

THE CASEBOOK OF CURIOUS CAMPERS



YOUNG WRITERS
YOUNG READERS
ANTHOLOGY

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

Welcome to the *Mystery & Imagination* edition of the Young Writers/Young Readers Camp anthology! In Ms. Emily's classroom this summer, campers became junior detectives—reading mysteries, unraveling secrets, and crafting suspenseful stories of their own. From puzzling plots to twist endings, our young authors dove deep into the art of mystery writing.

Whether investigating strange happenings around camp or inventing their own shadowy suspects, students spent time both indoors and outside sharpening their sleuthing and storytelling skills. They brainstormed, drafted, edited, and finalized pieces that now live within these pages. Along the way, they explored a variety of genres and styles, all while deepening their love of reading and writing.

Each story and poem in this anthology was written by a member of our camp community. Over the course of two weeks, these curious minds blossomed into writers, readers, and storytellers. They cracked literary cases, made lasting friendships, and filled our classroom with laughter and creativity.

A heartfelt thank you to the caregivers who brought their children to and from camp each day; your support makes this kind of growth possible. Immense thanks as well to the Young Writers/Young Readers camp staff, who offered encouragement, inspiration, and collaboration throughout. And finally, many thanks to West Chester University and the Graduate Building for providing us with the perfect space to think, write, and unravel the mysteries of storytelling together.

Emily Wisniewski
July 2025

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

Teacher: Emily Wisniewski

Name	Going Into
Avery Bartman	6th Grade
Anna Lopez	6th Grade
Mark Donofrio	6th Grade
Riaan Gandhi	7th Grade
Sawyer Loidolt	7th Grade
Divit Narahari	7th Grade
Rishabh Pal	6th Grade
Chris Rao	6th Grade
Monica Sangillo	7th Grade
Forrest Wang	6th Grade
Jasmine Zhang	6th Grade

Rosalia The Doll

By Avery Bartman

"Anthony woke up by his mom. 'Anthony, we are going to a store this morning since it's your birthday. You can get whatever you want. We can also get things for your birthday party tomorrow.'

Anthony got ready. Then, he, his mom, and his dad went to the store. He didn't know what to get at the store, until he saw Rosalia, the doll. 'I want to get this doll,' Anthony said.

They bought the doll. He loved it. Anthony held it the rest of the day. He hugged Rosalia when he went to sleep. But, in the morning, everyone in his house was dead. The end." Katy pulled the book out of her face, and saw her friends, Annie and Mary hugging each other, really scared.

"Oh, c'mon," Katy said. "The story wasn't even that scary.

Annie was confused. "Yes it was. I'm going to have nightmares now."

Mary walked to Katy. "I wasn't scared at all."

Katy's brother, Carl opened the front door. Mary jumped into Annie. "Help! I don't wanna die first!"

"Mary, it's just me," Carl said. He walked upstairs.

Katy walked over to the front door. "Let's go to the antique store, guys. It's my grandma's birthday."

They walked to the antique store, and walked in. "Happy Birthday Grandma!" Katy said.

She walked over to a shelf that had a lot of dolls. "I wanna buy this doll," She said.

"Katy, thank god," Grandma said. "No one ever even looked at Rosalia. I feel bad for her. I found her abandoned in a house."

"Yeah, there's a reason for that," Annie said. "She murdered three people."

"I want to prove to you guys that that story isn't real," Katy said. She bought the doll.

"Thanks, Grandma. Bye!"

They headed back to Katy's house. "Let's have a sleepover tonight. I'll put Rosalia where we are sleeping. That'll prove that she's not going to murder us."

They were sleeping that night. Mary woke up. "Where's Rosalia?" She said to herself.

"Who cares? I'm hungry."

Mary walked into the kitchen, and screamed.

Katy and Annie woke up. "What, Mary?" Katy asked.

They ran into the kitchen, and Mary was on the floor with a knife in her stomach. "It was Rosalia," She said.

"Call the hospital!" Katy screamed.

The next day, Katy and Annie visited the hospital. "Are you okay, Mary?" Annie asked. "What happened?"

"I woke up randomly, and then I was hungry so I went and got a snack. I saw Rosalia with a knife. She was, like, flying towards me. Next thing I know, I'm bleeding."

Katy's phone rings. "Hello? Amelia, is this you?"

Amelia, their neighbor was the one calling. "Katy! What happened? Are you okay?!"

"Yeah, everything's fine. Mary just got a nosebleed. Bye!"

Katy hung up the phone. "Annie, we need to find out why and how Rosalia did that. I heard that Anthony's dad had a brother. We could talk to him."

They went to his house. Katy knocked on the door. "Hello! We are here to see Timmy."

Timmy opened up the door. "Hi. What do you want?"

"We want to know about Rosalia. Our friend is in the hospital because of her," Katy explained.

"I'll tell you everything I know," Timmy said.

They walked inside, and sat down.

"I think that a spirit is haunting the ghost," Timmy said. "I read news a while ago and I read that a little girl died in a car crash. She had Rosalia in her hand, while writing in her diary. The girl's name was Evermore Evans. It might be connected to that. There's her diary in a museum. You need to break in and find it."

Annie nodded. At night they, broke into the museum. They brought a bat and broke the glass. "We got it," Annie said.

They went back to Timmy's house. "We got the diary," Katy said. This is what it says: January 9th, 1979, today we are going to the store! My friend told me about a doll that I really want to get. We just bought the doll. I named her Rosalia. We are driving back home. I'm really excited to-." Katy stopped reading. "It ends there. It must've been the time they got into the car crash. There's blood splattered everywhere."

"We need to let the spirit of Rosalie free," Annie said.

They went to Katy's house. Carl was on the ground, dead. "Carl! Carl, no!" Katy screamed.

"Katy...he's dead," Annie said quietly.

Katy started crying. "We need to stop her. Grab Rosalia."

Annie went in the kitchen and grabbed Rosalia. She got a knife and cut her in half. The spirit flew out of the doll.

The End.

River drop

By Anna Lopez

Prologue

It was storming, the clouds above were rumbling with anger, the rain patted down the figures coat. yet, it was just the beginning...

Chapter One

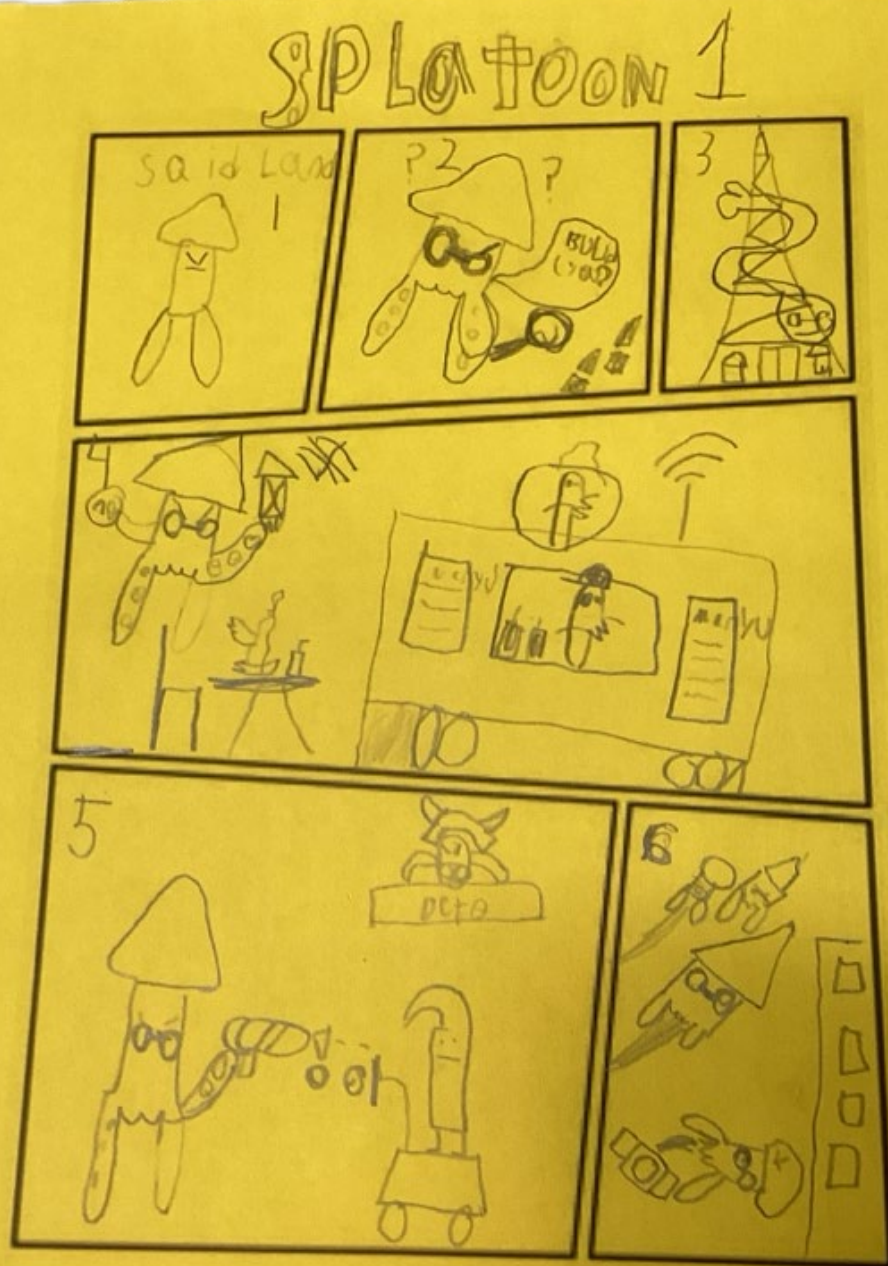
Kids would always make fun of Amelia, the way she looked, the way she talked. School just wasn't right for her, and she knew that. "mama, please!" Amelia pleaded, it was almost every day this topic was brought up. "Amelia, I told you already! We don't have enough money to afford moving schools!" Amelia sighed, "then I'll save up! I'll get enough I promise!" at this point, it felt as if she was lying to herself. It had become night time now, Amelia was brainstorming ideas on how to gain the money.

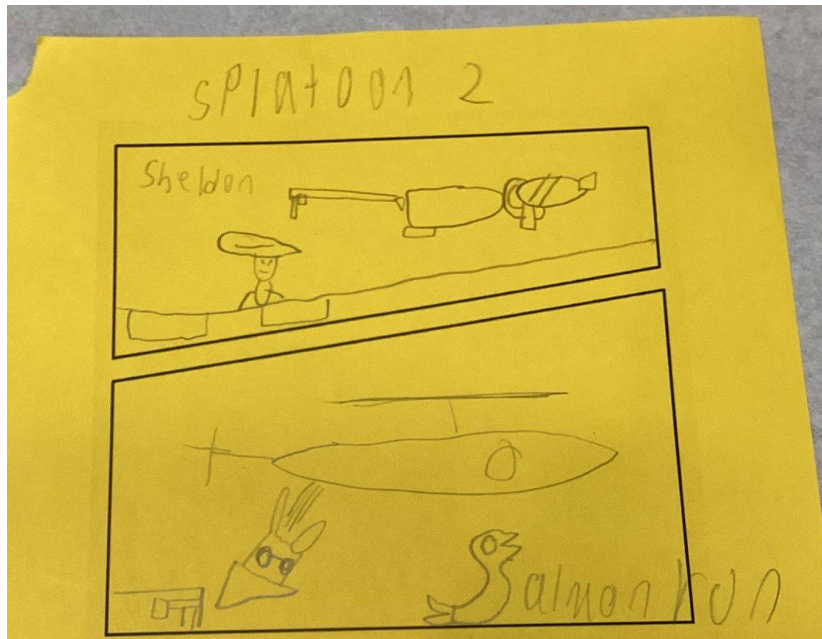
Chapter Two

She woke up, Amelia's mind was a buzz with activity, "lemonade!" She stated, running downstairs. "Mama!" She yelled, "wheres the hammer? And do we have spare wood.?" She asked, looking around for her mother, again no response. "Must still be asleep." She shrugged, Amelia began to dig through an empty box , as a scream echoed from her neighbor's home, she ran to investigate. As she ran into the door, blood covering the ground. She yelped, picking up her phone. "Katy! What happened?!are you okay?" Katy responds with a yes, saying everything is fine. Her friend just got a nose bleed. "Oh ok, that's not a big deal, do you want me to come over and check on it? I think I have some supplies." Katy hung up, before she could say another word.

to be continued, in the full version..

Mark Donofrio





Mark Donofrio is a 10 year old boy who likes the spy x family manga and tv show also he likes the slpatoon series and Pokémon.

GRANDMASTER

It had been 6 months since Noah found the card. He had been playing it the local tournament at his chess club. He lost. He had been used to losing. As a 200 rated player, life is hard. But that's when he saw it. It was on the board, but only he could see it. A card. A gold card.

At first, he thought he was hallucinating. Especially because of what it said. "GRANDMASTER" was written at the top in huge bold letters. "To use this card, hold it in front of you and say the name of any Grandmaster. For the next 24 hours, you will gain the skill of that GM.

But what really shocked him was when he touched the card. He felt it. He could pick it up as well! His opponent hadn't shown up for the last round yet, so he decided to try it out. After all, what was the worst that could happen?

He held the card in front of him and said, "Magnus Carlsen!" But that's when he saw the back of the seemingly invisible card. The card read, "Every time this card is used, the user will lose one year of their lifespan." There was a catch. Of course there was a catch. But when he completely destroyed his 800 rated opponent in the next round, he began to believe in the power of the card.

In his next few tournaments, he realized that each GM can only be used once. Unfortunately, he had wasted Magnus Carlsen, one of the three greatest players in the history of chess and the record holder for the highest rated one. Luckily, he still had Garry Kasparov and Fischer left to use.

Now, he was a GM, and he had earned a spot in the Candidates. He had managed to do this with only 44 uses! He had just turned 16 and apparently lived a long life because he used 16 uses to win the Candidates and felt just fine.

The World Championship was against none other than GM Hikaru Nakamura, who had surpassed Magnus Carlsen's rating earlier this year in 2036. Noah had saved the strongest GMs for last, but Hikaru was able to pull off some wins. In the 14th round, the score was 6.5 to 6.5, and the winner would become the next World Champion.

For this round, he called the name of the best player in the history of the chess world. This player was a legend. He was practically the inventor of e4. "Bobby Fischer!" The next game was the easiest win in a long time. Noah had become the 2036 World Chess Champion.

He had just gotten in the Uber he called to go home. But then, a car pulled up in front of them. The Uber driver tried to press the brakes, but they were jammed. BOOM. The crash had taken Noah's life. Had the card's punishment had taken place? Noah had won, but at what cost?

Riaan Gandhi is a middle school student in Malvern, Pennsylvania. He likes to play chess, and watch shows in the "Arrowverse." His favorite food is Chipotle, and his favorite color is red. He also programs in Python.

Sawyer Loidolt
"Dog days"

8:00 AM

I woke up in my bed, and I saw my human, still asleep. I stretch, and hop up to say hi. He gets up, still sleepy, and walks to feed me food. I eat my kibble he gave me and we go on a walk together. We come back and I curl up next to him as he is sitting on the couch. I love being near my human.

9:00 AM

My human is getting dressed and ready to leave for the day. This means he's gonna have to leave me alone, and sad. But it's all gonna be worth it when he comes back and we can be together, happy and friends. I can't wait for him to come back, and I think he feels the same.

10:00 AM

My human left, and now I'm all alone. Every now and then I look out the window, waiting for him. I sit in my bed, feeling scared whenever the vents rumble. I really miss my human.

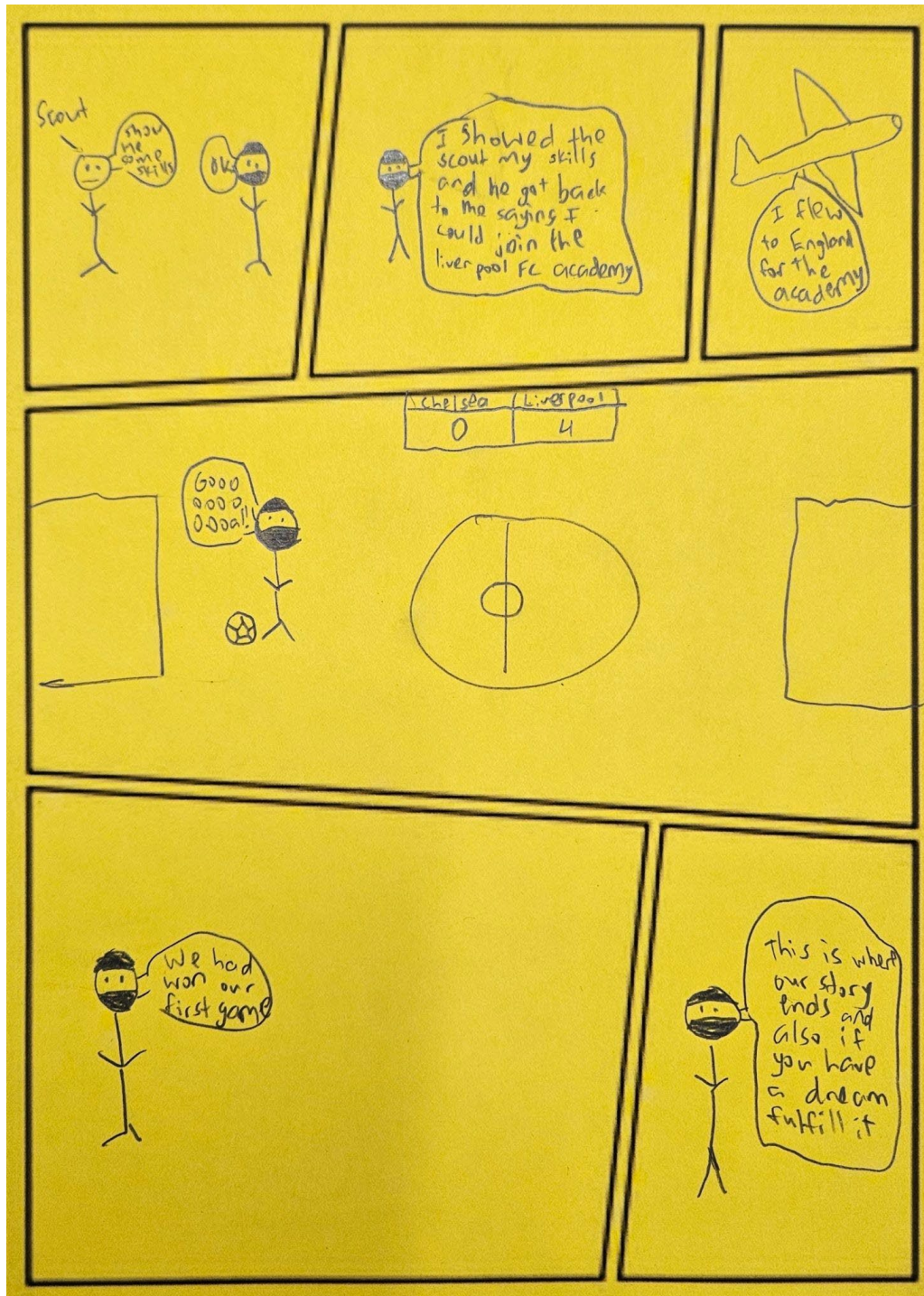
3:00 PM

I lay down in my bed, melancholy until I hear the sounds of the door clicking. He's back! I'm so happy! I run over to him and jump at him, wagging my tail like a whip. He crouches down and gives me a heart warming smile, and we just stay like that for a minute. I love my human.

7:00PM

My human is making himself food and cooking it on the stove. Once he finishes eating, he gets the food and feeds me. I finish eating, and I got into my bed. My human makes a few calls, and then goes into his bed. I feel cold, and I jump into his bed to get warmer. Just as I'm about to leave, my human pulls up the covers at the foot of the bed, and I cuddle with him. I can't wait for another day with my human.





Divit Narahari is a student at Great Valley Middle School which is in Malvern, Pennsylvania. He likes to play a lot of sports. Some of which are soccer, basketball, and chess. His favorite of the 3 sports is soccer. He also likes to read graphic novels.

I am going to Kenya. Me and my cousins family are going together. We are going to 4 different places. The places are: Amboseli Lake Naivasha, Lake Nakuru, and Masai Mara. I'm really excited to see all the wildlife. In Amboseli we will see lots of elephants. In Lake Naivasha and Lake Nakuru I will see lots of birds and hippos. In Masai Mara I will see cheetahs, lions, hyenas, gazelles, zebra, wildebeest, and buffalo. If I am lucky I might see leopards, wild dogs and giraffes. We are going during the great migration; the largest animal on earth. Wildebeest and zebra cross the Mara river where crocodiles lurk. We will probably see many crocodiles. We will also see many other ferocious predators such as: wild dogs, lions, leopards and hyenas. These other predators take advantage of the large herds. The reason why wildebeest and zebra migrate is because of search of food and water. The migration is year-long. This is also part of the Serengeti-Mara ecosystem. Zebra

and wildebeest migrate together because of protection. Their strength in numbers help because there are more eyes to spot predators. Also there is more defense and muscle. Since Africa is really interesting I am really excited to go there!

You are working as a banker which some people might find fun you know in reality they just like the pay as it's tiring having to do math every second you're here . You want to quit but you have to keep working here to pay for your rent and food but at least you get lunch break but anyways you have been here for so long you are starting to hallucinate so today you feel like something is behind you you think it's just someone but then you see a pile of cash but then it starts growing and growing and it turn into a monster but you think you are just hallucinating and you go back home but then you see the monster in your house but you think you're just hallucinating and you go on your couch and you fall asleep but you wake up in a place full of money and you try to take it but it turns out the

**monster has eaten you and you weren't
sleeping**

A golden opportunity

By Monica Sangillo

I am a peasant living in a medieval town. I reside in a tiny cottage with my little sister Jane and my parents. Like every peasant living in every village across the world, I am ruled by someone living in a grand castle far away. While the neighboring kingdom to the west is ruled by a benevolent queen named Wallace, mine is ruled by the selfish and uncaring king Ronald. Unlike the past great rulers of Etera (my kingdom's name) King Ronald has no love for his subjects. And recently I've been noticing growing resentment. I hear bits and pieces as you farm in the fields. Gossip spreads through the town. Words of rebellion. I ignore it until one day after I went to church I was approached by a teenager named Joseph. He invites me to join the rebellion. I accept and the next day I participate in my first plot.

Every house in Etera is required to have a portrait of King Ronald in its living room. We create a fake portrait of the king and burn it partially, then leave it in the middle of the town square. This is an act of treason. A woman in the rebellion named Sarah tells you that other people in the rebellion across the country are doing the same thing. King Ronald is a coward, so the hope is that he will try to flee. If/when he does try to leave the rebellion will burn down his ship and kill him.

The plan goes exactly the way you were hoping. Soon the people of Etera elect Joseph as king and everyone lives happily ever after. The End.

Gardner Elementary for Girls stood atop a thickly forested hill in Northern Vermont in the town of Bluebird. It was made of red brick and had marble pillars all around it. It looks more like the Temple of Zeus than a school for girls. It also had an observatory next to the main school building and surrounding it were smaller school buildings.

There was a rotunda next to the school buildings with a blue, yellow, and green dome roof. Maya stepped into the building, her heart beating like a bass drum. In the halls, there was a long red carpet with gold fringe, and Flemish wood paneling on the walls. Portraits of the founders were plastered on the walls in richly carved gold frames. The floor was marble, and Maya almost slipped on the slick surface of the floor. Other girls were walking in the ginormous hall.

“Hi.” Maya said to another girl in the hall who was brushing her long blonde hair. “Hi. I’m Charlotte,” the girl said somewhat warmly. At lunchtime, a girl mentioned that this hill was called Blackbird Hill. “Don’t say that foul name!” Charlotte said plugging her ears. “Why?” Asked Maya, intrigued. “It’s said to bring bad luck to those who day that name.”Charlotte replied. “It’s said that at night, there’s a flock of blackbirds who rip away at people’s rooftops. “Yikes,” Maya said.

Later that night, the name Blackbird Hill kept nagging in her head until she jerked awake. What happens next? It’s up to you.

A Moment of Memory

By Ms. Emily

Marshall's mop fell, and his bucket of water spilled over the floor when the alien walked on in its full alien-glory.

Atop green shoulders sat a head with fifteen bulging eyes, purple lips, and a frown so menacing that Marshall let out a blood-curdling scream.

He scrambled backward but tripped over the overturned bucket, crashing to the floor and landing in the murky gray water.

From this angle, the alien looked even more terrifying—Marshall could see its entire body now.

It towered over him, far larger than any human Marshall had ever seen. He was horrified by the four tentacles sprouting from its sides. As it crept closer, Marshall knew he had to get out of there fast—or else... well, he didn't know what, but nothing good came from monsters that looked like *that*.

Marshall tried to stand, but the filthy water beneath his feet made him slip. As he turned to run, he lost his footing again and fell hard on his back, his head hitting the floor with a loud *clunk*.

Marshall groaned.

His head throbbed, and he let out another low moan.

"Marshall's awake!" he heard his dad say, just before feeling his father's hand wrap gently around his own.

"You're okay. You're okay," his dad said softly. "You fell, but you're going to be alright."

Marshall squinted, the overhead lights stabbing into his skull. "Uuuuggghhh," he groaned. "Dad?"

"I'm here. You're safe."

Just then, the compound's medic entered. He checked Marshall's vitals, dimmed the lights, and asked gently, "Do you remember what happened?"

“I was mopping the floor,” Marshall said, rubbing his head, trying to push through the pounding behind his eyes.

“And then... then...” he winced. “I can’t remember!” he cried, panic rising in his voice.

He began to tremble. “Dad...” he whispered, eyes brimming with tears.

His father pulled him into a hug, letting Marshall bury his face into his shoulder and cry.

We read a story with no ending. The campers had to write what happened to Marshall based on what we read and this was my version. I feel like this is the beginning of a story, so there was a lot I could still explore. But thanks for reading!

Author Bio: Emily Wisniewski is a high school English teacher. She loves writing and reading and is so happy to be a teacher for YWYR. She hopes that her campers enjoyed the two weeks together. Outside of camp, Ms. Emily enjoys dancing, coaching color guard, and taking photos.