

The Apostrophe

Issue 12 | Q1/2026 | Fortune



This publication brings together work from authors and artists around the world, and is edited by members of the Hong Kong Writers Circle.

In The Apostrophe, the five points of the bauhinia flower (Hong Kong's emblem) are paralleled each quarter by exactly five original pieces.

Editor-in-Chief: Jan Lee

Art Editor: Sadie Kaye

Contributing Editors: Sam Powney and Jay Oatway

Table of contents

The Vagaries of Fortune <i>Editor's Note</i>	4
Hedgehogs In My Trunk <i>Poetry Sean Wang</i>	7
The Grotto <i>Fiction Shikha Bansal</i>	8
Jerks in Relief <i>Photo-poem Joãowow Lucas</i>	17
Tale of a Circle <i>Poetry Sayantika Sarkar</i>	19
Marcus Reclaimed <i>Fiction R.E. Harris</i>	24
Authors	30
Artists	31

The Vagaries of Fortune

Editor's Note



The thing about writing prompts and themes is that they don't always produce what you expect. In this case, it is our good fortune that few of the pieces in Issue #12 of *The Apostrophe* have an explicit connection to the conventional definitions of fortune – for example, nobody in this issue wins a fortune. (To our mild surprise, no piece includes a mention of the TV game show “Wheel of Fortune”, either.)

Instead, this issue features pieces that range from the introspective (“Hedgehogs In My Trunk”), the mysterious (“The

Grotto”), and the cheeky (“Jerks in Relief”), to the poignant (“Tales of a Circle”) and the exultant (“Marcus Reclaimed”).

In the case of one piece, we’re not even sure what it’s supposed to be about – dare we take it literally? – but we love it.

We also have the good fortune to introduce several new artists and photographers in this issue, as well as welcoming a number of our favorite repeat contributors. Readers of the PDF version of *The Apostrophe*, which is published on the final day of each publication run, will be treated to bonus artwork that does not appear in the Substack version.

Above all, we wish all subscribers and readers an auspicious Year of the Fire Horse – full of good fortune!

Jan Lee, Editor-in-Chief

9



Hedgehogs In My Trunk

Sean Wang

One hedgehog splits to two,
in the soft crack of bark;
then four in a fallen trunk,
damp wood sweating into yeast,
foam on the pale rings,
just off the path,
a moving knot.

I reach, then pull back.
Spines tick my wrist,
calm as nursing once;
warm fur, soil, musk.
I lift them to my mouth.
My tongue takes the first prick;
they slide down
and settle in my trunk,
under ribs, under shirt.

Years ago, they slept there,
gnawing my fingers for salt.
I pocketed them with crumbs,
crumb dust in the pocket seam,
walked home, rattling,
until the warmth went inward.

Late morning, I step from trees.
They rise in my gut;
sharp points press hip and shoulder.
Spines lift under my shirt like shoots.

Back in the log,
the foam dries.

The Grotto

Shikha Bansal



The Grotto's serenity belied the rumours that swirled like noxious clouds, casting shadows on its role as a tranquil resting place for the school's long-gone members. It hid its mystery like a secretive animal. Sana's hand draped over a rock as if pulling a friend closer, about to mutter confidences. Sunlight filtered through the morning mist, watery and tepid. Water splashed down the fountain at the entry, collecting in a muddy pond in which a school of vermillion and white fish swam ceaselessly in contained circles, oblivious of the lakes, rivers, and seas brimming with life much like the inhabitants of the boarding school. The smooth, alabaster statue of Mary stared stonily ahead, presiding over the scene, pretending to an equanimity it

did not feel. The trees surrounding the graves shivered and stood reticent, like witnesses holding back testimony.

Seven days earlier, when Sana first saw Amaya on the other side of the doorway, she hoped they would be friends. Sana stood at the entrance to the dining hall, diffident and unsure, like a sparrow who had fluttered in, lost amid the tables and chairs, searching for a way out.

There was a briskness to the morning. The nuns instructed, the girls spooned in their breakfast, all unquestioning in the roles assigned to them. Sana spotted a milk jug, surrounded by colourful plastic cups, emanating a strong, stale odour. She hesitated, then squaring her shoulders, poured the milk and brought it to her lips. The smell overpowered her. Grimacing, she left the dining room, her stomach in a churn.

“You should add Bournvita or Ovaltine, you know. It tastes a lot better,” said Amaya, hurrying after her. “I’m Amaya.”

“I’m Sana. I didn’t think of it. Packing was such a rush.”

“You can have mine.” Sana smiled at the unexpected kindness, her warm brown eyes pools of gratitude.

“Where are you from?” her new friend asked.

“The hills. I’m not used to the heat.”

The girls chattered and wandered around the grounds until the sombre chime of the clock announced their first lesson. They ran through deserted mango and tamarind groves, late for school. Breathless, they stumbled into the classroom. Mrs D’Souza looked up from the blackboard at the audacious interruption, her chalk poised mid-scrrawl. “Come in,” she said, her voice tight

with displeasure as she glanced at her watch, its leather strap fraying at the edges. A sea of friendless faces greeted them. They parted to take their seats.

“Who’s the new girl?” Jessie jabbed her neighbours in front. The girls shrugged politely, taking care not to offend her. Tall and burly, captain of the basketball team, Jessie was unassailable in her popularity.

“Get her to the meeting tonight.” The girls smiled in acquiescence. There was no point resisting.

The classroom was hot and still except for the tired sweep of the fan. Sana looked out of the window. It was yellow and dusty, a far cry from the dense green, damp home she had left behind in the hills. She remembered the house, looking at it one last time from the backseat of the car, ejected from it like a useless piece of scrap. It sat brooding atop a hill at the end of a cul-de-sac, its windows shuttered, the elevation affording it privacy. Its walls were always thick with moisture. The dank smell stayed with her. The heat of the plains dried up the damp in her clothes and her shoes, but there were dark corners within her it failed to reach. The screeching chalk across the blackboard brought her back to the classroom. The girls shifted and squirmed on hard, wooden seats as Mrs D’Souza droned on about the rivers and seas of the world. The lesson felt endless; a barrage of information rained on restless forms waiting for the freedom that came with the clang of the bell.

Amaya led her to the shaded path, lined with tall eucalyptus, the longer route to the dormitory that passed outside a grotto. “It’s cooler here.”

Sana followed, hugging herself closer, noticing the rocky exterior of the grotto dotted with shrubs. She felt as if she was back in the house, being watched. Each time she had entered it – despite its high ceilings and sprawling expanse – she felt she had

stepped into a mousetrap. In the two years she lived there, Sana never rid herself of a deep unease, of being haunted by shadows.

Her family had never entirely claimed the space. Sana's breath quickened as she thought of her little brother dying, her father leaving, her mother wasting away until relatives decided to put her in an institution. The house was locked up, surrendered to its shadowy inhabitants.

"This path looks deserted."

"The girls don't like coming this way, after the incident." Amaya's face took on a cold, sharp glint. Sana's heart constricted as if someone had wrapped icy fingers around it. The wind picked up. Dark clouds rolled over the sun. The eucalyptus swayed, its slender leaves whispering secrets to the wind, its slim trunks ghostly white. It was a sea of unhappiness, each step pushing Sana further into a slush of misery. A sliver of clammy coldness touched the back of her neck. Then, all at once, the sun streamed through the clouds and chased the shadows away, as if someone had reluctantly released her back into the world.

"Are you ok?" asked Amaya.

"I'm fine," she rasped, puzzled at Amaya's expression of benign concern. "This place is creepy. Let's hurry."

As they neared the dormitories, a group of girls walked towards them. "We're meeting in the hall tonight, after lights out. Why don't you join us?"

"It's another dare," one of the girls muttered.

"Aren't you afraid of getting caught?" Sana asked.

"Little danger of that happening. Once the matron is asleep, she rarely wakes up."

Sana and Amaya took the narrow stairs to the dim hall lined with cupboards, leading to the dormitory. Two rows of single beds on either side flanked a dark, polished floor dully reflecting the moving forms of the girls, capturing them in a subterranean world. At the far end was the matron's room, demarcated by a wooden partition with a door. Beyond that lay a dark corridor leading to the toilets. The girls went there in twos or threes.

Night fell. The girls waited under the covers with the equanimity of monks. Once the matron's shoes clattered across the floor and the sharp click of her door signalled that she had retired for the night, they trickled out of their beds into the hallway, and arranged themselves in a circle. Jessie stood at the centre and raised a brow as Sana sat down.

“I see the new girl came. Well, we all know why we're here. Let's hear some ideas.”

“Go to the school building alone at midnight?” someone ventured.

“C'mon! That's child's play.”

“Walk to the sports field at the far end of the campus.”

“It's a plain old walk, lit all the way with lamp posts.”

Jessie shot down suggestions as quickly as they rose. Then, she made one of her own. “We all know about the charming little grotto near the playground.” The girls looked at her in astonishment, but she dug in. “Whoever goes to the grotto at midnight and brings back its sweet water in this bottle will get the first pick of everyone's tuck.” She held out a small glass flask.

Protests rose: “Too dangerous!”, “We'll be caught...” and fell like dry leaves on a dying wind.

“Anyone brave enough to do it?” Jessie looked around. Her eyes settled on Sana. The girls shifted nervously on the floor.

Amaya whispered in her ear, “You can do it! It’s just a walk. I’ll come with you halfway.”

Where was the harm? Sana was no stranger to spooky places. And if she did it, she’d be in Jessie’s good books. The tuck would be the cherry on top.

“I’ll do it,” said Sana.

Jessie looked at her as if she had underestimated her. “What do you know? Looks like the new girl has gumption after all!”

The date was set. Days passed in a flurry of alarms, classes, homework, and conversations. As the girls came to speak with Sana, Amaya grew gloomier and resentful.

A week later, the night arrived like any other night. Darkness fell, brooding like a slighted friend, spreading its scowl across the sky, sullenly snuffing out orange, pink, and lavender hues released by the setting sun. It was time for supper. Sana had a big night ahead; she’d better get some food in, however unpalatable. She wondered if her mother was okay; she’d had no news.

The moon came out, bathing the landscape in cool silver, and Sana set forth with Amaya by her side. They soon reached the halfway point; the only obstacles being a rusty gate, which Sana opened so as to not wake the guard, and the hulking dog guarding the premises at night – pacified with the cookies she’d stuffed in her pocket. She turned to wave Amaya goodbye, but found herself alone, the only sound the wind rustling the leaves.

Sana felt a chill creep in, though the night was warm. The clouds rolled in and partially covered the moon. A short walk brought her to the grotto. She entered, feeling as if she had broken into a private home. The familiar sensation of being watched was with her again. She could make out the rocky cave where Mary's statue stood, and the shapes of the gravestones in the faint light. She walked in deeper. It was easy enough to reach for the tap and collect the sweet liquid, but she was overcome by an unshakeable thirst. She drank in long, greedy gulps, and filled the water bottle. The water was sweet indeed. It ran through her veins, making her feel less of this world. The clouds parted and in the clear moonlight, Sana saw a cluster of smaller graves, a litany of buried dreams. The years indicated shorter lifespans; some of children as young as nine. She ran her wet fingers over the names on the graves and stopped at a familiar one: Amaya Wilson.

A shiver of recognition shot through her like lightning. The shrubs closed in and she couldn't breathe; her feet were lead, an invisible force pinning them to the ground.

It had been a strange dream. All Sana wanted to do was drift off and get a few more minutes of sleep, but Sister Alice's strident announcement that there would be no school today intruded. The girls were to proceed to the library, Sister Alice told them, wearing her stern, unsmiling face, and spend their morning constructively, wasting no time on idle gossip. A hush settled over the dormitory, like cold air on a sunless day. Jessie and the girls walked towards her and stood around her. Sana sat up, expecting a spate of congratulations and back thumping for completing the dare. Instead, the girls touched her sheet, her pillow, and mumbled.

It was an unspeakable tragedy. How terrible the whole thing was.

Only Amaya sat beside her smiling, stroking her hair. The smile left Sana cold.

She reached out to touch the girls, but failed to grasp their solid forms. She looked at Amaya and realised they were both nothing but air. The girls made their way to the library in a single file.

The day wore on. Jessie sat in the library under the softly whirring fan, her face shrouded with the pall of death.

“They’re saying she had a frail heart.”

“It’s just like what happened a few years back,” said another.

“When Amaya Wilson died?”

“Yes – she took up Jessie’s dare. They found her body in the toilet.”

There was talk about closing the grotto, and even the entire boarding school. The girls went on with their days, marking time for holidays.

Jessie sensed their withdrawal and saw the blame in their eyes. She kept to herself, but unaccountably, while brushing her teeth, bathing, having a meal, doing homework, the faces of Sana and Amaya flashed before her eyes, leaving her unsettled. She could not shake off the inexplicable feeling of being watched, stalked like prey by their shadows. She begged them for forgiveness. The feeling of guilt spread through her like ink on blotting paper.

If she was lucky, Jessie would go home for the holidays. But for now, their shadows held sway.



Jerks in Relief

Joãoowow Lucas

JERKS IN RELIEF

You were just hanging out
trying to get some sun
when two fat bastard angels
(cherubs, I think they're called)
started pushing up your elbow
and pulling off your beach towel
while you lay there
with your arms up
and your hair out
and your ribs showing
desperate need of a sandwich
and you've been there now
in that state
for who knows how long
just trying to enjoy the day
and I wish I had a jackhammer
to chase the angels away.



Tale of a Circle

Sayantika Sarkar

1. (home)

there is time left, i guess

i.

there is just too much politics growing
as the family eats, the elder daughter
and the detoned father,

shard right-wingness against the girl
who kisses the blood ground and waves
red flags at streetlights

baba will never know

gloomy humid summer, hair in spitballs,

maa cooks
 cooks
 cooks

maa doesn't understand living beyond dinner tables,
What does *maa* even understand about living?
there is too much light and prayer staining the food,
father and I don't see her,

steered, severed, crying mother; wake up, do something for yourself

ii.

every face is a repetition,
kiss me with that face, kiss me
hidden behind the bush like you taint me,
taint me more than I am.
Kiss me like I hate you,
kiss me like you have never known softness
kiss me and I won't recognise my body,
carry it around my neck for the rest of my life.
Dig your teeth in, mark landmines on my lips

as long as it is painful, it will be pleasurable.
Kiss me, I will become what you make of me.

*maa I am not you, I will never be you
I know desire, I escaped, nothing can stop me
not even you
not even the city, will escape it too*

iii.

every time I take the metro, the city emerges behind me,
gulfed in endings, the people in stranded horizons
derive pleasure from the city fermented to their skin,
lick them,
Lick time, lick the rain
that falls impatiently upon these yellow streets
in death and doubts.
It's January's city now,
Like the dog-bitten dustbin, everyone here is dispensable.

In a certain corner of the street, the cigarette stench has dried overnight,
and a small boy grows roses to sell them to strangers
Every now and then I feel this indescribable urge to cry

2. (outside)r

I.

I grow up.

swiftly defy lungs, smoke propels, dog teeth in a strange foreign land
trees shimmering behind the window
the air smells like
cure.

Even for a little while, there are too many stars here at night,
too many lips to touch, hoe eras and corona bottles under the bed,
darkness by 4, but glimpses of light
up my body, up my body
be lost, thoughts hang from the Big Ben,

and if the electric buses run a little faster
the past may not even keep up.

Is this emancipation?
existing is magnetic

*maa do you see me gliding like the sky's my own fucking lounge
I never want to go home*

II.

Every night you ask me for tea
I watch the kettle whistles.
As your delicate hands pour the red juice
Over two similar plastic cups,

we talk and talk and talk and talk
and talk and talk and talk

The formless night intrudes through the window
Like the tea, it tastes tender.

Maa I feel protected after a long time.

III.

maa i am 22 now, i am continents away, maa where is the potential you
talked about, i am curled up in a lightless room, in a glamorous white
country, trying to write something, nothing's working out, where is the
fucking potential?

I was lying
I was lying
I was lying

there is nothing here
sounds of the city stolen blue
parcel me a guidebook, will you?

maa i am not you
maa i want to be you, at least you are full.
maa is there any time left anymore
to be you?

Can you cook something for me?

3. (return)

One morning suddenly you walk up to the front door and light spills
yellow all over the place
You remember
That you are back home,
Maa, Baba, they are still where you left them

As the city recoils ahead of you, you realise

That there are fallen leaves everywhere you go
There is no country like home, no war like living.

,





Marcus Reclaimed

R.E. Harris

The bus doors hissed shut right as Marcus turned the corner. He stood, taking in the sound – like the city exhaling disgust at him specifically.

His briefcase swung against his knee. The leather handle was already sticky with sweat even though fog was choking the street like wet gauze. The 38 Geary pulled away, its taillights two red eyes winking at his failure.

“Wait!”

His voice disappeared.

Marcus stood there. 8:47. Daniel from accounting would purse his lips into that small anus of disapproval he saved for people who couldn't even catch a bus on time. Twelve minutes until the next one, standing here like an idiot in shoes that cost three hundred dollars and still squeaked when he walked.

Fuck it.

He started jogging. The briefcase banged his thigh. His girlfriend had bought him these shoes, saying they'd help. As if Italian leather could make white people see past his skin. The bus sat fat and smug at the next light.

Marcus ran.

Something weird happened. His breathing evened out and the briefcase stopped mattering. He was actually gaining on it. The bus lurched forward and so did Marcus, tie flying back like he was someone important, someone with somewhere to be. Someone who mattered.

He caught up to it at Fillmore.

Inside, the usual suspects slumped against windows: Purple Scarf Lady, Giants Cap Grandpa. All of them marinating in their own quiet desperation, scrolling past other people's fake lives while their real one leaked away minute by minute. The bus was an aquarium. They were the fish.

Marcus laughed – an ugly bark that came from his stomach.

He looked at that bus and something snapped clean. The light changed green and the bus wheezed forward, but Marcus was already past thinking about catching it.

“Come on, you piece of shit!”

He careened down the sidewalk, dodging poles and benches. A mother yanked her stroller away from him at the last minute as he strode by at full speed. Yeah, lady. Black guy running and yelling. Call someone.

The bus fell back like it was standing still.

Marcus's legs pumped harder. The neighborhood morphed around him. Victorian houses that used to pulse with life – musicians in the basement, somebody's tía cooking on the stoop, kids doing homework on the porch – now they were hollow, Airbnbs and investment properties. Empty most of the year. Fresh battleship-gray paint over what used to be electric blue, canary yellow, deep purple. The owners probably lived in Atherton. Probably had never met their neighbors.

His corner store was gone. In its place was a shop selling candles that cost more than his monthly PG&E bill, waxy columns named “Meditation” and “Renewal.” As if the scent of burning eucalyptus could fill the hole where your soul used to be.

The mural on the laundromat – this gorgeous thing, all these Black and brown faces looking hopeful – painted over. Just flat beige now. The landlord probably thought it hurt property values.

He tore past the construction site, another glass phallus climbing toward heaven. The jackhammers sounded like the city screaming. The billboard promised luxury. This used to be Mrs. Chen's garden. She grew actual food here. She fed people. Taught kids that tomatoes came from dirt, not Whole Foods. Before long, a developer decided the land was worth more empty.

Marcus's lungs burned but the burn felt clean, like cauterizing a wound.

Downtown swallowed him. The financial district pressed in – all those buildings designed to look important, to make you feel small. Each one blocking more sky, like they wanted to own even the light. Marcus recalled coming here with his father. He was maybe eight. They got ice cream at the Ferry Building, watched ships and the men working near the water's edge. Men who did real things with their hands. Before the algorithms made his father redundant.

His dad drank himself dead by 56.

Marcus ran faster.

The morning rush thickened. All these people in their costumes, clutching phones like they were afraid someone might ask them to look up, to actually see. Streaming into buildings where they'd spend the day moving money around, creating nothing, producing nothing, just shuffling numbers in a shell game where the house always wins. He dodged through them. His jacket flapped open. His briefcase swung wild. Some guy in a blue suit yelled "Watch it!" but Marcus was already gone.

There – his building. Fifty hours a week minimum. Analyzing market trends for people who already had more money than their great-grandchildren could spend. Writing reports no one read. Sitting in meetings about meetings. His life was measured in Excel cells and Outlook invites and the slow erosion of whatever he used to believe about himself.

The fountain in the plaza shot water in computer-programmed arcs. Even the water had to perform here. Had to fall exactly where it was told.

Marcus's heart crashed against his ribs, over and over. His shirt clung to him, a wet membrane. His feet throbbed, hot and raw inside his expensive shoes. Other employees filtered through the revolving doors – those doors that keep spinning whether you go in or not, whether you exist or not. Security guards with their metal detectors and their dead eyes, and everyone sleepwalking through security theater toward their climate-controlled coffins.

He should stop, breathe, become presentable. Should walk through those doors and apologize and pretend today was like every other day, would be followed by another day exactly the same, a string of identical days leading to a retirement party where people would say nice things they didn't mean before forgetting his name by Monday.

His legs kept pumping.

The fountain got close. He could smell the chlorine trying to mask the mineral rot underneath. His briefcase felt like it was full of stones. Like he was carrying his own death around. Like a casket, with his dissolved dreams inside he'd toted blindly for years.

Twenty feet. Ten.

The security guard looked up. Started to smile. He started to lift his hand in a wave, this small acknowledgment that Marcus was a person he recognized, a regular, someone who belonged here.

Marcus cut hard left.

He launched himself over the fountain's wall. Hung suspended in the air for one impossible second – between the him that clocked in and the him that could still choose. The water waited below, moving the only way it remembered how before someone told it to stop.

He crashed through the surface.

The cold was a slap. Perfect. It filled his nose, his ears, his mouth. It soaked through everything – his suit, his shirt, his skin. His briefcase hit the bottom with a sound like a body falling. Above, muffled shouting. People gathering to watch the show. He stayed under, letting the water hold him. Letting it wash off whatever he'd been pretending to be.

When he surfaced, he was laughing and choking, and maybe crying. He couldn't tell. It didn't matter. He stood there in knee-deep fountain water, clothes plastered to him, and looked at the crowd. Karen from HR. His boss Tom. The security guard speaking urgently into his radio like Marcus was a bomb threat.

He reached down and grabbed his briefcase. Lifted it overhead like a trophy. Water geysered from every seam.

“I QUIT!” he screamed at all of them, at the buildings, at the manicured trees in their concrete prisons, at the whole neutered gutted sold-off corpse of the city. “I FUCKING QUIT!”

And standing there in the fountain – water everywhere, everyone staring, sirens probably coming – Marcus felt his pulse for the first time in years. He felt the ghost of the city that used to exist

under all this glass and greed. His father's hand in his. Mrs. Chen's garden in full bloom. Every mural, every mom-and-pop shop, every person and place erased to make room for more money. But also, this: his own lungs taking in air. His own feet on the ground. His own life, whatever was left of it, finally his again.

Water streamed off him onto the concrete, finding its own way back. The way water does when you stop telling it what to be.



,

Authors

***Shikha Bansal** is a Hong Kong-based poet and writer of nonfiction. Her poems have been published in Proverse Publishing and Imprint, and her essays and articles have appeared in Imprint, Culture, and Playtime.*

***R.E. Harris** is a writer, journalist and documentary filmmaker currently living in metro Atlanta, Georgia. His work has been featured in The New York Times, The Los Angeles Times, The Washington Post, among other international publications. He is a past recipient of the George Polk Award, the Scripps Howard Award and the Grantham Prize for investigative journalism. He surrounds himself with pens, puzzles and inquiry.*

***Joãowow Lucas** is always looking for more wow! As a writer, artist, and immigrant in Lisbon, Joãowow captures photos as inspiration for poetry. Typed on half-sheets of old paper on an old typewriter, these short poems explore themes of belonging and alienation, home and the road, adversity and acceptance.*

***Sayantika Sarkar** is an Indian poet, fiction writer, and essayist with an MA in Creative Writing from the University of Surrey. Her work explores womanhood, cities, migration, intimacy, and quiet forms of resistance, examining power, displacement, and the emotional afterlives of borders. Her writing has appeared in Poems (India) and The Insurgence.*

***Sean Wang** is a Pushcart Prize and Best Small Fictions nominated poet and PhD candidate. His poems appear or are forthcoming in West Trade Review, ONE ART, wildscape, and literary journal, among others. He can be found on Instagram at @sean_wang1997.*

Artists



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9

1. *"Molten Heaven" by Zed*
2. *"The Money Shot" by Sadie Kaye*
3. *"I Think I Found It!" by Sadie Kaye*
4. *"Ruined" by Alessandro Rossi*
5. *"Jerks in Relief" by Joãowow Lucas*
6. *"Ra" by Ricky Sadosa*
7. *"Growth" by Charlotte Farhan*
8. *"Revolucion de Amor" by Angela Rizo*
9. *"Punch" by Matt Ricardo*

Charlotte Farhan is an international visual artist, a published illustrator, feature writer, the Editor in Chief of ASLI Magazine. She lives on the South Coast in the vibrant Southsea with her husband, three cats and her psychiatric /autism assistance dog Amadeus.

Sadie Kaye is Art Editor of The Apostrophe.

Matt Ricardo is a variety performer from London who lives with his wife and cats by the seaside in Brighton, UK. His passion is writing and taking photographs while travelling to gigs worldwide.

Angela Rizo is a photographer from Ariano Irpino, Italy. She loves remote mountain landscapes, abandoned churches, silence and the poetry of light.

Alessandro Rossi is a Venezuelan photojournalist studying fine art in Bucaramanga, Colombia. When she's not chasing light, she's chasing after her two kids and four dogs!

Ricky Sadiosa has made Hong Kong his second home since the 1990s. Originally from the Philippines, he's travelled to more than 150 international cities and countries. He loves connecting with fellow photographers and admiring their work. A passionate human rights advocate, in 2017 Ricky was shortlisted for the Justice Centre Hong Kong's Human Rights Art Prize for his photo journalism. Ricky spent 5 years traveling the world in the footsteps of Philippine national hero, Dr. Jose Rizal. During his travels, he produced a feature-length documentary film and took photographs for his latest 500-page coffee table book.

Zed is an adventurer and award-winning documentary filmmaker. He has made over fifty films that have been watched

by fifteen people. He lives in Brooklyn, New York, but rarely spends time there. He lost his heart in Havana and his mind in Sarajevo.

