

RED INK

est. 2004

kid astronaut

DYLAN KIM '26



wellesley
high
school's
literary &
arts
magazine

2024 EDITION

Red Ink

WELLESLEY HIGH SCHOOL'S
LITERARY AND ARTS MAGAZINE

Dear Reader,

Thank you for picking up the 2023-2024 Edition of Red Ink. Red Ink is a student-run literary and arts magazine that aims to preserve the creative spark of Wellesley High's students against the backdrop of busy high school life. Our goal is to provide these students with a platform to share and appreciate art, writing, and creation. As they continue to make new things and find themselves in their works, the magazine brings attention to their journeys.

Our team at Red Ink has been meeting once a week to bring our peers this magazine as well as fundraisers, general promotion, and side projects. In our pursuit of the magazine's mission and artistic excellence, we hope that our product inspires you, whether you're an artist or aesthete. This collection of student work reflects the many experiences of students at Wellesley, and each piece offers a unique perspective and insight into the diverse and vibrant community here. We're hopeful you'll find something within that resonates with you.

Yours truly,
Red Ink Editors



Joanne
Asia Foland
Mia Wang
Kelly Wang
Katherine

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Supporting the Unnatural

The hands imprinted on the shoulders serve a dual purpose in my artistic interpretation. On one level, they symbolize unwavering support – a constant presence behind him, reinforcing his strength, and delicately holding together the fractures that manifest in the wake of his endeavors.

Simultaneously, the hands bear the weight of my own burdens, metaphorically speaking. I see myself inextricably linked to him, contributing my own challenges and expectations amidst the existing stress he endures.



ANONYMOUS, '25

ceramics

The Vines You Breathe



EMILY RICH '25

metals

SNOW MOUNTAIN



oil on canvas

Denisé Pan, 25



LE JARDIN DE MAMAN

oil painting



scratchboard

MADDIE TAN '25

Lessons in Rollerskating, Loss, and Riding the Wind

I looked at Flynn, then the rutted ground. Slowly, I lifted my right foot, placed it down. I wobbled, then stood still. I subconsciously reminisced about the first time I went skating. I had a pair of pink skates, cartoon pattern imprinted onto the plastic, just like any 5 year old girl would have asked for. We went up the staircases of a building 30 minutes from home, up to the third floor. I don't remember much about the lesson itself, but while we were getting ready to go home, I saw the other children speeding across the rink, hand in hand with their parents so that they wouldn't crash. I begged my parents, and they agreed. Except my dad somehow let go, the same way he did in the years to come. I went home having suffered a nosebleed and losing a tooth. The shackles of dependence rooted me every time I thought about asking for help. I would not allow Flynn to carry me because I could not skate, the same way I would not let anybody help me buckle my skate boot because I could not tie them well enough, the same way I'd refused when my friends offered to lend me their unlimited credit cards during the weekend trips because my parents only gave me 20 dollars, the same way I'd refused Luke when he wanted to help me with high jump because I could only jump 4 feet. I would crash, knees skinned and face bruised, so that I would learn how to get past it, so that in the next handful of times that we'd come here, I wouldn't even consider Flynn's offer.

My other leg had already relocated itself. I swung it next to my right and stood still. Flynn was off his skateboard. He had passed me - he didn't look back to see if I had killed myself or got run over by a car. And I hated getting left behind, so I pumped my feet without hesitation and my wheels took me out of the cracked patch of land. Those few seconds were shaky, but I kept my legs bent, beads of sweat dripping off my forehead and the strands of hair that had escaped my helmet. My wheels sped up, past Flynn, past the first house on Wells Street, so fast I almost forgot how to brake.

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ARMITA HAMRAH '25
digital photography

Carousel No. 5



Don't Choose Dare in Pre-K

“I hate you.”

You were three years old.

You clutched the hem of your frilly pink skirt from the Gap store
and your lips trembled as your baby cheeks bloomed red, but I didn't notice
until

I saw the wet, heavy drops hanging onto your bottom lash
and the innocent joy flicker out of your eyes.

AUDREY SAU '25

poetry

acrylic

Sophie Kwan '25





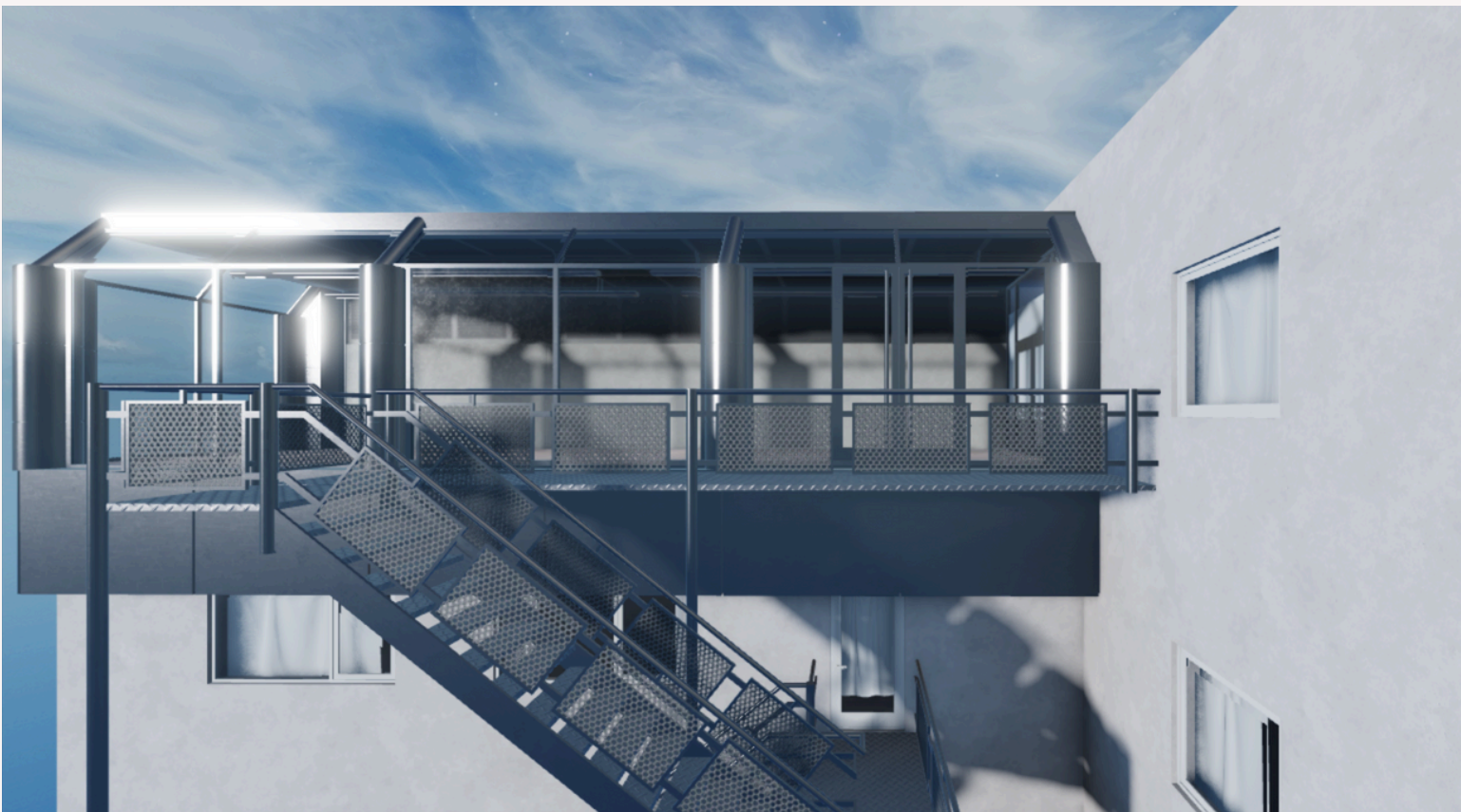
Reethu

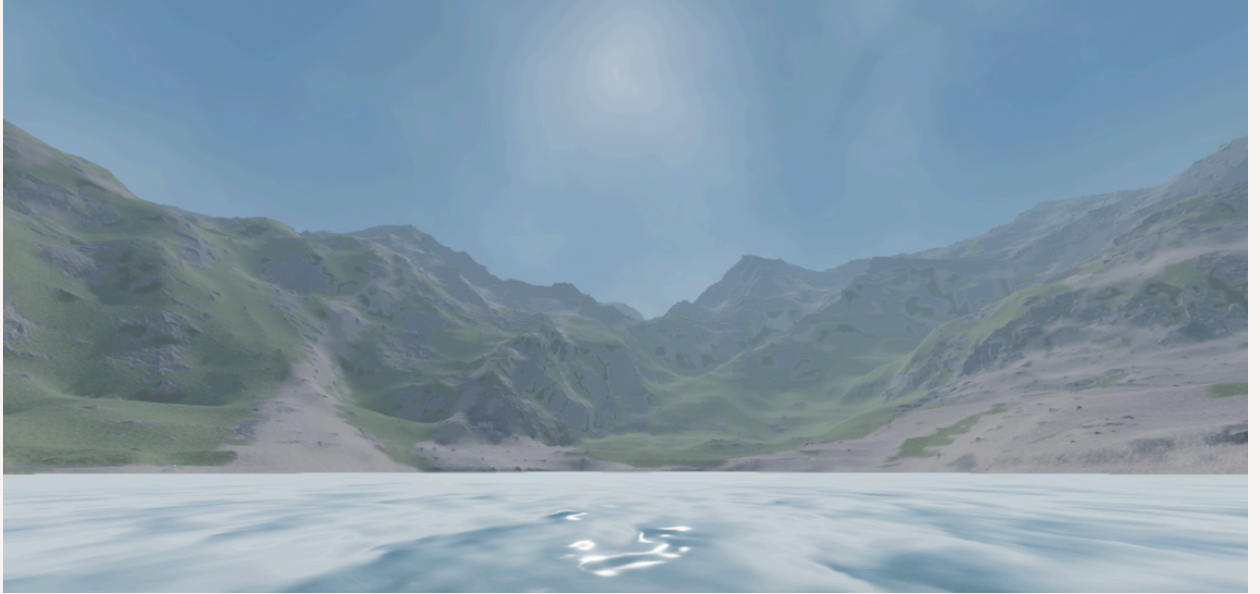
I made this portrait of Reethu in Drawing and Painting. I used acrylic paints and layered them to create a more realistic look. This painting was especially meaningful to me as it was actually sent to her!

I work a nine-to-five in a cubicle. My boss
dropped another stack of papers on my desk.
Yet, I haven't quit because my office has
Room Full of Big Windows.

Steely Morning

roblox studio





Until Skies

KATHERINE GUO
'26



Self-Portrait

charcoal on mixed media paper



ALEXANDRA LEE '25

*graphite
on paper*



Venetian Blinds

VALÉ SANCHEZ '26

Balancing Act



ELLERY FRANCSCHINI '25

ceramics



shadow over the sea

JULIA ANDERSSON
'24

acrylic paint on canvas

waves.

VALÉ SANCHEZ
'26

ceramics



VALÉ R. SANCHEZ '26



bubble

blue sweep

ceramics



The second he ducked around the trees and saw what was below, my grandfather knew he was in trouble. James Reilley was a lieutenant colonel in the army; he spent four years in Vietnam during the war. Luckily, he survived, and when he finished his duty, he went on to work as a paratrooper instructor at Fort Bliss in El Paso, Texas.

He was a large man, a former tight end at William and Mary. I mostly remember him wearing jeans and flannel shirts. His hearty laugh could fill up an entire room. And he was always up for gathering his grandchildren around and telling funny military stories. The one I still remember—he told it all the time, even though we pretended like we were hearing it for the first time—was when he volunteered to test safe landing areas for the paratroopers he was in charge of training.

As he mounted the military transport aircraft, the type of plane paratroopers

jumped from, his adrenaline would rush to his head the way the Colorado River surges after a heavy spring rain. It was a perfect day for it: sunny, breezy, and mild. He actually liked these kinds of missions. It was just him, the pilot, and the fluffy white clouds. The steady noise of the plane's engine calmed his nerves. No matter how many times he prepared to make these jumps, he got revved up. Finding the safest landing spot could be tricky, especially from so high up. Sometimes his eyes play tricks on him. Once he saw a huge log floating down a river, but when the plane got closer, it was the largest black moose he had ever seen.

On this day, my grandfather signaled to the pilot that there was a grassy field below the sides of the cliffs and on the edge of the longleaf pine forest, which looked like a good place to land. The pilot agreed, and my grandfather started to suit up. He carefully checked his bag, ensuring that each strap was securely fastened and every buckle was snug.

The Fall

Any mistakes in this preparation could lead to the parachute not deploying, so even as an expert, he took his preparation very seriously each and every time he jumped.

The deafening hum of the plane's engine drowned out any external sounds, creating a cocoon of anticipation around him. As he approached the open door, the rush of wind hit him, stealing his breath. With a quick nod to the pilot, he jumped. The stomach drop he felt each and every time he jumped was the reason he became a paratrooper, out of the many paths he could have taken in the military. He loved roller coasters and cliff jumping for the same reason. As he fell, he twisted, turned, and soaked up the feeling of weightlessness. He turned his back to the ground and looked up into the sky, and for a moment, all his worries disappeared. He fell towards the ground below as it expanded like a canvas. He scanned the terrain, calculating the trajectory for a perfect landing.

The landscape transformed beneath him as he descended, from rocky cliffs to dense clusters of trees. The wind howled in his ears as he neared the intended landing spot. He was slightly off course and realized he was going to have to fly between the tops of a few large pine trees to reach the field. He always tells this part of the story with his body. He reenacts himself pulling on the parachute rope and ducking through the trees, with branches hitting him all over. Just as he barely cleared the last branch, his heart dropped. It wasn't an open field; it was rock, concealed by bits of moss that gave the illusion of grass from afar. Panic set in as my grandfather struggled to redirect his trajectory. The ground rushed up to meet him, and he braced himself for impact. He landed on his right shoulder and rolled onto his left side.

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AGNESE DELVECCIO '25



DENISE PAN '25

oil painting on canvas

Nature



DENISE PAN '25
photography



Neon

Melt

I've watched the snow melt
Every fall or winter day,
I've watched the snow melt
Till my hair starts to fray

I've watched the snow melt
Like I'm a cigarette on an ashtray.
Now you will watch me melt,
As I start to melt away.

KYLA WILSON '24

poetry

Depth of Field

My mother's eyes always look alert. Wide open at all times. Even though they are smaller than my sister's, they give an even more passionate stare. When I struggle in school, I burn by a glimpse of subtle disillusionment that nests in her gaze. The welcoming sparkle slowly disappears and the surface of her iris becomes dull and matte. A stone statue; unpolished and grainy. Rough and muted.

She always relates the Chinese idiom that "the eyes are the way to the mind." I struggle to understand its vagueness. I can't help to notice the miniscule wrinkles that were growing in the corners of her eyes; scars that are only sculpted and carved by adversaries, and smiles. She loves to smile. A surge of energy.

Her eye bags sag, like a single raindrop that drags itself slowly down the broad endeavor of a window, candle wax dripping and trickling down. A permanent smudge of charcoal; a half moon shadow.

My sister's eyes are big and round. Her eyes are like marbles. Perfectly circular and glassy. I have always admired her eyes, maybe even a little bit jealous of them. My mother always says that her eyes are "the prettiest in the family." Maybe it's because of her long and thick lashes, or just how bright and clear they are. Her eyelids are like the skin of a ripe peach; supple and soft. It's funny, even ironic, how the "prettiest" eyes don't work as well as mine. My sister has to wear special overnight contacts to rejuvenate or fix her vision for the next day. She refuses to wear glasses. I guess she has gained some sort of confidence from her eyes from all of the compliments she gets. Glasses would make her eyes even bigger; the lens giving her a bug-like appearance. Distorted. I notice the dilation of her pupils when she looks at me. Breathing in and out. Someone changing the aperture of a camera. When she goes outside, the blazing afternoon sun makes them shimmer and twinkle, like glitter on a Christmas ornament. Her eyes have a permanent right-about-to-cry glisten. The only beautiful part of crying.

VIVIAN PAN '25

memoir

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DENISE PAN '25
oil on canvas

Hike



photography

ANONYMOUS '26

Sunset





Early Application

How is it that I'm always pulled by waves?
I can't tell which direction I'm going
The same voices push and pull day and day.
I'm not able to be free and flowing.

It's rare when the waves tell me a story
Calm or powerful they are always there
Making decisions for me when only
I need to be the only one. I swear.

I love the ocean but sometimes, I need
A pond where only I can make my waves.
But without the waves, I will cry and bleed
But taking that step creates a new phase.

There will be times when I need the ocean
But for now, I can take care of myself.

NICK NICOLAZZO '24

poetry

Dying

ANSON RICHMAN '25
fiction

Two seconds later, the door issues a muted thump. The whole mall is about to close—it's 6pm on a Sunday night—and Jordan has the decency not to find her way into a locked bathroom with me in it.

"Blake?" comes her voice from the other end.

"Were you trying to kill me?" I ask plainly.

"I thought we were having fun," Jordan replies. We were having fun just minutes ago, like we always do. No one's looking for us. No one even wants to look at us. So for the last eighteen months, we've been messing around at Trade Square Mall until dusk. We bounce around to blasting music, keep tabs on the increasingly defunct state of the place, and spend hours talking in dim halls untouched by cleaning supplies for years. Jordan remembers things: Sears left in 2019, Hot Topic left in 2013, her last friend left in 2009. Her stories are sad, but they're better than mine.

"You looked like you wanted to hurt me," I say. "Like you—god, this sounds crazy—you wanted to Transform me."

"I'm the only one here, Blake."

"No, you're not."

"Stop saying that." Jordan's voice has turned from pleading to glum.

I told her yesterday that I got into Williams College, early decision.

I sit down on the stone-tiled floor, sagging under the weight of what I know she'll say next.

"I don't want you to go."

I reply.

"I don't want to go."

A moment passes. I take a deep breath of artificially-freshened air.

“I am going to die,” says Jordan. “This place is practically dead already, and nowhere else will have me.”

“So you wanna make me into a vampire so we can die here together?” I ask.

Jordan lets out a sigh. “I don’t know what I want. Just don’t come out right now, for your own sake.”

Her breathing emanates from beyond the door. I hear it pulsate alongside my own at half my rate.

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WILLIAM LIU '24
photography

Pegan Hill



CLARIFY

VALÉ SANCHEZ '26
acrylic on canvas





COASTAL BLUES

JOANNE ZHANG '25
photography



WILLIAM OHAEGBULAM '25

photography

CARAMEL LEAVES

A lonesome palm tree
with caramel leaves
a sky descends from blue to white
not a cloud in sight.
Prickly pears, Golden barrels, and San Pedros emerge from amber sand.
The sand sees the sea slice the sky in half

Close your eyes

Crashing waves let out a constant hum
Flapping wings follow the caws of a flock of gulls
Wet feet slap softly
on hard dry concrete
Far away murmurs
talk about you behind your back
Cover your ears

Sulphurous, salty, and somewhat nauseating
shells and skin
from sea turtles
Suffocating
On saran wrap and
Synthetic bags

Constrict your nose

The tropical sun
leaves sizzling patches of skin
everywhere– even your toes
You wish you had packed more clothes



Continuum

colored pencil on paper

ZOE HUANG '24



Cloth Still Life

graphite and colored pencil on paper



Q: What is the best piece of advice you've ever received in regard to your art?

A: Something that my art teacher told me a lot (especially when I was younger) was that I couldn't "climb the mountain halfway"- in the sense that I can't give up on a piece halfway through. While it wasn't really a tip specifically for art, she helped me persevere through many tough times when I felt like giving up on certain pieces and slump periods.

Q: What is your biggest struggle with art currently?

A: Definitely trying to find the motivation or time to draw—my motivation usually comes in small bursts every now and then, which is when I typically draw. Moreover, I went through a period of severe burnout due to completing my entire college portfolio within the span of 8 months, which has led to other motivation issues.

Q: Between these two pieces that you submitted, which is your favorite and why?

A: Even though I think that the cats are technically better, I have to say I prefer the skeleton probably because of the sheer amount of time that it took me to finish.

Q: If you could tell your younger artist self anything, what would it be?

A: Don't throw away the old pieces, even if they look horrible in the moment.

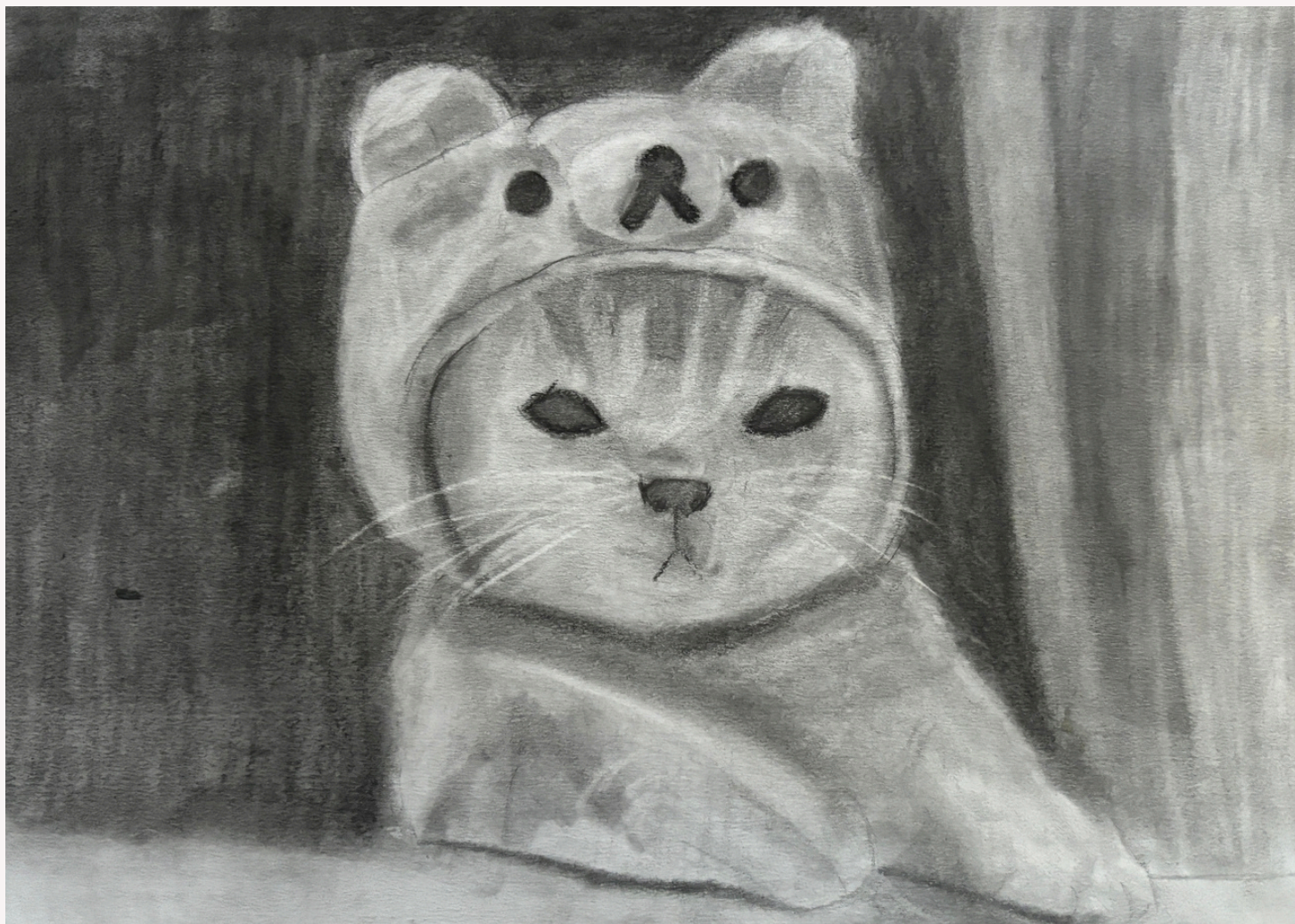


I Hate Being Called a Snowflake

It's white, fluffy, and fun
Each snowflake is content with its individuality,
Its strength grows as many just like it unite,
And suddenly, they become snow.
a mountain
Towering above the neighborhood

People stare
With disgust
Disdain
Despair, even.
They see the manual labor it takes to
Clean out their driveways
Shovel through paths
Of old, muddy grime
Start their 2006 Nissan Quest,
Which stopped liking the cold years ago

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A Cat DUNJA RADIVOJAC '25
Wearing a Hat

graphite drawing

alewife brook



ALEXANDRA LEE '25

acrylic paint on canvas

VALÉ SANCHEZ
'26

forest lights



charcoal & chalk on toned paper



free float

What She Told Me

ASIA FOLAND '25 *poetry*

She crawls out of her bathroom window
and onto her asphalt roof

It's quiet there, except for her jagged sobs
severing moonlight into onyx strips like

the dark salty ribbons crawling down the cuffs of her
coarse polyester sweater, it's dirty now and

soon she will unravel her parts as fluorescent light
taunts her return to the hue; the home

She will peel off her polyester
And soften to fresh cotton

Then she will do it all again the next night

colored pencil

VAE HONG '25



*descent
from girlhood*

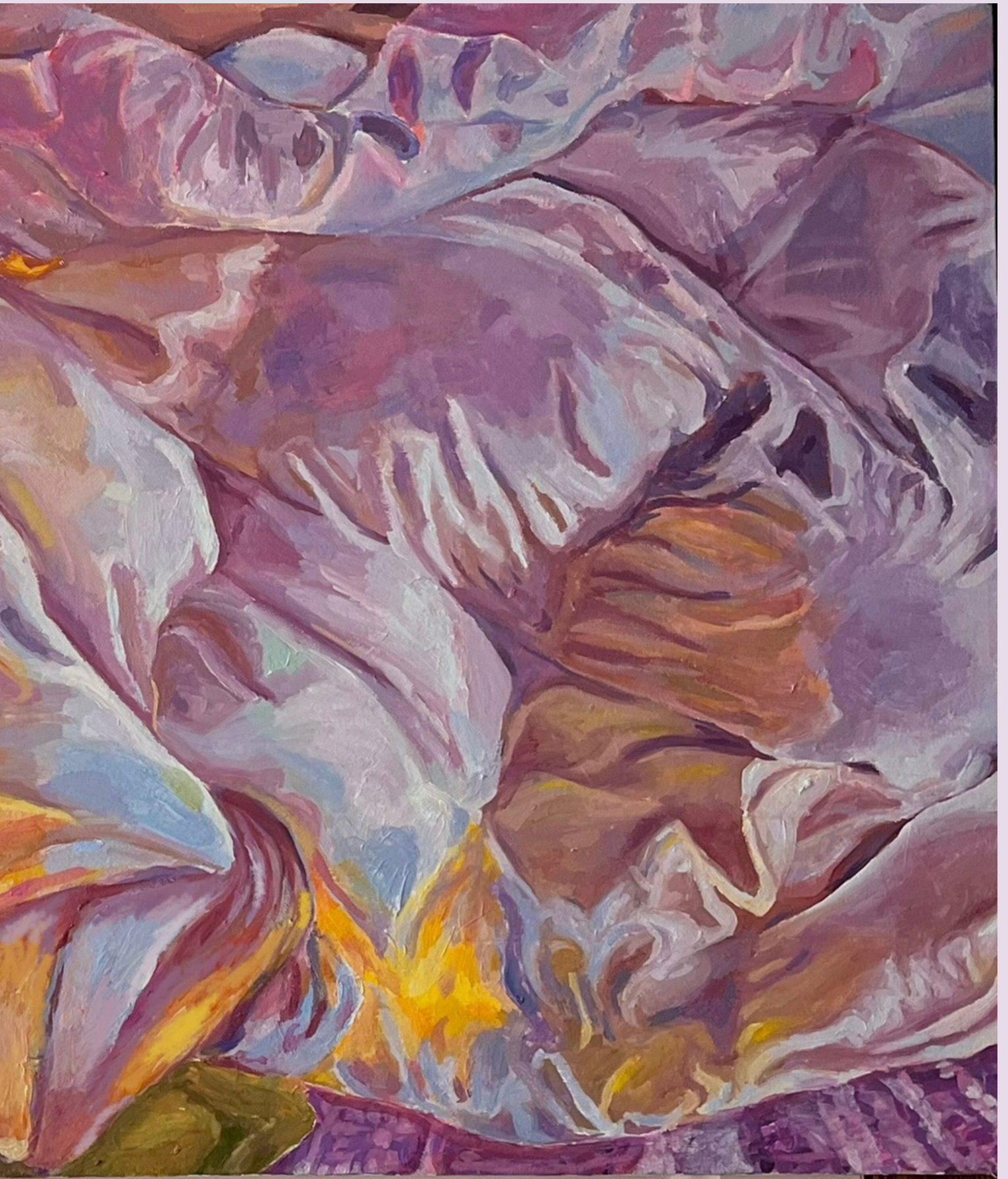
This piece speaks to the feeling that every idea, every belief, every institution and person and feeling and thought, has betrayed me since turning 13.

Lazy Morning

EVELYN HARRISON '25

oil on canvas







Modern Intellectual

acrylic, gouache, colored pencil, texture medium on painting panel

As Time Passes



EVELYN HARRISON '25

cardboard, acrylic paint, yarn, felt

The Plight of College Admissions

WILLIAM LIU '24
essay

In today's admissions landscape, every single item on a college application can be correlated with family income. Internships can be purchased. Research can be manufactured. Essays can be refined by dedicated counselors and expensive consultants. Extracurricular activities can be costly, both in time and money for those who have little of either. High school grades, rapidly losing meaning in the face of grade inflation, can often be a function of free time and having the means to hire a personal tutor. The much-maligned standardized tests, while still skewed in favor of wealthier students, somehow remain the standard of measurement least influenced by family wealth.

Thus, the need for a more accurate assessment of students' abilities is clear. But, as the College Board discovered upon its announcement of an ill-fated "adversity score" to accompany the SAT, compensating for disadvantages creates some uncomfortable scenarios.

A student of means applies to the same school as a less wealthy student equal in intellect and ability. If only one of the two can be admitted, should it be the one who had surmounted greater adversity and would benefit more from the degree? Suppose the less wealthy student is, for the sake of the hypothetical, lesser in intellect and ability. What then? Should wealth redistribution factor into admissions decisions? At what point should the quest for equity be tempered with a meritocratic reality?

It's no wonder that the latterly ubiquitous policies of affirmative action, which attempted to compensate for race-based inequities in addition to the aforesaid class-based inequities, generated such staunch opposition. Meritocracy and diversity make for poor bedfellows. Yet while meritocracy alone amounts to nothing more than the law of the jungle, a system solely devoted to diversity would validate every unfounded reactionary delusion. These two ideals are not mutually exclusive; the best must not be made the enemy of the good. A just system of college admissions must lie in between, taking both into account.

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EVELYN HARRISON '25



Small Fish in a Big Pond

acrylic, gouache, colored pencil, texture medium on painting pane

Sea Hag



JOANNE ZHANG '25
photography



Rabbit

VALÉ SANCHEZ '26

charcoal and chalk on paper

== RED INK NEWS ==

DYLAN

KIM

'26

INK ON PAPER

WRITTEN BY RED INK EDITORS



BREAKING
NEWS

THE POLICE
THE DETECTIVE ON THE
SCENE.

== RED INK NEWS ==



THE WOMAN POLICE BELIEVE HER TO BE THE MAIN SUSPECT.

An unidentified body POLICE is leading the was found yesterday investigation, and has morning, and city police released little news to the have been scrambling to public. The victim was find a suspect THE found on the ground,

== RED INK NEWS ==

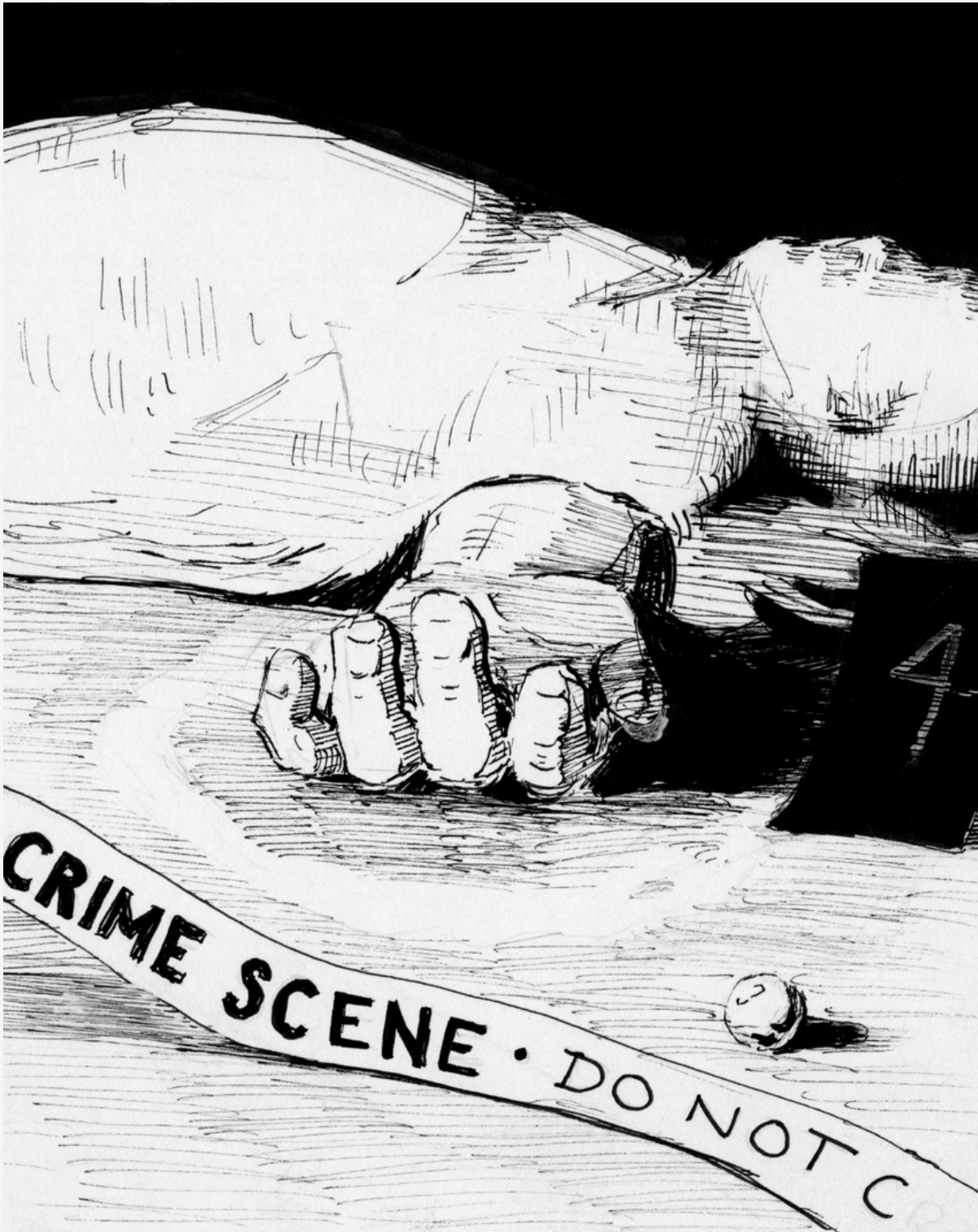
covered in multiple wounds and marks, but there is no evidence of who the killer may be. Except for one thing: Near THE BODY, a singular white pearl was found. This lead THE POLICE to the shocking conclusion that the killer is none other than the local, eclectic woman of wealth, THE WOMAN. THE WOMAN, known for her affinity for natural pearls, has lived in town for years.

THE COMMUNITY IS SHOCKED: “I Can’t believe this could happen here!” SAYS ONE CIVILIAN.

The very minimal evidence points her way. THE POLICE have taken her into police custody for questioning. RED INK NEWS will continue to report as this story develops.

DYLAN KIM '26
INK ON PAPER

== RED INK NEWS ==



THE BODY

POLICE FOUND THE
BODY AT THE SCENE.

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Agnese DelVecchio '25

Ena Edmonds '24

Asia Foland '25

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Katherine Guo '26

Armita Hamrah '25

Evelyn Harrison '25

Vae Hong '25

Zoe Huang '24

Dylan Kim '26

Sophie Kwan '25

Alexandra Lee '25

William Liu '24

Nick Nicolazzo '24

William Ohaegbulam '25

Vivian Pan '25

Denise Pan '25

Dunja Radivojac '25

Emily Rich '25

Anson Richman '24

Valé Sanchez '25

Audrey Sau '25

Maddie Tan '25

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