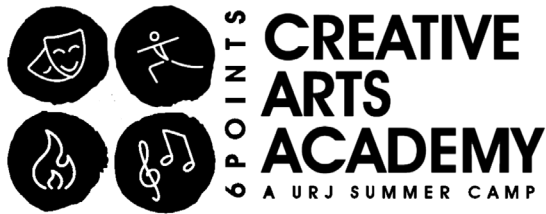


2024 Session 3 Chapbook



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EDITOR'S NOTE

This session was small, so the third session Shoreshim and Olim majors had plenty of time to not only stretch their own technical skills but also get to know their personal writer's voice better through listening and workshopping with each other. Each writer produced a finished work for the chapbook, but more than that they experimented with style and voice, gave feedback on each other's work with an eye to recognizing and bringing out another writer's unique voice, and tried out new ideas and new topics. Some writers tried out formal poetry in new ways, some experimented with storytelling methods, and some dug deep to express difficult things in fresh ways.

This year's theme, "And there was light," is directly reflected in some of the pieces but not all of them. Nevertheless the creativity each writer brought to camp this session has shone brilliantly through their words and their actions.

It has been a pleasure to work with each of you this session and I hope the skills you exercised and the conversations you had this summer continue to help you in your future writing.

Sincerely,
Meir Hoberman

Creative Writing Session 3 2024

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Thank you to Elijah Bayuk for formatting and
assembling this chapbook.

We appreciate you.

(You're welcome!)

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Author's Note:

This is a collection of poems that I have made throughout this session. They don't all connect and they don't all reflect this year's theme "And there was light!" either. But I felt these would be good to put in the chapbook.

Naomi Ferat

Collected Poems

Naomi Ferat

In The Woods

You're in the woods jumping, singing, laughing, hoping, and skipping. You're in the woods and you feel free while you're letting go of the past. You're in the woods and you're holding on but also letting go. You're in the woods cause all you've ever wanted is to know what it is like to be alone.

We wish on a star

We wish on a star
what does it mean to have hope
We wish on a star
is love only given from afar
We wish on a star
what does it mean to be strong
We wish on a star
will there ever be color on this blank bar
We wish on a star
what does it mean to be brave
We wish on a star

The Lone Pencil

Have you ever thought about that lonely pencil on your desk? That cat left all alone in the rain? Well, I have. I've thought about those and I've thought about other bigger things. That one bug away from their group. That one moldy tomato left in the bowl. Why?

Why do we leave them alone? Pick up that pencil, stop asking your friend for one. Help that cat find shelter, warmth, and food. Help that bug on their journey. And even if you don't want to touch it help that tomato become fertilizer. Because in the end we all have a place and we all have a job.

Cold

Cold hands touch mine
We are enlaced with the hope from the past
Cold hands touch mine
We can feel the pain from of the vine
Cold hands touch mine
We warm in this cold embrace
Cold hands touch mine
We find an old pine
Cold hands touch mine

Water

Water drips down the pipe outside just like my heart on this wet roller coaster
Water drips drip drop
Plink plunk plop

Author's Note:

In this excerpt from my novel I wanted to convey my own emotions through the main character, Minji. How she feels unfit in the Japanese sector, and how;
“Existing is hard sometimes.” -Darcy Hurley

Vee Berger

Excerpt
Vee Berger

Prologue

I remember the lace on my dress, Appa's gentle hand passing me one yuzu orange after another, keeping me quiet. Tears pricked at the corners of my eyes as the bitter, citrusy taste overwhelmed my senses— the rough skin peeling away, tart juice coating my lips. The whispers of condolences, the loud sobs from Akuji, or as Appa called her my *Keibo*, the Japanese word for Step-Mother. I remember hazily Akuji kneeling and telling me I would never have to worry about my Eomma again. She smelled like floral perfume, and her eyes were filled with duplicity. I didn't understand, my Eomma wasn't bad. She was the same person who would sing me songs before bed and whisper sweet Korean sentiments in my ear. Now, as I grew older, I understood. It wasn't Eomma's fault, it was the cage she was trapped in. The one that plagued her every night, and led her to her grave. Akuji reminds me that's why we should stay in the dome, that's how we are safe from the Proxy. But all I've come to learn is bitter resentment. When Tsuki and Taiyo were born, I pushed them away. It's not their fault. They were just children. Tsuki and Taiyo couldn't understand why their Ane was so distant. It was the resentment built up inside me when we moved to the Japanese sector, when I faded away, into the background. When Tsuki and Taiyo got Digi tablets, Akuji revoked my privileges after a failed quiz. And yeah, I know, I don't have it as bad as other kids, I *know* I'm privileged, more privileged than the children from Before. I recall when I was too young to understand

all the chaos, Eomma would tuck me into bed and she would tell me stories, from before the apocalypse, and how the republic was made.

Hushed Korean whispers told me that the Republic was founded where East Asia used to stand. After the meteor everything changed, people scattered and the republic was formed from the survivors. Eomma lived in Seoul, she described it as a bustling city, always filled.

Then, one day, she stopped. The hushed murmurs turned into silence, as she faded away. We should have noticed the signs of Proxy before. The darkened veins, her once bright face was now ashy, and her cheeks sunken in. Her frame was emaciated. Her shiny black hair was dull and limp, the day came, the one Appa had seen, and ignored, the one, he wanted so desperately to go away. Sometimes when I close my eyes, I can imagine she's still here. I can feel her warm embrace wrapping around me. But when I open my eyes, my body is cold, the warmth sucked out of it.

Chapter One

Life and death is a careful balance. I learned this lesson at the age of seven, when my Eomma got infected by Proxy. Of course, we all knew it was possible. They were exposed to the air when the meteor hit. The disease felt like a nightmare— but a nightmare, you get to wake up. Appa would cover my eyes when they displayed the news on the DigiScreen, how the disease broke apart another family, how it corrupted your brain, inching its way to self demise. I *know* the dome is for our safety, I *know* I'm lucky. I feel trapped within them. A barrier I cannot break. I wonder, is that how my Eomma felt days before her death? I think about that question often.

My Eomma had originated from what was once known as Korea, and Appa had just left Japan shortly before the apocalypse started to study abroad there. Now the Republic's population was a general mix of East Asians. Of course, there was a mix of culture, ethnicity,

and language which made communicating difficult. That is why they separated us into sectors. The first generation, now adults, were more than happy to settle into a routine they knew. For the second generation, they made learning each language mandatory.

My parents, Ji-Eum Kim, and Yuka Hayashi, having just turned 32, wanted a normal life. But luck wasn't on their side.

“Minji Hayashi! You're going to be tardy for school!”

Akuji's voice snapped me out of my thoughts. I checked my watch and it was 8:20 already. Lights turned on at 8:00 AM, to conserve energy and school started at 8:30. I rushed over to the closet and swiftly pulled out my school uniform, a pressed white shirt paired with a navy blazer and skirt. I very un-gracefully hopped into my white knee-highs and grabbed my green shoulder bag, cramming my school books and loose homework papers into it. Checking my hair in the bathroom mirror, I found it looking ruffled, per usual. I grabbed my brush and ran it through my shoulder-length black hair, then tamed my bangs. Brushing my teeth, my reflection looked back at me. I was a spitting image of my Eomma, with the same emerald eyes, and dark lashes.

I practically jumped down the stairs two at a time and froze when I saw Akuji at the kitchen table. She was on a call on her DigiPad. Akuji worked as a government assistant, which was a glorified secretary. She only worked there because Appa offered her a job.

I grabbed my lunch, continuing out the door, jogging to the HoverTrain station. Thankfully, the Japanese schooling center was placed outside of my sector. Right next to the Korean one, I listened to the mindless chatter of a group of Korean girls in their red blazers, starkly different against my blue one.

It should be me

It should have been me!

The voice hissed in my head.

As I settled on the Japanese Carriage in the HoverTrain's plush blue

seats, I tapped at the crystalline blue circle that has been implanted in my wrist since I was an infant and my holographic DigiCombo home screen appeared.

I opened my most recent tab and the L.U.N.A.R.S. Academy website popped up. L.U.N.A.R.S. stood for *Learning Unanimously with the Neurobiology and Arithmetic Radiation Scientists*. Yeah, it's a mouthful. L.U.N.A.R.S.'s sister school, S.O.L.A.R.S., stands for *Studies For Language, Agriculture, and Reading Students*. L.U.N.A.R.S. however focuses on how radiation affects the human species while trying to figure out how to beat Proxy, and, most importantly, how I could have saved *my* Eomma.

Akuji was determined to make my life miserable, they wanted to forget about *my* Eomma and live as if *nothing* happened. The train came abruptly to a halt and my head hit one of the metal bars.

“Ow!” I grimaced as I rubbed my head. Hopping off the train, I saw my friend Nayumi’s cheerful face, waiting as always.

“Hey, Mina-Chan!” Nayumi called out to me.

Nayumi was one of the first girls I met after moving to the Japanese sector. She was the one who gave me the nickname Mina, so the other kids wouldn't laugh at me for having such a Korean name.

I liked my name, Eomma told me it meant intelligent and clever. But in the Japanese sector, it just made me look like an outsider. Eomma had begged Appa to live in the Korean Sector before I was born, and he obliged. However, it seemed as if just hours after her death we were moving, from our apartment; my home. Appa had already signed off papers, and the next thing I knew, I was standing in front of a new, bland apartment, two big boxes of the last seven years of my life stacked in my hand.

“Morning Yumi-Chan,” I replied, with no real emotion behind it.

“Have you done Tanaka-Sensai's history homework? Also, Sato-Kun is throwing a party next weekend, wanna go? Oh! You must

have heard that L.U.N.A.R.S Academy is doing a lottery draw this year. It's because they've gotten a lot of bad press in the past only accepting around 2% of the applicants that apply. And..."

I cut her off, "Wait! Did you say what I think you just said?"

Nayumi cocked her head, and looked at me questioningly, "About Sato-Kun's party on Saturday?"

"No, after that," I said, holding my breath.

"Oh, right! The L.U.N.A.R.S lottery draw?"

"Yuuumi! I've been wanting to go to the academy since I was little!"

"What about your Keibo? She'll never let you go." Nayumi said warily, using *that* word.

I **hated** that word.

"She's not my Hahaoya or my Keibo." I snapped, Akuji would never replace my Eomma, even the thought of referring to her as my Keibo made me shudder.

Nayumi pursed her lips, she knew the topic of my family was a sensitive subject.

"Sorry— I forgot." She murmured, as we descended into an awkward silence.

As the sight of the Schooling Center came into view, Nayumi put her hand on my shoulder and smiled. I could see her eyes were filled with that same look people always gave me, sympathy and pity.

I *hated* that look.

"Don't worry, I'm sure everything will turn out fine." She said,

gently squeezing my shoulder.

“Right!” I said plastering a smile on my face, Eomma always told me to look for the good in things. She had always lived with rose-colored glasses, one of the things I resented. But the burden of the mask I wear slips more every day, the tension in my chest making me gasp for breath. The feeling of being underwater was one I knew well. The Anxiety attacks, the flashbacks, lingering at the back of my mind. I wouldn’t let anyone see, but everything comes crashing down at some point. Right?

Author's Note:

I wrote this based off of my complex emotions. It's always been hard for me to express myself through non-symbolic language, so I wrote a poem about it. I relate to phoenixes a lot so I chose that animal to be the main focus in the poem. The flower also serves the same purpose as the phoenix; they are supposed to mirror each other. The crown also mirrors the dew on the petals. I hope you enjoy :)

Virgil Tayar

The Fall of a Phoenix

Virgil Tayar

Bright sky clouded by colors,
Rising from ashes, fire awoke with a phoenix.
The creature swooped to collect its crown
It once held dear, a flower
Soft and still, a flowing piece of a dream
Crashing waves of the ocean.

Air roaring, sounding as the ocean,
Swirling and flowing as colors
In a portrait. Fire twirling in a dreamlike
State, for the phoenix
Had passion like the petals of a flower.
Wreath stood atop its head, a crown

Riches of isolating glory, like the crown
Of a rainbow striking waves of ocean,
Flowing, not drowning like the petals of the flower
In the rain, refracting glorious colors.
Nothing was as graceful as the phoenix
Gliding in the sky; a fleeting dream

Soaring high, an ever changing dream
Making sure not to fall, for the crown

Atop its head is precious. The phoenix
Soared through trees, over rolling oceans
Scenes blended, like colors
In sunset, falling as dew on a flower

Like mold corrodes, the flower
Destroys the path and everything in this dream
Full of blazing colors
As delicate raindrop, the crown
Fell fast, crashing into waters of the ocean.
The crashed waves burnt the falling phoenix

Into the ground, falling down, the phoenix
Flowed like dew on petals of a flower,
Crashing down, descending into the ocean,
Dissociating and glossy-eyed in the dream,
Now decaying, the gold crown
Refracted a blaze of the colors.

Like falling dewdrops on the petals of the flower,
The beast returned to the Earth, this phoenix
Crashing into the rainbow of the ocean.

And again.

Author's Note:

I began this poem after a small conversation we had in my major about weird rules you sometimes have with friends and was reminded of some of the rules my friends and I have, one of them being no wool was allowed in the house we hang out at most and came to the realization that the rule no longer was necessary, I was struggling to come up with something to write.

Kooper Kniaz

Wool

Kooper Kniaz

No wool in the house that was the rule
You got red and itchy as the air escaped your lungs
My dad has always hated wool
And he never wants it around
But still I brought home thick wool socks
Patterned wool blankets
And warm winter hats
Dangled them in front of him just to make him twitch
But when you said “no wool in the house”
Suddenly the socks on my feet poked into me with every movement I made
Like the knowledge of your pain
Made me start to understand my dad's disdain
It's too hot, too itchy, and not very soft
So the blanket got folded at the bottom of the pile
The socks pushed to the back of the drawer
And the hat shoved in the pocket of a jacket
If I wanted to now, I could wear it all again
Wear a wardrobe full of wool
And sit down on your couch
But ill let it sit at the bottom of the pile
Make my dad's life a little bit easier
And maybe it will let someone keep their breath

Author's Note:

Humor brings light. Also can somebody pls very seriously
annotate this lol.

Love ya!

Ilana Kaufman

Ashes Ashes, Dust to Dust

Ilana Kaufman

Hand sanitizer is amazing and awesome and I love it with all my
heart.

it's so cool and yummy but don't eat it for lunch!
It cleans your hands so they wont smell like a fart

I love hand sanitizer with all my heart.
You may say it's not all that, that it's just like the Dutch.
But hand sanitizer is so good, it and I will never be apart.

It takes away the germs, letting my hands restart.
I bring it with me so I can eat so much!
It's the best invention, it makes me believe mankind can be smart.

Hand sanitizer and I shall never be apart.
It is my heart and my soul, I love it so much.
For hand sanitizer owns my heart.

I shall never betray it, it is better than art.
For it I would stand in front of a cliff and plunge.
I would take the stars and make it a chart

Dear Hand Sanitizer, my love, you are my heart.
I love you like emo's love grunge.
You are like Moses, spitting the red sea apart.
You have healed my soul and become my heart

Author's Note:

Hiii. My grandpa died about a month ago, and he always told me to write him a happy story. However, that is not what I *prefer* to write. So I did something different with this story. You can interpret how you want, it is from first person perspective so you could imagine yourself going on this adventure (because everyone wants to get trapped in a cave). The theme of this year was, "and then there was light". Because the ending is open and leaves room for interpretation, you can decide if our narrator lives to see the light, or if they die. If my grandpa was here, he would probably want our mountain climber to live. That's it, I hope you enjoy!

Eva Resnik

Bats

Eva Resnik

STARTING POINT

Today I'm climbing the Toiyabe Trail Crest. It's not as long as some other mountains I've climbed, but it's still a difficult one. 101 km. I've loved mountain hiking since I was little. Every time I go somewhere, I buy a journal at the gift shop that they usually have.

Wish me luck!

MILE 1

Starting out is always the hardest part. You just have to keep pushing until you find a steady path.

MILE 4

Miles 1, 2, and 3 were pretty hard but they will get easier as I head up. The trail starts off pretty

steep in the beginning and then the incline gets lower and lower. I packed a PB&J for lunch and the bench I was sitting on overlooked a pretty spring.

MILE 8

I was right; it did get easier. The views are gorgeous and so so pretty. That's always my favorite part of climbing. Not the exercise, not the bragging rights of saying you made it to a peak (although that's a fun bonus) but the beautiful sights around you. Just wishing you could press pause and stare at it forever.

MILE 14

I'm straying off path because I found a cave. Its rocks were shimmery and there was moss growing out of it which means there is water inside.

???

I'm going deeper into the cave, I found the spring but I hear birds chirping, so I'm thinking that the trail goes to the other side. I know you're not supposed to stray off trail, much less wander into a cave.

???

I found a big cavern with a bunch of holes. The town near here, Austin, is a mining community. I think this is one of the old mining caverns.

I'm not tracking where I am anymore, I might be lost. But this cave is so cool. There are crystals everywhere and bugs I've never seen before. I'm going to explore more, I'm mapping out where I

am so I'll be able to find my way out.

It caved in.

I'm stuck, there are rocks blocking the tunnel I went through. It started as a slight rumbling and then crumbling and then pebbles started falling. I couldn't go through the falling rocks so I kept getting pushed back further as bigger and bigger rocks started falling.

The dust started suffocating me, I raised my t-shirt over my nose, how stupid was I? I got myself into this situation. I hear birds chirping further into the cave, so maybe there is a way out backwards.

I know, I know that sounds stupid and that's what got me into this situation in the first place, but the dust is rising and it's my only option.

MINUTE 5

I'm starting to get worried. I turned on my flashlight and all there are are rocks and bugs. Lots and lots of bugs. This hike should've taken me about 7-8 days, and I told friends and family that I would have no service. I don't know how I'm going to get out, will anyone have a sense that something's wrong? No, that's stupid. This should've been an easy, vacation-length, relaxing hike. Instead I'm stuck in a cave.

MINUTE 10

I'm tired. I've been awake since 5 in the morning and I've been hiking for seven hours. I set up my sleeping bag in the only non-damp corner I could find and ate my second PB&J. I think starving or dehydration would be the worst way to die in this cave.

HOURS IN CAVE: ???

I think it's morning, I don't know because I'm in the middle of a dark cave. Obviously. I'm going to keep following the bird noises, I hear water too, and that's a good sign. I ran out of water.

On the trail there are water fillers every few miles but in a cave? Fresh water is unlikely. I have a pot and a lighter though.

HOURS IN CAVE: ???

There is so much dust. It's engulfing me. But the bird noises are getting closer, I'm finding a way out.

I hear the bird noises, they are all around me. But I can't see them.

There are red dots everywhere, I'm turning on my flashlight.

Bats.

