

Story One

Murder Mystery

Written by:

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Cowriter: Madelyn Casimiro

Rose walks onto the porch of her childhood home, the one her family was murdered in.

“Today is the day! I know I can do this! I’m home and I’m going to find the person who murdered my family!” She tells herself.

A little boy walks over to her and stops in front of her with his little hand out.

“Hi, you must be my new neighbor. I’m Luke. What’s your name?”

“My name is Rose, nice to meet you. Yes, I am your new neighbor. I have to go inside now. See you later, okay?” Rose walked inside and noticed that everything looks the same as it did before her parents were murdered. She says to herself, “*I don’t think I can do this. I don’t know if I want to know who killed them.*” She sat down on her little brother, Zaiden’s old bed, and started to cry. She had been crying for about an hour, (she couldn’t tell how long it was, but that’s how long it felt like), when she heard a knock on her door. She got up to go answer it and when she opened it, she was shocked to see who it was.

“Hi, we’re your neighbors.” Rose looked around all of the people and saw her old childhood friend, Alex.

“Hi. I’m Alex, and these are my parents. What’s your name?” Alex spoke up.

“I’m Rose, nice to meet you. Do you know what happened to the people who used to live here? I’ve heard some rumors.” She asked, trying to see if anyone had even remembered her family and how they were brutally murdered.

Alex’s mom says consolingly, “Oh, sweet-heart they’re not rumors. The people who used to live here were actually murdered.”

She looked at Alex to see if he remembered her, “Did you know the people who lived here?”

“Yes, I...I did, their daughter and I were best friends her name was Amelia.” He replied solemnly.

“I’m so sorry for your loss!” She exclaimed.

“Oh, she's not dead. She was put in foster care.” Rose put on a face of shock and thought, “*He really remembers me?*”

“I’m really sorry, but I’m tired would you mind coming back later?” She returned,

“Yes, we can see you later.” They leave and she goes to sit on her little brother’s bed again and starts crying. She thinks to herself, “*Why did they take my family?*” she fell asleep on Zaiden’s bed. She woke up to a pounding on the door. She got up and opened the door.

“Alex, what are you doing here?” She asked him. He just shoved her inside the house and shut the door.

“Really. Amelia. Why would I be in your house? You change your name, then come home and not tell anyone. What the heck were you thinking? We’ve all been worried sick about you.” He starts in on her.

“My name’s, not Amelia, it’s Rose, and I don’t know who you’re talking about.” She told him, about to lose it because he called her Amelia, and that’s not her name anymore.

“Amelia, stop playing games with me! I know it’s you, why didn’t you tell me that you were okay?! I’ve been worried sick about you! Why would you do this to me? I love you! Amelia, I could’ve helped you!” He started to raise his voice.

“FOR THE LAST TIME MY NAME IS NOT AMELIA, IT’S ROSE!! And I didn’t do anything to you! This has nothing to do with you! It has to do with my family, and you’re not my family. My family is dead!!” She screamed, trying to get him to understand she doesn’t want anything to do with the past her, Amelia.

“You do have a family, you were adopted!” He tried to reason with her.

“Yeah, I was adopted, but they only did it for the money. As soon as they finished the paperwork, they kicked me out! I’ve been living alone since I was 16 with no help. I do not have a family and thanks for reminding me that I don’t, I’m here for a reason and no one can know it’s me!” Rose told him in a raised whisper.

“Why can’t people know that you’re home??” He asked her, confused.

“Because I’m here to find out who murdered my parents! Okay?! I can’t live knowing that I survived and they didn’t!!” She finally told him, even though she didn’t really want to.

“Why? You didn’t get hurt.” He gave her a blank stare, even more confused than he already is.

“Yes I did,” She pulled up her shirt and there were deep scars on her stomach that look years old, “I did get hurt. It’s just that my caseworker didn’t want anyone to know because I was only four, and it would cause much more drama and more stress on me!” She told him harshly because she didn’t want anyone else to know about her scars.

“Okay, but how do you think you can find who murdered your parents? You’re only 19?!!?” He exclaimed skeptically.

“I saw the person. I just can’t remember what the person looks like.” She whispered in an urgent tone.

“What do you mean you saw them you were four there’s no possible way you can remember what they look like after all this time!!” Alex exclaimed in a high pitched tone.

“God damn it Alex I have to remember what if he’s still out there he could try to kill me to make sure I don’t know anything.” She exclaimed in an urgent yet scared tone of voice.

“Wait what’d you just say.” Alex said in a really excited tone.

“I said the person is probably still out there?!” She said really confused on what Alex was talking about.

“No that’s not what you said you said it was a he!!” Alex exclaimed.

“Wait I did?!?! How do I know it’s a he?!?! Oh my God I remembered something!!!!” I exclaimed turning around so I wasn’t looking at her when I started to cry.

“You know what I’m going to help you figure this out no matter the cost I’m here for you Amelia!” Alex said showing a lot of empathy in her tone of voice.

I snap my head around as fast as I can with tears still streaming down my face and I yell, “For God’s sake my name is Rose not Amelia!! Please please please stop calling me that name the person you knew as Amelia is gone she’s been gone since her parents were murdered in front of her. I was supposed to die that night but for some reason I didn’t and I hate myself for it. I don’t deserve to be here I’ve done nothing worth living for my whole life is ruined because someone murdered my parents and didn’t do the job well enough to make sure I was dead. So please never call me Amelia it hurts to hear that name please Alex.”

“I’m sorry ROSE I didn’t know you felt this way but please never say that you hate yourself you’re a beautiful woman.” Alex says in a stern yet sympathetic tone.

“Thank you. I’m going to have to ask you to leave, here’s my number, text me whenever.” I say as I take her phone and put my phone number in it.

“I’ll text you later so you have my number to also can you be my plus-one for my family’s BBQ tomorrow I’ll text you the address you have to go because the whole town will be there.” Alex says as if I didn’t have a choice.

“Okay fine I’ll go only if you promise not to tell anyone that I’m here.” I said in a very very worried yet serious tone.



# Story Two

# Romance

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*Oh no, what did I do... I love him! Why did I just let him leave?* I should've stopped him. I can feel every cell in my body screaming at me to chase after him but I couldn't move. Why can't I move, I want him I want to be with him forever. I sink to the floor with tears falling down my face, as I watch his retreating figure walk further and further away from me.

"What have I done?" I whisper to myself as the memories of what we had, and what I did play again and again as if on repeat, while the tears keep falling down my face.

"Does he still love me?? Has he ever loved me?? Why can't I do anything right??" I say as my big sister Olivia pulls into the driveway. She sees me on the ground crying and she stops her car and runs over to me.

"Rose are you okay?" she looks at me again and notices the cuts and bruises that are covering my whole body that it's difficult to see where my body starts and the bruises end. "Oh my god, what the hell happened to you??" She says in such a worried tone.

"Nothing happened, I just can't do anything right. He deserves someone way better than me all I am is a screw up. I didn't deserve him." I pull myself up showing scars on my body that seem old and my arm looks like it's fractured. Realizing that I could have tried harder to make him stay with me.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU SAYING?? WHAT HAPPENED?? WHY ARE YOU COVERED IN CUTS AND BRUISES?? DID HE DO THIS TO YOU?? WHY DOES YOUR ARM LOOK BROKEN?? WHY DID HE PUT YOUR HANDS ON YOU?? WHAT COULD YOU HAVE POSSIBLY DONE WRONG TO DESERVE TO BE TREATED LIKE THIS??" She says screaming at me while she's dragging me into my house. She walks in and all she sees is the house was destroyed. The walls are covered in paint that was just laying around the house. All of the tables are broken and there are knives sticking out of the walls and furniture. Then my sister asks, "Did he try to kill you?!?!?"

I look up at her and give her a look that answers all of the questions that are swimming around in her head.

"I'm going to kill that bastard!! You don't deserve to be treated like this!!!!" She keeps screaming it over and over again. It comes to the point the neighbors come running over and burst into my house then stop right in their tracks looks around sees my on the floor bawling covered in bruises and cuts. The first person to come into the house is my neighbor Mary Ann.

"I'm calling the cops." Mary Ann says in a supportive tone that should make me feel better but it makes me hyperventilate and I pass out. I wake up in a hospital bed the next morning cuffed to the bed. I slowly opened my eyes and looked up at Via crying. "What

happened to me?? Why am I here? What did I do to be in these?? Did I hurt someone?? Who am I??" I say starting to have a panic attack.

"Rose sweetheart calm down you were attacked by your ex boyfriend. I found you on your porch crying. You were covered in cuts and bruises. So I tried to take you inside but the house was a mess. Your neighbor Mary Ann ran in saw you and the house so she called the cops then you passed out. When you were in the ambulance you started freaking out about how you didn't mean to please forgive me then you started screaming and flinching in pain so they put you in these to make sure you didn't try to hurt yourself or others. Do you really not remember any of this and what do you mean who am I??" My sister asks me really worried that I might freak out.

"I have no clue, I don't remember anything. Like who I am, or who are you?? And you called me Rose is that my name??" I say in a very calm yet worried voice.