



INKWELL ILLUSTRATED

A CREATIVE WRITING ZINE

by The Academic Leadership Charter School Creative Writing Club

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CROWDED

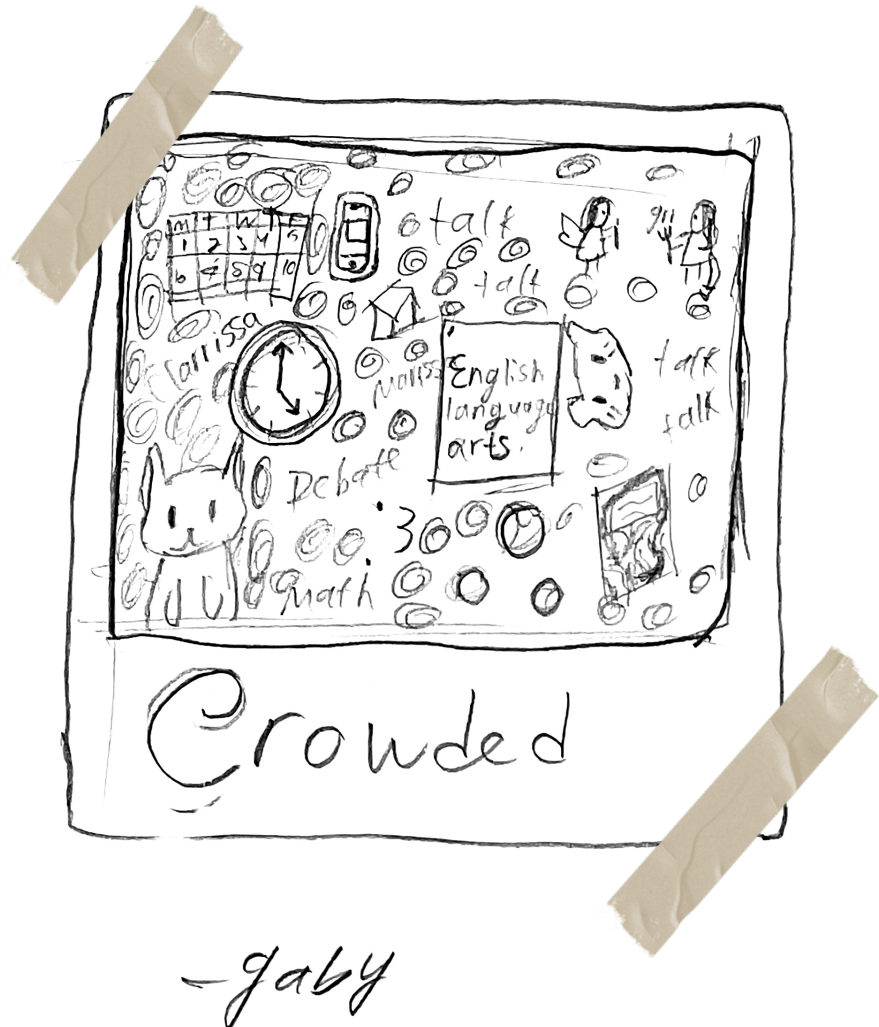
By Gabriella Sawyer

Swirls and swirls, swirling around, floating through every corridor.
Full of identities.

Curiosity growing, waiting to be cured.

As the students line up, my thoughts and wonder. Falter, going to its
designated place.

Where it has been and will always be.





SEASHORE

By Gabriella Sawyer

Outside, alone, out there, by themselves, lonely... Those are words to describe a lone organism.

They walk down the coast. A flood of gloominess filling the air, the crowd stops, the chatter grows, their gazes intensify as if fire burning through paper.

They trudge down the coast. The waves crashing furiously as the storm grows, the sand seeping through their feet, the buckets carrying through the wind.

They look down at the sea, the water taking in different shapes, and turns..

The water so enticing, as if an offer that can change their life in a completely different way.

Come join us -

Another victim...

Ever since then **No One** has felt a longing anymore, all desires and lust now washed away, At a price to pay, another life, another beam, now as bright as the sun.



BELL

By Maimuna Sawo

I can't stand to deafen my ears with the same song over and over again. The song that Bell was obsessed with. The song was beautifully composed by The Daughters of Eve. Oh, how she loved it, like how she loved me. It's my all-time fav. Well, now it is- before I couldn't stand when Bell played it on the TV. I thought it was so annoying, but the only thing annoying was me because I didn't match her "high", as she called it. It reminds me of her jolliness, which I somewhat overlooked and took for granted. These thoughts all up in my head like particles of a solid, till Marcus wakes me from my dream-like state.

"Hey Sam, yuh hear that."

Marcus whispered hurriedly.

Didn't hear him and certainly couldn't read his lips.

Pissed I had to put my headset aside.

"Marcus what do you want, not in the mood."

"I said if you hear that, you must've heard that."

There was a distant yet eerie voice, ghostly yet still alive.

We heard it loud and clear.

"Sam, help me, Sam, help me!!!"

I can't speak for Marcus, but I felt a cold arm on my mid-waist.

I couldn't save Bell in time.

Killed by our trusted babysitter Ruby down in the basement 5 years ago.

She was the only person mom trusted to take care of us.

We didn't see the signs of her illness quickly enough,

Failed to notice when she said things like

"How would you feel if you killed someone."

Or "What would you use to kill someone."

Doctors said she was mentally unstable and overstimulated at the time.

We never brought ourselves to throw away her stained shirt. It appears brown now.

I couldn't save Bell in time, held against my will, rope, confusion, tie, death.

I had to hear her scream "Sam, help me, Sam, help me!!!"

I want more than anything to go back in time and change things.

To tell her I loved her goofiness.

To tell her that I would do anything for her.

To tell her that I will save her.

To tell her to finally rest...

Marcus, "Yuh hear, that I know you do".

EZRA AND I: SONNET

By Maimuna Sawo

I've told my mother about her missing eyes.
The eyes that stay in the- forest.
I've told my mother about her missing cries.
The cries that linger in the forest.

Oh sister, my sister
I left you astray.
I must get you back, miss my little twister.
All in my way.

I love to see her dance.
She looks so funny when she bounces.
Just give me one more chance.
Like a hungry deer when it pounces.
She was a good seed
I am a good weed





CHAPTER 8: ELODIE RYE

by Maimuna Sawo

My soul has no more notability than an empty container.
Elodie, I have nothing left to offer.
Skin crawling disappointment to my mother.
Cleaning and cooking, my forced favorite.
No hobbies, no commitments.
Just me in my own dull, monotonous life.

How am I supposed to navigate my life?

Without support, I am forced to make my own commitments.
Will Ezra let Elodie rye be mothers favorite?
I love my hating mother.
She exclaims I am only useful around and about, offers.
I can't help but feel useless all over again like an empty container.
My space is my family even though I do feel like an empty container.

I am a grateful empty container, one that gets offers.
I love my hating mother.
Do you think I have a chance of being her favorite?
Forced to make sacrifices of my limbs, commitments.
Can there really be no meaning to one's life?

THE WAY OF LIFE

By Landy Cabrera

As our time goes fast
We look into our past

We took life for granted
As we're in the future stranded

All alone with no hope
A lot of people have no home

As I see life now just with poor
As I see life for tomorrow

I am very upset
Because the future is set

I hope for the very best
Until the very end



BIG BLUE SKY

by Keylee Ruberto

A slash of blue and a sweep of gray,
I reach up high to touch the big blue sky,
daylight blue is all you can see,
A sky full of possibilities
Of a sky full of clouds and dreams,
sky above, earth below, peace within



RAINY SKY

by Keylee Ruberto

Rain comes pouring down.
Plop, plop, plop,
The mackerel sky,
Never long wet,
Never long dry

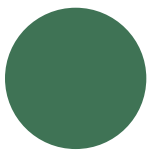
NATURE

by Keylee Ruberto

Nature is beautiful, peace and quiet,
Nothing to bother your thoughts and perspective of view.
Birds chirping, flowers blooming.
In the big, beautiful, embrace.
I love to dwell in mother nature.
Where big trees pierce the sky.
A fitting place to be alive and divine.

UNBROKEN LOVE

by Keylee Ruberto



Why do I admire them so much,
Their touch, their smell, their smile gives me goosebumps.

Their love brings me the brightest joy. Why can't I feel it...
Why do I have to be so far away from them?
Why can't I understand Love is Not Love.
I wish I could tell them "You have bewitched my body and soul.
I will always Love them from the moon and back."



True Love

By Eleyah Vanderpool

Everyone has a true love
like me

Everyone has someone they feel can sweep them off their feet
like me

Everyone has someone they love
like me

Everyone has someone they trust
like me

Everyone has someone
like me

TRAVEL GUIDE

By Adahlyah Vanderpool

TRAVEL GUIDE

Please ensure that you have everything you need for your trip. It can be frustrating to realize you've forgotten something halfway through the journey. One way to avoid this is to reflect on the items you need before your trip. As soon as you wake up, gather the daily-use items you'll take with you, but not any metal objects at the airport.

Remember to pack essentials such as a special blanket, a charger (or two), shoes, and any necessary items for your comfort. If you're planning to have a great time, consider bringing masks, lotion, and perfume. Additionally, choose a destination that truly excites you; after all, nobody wants to travel the world just to see a statue or visit a library. Instead, go for a waterpark, a luxury hotel, or any other enjoyable experience, perhaps with friends.

I hope these tips help ensure you have a fantastic trip and don't end up leaving any important items behind.

WHAT DO YOU DO ON A PLANE?

To make a clever decision, please ensure that you don't do anything scandalous. Make sure that you certainly don't get in trouble with the actions that will keep you entertained. For example, if you spill juice in the aisles, politely ask the attendant to quickly clean it up. Then (make sure not to follow) spill the juice again. Next, politely remember to get a knife and start scratching at the chairs, the servers will definitely be thankful for that.

There is one more acceptable activity that you can do on the plane.....reach for the clouds in the sky because you're already in the firmament, and stuff it in your bag and, when you're tired put it above you individually and snore as loud you can *while* you slap the attendants, they will love your passion to accomplish such an unbelievable gesture.



THE BASEMENT

By Shanik Reyes Santana

Lana is a girl who has dreams that connect to her trauma. She tells her story to you about what happened to her. I hope you read the details closely. Lana's story is ...something you might have never seen and might be your first.

The house my late grandma gave me is giving a weird vibe - like the place is haunted. At night these murmurs come out from the basement, it sounds something like this- **STOP PLEASE I'M SORRY DADDY**. It sounds like it's coming from my brother. I was 5 years old when it happened, and people stared at me like I was disappointed since I didn't help my brother. He was only 12 at the time. He would sneak out to parties and my dad would get mad at me, but my mother was soft-hearted, so she never got mad.

A few minutes later Lana hears the murmurs or screams.

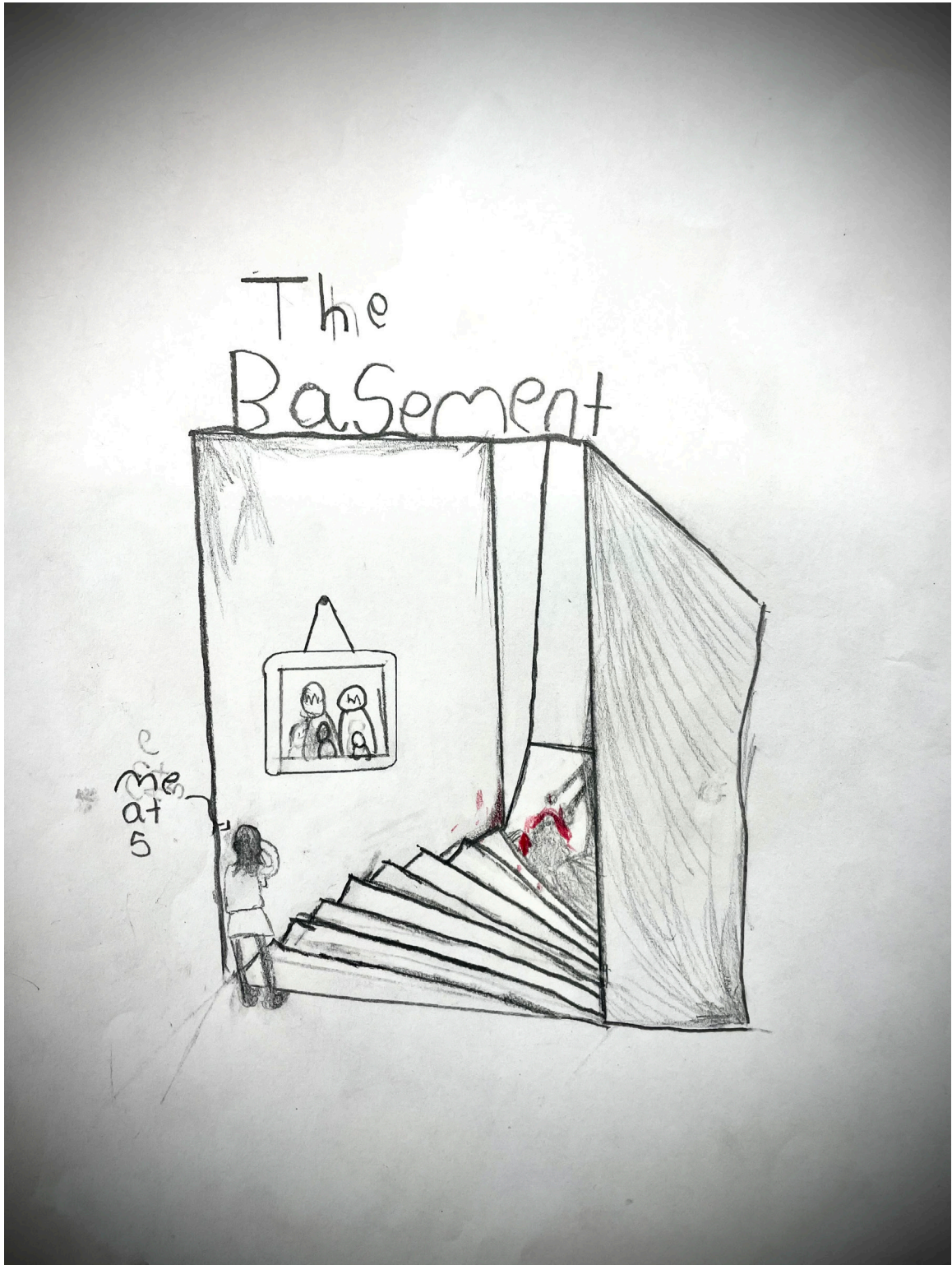
I need to get water; these sounds are getting louder and I'm starting to hear a deeper voice. It sounds like Dad but I'm not sure. I get up, but something follows... I think it's the hallucinations getting to me but it's not, I'm getting attacked. There's something I don't know... I faint.

After Lana wakes up.

"What happened?" asks Lana.

"You were in a coma for 7 weeks," Say both James and Lucia.







OLIVIA THE ROSE

By Hailey Goldson

One day, there was a little rose flowing to the rhythm of the wind. The wind was blowing softly against the rose.

The name of the rose was Olivia. Olivia had so many friends, but they often got picked by everyone.

The kids were very energetic during the summer. They ran around and made a mess everywhere.

Suddenly, a boy named Andrew came to pick Olivia for a bouquet to give to his partner.

"So many beautiful roses but you are the most outstanding rose here," Andrew said.

"Why do you think I'm outstanding?" Olivia said, as the wind blew gently on the rose.

"You're very red and you're in good condition." Andrew said, "You're very beautiful, you stand out the most out of all the flowers here" Andrew said.

With Olivia still confused, she agreed with him, but she didn't want to get picked. The rose had grown into being on the ground. So, the rose never got picked until the day it died.

In your gaze, a world
unfolds, A thousand
Stories, yet untold.
With every touch,
a silent vow, Two
hearts entwined, here
and now.



Rose

オリバーの乙女

She falls in love immediately

UNTITLED

By Leah Velez

Once there was a village where only frogs existed. Even though it might not seem like it, this village was interesting. There was a special frog named Lionardo. Lionardo was known for his amazing green color. Because of that, ladies found him very interesting, but he always rejected them because he always thought he was better than everyone.

One day, there was a new female frog called Haley. Haley had the most vibrant color anyone had ever seen. She wasn't only gorgeous; she had the kindest soul. One day Lionardo caught an eye for her (FINALLY, HE FOUND SOMEONE ATTRACTIVE). Lionardo waited every single day for Haley to notice him because he felt like if he went up to her, it would make him look weak, but she never went up to him. Lionardo always noticed how nice she was to other frogs, so he finally went up to her with the greatest confidence- he had never in his whole life gone up to a girl.

"Hey pretty frog lady, want to go out with this very green muscular frog?" Lionardo said, trying to show off his muscles to her.

"NO," Haley said. For a second Lionardo thought she had said yes, but she didn't. They both stood in front of the sunrise, one speechless and another confused. Haley was confused about why he thought she would say yes to him- that was nonsense. Haley walked away to her girlfriends.

You might be questioning why she wouldn't want to go out with him- it's because she knew he was disgusting, selfish, and bratty...

One time when Lionardo was in Haley's neighborhood, she saw him running home, carrying a mystery box. Haley was curious, so she followed him. When they got to his home, Haley hid behind a chunk of sand since they lived at the beach. She watched as he opened the box, looking around to see if anyone was nearby. When he opened the box, Haley saw him pull out a frog suit. Haley asked herself, "Why would he need a frog suit if he's already a frog?" She watched as he took off his frog suit, revealing that he was a female rat.





Haley was so shocked she felt like she was going to faint, but then she saw Lionardo put on the new suit and put the old one in a shredder. When he left, Haley wanted to know more about him, her, or whatever that was, so she snuck into his home. In his home, she found a certificate saying that Lionardo's real name was "Niana " and that Niana had been married in her past life to someone named Lia. Lia left Niana because she only used her for food and child support for their 1,000 children (not gonna lie, that might be a lot of children but for frogs, it's only a small amount).

This was the real reason Haley said no to Lionardo.

After her discovery, Haley went on telling everyone in the whole town, and they all made a plan. Whenever the next package arrived (with his frog suit) they would hide it until he grew smelly and rotten. And so it happened that every time he ordered a new package, anyone that was closest to his home had to take it, and everyday Lionardo grew angrier. He started to smell, and his vibrant color was fading off. One day when officially three months had passed, they thought it was enough torture for Lionardo (or Niana).

Haley and the so-called Lionardo met up. He was happy, but something that he didn't know was that the whole town was at the restaurant, and it was about to go down.

They told "Lionardo" to sit, and Haley started with, "Hey, so-called Lionardo, I see that your color is fading- it isn't a cool look if that's even what it is."

Another neighbor said, "I heard your voice is sounding more squeaky, that's so weird, isn't it?"

Another one said, "You know us frogs are very cool, but we don't like it when another species tries to be us."

Another said, "Haley, end it for us!"

"Okay, you look very sweaty and smelly, how about you just take off your suit Niana?" Haley said, taking off Niana's suit...

TO BE CONTINUED



ASSASSIN'S GUIDE TO MURDER

By Rachida Mvuh

Background: There once lived a village or city or empire. No one could tell exactly what it was, because every time an outsider went it was a different size. This was not the problem- the problem was that there was no problem. That's what the name of the place was- Flawless- it's like the place looked down on others. However, a young pessimistic teen girl named RACHIDA and her friends SEKI, JAY, MAC 'N' CHEESE, GLORIA, and lastly MELISSA, book a flight there to find their secret- their euphoria.

The girls are in for a rude awakening. They are about to learn that some things are better left undiscovered.

SCENE 1: INTERIOR OF A PLANE.

The stage is set to resemble the interior of a plane. Passengers are seated, including six friends: RACHIDA (a pessimistic teen girl), and her friends SEKI, JAY, MAC 'N' CHEESE, GLORIA, and MELISSA.

Seki: So what are we checking out today? Cause um... everyone who's gone has stayed because the place is so perfect.

Jay: But not everything is perfect.

Mac 'n' Cheese: Yeah, like that forehead.

The girls laugh

Seki: I'm not one to be a scaredy cat but...

Melissa: Finish your sentence.

Seki: Why is everyone here smiling?

The girls look around and see CHILDREN smiling at the iPad on the back of each seat. An OLD MAN on the plane is crying. His eyes are bloodshot, but he

has the biggest smile on the plane. Actually... everyone looks sad but is still smiling.

SCENE 2: AN AIRBNB.

The stage changes to show the interior of an Airbnb where the girls are staying. The first thing on the agenda? Uncovering why everyone who visits is so mesmerized by this place that they stay forever.

Mac 'n' Cheese: I'm hungry. There's a buffet, let's go there. It's just right up the block.

SCENE 3: ALLEYWAY

The girls charge out of their Airbnb towards the Buffet when ADDIE (a lady with broad blue glasses and a pretty smile) stops them and hushes them into an alleyway.

Addie: Listen to me and listen to me clear. You must not eat anything in this town.

Jay: I'm sorry but it's weird to listen to a stranger.

Addie: Yes, I'm sorry you think that. But just go to a restaurant and see how pessimistic people turn joyful.

With that, the girls do what the woman suggests and go to the buffet.

SCENE 4: INTERIOR OF BUFFET

The girls enter a beautiful buffet hall. It looks like a restaurant from a princess movie, it is much too fancy to be a buffet. However, the town is known for its perfect appearance.

Seki: So... what do we do?

Rachida: Just wait and observe, I guess.



Mac'n'cheese: Look at Table 4.

At Table 4 a MAN and his FRIENDS sit. The men look like gangsters and are cursing up a storm. They have a bunch of tattoos. Once the food comes out they start choking on it. All of a sudden, a MAN WITH A WARNING EXPRESSION comes from the background, grabs them, and drags them to the back.

Gloria: I'm not staying here to see what's going to happen next.

The same men appear from the back, but now they look wealthy and well-kept. They sit at Table 4, smiling.

Melissa: Yep, time to leave.

The SERVER notices the girls leaving without ordering and rushes over to them.

Sever: What would you like to order?

Seki: No thank you, we ate earlier.

The girls quickly rush out.

Scene 4: Exterior of Buffet

The girls find Addie outside of the Buffet.

Addie: How was your meal?

Gloria: The meal would have been "new."

Jay: What she's trying to say is how could you eat at a place where they...

Rachida: Renew you.

Addie: Well, do you believe me now?

All the girls [in unison]: Yes.





Seki: How do we leave without them knowing that we know?

Addie: You don't, you first have to escape your Renewer.

Melissa: Renewer?

Jay: Well my question is how did they rip off the tattoos?

Rachida: Yeah they operated so quickly.

Addie: Indeed, they were experimented on when they were children.

Addie sighs.

Addie [continued]: We are extraordinary

Rachida flinches.

Rachida: So you're one of them?

Addie: Was one of them... anyways once you book a plane ticket here your Renewer or assassin is chosen based on your information.

Mac'n'cheese: And how do they come for us?

Addie: Like all great assassins they get close to you, they make you attached, and you don't wanna let them go.

Rachida: That's some Death Note plot.

Seki: Rachida, stop talking about that stupid anime stuff.

The lights dim to indicate that time skips.

SCENE 5: THE TOWN'S YEARLY BALL

Voiceover: Not a day goes by that the girls don't think of Addie. The girls try to buy a plane ticket out, but find that it's a one-way-in, no-way-out. The girls also discover their Renewers at the town's yearly ball.



All the girls are backed into a corner at Kunai (knife) point.

Jay: You can't kill us, right? Just renew us.

Assassin 1: Says who?

Assassin 2: We just replace you people with robots.

Seki: No way, but Addie said...

Rachida: Addie isn't real, is she?

Assassin 0: Well, well, well, you little brat.

Gloria: *Little* brat? You must be on stilts cause you're to my waist.

Assassin 0: Whatever, say 'bye bye.'

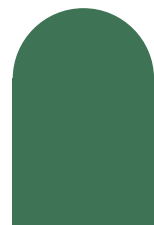
All girls [in unison]: I hate short old women!

Voiceover: Moral of the story, never trust a stranger, no matter how real they sound.

Author's Note: This concludes Chapter 3 of "Assassin's Guide to Murder" by yours truly, Assassin 0.



By Rachida Mvuh





Editor's Note

Thank you for reading Academic Leadership Charter School's first Creative Writing Zine, **INKWELL ILLUSTRATED**! All poems, stories, and illustrations found within these pages have been created by the members of the Creating Writing Club. This spring, our club has explored memoir writing, narrative poetry, flash-fiction, and all manners of mediums in between.

In these pages you will find a fable of love in a town full of frogs, poetry exploring the wonders and woes of nature, a travel guide that is sure to lead you astray, and a play about a (dangerously) flawless town. For the adventurous reader, see if you can find any stories or poems that answered the writing prompt "Strange murmuring sounds begin to come from the door that leads to your basement."

Write on!

Sincerely,

Ms. Stattelman

Writing Club Advisor



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