



A letter to you. The reader	1	
A letter to you: The reader		
Mia Kate: Dirt lane		
Mia Kate: Moonlit	 <i>}//-</i>	- 3
Mia Kate: Rome		4
Renita H: The last bloom		- 5
Lexy Simms: Beneath the Withered Sky		
Henry Xander: Desert Mirage	 	9
Ririe: Sugar Snow		
Willow. L: Veil of shadows, flickers of light		20
Lalita Sarjana : Dreams	 	22
Maya: The Garden of Whispers		23
Maya: The Lantern's Glow		26
Vivianne.: The Threshold		
Olivia: The Threads of Fate		
Luca M.: To her, Dear Diary		32

This issue would not be possible if it werent for them!

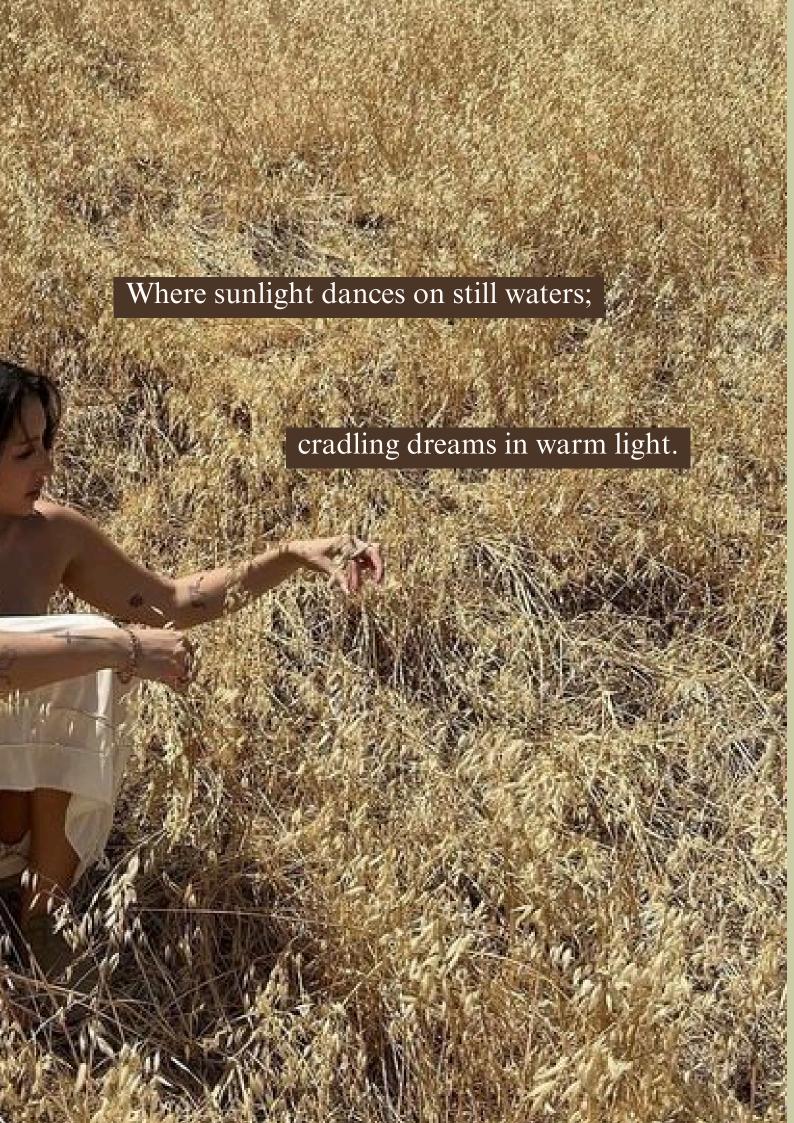


Welcome to Studio Moone's fourth issue: Elysium

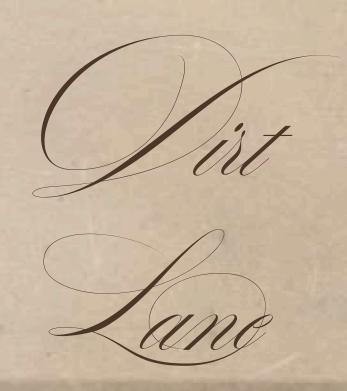
"A place and/or condition of ideal happiness. fictitious place, imaginary place, mythical place. a place that exists only in imagination."

"Elysium." In ancient mythology, Elysium represented a paradisiacal realm, a place of bliss and eternal happiness reserved for the virtuous and heroic. Today, as we navigate the complexities of modern life, the concept of Elysium resonates more than ever, inviting us to reflect on our own pursuits of joy, fulfillment, and transcendence. *Elysium*, can mean a different thing to everybody!

As you turn the pages, we encourage you to consider what Elysium can mean to you. Is it a moment of peace in a chaotic world, or a creative endeavor that brings you joy?



she runs barefoot
down a dirt lane,
wind whipping
through her hair,
sunlight glistening in
her eyes,
dress stained by all
that is un-lady-like but
beautiful nonetheless,



By: Mia Kate

she stops by a pond, observes the ducks, the frogs, the fish, and their colours, feathers, fins, she draws in a breath before letting her words loose:

"I am all that time can hold,
I am the warmth inside the cold,
I am the words printed in bold,
I am the girlish and the old."

## Moonlit - Mia Kate

the moon was out that night,
she looked down upon the scene that played,
face brightened by our television-like light,
the way the by-standing trees swayed,
their gossip whispered to each other through
wind,
with front row seats to the end of an age,

and knowingly the moon grinned, at this ending performed on a stage, a heart ripped into pieces, those pieces auctioned off, and sold like modern art that makes joy of their creases, nothing is heard when it's over and the



curtains are drawn.

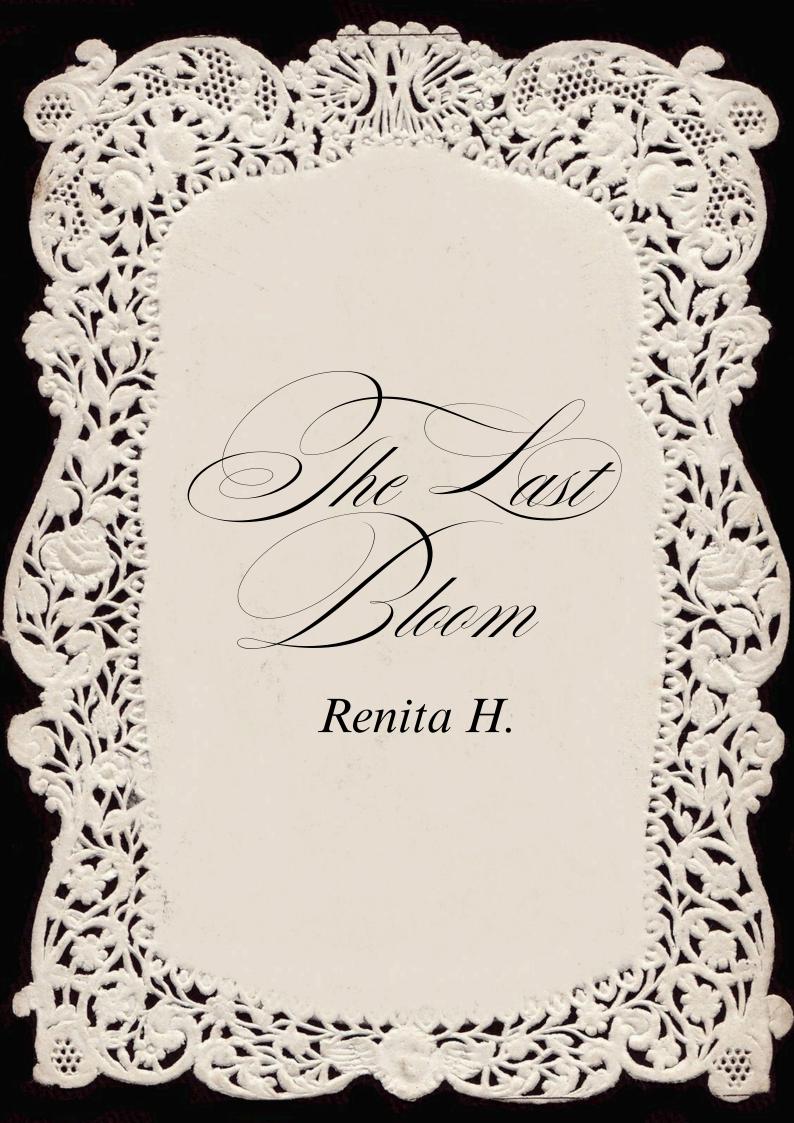


By: Mia Kate

my own soul,
taken by the wind,
by everything you said to me,
by every touch you pressed to my
own skin,

blown away,
shattered to pieces,
weakened to paper,
dumbed down to a level well
below me,

ruination of me and the ideals that surround me,
I gain them back day by day until I run your world,
in thought and in standing I am above you,
this had always been clear,
I had to be broken and built,
no one said it would happen in a day.



In the twilight of a forgotten town, a garden pulsed with life, its colors merging into a soft haze. The air hummed with the scent of jasmine, a sweet, lingering promise that danced just beyond reach. Here, an old woman moved through the blooms, her fingers brushing against petals, tracing the delicate contours of memories half-remembered. She called this place Elysium, though the name felt like a whisper lost in the wind. Each flower held a fragment of her past—a lilac echoing laughter, a sunflower steeped in warmth. They swayed gently, shadows flickering like ghostly companions at the edges of her vision.

As dusk draped its velvet cloak, the garden took on a dreamlike quality, the hues blurring into one another as if time itself had softened. She knelt beside a patch of violets, their closed petals a silent testament to the weight of seasons gone by. "You must bloom," she murmured, her voice barely a breath, a prayer to the earth that felt as familiar as her own heartbeat.

But the violets remained still, their vitality hidden beneath layers of unease. She sighed, a sigh that wove through the garden like a lost melody, mingling with the soil, an offering of sorrow tangled with hope. Each day, she nurtured this sanctuary, her heart tethered to the past, each bloom a fragment of a life unfurling like the petals around her. One evening, a girl with wild curls wandered into the garden,

her eyes wide, capturing the 5 colors that danced before her. The woman looked up, startled, her heart fluttering as the girl approached, drawn by an unseen thread. "They're beautiful," the girl breathed, her wonder a soft echo in the twilight. "But why do they seem so sad?"

The question hung in the air, heavy yet ethereal. "Beauty often carries a weight," the woman replied, her voice fragile, like a leaf caught in the breeze. "Not every bloom can flourish, yet their stories linger."

The girl knelt, fingers brushing against the violets, and in that moment, the garden shifted. She leaned closer, speaking in hushed tones, her innocence a balm against the unspoken grief. The violets trembled, awakening from their slumber, petals unfurling like secrets finally told.

With each bloom that opened, warmth spread through the woman's chest, a flicker of light igniting the shadows. She smiled, a curve of her lips that felt foreign yet necessary. Together, they tended to the garden, the girl's laughter weaving through the dusk like a thread of silver, stitching life back into the fabric of the earth.

As night fell, stars emerged, pinpoints of light against the deep canvas of the sky. The woman understood, in that quiet moment, that Elysium was not a distant memory but a space constantly redefined—a tapestry where joy and sorrow intertwined, where every petal whispered of new beginnings. In that garden, amid the rustle of leaves and the laughter of a child, the woman felt herself 6 bloom alongside the

violets, her heart a fragile bud unfurling in the cool night air. Elysium was alive, a creation woven from the delicate threads of existence, one bloom at a time. Seneath the

Withered Oky

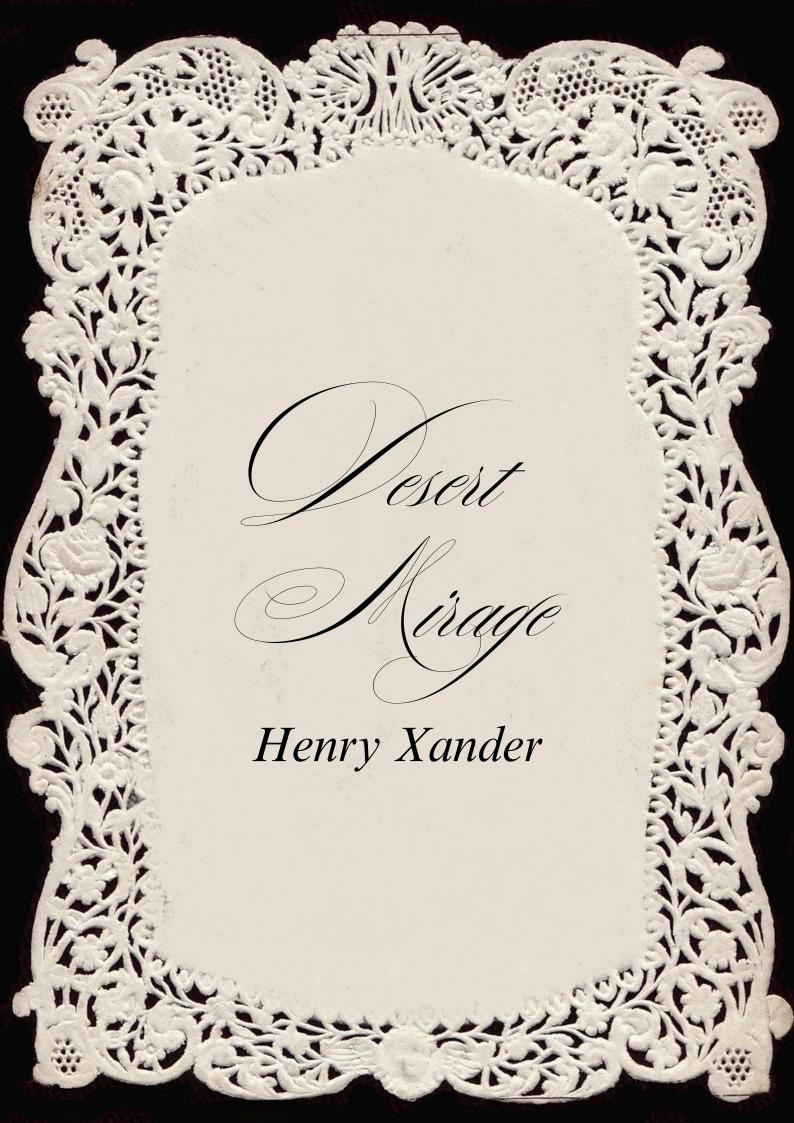
By: Lexy Simms

In shadows deep, where silence weeps,

Petals fall like whispered dreams, A garden lost, in twilight's clutch, Beauty fades, no tender touch.

Roots entwined in sorrow's grasp,
Echoes linger, shadows clasp,
Violets sigh in muted hue,
Crimson echoes of what once grew.

Stars above, a distant spark,
Illuminate this hollow arc,
In the dark, the blooms decay



The sun hung low in the sky, casting a golden hue over the endless expanse of sand. I stood at the edge of the desert, the heat radiating from the ground like a living thing. Each grain shimmered, blinding yet beautiful. The weight of the world pressed down on me, the silence stretching out like a canvas, waiting for a brushstroke of life.

I took a step forward, the warmth enveloping my feet, sinking into the grains that shifted beneath me. The air tasted dry, sharp, like whispers of forgotten stories. With every step, I felt the pulse of the earth beneath my soles, an ancient rhythm echoing through the desolation. The horizon wavered, teasing me with glimpses of what lay beyond—a mirage, perhaps, a fleeting promise that something more awaited.

As I wandered deeper, the dunes rose and fell like waves frozen in time. I traced my fingers along the contours of the sand, the delicate surface crumbling like the memories I had buried. Each grain held a fragment of laughter, a shared moment; now, they were lost, scattered in the vastness, a testament to what once was.

The sun dipped lower, painting the sky in shades of crimson and violet. I paused, my breath catching as the colors bled into one another, a masterpiece of fleeting beauty. In that moment, I felt it—a pulse, a whisper carried by the wind. It beckoned me closer, urging me to listen.

"Do you hear them?" I murmured, half-expecting a reply. The wind stirred, as if in response, 9 brushing against my ski n

"They're calling, aren't they?"

But as I opened my eyes, the colors began to fade, swallowed by the encroaching shadows of dusk. The ghostly figures of the past danced at the edges of my vision, flickering in and out like dying light. I could almost hear their laughter, a haunting echo that resonated deep within my chest, tugging at the corners of my heart.

the wind. I froze, my breath hitching. "We were here once." I clutched my arms around myself, feeling the emptiness of the desert seep into my bones. This place was a graveyard of dreams, a testament to the life that once flourished here. "Who are you?" I called into the gathering darkness, my voice trembling. "What do you want from me?"

"Remember us," a voice whispered, faint yet clear, carried on

- "Only to be remembered," the voice replied, laced with sorrow. "To feel the warmth of your breath, the beat of your heart."
- I shook my head, trying to dispel the chill creeping up my spine. "You're just echoes," I whispered, as if saying it could banish them. "Just whispers in the wind."
- But the laughter continued, eerie and melodic, reverberating through the stillness. "We are more than that," they sang, a chorus of the forgotten. "We are the sands, the shadows. We are what remains."
- As darkness enveloped the landscape, stars emerged, pinpricks of light against a 10 velvety backdrop. They

flickered dimly, struggling to penetrate the vastness, and I felt a pang of longing. The light was distant yet called to me, a reminder of the beauty that could exist amidst the desolation. In that moment, I understood the desert's truth: even in silence, there was a whisper of hope. The winds carried stories, the sands held memories, and somewhere beneath the surface, life still pulsed. I took a deep breath, the air filling my lungs with the promise of tomorrow, and I pressed on, determined to find the echoes of life hidden in the shadows.

"Do not wander too far," the voices warned, their tone shifting, a mix of caution and sorrow. "The night has teeth."

I hesitated, glancing back at the path I had taken. But the allure of the unknown drew me deeper, and I stepped forward, my heart echoing the rhythm of the desert—alive and yearning, even as the darkness closed in around me.



Liora lies very still on the garden grounds.

White on her nose, white on her toes, white everywhere, even inside her eyes.

She wiggles her fingers—
hello fingers!—
but they don't say hello back.
It's the oddest thing,





She slaps her hands against her legs, pat pat pat pat, a little drumroll for her stubborn blood. Wake up, wake up, little hearts, shaking them like the big men do when they stumble back home.

And the snow melts around her, melts, melts, melts

(of course it melts, she asked it nicely)

and she steps into the forest in her mind,

where the sun sticks in leaves and the air's always a little empty.



There! A bonfire,
taller than mountains and clouds and her
Father,
spitting red sparks into the sky.

With spoons bigger than her arms, the big family men feed her stew, meat shining with fat,

bread that melts like butter before it even reaches her mouth.

She giggles as they pile it too high in her lap,

as though she could eat the world.

Oh, but she's a growing girl! She has to.



The big men and Mama in her red dress, Maris and Harriette the dog and Io the chick, and all the dead deer in the forest and the other important things they circle the fire, hands entwined. All except Maris, who tugs at her index finger as if she could tear it off. Her sister pulls at her finger tug tug tugstop it! it hurts! but she only twists her hand, twist twist, pull close, closer,



Cymbals crash and

she almost screams.

Maris.

Of course.

Snow gets inside her mouth.

She's going to find her again.

That awful joke! That awful girl!

She's no good at playing games.



Liora puffs her cheeks, a little balloon, turns just a twitch, buries herself further and goes back, back to the fire, back to the music, back to the feeling of her own hand letting go.

Here it is best,
Here, the sun pools in little corners
And the music never stops.
She drifts humming it,
the sound scratching her throat on its way out,
muffled by a ball of cotton and sky.



Willow. L Underneath th the pale moon, The garden with restless souls, Petals tremb fear, Of the darkness creeping close, A symphony of whispers, A dance of shadows, As night's breath wraps the earth in silence.

Willow. L Yet in the dan licker remains, A spark of gentle glow, Hope woven in of night, Daring to bloom amidst despair, A wildflower pushing through the cracks, Defiant against the weight of shadows, A reminder that beauty can endure.



- The water is cool against the red hot summer air. Nothing can hurt me here, yet I stay among the
- shallows, where the water is clear as the sky and the water rises until my hips. Peaceful only
- begins to describe what it feels like to float. Chilled water along my spine, but warm air on my
- stomach. My hair splays around my head like a golden brown halo, and for once, it's easy to
- forget what planet I'm on. This moment is a stark difference to what life goes back to being once
- I'm out of the water. Contrarily, remembering what awaits me after this makes it hard to believe
- one can ever be so filled with happiness as I am now.
- Although, thinking about that defeats the
- happiness I am feeling. So instead, I will float thoughtless, in the waters I find only in my dreams.
- "But only in their dreams can men be truly free. 'Twas always thus, and always thus will be."
- Mr Keating, The Dead Poets Society

Maya

In a small town, nestled between the hills, there was a garden that thrived in secret. It sprawled behind a dilapidated gate, its entrance half-hidden by vines that twisted like fingers reaching for something lost. The air was rich with the scent of jasmine and decay, a delicate balance of beauty and sorrow. Lila discovered the garden on a whim one afternoon. Sunlight filtered through the leaves, casting dappled shadows on the ground. She stepped inside, feeling as though she had crossed into another world. The colors were more vibrant here, the flowers blooming with an intensity that felt almost alive. But beneath the beauty, there was an unsettling stillness, as if the garden held its breath.

"Welcome," a voice called softly, and Lila turned to see an old woman seated on a weathered bench, her hands cradling a bouquet of wilting blooms. The woman's eyes sparkled with a knowing light, yet there was a shadow that lingered just behind her gaze.

"Isn't it lovely?" Lila replied, her voice barely above a whisper. "What do you grow here?"

"Everything and nothing," the woman said, her smile a mix of warmth and melancholy. "Each flower tells a story, holds a memory. But beware—some stories are best left untold." Lila felt a shiver run down her spine, the words heavy with meaning. She glanced around, noticing the flowers that seemed to sway ever so slightly, "What do you mean?" she asked, curiosity piqued.

The woman chuckled softly, a sound that echoed like distant chimes. "Time weaves its threads into the soil. Joy and sorrow, hope and despair—they all bloom here. But sometimes, the past lingers too long."

As Lila wandered deeper into the garden, she stumbled upon blossoms that glowed with an ethereal light, their petals shimmering like stardust. Yet, there were also patches where the flowers lay wilted, their colors drained, as if they had absorbed too much grief. She knelt beside a cluster of dark roses, their thorns sharp and glistening.

"Do they hurt?" she asked, her fingers hovering above the petals.

"Only if you let them," the woman replied, her voice a haunting melody. "Beauty can be a double-edged sword." Night began to fall, the garden swallowed by shadows. Lila looked back at the woman, who now appeared more specter than flesh, her form blending into the twilight. "Will you stay?" she asked, feeling an inexplicable connection to this place.

"Some gardens are meant to be visited, not inhabited," the woman said, her smile fading into a faint sigh. "But remember—every bloom has its price."

With that, Lila turned to leave, the weight of the woman's words heavy on her heart. As she stepped back through the gate, she felt the garden's pull, a soft whisper weaving through the night, urging her to return.

But something in her knew that some stories were not hers to tell.

Maya

In a forgotten village, nestled against a sprawling forest, there stood an ancient lantern at the crossroads. It flickered, casting its warm glow against the encroaching dark. Villagers spoke of its magic, claiming it guided lost souls home, but no one dared to approach after sunset.

One evening, curious and defiant, Mira decided to test the tales. The sun dipped below the horizon, painting the sky in shades of bruised purple, and she made her way to the lantern, heart racing with both excitement and trepidation. As she drew closer, the air grew still, thick with an otherworldly presence. The lantern's light pulsed softly, as if breathing. Mira reached out a tentative hand, the warmth radiating against her skin. "Is anyone there?" she whispered, half-expecting a response.

"Always," came a voice, soft as a sigh, echoing through the stillness. The lantern flickered in response, illuminating the path behind her—shadows danced, revealing fleeting figures that seemed to emerge from the very darkness.

"Mira," the voice continued, wrapping around her like a forgotten song. "You seek something, do you not?"

bloom, but shadows linger, too."

"I... I want to know what lies beyond," she replied, her voice trembling. "What happens when we leave this place?" The lantern brightened, casting her in golden light. "Beyond is a realm of echoes and whispers. A place where memories

Mira felt an eerie tug, as if the shadows were calling her name, inviting her to step deeper into their embrace. "What do you mean?" she asked, fear creeping into her heart. "Every choice bears a consequence." the voice warned, the

"Every choice bears a consequence," the voice warned, the light flickering ominously. "To seek the truth is to unveil the darkness within."

She hesitated, glancing back toward the safety of the village. The lantern's glow seemed to pulse, urging her to stay, to listen. But in that moment, she understood the weight of curiosity—some paths were shrouded in beauty, yet lined with thorns.

"I can't," she finally said, stepping back. "Not yet."

The lantern dimmed slightly, the shadows retreating. "Then carry the light with you, child. Let it guide you when the night grows long."

Mira turned away, feeling the warmth still flickering in her chest. As she walked back to the village, the lantern's glow faded behind her, but its presence lingered like a promise, a reminder that the journey was only just beginning—and that some doors, once opened, could never truly close.



There was a tunnel behind the wall of the attic. No one else could see it, but to me it was always there. When I crawled inside, the dust and splinters fell away, and in the end, everything changed: the light was softer, the colors brighter, as if the world had been washed with pink water.

There, smiles that never faded awaited me. The table was always set, with sweets that never melted and fruit that never went bad. The air smelled like a garden after the rain, and when they took my hand, I felt a tenderness that I didn't have at home. It was easy to forget everything else. It was easy to want to stay.

In that other world, no one raised their voice. No one pretended I wasn't there. Everything was designed for me: the games, the songs, even the way the lamps twinkled like stars. I lived inside my own dream, woven of cotton and glitter.

And yet, the tunnel seemed to watch me. There was a silence in the corners, a stiffness in the smiles, as if something more than stuffed animals and chocolate chip cookies were hiding behind the curtains. But I was a child. I had neither the words nor the suspicion. My eyebrows were indifferent in that place, but since I had no complaints, I didn't really care. Sometimes they say that true paradise is the reward after death. I found mine behind a wall, a narrow landscape, full of flowers and sweets, which took me far away from the world I knew.

And even if there were shadows that moved when I wasn't looking, or if the hugs were invisible claws, I guess I'll never know.

Because for me it was perfect. And sometimes happiness is not the absence of horror, but the innocence of not recognizing it.



In the dim light of the loom, the Fates gather, three sisters weaving stories with strands of silver and shadow. Clotho spins the thread of beginnings, her fingers deft, each twist a spark of hope, a life unfurling like a flower in bloom. Lachesis measures the distance, her gaze piercing through time, counting breaths and whispers, the weight of choices etched in each strand. Atropos, the silent keeper, holds the shears, her presence a chill, a reminder that every tale must end. In the heart of the city,

beneath marble statues and whispered prayers,

the tapestry grows—

heroes rise and fall,

love ignites and flickers,

betrayal stains the fabric with crimson threads.

A warrior's fate,

a lover's longing,

woven together in intricate patterns,

each life a note in the grand symphony, echoing through the ages.

But in the shadows, the threads fray, fragile and tangled, a reminder that even legends can unravel, that even gods must bow to the loom's design.

And we, mere mortals, dance along the edges, our choices a flicker of light, a breath against the eternal weave, grasping at the strands, yearning to alter the course,

to stitch our own destinies into the fabric of fate.



## Dear Diary,

Today was peculiar in the most wonderful way. I ventured back to the old estate—the one everyone pretends doesn't exist, tucked away behind a curtain of tangled vines and rusted gates. It's my secret, my little sanctuary where time seems to pause, and the world outside evaporates like mist. Mia was with me, of course. She's my partner in all things whimsical and wild, with hair like sunlight and a spirit that bounces like a rubber ball. We entered the garden together, and the moment the gate creaked open, I could almost hear the flowers sighing in relief, as if they'd been waiting for us. The garden greeted us with its usual chaos: vibrant daisies jostling for attention, roses curling like shy dancers, and the sweet scent of jasmine wrapping around us like an embrace. I took a moment to absorb the scene, the way the sunlight filtered through the leaves, casting playful shadows that swayed with the breeze.

"Look at this one!" Mia exclaimed, kneeling beside a patch of lavender that seemed to shimmer in the light. "It looks like it's glowing!"

I chuckled and knelt beside her, brushing my fingers against the delicate petals. "Maybe it's a portal to another world," I mused, adopting the tone of a grand storyteller. "A realm where dreams blossom like flowers and laughter echoes forever."

"Oh! I want to go there!" Mia's eyes sparkled with mischief.

32

"Let's tell the flowers our secrets! Maybe they'll let us in." And so we began. We poured our hearts out to the blooms, sharing everything from our dreams of becoming explorers to the silly fears that crept in when the night fell. I confessed my secret wish to fly, to soar above the clouds like a bird. Mia, in turn, whispered her desire to discover hidden treasures buried beneath the earth.

As we spoke, I noticed something strange. The air felt thicker, almost electric, as if our words were weaving a magic tapestry that enveloped us. The swaying flowers seemed to lean closer, as if they were curating our stories, stitching them into their very essence.

"Do you think they can hear us?" I asked, half-serious, half-joking.

"Of course!" Mia replied, her voice bubbling with excitement.

"They're our friends. They keep our secrets safe!"

In that moment, the garden transformed. The colors intensified, becoming a riot of hues that dazzled my senses. I swear I could hear the flowers whispering back, their voices a soft hum that blended with the breeze. And then, as if by magic, the world around us shimmered and shifted.

Suddenly, we found ourselves standing in a vast meadow, a kaleidoscope of flowers stretching endlessly in every direction. The sky above was a surreal blend of pinks and oranges, like a painting come to life. I blinked, unsure if I was dreaming.

33

- "Mia, look!" I exclaimed, pointing. "We're in our story!" "We did it!" she squealed, spinning in circles, her laughter ringing like bells. "This is amazing!"
- We ran through the meadow, our laughter echoing against the backdrop of the vibrant landscape. It felt like we had slipped into a Wes Anderson film—everything was perfectly framed, the colors so vivid they seemed to pulse with life. I grabbed Mia's hand, and together we danced among the flowers, carefree and wild, as if we could escape our troubles forever. But then, just as quickly as it began, the magic started to fade. The sun dipped lower on the horizon, the colors softening into pastels. I felt a tug in my gut, a reminder that we couldn't stay in this dream forever.
- "Mia," I said, my voice trembling slightly. "We should go back."
- "Why?" she asked, a hint of confusion clouding her bright eyes. "I want to stay here!"
- "I know," I replied, squeezing her hand. "But we have to remember what we've created. We can't lose it."
- As we turned to leave, the meadow began to dissolve, the vibrant colors swirling into soft hues that faded into the familiar chaos of the garden. I felt a pang of longing in my chest, but as we emerged back into the wild estate, I realized that we had carried the magic with us.
- The flowers were still there, dancing in the breeze, their whispers now a gentle hum in my heart. I looked at Mia, her

face alight with wonder, and knew that while we had returned to reality, we had also woven something beautiful into the fabric of our lives.

So, dear diary, I'll carry this memory with me—a testament to the power of dreams and the magic that lies within the simplest moments. Tomorrow, we'll return, and I can't wait to tell the flowers more of our secrets. Who knows what worlds we'll discover next?

Yours in wonder, Leo

