

# Newsletter



## Discussion: Inspiration through music – how did these songs make us feel?

### One Way Or Another by Blondie:

- Avery: Pushy insistent girl who keeps stalking her crush, and loves being very apparent and loud about it. Also is very paranoid, and gets bored easily.
- Emily: They are around 28 year old. Their name is Kate. Kate lives in New York. Kate is very sassy and a bit of a rebel.
- Zachery is 28 years old and lives in Italy. He is a drum player for a band. He is determined, annoying, and loud. This song gives me the vibes that come from like the 1990s

### The 30th by Billie Eilish

- Avery: Forgetfulness, love song, gentle, wispy
- Sophia: Intense but sad, guilty
- Emily: Depressing, bullying story. A girl expressing her pain. I told you so vibe

**Our Thursday playlist**  
<https://bit.ly/3Gm4v1Z>



## Hi everyone!

Thank you so much for being a great Thursday class! We definitely all learned a lot and wrote a lot, from creepy graveyard stories to making our own podcasts, and all this writing has been documented here.

Read on for a compilation of your work!

Eliana + Sidd

## Continued: music discussion

### Music from a Sushi Restaurant by Harry Styles:

- Avery: A light stroll. Love song ☹️. Macarons. Whipped cream. Tea. Boring song, melody repeats over and over again (no offense). Lovely screaming.
- Felix: It's really bright and lively during the instrumental parts and a lot more light and quiet during the singing parts
- Samuel: very calm, relaxing. The type of music that you want to hear when your going to sleep. The violin plays a huge part in the instrumental part. The music starts off loud then gets silent . It gives me the chill vibes. It also reminds me of upbeat, happy music

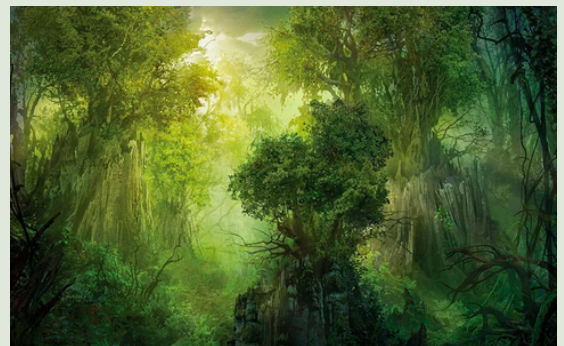
### Purple Passion:

- Felix: It was really orchestral, quick and upbeat, kind of makes me think of water flowing faster and faster as the song went on. I think the background percussion fit in really well with the violin/viola (idk what it is by ear), and it was really fast by both instruments. The percussion kind of did a mini drumroll every time the violin/violas switched rhythms. It feels like something they would play at a really happy event, like a party.
- Avery: Elevator Italian. Then goes to famous dance song with beat in background. Fancy posh family ballroom dance. Then a show off violin and people start skipping around in circle, back to elevator vibes. Then quick show off violin ballroom show. Then they teleport to a funny spy chase and the burglar keeps dropping the stuff he stole, the spy closes in but then the burglar starts riffing on an electric guitar he magically pulled out, the spy is moved and pulls out his violin and a whole band and starts showing off.
- Emily:  
bow down to me / I'm the villain / fear me / royalty / I'm powerful / just watch me / rock and roll



## Lesson: Worldbuilding

A man slowly walked through the barren land, towards the mysterious thin line of white light piercing through the sky and ground. Small shards of falling light fell from the sky, onto the man's black coat, but he didn't spare even a glance. Eyes fixed on the line, he advanced. The surrounding cliffs were getting closer, and a blue hue spread.



The clouds swirled around the top of the mountain soaking up the earth with murderous black liquid. A hungry light stared upon the clouds eyeing every movement it intended to make.

"V! V COME TO ME!" A voice bellowed, almost smashing the sky in half. A little piece of hope swirled by my sea eyes threatening me to grab out, just a little it urged. Just a little.

With my wings spread out high gleaming across the mountain, the bit of hope seemed more and more intriguing. Your whole family is dead. Dragons will crumple beneath you. Die. There is no point in continuing.

"I'm a dragon," I huffed, straining against the weight of my wings. "I never give up. I, V, may be the last dragon but I am not the last spirit!"

Come out little one. You are not a true dragon. Die. You will suffer less. It's only a matter of time before you figure it out.

My self-esteem crumbled. A voice cried in me. "I need to see the great dragon. Master Zin, show me you. Please," I sobbed, my wings that were before covered in roaring flames were not just specks of fire, not showing my true identity—now showing my true self.

A roaring wind slammed into me, shoving me into a nose dive. Another wind— another— and another. A gap in the earth's crust opened wide, with a sucking wind pulling me in.

Stop that! STOP! STOP! STOP! The voice screamed.

A wave of fear, anger, frustration, and stress engulfed me.

Then darkness took over.

- Donna



## Lesson: Symbolism

(continued from above)

"V. V, wake up," A sweet but stern voice said.

"Uhhh," I mumbled. I let the corners of my eye open, expecting to see darkness. As soon as I saw the figure, my eyes grew wide, and I almost fell over from fear.

"I'm sorry! Did I keep you waiting? I'm so sorry Master Zin!" I said, my voice going into rapid fire.

"Oh, don't worry. I am here to... assist you, I should say," Zin said, his lip curling.

"Master Zin—" V said, folding my wings.

"Oh, no. Not master, child," He interrupted, a smile spreading on his face.

"Uhh. Yeah," I said.

"So," Zin plopped on the floor extending his wing, gesturing for me to sit beside him. "What is the problem I hear?"

My mind raced a million miles, how many questions was I going to have to ask? "Something. Someone is controlling my mind. Telling me what to do,"

"Ahhh. Have you ever heard of the legend of the Phoenix and the Dragon?"

I shook my head, slurping the milkshake that Zin had made. The chocolate smell drifted and erased all the worry from my brain, allowing me to concentrate on what he was saying.

Zin smiled. "Well. It all started when a ball of fire erupted from the ground. For a second, everyone in the group of dragons was blinded. My dad naturally was able to see the Pheonix and bring them down. But, we knew that they were spying on us through everything. Reflections, glass, invisibly. Until then, we never had an excuse to fight, it was a waste of time.

But then we caught a baby Pheonix. But it was no ordinary one. It had wings exactly like a dragon, a beak like a phoenix, and a body shaped like a dragon but the head of a phoenix,"

- Donna



Dim lighting with the shape of the windows on the walls. A slightly ominous feeling with the two slightly open doors. The girl and her family are in the picture and her yellow jacket is hanging on the wall. Empty unembellished large picture frames sit in the corner of the room, and an alarm sits on the bedside table. The color of the room is a cold brown

Dimly glowing lanterns are placed randomly on a house the color of cotton candy. Stone paths and stairs lead into oblivion, a flamingo shaped bush sits in front of the house, glowing red and orange. Though those parts look peaceful, it still looks cold and faded around the edges. A person stands out front, doing something.

A very Halloween color scheme with glowing purple walls, almost like being under a black light. The room is bug themed with banners of beetles on the walls and on the wallpaper. The carpet is in the shape of a compass and the chairs are in the shape of six-legged insects. A lady with button eyes sits on a larvae couch smiling coldly as if something is about to happen. Extremely ominous feeling, even though the room glows like a children's toy that is slowly running out of battery.



## Prompt: Continue the story! (Anonymous)



Prompt: Ella had never been afraid of anything. That was an exaggeration and she knew it -- snakes and bats frightened her, and so did carnivals -- but she liked to pretend it didn't matter. And in a way it didn't because she lived fearlessly; jumped on her skateboard, visited the river at night, when everyone was in bed. But that one night was different, the wind colder, the sky clouded with the scent of fear.

Yet she escaped the house and turned the corner to visit Dad by the river. But unexpectedly, she was not alone that night at the graveyard...

A guy stood there, at the edge of the graveyard. A guy dressed all in black to blend in the night. They had tan skin. The only inch of color was the bright silver piece of metal in his hands. A slim piece of metal covered in liquid red blotches. The liquid continued to dribble down to the ground and was even over his face and mouth. His eyes appeared to glow with bloodlust. The piece of metal was no ordinary piece of metal. It was sharp and used for killing god knows how many people. The piece of metal had a wooden handle. It was something that Ella was thought to never leave the kitchen. She backed away and stumbled on her down two feet. The moonlight casted a slight shadow over the angry tree branches reaching for her. Spiders spun their webs and the large metal gate of the graveyard seemed even heavier in the moment. The man chased after her. She quickly turned around and got to her knees, before running away. There, she met a woman. A woman with features so nice, it was unbelievable. She had black hair and pale, clear skin of a light yellow shade. Her eyes had amazing brown color of chocolate, with speckles of gold and blue. She had a surgical mask and a pair of scissors in her hands. The scissors were in fact, oozing with blood. She approached Ella, faster than Ella could run.

"Am I pretty?" the woman asked her

Ella didn't know how to react. Her parents said lying was wrong and not answering other people was wrong, so a yes spilled out of her mouth.

The woman took over her mask with her eyes filled with vengeance, "Am I pretty now?"

From ear to ear, was a big red, tissue-y mass of blood and muscles, and moving flesh. You could see it turning into a sly smile.

"I- uh-" Ella stuttered.

She backed away from the woman. She bumped into whatever was behind her. To her dismay, it collapsed with a thud and a yelp.

"Who the hell-" a young boy rubbed his head.

"J-Jason?" Ella whirled around

Jason noticed the slit-mouthed creature, "Bloody mary."

Jason grabbed Ella's hand and dropped a smoke bomb onto the ground.

"How the hell-" Jason asked, holding onto Ella.

Ella was confused, "That's a dead spirit. Kuchisake-onna"

"What did you say?" Jason asked.

Ella replied, "Yes."

Jason grumbled, "God danggit you must be so stupid to say that!"



As Ella walked through the crumbling gray tombstones, the river reflected the light of the crescent moon and the leaves howled as if signaling for her to leave. A shadowy figure sat beside the wispy white willow.

“Dad?” she whispered softly, her bottom lip trembling.

The figure slowly stood up and turned slowly, it was her dad.

“Dad!” she squealed with relief, as she ran toward him, his eyes were warm, inviting.

She hugged him and his hands wrapped around her neck. Ella’s eyes went wide as his hands tightened like snakes around her neck. He smiled.

“Foolish child,” he said softly, “do you think I actually wanted someone as complicated as you?”

That was the last thing she heard before the dark well of water swallowed her up...



The howl of the wind grew louder, as if to cover up the sound of rustling leaves. As Ella reached the graveyard, the crunching of leaves grew louder, more obvious. What? Is someone here?

“Hello, I know you’re there.” Ella’s voice contained not even a quiver of fear, but her heart was pounding.

“It’s rude to follow someone, you know.”

The steady sound stopped, and the wind calmed.

Ella let out a sigh. “This isn’t funny. Come out. Now.”

There was a sharp edge to her voice.

As if to taunt her, the crunches started again, faster, louder. To the point that sounded like a tree trunk being smashed. The glint of a party hat flashed in the moonlight.

The graveyard, however, was filled with strange creatures; almost human like. There we limped like that and broke their leg. Ella took a closer look. They were humans, but dead humans. She didn’t believe in dead zombies, ghosts, or any other scary fantasy characters, but she had seen it with her own eyes. Ella pinched herself to make sure she wasn’t in a dream. “HELP!” Ella screamed as the zombies grew closer and closer. Luckily her dad was by the river to try to save her. He swooped her up and carried her all the way back home. From now on until the day she dies, she wouldn’t even go near the graveyard.



A cold wave of air rushed toward her tugging her jacket like an invisible hand.

“Ella,” A voice whispered. “Oh, Ella,”

Another blast of chilly wind threw Ella off her feet, and my body slammed into, something. No. Not something. Someone.

“You’ve come at last. I have been waiting for you,” Another blast of wind- but this time it was warm like they were welcoming Ella or they were just amused at the attempt.

The voice cackled, flicking into a snake and back into a bat. Visions of rattlesnakes, cobras, and anacondas entered her mind. As the full moon emerged into the clear sky, a group of snakes awoke from the brightness of the full moon and hissed at Ella.

“Who are you,” demanded Ella, a quiver in her voice. “Where are you,” bringing out her bow and arrow, and pointing it at endless land.

But, despite her worry about the snakes slithering up, the thing was now seen. A clear ghost, grinning and holding a bloody knife, twisted like a staff, snakes curling around it and a bat hung on the very tip.

“No,” Ella murmured, staring in disbelief at what she saw. “NO!” She screamed. “NO!”

“Oh, I assure you it’s me. Your sister,”

Another gust of wind, and Ella fell on a rock, sharpened like a diamond.

The voice laughed coldly.

And Ella eyes closed once and for all.



## Prompt: Random Word Warmup

There was a girl who wanted to make music. To save someone with that music. Day and night, she sat in front of her monitor, composing. Countless hours, countless days, on and on. Even with all this, the girl failed. Over. And over. That someone was still lost. Even as an elite composer, the girl always failed that someone. No matter how hard she tried.

One day, the girl thought to herself, what's the use of being acknowledged by the public, if I can't even compose something that will save the person most important to me? If I fail... what's my meaning in this world?

- Sophia



## Lesson: Scriptwriting

By the Thursday Class

Cast Of Characters

Character 1 : Kuchisake-Onna. Supernatural

Character 2 : Satan 😊

Character 3: Yellow Mouse – Emily

Character 4: Orange Dragon – Eliana

TIME: NIGHT

AT RISE:

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Yellow mouse: HEY! Why are you taking my pencil? You have your own.

Snatches his pencil back from Orange Dragon

Orange Dragon: Let me take a breather, okay? I just happened to lose mine.

Yellow Mouse: So you are making me deal with this supernatural case?

Orange Dragon: No. I help you do the research to get us here in the underworld.

We hope participating in WWWW was a fulfilling experience. It certainly was for us! Thank you so much again for attending our Thursday class!