

A Student Journal



# INTRODUCTION

"The night is more alive and more richly colored than the day,"  
Vincent Van Gogh.

The Night as the theater of emotions, feelings, dreams and imagination. From the profound fear expressed by Selma Nieto-Dembri and the anonymous ode to horror movies, to the desire and courage depicted in Anaïs Jacquemyn-Lam's short story. From the turmoil of hope and longing exposed by Rey Beaufils to the initiation into the limitless imaginary universe of Dungeons & Dragons by Gustave Carsenti.

The Night as the sister of the music that visits Aishwarya Dhyani's poem, Fleur Barber-Massin's and Alicia Sok's short stories, Alisa Abbot's original composition, Rachel Bloch's interview of Léa Charles celebrating her musical journey.

The Night in all kinds of blue, all nuances of black painted by Annelise Newton, William Hay, Jázmin Horvath, Alix Peron, Annelise Newton, Eliora Bech, Liya Foropon-Martin, Milor and Alex Guerin Archambeaud, and told by Clementine Clarke and Inés Zuñiga Aragon.

The Night entered too early by our dearly missed teacher, colleague and friend Mr Colin Dailey, to whom Hanaé Reverre pays a touching homage in her interview of origamist Gabriel Roos-Vasquez.

My deepest appreciation, my sincere admiration go to the team and contributors of Tapestry for offering us a precious moment of nocturnal beauty.

Welcome to Tapestry Issue 2:  
Mysteries of the Night!

**Yves Marcel**  
Executive Director



## Mysteries of the Night

For generations, humans from all walks of life have gazed into the night sky. Absorbed in the depths of the onyx firmament, we drown in its majesty and are consequently consumed by its vastness. In this realm yet unsolved, it becomes natural that feelings of loneliness, insignificance and fear swathe us in their relentless grip. As we peer into a world we cannot fully perceive, much less comprehend, questions begin to swarm around our mind. Why are we here?

What exists beyond us? How immense is the universe? And just how much does our infinitesimal world truly matter?

The theme of this edition of Tapestry was proposed as a celebration of these questions. While they may have initially arisen as a measly attempt to place ourselves in an ineffable cosmos of possibilities, they testify and validate precisely just what makes

us humans matter: our curiosity, our wonder, and our relentless pursuit to understand reality even as it shuns our existence. And it is only through posing these inquiries at night that we have managed to edify our significance beyond what immediately beholds our senses. Astronomy, navigation, and countless philosophical cogitations were all founded on such questions and their discussion has paramountly helped our development as living beings.

For although the night sky enkindles these mysteries, it is also what might answer them. Concurrently a bottomless ocean and a halcyon oasis, the nighttime inspires within us thoughts equally as limitless as itself, so that we may draw constellations out of its stars.

**The Student Team**



## Table of Contents

December 2025 - Issue 2

Mysteries of the Night  
General Contributions  
Acknolegements

p.6 - 19  
p. 20 - 25  
p. 26 - 27



## Captions

Lost in space	Front cover
I too am in this art piece	p.5
"Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic" (Arthur C Clarke)	p.6
Rain of souls	p.9
Hidden in sea	p.10
Daughter of the moon	p.13
"King of infinite space" (Hamlet, William Shakespeare)	p.15
Silent night	p.17
Interview with origamist Gabriel Roos-Vasquez (right), by Hanaé Reverre (left)	p.21
Who am I?	p.23
The dots in the night (top left); The moon phases as time goes by (top right); Self portrait (bottom left); A city's embrace (bottom right)	p.24
Indonesian textile 'Batik'	p.26





6 William Hay

# MYSTERIES OF THE NIGHT

Since forever, I have found myself recurrently yearning for the arrival of the night. It always felt as though, seeped in its layers of mystery, I could finally answer questions that no amount of cerebrating ever came close to deciphering. The nighttime is and forever will be full of curiosities, but for me it will also remain an environment of solace and fascination. In a world where the immediate mysteries of the everyday appear far more daunting, nights become ethereal pockets of tranquility. Enigmas without end are put to rest with the realization that I need not, and will not, have all the answers. Nevertheless, I am replenished with a newfound desire for discovery.

It's this sentiment of fragile comfort expanding into waves of wonder that I attempted to capture in my debut composition. Precisely, this notion of 'wonder' was the key focus of the piece.

I based my idea of wonder on the symbol of stars; blinking jewels that infinitely embed the unfathomable galaxy's fabric.

In fact, the final arpeggiated line of the piece is a leitmotif attributed to constellations. The major key was utilized to convey the upside of the night sky's mysteries, and I took inspiration from Japanese OSTs as well as jazz to induce feelings of nostalgia. The title 'Cosmos' effectively encapsulates the atmosphere of the piece. I won't elucidate on it, as my objective is to inspire the listener to formulate their own stories.

Of course, it wouldn't be a first piece without marks of amateurism. Even when one goes beyond the mistakes I made during the recording process (need I mention the poor quality? Using headphones helps), I consent that the piece sounds like a generic track from that one generic show. This is something I hope to gradually overcome, and is something I truly believe I can, thanks to the courage bestowed upon me by the quiet of the night.

Alisa Abbot (pen name)

**Cosmos:  
Original  
Musical  
Composition**



Scan the QR code to listen to Alisa's original musical composition

## Under the Blur of Moonlight



Luna was generally a quiet person; she would sit in the back of the classroom and be gone once the bell rang. She was soft-spoken; she would walk quickly down the hallway; she wouldn't look someone directly in the eye for very long. However, when her room became the only source of light in a darkened world, she danced. She'd walk around her bedroom; the hum of music coming from her phone; her body as light as a thought. In these late-night hours, Luna's shyness seemed to fall right off her shoulders. No one judged her. No one ever did. Luna lived in the outer reaches of town, so every afternoon after school she had to walk for what felt like forever to get home. Along the way, she would see a number of quiet houses, the streetlights flickering as they cast shadows in all directions, and then there it was: the Mirage.

The Mirage wasn't much. Just a small bar with soft light shining from the dusty windows, and some music drifting out into the street. People would go to the Mirage to dance. From where she walked, Luna could hear people laughing as they danced, and sometimes she could even feel the beat calling to her. For weeks, Luna just walked by the Mirage, her heart beating a little faster each time she did. There were times when she stopped, making excuses

claiming she needed to check her phone, while she snuck peeks inside through the glass. The people dancing inside the Mirage looked carefree, adventurous in ways Luna couldn't imagine acting during the day.

Finally, one night, Luna's curiosity got the better of her, and she decided to push beyond her fear. She stood outside the Mirage and placed her hand on the door handle and said to herself quietly, "I'll only stay for a minute." Once she was inside, the air in the Mirage felt vibrant and alive — and it was warm. People were spinning and moving to the rhythm of the music under the bright golden lighting. Luna made her way to a spot in the corner, ordered a glass of water, and clutched the glass as if it were a shield. That is when she saw him. He moved with an elegance the rest of the dancers could not match — there was a quiet, smooth confidence in the way he moved through space, a sense that his movements were storytelling rather than performing. Occasionally he would smile, not at any one person or even at anything in particular but just because the rhythm seemed to call out to him. He eventually became aware of her presence too. Not right away, but after several trips back to the bar. They would occasionally make eye contact, share a nod, or have some silent conversation between two people who

felt like they knew each other without ever having spoken. Eventually, on a night when the music slowed down enough to bring the crowd to a near standstill, he walked up to her. "You should dance," he said. "Just to this next song." She was not sure what it was about that request, but something compelled her to say yes. And then, the music changed again, the lights dimmed a little further and the world outside the bar disappeared; so she put her hand in his. For a while, her body wouldn't move right but that was okay; she was moving at least. And his movements, gentle, patient, helped guide her. "Don't think," he whispered. "Feel it." And she did feel it. The rhythm started to beat inside of her heart; the fear dissipated and transformed into movement. In that moment, she wasn't that shy high school girl anymore. She was simply alive, captured in a moment that was so bright it couldn't exist during the daylight hours. As the music faded, clapping erupted throughout the room, and she breathed heavily, smiled, and her eyes shone brightly like the night sky above. The reality of that night had revealed to her: how occasionally, under the hazy glow of dimmed lights and starry skies, we can find the courage to be who we are now, rather than who we once were.

Anais Jacquemyn-Lam

Alix Peron



Japan, this amazing and lively country  
In the middle of the North Pacific ocean,  
Has been through so many climatic and historical events,  
But still remains intact, joyful and secure.

### **The Dots in the Night**

With an extraordinary culture and respectful behaviour  
With its vibrant cities, filled with vertical advertisements brightening their walls  
Always one step ahead of the world while looking back at their wide culture.

Dots and pumpkins everywhere, that is the art of Yayoi Kusama  
Bright colours matching the sky at any time and any season  
That welcoming ambience and feeling it transmits when laying eyes on it.

The bright blue bleeding into the darkness  
But even in the night, Japan is still so bright  
Just like the shimmering glow of stars in the night  
The shine of the pumpkin is like a lighthouse at all times.

These are the mysteries of the night.

Clementine Clarke and Inés Zuñiga Aragón

## Daughter of the Moon

The night was quiet again. A veil of darkness had covered the sky and graced the Earth with its velvety presence. A myriad of stars glittered from a far away place. The world was asleep and only then did the night awaken.

The little girl rose from her bed and slipped out onto the balcony as silently as she could. Her eyes were wide with wonder as she patiently waited for the clouds to vanish and for the Moon to appear. The crescent shaped Moon smiled down at the little girl, its ethereal glow illuminating the night sky. She greeted the Moon and began recounting her day, opening her heart to the only one who cared to listen to her. And much like the Moon, the little girl learned to shine when no one was around.

Night after night, the little girl had late night conversations with the Moon, who only offered in reply its peaceful silence. Yet, the silence was an answer itself, one that held much more wisdom and understanding than the empty words that others had offered.

On some nights, the little girl wove tales of faraway lands and impossible dreams. On others, she danced, basked in the Moon's light, twirling to a melody none other could hear. Sometimes, she even sang to the Moon. The little girl would sing short joyful tunes to express the blooming life of her soul or she

would sing long ballads of melancholy and suffering to reveal the shattered heart that resided behind her mask of bliss and innocence.

Years passed and the little girl grew older. Life grew harsher for her and the girl knew many struggles. She grew weary of the Moon's quietude and resented the distance between them. She questioned the stars' sincerity and the night's intentions. She stopped visiting the Moon and once her heart was too heavy with pain, she didn't cry. Instead, her world turned silent. Completely silent. Day after day, loneliness seeped into her bones and sorrow locked her heart away. Her once bright soul dimmed and darkness enveloped her whole. She drowned in this abyss of agony with no one to pull her out, tortured by her own mind.

One night, she thought of the Moon and its endless silence. She thought of the possibilities of the Moon's own past and memories. She thought of how similar they were. For just like the Moon, she possessed a side of her so dark that even the stars could not shine on it and a side of her so cold even the sun could not burn on it. She lay motionless in her bed, pondering the Moon for hours on end and thinking back to that night when she had sought the Moon's love.

"A million candles have burned themselves out. Still I read on.  
(Montresor)"  
Edgar Allan Poe, The Cask of Amontillado



Annelise Newton

Back then, she had been a child deprived of affection and yet still full of hope for the world. Now, she was a shell of who she had once been, broken and tired, so tired, like the world had drained her of all that she had. Tentatively, she reached for the balcony window. The girl nudged the window slightly ajar, afraid of the night's lingering grudge. But the cold breeze beckoned her to come, tickling her cheeks and holding her

hand, leading her into the night. The Moon greeted the girl tenderly. Tonight, the Moon was full and bright, shining mysteriously and elegantly. The stars glimmered with excitement and the night enveloped the girl in its embrace. She looked up at her old companions, tears in her eyes. Slowly, her heart opened up once again and...

To be continued  
in issue 3 -  
May 2026

Alicia Sok



## Ode to Horror Movies

I believe there is nothing as primal as fear. No emotion as human as fear. I know of no other feeling that induces delusion in everyone. When you are afraid, your eyes, your ears, your hands, your feet, traitors that they are, betray you more than ever. They sense vulnerability, the snakes. In the dark, when everything is nothing but a shadow, a silhouette is suddenly your greatest fear. It is rather difficult to appreciate it, but you are also at your most creative in pure terror. That silhouette is everything it can possibly be; a man, a bear, a ghost. A void. Abandonment. Inadequacy.

Everything is yours to fear.

And as I watch horror movies, I wonder how the makers go about taming something as fickle and volatile as fear. It feels like they should not be able to do much in a movie, an entity that lacks any physical presence. Fear, after all, is inherited from our pragmatic survival instincts. Uncontrollable and ineffable as it may sometimes be, its foremost purpose is our self-preservation. Without an immediate threat, how can a movie boast of inciting fear?

Unfortunately, not all horror movies today are good. Not all of them manage to instill horror without resorting to the simple and uninteresting solution of constant darkness and jumpscares. But when I come across a truly wonderful horror movie, or a trailblazer horror picture which sets up all of the patterns for future movies, that aforementioned question echoes in my head. How do these filmmakers make you feel fear?

Horror movies are marvelous because they allow, in my opinion, for the best appreciation of filmmaking. When successful in their aims, they even sometimes act as a love letter of sorts to the art of cinematography.

Anonymous

“And what shoulder, & what art/ Could twist the sinews of thy heart?”  
The Tyger,  
William Blake



William Hay and Alex Guerin Archambeaud

The intricate labyrinth called life is a path all mortals tread in isolation.

Like Fortunato, braggart and blind, Aimlessly roaming through the corridors of the mind. Maudering through life with the illusion of ambition, A mellifluous melody lures you in, Tricking even the proudest drunken man to pay for his supposed sin.

One ironically clings to a puerile hope  
In a society beshrewed with  
anguish and incongruity.  
Drenched in woe, so harrowingly  
comfortable  
Eternally confined in  
misanthropy; a feeling so evident  
yet seldom shared.  
Longing, wishing, craving,  
But ripped from these dreams by  
the mere act of living.

Hope undermined by reason's  
decay,  
With looming insanity from  
being led astray.  
A king by name, but madness  
consumed,  
Like Lear grasping fragments of  
yearning entombed.  
Crowned solely for appearances  
at the expense of truth,  
He then fades into ruin, bereft of  
youth.

Rey Beaufils

## Catacombs of Hope

## Fear

There's nothing more powerful than fear.  
That gnawing feeling in your stomach?  
That tightness in your chest,  
The ability to think, to breathe, striped, ripped out of  
your hands.  
You lose control.  
Gone, is the control over your thoughts.  
Vanished, is the control over your body.  
You are paralyzed.  
It's horrifying.  
The thundering beat of your heart.  
You want to cry,  
You want to scream,  
You want to escape, run, survive...  
But...  
You can't.  
You are stuck.  
You are paralyzed.  
There are different types of fears.  
Irrational ones, that will become a joke,  
A badge you are stuck with your entire life,  
A fear no one can understand  
But you know what's worse?  
A fear we have all experienced :  
The fear of loosing someone you love.  
The pain,  
The burn of your eyes,  
The shake of your hands.  
If a person wants to leave,  
There is nothing you can do to stop them.  
You could blink and they would be gone, untouchable.  
And you would be completely powerless.  
Utterly alone.  
Defenseless.  
Left to fend for yourself in a den full of wolves out to  
get you.  
And that, that is terrifying.

Selma Nieto-Dembri

## Mysteries of the Night

The wind sings soft and low  
It carries secrets till the grave  
The moon looks down on all below  
It's light too faint to warm or save.

The forest hums a ghostly tune  
The snow hides footprints no one made  
A shadow drifts beneath the moon  
That vanishes in silver shade.

The night feels deep, the world feels still  
Its mysteries wait beyond the hill.

Aishwarya Dhyani



Alix Peron



In the far east of the world existed a small town little-known called Elie. Here, every night, the elders tell tales of ghosts. They say these mysterious spirits will guide children lost about the future, helping them find a goal to move forward. But clearly, no one believes these childish tales, including Annabelle, who has never believed in the legends and beliefs repeated by her elders. Until one day, Annabelle herself becomes part of this legend; she becomes a ghost wandering in the dreams of children.

Many years later, another familiar and ordinary night came since she had become a ghost. Annabelle walked through the streets of the town, searching for people in need of help. Finally, she found a sleeping little girl, so she floated into this child's dream. In this quiet, starkly black-and-white dream, a musical note suddenly appeared, exciting Annabelle. She began chasing the note, and wherever they went, colours spread beneath their feet, colorful clouds appeared in the shining purple sky; it felt like the dream was slowly coming to life.

Annabell chased the note up the stairs made of clouds until it ended. The musical note jumped down from the sky without hesitation and Annabelle quickly followed it.

With a splash, Annabell landed at the foot of a waterfall. She swam to the shore and looked around. There wasn't anything aside from some fishing gear beneath the rainbow-colored waterfall. "What a weird dream," she thought, but she still picked up the fishing rod.

After a while, the note finally appeared from the water and stopped running away. She bent down, looked at the musical notes, and lightly touched it. Then fruits on the trees began to fall rhythmically, birds sang, urging the clouds in the sky. The clouds began to take shape, and countless musicians in the sky formed an orchestra, playing in perfect unison as if they had rehearsed long ago. Annabelle smiled, "May your voice resonate throughout the world. She knew it was time to leave. So she left the dream, and the child who was still asleep.

Once again, on these familiar streets, the first rays of morning sunlight awoke this little town. And then roosters crowed, students chattered, birds sang. It was always this familiar orchestra, bidding farewell to Annabelle. Morning had come; it was time to go.

Fleur Barber-Massin

## Mystery of the Night



"Chaos is rejecting all you have learned, Chaos is being yourself." Emil Cioran, A Short History of Decay

# GENERAL CONTRIBUTIONS

## Dungeons & Dragons

D&D is a very simple, yet extremely complicated game. On one hand, you simply think of a story, make characters, and make them live the story. On the other hand, in order to properly play, you have to memorise a LOT of rules, ranging from when you have to roll and what type of dice to use, to how combat on a horse that also happens to be underwater would work.

D&D is organised in campaigns, which are the storyline the characters go through. They usually last 1 to 3 years, each campaign is segmented into 1 to 5 hour sessions that usually happen once or twice a week. In order to play, you must also understand the roles and different people you need to play dungeons and dragons, first you need a Dungeon Master, also known as DM or GM. In short terms they are the god of your campaign, they will create the campaign and control the setting of the story, any character that isn't a player is played by them. The DM's role in D&D is to ensure that the storyline advances and that the players have fun.

Then there's the players, they play the protagonists in the story. They never know where the story will go, but their role is to improvise and enjoy the adventure.

Here is an extract of the D&D campaign I am DM'ing for:

You wake up to the feeling of the floor rocking beneath you, as you slowly gain consciousness. You realise, you are in a cell. Suddenly, you hear a noise. Metal on metal, you stand and look through the barred window of the wooden door of your cell. You see a small harengao (rabbitfolk) man dressed in vivid, colorful clothing, almost as a ringmaster would wear them. His long white ears twitch a bit as he repeatedly hits what seems to be a metal tipped umbrella onto his prosthetic leg. Towering over him are two robed figures. You can't make out their faces.

"We've arrived!!" you hear the harengao announce, almost too excited.  
"Rise and shine buttercups, I expect you to be in good shape for your first show."

Gustave Carsenti



The IFS has had the honor of witnessing some phenomenally talented students pass through its hallowed halls. Our creation of Tapestry has always had the aspiration to give those students, and all the others, a platform to be recognised, to forever be held in the collective memory of this educational institution.

I believe that Gabriel, our very own origami artist, deserves that very same deference, for the patience and creativity of his hands and the imagination in his eyes. What better remembrance than an echo of his voice held within these pages?

With this interview, we also wish to remember Mr Dailey, another great individual, who used the very same medium we did to learn of and share the stories of others, especially the members of our IFS community.

Hanaé Reverre, Interviewer

**Interview  
with Gabriel  
Roos-Vazquez  
Origamist**



Scan the  
QR code to  
listen to the  
interview

## Who Am I?

Who am I? Who are you? What makes us who we are? What is representative of our soul? Are there any means to show who we are, what we feel, why we live? Those are the questions that lead to the making of Who Am I?, a self-portrait of sorts, a collage of heartbeats, memories, and dreams. I wanted to explore what makes me who I am. All of the elements, from the big red heart to the Peranakan tiles, each have their own stories to tell.

The background is inspired by Van Gogh's Starry Night, one of my favourite artworks, with its strange and moving night sky, which blurs into soft raindrops; my favourite weather, a drizzle during a cozy night. The heart takes up a quarter of the canvas, imposing on everything else with its bright red colour, bold and unapologetic, synonymous with the love I have to give. However, it is somewhat hidden by other objects as I have to conceal this overwhelming desire that I have to love people: too big to hide but too genuine not to.

The Peranakan-style tiles and the French road sign allude to my identity as a child of the world: French by birth and administratively, Singaporean at heart; and getting rejected by both groups, torn between the two worlds I call home. The taxidermied butterfly is a gentle nudge to one of my favourite video game franchises: 'Animal Crossing', as it is one of the many bugs you can catch in the game. Thanks to this diversity of species, I now know so much more about bugs, fossils and fish, like how this seemingly common butterfly is called the Queen Alexandra's Birdwing, and that it is the butterfly with the largest wingspan in the world. The frame with the texture paint inside is my love for painting and creating, but stopped at the daunting blank canvas. However, it is not just blank, but also textured, a form or entity just waiting to exist, to escape the mind and be pinned onto the canvas for eternity. This is how I feel about most artworks: each and every one has its own soul, and when it comes to life, part of the artist's soul mixes along with it.

And then, the small delights: pink carnations, a postage stamp, a sculpted face. They have no grand statement — they're just there because they make me smile, because what is life without all the little things that bring sunlight on a gloomy day? Together, all these fragments come together to tell a story, a painted answer to a question that never quite stops asking itself: Who am I?

Alex Guerin Archambeaud





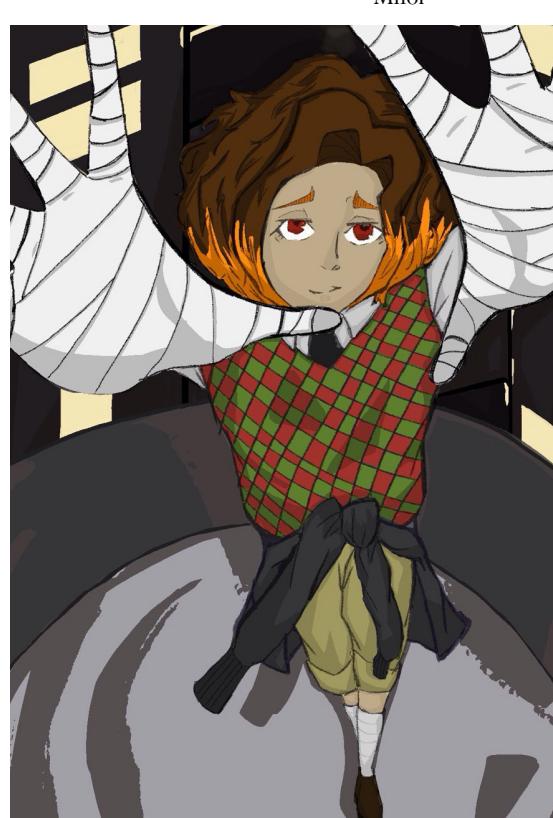
Inés Zuñiga Aragon



Eliora Bech



Liya Foropon-Martin



Milor

*Hi Léa! Can you tell us a little about yourself and what you've been up to since leaving IFS?*

My name is Lea Charles, I'm 13 years old, and I recently moved to Dubai. Before that, I studied at IFS. Since moving to Dubai, I recorded some of my songs, went to a music camp in London where I visited some labels, participated in songwriting competitions and really just sought any handle life placed before me.

*How was it moving to Dubai?*

Moving to Dubai was definitely a change from what I was used to. A change from the warm breeze of Singapore into the harsh grandeur and intertwined web of streets that is Dubai. Although it was hard at first I did get used to the hectic rhythm of this city but part of me will always linger in Singapore.

*When did you start writing your songs, and what inspired?*

I've been writing songs ever since I was six and knew how to pick up a pen and write. My first distinct memory was my songwriting book from when I was seven. I bared my soul into that pink fuzzy notebook, each page drenched with bitter sadness over the tallest hurdles seven year old me had to overcome.

*Your music is on Spotify! Wow! How did that happen and how does it feel?*

I was eight when I published my first song 'Tightrope'. I remember eavesdropping on my parents' phone call with the producer, the biggest smile painted on my face. To this day, I'm still overwhelmingly grateful for all the opportunities that I've been handed.

*Do you miss IFS or in Singapore?*

I don't think I'll ever not miss Singapore, its snugness and intimacy. I'll stay attached to all my amazing friends there who support me in my journey and who cherish my quirks and who I am like Rachel.

*Will there be music in your future?*

Ever since I first entered that recording studio, strummed my first guitar or played a few discordant notes on my piano, I knew I wanted to pursue music for the rest of my life.

*Any advice for other young musicians?*

I would tell them to never back down, to knock on every door, roam in every hallway of possibility and never compare their journey to someone else's.

*Rachel Bloch, Interviewer*

## Interview with Léa Charles, Singer and Composer

Léa is a former IFS student, who left for Dubai in the summer of 2024.



Scan the QR code to listen to Léa's music



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Liya Foropon-Martin  
Milor  
Rachel Bloch  
Rey Beaufils  
Selma Nieto-Dembri  
William Hay

## Contributors

Textile cover courtesy of Mr. Marcel - Photography by Rey Beaufils



# OPEN YOUR MIND



An ode to the spider. The well renowned weaver Arachne, symbol of rebirth and determination. She challenged a goddess and lost. Punished with change, yet still faithful to herself.

The weaver continued weaving, no longer human but clinging on to her humanity. Her story is one of starting anew. Our dedication for this first issue of the newsletter is thus: to new beginnings.

That is Tapestry.

## The Student Team

