



The Write Way

Volume 3
Issue 1

Alexis
SK

Contributors

Christa Finch 2028

Kylie Tinker 2028

Adyson Daniel 2026

Natalee Darzentas 2026

Jamile Isidoro 2026

Joe Cheever 2026

Alexia Saavedra Roman 2025

Editors

Joe Cheever 2026

Natalee Darzentas 2026

Jamile Isidoro 2026

Alexia Saavedra Roman 2025

Publisher

Ms. Wetzels, English Department

Special Thanks

Mr. Tuley, for publishing expertise

100 Words Stories

Ellie

By: Jamile Isidoro (2026)

The argument spiraled out of control and poor Ellie was stuck in the middle. Ellie was on the verge of tears because her parents were yelling at each other which was too much for a six year old to bear. "I'm tired of this," yelled the mom. "I'm going to take Ellie with me." Ellie afraid to be seperated from her parents screamed "No!" this surprised the adults because she was normally quiet. "Stop yelling at each other. Stop or you will do something you will regret." Ellie's outburst made them rethink and calm down. Eventually they forgave each other.

The Little Things

By: Natalee Darzentas (2026)

The Little Things are what make the winter so terrible. Their small black figures, standing steadily over the snow who slither and leap over the ice. The Little Things are who fills your books with snow as you walk and who string snowflakes through your lashes. The Little Things muddy slush under your tires and send icicles descending to shatter. The Little Things never left but they were the happiest in Winter. They came to my home by licking the melting snow from my floorboards. The Little Things brought the thermostat down while I slept. Death to The Little Things.

Scripts

In Our Cube

By: Alexia Saavedra Roman

LUCILLE: She is a 17-year-old girl who is very outspoken and impatient. She wears a silk princess-style wedding dress.

BENEDICT: He is a 19-year-old guy; he is very timid and romantic, and he loves to listen to people speak their minds. Wears an old hand-me-down suit

FATHER: He is a 39-year-old man, Lucielle's father. He worries a lot about his kids and wears a tailored notch lapel suit.

MOTHER: She is a well-spoken 35-year-old woman, and she is a very chill person; she wears a forest green halter dress.

Mini scene 1

Basically Scene 1 starts off by Lucielle yelling at her parents to get moving because they were already a couple minutes off schedule. Which leads into a set change. To the parents bedroom, where they are in a bit a fight where Lucielle's father is resisting letting lucille go and is refusing to tell his wife why. Which eventually leads to them talking a bit more and it turns out that the father was just worried that the guy that lucille was marrying wasn't good enough and that his family wasn't good enough. For a little background the system of the world is that everyone has to relocate underground and everytime a child is married off a new cube is bought by the family of the groom which ends up being where the newly wed couple would be living for the rest of their lives. So the Lucielle's father is ticked off that he had to be the one paying even though he was the father of the bride. Eventually Lucille turns up and pushes her parents out of the room to finally start moving.

Mini scene 2

Scene 2 is a small one where the mother talks and gives lucille many new tips on how to conduct the newly wed dinner ritual. And she instructs her to get ready her shrimp scampi and make sure she has everything on her best behavior. To make her best first impression of course. This scene is very small but it highlights the love and sincere worry that Lucielle's parents have since they won't see her for a good while.

After this lucille meets benedict, they do some exposition about the world and that's how it ends.

Lunar Echos

By: Adyson Daniel

(LUNA is sitting on the park bench CS, gazing up at the moon. Leo enters with a telescope, setting it up near the bench near the right side of the bench. She is meeting her lost lover after three years.)

LUNA: You made it.

LEO: (adjusting the telescope) It's a perfect night for stargazing. The moon's at its peak, just like the astronomers predicted.

LUNA: (noticing Leo) It is indeed a perfect night. The moon feels... especially magical tonight.

LEO: (turning to Luna) You think so? (He looks up at the moon.) I guess it does have a certain allure tonight.

LUNA: It's more than just allure. To me, the moon feels like a silent guardian, watching over us.

LEO: You must be quite the romantic. Most people see it as just a big rock floating in space.

LUNA: (gazing at the moon) Oh, it's more than that. The moon has been a part of human stories for centuries—gods, legends, lovers.

LEO: Lovers? Now that's a story I'd like to hear.

LUNA: There's an old tale... Two lovers whose hearts were bound by the light of the moon. They could only meet when the moon was full. Their love was so strong that they defied all obstacles to be together.

Leo: That sounds like a beautiful story. But surely it's just that—a story.

Luna: Perhaps. But sometimes, stories have a way of becoming real, don't you think?

Leo: I suppose. I've always been fascinated by the stories behind the stars and planets. They make the universe feel a bit more... magical.

Luna: You know, you seem to understand the moon's magic in your own way. Don't you?

Leo: (setting up the telescope) Well, I try. I've spent countless nights studying the stars. The moon is like a guiding light—always there, no matter what.

Luna: (leaning forward) Maybe that's why we're drawn to it. It's a constant in our ever-changing world.

Leo: (looking through the telescope) It's interesting you mention that. The moon's gravity affects the tides. It's more influential than one might think.

Luna: That's just like love. It has a way of influencing us, pulling us in ways we can't always control.

Leo: Are you speaking from experience?

Luna: Maybe. I've always felt a strange connection to the moon. It's as if it understands me.

LEO: What do you mean? Also I noticed your ring. Where did you get it?

LUNA: There are nights when I feel like the moon is speaking to me, guiding me, reminding me that there's something greater out there. I got this ring from my husband.

Scary stories

Junior, Natalee Darzentas won first place of the high school submissions in the Irvington Scary Story Contest. Natalee won first place two years ago and second place her Sophomore year.

Here is a preview of this year's story:

"Good morning, Jules!"

My chest tensed and spine stiffened. He was too awake, too alive for this time of day.

I slowly turned to meet his gaze but not before I noticed his coffee mug.

"World's best dad" said the mug.

"Oh Jules, my dear, do you like the mug?"

"Well, you don't have any kid-" I was cut off.

"Reymond bought it for me! It's so beautiful!"

I looked over to Reymond's desk. It was vacant. His mall photo shoot portraits of his wife and sons no longer lined the back of the desk at all.

"Where is Reymond?" I asked in a timid voice that I didn't recognize. Andrew had that effect on people.

"Oh Reymond? My lovely boy Reymond is taking a sick day."

I peered at the desk and then back to Andrew, Something about his eyes told me to ask no further questions. His eyes. He smiled with such tremendous movement and holding of his face that his crow's feet wrinkled but his eyes never smiled. His pupils remained without a soul.

Reymond never returned to work.

Nights passed, and each time I would lay in bed and see the moon gleaming in the dark sky over Irvington. I felt a chill cling to my bones. That terrible gripping grin hovered over all. He had made me paranoid, as if he was present just outside and I would never know it.

The story concludes with a terrifying basement scene in Andrew's home. The story highlights themes of people pleasing, perfectionism, power dynamics, and the fear of being alone.

Love Letters

Some students wrote and shared love letters to celebrate Valentine's Day.

The top letter was written by Natalee Darzentas from the perspective of the character Laurie to Jo from the book Little Women.

The bottom letter was written by Alexia Guadalupe Saavedra Roman to an anonymous fictional person who has left his wife(the writer) and child to go off to war.

Jo,

Know that I am satisfied as it is to have ever known you at all. I would feel so honored to have just been made aware that I share this universe with a being so wonderful as you. I am sorry to love you this way. I am sorry to hurt you. You are more reasonable than I, Jo; reasonable enough to know that you would never be content being with a man like me.

I know that I am spoiled and lost in trying to love you, but you know well that I will continue to spoil and lose all good things that touch my life.

Jo, you are one of the most amazing and powerful voices and souls in this world.

I will roam soulless without your presence as a light. Your soul however, I know will bring the greatest joys to others and will guide another man with loyalty. You will be happy, Jo.

I have loved and will love you every single day.

Years will pass and I will not be stabbed with your stubborn glare; I will still love you.

Dearest,_____

It has been around 4 months since you left, I am missing you very much. The war took you away from me so suddenly, it had not been 6 months since the birth of our son. He is growing up faster by the day. How are conditions there? I sure hope the photos I'm attaching to this bring up your morale. They are of our son. He is so big now, he has been trying to say his first words, but to this point it's all just blabber. As for me, I have made many new friends. Other wives who were torn apart from their husbands. We have been trying to entertain ourselves and keep ourselves busy. I started working at a hair salon. It does wonders for my loneliness, you know how I love to talk. They put me in a small corner and I do the nails for the girls and we talk about the good old times when we had the internet and tik tok, some girls bring their dogs in, of course they have to be very well behaved to be let inside, talking about the dogs. You will be happy to know well and hopefully happy to know that I made the decision to get another animal. I know you said we had enough with the chickens and the ducks, and the cows but a cat wouldn't do anything wrong and you can't take him away because if he goes I go and I know you ain't letting me leave. Right the dogs, they are doing well, their coats are beautiful and healthy and they are having so much fun anyway. Take care and be careful with those guns. I don't want you coming home in a box.

Wishes

Christmas Story

By: Alexia and Jamile

5 years old - deer santa i want a unicorn 4
christmas

6 years - Dear santa I want a puppy and a
kiten for christmas

7 years - Dear Santa I want a bicycle and a
giant chocolate bar for Christmas

8 years - Dear Santa I want a giant stuffed
animal and a new bicycle for Christmas

9 years - Dear Santa I want a tablet for Christ-
mas.

10 years - Dear Santa, I want paint and note-
books for Christmas

11 years - Dear Mom and Dad, I was good all
year, please give me a phone for Christmas.

12 years - Dear Mom and Dad, please buy me
a new pair of shoes.

13 years - Dear Mom and Dad, please buy me
make-up for Christmas.

14 years - Dear Mom and Dad, I want the
wicked tumbler.

15 years - Dear Mom, I want you to separate
from Dad, the yelling has been too much.

16 years - Dear Mom, could I get the SAT
practice booklet?

17 years - Mom, can you get me a new iPod
Pencil, my last one broke.

18 years - Mom, can I have a desktop com-
puter?

19 years -

New mouse

Acrylic paints

That one book for Mr. Shorely's law class

Socks

20 years -

M&M for Ellie

Earrings for Juliet

Teddy Bear for David

Book for Annamarie

30 years -

Socks

Sign for lease

New kitchen appliances

Crib for Juliet's baby shower

Headset for David

35 years -

Stroller

Diapers

Set of ties for David for the baby shower

Books for the nursery

38 years -

Teddy bear for Lily

Socks for David

Baby clothes

49 years -

Bike for Lily

Books + nightlight for Albert

Wine for David

Singing machine for Julietta

“Light returning to a place that has been deprived of it for a long time, literally or figuratively.”

Christmas Story

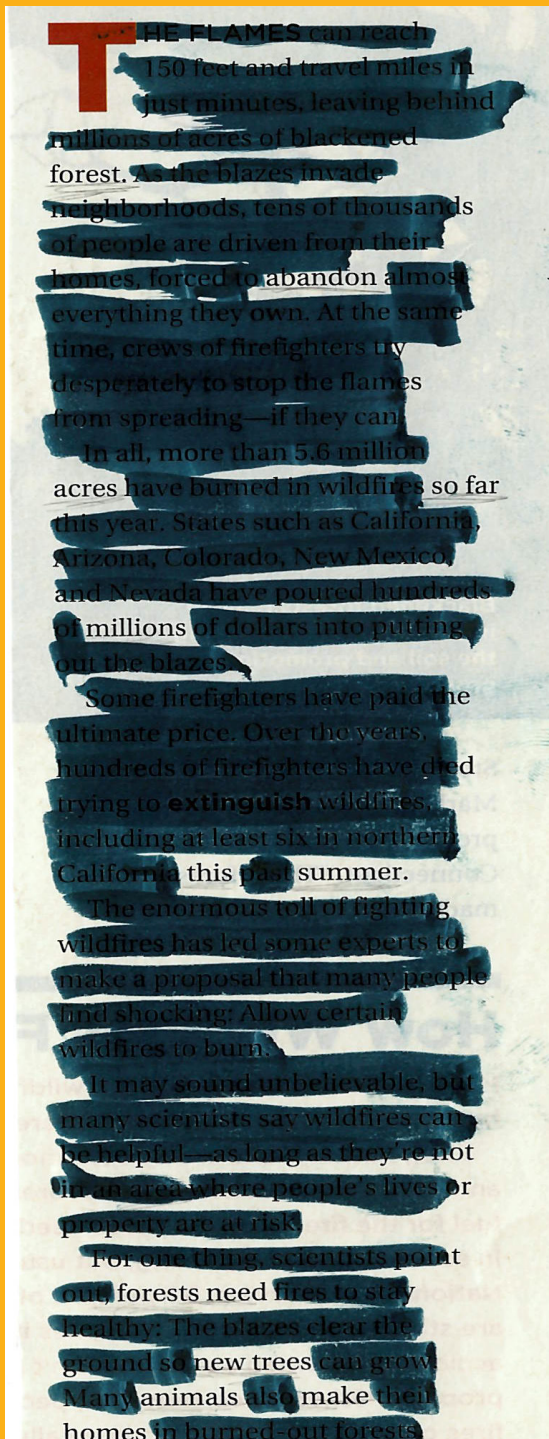
By: Alexia

The city was poorly built, it did not account for how many people would end up living in this place. I was born when there was still sunlight seen at the bottom floors. But the weird thing was that as I grew older. The walls grew taller and homes kept on being built, as well as schools, shelters, pounds, and stores, banks, etc, etc. The streets were really narrow by the time I reached 20 years old . My parents had moved in with me after I got married 29 since my old home was being turned into another smoke shop. It was so cramped and things got worse when the baby arrived. I delivered her in my home because the journey to the upper floors was too risky in my state. My parents started to become overly pushy to subjects that related to my daughter. Eventually one day I had enough in the middle of the night, I took me and my daughter and we left, we walked for what seemed like days. I stopped counting after we passed the 15th stop sign. But eventually by some miracle we found it, the center of the great city. The only place besides the top where light hit. Where we would be safe.

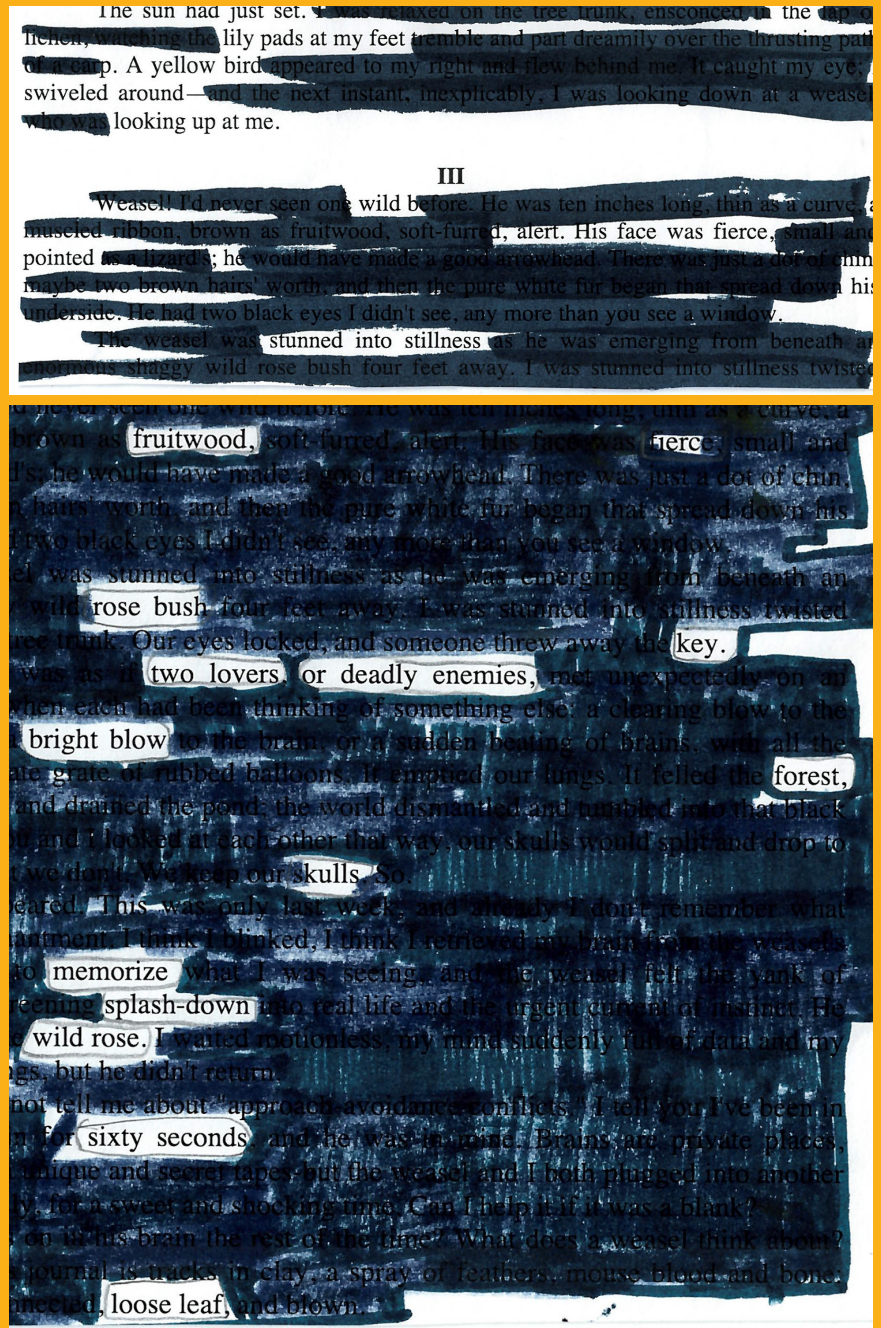
Spring Blackout Poetry

and other nature inspired poems.

Blackout poetry is poetry created from other texts when certain words are “blackened out” so that the poem is comprised of the words left that can be seen. The creative writing club spent time outside, in nature, writing some poetry and used texts such as a nonfiction essay called “Living Like Wezels” by Annie Dillard to inspire them. Some club members also experimented with Paint Chip Poetry by allowing themselves to be inspired by color. Here are some of their poems:



(Above) By: Jamile Isidoro('26)



Above are two blackout poems by Christa Finch('28)

THE INCREDIBLE IMAGE appeared on Twitter just hours after Hurricane Harvey struck Texas in August 2017. In the photo (see right), a great white shark swims alongside drivers on a flooded Houston highway. It's no surprise that hundreds of thousands of people clicked on the post, and many shared it. The pic was even broadcast on national news.

The problem? The image was fake. A hoaxster had used photo-editing software to insert the fearsome predator into a picture of a flooded road.

The shark shot is one example of a fast-growing problem in the digital age: phony photos. As tech tools

By: Alexia Guadalupe Saavedra Roman('25)

once available only to pros, become more accessible and sophisticated, just about anyone can alter photographs. Some doctored images are meant to be a joke (think a pic of your birthday party with Beyoncé added in). But others are created to spread lies and stir up controversy. Russian operatives, for instance, filled social media networks with phony images as part of an effort to influence the 2016 U.S. presidential election.

Like other forms of fake news, manipulated photos can make people believe things that aren't true. They can be even more powerful than fake articles, experts say, because people are more likely to trust a photograph. Plus, images arouse strong feelings in people instantly, says John Silva of the nonprofit News Literacy Project.

"With the right image and the right headline," he says, "you can manipulate people's emotions and make them believe all sorts of things."

"My love for nature"
By Christa Finch('28)

I love thee nature
The forest bring joy of
The wind the sticks
Never weather the fog
Never lightens the grass
Never shadows the trees

The Emotion of Freedom and positivity, things that
By Kylie Tinker('28) go hand in hand, hold fast
Emotions are a complex your dreams and never let
thing, are they not? Free- another ruin what feels
dom right to you.
is a thing that most
believe you see? Both are
like the same thing you
yearn to have freedom

Wyeth's Field 30GY 28/155

I Love thee nature
the forest brings joy of
the wind the sticks
never weather the fog
never lightens the grass
never shadows the trees
never listen

Tender Forest Sage 30GY 33/144

By Christa Finch-vohle

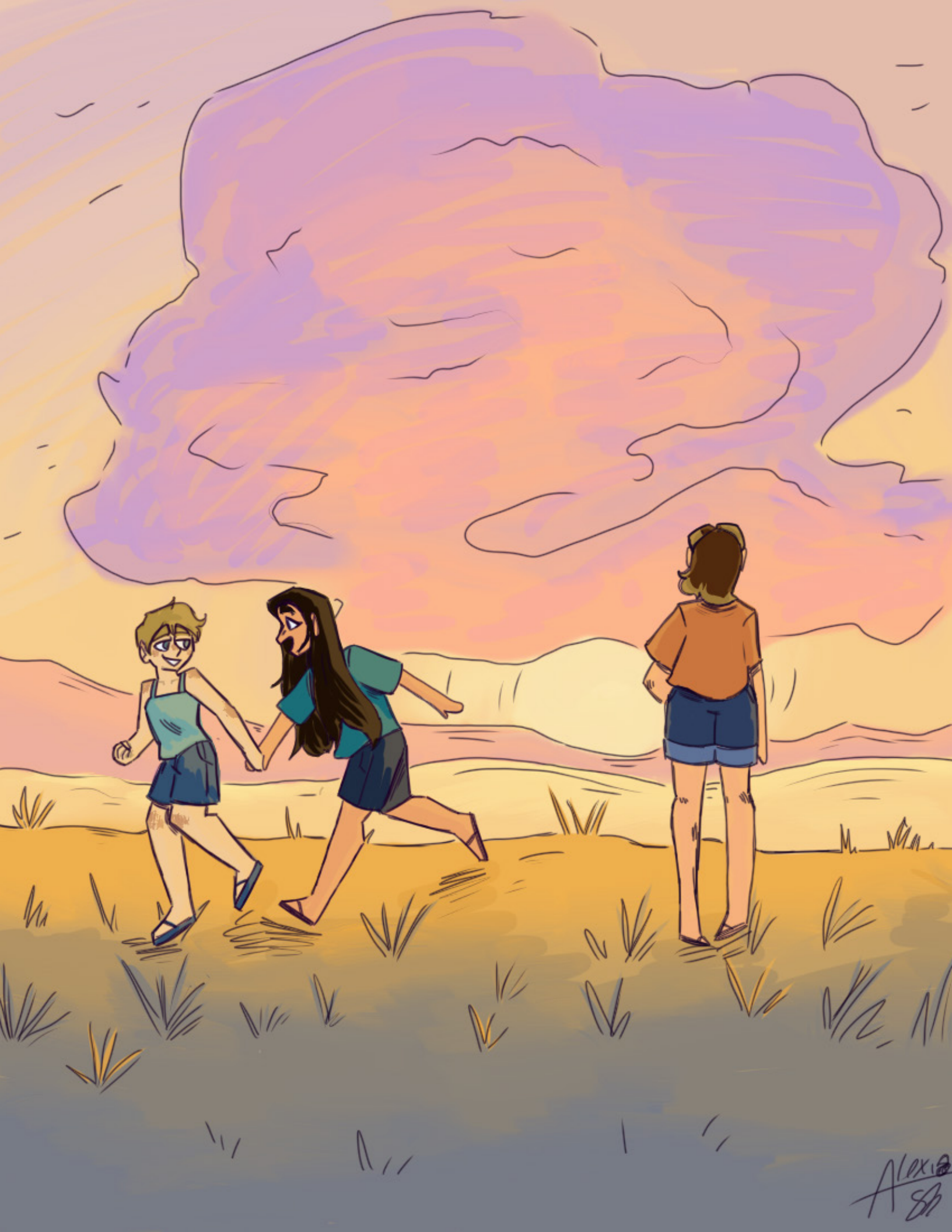
My love for
Nature

Creamy Blueberry 50BB 22/129

Emotions are a complex
thing, are they not? Freedom
is a thing that most
believe you see? Both are
like the same thing you
yearn to have. Freedom
and positivity, things that
go hand in hand, hold fast
your dreams and never let
another ruin what feels
right to you.

Noble Blue 50BB 18/215

Kylie T



Alexia
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