

Issue No.1  
April, 2021

# KALEIDOSCOPE

LANGLEY HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY MAGAZINE

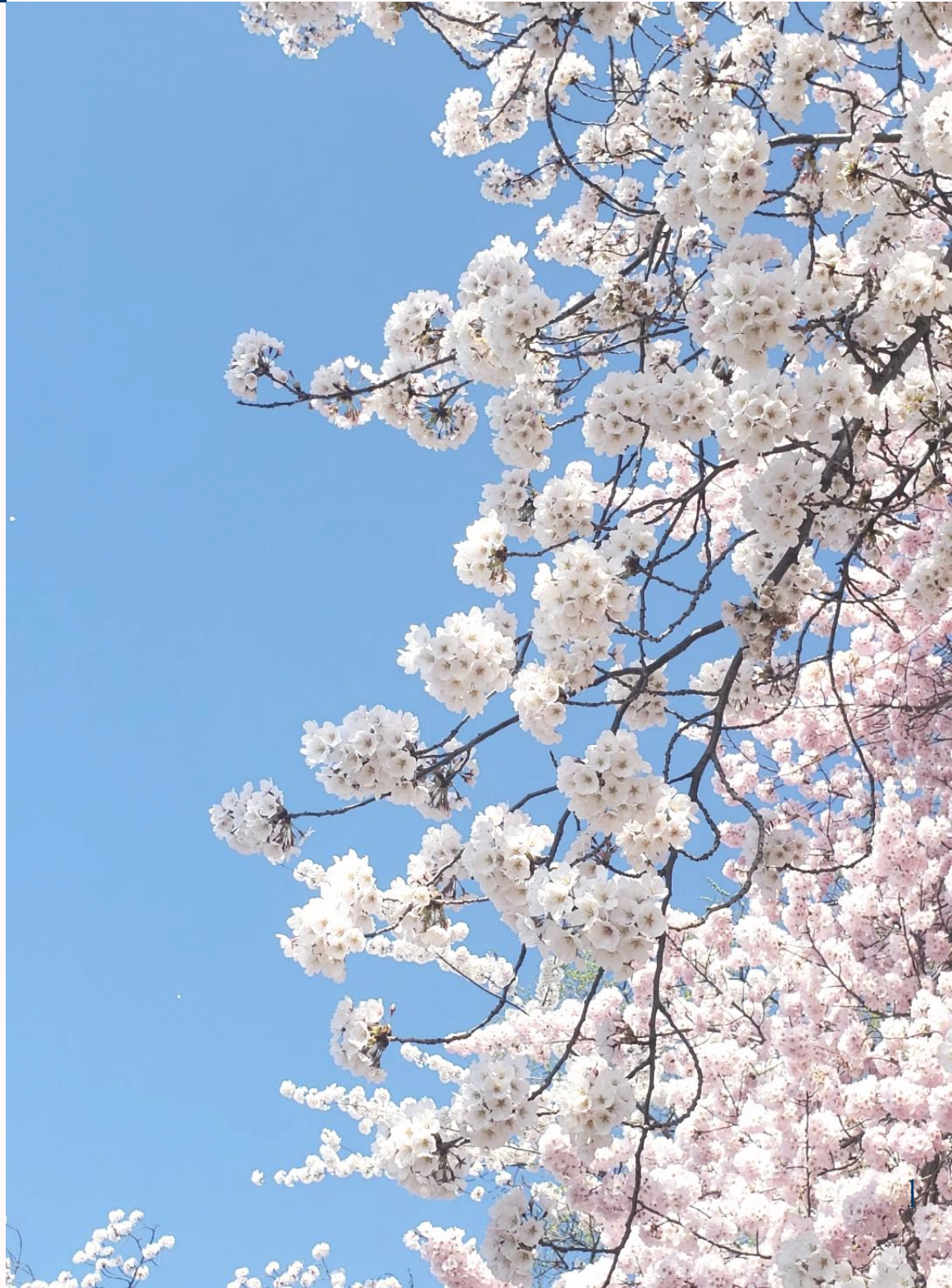
Recipes for  
Quarantine

Short Guide to  
Creative Writing

Student  
Submissions

Creative Prompts

Baton Story



# Recipes for Quarantine

Bored of quarantine? Try these amazing recipes!

Claire's

## Chocolate Raspberry Cake

### INGREDIENTS

2 EGG WHITES  
3 EGG YOLKS  
1 CUP OF SUGAR  
3 TEASPOONS OF STARCH SYRUP  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  CUPS OF FLOUR  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  CUPS OF COCOA POWDER  
2 TEASPOONS OF BUTTER  
3 TEASPOONS OF MILK  
3 TEASPOONS OF CORNSTARCH  
1 CUP OF RASPBERRIES  
1  $\frac{1}{2}$  CUPS OF HEAVY CREAM  
1 CUP OF CHOCOLATE



### DIRECTIONS

CHOCOLATE SHEET: MAKE MERINGUE BY WHIPPING 2 EGG WHITES AND  $\frac{1}{2}$  CUPS OF SUGAR. COMBINE THE BATTER WITH 3 EGG YOLKS. MIX IN STARCH SYRUP, FLOUR, COCOA POWDER, MELTED BUTTER, AND MILK.

RASPBERRY CREAM: COMBINE 1 CUP OF RASPBERRIES, SUGAR, AND CORNSTARCH USING A MIXER. HEAT THE MIXTURE TO A BOIL. CHILL THE RASPBERRY PUREE. MIX IN THE PUREE WITH WHIPPED HEAVY CREAM.

CHOCOLATE GANACHE: PUT 1 CUP OF CHOCOLATE AND HEAVY CREAM INTO A BOWL. MICROWAVE 2 MINUTES. EMULSIFY CHOCOLATE AND HEAVY CREAM.



### INGREDIENTS

1 PACK OF LADYFINGERS (APPROX. 24)  
3-4 TABLESPOONS OF COFFEE POWDER  
115G OF CREAM CHEESE SOFTENED AT ROOM TEMPERATURE  
400 ML OF HEAVY WHIPPING CREAM  
70G OF SUGAR  
COCOA POWDER

Jennifer's

## Tiramisu

### DIRECTIONS

COFFEE SYRUP: MEASURE 3 TO 4 SCOOPS OF INSTANT BLACK COFFEE POWDER. MIX WITH A CUP OF WARM WATER. COOL BEFORE USE.

CREAM: WHIP REFRIGERATED WHIPPED CREAM WITH MIXER. ADD SUGAR IN TWO TIMES DURING WHIPPING. PUT IN SOFTENED CREAM CHEESE. CONTINUE TO WHIP UNTIL THICK CONSISTENCY.

ASSEMBLE: DIP LADYFINGERS IN COFFEE. COVER AN 8-INCH SQUARE PAN WITH ONE LAYER OF LADYFINGERS. SPREAD A LAYER OF THE CREAM OVER TOP. SIFT A LAYER OF COCOA POWDER ON TOP. REPEAT THE STEPS. TO MAKE TWO LAYERS. KEEP IT IN THE REFRIGERATOR TIGHTLY FOR AT LEAST 6 HOURS. [RECIPE FROM RUBY'S BAKERY](#)

## Santoshi's Story

I started writing stories and drawing at a young age. Like everyone else I felt like it was a way to express myself and do things that I knew that I could not do in reality. I think writing and drawing were sort of a safe place to me, and I know that it always will be, even though as I grew older the times I wrote and drew decreased. Creative writing is a form of artistic expression and imagination of the writer, and that should be seen in the written work. It could be in the form of poetry, short stories, novels, plays, and even creative non-fiction pieces. For people who just started to write and draw creatively, there is one thing that needs to be known. There is no right or wrong way of doing things. You could write and draw about real things but also imaginary things too. Also, when beginners first start to write or even draw is to research to get inspiration. Every writer and artist has a unique way of doing things for their pieces and you should find your signature to make your work more unique to you. Finally, remember that practice and hard work always is rewarding.

1. Understand the prompt, meaning, or the purpose of your writing
  - a. A complete understanding of the prompt will allow you to fully answer the proposed question or scenario in the prompt.
2. Brainstorm ideas
  - a. Whether it be writing a list of potential topics or mapping out a diagram of ideas, it is important to explore various ideas.
3. Outline the story
  - a. Outline the overall story while also planning the critical events, encounters, turning point.
4. Write a rough draft
  - a. Add details and depth to the story. Make use of literary devices. Paint the scene!
5. Revise the rough draft
  - a. Carefully check for spelling, grammar, or wording errors. It may be helpful to ask someone else to review it as well. A different perspective may spark new ideas.
6. Write the final draft
  - a. Correct errors found in the last step and finalize the writing.

## Rio's Tips

## Jenna's Story

To stay sane during quarantine, I decided that I needed to have a more composed way of expressing my emotions rather than screaming at random times throughout the day. So, I began my journey of creative writing. To write every day was my goal, but just after starting for a couple of weeks, writing every day turned to every week and so on. Realizing that I was slowly losing interest in writing, I remembered that Hemingway once said, "The best way is always to stop when you are going good and when you know what will happen next. If you do that every day when you are writing a novel you will never be stuck." Although I wasn't planning on writing a novel, I would always write fun stories down all at once, making it very hard to start writing again the next time. This advice was extremely valuable, and it's one of the reasons why I am still motivated to continue writing stories. If any other writers are having trouble consistently writing, I hope that this quote can help you regain some inspiration!





# Student Submissions



## FICTION

### Imperfect Deception

Jennifer Wu

“Security breach. Subject 001 Escape. Security breach. Subject 001 Escape,” an ear-shattering robotic voice drilled over and over again.

My heart lurched. I felt a cold shudder rip through me. Of all the subjects, why Subject 001? The flask in my hand shattered on the ground. I sprinted blindly out of the white laboratory. My trembling hands fumbled for my card in the coat.

I needed to get to the room.

*Where is everyone?*

I turned the corner, still digging for my lab identification card.

My hands froze. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up. A shadow stretched the length of the hallway. A figure turned the corner slowly.

It was her.

It was not just her; it was me. *My* lips pulled up in a sneer, arms crossing over each other under *my* chest.

My duplicate stared at me straight in the eyes, not blinking. Subject 001. I was stone cold. I couldn't move. I couldn't breathe.

For the past year, I worked as a research assistant for a highly classified human duplication project. We were tasked with creating a human duplicate, more superior than a clone. I was chosen to be the first model. This creature had identical flesh, blood type, denture, birthmarks, DNA, physical attributes and even memories as me--an exact copy. We were successful with our experiments, and everything was on track. Until now.

My eyes flickered to my duplicate. The sneer still lingered on her lips. A cold, relentless hatred gleamed in her onyx eyes. She was waiting for me to make the first move.



# Student Submissions



## NONFICTION

### I Matter Because...

Mei Torrey

“Why Do I Matter?”

It's easy to feel that we do not. To feel tiny and insignificant compared to our surroundings, compared to the universe, the planet, or even to our own family.

I matter because I have the power to impact someone in a positive, sustainable way.

We never know when a few kind words have changed someone's life. Or a bit of practical assistance made something happen for them. Or doing something we took for granted was an inspiration to a bystander. I can think of many moments in my life when someone made a profound impact on me by doing something I doubt they even remember. If we think we haven't ever made a difference, then we're in all likelihood mistaken. But even if we're right, it would take next to no effort to change all that from today onwards. It's that simple.

I matter because what I do makes a difference in the world.

Words and actions matter. They make a difference in the environment and have the power to completely affect a person in a number of ways. We are the way we are because of our external surroundings. As humans, we adapt and change according to what's around us. That could be our friends, our family, our place of learning or work, our social media presence, and the list reaches the floor. Every single thing that makes up our surroundings shape us into who we are today. And by doing so, we put more of ourselves into the hands of our friends and family, our colleagues or classmates, and even the hands of strangers we pass on the street. However, we are those friends, family members, workmates, or strangers to every other person on this earth. Just like how our surroundings change us, we are a surrounding to someone else, and we have the power to change their perception of themselves, their philosophy, and even their way of life.

It's natural to become a creature of habit, to accept things the way they are. It's difficult to clear all the obstacles between ourselves and a clearer mindset.

I matter because I have the potential and the power to change someone's life, conceptually, realistically, and philosophically.

Read full story at : <https://www.langleykaleidoscope.com/forum/non-fiction/i-matter-because-mei-torrey>

Visit Kaleidoscope's website → Gallery → Nonfiction



# Student Submissions



## POETRY

### Wearing Courage

Alice Grommers

The soft-silky fabric tied in my hair is sentiment,  
An object transformed a dependent thought.  
Color is not of importance  
As shadow obscures the truth of stories.  
Why did I love and wear it?  
A day of misfortune twists into a gold mine overnight.  
Courage is what I lacked, now I finally have it.

It's a ribbon of first, you see:  
Encounter, touch, kiss.  
Because reason signifies love.  
Tying my armor into a bow  
Protects and shields the weakness of  
Loss or worse... neglect.  
Deep down I am a child,  
Greedy for a hand to hold me.  
But while gazing at the ribbon,  
Time erodes and sheds its skin as I do.  
I am no longer a child, but an adult.  
Courage is what I lacked, now I finally have it.

Living in a world  
Without a drop of strength,  
Desperation fills my lungs every passing day. I feel alone,  
Unknowingly loved, but invisible.  
Feeling small spirited  
Without the silk,  
A shortage of focus, innovation, and confidence  
Overcome the abilities to grow,  
but eventually with time and maturity,  
I bloom into a beautiful sunflower.  
Courage is what I lacked, now I finally have it

# Student Submissions

## ART



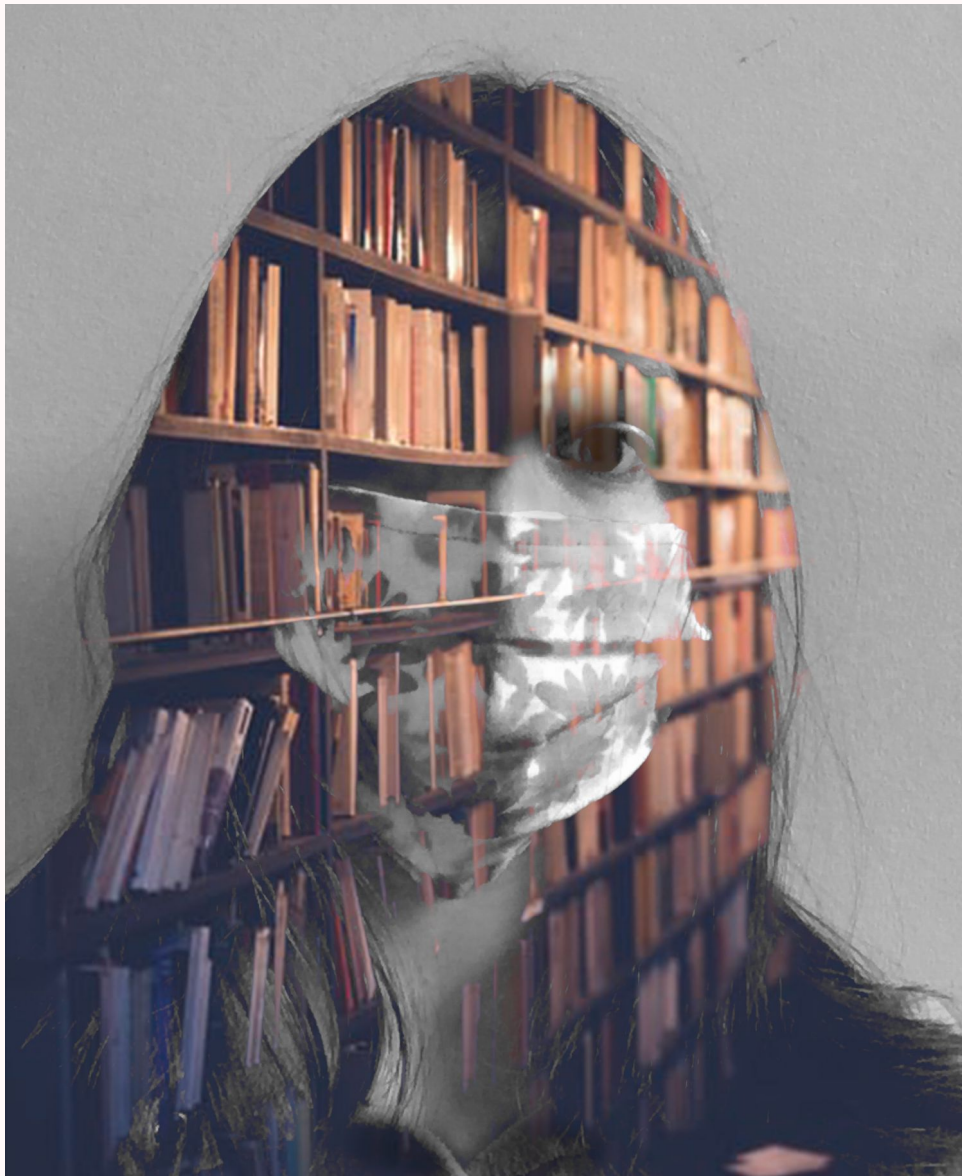
Heart of Emotion

Nadia Malik



# Student Submissions

## PHOTOGRAPHY



Self Portrait with Books, 2021

Kimberly McNeil



# Student Submissions

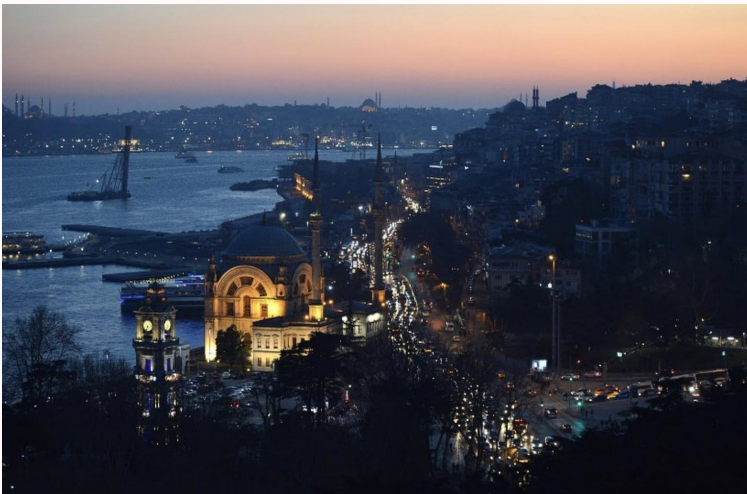
## PHOTOGRAPHY



Untitled  
Sara Dethero



Woodland  
Beatriz Miranda Guilherme



Untitled  
Zeynep Yardimci



**B**ELOW ARE PROMPTS DESIGNED TO SPARK IDEAS WITHIN ART AND LITERARY WORKS THAT ARE FULLY OPEN TO CREATIVE INTERPRETATION. AS THESE PROMPTS MAY INSPIRE YOU, SUBMIT YOUR FINAL WORKS TO [LANGLEYKALEIDOSCOPE@GMAIL.COM](mailto:LANGLEYKALEIDOSCOPE@GMAIL.COM) FOR A POTENTIAL FEATURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

1. Write, draw, or do anything you want based on the song: "The Adults Are Talking" by The Strokes

2. Where is Waldo, really? (Inspired by UChicago Supplemental Essay Prompts)

3. Inspired by *To All the Boys I've Loved Before*: Write a letter to yourself in the past when you were going through a tough time. Perhaps you can reflect on the ways you could have dealt with the issue, or give advice on how to love yourself.

4. Riddle: With pointed fangs I sit and wait; with piercing force I crunch out fate; grabbing victims, proclaiming might; physically joining with a single bite. What am I?

Written by Jennifer Wu & Mei Torrey

Example response to #4:

## Stapler

A thin metal stake,  
In our hearts, a forever claim,  
Connecting our being,  
No space for our own thinking.

A unifying force, a stapler,  
Oh! How good it seems on paper,  
To know we are stuck together,  
Always and forever, birds of a feather.

Special is ignored,  
Unique condemned and deplored,  
A bird without its wings,  
The staple becomes our whole being.

Consuming our actions,  
Staking claim on our passions,  
Being like everyone else,  
Our goal and nothing else.

But what binds us,  
Is that blinds us,  
What makes us fret,  
The differences that are kept

From our minds.

So we thrash and tug,  
Every direction until we give up,  
Like a paper escaping a staple,  
Like a bird in a cage unable,

Unable to break free without scorn,  
Broken and torn,  
Our souls tired and shattered,  
Until escaping no longer mattered.

What if,  
Just for a minute,  
We don't become a stapler,  
But a remover,

Think about others,  
Open our eyes to our sisters and brothers,  
Removing uniformity,  
And embracing diversity.

Armed with immense love and support,  
An open mind and a free heart,  
Break through the barrier,  
and letting our wings soar.

No more stapler,  
But a stapler remover,  
Because when we struggle,  
We struggle differently but as one,  
Like birds of multiple feathers,  
Each one unique and perfect but all in this together.

Written by Jennifer Wu

# Baton Story

One and only rule: Write ONE sentence! Add your line by visiting our website: <https://www.langleykaleidoscope.com/>



The day has finally come; I'm leaving the farm, which means no more dirty boots, sore legs, suspicious-looking yellow corn soup, and the unwelcoming stares of the townspeople.



With my straw hat secured atop my head, sack thrown over my shoulder, and the weathered map under my arm, I set off before the rooster could even announce the new day.



I climbed up onto my horse and took one final look at the muddy, worn out house that I had grown up in; I felt the need to shed a tear, but I was far past that, instead I turned back around as my horse started galloping towards the open road.



Past the road and even the fence that had caged me my whole life, a seemingly endless field opened up before my eyes, tall grass swaying to the gentle wind, each reflecting the bright red sunlight as the sun slowly melted away the dark night sky.



Then I saw the thing—something I'll never forget.



Glistening in the tall grass was my diamond pendant I thought I lost: the very same one my grandma gave me as a reminder to never leave my loved ones alone.



I bent over and grabbed the pendant in the palm of my hand, closing my eyes and imagining how different my life could have been.



Suddenly my hand felt heavier, as the pendant yanked my hand towards the ground; is this guilt or does the diamond hold something deeper than what my grandma explained?



I quickly brush this thought away since I didn't want to have any more thoughts about the farm and anything associated with it after deciding to run away; Cramming the pendant into my bag, I pray that the city will be a better place...it has to be.



The people around me have always had free reign of my life, but it's time I broke free; I had to believe I could be more than just another mindless puppet—it's time I decided who I am for myself.

Written by Kaleidoscope Members



# THANKS TO

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Painting by Zoe Preisman