

**YOUNG WRITERS  
YOUNG READERS**

**JULY 2025**



**West Chester Writing Project**  
**Young Writers/Young Readers Camp**  
**Summer 2025**

Dear Reader,

We are pleased you have picked up a copy of our Young Writers/Young Readers Camp Anthology (5th/6th grade edition)! We have had a great time over the past two weeks exploring various types of writing within the mystery genre. Our young sleuths have worked hard to compose their very best work to share with you.

Our campers explored many forms of writing within the realm of mystery. A fan favorite were “Choose Your Own Adventure” stories, which brought many puzzling twists and turns. These detectives also enjoyed writing and solving red-herrings (*Scooby Doo* style). We have many writers who also enjoy poetry, which we explored in various formats, including haiku and black-out style poems. I have very much enjoyed getting to know these writers over the past two weeks. They are observant, witty, and humorous. Each of them brings a unique perspective to the anthology that you now hold in your hands.

I think I speak for all of our campers when I say that we had a marvelous time getting to know each other through our writing and on a personal level. They took time to learn new skills, challenge themselves, and make friends in the process. All of the writers have brainstormed, drafted, and edited their final anthology pieces. I am very proud of what they have accomplished.

Finally, thank you to everyone involved in the day-to-day happenings here at camp-- we are so thankful to have supportive caregivers, families, and staff involved in the process. As writers and leaders, we could not ask for a better community. Thank you for fostering the spirit of our budding authors! We are grateful for another successful summer of writing! As for how the rest of the summer will go? That remains a mystery!

**Katelyn Kirk**  
**July 2025**

**West Chester Writing Project  
Young Writers Young Readers 2025**

**Teacher:** Katelyn Kirk

<b>Name</b>	<b>Going Into</b>
Dara Andy	7th Grade
Annie Audevard	6th Grade
Vyvian Bui	7th Grade
Natalie DiSerio	7th Grade
Hannah Duong	6th Grade
Rosie Kerr	6th Grade
Rachel Majarian	7th Grade
Gabrielle Neal	6th Grade
Ishani Nikhil	7th Grade
Amelia Ortlieb	7th Grade
Leo Su	5th Grade
Mrs. Kirk	Teaches Middle School

# Patient 33

By Dara Andy

One night, Patient 33's room went dark. When the light returned her newborn had vanished! After she was well enough to leave the hospital she rushed to Katelyn Solves Cases Agency and hired her for the case. Katelyn Kirk was on the case. She came to room 33 and after about an hour of looking around she found a hidden door. Behind it they found thousands of baby...dolls all with cracked faces. While searching in the piles she found a doll with a note scrawled into it.

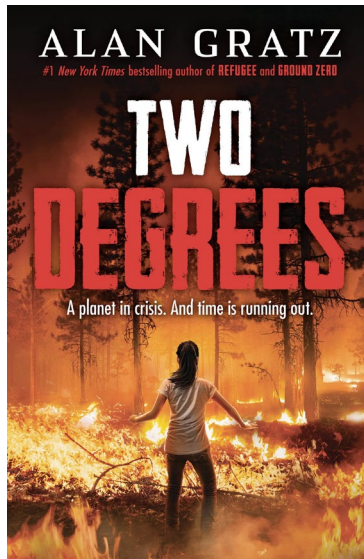
**If you ever want to see your child again follow me.**

Then, one by one, each doll walked out of the building and stopped at an apartment. "Wait, I know this place." Mississippi, the mother, said. "My sister lives here." Then it hit her. Her sister had always wanted a child of her own, but could never have one due to an illness she had as a child. "I can take it from here," she said grimly. "Take it away", Katelyn said. "I'll be out here." She walked up the steps to floor 3. She walked through the hall until she came upon room 24. She banged on the door. "DAKOTA! Give. Me. My. CHILD!" Slowly, a middle-aged woman opened the door, baby in hand. She burst out crying. "I'm so sorry." she said through gasps. "Why though?" "I just really wanted to see what it was like." "You will, I promise, but right now I'm gonna need my baby." Dakota gave her the baby. "Stop by anytime." She said as she left.

## *The End*

### *About the author*

*Dara Andy is a 6th grader going on 7th at Haverford Middle School. Her favorite author is Alan Gratz and her favorite genre is historical fiction. In her free time, she is either reading or doing gymnastics. She just finished fourth year on the gymnastics team. Dara also loves to travel.*



**The Axlotol Hut by Annie Audevard**



You trudge through the swamp, wishing you had never come to the Everglades. After you had dinner at your house, you decided to go for a walk. The mud sinks into your boots as—"AHHH!"

**Paragraph 3 if you follow the scream. Paragraph 2 if you don't.**

**2** You go home and continue your life. THE END.

**3** You head towards the scream. A building comes into view—an old hut. It's in the middle of the swamp, like a man-made island, with wood walls and a flat straw roof. You don't see what screamed, though a tree is splattered with blood. "AHHH!"

**You hear it again. What do you do? Paragraph 4 if you go inside the hut. Paragraph 2 if you don't.**

**4** You climb up the ladder that leads to the porch. You open the door—it isn't locked. Inside is a large pot in a fireplace, next to a wall covered in copper pots. In a corner is a cot with a flat pillow next to a birdcage. On the other side is a fish tank with live axolotls. Near that is a radio next to a *small silver key*. You hear the scream again and again—it was coming from the radio! **Paragraph 5 if you find the keyhole, Paragraph 8 if you head back.**

**5** You find a keyhole in a copper pot. When you insert the key, the axolotl tank slides away to show a stone staircase. **Paragraph 8 if you head back. Paragraph 6 if you head down.**

**6** You head down. The staircase opens into a chamber. On the stone walls are carvings of axolotls. After walking a while, you stumble upon gold shaped like an axolotl with rubies, emeralds, topaz, and sapphires. **Paragraph 7 if you take the treasure. Paragraph 9 if you continue walking.**

**7** You take the golden axolotl and happily shove it in your bag. Suddenly, a huge boulder comes from nowhere. You run, but not fast enough. THE END.

**8** You head home quickly but get eaten by a crocodile. THE END.

**9** You continue to walk. The next thing you find is a pineapple smoothie on a table. **Paragraph 11 if you drink the delicious pineapple smoothie. Paragraph 10 if you continue walking.**

**10** You continue to walk, your feet aching. You're regretting not drinking the smoothie. What's that in the distance? A staircase! You have escaped!!! THE END

**11** You decide to satisfy your thirst and drink the pineapple smoothie. You drain the glass. Feeling much better, you continue to walk. Wait...it was poison! THE END

#### **About the Author**

Annie Audevard is currently attending Stetson Middle School and is working on other novels. She lives in West Chester, Pennsylvania with her mother, father, twin sister, and younger brother. She loves reading, purple, dogs, Minecraft, the beach, and playing her flute.

## Who Changed the Alphabet Song? by Vyvian Bui

**Day 1** - It's a bright and sunny day, but the conference room is anything but. Three parties are fighting to prove their innocence; Miss Rachel, the Karen Parent Teacher Association (aka the KPTA), and Cocomelon. The crime? Replacing the alphabet song with a terrible excuse of a song.

We have gotten many detectives on the case. Our Gen Z team have discovered that Miss Rachel's most recent video was the new alphabet song (which shall be known as "the disgrace" from here on out) and Cocomelon has deleted all of their previous videos of the old ABCs.

On the other hand, some of the teachers and parents at the school of writing have reported that the KPTA have recently convinced the school that "the disgrace" is the better song and therefore should be taught at the writing school.

This is a very serious case that could be dangerous to our children's development, but rest assured, we are putting our best detectives on the case.

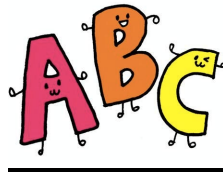
**Day 2** - We have decided that Cocomelon is innocent...for now. We interrogated each member of the family, and they all told us that JJ simply got confused learning with the old ABCs, so they deleted all prior alphabet videos to focus on teaching him with a new approach.

After some digging, we've also discovered the KPTA's AND Miss Rachel's motives; the KPTA's being the belief that the old ABC song



stunts children's education, and Miss Rachel's being that she got a bunch of hate comments from angry parents and confused children.

Due to unforeseen circumstances, we are going to have to drop this case. The crime is now up to you. Who do you think did it?



## **About the Author**

Vyvian Bui is a former 6th grade student moving to 7th grade at Stetson Middle School. She likes reading and writing books and stories. Vyvian's favorite authors are Kelly Yang, Gordon Korman, Lauren Roberts, and Sharon M. Draper. She has a four year old brother and a seven year old sister.

### **In The Stars by Natalie DiSerio**

Calypso looked out onto the vast nothingness of space. She sat on her star and looked at earth, longing for it. That's all she did anymore. That's all she did since she left earth. She didn't talk, like the adults did, she didn't take walks or play games like other kids did, she just sat. She just sat and remembered her past. She remembered playing games at a park or sitting down at a desk at school. She remembered coming home to her mother blending her a smoothie or sitting on their flat roof looking up at the stars. "When a person dies," her mother told Calypso "they go up into the stars and look down upon their loved ones. Then, when the night comes they light the way for other souls."

Calypso had looked to her mother with respect. This had been about four months before Calypso's incident. She had taken her time for granted and now she missed it more than ever. She touched her star and another memory came back to her one that she'd never seen before. It was Calypso lying in the hospital bed, her mother at her side. "Will you promise me," Her mother asked, her face glistening with tears. "That you will light the way for other souls and

be the brightest star. Do you promise that you will always remember me and light the way for me when it's my time? Do you promise to never stop being who you are even if you are not here with me on earth. Do you promise to do all of this?" Calypso nodded her head and her mother let go of her hand and stepped back. "I'll see you every night, Calypso, in the stars."

Then the memory faded. Calypso hadn't realized she was crying. But when she touched her face, two trickles were falling from her eyes. She had never kept her promise, what if her mother was here, looking for her? Calypso had wasted her time sitting and remembering her past when she could have done so many things! She got up and started to walk around. She hadn't realized there were so many people here. She looked at the park and saw kids playing while their parents talked with neighbors on benches. She walked in and out of stores until a bell rings. It is night and time to lead more souls into stars. She started walking toward the entry way when she saw a small girl sitting on the floor staring off into the vast nothingness of space.

"Don't think about your past too much." Calypso told her "Or you'll get stuck in it." She held out a hand and the girl grabbed it. They walked toward the entry way. They stood hand and hand lighting the way for other souls. Calypso did this every day for years when one day, an older woman that looked kind of familiar walked though the path the people have made. When she walked past Calypso she gasped and turned around and hugged her.

"It's you! It's really you!" Calypso looked at her and she recognized her.

"Mom?" Calypso asked.

"Yes, it's me." Calypso hugged her even tighter. When she let go she held her hand and led her mother to Calypso's favorite spot. She sat on the ground and turned down her starlight. There were a thousand stars across the sky. Her mother gasped.

"We can look at the stars every night like we used to because we are in the stars, together."



### About The Author

Natalie DiSerio is a student at Charles F. Patton Middle School. She enjoys writing stories with friends and loves a good poem. In her free time, she loves painting and dancing. She is the oldest sibling in a family of four and has three cats. She loves reading and some of her favorite authors are Jennifer Lynn Barnes, Gordan Korman, Rick Riordan & Suzanne Collins. She loves reading outside and you will most likely find her in a book!

### ***Hannah Duong's Anthology Entries***

#### *Stormy Day*

*Darkness creeps silently  
Stillness grasps the sky  
Heavy clouds pour buckets  
Of raindrops  
Onto the sodden ground  
Pellets of rain  
Shooting downwards*

# *Midnight Fridge Robber*

*Soft footsteps  
step silently  
creep quietly  
stealthily, stiffly  
grabbing her prize  
stuffing it down  
silently leaves  
leaving only  
crumbs behind*

## **About The Author**

*Hannah Duong just finished 5th grade at Mary C. Howse Elementary School.  
Hannah lives with her Mom, Dad, and younger sister Ella. She enjoys doing  
gymnastics and is on team. Hannah's favorite book series are Harry Potter and  
The Penderwicks. Her favorite subject is English... because reading/writing...  
DUH.*



## **The Attack on November 20th by Rosie Kerr** 🧐

It is November 20th, and Sean wakes up to the strong smell of something *fishy*. He assumes that it's just the lady in the apartment next door, maybe she got a new perfume. Although, who would want to buy this particular scent?



He goes to a coffee shop; he needs to get away from that *putrid* scent. He gets up and walks to The Cozy Cottage, his favorite café. He walks up 11th street, then down Mulberry. It's as if the stench is following behind him. Is it him? He sniffs the air, at least it's not him that smells.

He walks by people he knows and gives a smile and wave, but they ignore him and look up. **“Weird”** Sean thinks out loud. He keeps walking, **“I’ll see them later”** he thinks. His hand rests on the doorknob, about to pull open the door. But something stops him in his tracks. In a gravelly voice he hears, ***“Take us to your leader....”***



Sean stood there, paralyzed by fear. He did not want to turn around, afraid of what he may see. He looked in the reflection of the glass door, taking what might be his last look at his beloved city.

He turned around to find a silver fish-human hybrid. ***“TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!!!”*** It screamed at Sean. It had that gravelly voice again, it was almost impossible to understand. **“I am not the leader of earth, no.”** The thing reached out an arm and pulled Sean with one quick motion. Sean tried to resist, but the alien had a tight grip on him. The alien pulled out something like a walkie-talkie and spoke some gibberish into it. The alien then reached into his pocket, or at least he thought it was a pocket. He then pulled out a sack. **“What’s in the sack?”** Sean asked the thing. In one quick motion the sack was pulled over Sean’s head and the world went **dark.**

He woke up in a bright room. He was tied to a chair, unable to move. He sat in silence, wondering where he went wrong. Then a bright light *whizzed* past him and burned the rope. **“COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO LIVE!”**

**TO BE CONTINUED....**



# About the Author

Rosie Kerr is a soon to be 6th grader at Radnor Elementary School. She enjoys the authors Gordon Korman and Pari Thomson. Some of her favorite things to do are cooking, writing, and musical theatre. Rosie hopes that you enjoyed the story!



Rachel's Anthology Piece

**What Is Up The Ladder?**

Up. Up. Up. Up.

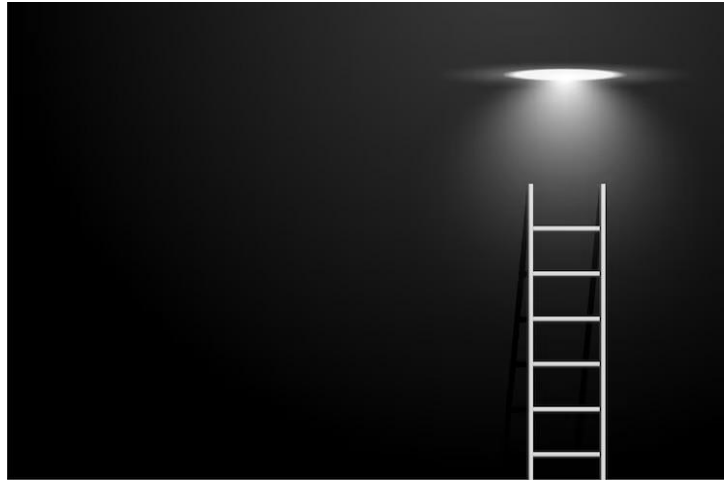
What is up the ladder?

Cold, metal, shiny, smooth

What is up the ladder?

Tall, black, never-ending

What is up the ladder?



My neck cranes

Looking up

I'll never know

What is up the ladder

Climb. Climb. Climb. Climb.

Up and up the ladder

Hard and soft

Cool and warm

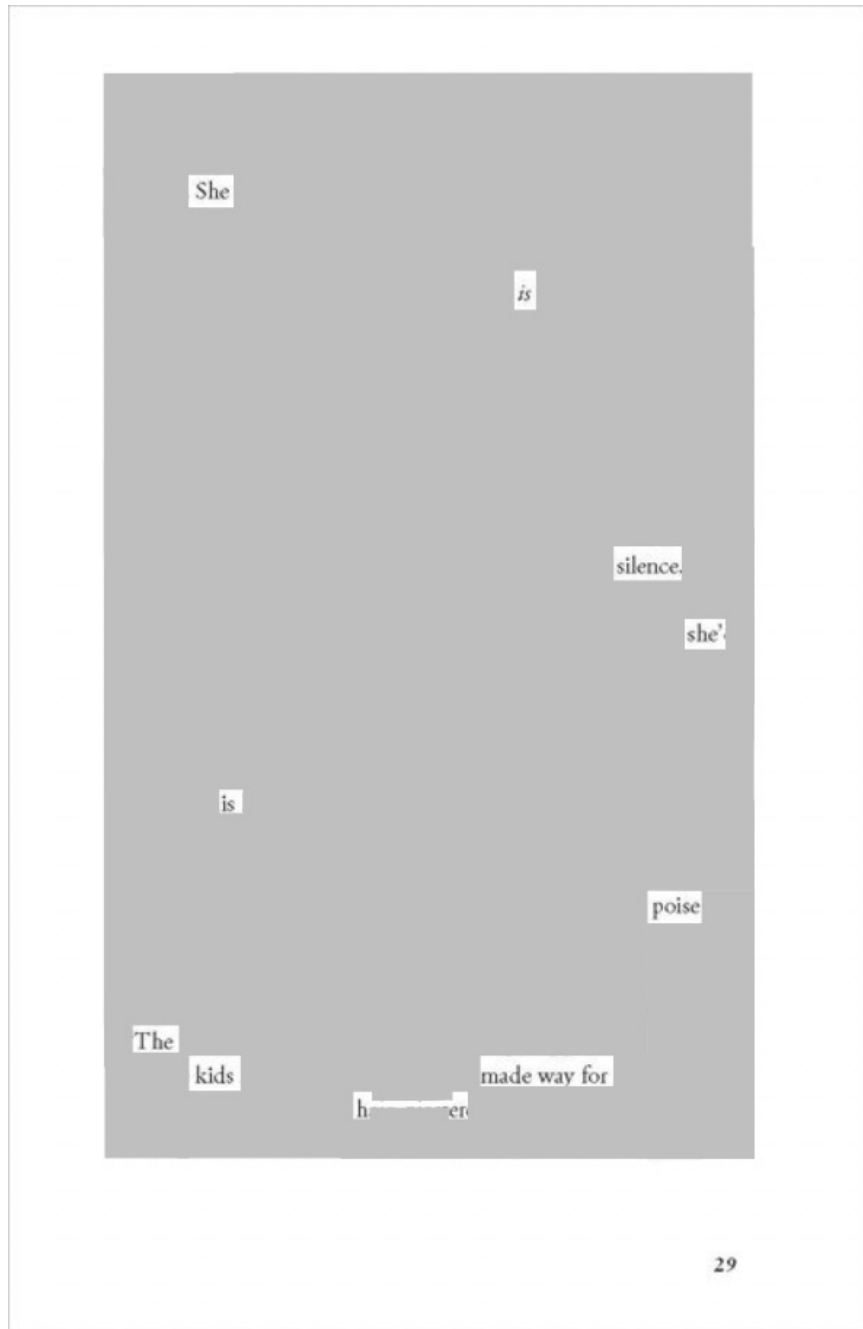
Up and up the ladder

I wonder, I wonder

What is up the ladder?

The Girl





### About the Author

Rachel Majarian is a 7th grade student at Patton Middle School. She enjoys outdoor color guard, middle school knowledge bowl, and debate team. Rachel loves to write poetry and pieces in verse. Her favorite authors are Lois Lowry, Suzanne Collins, and Kathleen Glasgow.

### Gabby's Anthology Page

As I walked outside I saw the sun and flowers in the meadow, I felt the leaves of the trees turning back. I wonder if I'll ever feel that feeling of comfort and the warm rays. Now the sky is black and red instead of blue and children play with metal not knowing what an animal is because they are extinct. A brother can't trust his sister and wife to husband and vice versa. We can change this world for it is only broken once you break it or deem it broken and unable to fix it. I believe that it's not too late to save and fix our home planet Earth. If we all play our own part in this world it could finally heal.



### **About the Author**

Gabby likes to write poems and draw in her free time. Some of her hobbies include playing video games and playing tennis at her house or at camp. This summer she's made lots of memories at this camp including some inside jokes from her friends. She will surely never forget this year of fun and games,

## **Ishani's Poetry Corner**

## Night Sky Reading

With the windy trees

Girls like to read scented books

Surrounded with luminous stars

## Journey of a Snowflake

Soft, fluffy snow

falling on a

winter morning

Shimmering when it

meets the sun

Melting when it

kisses the ground

Goodbye

## About the author

Ishani Nikhil is a 11 year old that finished 6th grade and is going to 7th grade in Peirce Middle School. Ishani lives with her mom and dad. She was born in Kerala, India. Her favorite book series is Warriors by Erin Hunter and her favorite genre is mystery. Ishani's hobbies are reading, writing, and drawing.

# Amelia's Anthology Piece

"It was a dark and stormy night, and Natalie and Matilda were going on a walk in the woods. Just then, a monster creeped up on them, and when Natalie turned around, Matilda was gone!"

"Ahhh! Rachel, stop scaring me!"

"Come on, Matilda, it's Halloween!"

"Exactly, Natalie."

Natalie, Matilda, and Rachel were telling spooky stories while they were waiting to go trick or treating.

"Girls, you should leave now before it gets too late."

"Okay, Mom," Rachel said.

For Halloween, Rachel was a tabby cat, Natalie was Zoey from K-pop Demon Hunters, and Matilda was a potato. They left Rachel's house and set off to their first house. They knocked on the door, and as it creaked open...

"Trick or treat!!" they all screamed.

"Hello girls. Please take some candy," Mrs. Green said.

"Thank you!!" they screamed again.

They went to seven more houses until they realized, "Where did Matilda go?" Rachel asked.

"Let's check the houses!" Natalie said.

They checked every house, but there was no sign of Matilda.

"We have to find her!" Natalie exclaimed.

"We just need to think about this carefully. Where could Matilda be?" Rachel asked.

"What about Jaya's house?" Natalie suggested.

"Yes!" Rachel said. "Let's go!"

They left for Jaya's house, but she had no idea where Matilda was.

"I'm coming with you." she demanded.

"Where?" Rachel asked.

"I thought you would know," Jaya asked.

"Whyyyyyy?" Natalie did not think this is how she would be spending her Halloween.

Rachel was dead serious. "Where could she be? Think guys, think."

"What about Target?" Natalie asked.

"Yes! But we can't walk," Rachel said.

"We could drive," Natalie suggested.

"Our parents shouldn't know about this, and we're only 12," Rachel replied.

That didn't stop Jaya. "I've got this." She ran to one of her parent's cars and turned it on. "Get in," she demanded.

"Are you crazy?!" Rachel exclaimed.

"A little."

"Well, I'm in," Natalie said.

"So am I," Rachel said.

"Good," Jaya said. "Now, get in."

They drove to Target and checked every aisle, until they got to aisle 13.

"Wow, this aisle is creepy," Rachel said.

"It's the thirteenth aisle, what did you expect?" Natalie said.

"Look! It's Matilda!" Jaya screamed.

"Oh, hey guys," Matilda said.

"Where were you? Where did you go? Are you okay? What happened?" Rachel was very worried.

"I am perfectly fine, but I have one question. Well, two. One, why is Jaya here, and two, when are we going back to trick or treating?"

"Why did you leave?" Natalie asked.

"I didn't. Some potato kidnapped me."

"Wait. A potato?" Rachel asked.

"Yeah, he's laughing evilly over there," Matilda explained.

The potato came out of the shadows. Everyone expected a big monster potato, but it was just a regular potato with googly eyes.

"Mwahahahahaha! I am Darth Tater, and I have come to destroy you all! With my special powers, I will-" Just then Natalie took a big bite out of him.

"Did you just eat him?!" Jaya exclaimed.

"Well, yes, his speech was way too long," Natalie said.

"...Well okay."

Matilda had to step in. "So, should we go back to trick or treating, or?"

"Let's go!" they all yelled.

So, they went back to trick or treating, and came back to Rachel's house for a sleepover..

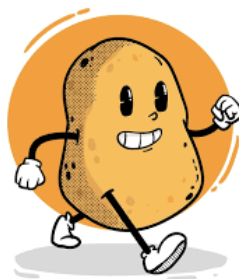
"Okay, that was the best Halloween ever," Rachel said.

"I know what would make this even better," Matilda said.

"And what would that be, Matilda?" Rachel asked.

They all screamed, "Potatoes!"

They all ate potatoes and laughed into the night, never having to run into an evil potato again.



**About the author:** Amelia Ortlieb is a 7th grader at Patton Middle School. She plays basketball and softball, and she's been dancing for 10 years. She loves art and drawing. She has 3 siblings and 2 cats. She loves reading, especially realistic fiction, and she likes to write mysteries.

## Leo's Anthology Page

### Fish poem

This is a fish poem

A salty, ocean, fish poem

Warm, oily, tasty fish

### **Where is my hat?**

oh no where is my hat

I can't find my hat

Hat need to find my hat oh no what now can't find my hat WHAT WILL I DO?

Is it upstairs? No. Is it in the kitchen? No. Is it on the bed? No. Is it on the table? No. Is on my head? IT'S BEEN ON MY HEAD! I FOUND MY HAT! FINALLY FOUND MY HAT! WOO HOO LETS CELEBRATE!!!

### **Chemical**

Chemicals are an interesting thing. Most people think that all chemicals are bad, but water is a chemical.

For example, why do you think about **4,5-Bis(hydroxymethyl)-2-methylpyridin-3-ol** ? Bad chemical that causes cancer, right?

But that is the scientific name for vitamin b6.

### **The Mars Compound**



In the Mars compound, suddenly, a noise swept over the place. Out the window, a sandstorm was rapidly approaching. The world turned red as dust covered the settlement. Marshall's dad banged into the room just as sirens went off, and an automated voice shouted something he didn't understand. Robots appeared, clicking things and mumbling something. A grinding noise, an explosion, and red dust entered the halls as different alarms and sirens activated. His dad dragged him away, down an escalator. More grinding was audible through the sirens. He was choking on the dust, and the escalator grinded to a halt. They went through a door. His dad punched in a passcode, and they entered a hall with sloping ramps and fresh air! After hours of sloping, they opened a door labeled door 601GND Emergency shelter Conveyor System 3 miles. They went down a stairwell. Floor 600. Down a ramp, 599, ramp. 598,

ramp, 597... He appreciated the settlement size, and how much of it he didn't know of. On floor 295, they saw people, 12 others. There was a conveyor belt that said 2 mph. They stepped on it. To the left, another belt appeared, 5 mph. They jumped on. Another belt, 8 mph. They jumped on. Soon, they reached the last one. "This goes at 560 mph!", his dad said. Soon, sure enough, stuff zoomed by impossibly fast. He could not know the color of everything as it shot by. Soon they stepped onto a slower belt, slower, slower, before stopping. They went through a door, through a hallway at least half a mile long, through a door and into a seemingly endless hall overflowing with people. His dad said, "We will wait here... for how long I don't know. It isn't easy living on a new planet." And so they waited.

### **About the author:**

Leo Su is an only child and lives in a townhouse in Chester Springs, PA with his parents, both from China. His grandparents are currently visiting America. "The food here is too sweet, salty, and oily!", they say. Leo's favorite foods are ice cream, ramen, beef noodles, pears, pizza, corn, peas, and broccoli. His favorite genre is science fiction, and he likes the authors Alan Gratz and Katherine Applegate. Leo's family likes to travel around America and hike up tall boulders and peaks, although his grandparents do not approve of hiking on dangerous mountains and driving to places 50 miles from civilization or without a cell phone signal!

It was a completely normal day in the city. Birds were chirping, buses were passing by, and Amanda was on her way to her college class downtown. All of a sudden, there was a crash. She looked up to see a large, silver, car-like object stranded on top of a building. Now there were others crowded around her, all staring up. Was that... someone emerging from the crash? It appeared that this individual had green skin and a fluorescent outfit on that did not seem to be from this world.

"Hello?" a man called from the group clustered around Amanda. She heard a response that was musical but not in a language she knew. Meanwhile, chaos swirled all around her. There were sirens coming from all directions, and the fire department quickly assisted the stranded individual. Could this have been an alien in an unidentified flying object? Only time would tell...



### **Fingerprints- A Haiku**

Fingerprints make us--  
But they do not define us  
Only we do that.



**Mrs. Kirk's Mysterious Mango Smoothie Recipe- Adapted from Allrecipes.com**



Enjoy this delicious smoothie when you take a break from all of your sleuthing!

**Prep Time:** 5 mins

**Total Time:** 5 mins

**Servings:** 2

**Ingredients:**

- 1 ½ cups chopped fresh mango
- ¾ cup cold milk
- ¼ cup vanilla yogurt
- 3 ice cubes or to taste



**Directions:**

1. Gather all ingredients.
2. Blend mango, milk, yogurt, and ice in a blender until smooth and creamy.
3. Serve and enjoy!

**Note:** Feel free to add other fruit to your liking!

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**About the Author**

Mrs. Kirk is a Reading Teacher at Stetson Middle School in West Chester, PA. She enjoys reading and writing poetry and tries to write in her spare time. Mrs. Kirk enjoys spending time with her husband, their two-year-old daughter, Harper, and their dog, Riley. Mrs. Kirk also likes to read, bake, and listen to music. Some of Mrs. Kirk's recent reads are *The Very Hungry Caterpillar* by Eric Carle, *Corduroy* by Don Freeman, and *Go Dog Go* by P.D. Eastman. (Did she mention that she has a toddler?)