

FIRST EDITION **WHIMSICAL**

SHORT STORIES BY WIU STUDENTS



THE WELL'S SECRET

Fiction

Story

In a remote farm, Rianna endures a difficult life with her domineering husband, Frank. Discovering a stench from an old well, Frank finds it filled with gold but is wary of a mysterious tunnel. When he returns for more treasure, he meets a gruesome fate, allowing Rianna to live in peace while feeding the well's sinister inhabitants in exchange for her newfound freedom.

Frank and Rianna lived on a farm, far away from the hustle and bustle of the nearest town. The farm provided them with everything they needed, but to Rianna, it felt more like a prison than a home. Her husband, Frank, was bossy and quick to anger, making life difficult for her. Even though she felt trapped, she carried on with her daily chores.

One afternoon, while feeding the chickens, Rianna noticed a terrible smell in the air. Curious, she followed the stench to an old, unused well at the edge of their property. The foul odor seemed to be coming from deep inside. When she told Frank about it, his curiosity was piqued. Without hesitation, he grabbed a long rope, eager to climb down and investigate.

As Frank lowered himself into the darkness, the smell grew stronger. Suddenly, his feet touched something solid. Shining his flashlight, he was stunned to find the bottom of the well covered in gold coins.

The treasure thrilled him, but the smell filled him with unease. From the top of the well, Rianna peered down, confused. "How could gold smell so bad?" she wondered aloud. Frank spotted a narrow tunnel leading deeper into the earth. The idea of more treasure was tempting, but fear held him back.

Reluctantly, he signaled for Rianna to pull him up. Just as she began to lift him, the rope snapped, sending Frank tumbling to the bottom. Panicking, Rianna fetched another rope and threw it down. Frank tied it around himself, and Rianna managed to pull him out. Once safe, Frank shoved her aside and grumbled as he walked away. Rianna, feeling something sinister was hiding in the well, had an idea. She threw some pigs into the darkness below.

The next day, Rianna returned to the well and found a small bucket filled with gold and a note written in broken English: "Gift for you, feed us more." A chill ran down her spine. Something alive was down there. Later, as Frank worked in the garden, sweating under the hot sun, desperation took hold of him.

That evening, he decided to explore the tunnel again, hoping to uncover more treasure. But whatever lived in the shadows mistook him for the meal they had been waiting for. In a horrific turn of events, Frank was devoured, his cries swallowed by the depths of the well.

From that day forward, Rianna lived peacefully, no longer burdened by Frank's temper. She continued to drop pigs into the well, knowing the creatures below had granted her freedom in exchange for their grim feast. The well's dark secret remained hidden, and though still haunted by the past, Rianna finally lived a life that was truly her own.

BY REX MAGENA HAN

SURVIVING THE FLOW: THE LAST MISSION OF THE FRIENDS

SCI FICTION>

BEYOND THE DARK MATTER

The Earth was getting worse. Everyone seemed focused on surviving, but not this group of friends. They were volunteers for natural disasters, part of a team known as "The Friends." Their leader, Rox, and his two friends, Lavi and Azata, had just heard about a massive earthquake in Canada. Without hesitation, they booked a flight to offer help.

The flight is at 1:30 p.m. It's only 1:00 p.m. now. We need to hurry to our gate!" said Lavi. They all agreed and ran toward the departure gate, boarding the plane just in time for takeoff. As the airplane cruised through the sky, the friends were about to buy snacks when suddenly the captain's voice boomed over the speakers: "Brace! Brace for impact!"

Panic swept through the cabin as people clutched their seats and began praying. The plane spiraled out of control. In the chaos, Rox, Lavi, and Azata grabbed parachutes from the cabin crew and jumped. When Rox woke up, he found himself in the middle of a dense jungle.

SUMMARY



In a world ravaged by disasters, the volunteer team "The Friends" faces a plane crash and is separated. Each member—Rox, Lavi, and Azata—survives extreme dangers through a mysterious power called "the flow." Reuniting back in Indonesia, they embrace their final moments with pride, knowing their adventure has come at a great personal cost.

MEET THE HEROES: ROX, LAVI, AND AZATA

When Rox woke up, he found himself in the middle of a dense jungle. His friends were nowhere in sight. Lavi had landed on a beach, and Azata was stranded on a mountainside. Separated and unsure of where they were, each began to explore their surroundings. Rox soon realized he wasn't alone. A massive beast was prowling nearby, and he desperately searched for a weapon to defend himself. Meanwhile, on the beach, Lavi noticed the waves growing larger. It wasn't long before she realized they were facing an incoming tsunami. And on the mountain, Azata felt the ground heating up. The volcano was on the verge of erupting.

They should have been doomed—eaten by beasts, swept away by waves, or buried in ash. But they weren't. They tapped into a hidden human power called "the flow"—the ability to push themselves to their absolute limit, using 100% of their strength and willpower. By some miracle, they survived the night. The next morning, they found each other, and their journey somehow led them back to Indonesia. When they returned, their families were in tears. The friends knew that using the flow had drained their life energy, and they wouldn't have long to live. Yet, as they faced the end, they just laughed together, proud of their incredible adventure.



BY: PAULA
LESMANA

GREEN LEAVES AND SNOWY THREADS.



Deep in Greenhill Forest, Eden, a reclusive hermit, lives a tranquil life away from human society, finding solace in nature. Her peaceful existence is disrupted when she encounters Lilia, a ghostly woman with silver hair, who emerges from the forest's depths. Despite Eden's initial skepticism and reluctance, Lilia's presence becomes a surprising new chapter in Eden's life, bringing both mischief and unexpected companionship to her isolated world.

Deep inside the Greenhill Forest lies a hermit, severing her ties to the social human life, preferring to isolate herself deep within the confines of the world's greeneries rather than the red flesh of humans. Eden lives a satisfactory life, in her opinion, as she forages for food while collecting wood for her handmade fireplace. The forest holds many secrets, and her happiness is one of them as sweat trickles down her forehead while the cold air of sunrise blows through her hair.

Greenhill Forest is at its most beautiful after a rainy night, the chilly air and sunrise coming through the cracks of the leaves symbolises a new day – the beginning of everything, the light after the dawn.

As Eden walks through the forest, she stumbles upon an odd sight, something that had made her hold her breath, fearing that one wrong move would scare the creature away.

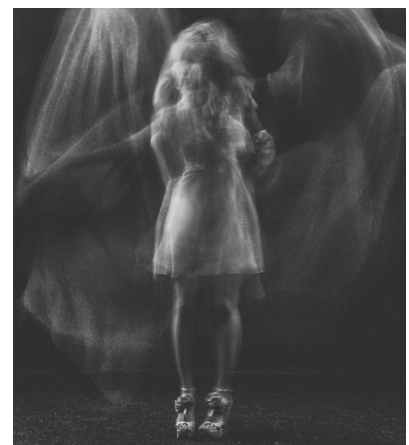
There, in front of her, lies a woman basking in the rays of the morning sun. Her skin pale as clouds accompanied by a waterfall of silver coloured hair, down from her neck to her shoulders and finally it spreads on the dark grass. Had Eden not known better, she would assume that this woman might be an ethereal being, looking at her untouched clothing that loosely draped over her body – it was a sight for sore eyes.

A MYSTERIOUS ENCOUNTER

“Are you just going to stare, dear hermit?” She asks, turning her head around– her golden eyes meet Eden's grey ones. A chuckle is pulled out of the woman at Eden's bewildered stare, she doesn't back down nor does she retreat like a quivering deer. Her eyes pierced through the hermit like the sharpest of spears, speaking in a gentle yet confident manner.

“What's wrong? You've never seen a ghost?” She teases.

The word ghost had snapped Eden out of her trance, taking on a more guarded position against the woman as she approached slowly, dropping the chopped firewood and forages of the day, opting to inspect the stranger herself.





“If you are who you say you are then...” Eden takes a hand out and touches the woman’s hair, soft as silk and thin as threads. Perhaps she’s lying about being a ghost. “I can still feel your hair, ghosts are supposed to be invisible to the touch, they cannot be held or felt by mortals.”

This seems to both offend and puzzle the woman slightly.

“Then if I’m not a ghost, I would be counted as a spirit or your fellow human, perhaps.” She responds with a hum.

“It’s hard to believe. An odd looking lady such as you, appearing deep inside Greenhill Forest. One would think you’re not human” Eden sighs, tying her hair out of her face before going back to retrieve her firewood. “As long as you don’t disturb the dynamic of the surroundings, I see no problem with what you are.”

Eden walks away and toward her cabin, leaving the woman behind. Even when her interest was initially piqued by such an odd appearance, Eden couldn’t care what the latter’s intentions were as long as they’re not malevolent. A habit built by being isolated for a long period of time, an apathy towards human beings and alike.

Eden could hear the woman huffing out slightly, a cold air blowing past her way onto Eden’s back. Eden didn’t hear the crunching of leaves before she could feel the woman’s presence right by her, following her every step and to the cabin. The leaves are still untouched by her.

“My name is Lilia.” She begins, attempting to fill the awkward silence between them. “I remember you, dear hermit. You were the first thing I saw when I had woken up from my deep slumber; your back turning to me as you continued to forage mushrooms around here. Your knowledge is quite mesmerising.”

Eden didn’t respond, opting to stay silent all the way until her cabin was in view, basked in the golden light of sunrise. It’s a sight that she could never get tired of, the proof of her perseverance and discipline. Eden sighs out in relief, stacking the fire wood right by the cabin’s yard. She turns to Lilia, tilting her head to the side.

“I will have breakfast. Figure out whatever it is you want to do by then, I won’t be taking care of another person.” Eden informed coldly, stretching her arms upward before slamming the door to her cabin, leaving Lilia out in the yard.

This action didn’t upset the spirit, yet it caused her to feel mischievous instead, passing through the cabin’s walls and standing right by Eden’s side on the traditional stove. The ghost hums, getting a startled gasp out of Eden, which in turn had her holding in her own giggles.

“Eden.” Lilia calls out, blowing cold air at the latter’s ears to tease her before sitting down on the stone carved counter. “Why do you live alone? Are you an outcast perhaps? And the forest of all things?”

The huntress isn’t impressed by this show of boldness from the stranger, taking the sauteed mushroom out onto a plate on the wooden dining table. Eden chose not to respond, which increases Lilia’s mischievous nature, wanting to find a way to pester Eden into giving answers.

“We are quite similar right? The both of us.” Lilia gets off the counter and sits down at the sole chair, looking up at Eden with a cheeky smile. “We’re both inhabitants of this forest, we’re both alone, and from my understanding– humans aren’t able to survive without social interactions.”

She continues to explain to the blank faced Eden.

“Hence why, I shall live here from now on.” Lilia declares.

“... Huh?”

“As I have said, today you will have a new housemate.” Lilia grins with ecstasy, trying to take a piece of the mushroom in Eden’s plate, only for her hand to pass through– confirming once more that she is a ghost. “Oh well, I guess you won’t have another mouth to feed.” She shrugs, getting up from the chair to twirl around the house.

Eden, bewildered, could feel the way her brain had stopped working, both from the sudden appearance of Lilia, and the fact that she would have to share her space with a ghost now. It was a surreal experience, having someone new in her life would mean changes in her daily habits, and that means she herself would have to adapt to such a thing.

It will be a major turnover in her life, but perhaps such a thing won’t be as bad as she expected. Having snow-white hair scattered around her house, and the smell of morning oak, it starts to sound more like a pleasant dream rather than the nightmare she thought it to be.



Written by Maryam S.

The Mousling Academy

This semester at the Mousling Academy has taught me that sometimes people just aren't my type. I have a good friend named Sagara. He's kind and always ready to help others, which I really admire. Although he isn't the smartest or the strongest in our class, he's popular and has many friends who enjoy his company.

Vanessa, however, seems to dislike Sagara, probably because she's jealous of him. She's also jealous of Virgan, who is the smartest student in our class. Our teacher, Prof. Dirgan, knows about Vanessa's dislike for both Sagara and Virgan, so I'm worried she might have a bad plan for the Science Competition. Sagara, Virgan, and I definitely don't want that to happen.

One morning, a new student named Altezza joined our class. Vanessa quickly started bothering him, but we were all surprised to see that Altezza had excellent self-defense skills. Vanessa was taken aback too, since no one had ever dared to stand up to her before. Soon, Altezza became quite popular, and I was curious about him too.

The day of the science competition arrived, and everyone was excited to show off their work. Sagara, Virgan, and I were eager to present our projects. But just an hour before the event, we discovered that Sagara's project had been damaged—apparently by Vanessa the night before.

Sagara was devastated and furious, while Vanessa seemed completely indifferent. I reported the incident to Prof. Dirgan, who decided to disqualify Vanessa from the competition. Vanessa was very angry, but her plan didn't succeed.

Sagara, Virgan, and I didn't stop there. A few days later, we tried to stop Vanessa from bullying other students, but she didn't seem to care about our efforts, which was frustrating. Since she was the governor's daughter, we couldn't get her expelled, but we did manage to report her actions to the principal. As a result, Vanessa was required to apologize to all the students she had bullied.

The next day, everyone seemed much happier. Sagara, Virgan, and I were glad to see the students who had been bullied looking cheerful again. Prof. Dirgan and the other teachers were pleased too. Meanwhile, Altezza was busy reading in class. Sagara and I decided to invite him to join our group, and he happily accepted. In the end, everything worked out well, and we all lived happily ever after.

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