pg 12) underground house to examine the box and its contents.

Gasping in surprise, Kay Elle ran her fingers lightly over the ornate box, finally seeing it in light, with all of its carvings of roses. Something was wrong, though, and she simply couldn't figure out what. Suddenly it hit her, like a speeding train. She had seen this box before! It was the box that the landscape designer that her dad used kept his beloved pens and pencils in—the ones that were hundreds of dollars because of the superb quality. How could it have landed here? She mused about this as she fell into sleep, dreaming of frosted glass roses dancing with pens that had tags that said '\$1000'.

When Elizabeth looked at Kay Elle again, she found that she was asleep. The map...it was signed Blake Neun, to Vadid Yorter...who was this thief? She shook Kay Elle awake, and asked her if she knew who Vadid Yorter was. She mumbled "My daddy's landscape designer," obviously tired. This made her wonder if she should look up who he was. She presently found out that

Kay Elle was right, he was a landscape designer, currently in jail for stealing canopic jars from the Tolstevsky. Good thing that they didn't have to worry about the nasty thing. Now the small matter that the box was locked...

15 minutes later, after a quick nap, Kay Elle dextrously picked the lock with an anxious Elizabeth watching. She lifted the lid and both simultaneously gasped at the magic let out of the box. Sunlight through the one window streamed over the geode, sending a veritable rainbow of colors onto the wall. They were both at loss for words. Suddenly there was a lot more sunlight...and a police officer staring down at them. The police officer fell into the underground dwelling, onto the bed, bouncing up and down several times, and Elizabeth couldn't suppress a giggle at his misfortune. At the almost the exact moment she had giggled she wished that she hadn't, for the police officer looked as though he wanted to rip her world apart for some time. He cleared his throat, and with a trembling mustache said, "What **(cont on pg 14)**

(cont from pg 13) do you think you're doing with the geode?!? It is property of the Tolstevsky, not some thieves in an underground hideout!"

"Sir, we have just recovered this geode from a map blowing about the street, and it was stolen by Vadid Yorter. It was encased in the bench near the koi pond in the park, and we plan to give it to the Tolstevsky when we're done."

"Hah! I don't think so," said the police officer. "I intend to take a good look at this map of yours."

"Fine, here!" said Elizabeth, and she slammed the map a bit too forcefully into his hand. "Take the map. Look for yourself. All we did was carefully take apart the plank of the bench and put it back together. We are going to give this marvelous thing to Tolstevsky-see, there's a curator over there, she knows that I had better give it back, or we will all be hearing about it. Now, good day to you, and I will leave." True to her word, she stomped away in a whirlwind of fiery anger about the injustice of the situation. She made her way to the Tolstevsky, where she found an old coffee can, rolled the

geode tightly in a bit of cotton batting, tucked it away in the can, sealed the lid with a bit of superglue, and carefully set it upright at the first check in station.

She ran away, back to the park, satisfied with her bit of a good deed, spun about once, looked at the soft tangerine sun rising in the sky, and ran home, where she promptly rolled into bed, pretending to have been asleep this whole time. She was thinking about her emotions. Joy at her good deed and shame at breaking into the bench clashed inside of her, at war with many other feelings, but she saved that for another day...

Epilogue

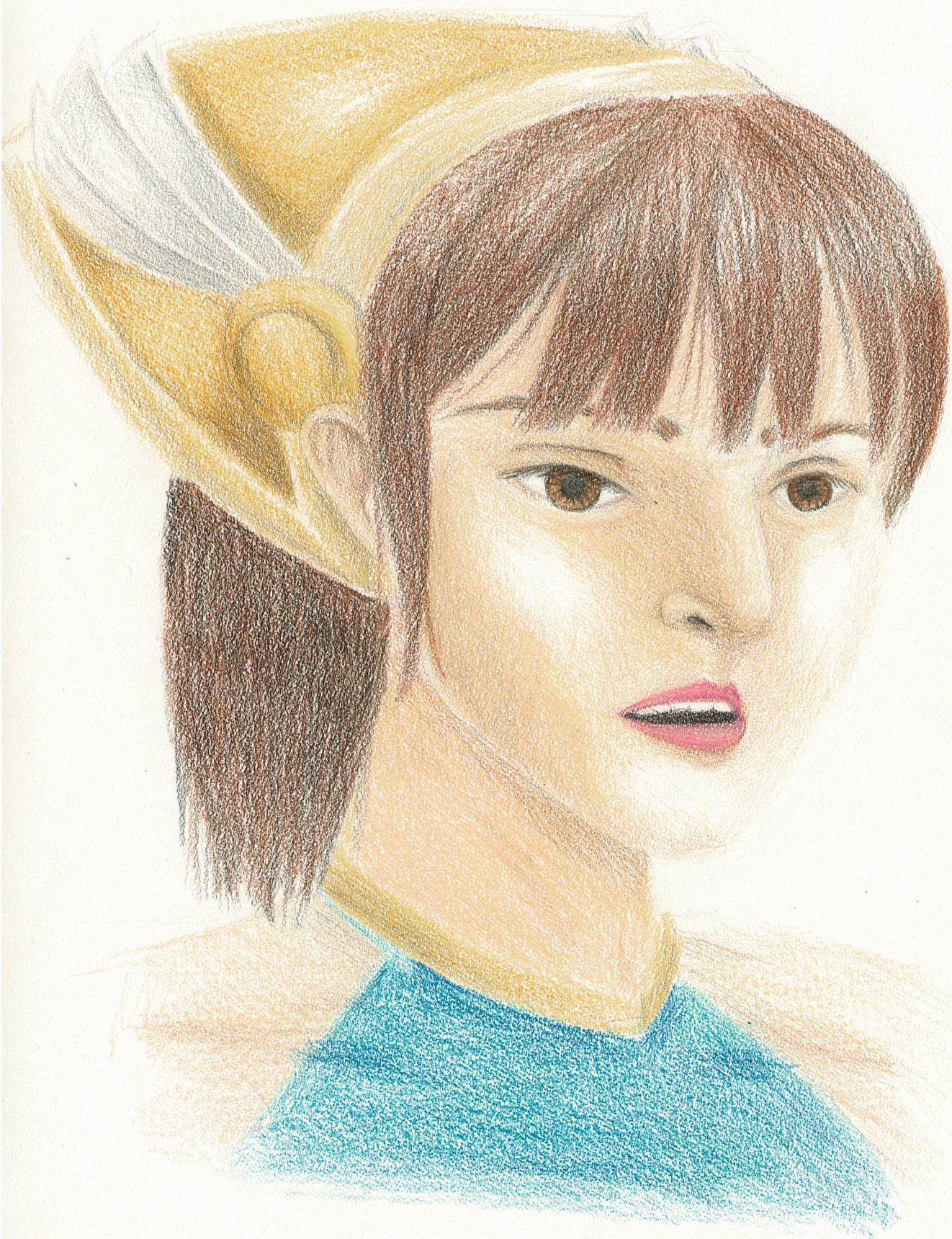
Twelve years later, the most successful young entrepreneur, Elizabeth Aire, 24 years old, walked into the Tolstevsky. She walked with purpose past all of the exhibits, even the popular new Men on Mars exhibit. When she stopped, she was facing the 39 Gem Geode. Only her and the guard, her best friend, knew just how important the geode was to her. Smiling mysteriously, the guard, Kay Elle Minkle, **(cont on pg 15)**

(cont from pg 14) reached into her pocket and pulled out a large frosted glass box, with frosted glass roses on it. With it she brought out a picture, obviously taken incognito, of a police officer bouncing on a bed underground, with a sunny yellow wall in the background. The guard mouthed something: I still live there! They exchanged a smile again, a different type of smile: a knowing smile. Pivoting on her toe, Ms. Aire walked into the sunshine of the only park in the random small town of Wodloow, where she sat on the only park bench, near the koi pond, running her hands over the slight crack in the second plank, nostalgically remembering their nighttime adventure. She turned to the pond and smiled.

END

The Golden Helmet

Fancy Tuna



Victoria 1

THE OLIVE TREE

AMRITA SANGANI

The trees danced through the forest as the wind brushed against my face while I strolled through my tranquil hideout. Sometimes I can feel the ocean breeze from here, the positive side of living on the peninsula. This is the best place to be on a summer day like today. As soon as I climb to the top of the grandfather old tree, I can see my mother and father and the rest of our village. On the other side of the peak, I spot a couple of familiar people though I barely know the people living on that side of the mountain.

The soil is thin and rocky. My feet sting as I climb down and tiptoe my

way over to the olive tree. Of course, I left my sandals at home, otherwise mother would scold me for leaving the village. I didn't care, I've almost built a resistance to the pain of the rocks injecting into my feet.

I came here to rest under the blanket of shade the olive tree hands to me. My father farms olives from these trees for a living. I love when I get to come with him to the harbors and begin shipping out the olives. This tree, in particular, acts as our biggest pantry. Papa and I always find the most olives here.

The hike up this **(cont on pg 19)**

(cont from pg 18) mountain, a mountain that my father and I call *καπετάνιος* in Greek, or Captain in English, is one of the grandest mountains in the Pindus Mountains. I kneel down as my knees scratch the rocky dry ground. The ground here is like thorns ready to prick you. I carefully brush the rocks aside and take a nice seat.

Under the shade of the olive tree I gently close my eyes as the leaves of the heavily forested mountains drift onto me. The wind whistles, and I dream of the tranquility around me. A splash of heat indulges me as the wind slowly dies down. I slowly began to relax, ready to escape the hardships of tomorrow. I know that this tree will protect me. Being an only child, this is my friend.

I snuggle up against his grand bark trunk and fall into a deep sleep, for my voyage back to the village will be treacherous as I can easily slip on the rocks. I ignore this and continue to dream, dream of the future, where I may not need to struggle as much.

END

Untitled Photography

Part 1

Kung-Min Lin



Untitled Artwork

Part 1

Kung-Min Lin



That Book by Anonymous

"Take down this book and slowly read." — W.B. Yeats

That book, the one on the wall,
the book that has recorded my life
with pictures and words, capturing memories.

That book, the one on the wall,
with pictures of me as a baby,
capturing my smiles and also my confusion.

My parents snapped picture after picture
of my first steps, and my first day of preschool.
They snapped picture after picture of my 5th grade graduation.
Picture after picture, always recording my life.

That book, the one on the wall,
is also filled with words.
Words describing who I am, and who I was,
recording the largest changes,
and the smallest.

The pictures and words that fill that book
cannot be replaced.

Because when I'm old and grey,
those pictures will be part of my lifeline to the past.

When I'm old and grey, the pictures and words
will help remind me of the memories I have made,
and the life I have lived.

When I'm old and grey,
I'll be flipping through the pages, looking at the pictures,
reading the words.
Thinking about my life, recorded in a photo album.
Thinking about my life, recorded in a photo album, day after day.

That book, the one on the wall, is irreplaceable.

Drop

ANDO COMANDO



A TRECK THROUGH GREECE

NATASHA EPSTEIN

One foot in front of the other. One foot in front of the other. I was walking across the rough terrain of the mountains of Greece. The village was very simple, with only a few one-story stone houses, but that's normal for a hill as tall as this; there isn't much space to build on up here.

A few animal pens made of sticks are laid out next to the houses. The pens look like a children's game of Lincoln logs; the corners are crossed to help keep the sticks upright and the sheep, goats, and pigs in.

I kick a small pebble with my foot on the rocky trail. Sweat drips down my

neck. The air is dry and smells like olives and pig dung, and the sun is beating down on my back like someone lit a campfire on the back of my shirt. To my left I see an old man tending his goats. On my right is a shepherd leading his young lambs. The lambs' cries echo in my ears like a baby crying for milk.

As I reach the edge of the plateau, my eyes look up and out over the gorgeous view. I can see my aunt's house as a tiny speck in the distance. The valley is a sea of green with little brown and tan flecks of houses scattered across it **(cont on pg 28)**

(cont from page 27) like fish swimming in the ocean.

My foot slips and I feel myself sliding down the hill on the loose rocks and dirt. I feel like I'm moving so fast that my rear end will catch fire from the friction. At the bottom, I cough and wave my hands to clear some of the dust rising like smoke and I realize I'm in an olive orchard. I sit in the shade of some of the olive trees and unpack my snack of barley bread and grapes. I saved some because I don't know long it take to reach my aunt's house and I don't know if I'll be able to pick up more food on the way. Eventually the sun slips over the trees and fades, and bright pinpoints of light begin to appear across the now-dark sky. I put my head down on a large root of an olive tree and let my eyelids close. I wake up to a bird chirping in my ear and pecking at my sack of food. I shoo it away and stand up. The sun shines brightly and I see a small cottage. I wonder if I could trade a few grapes for more barley bread. I run to it, and the door is answered by an old woman. She smiles, and accepts a few of the

grapes, then gives me an entire loaf of barley bread and a bottle of olive oil to trade at the market. As I continue, I start to see a market ahead. It is perched at the top of a large mountain. I climb carefully up, not wanting to sled on soil again. I see a dip in the road, and smile to myself as I step around it, and kick a bit of dirt and pebbles into it.

I stop quickly at the market, taking just enough time to give a man the olive oil for two large bunches of grapes. I see my aunt's house end of the road at the bottom of the mountain.

But, I am tired. I start slowly down the mountain. Each foot feels as heavy as a bag of bricks. I sigh and finally reach the bottom of the mountain.

I look up and see my aunt's house at the end of the road. With a renewed energy, I run towards it. Then, I feel my feet come out from under me again as a few pebbles are momentarily trapped underneath.

I slide for a moment with my eyes squeezed shut. When I open them, dust is still around me but **(cont on**

pg 29)

(cont from page 28) my aunt's smiling
face is leaning out the door of the
house.

END

Costa Rican Butterflies



Julia Meggitt

TRAGEDY AWAITS: THE DIARY OF ELIZABETH HOPE KEBBLE

Part 1

E.J. AIRE

November 13th, 1763

Dear Cloud,

Today Father went out to fight in the war. I am very scared, as the fighting is near our house, and I am but twelve years of age. I am to help Mother with chores, but each stitch of the thread, each flash of the needle reminds me of who we are sewing these rough broadcloth overcoats for: the soldiers. Like Father. The Bennetts have already received news that the eldest son fell in war, and dear Mary is inconsolable. Last night may have been the last time I shall ever see dear Father again. He rode off on his trusty steed, Lightning. On a more cheerful note, we have just gotten a new horse. She is dove gray, and named Beth, a fine name, named after me, Elizabeth. We also have Annie, Kate, and Lily, named after Anne, Katherine, and Lillian. Mother is calling me, so I must go.

✿Miss Elizabeth (Ella) Kebble

Dear Cloud,

Bad news. Father deathly ill, Mother weeping. Father was brought back with a bullet in his shoulder. The bullet is weak; it only infected a small area. Anne, the eldest, has taken over Mother's position. She applies a poultice prescribed by Dr. Barnes, and then bandages it tightly. I must help Katherine keep house, for we are practically orphans. Mother hasn't stirred from her chair by the fire. Oh, wait! Anne is calling that Mother is going out to get fish for supper! Joyous news, as it means that she has sensed that Father will heal.

✿Ella

Dear Cloud,

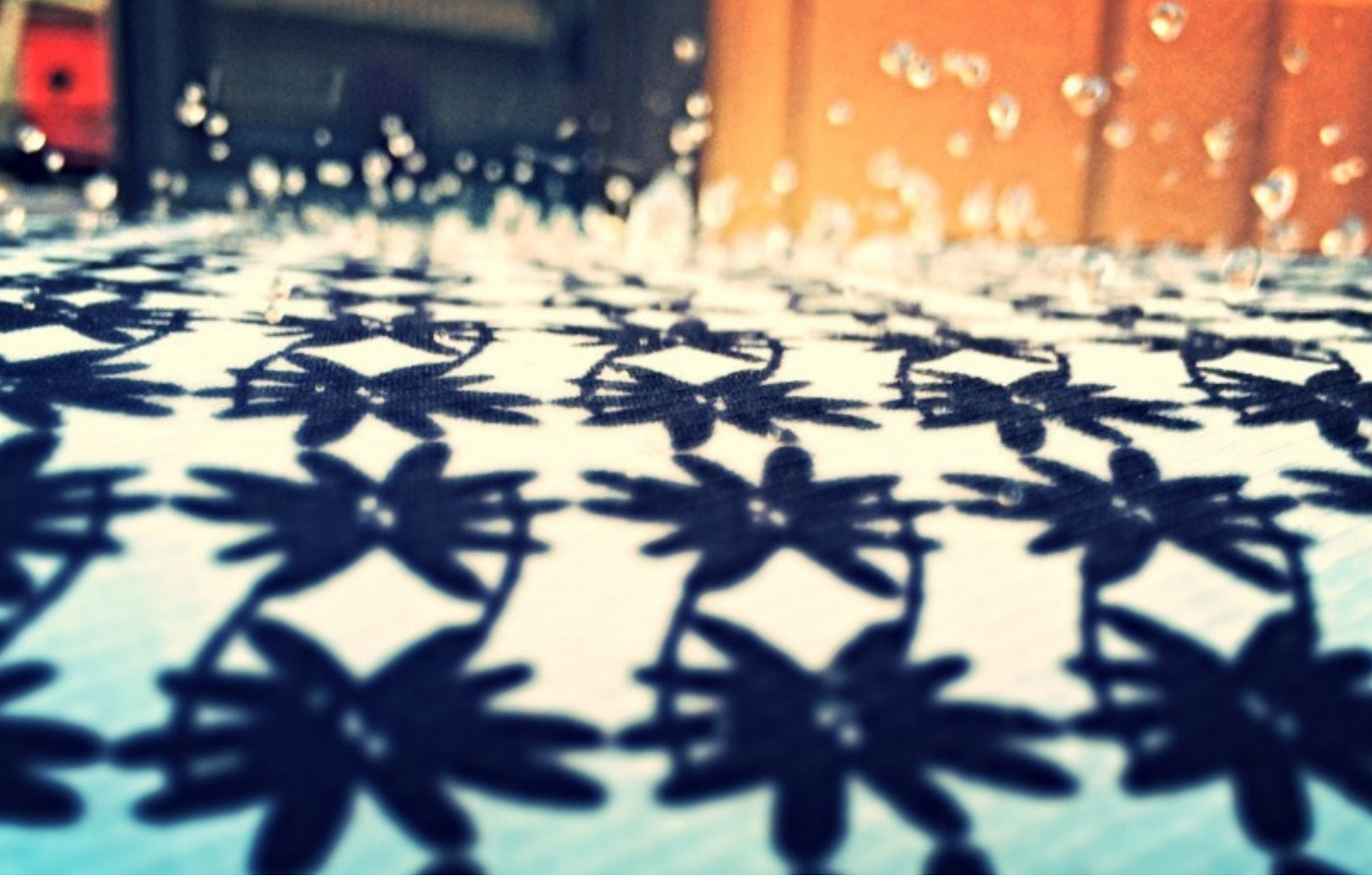
Anne has taken a boat back to our dear homeland, England. The boat is one used for transporting livestock and worse. It has many a foul mouthed sailor, who would be more than ecstatic to woo Anne, for she is a classical beauty. With her flowing red-gold hair, and mystical aqua eyes, with her fancy dress that speaks of wealth. How surprised the naive sailor would be to find out that we had to resort to the poor box, and that we were orphans. Anne shalt surely die. And be 'buried'. By a sailor's funeral. But who would be there to cast her off? The poor sailor whose secret love perished? I should hope not! No, she shan't go! I must hurry down to the docks.

~Your harried friend, E. H. K.

Untitled Photography

Part 1

Anonymous



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Thanks for reading!

Sincerely,
Wink Literary Magazine Editors

WINK

a literary magazine
of creative works

SUBMISSIONS

Submit your best creative works to Wink Literary Magazine at:
www.winkliterarymagazine.wordpress.com

BENEFITS OF CONTRIBUTING

Free exposure for your work, free practicing for submitting to other magazines & extra credit!

ARE YOU AN ARTIST OR A PHOTOGRAPHER?

Submit for the chance to have your work displayed on the front cover of Wink!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY T.K. LAWRENCE