

VOLUME 2 ISSUE 1

DECEMBER 11 2023

THE

WRITE

WAY



Contributors

Adyson Daniel 2026

Natalee Darzentas 2026

Jamile Isidoro 2026

Rodrigo Manosalvas 2026

Ines Pizon 2024

Vanessa Reynolds 2024

Alexia Saavedra Roman 2025

Editors

Adyson Daniel 2026

Natalee Darzentas 2026

Jamile Isidoro 2026

Rodrigo Manosalvas 2026

Ines Pizon 2024

Vanessa Reynolds 2024

Alexia Saavedra Roman 2025

Publisher

Ms. Wetzel, English Department

Special Thanks

Mr. Tuley, for publishing expertise

Val Turner, for helping to navigate InDesign

Hunted 100 Words Story

SOS Sagas: The Hunted Creative Writing Competition invited young adults aged 11-18 years to write a mini saga (a story told in 100 words or fewer) inspired by the theme of "Hunted."

Wolf Run

Jamile Isidoro - 2026

"We have to leave. Now. It's not safe here," said Ali. A wolf howled in the distance. The moon dimly lit the ground. It was dark, but the wolves could smell them. Ali and Crystal started to run away from the sound, trying to run away from the hunter and their wolves.

They ran as fast as they could, but the wolves were faster and caught up to them.

"There's nowhere to hide," said the tall man in a low voice.

"It's over."

Four wolves and two men surrounded them.

Crystal sighed, "You win... Dad."

They all started to smile.

24 Hours to Run Away

Ines Pizon - 2024

I had twenty four hours, one day. I always told myself I would make smart and wise choices during an apocalypse. But here I did not...and now I only have half the day. The monsters were spreading everywhere. I needed to find mom and run away from here before the government made a radical decision. My dog, Bug, started barking while my anxiety crept its way into me. It was mom's car! But mom was not in the car; it was one of them. The government made another announcement. I had to leave soon, before I joined my dead mother.

Spooky Stories

In honor of Halloween, Creative Writing Club students wrote ideas for spooky characters, settings, conflicts, sounds, etc. on cards. They then randomly drew cards from the group's collection and had to write a story using all of these elements. Here are some of the results.

The Secret of the Forest

Ines Pizon, Class of 2024

In a thick forest full of fantastic animals and other strange living beings or even “things” more terrifying and uglier than the previous one. In the middle of this strange forest stands a cemetery that is covered by dark and gloomy clouds, that would accentuate its mystery. Only idiots and curious people would be adventurous enough to walk in this odd environment. On a Friday evening, a group of bullies decide to go into the bizarre forest and its secret cemetery. They started to hear sounds, rustling behind trees, and that is when a wendigo appeared. The group seemed surprised at first, but when they realized that the cannibal creature was ready to jump on them, their faces started to fill with terror, replacing the surprise.

They all started to run and scream, not knowing where they were heading to. The atmosphere became thicker, darker, and scarier...”poof”. . . They all heard, they then all stopped in their tracks, looking around them and at each other. They realized they made it to the cemetery. One of them spoke up:

“Hey! Why is there our name on those tombstones?!”

“This is way too creepy, man...” replied his friend beside him.

Another “poof,” and this time no wendigo, but a doll. She was not scary nor ugly, but maybe too perfect, too pretty and too cute. Our dear group of teenagers will soon learn that the scariest is not the most dangerous in this forest, as the flawless doll would be their dead end.

A Trip Back Home.

By: Natalee Athena Darzentas

Bob Henderson had never spent one holiday season away from the farm. He left to go work as a photographer between the months of March and September, but he never failed to come back to his parents' apple orchard every August. Bob was not a very interesting person; I suppose that that's maybe what he hated so much about himself. When he arrived at the orchard, neither of his parents were there; however, they'd left a note for him on the door of their house. The note read, "Went out of town to attend a market. There's food in the fridge. Be back by Wednesday. Love you. Don't forget that." Bob looked down for just a moment at his feet and when he looked up the note was no longer on the door. He supposed it had blown away in the fall breeze.

Being out of town was quite normal for Bob's parents. Like Bob, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson could never settle down for an average desk job. Instead, they went from town to town selling apples, baked goods, and quilts at various markets. What was strange was the book laid on the doorstep that Bob had to nearly trip over to notice. He slowly bent down to pick it up as his back ached from the movement. Bob's back was quite bad. "Piles of Bloody Rocks. By S.G.Sherman." That's what the book was called. Bob had never seen this book, nor did he understand why it was on his 80-year-old parent's welcome mat. But Bob would understand this strange occurrence in time.

Bob fumbled his key into the door and twisted. The door fell open with a deafening creak. Bob's nose was filled with the familiar smell of his parent's home. The odor was some mix between fruit juice and old clothes. The aroma was also interrupted by the small hint of a metallic smell, but Bob quickly forgot about that. He tended to forget easily. Just as the door fell open Bob truly felt something unsettling, a feeling that even he couldn't dismiss and soon forget. Instead of forgetting, the feeling sunk into him and remained there. Bob stepped through the threshold of the doorway and smiled at the sight of the light seeping in through the thin curtains. He took in a deep breath knowing that he was home. As Bob started to let out his exhale, he was startled at the sight of a red substance.

Bob knew what the red substance was; he wasn't really familiar with it, but he knew of it. It was crimson and glistening; it looked thick and thin all at the same time. What was the word for that substance? Bob stopped thinking because it often stressed him out; he would forget about the red matter covering the carpet and wood floor soon enough anyway. But what Bob would see next, he would never forget.

He stepped into the kitchen and noticed a pale, limp hand with its palm facing up. It stuck out from just behind the mahogany dining table. Bob's breathing became frantic and his inhaleds became tight. He saw flashes in his mind, memories of the red substance. Blood, it was called blood. Now he remembered, he remembered that he was the cause of this blood that stained the house, the cause of his mother's limp hand and his father's lifeless body in the backyard. That terrible book, his father's favorite book that he had been reading on the front porch when Bob killed him. Bob did this, he had never felt so guilty in his life, and while he usually hated how much he forgot, he wanted to forget this time.

Just as soon as the panic had set in, Bob could breathe again. His head was clear. Bob was often forgetful. Bob began to prepare a grilled cheese sandwich with lemonade, just as his mother used to. He thought that he'd ask his mother to make him one again when she and his father returned on Wednesday.

END.

The following story, also inspired by the ideas Creative Writing Club members gathered for Halloween, is proof that creativity can come from any source and go in any direction.

Stella's Luck

By: Luis Rodrigo Manosalvas

Once upon a time, there was a little girl that was forced to live in an eerily quiet cave due to poverty. The only thing that kept her company was a shattered hand-mirror. She always looked into the reflection of herself, admiring her beauty and not focusing on anything else.

One day, she went to the forest to look for some berries or any type of food she could find. When she went back to the cave, there was a weird sound coming from the cave. Of course, like any child would, her curiosity got the better of her, and she went to investigate. When she reached the end of the cave, there was a small crack that leaked some water out of it.

The little girl knew that's not a good sign. She quickly ran for the exit, and each step she took made the crack stretch, letting more water out. The little girl grabbed her broken hand-mirror and jumped to the side of the cave's entrance. Once she was out of the way, a whole river flowed out the cave's entrance, destroying the place that the little girl called "home."

The little girl had no choice but to find somewhere to stay. The little girl walked along a trail and saw beautiful lady in a carriage. The little girl didn't think much of it and kept going. The carriage stopped and the lady said, "Oh my, what a beautiful little girl!~" The woman seemed fascinated about the girl's beautiful face. "Do you have a home?" said the lady, clearly noticing the old clothes and dirt on the girl's face. The girl shook her head "no," clearly proving that she didn't know how to speak either. The lady picked up the girl from the ground and placed her on her lap. "Don't worry now, sweetheart. I'll take care of you," said the lady in such a motherly tone. Both of them went to a beautiful palace that turned out to be the woman's home.

The woman adopted the girl, cleaned her, dressed her, and took care of every need she had. She gave her the name "Stella," meaning "celestial star." Honestly, Stella felt pretty lucky for having the new life that she had. She thought that it couldn't get any better. But what she didn't know was that once she was older, she would inherit her mother's kingdom, making her the new queen of "The Timeless Kingdom."

Tired. By: Natalee Athena Darzentas.

“Tired” won 2nd place in the high school category of the Irvington Halloween Spooky Story contest this year.

I stared blankly at my ceiling. “Try counting sheep,” is what my friends would tell me. But I’ve tried it all; sheep, meditation, melatonin, drinking tea, everything. I’m tired of sheep and medication, I’m tired of everything, I think I’m just tired.

I turned to lie on my side and my gaze went deep into the soul of the darkness; the unknown blackness just past the threshold of the door frame. I could’ve sworn that I started to see a figure, someone or something so tall that their head touched the ceiling, but it’s probably just because I’m so tired. Everyone always tells me that it’s all in my head because I’m so tired. As I lay awake for the millionth night in a row, my mind wonders again. My thoughts spiral and morph into my fears until those fears seep from my mind and into the darkest corners of my bedroom. I had become so paranoid of the darkness that my room had become my chamber. I could’ve sworn I hadn’t left this room in the past week.

I walked to my vanity and sighed; the darkness from my eyes had crept into my skin and the circles around them grew more gray every day. No wonder everyone thinks I’m sick. In the mirror I saw the blackness of the hallway looming over my shoulder. I turned away from it. It took everything in me not to burst into fearful tears when I once again saw the dark mass move in my peripheral vision. “I’m just tired,” I told myself once again, and I went back to brushing my hair.

I try to brush through my thick black curls as gently as I can and my mind starts to wonder while I continue the mindless task. I begin to enter the scariest place that I know of, my own mind. My own internal monologue again becomes the residential critic of my every breath and step. Suddenly, I was pulled from my thoughts by a faint whisper coming from my left. I became frozen with fear.

Most people talk about having a fight or flight response, but I freeze. If you fight, you stand a chance. If you run, you can get away. However, if you’re like me, who freezes, you become stuck and more vulnerable than ever to the dangers around you. I continue to be paralyzed with fear and panic, but through my body’s stillness my heart continues its beating marathon in my chest.

“Tired” is about the extreme and terrifying effects of sleep deprivation. Katlyn, a young insomniac, slowly slips deeper into her fears and the monster that seems so real grows nearer. Her fear and exhaustion becomes so severe that neither she, nor the reader can tell what is real or is simply caused by how tired Katlyn is. The story ends with her mother attempting to get her to sleep, but Katlyn’s fears fully merge with her reality and her body and mind shut down.

Our Lady of Guadalupe

In honor of the Our Lady of Guadalupe celebration, some of the club members did artwork and responses inspired by the art.



Painting to the right is made by Alexia Saavedra in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Adyson Daniel wrote a short piece after seeing this beautiful painting.

This drawing made by Alexia is for Our Lady of Guadalupe. Our Lady of Guadalupe is important to Mexicans not only because she is a Supernatural Mother, but also because she embodies their major religious and political aspirations. To the indigenous people, the symbol is more than an embodiment of life and hope. It restores to them the hopes of salvation.

Drawing to the right is made by Rodrigo Manosalvas in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

In response to Rodrigo's drawing, Jamile Isidoro wrote this short piece.

All around the world, Mary, the mother of Jesus, is known by many names. She is known as Morning Star, Mother of God, Our Lady of Lourdes, Mother of Mercy, Our Lady of Fatima, and many more, but the most famous name in the Americas is Our Lady of Guadalupe. This drawing to the right, created by Rodrigo Manosalvas, shows us a beautiful image of Mary in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe.



The Bloody Hunt

By: Vanessa Reynolds

Chapter 2: The Paranormal Instigator

(Note: This is a part of series. Chapter 1 was in Volume 1, Issue 2. May 15, 2023)

“Hey Lizzie,” Rowan rubs his eyes, blindly walking back to his apartment. “No worries, what do you need from me?”

There’s a brief pause at the other end.

“Did you not sleep? Again?” Lizzie sighs; the sound of a chair creaking back is heard. *“If you keep this up, I’ll stop giving you jobs until you get yourself together.”*

A headache is already forming at the back of his head.

“You wouldn’t,” was his weak response. “What’s the job you have for me?”

“I think you’ll like this one,” she hums. *“He’s in your area.”*

The walk back home wasn’t eventful. Rowan was only half listening to what Lizzie was telling him, mostly focusing on getting home without falling flat on his face. The slow chilling air encouraged him to speed-walk through the mostly empty streets, the lamp posts lighting his way back home.

Once he enters the door, Lizzie has already hung up the phone, absentmindedly dropping his phone on the counter and flicking his lights on. Rowan won’t stay for very long; he plans to get this job done quickly and get paid.

With no time to waste, he grabs his work jacket and boots, changing quickly as he trips over himself to grab his gear: a flashlight with extra batteries, a switch blade, a small pistol with silver bullets, and anything else he can find quickly.

After Rowan gathers everything, he picks up his phone from the counter, seeing a message from Lizzie. He frowns a little, seeing a location given and a link underneath.

With only a small hesitation, he clicks on the link, bringing him to a website with words plastered on the front:

“Your friendly Paranormal Instigator: Now hiring!”

Rowan skims through the website as he walks out of his apartment, seeing a phone number and email address.

This might be his most interesting job yet.

YPiP: Young Playwrights in Progress

Drama – These plays were submitted to the IRT’s Young Playwrights in Progress Contest

The Art, by Ady Daniel

Summary: Sera ends up with a creative block and has been looking at a blank canvas for hours until her best friend Aria comes to see her.

ARIA: *(Concerned)* Sera, you’ve been trying to think of something for days. Maybe you should take a break.

SERA: *(Frustrated)* I can’t afford a break, Aria. I have an Art contest in two weeks, and I have nothing to show for it. I’m a failure.

ARIA: *(Hugged Sera)* You’re not a failure, Sera; you’re just going through a tough time with creative block. It happens to everyone. You’re not alone.

SERA: *(Calms down)* You’re right. I need inspiration, and I just need to find it.

ARIA: *(Smiles)* I think I might have an idea! How about we head to the lake.

SERA: *(Confused)* The lake? What is so inspiring about a lake, Aria?

ARIA: *(Chuckles)* Think about it, Sera. You’re frustrated with creative blocks because you lack inspiration. Maybe trying something new in a different view might help.

SERA: *(Sighs)* You’re an odd one, Aria, but I’ll give it a try.

(A trip to the lake filled with coy fish and lily pads inspired Sera. She grabbed a paint brush and started painting the picture of the lake she took.)

ARIA: *(Adored)* Well, would you look at that. Someone got her inspiration.

SERA: *(Thankful)* It’s all thanks to my amazing friend. Thank you, Aria!

The World Is Ending

Vanessa Reynolds - 2024

(Summary: Charley and Ryan have been classmates since the beginning of their second year of college, becoming friends through a school project. After Ryan stopped showing up to class after a few days because of a "cold," Charley takes it upon himself to visit him.)

RYAN: I am that sick, actually.

CHARLEY: What?

RYAN: I'm not sick with the cold, I didn't want to tell you what it is.

CHARLEY: Then what is it, Ryan? *(He starts to tap his foot again.)*

RYAN: I'm not sure what it is exactly, but for years I've had what I call muscle collapses. It's where my muscles kind of give up on me, and I'm bedridden for a while.

CHARLEY: Why didn't you tell me? I wouldn't have told you to get up.

RYAN: I didn't tell you because I don't want this to stop me from doing things I love, doing college, hanging out with my friends, working out, things like that.

CHARLEY: I wouldn't say it's stopping you, really. *(He goes back to the bed, sitting down on it.)* I mean, you're still able to do those things; you do those things already.

RYAN: Yeah, but it's harder. This is constant; it's just more bearable when I don't get like this.

CHARLEY: Is there any cause for it?

RYAN: Not exactly. Some things can trigger it, but it really doesn't need that extra push. It can just happen, I guess.

CHARLEY: Oh, so it kind of caught you off guard then. Well, I'm happy to help you in any way I can.



Cover art for both covers by Alexia Guadalupe Saavedra Roman