

RJK MIDDLE SCHOOL Student Writing and Art Journal



Members of Middle Wrinkle Writing Group and Editing Crew

- Araceli, Gonzalez
- Emily Espinoza
- Zach Zuck
- Kayla Dumornay
- Natalie Torres-Hernandez
- Sarah Blume
- Karen Arina

Dear Readers,

Welcome to our student art and writing journal, *The Middle Wrinkle*. We are excited to share our work with you and celebrate creativity across a variety of genres and curriculums. For our Fall Quarterly Issue, we explore themes of autumn and horror, but there is something for everyone. This issue includes poetry, short fiction, anime character design, culinary arts, a staff interview, and a variety of student writing submissions. Enjoy! And don't forget to submit.

- Kayla Dumornay

We will be taking submissions for our Winter Quarterly Issue. Please send all submissions to Mrs. Braselmann at abraselmann@k12mcsd.net ...no later than January 18th 2023.

Staff Spotlight



Frank

RJK Security Guard
Interview
by Araceli Gonzalez

I'm from an Italian family that immigrated to Brooklyn in the 1940s. I went to high school at Tottenville High in Staten Island. I've been working in Monticello for two years. I used to work at Bank of America and Job Corp, but my favorite job is working as a security Guard in Monticello because I get to work with kids.

Back when I was younger, school was harder in a lot of ways because there wasn't all this technology to help us. It is really amazing what we can do now because of technology. If I could go back and give my younger self some advice, I would tell myself, as well as kids today, to invest and save money.

If I could go anywhere in the world, I would go to Bori Bori Island because it's beautiful and has so much beauty that you can't see anywhere else. My passions are traveling, spending time with friends and working. I'm also good with computers.

Want to join or contribute? Please contact:
Mrs. Braselmann at abraselmann@k12mcsd.net

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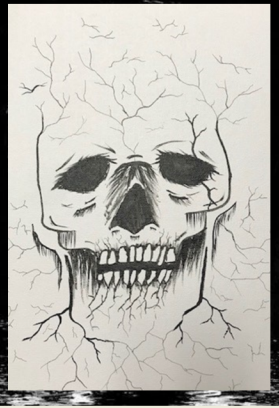
Anime Character Sketch

Kayla Dumornay
Natalie Torres-Hernandez

Featured Artist

Lisa Collins (8th)

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS Winter ISSUE (SEE LAST PAGE)



by Lisa Collins 8th grade

Autumn Poetry and Prose

POETRY



THANKFUL

No ghosts or goblins
Trick-or-treats,
No candy or flowers
for Yours sweets
No gifts to buy or
Presents to give
Just be THANKFUL
for the Life that you live

by Emily Espinoza (6th grade)

Fallen

The colors of the leaves, yellow,
orange and red
They all are different, just like
the seasons, people, and food
Warm soup steaming when it's
cold outside
The trees are dead,
and the birds leave for
wintertime
Although fall is almost to an end
We still have time to have fun,
in the warm sunshine

by Natalie Torres-Hernandez



Chain of seasons

Pumpkins are growing,
Leaves are falling.
Watch green to yellow,
Yellow and orange.
Crunch and shiver,
Leaves and cold
Enjoy this time and remember the
sunshine
Grey will fill the sky with sorrow
The tears turn cold,
the cold will be stopped by the warmth
from there to start all over
from this day
to the end of days
Only to start again.

by Araceli Gonzalez

Fall Weather

I sat by the window,
as the clouds threatened a storm
I was cuddled under my blanket,
feeling safe and warm
Now the leaves are falling fast
The sunny days surely won't last
October weather speaks bliss to me
Leaves fluttering from the autumn tree
Silently, I watched as the rain cried away
I wanted nothing more than the rain to stay

by Karen Arina (8th grade)

PLEASE SUBMIT YOUR
WINTER POEMS



Autumn Poetry and Prose

SHORT STORY

Doors

by Araceli Gonzalez

Seven a.m. She dresses in her black pants and black long sleeves. Brushes the curls out, but they always seem to go back to the way they were; they don't seem to like change. She grabs her bag and heads outside. She walks to school; she doesn't take a bus. She walks past the gas station and around the corner of the house with a lot of cats and through the long grass path that never gets cut. Along this path there is a floor with a door. No walls, no rubble, no door frame, just a small stick standing against it. No one to claim it. She continued to her school. On her way home, it stood out to her; she noticed something different. She would figure it out later; right now, she couldn't think of anything but her pillow. She let her bag slip onto the floor and fell into a deep to sleep.

That morning instead of walking past the door she went to explore it. She had never liked to explore. She never wanted to know more or know why. She still had to go to school. She decided to walk around school a little bit before she left for home. There's an old shed with a hole in the side. She looked around. No one was watching, she didn't think, she just did. She went through, there was mostly old equipment for sports. She tripe's and falls into a rotted bookshelf. A bunch of books fell off and there was a key. It was purple and it looked like pieces of metal twisted together and finished with the teeth for the key. She left the shed and some kids were standing outside.

"What was in there?" asked a girl.

"Just some old sports stuff and books and this key." The girls look at it hard and the others look uninterested in it. "We can try the weird door a few blocks down."

"I don't got anything better to do." said another. They went to the door. They tried to tip it over first, but it didn't move. They tried moving the stick, still didn't move. Then, they put in the key. It fit! They opened the door. There was a room. It had a chair with beautiful gold flowers. There were a lot of old books lying around. The others started to walk through the door. "I'm not going in there, Y'all are crazy." They all looked at each other in agreement. They grabbed her and pushed her through the door. She turned to run back. They closed it and locked it.

"You can let me out now!" She sat there for what felt like hours. She decided to look around. There was another door. She went through. It sorta looked like her house but bigger, way bigger. She continued to what looked like the front door. It opened to the same room she just came from. She climbed through the window and fell with a thump. She looked up to see that same beautiful, gold flower chair. "Noooo! no, no, no, NO!" She then began to look through all the books. Then she heard the creak of a door. She was about to begin running toward the door, but something wasn't right. The footsteps sounded heavy. Things felt wrong, very wrong. There wasn't a cluster of footsteps. It sounded like one person. It made a stop in its tracks. It sounded like it was about to walk her way. It stopped. A book is out of place around where it stopped. It led to another room. The door opened. "Now you can come out!" yelled one girl. Their voices sound closer. There were screams. She didn't move or even make a sound. Not a tear. She stayed there for a long time. She decided to go look for the kid who had the key and get out.

She went through another door. There was a bed with drapes. She heard heavy breathing. She looked under the bed. It was the girl who pushed her into the door.

"I'm so sorry, look I have the key. We can escape together. Or somewhere else if you want.

"I'm, sorry! You locked me in here for hours. And I couldn't find another way out. I'm not going anywhere but home."

"What! You were in here for five minutes."

"Maybe time goes faster here?"

"I don't care, let's just get out of here." She said loudly. For the time they were whispering. So, whatever was didn't hear them. They heard heavy footsteps.

"I'll find somewhere to hide."

She hid in a basket nearby; it looked like the one in her room. The door opened with a bang. There was another bang, then a scream. Then what sounded like trudging through snow. They were gone. She came out cautiously. There was snow on the floor. The bed is flipped...the key is under the nightstand...sticking out a little. There was water on the floor.

She ran as fast as she could. She heard a door and heavy footsteps behind her. She made it to the door and locked it. She heard a door and heavy footsteps behind her. She ran and zigzagged around the bookshelves. The door was open. There was one cat from that lady's house. She slammed the door closed. She ran all the way home. She went straight to bed and didn't say anything to her parents. She fell into a deep sleep when her door opened. She was too tired to open her eyes or even move.

"I'm trying to sleep." No response. Only heavy footsteps.

The End

PLEASE SUBMIT YOUR
WINTER SHORT STORIES

TWO SENTENCE HORROR STORIES



by Lisa Collins 8th grade

6th Grade

I was babysitting in the parent's room, there was a creepy clown statue down there. I walked downstairs, called the parents, and their words shocked me: "We don't have a clown statue," just then I heard screaming from the kid's room...!
- Jahkai Thomas-Kimble

"I went to school like I did every day. When I got home, I found out everyone had to get bowl cuts for one month!!!
Agh!
- Aubree Martinez

"My monster's name is Eddie the Vampire. He hides in the shadows and scares people in my basement, and I will feed him raw meat." -Jovanni Rodriguez

7th Grade

RISE AND FALL

You're outside of the apartment opening your door, and then you see yourself running ... so you follow after yourself to the top of a hill. Then you wake up-it was a dream - and then you fall. - Braden Clancy

THE LIGHT

My light kept flickering. I have no power.

THE CLOSET

I heard someone knocking from my closet. I live alone.
- Lajani Davis

THE NIGHT OF THE BLOOD MOON HORROR

The sun sets on a stormy night. Thunder wipes through the sky, zombies rise, and blood hour begins: bloody bodies and the vivid sound of pain and regret can be heard. - Noah Johnson

I finally closed my eyes as I went to bed.
I woke up underwater.
- Ahmilleyah Lacombe

8th Grade

My mom won't stop crying and screaming in the middle of the night. I visited her grave and asked her to stop, but it didn't help.

I hopped into the car, "take me to 666 Broadway Street, Monticello." My driver wasn't very chatty, so I checked my phone, *DING*, "Hey, it's your UBER, I'm outside."
- Dynasty Morcelo

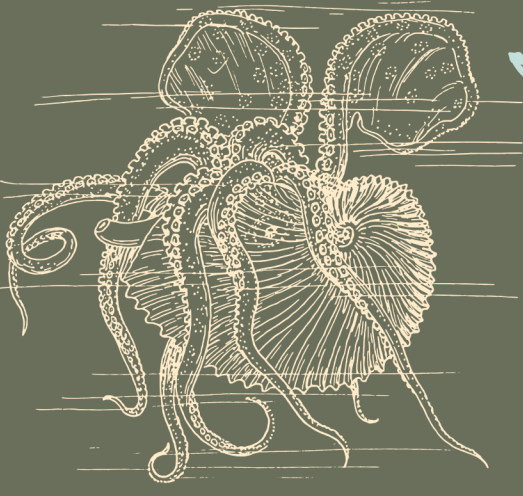
We ran through the empty school after we got locked in. Then we heard the speaker turn on. - Finn Osborn

Trying to go to sleep staring at the wall...the shadows of the trees are swaying. The shadows are walking towards me; I am not alone.
- Shevaun McCleod

Walking home during the evening alongside the streetlights. Snatched... and now I'm gone forever.
- Krachaun Cox

Once there was a girl named "Liza" who lived in a small town and had to cross a bridge to get to town and see her grandmother. One very late night, Liza started walking home and came upon the river where she saw a woman dressed as a bride at night crying in the river; when Liza got closer, she asked her if she was alright, but the woman had no head and disappeared into the foggy depths of the river. - Gina Jimenez

I woke up in a place I didn't know, and all I saw were gray walls. I walked around the area, kept seeing the same walls in all the rooms then all the doors closed at once, and I smelled smoke...everything was on fire; I tried to open the door, but it wouldn't budge...I was slowly melting, melting away.
- Jason George

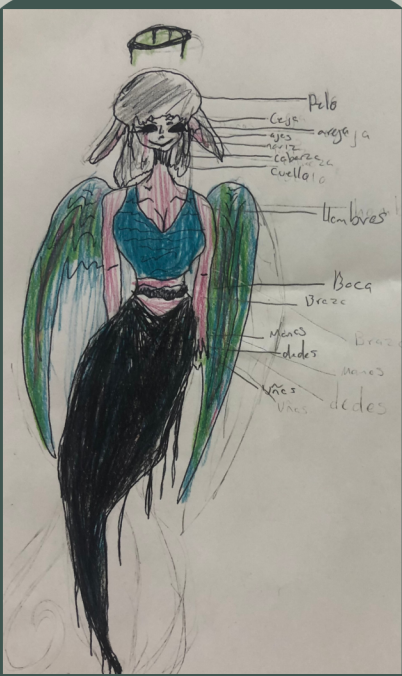


In the classroom ...

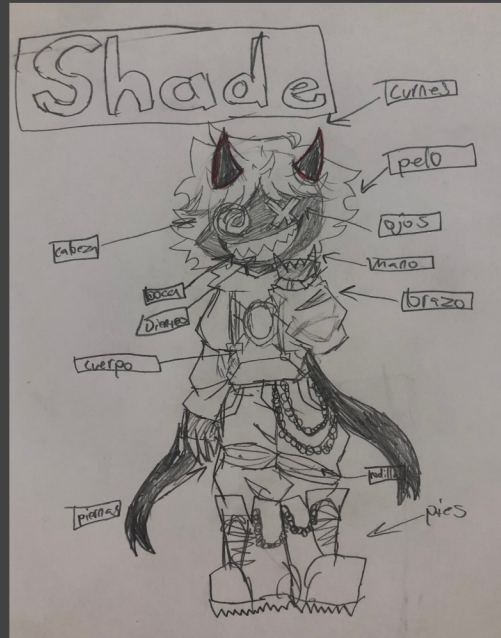
with Mrs. Sanes-Pellot

SPANISH CLASS

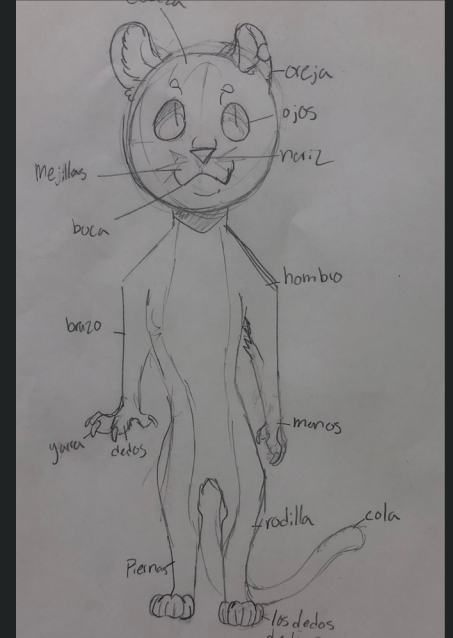
Mrs. Sanes puts a spooky spin on teaching the parts of the body in Spanish class. These creatively creepy creatures are hard to miss in the 200 wing stairwell. While each project was truly unique, imaginative, and well executed, here are a few that stood out and were selected for publication. Enjoy!



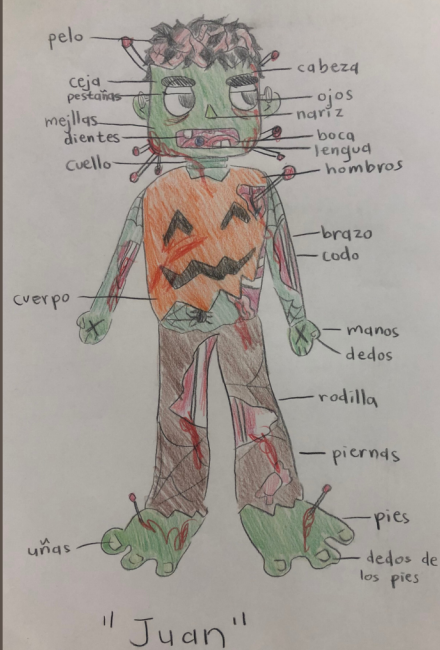
Anonymous



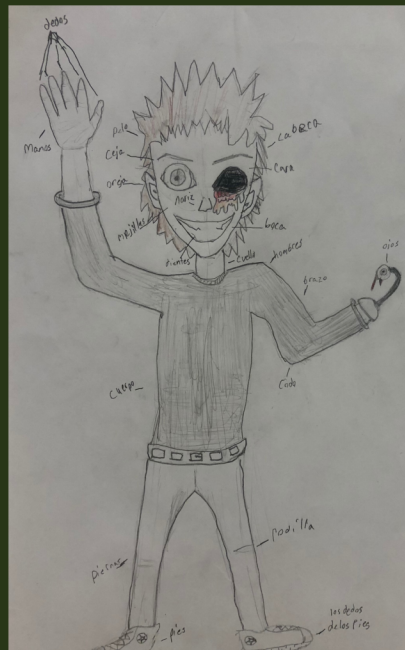
by Sarah Blume



by Elecssia Kruszka



Anonymous



by Anthony Perri





WRITING ACTIVITY ...

Monticello-Ku: "845's"

The Assignment: Inspired by the Haiku, the Monticello-Ku is a three lined poem that articulates aspects of the political and social life of Monticello teens (e.g. the way the world is and the way the world could be) by identifying injustices and issues facing teens in our community and providing a solution to these challenges by using our 845 area code as the structure of the poem. Instead of using a specific number of syllables, like in a Haiku, we use words instead.

Structure

8 - words that describe a challenge teens in your school or local community face

4 - words that reflect on critical change or action

5 - words that offer a solution or hope

Please! **Submit** your 845's for our next issue. Please provide an explanation to your thinking.

Student Example

We all feel the need to be important
We come with ideas
Try to make ourselves known

by Araceli Gonzalez

Explanation:

The first line, "We all feel the need to be important," shows that people don't want to be alone, but they also don't want to be the same as everyone else; we want to be unique. Sometimes we want to feel like we mean something to others.

For my second line, I decided to give some action to this challenge that we face. "We come with ideas" means people come up with ways to be seen by others and speak out, too.

My last line, "Try to make ourselves known," means we all try to do things to get people to notice us and have some type of representation whether to be kind, helpful, or funny. We want others to know who we are.



ZACH ZUCH

chef



HOMEMADE MAC AND CHEESE



Ingredients:
 2 lbs elbow macaroni
 1 ½ cup milk
 2 cups shredded cheese (keep
 ½ cup separate)
 1 stick butter
 2 ½ tsp Ground pepper
 1tsp Salt (this is not used for
 salting the water)

Preheat oven to 350 degrees

- In a medium size pot boil water for pasta .
- Sprinkle salt in the water (this is so the macaroni doesn't stick). Pour in macaroni and boil according to directions on box.
- Next, strain cooked macaroni and chop butter into cubes
- Melt butter in a sauce pan on low heat gradually adding cheese(s)
- Keep mixing until all is combined.
- Add milk gradually.
- When all combined remove from heat
- Return macaroni to pot and add cheese sauce
- Mix completely adding salt and pepper
- Add mixture to a glass pan and spread evenly
- Bake for 30 mins
- Half way through sprinkle remaining cheese on top

ENJOY!

** Whenever using sharp kitchen utensils or the oven, please have adult permission and supervision.

FOOD OF THE MONTH

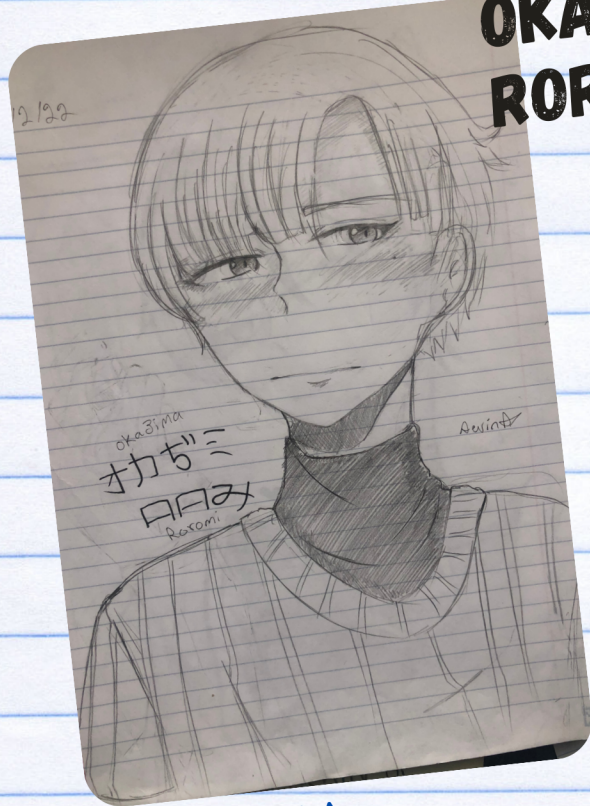


Pomegranate FACTS:

- Packed with nutrients and antioxidants
- Helps inflammation
- May have anti-cancer properties
- Benefits your heart
- Improves exercise endurance
- Good for your brain
- Great for Digestion

ANIME & MANGA

OKAJIMA ROROMI



BY KAYLA
DUMORNAY

CHARACTER SKETCH 1

Roromi is a character I made a month ago, he is an East Asian character with dark hair and brown eyes. He has a deep calm voice, but it changes to a softer mid-pitch voice, depending on his mood. His friends tend to say that his voice makes them fall asleep, either that, or it makes them feel safe. His hair is short, though he wishes he had long hair. He is 6'1 tall, but he is a little underweight for an 18-year-old. Roromi has a mixed personality; sometimes he is sad and often only responds with an "okay" or "mmhm." Other times, he is overly excited to the point where he's shivering or shaking; although, most people who don't know him think he's annoying when he's excited. He gets a little boisterous and sometimes cuts people off from talking. Overall, he's positive in his "manic state." There's much more to his personality, it just depends on who is around. Roromi has friends who are open around him about literary everything. Although when Roromi is around "popular" female or males, he is quiet, and doesn't want to say anything to get himself in trouble even though most "popular" people in his school are nice to him, and even sometimes want to hang out with him. But Roromi sticks to himself.

BY NATALIE TORRES-HERNANDEZ



INKURA



BY NATALIE TORRES-HERNANDEZ

CHARACTER SKETCH 2

Inkura is a 15-year-old female who is made of 50% ink. The rest of her is human. She has long black hair, white skin, black eyes, and freckles. She is the product of an experiment that went horribly wrong; she was taken away from her parents once she was born to be used as a lab rat.



HEY, YOU!

Check it out!



CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

What we want for Quarter 2 Winter Issue:

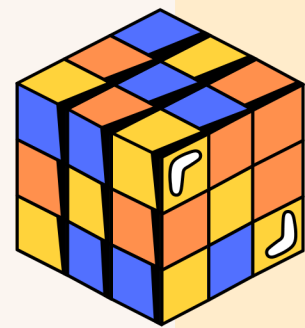
- Poems or Short fiction with themes of nighttime, winter, isolation, beauty
- 845 Poems
- Any writing about Identity...Who are you?
- New Year resolutions and what the Best You looks like?
- Descriptive writing about family holiday traditions and/or cultural heritage
- Writing about Basketball
- Art or Character Sketches
- Interesting photography
- Seasonal Nature/Science Writing (Beauty of Math)
- Any other ideas or writing interests...please let email me

Submit to abraselmann@k12mcsd.net

(as word doc., include name, grade)

Join our Writing group, Every other Wed. in room 202

Now go make something awesome!!



OUR DIGITAL WRITING
JOURNAL IS ON
MONTICELLO'S WEBSITE!

