<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Valley Friendship Club</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Dad</td>
<td>Maya</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Chad</td>
<td>Hannah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Dear God</td>
<td>Jenny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Athlete</td>
<td>Livia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>At the Beach</td>
<td>Carlie Kothe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>The Call of the Sea</td>
<td>Wes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Mom</td>
<td>Jade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>When I’m Older</td>
<td>Beth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Spirit Halloween</td>
<td>Chad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Creative Writing Intensive Team</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Argenta and the Conjurers</td>
<td>all the CWI Participants</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>State of Revenge</td>
<td>Parker Nutter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>1965’s Romeo and Juliet - Prelude</td>
<td>Badrah Abdullahi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>One’s Will - A Summary of a Novel</td>
<td>Kaleigh King</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Assassin’s Trust</td>
<td>Victor Lam</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>November.</td>
<td>Mason Borchardt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>ALONE</td>
<td>Jayda Boutchee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Secrets</td>
<td>Sarrah Abdullahi</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## Table of Contents

14 **The Sun**  
By: Katie Peterson

15 **Self Destructive Love**  
By: Kaden MacLeish

16 **A Cold Night Freezes**  
By: Cece Lopez

17 **Untitled**  
By: Makayla Swanson

18 **We Won’t Forget**  
(Israel-Palestine conflict)  
By: Mayaddah Abdullahi

19 **Podcast Team**

21 **SUNDOWNY Podcast**

22 **The Weight on Waynes Shoulders Podcast**

23 **Reaper Beside Me Podcast**

24 **The Truth Behind Real Estate Podcast**

25 **Dragon’s Bane Online Podcast**

26 **The Winged Ones Podcast**

27 **Film Camp Team**

29 **Animation Short: Coffee Break**

30 **Short Film: Yuji’s Day**

31 **Mother Mother**

32 **Program Directors & Emerging Professionals**
Maya
Maya's loves to go to the beach and listen to Charlie Puth. When she's not listening to Charlie Puth, she loves to read chapter books.

Livia
Livia loves to listen to music because it keeps her moving. She can always be found with a book in her purse. She works at the local bookstore (Valley Bookseller) so knows all the good ones.

Jenny
Jenny loves to Watch Youtube and listen to The Backstreet Boys and Jonas Brothers. When she's not listening to either of those artists, she loves to read chapter books.

Jade
Jade's loves to listen to music, especially Pat Benatar and Neil Giraldo. When she's not listening to Pat Benatar she loves to read parenting books.

Hannah
Hannah's loves to play cards, solve puzzles, and listen to Taylor Swift. When she's not listening to Taylor Swift, she loves to read Mary Poppins.
Chad
Chad is a popular actor. He is a star in Mama Mia. Chad loves Halloween, and is the Buccaneers #1 Fan!

Carlie
Carlie loves hanging out and talking to her friends. She also loves listening to music, especially Disney music and music from musicals like Mama Mia.

Beth
Beth’s loves to sing and listen to Twenty One Pilots. When she's not listening to Twenty One Pilots, she loves to read fiction.

Wes
Wes loves airplanes and likes to listen to music. When he's not listening to music, he loves to read airplane stories.
Dad
By: Maya

My dear Father, you are my big buddy
I hope you spend time with me always
You are my loving father
You are my father to go watch movies at the movie theater
You are a part of my life

Chad
By: Hannah

I Have a Boyfriend named Chad.
He makes me Laugh and smile.
He makes me giggle

Dear God
By: Jenny

Dear God
It is hard for me
to leave Camp Castaway
due to the Covid
I kept it strong
for all around the world
to make a better place
I think about every day
It makes me sad
P.S. I kept it together to stop the Covid
Love Jenny

Athlete
By: Livia
I work two days a week
Feels like I’m an athlete
Coffee car, mocha Mondays
I’m always on my feet

At the Beach
By: Carlie Kothe
I love having fun with my family
I love playing in the ocean waves
I love making sand castles
I love seeing dolphins
I love a sunny day
At the Beach I am Happy!
The Call of the Sea
By: Wes

The call of the sea is soothing and relaxing
It’s waves really are very engaging
Going over them with a boat
Really is very fun
Swimming through them is very enlightening

Mom
By: Jade

My dear Mother
You are my hope
I hope that you
spend time with me
You are my light of day
You make my life special
Family, love and life
You are my angel

When I’m Older
By: Beth

I want to be a singer/songwriter
when I grow up
or a camp counselor when I grow up
I’m a singer
I want a great year
Someday I want to marry someone when
I’m older
I want to continue to dance

Spirit Halloween
By: Chad

This year I want to have fun on Halloween
With costumes, makeup, and masks galore
I always look forward to this holiday
when I can help people to find what they need
Creative Writing Intensive Team

Cece Lopez
Cece spends most of her time writing little short stories. She also likes anime and enjoys being outside. When she's older she wants to be an English teacher for high school students.

Kaden MacLeish
Kaden is a daring young individual who strives to one day share their many stories with the world. They find a second home in the outdoors, and enjoy laughing with friends and exploring forms of creative expression.

Kaleigh King
Kaleigh spends most of her time drawing, playing games, and working. She loves to draw and watch movies, she also loves horror. When she gets older she wants to work in business.

Maya Abdullahi
Maya likes to spend most of her time reading, baking, learning new things, and playing video games. She wants to become a general surgeon for the Doctors Without Borders program when she is older.

Sarrah Abdullahi
Sarrah spends most of her time reading, playing video games and watching anime. She loves reading YA novels and wants to write a YA book someday.
Katie Peterson
Katie spends most of her time running or playing video games. She loves to write poems and maybe be a poet when she gets older.

Jayda Boutchee
Jayda loves to work on her book which is a fantasy novel.

Parker Nutter
Parker enjoys reading, writing, and hanging out with their dogs. They love horror movies and horror type books. They plan to become a speech therapist in the future.

Badrah Abdullahi
Badrah is the second eldest in her family of 10. She usually spends her time writing, reading, or painting. She loves art but strives to be an engineer someday.

Liliana Emery
Liliana spends most of her time with children, teaching them, and most of all learning new things about children and their lives to help keep writing.

Makayla Swanson
Makayla loves to write short stories and enjoys painting in her free time.
Smoke and tears blur her vision as the smell of the fire burns in front of her. Argenta watches through teary eyes as her mother’s ashes scatter around the burning stake. Panic fills the young girl’s chest as her mind processes the horror she has just witnessed. Questions blaze through her mind. *Why? What did she do that warranted this? Why wasn’t it stopped?*

Argenta doesn’t even notice her tears evaporating from the heat of the pyre. Everything was happening so fast. Was her father watching this next to the king? He could have—should have—stopped it. Humans were supposed to be just and honorable. There was no justice to be dealt here.

The confusion and fear of the unknown builds in her chest. The fear of everyone’s eyes overtakes Argenta more so than any other feelings. She has to get away. She has to get away from everyone. She can’t show weakness. Before she even knows where she is going, Argenta is running. She runs as fast as she can away from the heat and horrid smell of the blaze. Away from the people she thought she could trust.

Alone, Argenta stops, gasping for air as she takes in the wooded surroundings she finds herself in. She’s been here before. A mass of trees for miles outside of the kingdom. While usually people might find this space calming, all it did was bring a swell of memories and emotions back to Argenta. All the happy times of playing in the trees, racing to the stream nearby, picnics and walks. All the happiness turns to sorrow. Her mother’s suffering drapes a blanket of striking pain over each of those happy times. Tears once again swell in her eyes and that bubbling feeling that filled her chest before overtakes Argenta’s mind. It grows and grows until a screech of everything that has been building releases. A blast of power splinters surrounding trees and sends a shockwave of her destruction through the nearby vicinity.

As the shockwave dissipates, focus comes back to Argenta’s mind. *What just happened?*

*To read the rest of the story, use this QR code*
State of Revenge
By Parker Nutter

The demon cowers with his midnight scleras becoming more and more visible, lips pulled back in fear, revealing rows upon rows of sharp teeth. The normally arrogant and ferocious creature was now in a state of pure terror. As my hand lowers itself to feel the hilt of my dagger, the demon makes a motion as if trying to escape from its horrible fate. I stab my dagger into the floor, a mere inch from where his hand rested a moment ago. His hands pull back in shock. In his eyes, I was the judge, jury, and executioner. He should be glad that this is what’s happening to him. My hands make their way around his neck, slowly gripping tighter with each breath he takes.

1965’s Romeo and Juliet - Prelude
By Badrah Abdullahi

“He didn’t have to lose his life…it didn’t have to be this way,” Richie’s mother sobbed. The other mourners nodded their heads as they wiped a few tears. It was the spring of 1965, and the funeral service was nothing you’d expect. Blacks and whites gathered together at a joint funeral. Two open caskets faced each other, two caskets of star crossed lovers, whose love was doomed from the very beginning. The caskets were closed, and everyone got up to watch them be lowered into the ground. Two mothers held each other, crying. Two who despised each other at the beginning but came to love each other at the end…but at what cost?

One’s Will - A Summary of a Novel
By: Kaleigh King

Melissa: the famous 24 year old lawyer that has no recollection of her parents or her past. There is one thing however that nobody knows… she is special. Her days as a lawyer have gone swift and smoothly. However, one day that all changed, when Melissa met this cocky man that is being convicted for murder. During his trial everything went as normal. However, one thing was off… Melissa couldn’t read his thoughts. Her life was thrown in a whirlwind, from trying to find her parents and running away from the government with this stranger that goes by the name of James Peirce. Will they escape from the government? Will Melissa find her parents?
Assassin’s Trust
By: Victor Lam

Ever since the war began, the attitude of the land has changed. Going from full of dreams and wishes, to kill or be killed. Some opportunists have even begun building businesses off of that saying, ranking the best of the best assassins against each other. Currently, I rank sixth in the world. The name’s Moonshine, but I’m better known as Radon because I normally use nerve gasses and smoke bombs to take down my targets. In addition, I can do some hand to hand combat as well as use throwing knives. That will be useful as I’ve recently been hired to take down someone of importance in a nearby town. I don’t have very fond memories of that town, but, I can’t be picky about this job since I’ve had worse.

Regardless, this job will pay me quite the pretty penny. Seeing as the bounty of this target is set at a decent ten thousand dollars, I don’t exactly mind taking a train to get to where I need to go. I might even go for a private first class room since the top ten ranked assassins get fancy things like that. The only problem is, trains aren’t the most common thing to come by. Due to the fact that the location of my target is only a few towns away from where I am, I suppose I’ll have to settle for going on foot through the forest; however, that even has its negatives. People really like to sit and wait for victims to let their guard down in the forest and that is when they get ambushed. Although, that’s the least of my problems. There are people in my target’s town that would take me down the first chance they get. Alright, the plan for when I get into town is to quickly duck into the nearest alley or building. At this moment and time, it should be relatively easy because almost all the windows have been broken in.

Finally here. It seems relatively safe, so I’ll just cut to the chase and head towards the building my employer said to go to in order to avoid any spying eyes.

Right, the building has twenty floors to clear, and the first nineteen floors barely have any guards. The only one left must have my target. Walking up to the top floor grasping my combat knife along with some nerve gas bombs, I open the door just slightly to peer inside. Since there isn’t much light in the room, I feel comfortable actually going into the room and then ducking for cover. To my surprise, I hear a familiar voice call out to me.

“ Took you long enough Radon,” it said. That voice belonged to my employer for this assignment.

“What are you doing here?” I responded.

Suddenly, a third voice reveals itself, and if my memory serves me correctly, it belongs to the top ranked assassin Redsoul.

“Radon, you’ve shown quite the impressive amount of improvement since you started allowing yourself to be ranked. However, this is where you’ve hit the end of your luck.”

Before I was given a chance to understand what was happening, I had been cut with a tipped knife containing nerve poison. I looked down at who had attacked me, and it was none other than my employer. As I fell to the ground completely paralyzed, I was able to slightly look up to see Redsoul receding into the shadows.

“Leave him. We’ve wasted enough time here. The poison will finish him.” he said.

“Yes sir.” responded my employer turning to walk after Redsoul. With my final breath before my entire body was unmoveable, I cursed my employer and Redsoul that one day I will get my revenge.
Lure me into the deep, pathless woods.  
Let me stir up the darkness with the soles of my feet  
My head is cast iron, red-hot.  
Stifling.  
Throw something in, see if it catches, cauterizes.  
I think I remember a story.  
A lost traveler.  
Hungry, desperate  
Alone.  
Sliced the tail of a sleeping beast.  
Is there pleasure in the pain of being by myself?  
No pocketwatch to inherit, no traditions to keep  
Take me to the forest, let me slice that darkness out.  
Like the Tailypo, like the pig’s throat.  
Dropped into a bubbling red sea.  
Let me feel the weight of something my parents carried, solitary.  
Collecting its shards into my basket.  
Wrapped gently in checkered cloth.  
If we are to remain delible, welt the oaks, woe is us.  
If we are to remain delible, why make a mark at all?  
My mother keeps a bottle of wood duff on her nightstand.  
Dirt from the grave of my sixth great grandmother  
Buried somewhere lost upstate.  
The gravestones, a flush of fly agarics.  
Something that only reveals itself after an autumn rain.  
Cold that sets into your bones  
Silence.  
I felt their eyes on me, every single one.  
Blank stares begging me to answer why I let my forbearers crumble away.  
Soil littered with limestone, lead-white.  
Walk away, let them sleep once more.  
Everything eats and gets eaten.  
The buck-thorn will inevitably encroach, what we uncover is in the interim  
Time is fed.  
Who exactly are we running from?  
If I am the product of my ancestors’ suffering  
I worry that I am the comet everyone turned skyward for.  
I worry that I’ll think about what they would think.  
I won’t think about what they would think.  
Oh god.  
I’m lost.  
And I can’t  
Find  
Home.
ALONE
By: Jayda Boutchee

People are high people are low
People know the feeling of being alone
Feeling alone even when you’re with people
That is a feeling that sometimes has a sequel
You begin to lose people you know
When this is something out of your control
The darkest corners of your mind become safe
It’s like you’re in a dark cave
Looking for the nooks and crannies but just finding yourself stuck
With no map and just luck
Giving up tends to be a common occurrence
But all you really need is reassurance
People are high people are low
People know the feeling of being alone

Secrets
By: Sarrah Abdullahi

They slither out in the quietest of nights;
Whispering and cradling in the darkness.
Only witnessed by;
Lights of moon and stars,
Shadows of houses and trees.
Always listening;
always watching.
Keeping secrets buried within;
Telling not a soul.

The Sun
By: Katie Peterson

The great gorgeous sun, so bright and yellow.
I get so excited to see it rise from the dark
and shallow night.
You are the heart of all this earth, you and
your yellow ray of light.
**Self Destructive Love**  
By: Kaden MacLeish

Words fail my graphite tongue and my spoken text when I think of you  
Because loving you is like loving a self proclaimed Lucifer  
It gives you a sense of freedom and rebellion but convicts you to a prison of hate  
Loving you is like diving into the water in search of Oxygen breathing in only to drown  
Watching you stay far with glasses that make you look close  
Searching for your heart but all I can find is your sexual desire you substitute for care  
I change myself  
Cutting off pieces so I can fit in your puzzle  
So I can click into a permanent place in your story  
Unbeknownst the full picture is ugly  
Ugly like the promised lie off your lips translating to love  
My want was a dream for your mind and yours only a grasp at my body  
While you come from lust I beg for charity  
Damn your filthy mouth on mine, don’t taint my lips with your toxic masculinity  
Secrets you so rudely thrust down my throat are now out for the world to see because I  
shouldn’t have to choke on them to keep you pleased  
Hear my voice fade to grey like the memories we made that you replaced with your greed  
The voice that could have healed you, you simply blocked out so you could pout about  
your childish wants Without your outlet the power fades  
Black out and confusion become my everyday day  
You calmed my fear, when you made others afraid  
I crave you, my safe place, but you set yourself aflame  
You might be used to this domain like hell  
But it toxicates me poisoning my brain with smoke  
Leaving burns on my mind and heart and I choke  
You can’t expect me to keep coming back to get burned again  
When I stay gone don’t make me into one of your pitiful stories  
Tools to charm someone else Come and heal me from the marks you made  
The hell you put me throughAnd Change Change so I can write something good in these  
pages instead of smearing them with the remains of my broken heart  
Be the man I know you can be I need your soul not to get smothered by the faults of  
humanity Because I only have so much of myself to put in your sad sad stories  
And I only have so much of me to give at all  
I need pieces left to build and grow on  
Pieces left to mold into something new  
You can’t have them all  
This stagnant race is a pointless effort  
Breaking the loop seems impossible when my brain won’t stop repeating the lie that I  
need youThe worst kind of love is unconditional  
And It’s not you I hate so much but me  
That’s the real tragedy  
That’s my real fault  
Because I’m not to blame for getting burned by your flames  
Yet I want to be  
So I can view you as a better person then you turned out to be
It was December and the snow was white as ever. The glimmer of the snow shining on the ground. The fresh breeze going through your hair. You’re in the car going down the road feeling the wind and then the car stops. Your world stops, everything comes to an end. You get a call, they say dangerous words. Words you never want to hear, you have cancer. Your heart sinks, your eyes fill with tears, you feel nothing. In that moment you can’t simply just go on. Your world stops, everything stops. It’s like drowning in a dream. You can’t move, you can’t breathe, you can’t do anything.

The word cancer is so scary. No one likes that word, everyone thinks that word means that you’re gone for. There are multiple types of cancer. Although no one wants cancer, you could say you’re lucky if you don’t have to go through radiation or chemo. Cancer is never easy, no matter how severe it is. All the poking and prodding. NO ONE UNDERSTANDS! People say I get what you’re going through is hard. No one knows what you’re going through, what you’re experiencing. The concept of cancer is hard to grasp. You can’t tell if you’re going to die, you can’t tell if you’re lucky.
As I draw my bow ready to make my move on the unsuspecting doe, I can’t shake the feeling of a set of eyes on me. I shrug it off, but I can feel it watching from the shadows waiting to strike. Just as I go to move in, I hear a twig snap and the hair on my neck begins to stand straight up. The panic sets in, and I know it’s time to run. I know I’m no longer the hunter but now the prey.

I begin weaving through the trees trying to put as much space between me and IT as possible. But it stays close. This once familiar forest turns into a labyrinth. I can feel the trees shifting. I’m no longer sure of my direction. I feel it creeping up behind me. I look back and see a black entity that has no identifiable features. This creature is unworldly.

My adrenaline finally starts to kick in. Just as I begin to get far enough away. I’m met at a crossroads. Do I go left or right? I’m unsure. I can’t afford hesitation so I just stick left. The further I travel the more I notice the path growing darker and darker. I listen for the footsteps but I hear nothing. The forest is silent. I can’t even hear the leaves rustling.

I pause to catch my breath. I survey my surroundings and a glint of light catches my eye. I follow it deeper into the path. As the light begins to grow, the sound of the birds chirping, leaves rustling, and tiny animals scurrying around returns. With the growing light, the noises amplify and become deafening.

Everything is spinning. I can feel myself losing balance. I lose consciousness and wake up in my room. I walk into the kitchen still in a daze. I look at my father who is sitting at the kitchen table reading a newspaper. I sit across from him and lay my head on the table. I’ve never felt so exhausted. This once comforting place feels draining.

I can’t explain it but something feels off. I know I’m just being paranoid but that dream felt so real. I sit deep in thought until I feel a hand on my shoulder. It has a sort of familiarity to it. The hand is warm and open. I look up to see who the hand belongs to, and I see my mother’s face looking down at me. I pull away. Fear and anxiety courses through my body. My mother has been missing for over 7 years. It was at that moment I knew I never made it out of the forest, and I never will.
We Won’t Forget
(Islam-Palestine conflict)
By: Mayaddah Abdullahi

Today we are vulnerable
Today we were attacked
Today our homes are war-torn, and stolen
Today we hold another funeral
Today we are dying one by one
Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children, and elders
Killed without mercy
And for what? Holding a stone?
Today we go hungry
And today we fight
Today we protest
And today we are ignored
Today we are wronged
But tomorrow we rise
Remember what you have done
Remember and regret
The cries and plea’s of the dead
The blood you shed
Remember the number of kids left without a family
Remember the screams of the children and the families of the deceased
And Remember that all you have done, the death and the destruction you caused was all for something that wasn’t even yours
Remember because we will not forget
Podcast Team

Caitlyn Doughty
Caitlyn loves stories and getting to tell them in fun ways, especially with other people. She enjoys both podcasts and theater.

Gillian Greeder
Gill spends a lot of her time with art, reading, and enjoying cinematography. She loves painting, and wants to be an actor when she's older.

Michael Miller
Michael enjoys listening to podcasts and wanted to learn how to produce one professionally.

Safiya Farah
Safiya spends most of her time watching kdramas, trying new restaurants, and looking at new sights.

Shania Youssef
Shania spends most of her time volunteering in dental offices and charities, reading, playing volleyball, going to church, and organizing events at school. In the future, she wants to be a dentist.
Ramzy Youssef
Ramzy loves to play sports and workout. He also loves playing video games with his friends. Ramzy is very creative and likes to make stories. He wants to be a doctor and on the side, do some acting.

Gabbie Akinyemi
Gabbie is a very artistic and creative person. In her free time, she loves to design outfits and watch true crime. In the future Gabbie would like to be a fashion designer

Naomi Herr
In Naomi's free time she loves to make vlogs and covers on her YouTube channel. She is also very ambitious and creative, which lead to her wanting to become a musician or a doctor.

Rodas Tsehaye, Betel Fisehay, Sadiya Farah, Dharayu Barento, Nady Youseff
When Calvin finds himself being hunted by a supernatural monster, his only hope is Fern, the seasoned monster hunter who is unable to feel fear.

Podcast Team:

Ramzy
Rodas
Betel
Lee
Cadence

Scan to listen
Podcast: "The Weight on Wayne's Shoulders"

When his mom becomes sick with COVID, Wayne has to shoulder the responsibility of paying bills, working extra hours, and taking care of his little brother to make ends meet.

Family Means has been committed to the Landfall manufactured home community since 1993. Family Means' free, year-round programming equips youth ages 5 to 18 to learn, thrive, connect, and contribute throughout their lives.

Podcast Team
Gio
Joshiann
Gaby
Jonathan
Leslee

Scan to listen

FamilyMeans
YOUTH DEVELOPMENT
Down on his luck, writer Wilbur finds himself face with trials of reviving himself while being “guided” by influencer grim reaper Gigi

Podcast Team:

Peyton
Maggie
Victor
Shania
Join Shahd and Naomi as they interview Real Estate Agent Patty Neeson on the ins and outs of being an agent, homebuying, and selling.
When four friends get stuck in their favorite video game, what will they do and how will they get home?

Podcast Team

Sommerdai
Caitlyn
Gill
Mike
HUSH JR HAS BECOME 

The
Winged
Ones

As their search turns deadly, finding the difference between friends and foes becomes increasingly difficult, and betrayals abound. What will happen next?

Help our story take flight. Register and join today!
Film Camp Team

Bobbi Dickerson
Bobbi loves spending her time making stop-motion animation and wants to be a stop-motion animator at Laika Studios when she grows up. She also loves writing songs on her piano and ukulele.

Kaleigh King
Kaleigh spends most of her time drawing, watching movies, and playing with animals. She loves to be adventurous and try new things and wants to be a therapist or involve herself in a business when she is older.

Wyatt Lowe-Adams
Wyatt spends most of his time skateboarding and hanging out with friends. He also enjoys traveling and photography.

Lily Doffing
Lily spends most of her time sketching, reading, and hanging out with friends. She loves school and learning and wants to be either a professor or a graphic designer when she is older.

Delaney Clendenen
Delaney spends a lot of the time writing and doing martial arts. She really likes to be in her imagination and wants to be a writer when she gets older.
Gill Greeder
Gill likes to spend her time painting, writing, and reading. She really loves originality and wants to be an actor and/or a director in the future.

Josheline Sevilla
Josheline loves to spend her time playing video games with her friends and family, she also loves spending time with her dog and going on walks. She wants to be a undercover agent when she's older.

Victor Lam
Victor is what you would call a night owl type of person. During the day, he spends every free moment zoning out and listening to music.

Chase King
Chase loves creating and making people laugh. Future plans include animation and game design.

Ethen Johnson
Ethen plays Hockey And Skates
A stressed Detective ruminates on an unsolved case

Animation Team:

Kaleigh
Lilyana
Victor
Chase
Mattie

Scan to watch
After being overwhelmed by his parents arguing, Yuji decides to get some space on his skateboard.

Film Team

Wyatt
Ethen
Gill
Bennett
Flora

Scan to watch
Be careful what you wish for..

Film Team

Bobbi
Delaney
Josheline

Scan to watch
Program Directors & Emerging Professionals

Daniella Embu
Daniella likes writing short stories and loves stories because of the power they hold. She loves hanging out with friends and plans to major in psychology.

Lee Howl
Lee spends most of his time reading, writing, and playing video games. He is working on a bachelor of individualized studies in theater, communication studies, and english literature, and hopes to be a sound designer after graduation.

Shahd Abouhekel
She has led a creative team that brought awareness to issues that included racism, bullying, cultural representation, micro-aggressions and stereotypes. Shahd is attending the University of Minnesota Twin Cities to pursue her dreams of working in the medical field.

Emily Tamrat
When not on TikTok, Emily tries her best to stay busy. She has been with Storyark for almost 4 years and loved every moment of it especially writing and recording podcasts in the recording room.

Fatima Menawa
Fatima is passionate about community organizing and law, as well as abolitionist work. Her current favorite read is "We Do This Till We Free Us" by Mariame Kaba. Fatima hopes one day to be a lawyer or work for a nonprofit.
Davitta Embu
Davitta loves to be creative and tell stories. On her free time she likes to write short stories, plays, poems, and enjoys acting as well.

Chinwenwa Anyamele
Chinwenwa enjoys reading, listening to music, spending time with friends and watching horror movies. She loves getting to know people and sharing ideas with them and hopes to be a child therapist in the future.

Maggie Odumuyiwa
Maggie is a writer and voice actor for StoryArk and loves seeing a story come together from the original vision. She dreams to work in a field where she can use her child psychology major well and help future kids and teens

Wisdom Nunn
Wisdom Nunn is a self taught animator and artist with his own web series, “Bob’s World!” At Storyark, he’s helped kids tell stories through the medium of animation.

Elizabeth Manly -Spain
Elizabeth has a love for creating, and being surrounded by stories. You can often find her reading, spending time with friends, or tending to her growing plant garden.

Leslee Menjivar
Leslee attends the University of St. Thomas. Leslee loves to listen to podcast about True Crime and Horror. She enjoys writing and working as a team to create stories. She's been part of StoryArk for around 4 years now.
Sommerdai Kier

Sommerdai loves to spend time with their cats as they write or read or draw. They love being creative and use every change they can get to do so in any medium- Dungeons and Dragons is something they spend way too much time on.

Mattie Nunn

Mattie is a musician in a sibling band called NUNNABOVE. She studies fashion design at the University of Minnesota, and writes for a cartoon web series "Bob's World". At Storyark she helps students tell their stories through film and animation.

Flora Sherr-Nelson

Flora is about to start her last year at UW-River Falls, where she is majoring in film and marketing. She loves video production, and in her spare time enjoys playing guitar, reading, and D&D.

Peyton Zignego

Peyton Zignego is happily serving as StoryArk's Podcasting Program Director! Currently, she is in Chicago as an undergraduate student at Columbia College Chicago working towards a double major in Radio Voiceover and Animation.

Cadence Nunn

Cadence Nunn is an Americas Got Talent participant (Season 13). She is a singer/songwriter based in the Twin Cities. She works with StoryArk as a creative writing mentor for students as well as a Literary Arts Program Director.
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