

THE WRITING WRITERS PRESENTS

InkCraft

AN INKLING OF OUR IMAGINATION

ISSUE TWO

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InkCraft

Greetings from TWW!

Readers and writers from our world and beyond, welcome to InkCraft, a biannual magazine by The Writing Writers.

TWW is a small writing project for young writers in the making. The tagline being 'passionate writers unite', TWW has unearthed a large community of 'passionate writers' who actually write and not just claim the title, hence the blog title. Today, we have twenty authors who share writing tips, stories, poetry and advice on a regular basis. Through InkCraft, we aim to spread our community's love for writing beyond our blogging boundaries. We are grateful to have gained support from bloggers from all over and received such amazing contributions. We hope you enjoy our work!

A Note From the Founder

In the month of March, I thought of creating a magazine, which involved the TWW writers and the TWW readers..But I never knew that it would've come this far. Without the rest of the TWW team, or the TWW readers, this thought would've still been a thought. And this goes to show that 'Team Work can make the Dream Work.' I thank every person who has taken part to make InkCraft come alive, known or unknown.

~Mirra @TWW

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Beauty

By Anya

Little things
always hold their beauty
but to the pessimists
they're always unnoticed
since in life
little things are
always gorgeous.

The Sky

By Danielle

The sky is up above us all,
It is much farther than a wall
It changes every minute and day,
For it is never the same way.

Sometimes it is a bright, bright blue,
With puffy clouds that like to move.
It then grows darker than darkest black,
Stars shoot by as on a racetrack

Constellations swirl together
Clouds that are as light as feathers
Will block their bright silvery white shine
And Moon will lie inside his shrine

Some other times the sky grows dark,
But this time for lightning to spark.
Thunder booms as like pounding footsteps
Like a giant to his doorstep.

Clouds will turn a deep, deep purple,
They'll swirl together in turmoil.

And then big fat drops of water fall
Don't worry, some are very small.

Then the gray clouds will clear up
And Sun will tip like a teacup
To pour his golden light upon us
To light the whole world like he must

Soon Sun begins to shrink below
The clouds line up in a neat row
The edge turns red, yellow, pink, orange
And Sun and Moon start to exchange.

Creatures of the Night

By Aris

Skies clothed in ebony drapes,
The lovely moon, shrouded in mist.
Shadows move, silhouettes dance
Children are tucked in, good-nights kissed.

Quiet voices, rustling trees
Whispered secrets, a cooling breeze.
Sleepless souls in bed, wide-eyed.
A flicker of movement, which the shadows hide.

Night brings the darkest dealings
Secrets, lies, and suicidal thoughts.
It is time for the creatures of the night
The fantastically veiled, the mystically shrouded
To unleash with all their might.

Never Forget

By Eliza

In my head
They swirl around
Full of love
Full of sound
They stay in you
Forever
They're happy or sad
But all you need to do is remember
Such magical thoughts
Are these memories
They capture buildings, people
And nature such as trees
They stay in you
Forever
They're happy or sad
But all you need to do is never forget.

Dance in the Rain

By Arunima

It was raining so hard,
I was sitting by the window
counting drops of rain

Thinking in my head
about the rainbows
that lie ahead

Smiling to myself
hoping someday
there'll be sunshine

Then I asked myself
"Why should I wait
for sunshine and rainbows
When I can just dance in the rain?"

Wasted Words

By Leona

It's been irritating me lately.
To see so many words be wasted.
Idle formalities, random technicalities.
We waste them so carelessly on small talk.
When silence is a better alternative.
My head aches, the voices turn to a background hum.
I try to shut my ears, stay numb.
We use bad language we don't need to.
Is this endless blabbing ever going to end?
When will we ever use kind words?
I contemplate these thoughts on wasted words.
No one ever listens when I ask them to "be quiet."
No one sees what I am trying to say.
At night I enjoy the pleasurable silence,
it keeps me calm. It's great.

The Little Things

By Rebekah

It's not a speech of adoration that makes me glad,

But a word fitly spoken to my ears.

It's not a lengthy pep talk that gives me reassurance,

But a hug that dissolves my fears.

It's not a climb up Everest that makes me clap,

But a baby's first tiny feat.

It's not thunderous applause that uplifts my soul,

But a smile on the street.

It's not a million dollar prize that gets me ecstatic,

But a robin pecking at my crust.

It's not a crowd of ten thousand that makes me feel loved,

But one friend whom I can trust.

It's not a huge reunion that grants me sense of home,

But the smell of fresh apple pie.

It's not sparkling Orion that fills me with wonder,

But a small daffodil blooming nigh.

It's not a grand organ concert that gives me peace,

But the tinkling of a tiny bell.

For the littlest things can change the world,
In ways you can never tell.

Today's Future

By Buttercup

~Future~

It's always presently impending,
looking for it is never ending.

It's a notion that things will get better in its presence,
and pain will be forgotten in its existence.

~The future~

Things will always be faster, but ever the same?
Things will be wondrous, and imagination never reframed.

~My future~

It's one I dream will be laced with beauty and grace.
Drampt is the chance to be in a bride-to-be trance, and baby dance.

~It's the future~

For those who lived long ago,
this is the future- the life that we know.

This is the day,
that would come as they say,
the present is something to behold,
and gold if you'd only break the mold.
The mold that happiness is only in the future.

It can be found now, so what's with despair?

The future arrives with every dawn.

What will you do before this day is gone?

Don't waste your time on things that won't change,

be happy for today, I promise I'll do the same.

~Future~

It's upon us yet we wait,

make today great, don't hesitate-

make it count before it's too late.

Spring Wind

By Kellyn

Some people moan about the wind

Not me!

I love the rustling of the breeze

I love the way it brings a tune

A merry little dancing tune

Like crickets chirping at the moon

Like flowers turning to the sun

Like grasses growing in the field

Like spring's begun.

Some people cry about the gale

Not I!

I love the way it sweeps and swales

I love thunder when it roars

I love the random rain downpours

I love the brand new smell it brings

From water shone on by the sun

Like spring's begun

Some people weep about the breeze

Not you!

You see the way it brings new life

You see it easing winter's strife

You watch the brightening green and blue

You wish you were a breeze, too

To bring such good news to the world

Spring has begun!

On the Same Vine

By Olivia

People are flowers
On the same vine
When the flowers grow closer
Their lives will entwine

They'll become good friends
Like me & like you
And if they're always friends,
They will always be true

So never forget
But always remember
These good friends
Who changed your life for the better

These good friends,
Are never forgotten
Because what they did
Was what they did often

They played with the young
They made friends with the old

Their deeds, I might say,
Will always be told

These honorable people
Their lives will entwine
With the people/flowers
That are on the same vine.

Alone in the Woods

By Aria

She wanders
through the wood alone.
The leaves are crunching
as she goes.
There are no paths but yet -
she knows
where she's headed
even though
she's never seen this wood before.

Unconsciously she keeps walking on
under cover of the trees
who reach their arms out
to protect
those who trample underneath.

The sky is dark, the night is cold
She is so young but then so old
She's lost she's found

she's journey-bound
she rambles on
mindlessly.

She does not think
She does not say
a word in this peaceful hush.
She only walks
on and on
slower and slower
until she stops she falls.

Snow flies; the snow
caresses her
She lies in a frozen bed
Sung to sleep by the trees
who know ageless lullabies

Peacefully she sleeps
softly she breathes
slowly her face
grows whiter until
she is as the snow

the wind woman kisses her

her spirit takes flight!

Alone in the woods

But she's not alone

She's not even there

Alone in the woods.

One of a Kind

By April

We try
To shape ourselves
Into the mold
Set by society
But
I don't want to be
A doll
Made thousands at a time
Underpriced
And overloved
Sitting on a store shelf
I want
To be original
Handmade
Because we pay more for those, right?

A Damsel in Distress

By Emma

I can still remember when I was young,
and I thought I was forever going to be,
a damsel in distress,
a hiding princess.

I thought that a prince would come to rescue me,
The way they did in story books,
but now I'm older and I know,
All they did was give small hope.

Now I realise that they only made up the worlds,
Of Snow White and Cinderella to,
Engrave in our very souls that,
The world is for the men.

Golden Rays

By Starling

Golden Rays

Dead at night

Active in the day

To give us light

Golden Rays

Helping shadows exist

Hardly can be seen

Through the cloudy mist

Golden Rays

Expelled by the sun

Dancing on the waters

Shining as they run

Defiance on the Wall

By Gracie

Dedicated to Wesley Binks

Remnants of rebellion, echoes still alive
Whispers of a tragedy, carried on the tide
A life lived lonely, lost in a world,
of bitterness, misery, where storms of anger swirl.

A stand against society, defiance on the wall
These words scrawled on concrete, they represent us all
However careless and however cruel,
these words come from a heart that's torn
It could be mine or it could be yours...

A little soul that wants to care,
But whose existence is locked in despair.
No means of escape, no hope to be seen.
No light in sight, no room for dreams.

I Can, I Shall

By Vogelstand

They told me I could not do it,
They told me I was not strong.
How I wish I could do something,
Something, to prove them wrong.

They told me I could not do it,
For I was a girl, fragile and weak.
They told me it wasn't meant for me,
I should keep silent and let them speak.

They told me I could not do it,
They insulted me each chance they got.
But, I realised that I could be more,
Much more, than what they thought.

They told me I could not do it,
But I had to try anyway.
I couldn't possibly believe them,
Let them say what they want to say.

They told me I could not do it,
So I did it to prove them wrong.
For they should know that I am female,
I am fearless, I am strong.

Autumn-Tinted

By Kellyn

Today the world is Autumn-Tinted

Smell the rain and hear its sound

Acorns dropping to the ground

Colors brightening all around

Wind has shifted

Leaves have drifted

All the world is Autumn-Tinted.

Waiting

By Allison

Time, the artist who destroys, had brushed the torn photograph with the trademark yellowed glaze and faded wash of antiquity. But the boy in the photograph stood still in unwavering youth. His serious eyes looked out from his black-and-white world to a brown-and-gray world of scarcely more color than his own, a world of somber shadows and dust and cobwebs. The boy had lived in this dull world for years, alone and frozen in time, but he had not given up his faithful watch. He was waiting. Faithfully, hopefully, always waiting. One hundred years ago the real boy had sat underneath the window out of which the boy's paper echo now looked. He was a strong, upright youth with almost twenty years behind him. Beside him sat a slender, dark-haired girl two years his younger. They talked and laughed until suddenly the boy's face grew serious. His warm brown eyes filled with love as they gazed earnestly into the girl's blue-gray ones. He clasped her hand in his and whispered something in her ear. The girl flushed and whispered something in return. At that moment a long line of swans flew overhead, their pure white wings catching the last glorious rays of sun. But the two below never noticed. They were too happy. One year later, the slender girl was arrayed in white, and the smiling boy stood nervously in an impeccable suit and tie. The organ played, and the girl walked down the aisle, her blue-gray eyes sending invisible but meaningful messages to the boy. The moment the two were made one, a long line of sparkling swans

flew past the stained glass window, honking in noisy celebration. But the two inside the church never noticed. They were too happy. The years passed, and Time, the artist who destroys, left the boy lonely, with only a faded photograph of a dark-haired girl with a soft smile to fill the ache in his heart. Soon Time took the boy too. One day the boy's great-grandson played underneath the window where the paper echo kept his faithful watch. The little boy was down on his hands and knees, digging with a toy excavator. Suddenly he stopped his play, and peered at something sticking out of the ground. His dirty little fingers grabbed at the paper and held it up curiously. He pondered a moment; then he ran inside. The boy's paper echo heard feet coming up the stairs. Who could that be? No one had visited his attic in years. Pattering footsteps drew nearer and nearer, until the boy saw a face loom above him. A chubby, happy boy face, streaked with dirt and mud, blew the dust away from the faded photograph and smiled. The boy's brown paw fished a piece of paper out of his pocket and placed it beside the boy's paper echo, lining up the two ripped halves of paper to make one whole. He grinned in satisfaction, and pranced down the steps. The eyes of the paper echo had changed. Perhaps it was just because the little boy had blown away the dust, but the eyes of the boy in the photograph were no longer sober. They were crinkled up with joy. And his mouth, once a firm line, was smiling – smiling at the face of another paper echo across from him: a girl's slender face framed in dark hair. His wait was over. His watch was fulfilled. A line of milky swans flew past the dusty attic window, but the two paper echoes never noticed.

They were too happy.

Lost

By Saanvi

It was a cold day. Snowflakes settled on the windows, each with their own glittering patterns. The whole Earth was covered in snow, as a blanket shielding the planet and providing it with warmth. There was only one voice that whispered in my voice, time and time again. “Who are you?” it asked. “Where do you come from?” and all I could say was, “I don’t know.” I really didn’t. The world was spinning, and yet I didn’t understand. I didn’t understand where I was and what I was doing here.

I opened my eyes to the sound of my mom bringing hot chocolate up to my room. There was nothing I wanted more than a hot drink that would soothe my dry lips and heal my numb fingers. I longed to hold the cup. That’s when I saw something I had never seen before. There, in the cold sat a homeless figure. No one was outside. No one seemed to care. Who could that be? I wondered. I knew I couldn’t just leave the person alone. From what my parents had taught me, humans should help each other. We should be there for each other, and even when we have all that we need and more, we should stop and be grateful. Sitting on the bed, I held my cup tightly to my chest, and said, “Mom, I’m going outside.”

Without waiting for an answer, I rushed down the stairs with my cup and put on warmest clothes. My feet almost got stuck in the snow at first when I was finally outside. Even my gloves could not protect my hands as they started to turn red. My body was freezing. My eyes pained. My muscles ached. I knew

that I couldn't stop now. Trudging on blindly in the snow, I found the figure. Sitting alone on the snow was a little girl. She looked as if she had not eaten for days. Dust particles clouded her face, and her shabby dress was torn. Her hair had not been washed for days, and her feet were bare. "H-hello," she said in a small, barely audible voice. "Who are you?" Instantly, I felt emotional pain. What was I going to say? Here was a little girl asking me who I was, not asking for water, nor food. She was cold and sick, yet she was asking about me. "I don't know." Tears came to my eyes, hard as I tried to fight them back. I sank to my knees. She got up, and gave me a squeeze.

"What do you mean?" She asked soothingly.

"I lost myself." I replied, surprised at the reply coming out of my mouth. Words followed after. "I don't know what world I live in. Everything is so beautiful. It's so beautiful it's terrible. People don't care about anyone or anything in the end. They want to live happily. It's all about them. The truth is, no one can be trusted. Some people don't have the very people they need. Their parents. The only people that can love them." I was crying again, still kneeling at the little girl's feet. She straightened up, and then sat down again.

"I've seen it often enough to know. Do you want to hear my story?"

"Yes, please," I said, politely, remembering the hot chocolate mug I was holding. "Would you like a drink?" I gave her the mug.

"Thank you," she answered, accepting the mug and lifting it to her mouth. She then began the story. I found that she was an orphan, as both of her parents died in a car accident when she was just 3 years old. She had no relatives willing

to take her in, so she lived on the streets, surviving on slop and wearing the same dress on the day of the accident for many years. I felt so sorry for her. It would be hard not having any parents. As much as I wanted to ask what really happened and how she was still surviving now, I didn't ask. I looked up at the twinkling stars. I had forgotten everything, I realized! It was late! The sky had gone pitch black already! I had to get home!

"I'm sorry. I have to leave." I hurried towards my home, and didn't look back.

What I couldn't see was how the stars faded and the little girl's smile as I disappeared. From what I know, it's been 30 years. Now that same girl is living in a mansion. Her husband helped me to rent a home for college, now that I am pursuing my education, and my parents are retiring. She is helping me, like I once did.

A Lonely Life

By Angela

Summer ran. Her golden blonde hair flew wildly behind her as she raced through the dark, dank forest. She hadn't wanted to do this. She never had. She wished that she had a normal life, not one that was haunted by something that would never leave her. Summer scanned the forest. All she could see were trees, reaching out, grabbing at her. She ran wildly for a few more minutes, until she found a tree stump. She sat down, gasping for breath. A lone tear slid down her cheek. She buried her head in her hands and sobbed her heart out. All was lost.

Caution: Children at Play

By Mya

“Quick, take cover!” A cry pierced through the eerily silent city. A woman came bustling out from a shop, dropping her groceries and sprinting towards the nearest building. Adults ran through the streets and darted towards their homes, slamming their doors and locking them. A young man peered out his window and spotted a “CAUTION: Children at Play” sign. His expression morphed into terror and he pulled the curtains closed. A chilling gust of wind blew through the vacant town. Dark clouds formed over the village, and light rain began to fall. Wood planks were nailed across doors, and windows were sealed shut. Shops had been evacuated. The streets had been emptied. When the silence couldn’t get any thicker, the creak of a rusty iron gate rung through the village. A young girl wearing a creamy white satin nightgown strode through the gates. In one hand she held a stuffed bear. In the other she held a dagger. She looked around the village, keeping an innocent smile plastered on her face. “Who wants to play?” She called. Turning around, she spun around to face a cluster of children. Their ages ranged from four to twelve, and they each held a weapon and wore a joyful smile. “Is everyone ready to go play?” A six-year-old boy asked, who was holding a sharp spear. The children smiled and nodded. They began their march through the city, stopping at every house to knock on the door and peek in the windows. When no one would answer, they would turn around to keep on walking. Every house was locked. Besides one. The children walked up to a small brick house at the end of the street. One child

stepped forward and rapped on the old oak door. Silence. And then footsteps. The doorknob turned, and the door creaked open. A seven-year-old girl with emerald green eyes stood on the doorstep. Curly blonde ringlets framed her face and she smiled uneasily. "JUNIPER! GET BACK HERE RIGHT NOW!" A shaky voice screamed. A pale faced mother stumbled down the stairs, lunging to grab her daughter. "D-don't step outside t-that d-door." Juniper turned around and stared into her mothers eyes. They were glazed over with fear. And grief. "Mama, you can't keep me hidden in here anymore. I don't belong here. I belong with the other children." "Juniper, you're staying here. You can't go with them. They're dangerous." Her mother's voice cracked. "You can't stop me." She whispered. And with that, she stepped into the rain and didn't look back. That was the last time anyone ever saw her.

Dear Future Self

By Liv

Hello! I am currently 13 years old writing this to you, meaning that over five years will pass before you open this on your 18th birthday. Life is wonderful at the moment! I just started this blog, Liv A Little, a month ago, and I have never been happier. Meanwhile, school is challenging but fun! I have some amazing friends right now, including my best friends Mary and Lauren. I hope we are still close in the future – I have a strong feeling we still are.

Right now, my biggest dream is to become a successful blogger. I hope that in the future, I have at least achieved that much. If I am no longer writing on this blog, I hope I haven't quit all together! Remember how much you used to love it and never forget it.

Do you remember the horse you use to lease, Mia? The one that chewed on everything? Yeah, that's her. You may be still leasing her now, but I doubt it. Do you have any horses of your own? My dream horse used to be a Friesian horse named Augustus so I could call him Gus for short. Did you ever buy him?

Are you still dancing? I am a week away from starting up ballet and hip-hop while I'm writing this. I stopped dancing so I could start horse lessons almost three years ago. I am literally writing this in my ballet gear because I am so excited to start back up!

What college are you going to? High school is merely a figment of the past now that you're 18. You probably don't remember searching for high schools like I am at the moment. I bet you're receiving some scholarships as well! I am hoping all those years as a good student pay off!

Are you more confident? That's something I've always struggled with in the past. Sometimes I felt that I wasn't good enough, and the truth is that I am! I have been in the past and am in the present! In case you need reminding, you are good enough and always will be.

Love, your 13-year-old self,

Liv ♡

The Difference

By Samantha

An explosion of vibrant flavor bursts in your mouth as you take the first bite. The monstrous amount of natural sugars and syrups are making your mind fuzzy with delight. You close your eyes as a bit of juice rolls down your chin. Your facial expression brightens as you glance at the dingy fruit stand that lies in front of you. It's pieced together from scraps of wood, and its hand-painted phrase, "freshly picked fruit" is peeling at the edges. But you know what? That doesn't matter. The strawberry you just consumed was picked straight from the vines. Your own eyes could see those crops in the distance, and you know that there is a difference.

It takes some muscle to crack open the plastic container. You pick up a stiff, pale red strawberry and examine it. The top has specks of green, not quite ripe enough. You bite into it. You taste chemicals and pesticides woven into the fruit inside. It's tangy, and clings to your teeth. The leaves feel like cardstock, and the seeds are bunched together like straight, orderly, ordinary lines.

There is a difference.

Soufful Wanderings

By Mukta

I sit by her next to the river, watching her stare into the distance, her feet swaying silently in the resilient waters. I do the same. "How do you keep yourself together?" I ask her, observing her clouded eyes that I believe have been to places I have never known before. They are brown, gleaming with the water's reflection. They are just as welcoming as they are hurt. I begin feeling uncomfortable when she doesn't reply for a long while.

Suddenly, her head jerks up and she says, "I only care about what I care about. I don't need anything else to make me who I am." It makes no sense to me, the words feel wrongly put, but somehow I can understand what they mean. I nod and let her have her space. The sun rises a little higher into the sky. She stands up and I stand with her. We walk aimlessly because there is no place else we are expected to be today.

"Do you know who you are?" she asks me. "Yes," I tell her. We are setting foot on a neatly laid path into the woods. She doesn't ask me who I think I am. I'm relieved because somehow I know I'm wrong about myself and she knows more about who I am than me. "What about your mind, eh? Your heart? Do you know who they are?" I shake my head. No, I don't know. Do I want to? I'm not sure.

She stops. "They are who *you* are," she says, penetrating my body with her gaze. I can almost feel those brown eyes burning into my heart and mind, finding out who they are before I can find out myself.

They are who *you* are... No. That doesn't fit what I think I am. I think I am human. I am this body they say I've been blessed with. But my mind isn't human, neither is my heart... We keep walking.

"You are this beautiful sun, not very unlike the one we saw in the sunrise this morning," she says, keeping her gaze in front of her. I laugh, and she stops again. I only have a moment to analyze whether I was wrong to laugh when she tells me "Whatever you may think, you can't change that, you know."

We resume again. I find this walking and stopping exercise rather odd. I am relieved when she begins talking again. "Whether you like it or not, you rise one day. And then you set." I know what she means this time. She means that you only ever live to die. Like it's going to help to know that. I don't act defensive, though.

"But it's what you do when you're out there that matters." I take that into account for a while. The sun, though beautiful in its rise and set, is meaningless if it didn't do what it does in the middle. It radiates light and warms everything that is cold. I'm not sure that could be me. But for some strange reason, I begin to wish I were that kind of person. A light. A source of warmth and comfort.

"You are not this body. You can be much, much more," she says. And then I realise, the sun never rises because it wanted to. It just does. And when it does, it spreads life and light until it's time to go. You don't much appreciate something before you realise it's true value, alas.

I never chose to be born, I never chose to be forced into this life-death cycle, but as long as I'm here I might as well shine. Suddenly I realise that today I've learnt so much more than school ever could have taught me.

I can see a small smile cracking onto her lips, and then she's gone. Just like that. Before I even know how to react, how to say goodbye. But then I see a soft glow surrounding my body, and it may not even be real, but it tells me that she is in me. She *is* me. Just like my mind and heart are. She is my soul.

The glow fades, but not away. It fades into me. I can feel myself accepting it, that *me* is not confined to just my body. That I am as sure to set as I am to rise. But instead of musing over how it's unfair, I think about how beautiful it is, this sunrise and this sunset.

Today, after so many days, I feel an urge to live. An urge to be the light and warmth this world needs. And today it is so hard to believe that it all began with me having a walk in the woods with my soul.

Sisters

By Gracie

We suffer in silence. Our pride, our spirit, our wisdom, our compassion, they force us onwards. Our community, our tradition, they keep us together. My name is Somalia and these are my sisters: Rwanda, Kenya, Mali, The Democratic Republic Of The Congo, Sudan, Mozambique, Tunisia, Ethiopia and forty-something others. Our hearts lie in the open desert, under a sky that's filled with stars, in the hopeful smiles that radiate joy, in voices that join together as one, in the rhythm of bare feet on dry earth in the rains that bring life and the markets that bustle with colour and taste. Our hearts, they lie in Africa.

Slowly our minds are poisoned by violence, contaminated by corruption and hate, touched by the evils of segregation, greed, injustice and grief. By life and by death, we are weakened.

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