

The writer's BLOCK



featuring:

Make it Make Sense:
Belly's Love Logic
Explained

Glimmer of Hope

For the Thrill of It

The Whisperer

and more...

April Issue

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creative pieces

Dreamer

By Athena

A lantern sits on a table between a man and woman, illuminating the red wine in their silver goblets. A young girl lays on the stone floor, not too far from the conversation. She flips the pages of a book, the paper rough beneath her fingers. The story written in ink is about two brothers arguing about their claim to the throne. The man places his goblet down and rubs his temples in frustration.

The woman speaks, "When will we be given the funds we require?"

The king in the story refuses to choose an heir till he deems one son worthy. Hearing this, the brothers grow ever more violent towards each other.

"Bodies must fall," the girl says.

The girl's father, a holy man, calls it a blessing from the gods, the power to see farther than human eyes.

"It's not right," her brother says, "You're faking."

The girl wishes she was. The constant dreams and delusions take part in her daily life. She didn't realize the flowers outside her window weren't real till she was reminded that it's the middle of winter. It's hard to recognize the difference between what exists in the present, or will exist in the future. Everyday is a disorienting experience, especially in social situations. This is something the girl's father doesn't understand. He forces her to converse and offer guidance to the people that visit his temple.

"Look," her father says, "The gods have blessed my daughter with visions of the future. She's proof that faith is the strongest bond."

He just wants more visitors, the girl thinks. Standing in a crowd for hours on end, seeing chaotic visions of runaway dogs and dead sons in faraway battlefields only worsens the headaches.

She tries to cling onto her mother's words, that she's a symbol of hope and joy for others, but those sentences fly away quickly, as if being carried by strong wind.

Every starry night the girl and her parents sit around a lantern-lit table, discussing any visions of the day. She stays silent when she remembers the terrors she'd seen. The splattered blood of her brother, her sister's fallen body, or the great fire encapsulating the town.

One night, the girl describes a great big oak tree, standing proud and strong. Thousands of pests crowd it, huge like berries and buzzing like bees. The overhead sun shines strongly, slowly wearing and burning the girl's skin. The pests swarm the oak tree's roots, trunk, and full leaves with no mercy. Soon, it's left a black rotting husk of the grand tree it used to be.

The girl's parents mull this vision over in silence before giving each other a knowing glance. Her mother, a studious woman, explains to her how the oak tree is the symbol of the royal family. As summer is approaching, no doubt will new diseases arise. The searing warmth must signify the pests entering our land from the South. If all pieces are placed together, the royal family will succumb to pestilence, and fall.

The girl trembles and turns to her father, "When will you alert them?"

A moment passes before he nods his head, "Soon."

A monstrous little voice whispers in the girl's ear. It's her voice. No, perhaps it's something greater. It repeats and repeats, the syllables echoing in her ears.

He's not going to tell them.

Months pass and the chilly air signals the end of summer. The kingdom faced an infectious plague that they were not equipped to fight. The common class suffered the brunt of the illness. They spread coughing fits, bulging eyes, and rose red rashes. As foretold, the royal family fell.

One by one. All announced dead.

The king, queen, daughter, and two sons. The council held one grand funeral at the end of the season to commemorate them all. When the girl

approached the caskets, nausea overtook her body. As if in the vision again, she was trapped under never-ending heat, her skin melting. The bark of the oak tree was splayed out in front of her, bruised, rotten, and dead. Since then, the girl has grown to fear the sun and its warmth.

One member of the family survived, the king's brother. He was third in line to the throne, but with the king's heirs gone, the crown is now his. With the hushed tones her parents speak in, and the confidential letters their home receives, the girl knows her father had sinned. He had told the prince and him alone about the girl's vision.

The new king is cheerful and welcoming. He provides the girl's family with more money and resources than they had ever received in the past. He visits the temple often, bringing bounteous offerings to the gods. When he does, he expresses his amazement of the girl's powers. A dreamer, he calls her.

A voice urges her to speak, to say that she won't be dreaming for long. The voice knows that she'll be dead soon. She knows that she'll be dead soon. When the girl closes her eyes, she's curled onto hot stone, skin swelling and body shaking. She hears her heartbeat pounding, rhythmic like a drum, underneath her temple. She blinks through blurry vision before her eyelids are too heavy to open once more.

After several months, the king asks the girl's father for her hand in marriage, to have her serve alongside him. The girl's father can't refuse. This is a great honor. Still, she begs.

Don't let him take me. I will die in that castle. I know it. I will die on the stone and within those walls.

"We shall request the king to assign you the best handmaiden, guards, and doctors," They say.

No, the voice murmurs, You will feel pain. You can't be saved.

The king takes the girl's hand and tours her around the palace. He speaks from above a clear surface, but she lives deep underwater. Voices other than the king's call to her.

Run, flee, attack, hit.

Why was I worked and cast away like a pawn?

Why are you alive when the others aren't?

Why did my father spare you?

The king finally leaves her alone, directing her to wash up before lunch. Once the maids prepare the bath, the girl dismisses them harshly. She fills the bucket with steaming water, lifts, and dumps it onto herself. Her eyelids swell and shut amidst white flashes of vision. Her skin curdles like spoiled milk and glows like hot lava. Soon, the world goes black.

The girl can't see anymore. She's just an ordinary woman.

She can't see.

Except, she can still hear. The voices are never silent.

Her hands clasp tightly over her ears, trying to muffle the high-pitched screams and low wails. She stumbles as she runs out and into the stone-tiled halls. She flails desperately around the palace, tripping through a door and falling hard on a path outside. She pushes up against the sun-heated stones, determined to rise, but the pain weighs her down. The girl forces her swollen eyes open, but her vision is as cloudy as stained glass. The voices swirl and surround her, arriving and leaving, left and right, up and down. Her mind is overworked and tired, trying to make sense of all these voices and what they must be saying. She takes deep, slow breaths, her head pulsing like a ticking time bomb waiting to explode.

Only once she takes her final breath do the voices become as clear and unified as flowing water.

Rest now, they say, sleep in silence.

FOR THE THRILL OF IT

Sirin Sen

MOST PEOPLE live their life avoiding danger. Like picky eaters avoiding foods they don't like. Who toss new tastes, spices, flavours off their plate. They choose mushy routines that plop onto plates like a dense porridge gone cold from waiting. Boring compliance, mushy like baby food. Keeps you full, satiated. But it's tasteless mud. Nothing like scorching hot chili peppers you can pile on and on and on.

A new layer you seep into when danger is near. That primal instinct that scatters goosebumps across your flesh. You feel it cling to your skin, as your body is taken over by the rhythmic drumming of blood pumping, the rush of each blood cell filling spaces as each vessel expands. The bitter lump wedged in your throat that slowly inches down through your esophagus, down into the pit of your stomach. It roots you to the ground, yet simultaneously the beating from your chest quickens and you float in between.

Roller coasters, food that burns your tongue, to go against rules, to lie, cheat. To walk the fine tightrope that you can fall off of at any time. Those wouldn't mean a thing without someone or something chasing you down. The consequence. The hard concrete floor you will hit when you fall. But that pit is so long down. It's pitch black. You wouldn't know if the concrete floor would be inches away, or waiting silently and patiently in the trenches. The falling, the floating, your stomach, and liver, and kidneys, and heart, and lungs, your organs floating within the confines of your membrane that holds everything together. Things normally bound in place move and change in the fall.

Danger is that single sweet bite, as nectarine juice that rolls down your chin and down your neck, the flesh easily torn apart, soft, apricot, dropping fire orange juice that inflames the fresh scabs on your elbows from the tallest climb and the broken branch and the thorns that tore your skin as you bulldozed through into the final embrace of gravity.

BUT THIS IS NOT REAL DANGER.

Not that single fruit that never satiates, that leaves you salivating, pathetic, and begging for more. It is the red slowly bubbling up your chin, spreading through your face as your eyes water and your sight goes fuzzy, like the smooth coarse hairs on the apricot. As the fire on your scabs seems to spread, overtaking your entire body, your swollen lips, eye lids, socket, chin, tongue, throat, esophagus shut tight as the little lid separating between life and death struggles to open up. As your body convulses into the ground and you shrivel up, hugging your knees to your chest cradled into a ball, like the pit of the apricot you devoured.

THIS IS DANGER.

The point, the feeling that the threshold is almost crossed. Your hands almost breaking through the thin membrane separating your world from the next one. Is there a next one? Danger is the overwhelming thought of would have been, should have been, could there be, would there be, what would happen if, why would this happen, why me, why this, why now. That moment where you go crazy with life. You grow claws and grasp for air.

THIS IS DANGER. FEAR.

The nonguaranteed. You don't know if you're coming back. Which is why you pour oats into the bowl, fill it with warm water, microwave it one more time because it's not warm enough, wait for it to cool, and bite into cement like COLD DRY PORRIDGE.



A Glimmer of Hope

Hope is the crack beneath the door,
Where stubborn light wades through the
darkness.

She is the seed that splits the frozen ground,
The insistent flow of a river bending through
the earth.

She is not featherlight, nor fragile,
Nor is she golden, divine, or ethereal.

She is an all-consuming force to be reckoned
with,
A sea-shaking seismic storm.

When fate turns left, hope takes a sharp right,
Head hung high with pride.

She does not wait for dawn to break,
For she is the very splintering of day and night
itself.

A Glimmer of Hope A Glimmer of Hope A Glimmer of Hope A Glimmer
Beatrice Milasan Beatrice Milasan Beatrice Milasan Beatrice Milasan B



opinions





The Rise of Bella Hadid: Nepo Baby to Supermodel

Inara Jamal

Intro:

Time magazine named her one of the 100 most influential people in the world in 2023, she won model of the year in 2016 and 2022, frequently appearing in the top 10 of Forbes' annual highest-paid models list, and has been featured in 35 international Vogue covers - Isabella Kahir (Bella) Hadid is nothing short of extraordinary. Whether you follow fashion closely or know nothing of it, Bella Hadid has become one of the most recognizable faces in modern fashion. However, her current status as a globally-recognized supermodel has not always been recognized. In fact, when she first entered the modeling world, many people assumed her success came purely from family connections, as her father was a rich real-estate mogul, and her mother was a retired model and former star of Real Housewives of Beverly Hills. Due to this, Bella struggled to expand her career as a model without being painted as a "nepo baby". Despite this major obstacle, she determinedly overcame society's label for her, and forged a new reputation for herself. To fully understand this transformative process in which she re-branded her entire life, we must start at the beginning.

Background and Early Years:



Born October 9th, 1996 in Washington, D.C. to Mohamad and Yolanda Hadid, Bella Hadid was raised on a ranch in Santa Barbara, California, along with her siblings: Anwar and Gigi Hadid. Bella moved to Beverly Hills at age 10 for her father to continue his career as a luxury developer, who built opulent homes in the area and developed his own personal residences. She is of Palestinian and Dutch descent. Pre-modelling, her dream was to become an Olympic equestrian, as growing up on a ranch had a large impact on her hobbies. In a BrainyQuote interview, Bella shared,



"My devotion stemmed from my mom's love of horses. I have been riding since I could walk, and the fact that my mom knew everything about horses really helped my passion grow".



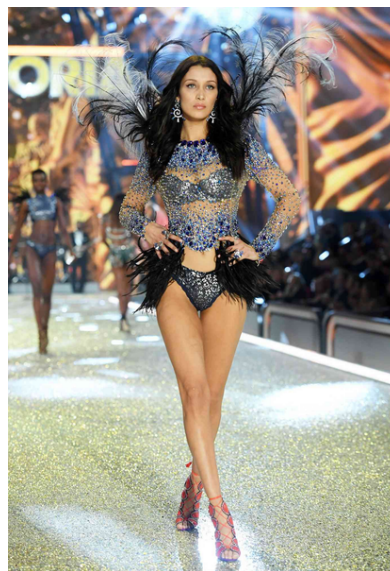
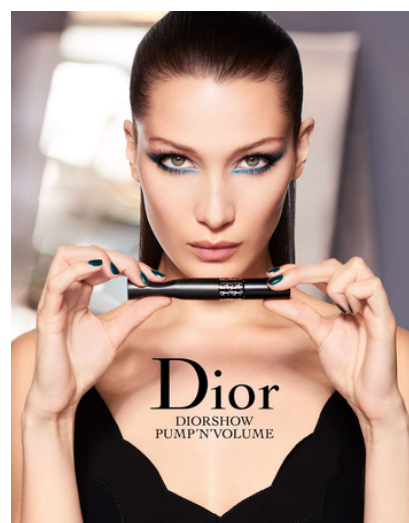
Present-day, she continues to ride and share on social media her horse, Blue. At just sixteen, she was diagnosed with Chronic Lyme Disease, a tick-borne illness, along with her brother and mother. Bella has mentioned undergoing over 100 days of treatment for her disease and co-infections. This chronic illness has served as a large roadblock in her life and career, with Bella stating that her body, "does not accept antibiotics", forcing her to take extended breaks from modeling, turn down work, and manage severe symptoms while in the spotlight. After graduating from Malibu High School in 2014, Bella moved to New York City to study photography at the Parsons School of Design.

Entering the Modeling Industry:

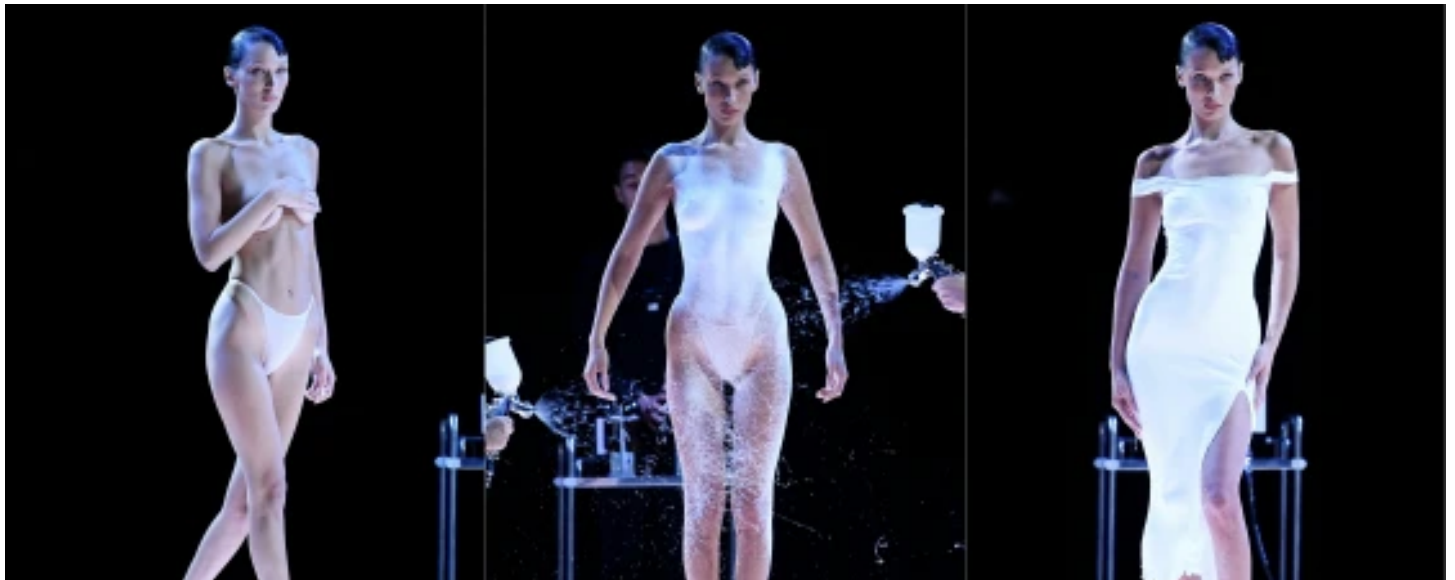


Bella's modelling career began when she was 16 years old, with a commercial project for Flynn Skye, a contemporary clothing brand. She appeared in projects such as Lesa Amooore's "The Swan Settings" and Hanna Hayes' Fall/Winter 2013 collection, which was her first runway.

With a signed contract with IMG Models in August 2014, Bella made her New York Fashion Week debut in September, walking for brands like Desigual. By 2015, she was walking for major designers like Tom Ford, Balmain, and Chanel, while appearing in numerous magazine editorials and campaigns. Her true breakthrough came in 2016 when she became a global fashion star, working with brands such as Dior (where she became a makeup ambassador), Versace, and Fendi, ending the year with a debut in the Victoria's Secret Fashion Show. Over the next several years she continued to dominate the runway and magazine covers worldwide, walking for top designers across New York, Milan, Paris, and London. Bella briefly took a break from modeling in 2023 before returning to the runway in 2024, while also expanding into business such as the non-alcoholic beverage brand, Kin Euphorics, and in 2024, launching her beauty company Orebella.



One of her most viral fashion moments came in 2022 at a Coperni show during Paris Fashion Week, when designers Sébastien Meyer and Arnaud Vaillant spray-painted a dress directly onto her body, on the runway, using Fabrican technology. Even with that level of fame, Bella surprised the fashion world by taking a break from modeling in 2023 at the peak of her career.



Present Day:



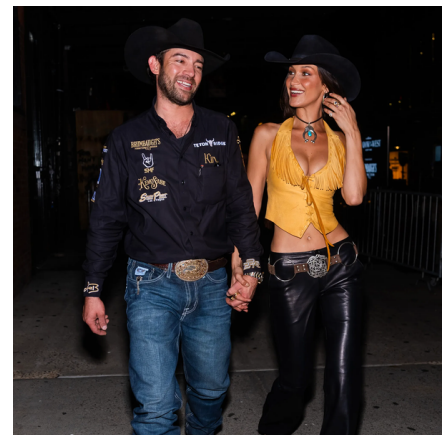
Bella returned to the runway after her modeling break by walking for Yves Saint Laurent in their Fall/Winter show, and appearing again in the 2025 Victoria's Secret Fashion Show. In 2024, she launched her fragrance and beauty brand, Orebella, which focuses on essential oil based perfumes designed to soothe the skin, acting as a natural antioxidant while providing a scent. The brand expanded internationally in 2025, and Bella serves as the founder and Chief Creative Officer (CCO). She has described the brand as a deeply personal "passion project" that emerged from her own need to find scents that are alcohol-free and tailored towards sensitive skin, to help her in her healing journey from chronic lyme disease.

Bella has tens of millions of followers (and I am one of them) on Instagram, where she shares fashion, behind the scenes at runway shows, and updates about her brand. She has used her platform to raise awareness about humanitarian issues and has participated in protests advocating for peace. Bella has spoken about focusing on meditation, energy healing, and crystals.



"[Crystals] have a lot of healing aspects to them... They're energetically very powerful, [and help] keep the people around you on the ground,"

she told Vogue. Bella has noted that amethyst is her favourite crystal, with its main purpose being to ward off negative emotions such as depression and fear. Since 2023, she has been dating professional horseman Adan Banuelos. In 2024, Bella moved to Fort Worth, Texas, where she currently lives with Adan and spends time riding horses and competing in equestrian events.

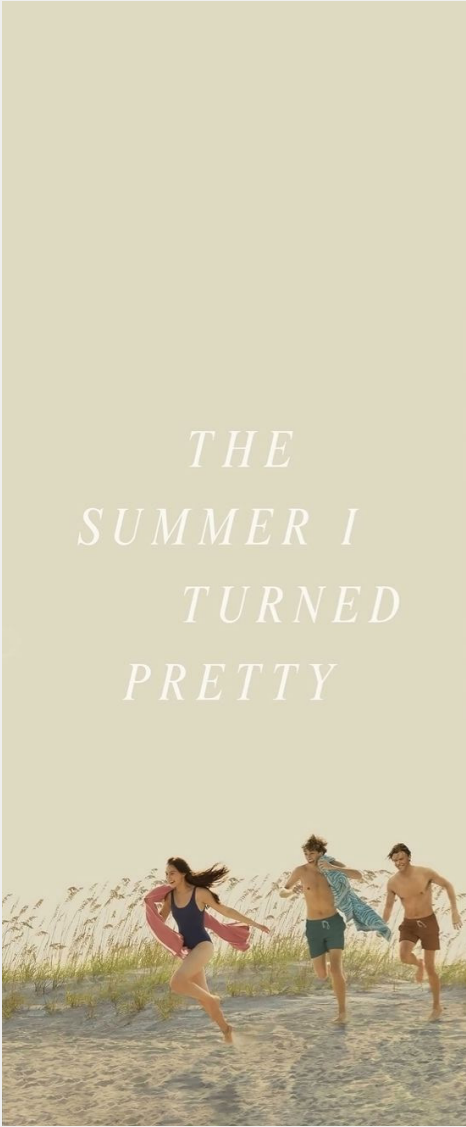


Yes, extraordinary is one of many words to describe Bella Hadid. But what may seem so extraordinary might just be a carefully planned disguise to mask years, even decades, of perseverance, determination and grit. A disguise to make it seem like success is only rooted in luck, not hard work. This tricks the public to foolishly believe that success will happen overnight. Take from Bella's story and forge your own path, despite what others may think of you at first.

Make It Make Sense:

Belly's Love Logic Explained

By Karina Rathee



*THE
SUMMER I
TURNED
PRETTY*

The Summer I Turned Pretty is arguably one of the most infuriating TV shows of all time. Viewers watch Belly navigate her love life, choosing between Conrad and Jeremiah, and simultaneously wonder, “What is going on in that girl’s head?”

In season 3, Jeremiah proposes to Belly right after CHEATING ON HER, and she says, “Yes”. What?? Then, in episode 7, after Conrad confronts Belly about Jeremiah cheating on her, she responds, “I put up with a lot worse from you”, which we, as viewers, know is not true. Why is it that Belly seems to instantly forgive Jeremiah for cheating on her, but goes through months of emotional anguish after Conrad forgets her corsage?

Though Belly's actions are ultimately dramatized for television, I think there are two reasons for her actions:

1. **Emotional Maturity**
2. **Belly's Connection to Conrad and Jeremiah**

When she is with Conrad, Belly is a naive 16-year-old, and Conrad is her first real boyfriend. But with Jeremiah, Belly is a junior in college and has spent 4 years in a relationship with him. In short, Belly grew up. Belly's world view and idea of what is important to her is vastly different as a 16-year-old with Conrad compared to a 21-year-old with Jeremiah. To teenage Belly, her boyfriend is her entire world, and this infatuation is amplified by her lifelong love for him. But to adult Belly, though she loves Jeremiah, her life in university is so much more than a boy.

Furthermore, Belly believes that Conrad hurt her more because of how young she was, and at that stage, her emotions are intense, idealistic, and fragile. Conrad is her first real relationship, and coupled with her emotional immaturity, the magnitude of her pain felt significantly greater with Conrad than Jeremiah. Even though, objectively, cheating is worse than forgetting a corsage, Belly is more inclined to forgive Jeremiah's betrayal because she is older.

Conrad's connection to Belly is significantly deeper than with her connection with Jeremiah, and this theme is consistent throughout the show. For one, Belly had a lasting childhood crush on Conrad, and even after breaking up with him, she still felt connected and had feelings for him.

In season one, Conrad's mom, Susannah mentions that:

"For Belly, Conrad is the sun, and when the sun comes out, the stars disappear"

Like Susannah says, Belly's world centers around Conrad; he is the brightest thing in her universe. But, when Conrad becomes emotionally unavailable, Belly is devastated, mirroring the way a universe reacts when the sun disappears: it collapses.

Conrad always considered Belly's feelings. While Steven (Belly's brother) and Jeremiah would exclude and tease Belly, Conrad would defend her. Because of this, Conrad was always held to a higher standard. When they begin

dating, she feels like all her dreams came true; her life-long love is finally hers. So, when Conrad starts acting like a less than ideal boyfriend, Belly feels deeply hurt, because this is not the Conrad she idolized.



On the other hand, Jeremiah is not as deeply connected to Belly. Jeremiah is ultimately Belly's "second choice", since they start dating after Conrad and Belly break up. Belly already had her heart broken by Conrad and even initially, Belly did not have equally strong feelings for Jeremiah.

Ultimately, there is rhyme and reason for Belly's choices, and though it may not really make sense to us, sometimes we are all driven by our emotions, and end up making foolish decisions.



the whisperer

YELLERER ~~THE WHISPERER~~ 20

thee who is't yelleth

*W*HY GOOD MORROW FAIR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. YOU MUST BE INDUBITABLY CURIOUS AND INQUIRING AS TO WHERE THE DEMON IS WELL THE TRUTH IS IT HAS BEEN QUITE CAUGHT UP A PARIS MOHOHOHOHOA BUT I AM PLEASANTLY SURE HE HAS ENTHUSIASTICALLY EXPLAINED HIS CONNONDRUMS IN THE LAST ISSUE. I MUST INTRODUCE MYSELF THEN IF YOU MUST KNOW I AM THE ONE THE ONLY ELEGANT SOPHISTICATED PERSON KNOWN AS THE YELLERER I AM INCREDIBLY HOPPING TO MEET YOUR ACQUAINTANCE.

*T*RULY, I MUST TAKE A GOOD MOMENT TO ENSURE YOU MY FAIR LOVELY AUDIENCE IS AWARE OF MY ADORATION TOWARDS YOU. IN ALL HONESTLY, I MUST EXPRESS MY SINCEREST SYMPATHY FOR YOUR UNWAVERING PLIGHT. THIS PLIGHT, OF WHICH YOU MUST BE AWARE, IS BEING FORCED TO ENDURE THE CRUEL AND VICIOUS DICTATORIAL CONTROL OF THE ONE THAT CALLS ITSELF THE WHISPERER. THAT MAN, NAY, THAT FOUL CREATURE HAS BEEN THE SCOURGE OF MANY BEAUTIFUL EDITORS EVERYWHERE.

*A*ND YET, IN ALL DESPITE, I FIND MYSELF WONDERING WHY EXACTLY THE WHISPERER CHOOSES TO CONTINUE SPREADING THE TALES OF HIS FOUL MACHINATIONS. IS HE SIMPLY AN ATTENTION-SEEKING FOOL, OR DO HIS ANTICS HAVE SOME ULTEROR MOTIVE?

No but you're the foolish fool here to come on my territory the school. I can recognize that confuzzling shakespearean formatting anywhere how dare you I thought we were bff's since pre junior senior kindergarten in daycare. Do you have the forgetting cold that is going around

*W*HAT DOT'N THOU SPEAK OF? HOW CAME THIS TO PASS? I THOUGHT MY CONTROL WAS ABSOLUTE? HOW DID HE SNEAK PAST MY TEAM OF INCREDIBLY QUALIFIED WRITER BLOCKERS??

But ah you underestimate the power of friendship besides i just found out the writers block is super niche so i called upon my nichelings to summon the elden powers of mr winson's beard only then did i use its power to take back what is mine the writer's block.

THIS ALWAYS THE SAME WITH THOU MONSTROSITY. EVER SINCE THOU STOLE MY GLORIOUS HUNGRY CONFIDENTLY RED CRAYON AT THE TIME OF DRAWING OUR BOND HAS BEEN IRREPLACEABLY BROKEN. THAT CRAYOLA WONDER WAS ONE THIRD OF ITS KIND AND MAY NEVER BE FOUND AGAIN. OH WHAT SORROWS HAVE I FACED!

I do not know of what you speak of jelly belly i think you're a little scrambled right now. Must be cause all the AP animal personality's you're taking like the AP how the editor escaped, AP being a good crowd at coachella, and AP history to the 32nd century wow those are tough really rough buddy I wish you goodest of luck but now i have to take this google drive back you've had too much fun tinkering about



QUITE BOLD OF THOU TO PRESUME YOU CAN FRIGHTEN ME OFF THAT EASILY MWOAHOHOO FOR I HAVE A GREAT COSMIC POWER ON MY SIDE. THE GRANDIOSE MEMBERS OF THE SEC, THE STRONGEST BEINGS IN THE UNIVERSE, STAND BEHIND ME IN THIS VALIANT ENDEAVOR. THAT IS A SUGARY POWER YOU MAY NEVER HOPE TO MATCH, MY JOLLY ENEMY

Nooo how can the guardians of the galaxy support you when i have been in the walls for 29 years and I'm a legendary golden gryphon that is a limited time playing card. Star crossed like r and j except i would never call a hater like you either cause the mop is the only j in my life and i'm her peanut butter. There's two ways to settle this but only one way counts yes we must battle it out in the SEC elections.

[ASIDE]

*THAT FOOL IS IN MY CLUTCHES NOW!
ALAS THAT FOUL WHISPERER DOTH NOT KNOW,
THIS ANCIENT PROPHECY I BEHOLD!
COME HITHER AND GAZE UPON THIS SCROLL FAIR EYES
THIS SCROLL THAT HAS BEEN UNCOVERED, COME SPRING,
BENEATH THAT SITE OF CRANES AND RUBBLE,
THAT A POOL SHALL REPLACE.
WITH THIS GIFT I SUMMON
THE DEMISE OF THE WHISPERER
MWOAHAHAHOHOO*

*Two writers, both alike in dignity,
In this fair issue, where we lay our
scene,
From ancient grudge break to new
mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands
dirty.
From forth the fatal hearts of these
two foes
A final duel under the stars shall
take place
But alas peace will only be born of
strife
And there may only be one Victor to
remain*

the writer's block

2025-2026

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