

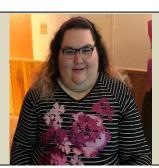


Welcome!

Welcome to the CWR's newspaper, The SCRIBE, written for students by students. Our goal is to foster an energetic, active community and this newspaper aims to reflect that. We hope you enjoy the content found within these pages and if you wish to write contributions or comments you need only write us at cocecwrclub@snhu.edu!

The cabinet is open to hearing your voice.

GENRE TALES



Murder By A Cupcake

by

Destiny Constantin

I thought today was going to be a new beginning for me. Opening a food truck, and making my mark in the food industry, but instead of frosting cupcakes inside my renovated food truck that my uncle spent four months repairing, Detective Blackwood is bringing me in for questioning.

"Laura Sprinkles, you are being charged for attempted murder on Mayor Johnson. You have the right to an attorney. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law," says Detective Blackwood.

I'm sitting in the back of the police car staring out the window. Looking at the bright blue sky, wondering if I made the right decision.

"I don't know why I'm in these handcuffs, I didn't commit a crime!"

As we pull up to the police station, I see a short woman with black hair in a police uniform. She opens the door and escorts me into the investigation room. I'm sitting in a dark, cold room waiting for Detective Blackwood to explain why I'm being charged with attempted murder. My hands handcuffed to a metal bar that lays across a cheap beat-up wooden table.

Detective Blackwood turns the chair around and plops down. He may look handsome with dreamy blue eyes, but I'm not admitting to something I didn't do.

"Laura, where were you at three o'clock this afternoon?"

"Well, Detective, I was working." My online bakery got so popular that I decided to expand my business. Today was the first time I opened my food truck *Laura's Sweet Creations* to the public.

"Why are you asking?"

"We found your fingerprints at the scene of the crime," says Detective Blackwood.

"Wait a minute, Detective Blackwood! I did visit New York City Hall this afternoon."

"Please explain, Ms. Sprinkles."

"Yes, Detective, I was there delivering two dozen red velvet cupcakes for a meeting. The mayor's assistant called me this morning."

"He was found dead holding a red velvet cupcake in his right hand and frosting around his mouth," says Detective Blackwood.

"I didn't poison the mayor if that is what you are getting at? I moved to New York City for a new beginning and to start my cupcake business."

"Can anyone support your claim?"

"Yes! Yes! My sister Lily. You can call her at the food truck."

Detective Blackwood takes the handcuffs off and hands me a pen and notepad. I write down my sister's cell phone number. Detective Blackwood leaves the room and I patiently wait for him to come back.

Who would want to kill Mayor Johnson? Did they put some type of poison in my cupcakes? My mind is racing with thoughts, trying to figure out who would blame me for killing Mayor Johnson?

Around eight this morning, I woke up and made myself a caramel Frappuccino and a bagel breakfast sandwich. After I ate, I called my friend Megan at New York Cake to order kitchen equipment and pastry boxes, and then I went to the market to buy ingredients. While at the market, I saw a gentleman wearing a black hoodie and I felt like he was watching me, whenever I turned down an aisle, maybe this information is relevant.

I knock on the door where they were holding me, trying to gain Detective Blackwood attention.

"Do you need to tell me something, Ms. Sprinkles?"

"Yes, I just remember, I saw a tall gentleman at the market this morning."

"Can you give me more of a description, Ms. Sprinkles?"

"He had dirty blonde hair, wearing jeans and a black hoodie. I would say about one hundred and fifty pounds and a little over five in and half feet tall."

"Can you tell me anything else about him?"

"He was on the phone, and all I heard was 'I found her' and I felt like he was following me."

"I will look into this," says Detective Blackwood.

I watched Detective Blackwood walk away and speak to another detective. Maybe they will ask the owner of the market for their security footage and find the dirty blonde hair guy that way. Hopefully, they can find some evidence that will get me out of this dark and cold holding room. Time goes by slowly, and I feel like I did something wrong, but I didn't do anything wrong. It's probably the atmosphere of this place that makes me feel this way.

To pastime, I think about where else I went today. My sister parked the food truck and started to prep, while I parked my car in the parking garage across the street from NYC Hall. I was carrying about four bags over to my food truck, but I dropped one of my bags. A woman with dirty blonde hair and wearing a pink pea coat stopped and help me gather my things.

"What if that woman helped me on purpose?" I thought to myself. What if that woman and the guy from the market are working together What if they are responsible for murdering the mayor?

As soon as Detective Blackwood took a step into the room. I told him what else happen to me earlier today.

"We will get a warrant to look at the city's street security tapes near your food truck?" "How much longer do I have to stay here?" I asked.

"I will get back to you," says Detective Blackwood in a stern tone.

I tap my fingers on the table, thinking about how hungry I'm. Someone's coming, I hear footsteps. A young policewoman enters the room. She doesn't say two words or even looks at me. She just places a cup of water and a granola bar on the beat-up wooden table, and leaves.

"Thank you!" I shouted. I hate just sitting here, handcuffed to this stupid metal bar. Staring at these four dark gray walls with one light hanging above this table. I feel like I want to punch something or scream.

To Be Continued......

About the Author

Destiny J. Constantin is 24 years old, and resides in Lockport, NY with her family. She is pursuing her master's degree in English and Creative Writing with the hope of becoming an English professor. Destiny Constantin is a self-taught baker and enjoys baking for friends and family. She is the co-author of The Journey with Dad and The Journey with Dad 2. The Journey with Dad series was written with her father, John Constantin and they are stories about a father and daughter taking mysterious road trips after facing challenges. Destiny recently published her first young adult novel, titled I'm No Ordinary Girl. You can find Destiny's books on sale through Barnes & Noble and visit her website www.constantinsbooks.com for more information.

Global Days of Service is coming!
Get ready! Get ready! Get ready!



The Creative Writing Review Club

Presents

The CWR Club Writer's Workshop!

Constructive Critiques

Immediate Feedback

Critique partnering available

No Agents required

The Poet's Tree

The Coddling

By

Rene Thompson

Come on Ryan, let's go outside and play

No, I don't wanna. I don't feel so good today.

Lets go to the market before everything is sold.

I don't wanna. Ma'ma says I might catch a cold.

Then help me write a letter to Grandpa Stan.

No, I don't wanna. Not till Ma'ma says I can.

C'mon Ryan! There's nothing wrong with you.

I'm staying inside 'til Ma'ma tells me what to do.

What Global Days of Service ideas do you have to create a Pinterest Pin Board?



Your Club pin idea goes here



Jane Friedman says ...

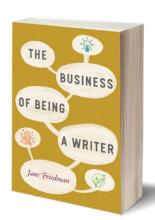
When speaking to interested parties about whether crowdfunding was a good way to go, Edim mentioned having 3 things in place:

1. Look at your membership.

If you have newsletter subscribers, active readers and/or social media followers, this is considered your "membership," which translates to anyone you can connect with during a campaign. How many people can you reach whether online or via direct newsletters? Edim emphasized newsletter reach, as that gets into people's inboxes.

Individuals who do not have newsletters may rely more on their online presence (if any) and the help of friends to spread the word on a campaign, especially if it's community-based.

Source: https://businessofwriting.org/kickstarters-tips-oncrowdfunding/



The Creative Writing Review Club Monthly

6-Word story Contest!!! 1st, 2nd, and 3rd prizes

CONGRATULATIONS 6-WORD STORY WINNERS!

FIRST PLACE:

Estefania Gutierrez

SECOND PLACE:

Adina Edelman

THIRD PLACE:

Deborah Hinkley

6-Word Story entries should be posted on the CWR Club's SNHU connect page. Three winners each month will receive SNHU swag!!

In the Event Spotlight 2019

SAVE THE DATE!

CWR Club meeting: 7:00 - 8:00 p.m. EST April 4th here: http://bit.ly/2sJQ808



SAVE THE DATE!!

The CWR Club presents

An Evening with Allie Lazar!

Date: April 5, 2019

Time: 7:00 p.m. EST

Where: http://bit.ly/2sJQ808

THE CREATIVE WRITING REVIEW CLUB

PRESENTS

The Roundtable Roundup

March 28th

7:00 p.m. EST here: http://bit.ly/2sJQ808

If you wrote it and you're not too shy to read it, this even happening especially for you!

- 5 minutes to Read your writing to a live audience!
- Live Supportive Constructive Feedback
- Gain exposure and recognition
- Critique partner pairing

Sign-up is limited so sign-up fast at cocecwrclub@snhu.edu

(4 participants per event)