



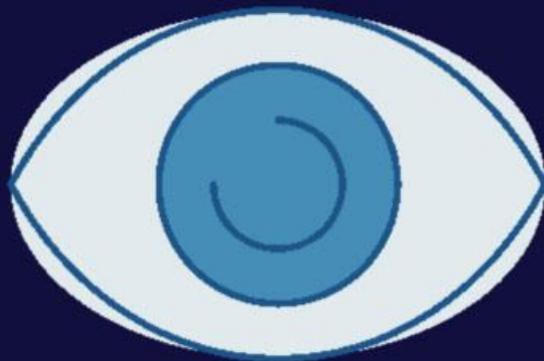
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Winter Issue  
of The Saints'  
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Theme: *Glimpse*



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## **Glimpse:**

A flash here  
A glimpse there  
First near  
And then far  
Light and then dark  
Then shades of gray  
Something then nothing,  
A cause of dismay  
Wind whistling  
Then howling  
Falling, drifting,  
With a cold winter bite  
Sun here and now gone  
Clouds cover the light  
Shine now withdrawn  
No longer a glimpse  
But now a full screen  
Fat snowflakes now  
With an icy white sheen

# *In the Land of Nox*

*A Dreadfully Dark Narrative Poem with a Delightfully Bright Dissolution*  
By Victor Nevaan Dias

The snow falls in thick flurries, coating the ground in sheets of white. The quick-flowing streams lay still in their frozen quietude, covered in the ice that traps the once-warm rapids. The black trees stand in their glacial solitude, like silent sentinels watching the frigid, barren land. The cold plains lay like still stretches of ice, undisturbed by the centuries.  
Over the land of Nox the skeletal wraiths take flight, seeking their long-dead prey.  
Over the land of Nox the clouds thicken and obfuscate the gray sky.  
Over the land of Nox the dead sun sets, plunging the world into yet another arctic night.

But over the land of Nox, under the gray sky, through the dark clouds, flies a light.  
Over the land of Nox, the light falls to the earth.  
Over the land of Nox, the black wraiths shriek their wonder into the gray sky.  
And in the dark land of Nox, a child burns like a star.

And the child cries out as it burns, announcing its agonizing screams to the dead world. Its cries echo around the lifeless plain, awakening the discordantly slumbering wraiths from their brief hibernation. The trees shudder in the thralls of its terrible screams, yearning to assist the poor child, but unable to do so. The earth trembles in the wake of the child's dreadful cries. The very stars weep, falling to the ground in brilliant bittersweet showers. The very sky cries its despondency, raining upon the barren plains of the land of Nox in torrents of ice and snow. But the child still burns, lighting the dark land of Nox in its painful illumination.  
In the dark land of Nox, the child's light melts the ice  
In the dark land of Nox, the child's light frees the streams  
In the dark land of Nox, the child's light warms the trees  
In the dark land of Nox, light returns to the world

And the world rejoices in its tremulous sadness. The dead ground brings forth the first sprouts of life. The dead trees bring forth their hidden leaves, finally returning to again bask in the glory of daylight. The frozen streams chatter their icy chains, flowing at their brisk pace once again. The barren plains yield the hidden seeds of their ancestors, breaking forth in tall grasses and crops of every kind. The dark clouds part for the child's light, letting the bright blue sky into the gray world.

In the land of Nox, the wraiths shriek their praise into the heavens, relishing in the light of the child.  
In the land of Nox, the trees bring forth their fruit.  
In the land of Nox, the rivers team with fish  
In the land of Nox, the green plains stretch for miles.  
In the land of Nox, the wraiths open their wings to the sunlight.  
In the land of Nox, the plants bring forth their seeds.  
In the land of Nox, the mountains team with trees  
In the land of Nox, the oceans stretch for eternity  
In the land of Nox, the world cries tears of happiness.

The children play in the green fields, carefree and unknowing of their world's history. The birds bring forth their spring-born young to relish in their first flight. The tall dark trees let their bright leaves grow unchecked, covering the forests in canopies of greenery. The animals dart from sanctuary to sanctuary, fleeing from the relentless predators.  
And in the shining land of Nox, the sun rises on a new world.

## Just Another Girl in the Crowd

By: Anonymous

She handed her ticket to the brawn security guard before walking through the metal detector. No alarm sounded as she passed through, and with a nod from the guard her ticket was handed back to her. The guard gave her brief instructions to where her seat would be and then sent her off, turning to the next person in line. She thanked him and walked in the direction he had told her to go, blending in with a group of girls that were headed the same way. She passed through a set of doors leading to the ground level of the stadium, where people were murmuring with excitement. The girls all clumped together and sat down at one of the farther back rows, while she continued to the front. The stage was just within reach—if she stretched out her arm she could probably touch it. A few minutes passed before the lights started to dim and the high-pitched screams began.

“Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Ambrose!”

Everyone around her screamed even louder as he walked onto the stage right in front of her. Her mouth opened to join the screaming fans, but she froze. He was so beautiful. Seeing him in person was so much different. She stood there, mouth agape while he started to play his black and white electric guitar. The first few notes brought her out of her shock, and she smiled, the first trace of any emotion that night. She looked up at the handsome person on the stage, his voice so angelic. Everyone around her was singing along with him, so she joined in, her body swaying along to the music.

He tripped up a little when he heard a euphonious voice singing along with him. It was a quiet one, a drop of water in the ocean, but it had such prominence that you couldn't miss it. He quickly got back on track, hoping that anyone would blame the slight pause on a sound error, and tried to focus on the girl's melodic voice rather than the raucous music in his earpiece.

As he finished the song she saw pure happiness on his face as he looked at the sold-out stadium. His ocean blue eyes shone so brightly in the subfuscous stadium as he looked at his dedicated and loving fans. With a soft sigh, he walked over to the piano to the side of the stage and started playing a new, slower tune.

She sang along to every song and listened to the person she loved so dearly, despite having never conversed. This was the closest she had been to him in her life. He helped her through so much, helped her feel loved. He helped her feel confident, beautiful; simply marvelous. She smiled at everything he'd ever done for his fans. If she could only thank him, and not just through fanmail or a social media DM— in person. Through a different medium just wouldn't be the same.

More songs played as the night was winding down, but she wanted to stay here forever. She wanted to listen to his voice again, she wanted to see him in person again. His eyes twinkled as he started to speak, hidden stars in a whirling sea of blues.

“Thank you guys for coming out tonight. It really means a lot.”

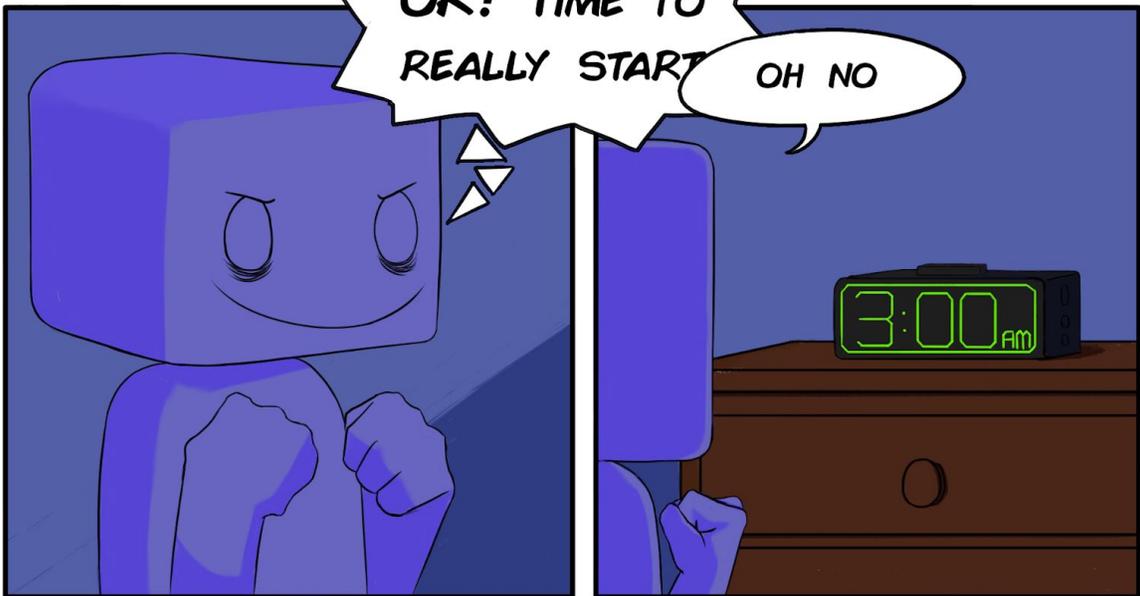
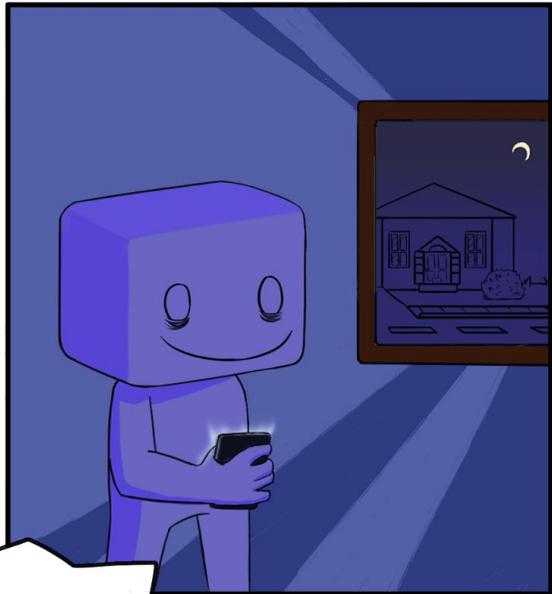
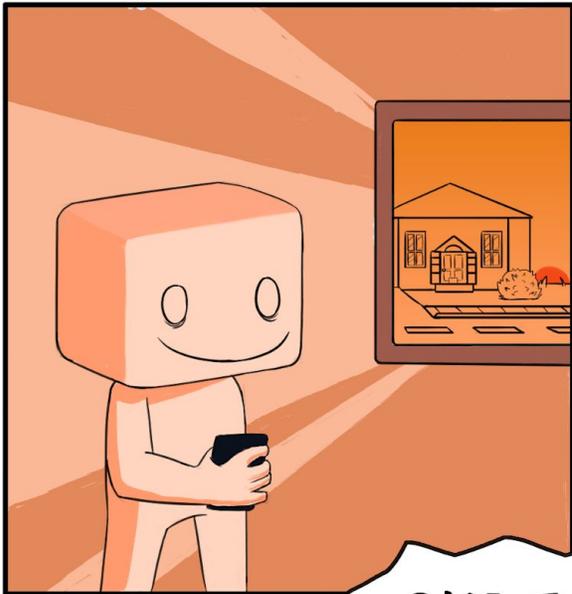
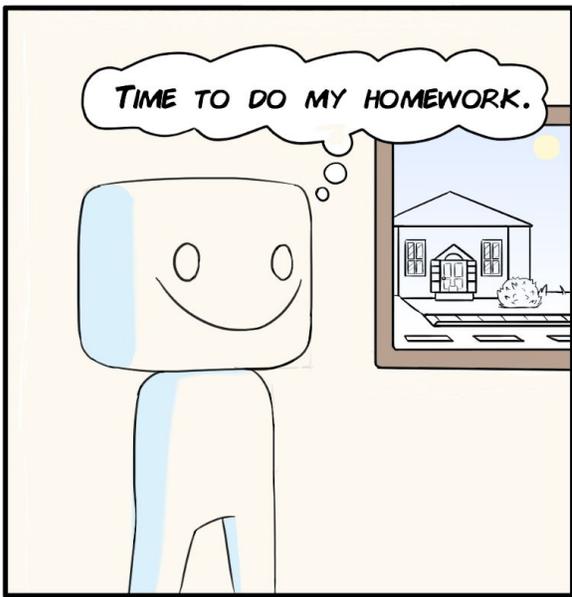
A few girls screamed ‘I love you’ when he paused, just a breath of noise among the catastrophic thunder. He blushed when he heard the calls, still not used to receiving them.

“This last song is about one of my best friends. Things got a bit rough and he sadly isn't here anymore. I hope you like it!”

As soon as he started playing the first few chords, she knew what song it was. It was her favorite song. It brought back memories of the family and friends she lost and tears started to well up a bit as she sang along. She looked up and saw that he was tearing up a bit too. He finished the song and every fan was screaming and crying. They didn't want this to end, they didn't want him to leave. The parents politely clapped, happy they could finally go home after being in a stadium for hours with screaming teenagers. He walked up to the front of the stage and reached down and to touch some of the outreached hands. They instantly let out a squeal of joy. One girl turned pale and looked like she would faint. He gave them a forced smile and looked at the girl next to that group. She was here alone and she had a tear sliding down her face. One look at her beautiful green eyes and he knew, he knew she experienced what he had. He knew she lost someone close to her, someone dear to her heart. She knew what he was feeling when he wrote that song. They held each other's gaze for a quick second before he looked away.

He stepped away from the front of the stage, eyes of every fan following him. Cheers and screams echoed through the stadium as he held up his guitar and bowed, then walked off the stage. The crowd could still be heard as he entered his dressing room; he didn't think of those fans, only the girl with green eyes. He only thought of her as he walked to his private jet. He only thought of her on his way to LA where he would be over 2,000 miles away from her. He only thought about her as he landed at the airport. She just wouldn't leave his mind.

She was still frozen in shock from what she experienced as she exited the stadium with the tides of amazed fans and tired parents. He actually noticed her in the crowd of thousands. She shook her head and started walking to where her car was parked, replaying that moment over and over in her head as she drove. When she got to her apartment she laid down on her bed, tired, and realized something. He probably wouldn't remember her, and that he probably looked many other fans in the eye. The realization dawned on her face, she would just be another girl in the crowd.



Writing by: Andrew Krupski  
Art by: Tien Nguyen

## A Glimpse Through the Window

A glimpse through the window  
Snow blankets the ground  
Children laugh and play  
As it continues to fall

Little Tommy builds a snowman  
Little Jenny builds an igloo  
Little Parker has a snowball fight  
Little Alex, Emily, and Marshall go sledding

The tops of trees peek through the snow  
As an everlasting remainder of Christmas  
White hills stretch for miles and miles  
With snow fluffy like a marshmallow

All of this I see from inside my second story room  
As I wake up to a world covered in white



**Later**

**By Gabriella Mastro**

To think

That one day

Every moment

I'll have you in my mind

I'll have you to come home to

Is such bliss

And yet

I never know when you'll walk into my life

When i see that you're the one

You'll be mine

And i yours

Our love will be uncomplicated

Because when someone is meant for you

It should be simple

There might be bumps in the road

But it is winding

It will last a lifetime

With my hand in yours

We face this path together

And flowers bloom as we walk

To think,

That one day

It'll be you

Is pure bliss

Through The Eyes  
of The  
Beholder...

I see  
my best  
friend...

no more  
cold  
shoulder...

i'd more the  
greatest boulder...

i'll be  
with you  
to the end.

Through the  
eyes of the  
beholder...

i see  
beauty all  
around, on the  
surface as within,  
i'll never make a  
sound, give you my  
everything, spread  
myself thin.

Through the  
eyes of the  
beholder...

you see childish  
useless, dumb...

you never feel  
satisfied, or like you've  
ever won, but only those  
who are patient, will  
get for what they've  
wanted...

Through  
the eyes  
of the  
beholder...

i wish to  
show you  
mine...

i see you  
with with  
greatness, and  
in your truest  
form, for in your  
darkest how...

ALL  
YOU WOULD  
SEE IS  
bliss.

## A Look in the Mirror

By Amelia Harper

Look a little closer. Closer and closer and closer, until your forehead is pressed up against the glass, your breath fogging it up. Can you see it? Can you catch a glimpse? A glimpse of who you were, who you're meant to become? Lean a little closer, and closer and closer. Squint at the glass, bore a hole through it with your eyes. Can you see it now? How about now? You'll never be able to see what's there. It's just you, as you are now. You'll never see that child who knew the world before it was broken, or the person who rebuilt it again from the ground up. No, it's just you, looking through haunted eyes into a broken soul. A soul that's just like the rest of this world: Dark and dismal, all happiness gone. Is this how it's going to be forever? Are you always going to look in this mirror and have a stranger stare back at you, any glimpse of a bright future and even brighter past gone, like dust on the wind? Fear not, because eventually, it will change. You will not know when. You will not know how. But eventually, you can look in that mirror and see happiness on a face full of scars, even after all those years. You might catch a glimpse of that broken person who once roamed these empty halls, but you will always go back to being the one who survived. Who rebuilt. Who thrived. Because before all of this, before it all fell apart, you were happy. You can be happy again.