



2026 Content Creators
Summit Literary Magazine





By: Amelia Pfennig

college is supposed to be full of fun and friendships, but many students secretly feel lonely . They smile in class, laugh with others, and pretend everything is fine, only to feel alone when they return to their rooms. Sometimes , all students need is someone who genuinely ask , “Are you Okay?”

By: Vanessa K. Ingabire



By: Amelia Pfennig



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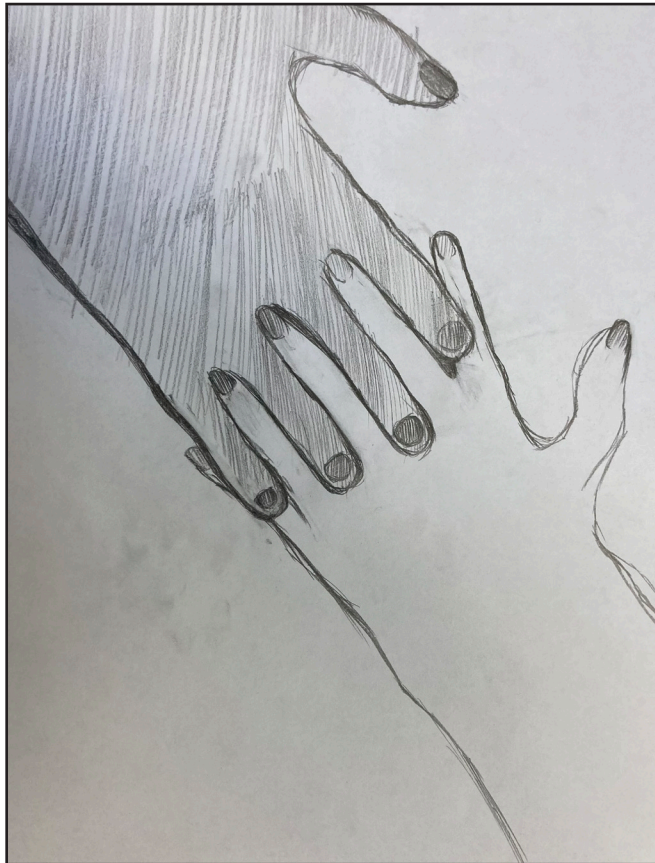
By: Vanessa K. Ingabire

The interlocking fingers holding the world together loosened their tight grip. Everyone could sense it, but nobody recognized what it foretold. People living near the fringe of them were anticipating something bad happening. Popular consensus said that their hold was weakening, and residents of villages near the fingertips should prepare to move out. Nobody would have predicted what came next.

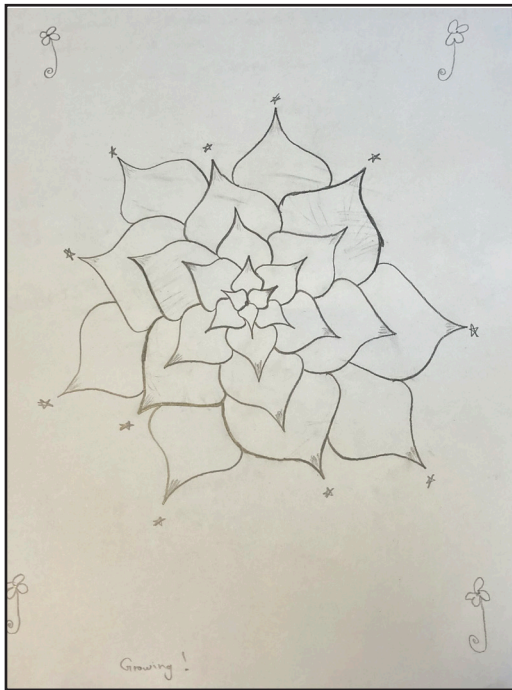
The separation of the two hands, the continents that millions called home, was not gradual. It was violent and sudden. They jerked away from one another, and the fingers that were once outstretched and tight-knit quickly furred into a fist. There was no further movement afterwards.

Those who didn't evacuate immediately were dropped into a void, cursed to fall for eternity. The sin that earned them such a punishment is unknown, but the few who didn't fall were split and isolated from the other hand that they used to have direct access to. The concept of another hand is mere myth to the people of today, and it will likely be the same for the generations who follow.

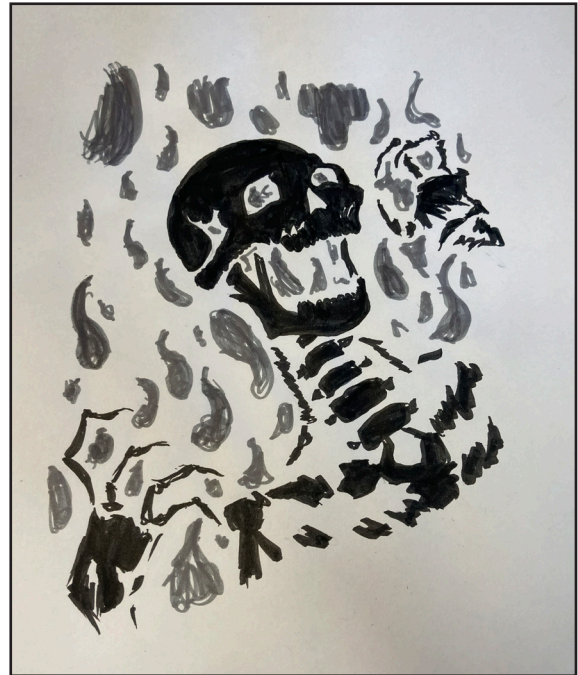
By: Laeken Werder



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By: Vanessa K. Ingabire



By: Kimiko Gerjets

At 12 years , I left my family to attend a boarding school in Rwanda (east africa) .Watching them leave was heartbreaking. I missed home, struggled with teasing, and had to adjust to a new life. But with time, I made friends and learned independence .

Boarding school taught me that growing up sometimes means learning to be strong even when you miss home.

By: Vanessa K. Ingabire

Morning Conversation

By: Kimiko Gerjets

It was your typical Sunday morning, the sun was just rising and starting to show through my curtains. I was sitting on my couch when my roommate walked rubbing his eyes. In a raspy voice he said, “Good morning. How did you sleep?”

“I slept pretty well. How about you?”

“I just couldn’t fall asleep and I don’t know why.”

“Oh, I’m sorry to hear that. Hey, do you remember where I put my mug?”

“No, I wasn’t aware I was supposed to keep track of that for you.”

“You’re not. I just thought I’d ask. Anyways thanks for making it clear not to ask you if I lose anything in the house.”

“Fair enough,” he says as the conversation dies as he walks into the kitchen. A few seconds go by and he comes back out, “Hey! Your mug was on the dry rack!”

“Oh! Really? Sorry, you should know I don’t have the best memory,” I say in response. He looks at me as a teenager would when their parents say something obvious. “Hey! Don’t give me that look. I don’t even remember who I had for breakfast this morning!”

“Who?” he blurts out in horror. Oh snap, I think to myself as I look at him inching away.

“Sorry. You were a really good roommate,” I say as I get up from the couch and make my way over to him. I guess I’m going to have to find a new roommate.



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