



Teen Zine

Winter
17-18



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Drawings – by Hannah Bradley

White Flowers and Dying Candles – by Samantha Andersen

Each step created an echo that riveted off the castle's walls. The groan of every stair accompanied the moan of the wind passing through the shards of the broken window. The draft that followed fluttered the drapes. They danced in their robes like ghosts. In the next moment all movement ceased and they returned to drapes until the following gust gifted them with life.

The gloomily lit room with torch candles provided diminutive assistance to the habitant, but her steps carried a cadence as they knew the way with little regard to lighting. One final step and she conquered the stone stairs.

A hallway stood as the next obstacle. The wine-red carpet muffled the clack of heel. There was no moan of wind or dancing of drapes. Only two candles lined the way, one of which was nearly extinguished.

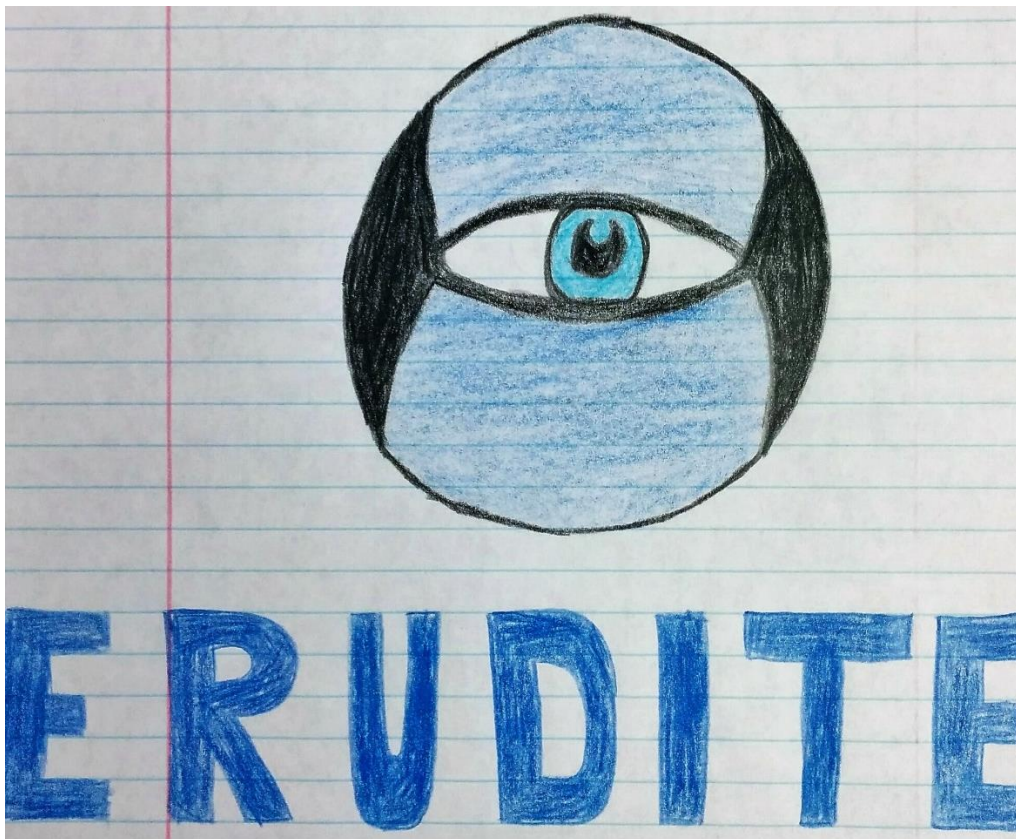
Her feet carried her to a monstrous oak door. A brass doorknob protruded from the wood – a guardian protecting the treasure from any tainting outsiders.

She clasped the knob and rotated her hand. The guardian bowed at her touch and with a click the door fell away.

The chamber was as cold as death. The vast room sucked the last of her breath. The silence was deafening. A bed rested in the middle of the room. Velvet sheets lie motionless over an equally still figure living on its mattress.

She drifted over to this figure and relinquished the white flower she had plucked an hour earlier. The cold sealed her lips shut and the silence drowned out her hearing. The flower relaxed near the figure's head as she turned to leave the two in each other's company.

She heaved the door closed and the doorknob resumed its duty as guardian. Her feet led her back down the hallway. A quick glance at the candle revealed its light had burned out.



Erudite – by Rachel Miller



Drawings – by Olivia Schlossmann

Color Poems – by Rachel Miller

Purple

Purple is magic

**Like wizards bringing wonder to the world
Like dragons making our fantasies soar
Like a jewel in the sunlight giving off the most beautiful glow**

Green

Green is life

**Like trees blowing in the summer breeze
Like plants the roots of Earth
Like grass making what was once dull full of color**

Yellow

Yellow is joy

**Like the sun bringing light to all who accept it
Like honey bringing sweetness to all that care
Like a smiley face, simple, but bringing happiness to all that surround it.**



Drawings – by Olivia Schlossmann

The 700 Club (Part 4) – by Melanie Andersen

Chapter 7

The police can't do anything. Or rather, they won't, as I called them and mentioned I believe we have a lead on who kidnapped Amorie, but they just waved me off and called me irrational.

Andrew is upset about this, too, but Amorie seems almost relieved, I guess because now we can leave her alone about the whole ordeal and stop reminding her that she lost a piece of herself.

But even though she's back, I'm still just as distracted and unresponsive in class due to my annoyance at Clovis. He admits to stealing my sister's magic and gets off completely free? And why does he even want her magic, anyways? The idea of magic itself is incredibly appealing, so I understand why he might have gone after someone with more dialoids, but surely he wouldn't have bothered to take Amorie's magic knowing all it can do is power lightbulbs.

That's exactly what bothers me. No matter how hard I try to come up with a reason, I just cannot figure out why someone would even go through the trouble of taking Amorie's magic. And neither can Gigi, not that I imagine she's a very credible source.

"I've been thinking about it all day," Gigi whispers to me once we're both curled up in our beds the next night. While I normally leave Gigi out of my family situations, I've become so desperate to have even an inkling as to what's going through Clovis's mind and what I should do that I ended up telling her pretty much everything. She hasn't been too helpful.

"So have I," I mumble back, voice weighed down by fatigue. "But, continue."

"Clearly, Clovis is just a douchebag who wanted some magic. He probably doesn't even care what kind," Gigi says. "It's literally the only explanation that makes sense. But if he bribed that newspaper dude, he can probably bribe the police, too, so I'm not sure how much you can do to get him arrested. After all, you have like zero evidence of anything. You don't even have proof that Amorie was kidnapped, you just kind of connected the dots. I don't think that flies in court."

"I know," I groan. "But what am I supposed to do? I have nothing on Clovis, Gigi. Nothing."

"That's the part I haven't figured out yet. I suppose you could just leave it alone."

Gigi's statement jolts me awake, and I guess I'm shocked to realize that really *is* an option. There's not much that I can do, and Amorie seems perfectly happy leaving it alone. But I don't think the idea of someone hurting a person I'm close to will ever sit well with me.

"I can't do that," I whisper, gazing at Gigi's sleepy face as if to ask if I really can. Gigi lifts one of her shoulders slightly in an attempted shrug.

"I don't know what you're expecting to happen. I highly doubt Clovis is just going to turn himself in," she replies.

"You're right. But I don't think I could live with myself knowing that he's out there, not punished at all. And what if he tries to harm someone else?"

"Is this really something you need to figure out right now? Why don't you go talk to Professor Lontelle tomorrow, if you're so worried? You usually like her ideas better," Gigi mumbles, rolling around to face the wall, signaling that this conversation is pretty much over.

"Thanks for your help, Gigi."

"Uh huh."

And she's out like a light.

* * *

The second bell rings for the end of class, I'm flying out of my chair straight for the Professor's desk. She smiles as she watches me make my way over.

"What can I help you with today, Favorite Student?" she asks as the other kids file out of the classroom.

"Well," I start, pulling up a chair, "as you probably figured out by now, my sister-in-law is back."

"That's great!" Professor Lontelle exclaims, clapping her hands together. In a second, however, her smile disappears. "Then what's the issue? You still seem a little out of it in class."

"I'm not sure if I mentioned it last time we spoke, but Amorie has magic," I inform, and Professor Lontelle's light up.

"Oh, so you think most likely she was a target for her magic, then," she responds, bright as ever. "I'm assuming she lost her dialoids? What about her mega dialoid?"

"It's all gone," I answer solemnly.

"I'm so sorry to hear that. Is Amorie alright? How is she taking this?" Professor Lontelle questions, genuinely concerned. It always astonishes me just how empathetic she is. Despite being analytical and cynical, she definitely knows how to relate to other people, which I sometimes have trouble with.

"She's...alright," I respond, choosing my words carefully. "When she returned home in the middle of the night, she was unharmed physically, but she has amnesia and doesn't remember anything that happened and all of her magic is gone and-"

"Breathe," the Professor instructs. I try to slow down my anxious babbling.

"I really think someone kidnapped her. Well, I *know* actually, because I found the culprit," I admit, and Professor Lontelle looks like she's about ready to explode.

"You found the person who kidnapped her? By yourself? Do you know how dangerous that is? Please don't tell me you confronted them," the Professor practically begs. Sure, confronting Clovis was a pretty stupid move, but it'd be almost impossible not to given the circumstances. There's no way I was going to just let him off the hook, and the police aren't going to believe a word I say.

"Well, yes, but he's a twenty-four year old boy, he's not – actually he *did* kidnap Amorie, but-"

"You know," Professor Lontelle interrupts, putting her hand in a "stop" gesture, "perhaps I would prefer it if you did not give me details. What happened after that? Is he arrested?"

"No, he's a bit...trickier than that. He bribed the newspaper company, he can probably bribe the police and his way out of jail. I don't even have any proof, really...I don't know what to do. I wanted to see if you have any input," I say sheepishly. The Professor sighs.

"I suppose you wouldn't care for one of my conspiracy theories about the justice system being rigged, sine it sounds like you basically figured it out, so here's what I'd do: Find out more about this criminal. What's his name?" she asks.

"Clovis."

"You should find out more about Clovis. Try to figure out why he wanted your sister's magic. Does she have a lot of it? Because then he could have simply wanted the power."

"She had about forty dialoids."

Professor Lontelle whistles. Even if someone were to study magic for a single day, they'd quickly learn that forty dialoids is not much at all. It certainly isn't worth it to take it from someone.

"Then Clovis probably didn't know how much magic she had. He probably just wanted the magic for that very reason – to have magic, to be powerful. But once he figures out she doesn't have very much..." she trails off in an effort to get me to fill in the blanks.

"He's going to be upset about it and retaliate?" I guess. The Professor shakes her head.

"Not unless he has an incredible amount of anger within him. If he wants real, powerful magic – no offense to Amorie, of course – he's going to want more. Which means..."

It finally dawns on me.

"He's going to kidnap someone else."

* * *

"Amorie!" I should into my phone once I enter my dorm. The school day just finished and after what Professor Lontelle said to me, the urgency of the situation keeps throbbing in my mind. It really shouldn't have been much of a surprise – after all, who would be satisfied with a measly forty dialoids of electricity. But still, the thought that someone else could be put in danger due to Clovis's greed is sickening.

Amorie laughs as soon as she hears my voice.

"You're quite loud, Alexis. I'm trying to watch a movie, I'll have you know."

"This is serious."

"Oh." Amorie's voice drops, clearly unhappy. And who could blame her? All Andrew and I have been talking about for the last couple of days is her disappearance and missing powers, and lately I've been discussing what to do about Clovis with him. He, of course, suggested murder, but I'm not too keen on violence.

But Amorie doesn't remember a thing, and us constantly bringing up this topic keeps reminding her that she has no idea what's going on.

"You know who Clovis is, correct? I'm not sure if Andrew told you."

"Of *course* I know who he is. Andrew won't stop talking about him, and I'm afraid that he's going to leave in the middle of the night and punch him in the face. Please don't tell Andrew his address. We might not be able to get Clovis in trouble, but Clovis can definitely get Andrew arrested for assault," Amorie replies.

"Yeah, I know. Though it would be worth it," I joke.

"Very little is worth jail time."

"Anyways," I move on, because Amorie seems rather annoyed, which is unusual given her calm temperament.

"Do you know anyone else in the nearby area who has magic?"

"Sure I do. One of my old friends from middle school moved to our neighborhood two years ago. We don't talk anymore, but when I saw her moving truck on my way to the grocery store it certainly was a surprise. My family also has magic, but they're quite a bit away," she informs.

"Who is this friend of yours?" I ask, my heart picking up speed. There's a very real possibility that this could be Clovis's next victim. There's also a very real possibility that I'm over-exaggerating the issue, that Clovis doesn't want to hurt anyone else, or even that Clovis didn't kidnap Amorie in the first place. But if I have even the slightest possibility of protecting someone against what happened to my sister, then I've got to try.

"Her name is Amy Foller, but I saw a husband with her, so that's her maiden name. She has dark brown hair, she's pretty tall, and she wears a lot of yellow for some reason. Or, she did in middle school at least, but I think everyone's fashion choices were questionable back then."

"And you said you passed her on your way to the grocery store? Do you know which street?"

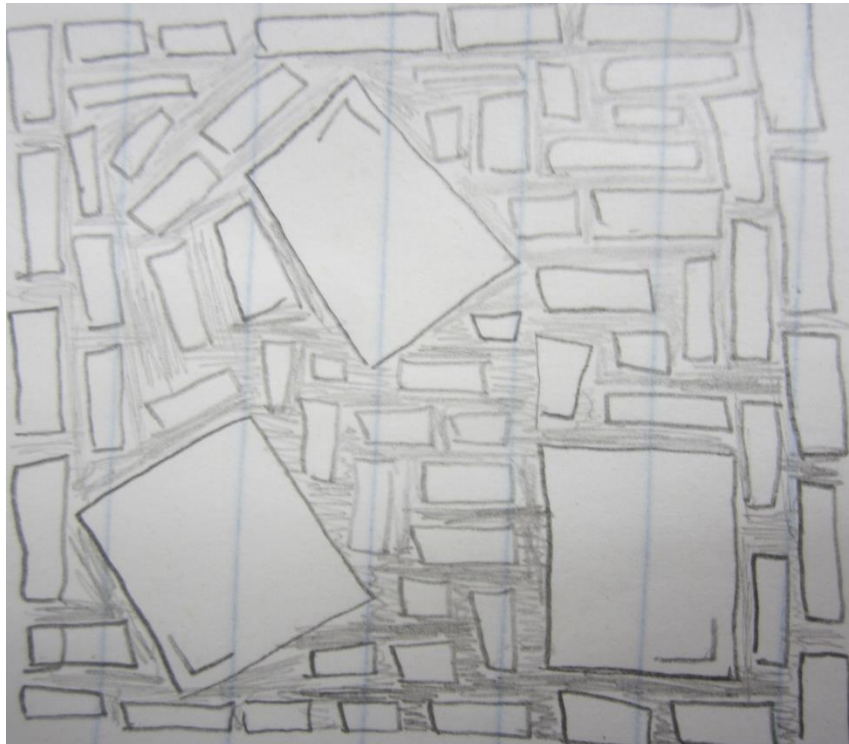
"I think it was Mayver Avenue. I don't know the exact address, but her house is pretty easy to pick out since it has a huge tree on her lawn. I pass it every time on my way to the store now, and I can never get over how large that tree is. Though, I suppose it makes sense," Amorie says, thoroughly confusing me.

"Does she really like gardening or something?"

Amorie laughs again.

"You're so silly. I guess as a magic history student I expected you to know this. Amy has incredibly strong earth magic. It's not record-setting, but three-thousand dialoids is pretty impressive."

That's when it all makes sense. If someone wanted to take an Enchanted's magic, they'd have to find Enchanteds in their area first. Two addresses of Enchanteds would pop up in our state: Amorie Fowell and Amy Foller. Get tired during one night of plotting, and you wind up gaining forty dialoids to momentarily light up a bulb rather than three-thousand dialoids to grow a tree root in someone's stomach, all because you looked at a name too fast.



Drawing – by Olivia Schlossmann

Rise from the Ashes (continued) – by Sam Andersen

Chapter Three

"You were right, Phoenix. She does look like death," the doctor, a man with graying black hair, announces upon entering my room. He approaches me, careful to avoid the spot on the carpet. "Hello, Misty. I'm Doctor Jelbenski. I specialize in humans and the health factors between Enelthia and the human world."

I blink at his green eyes. He doesn't look like the other creatures here. In fact, he looks human. But, as I found out, looks can be deceiving.

"Alright, now let's have a look at you." Dr. Jelbenski reaches out and feels along my throat and forehead. He stares at me intently before deciding I need to be moved.

"What?" Griffin exclaims. "She's like, dying in the bed. Wouldn't moving her make it worse?" The doctor gives him a look and Griffin groans. "Fine, okay." He scoops me up with a warning not to throw up on him.

They move me to the cushioned bench out on the front porch. The cold air rushes across my skin, causing me to lean closer to Griffin for warmth. Surprisingly, I feel better out here than in my bed.

As soon as Griffin sets me down, Dr. Jelbenski resumes his diagnostics. "How long has this been going on?"

"I've been having chills and stomach aches for almost two weeks now, but it was really bad yesterday morning," I explain while he takes my pulse.

He drops my wrist and looks at me with mild surprise. "Your voice is awfully soft, if not a bit raspy."

"That would make sense," Griffin mumbles from the railing he's leaning against. "She hardly speaks. That's the most I've heard her say the entire time we've been married."

Dr. Jelbenski switches his gaze to Griffin. "That was? You must be exaggerating."

"Wish I was."

When the doctor turns back to me, I lower my head and stare at a little black insect inching across the floorboards. It's quiet for a moment, but then Dr. Jelbenski starts off on a series of questions for Griffin. "How long have the two of you been married?"

He replies automatically, "Eleven days."

"And I'm assuming you consummated on the first night?"

"You assume correctly."

"Any problems?"

Griffin pauses and I know he's glancing my way. "None medical, if that's what you're asking."

Dr. Jelbenski lets out a low, "Hmm" while in thought. "And how often do you spend time together?"

I slowly raise my head and watch as Griffin struggles to answer. "Um, could you be a little more specific?"

"Do you talk? Watch VE? Eat together? Share a bed?" he questions.

Griffin glances to the side and bites the bottom of his lip. "Noooo..." he draws out.

"To which?"

"All four."

Dr. Jelbenski sighs and shakes his head slightly. "Well, I have a hunch I know what her illness is and it's both good and bad." Griffin and I give him our full attention as he continues, "Sad to say, this is entirely your fault, Phoenix."

I watch as Griffin's face slightly pales. "What? Are you serious? I am the one killing her?" The panic in his voice is easily noticeable.

"Calm down. I never said you were killing her," he reassures. "But, you have been a very neglectful husband." Griffin's eyes widen in shock and he nearly tips over the railing. Dr. Jelbenski motions for him to sit down. He cautiously lowers himself next to my side.

Dr. Jelbenski stands in front of the two of us. He turns to me and asks, "Did your husband tell you about exchanging magic between a married couple?" I shake my head as Griffin sinks lower in the bench. "Of course not. Well, when two magical beings marry and consummate, they exchange their magic so that it becomes a blend of the two, which the couple may share. They have their magic along with their spouse's."

"Now, when a magical being," he waves his hand in Griffin's direction, "marries a non-magical being," he then gestures to me, "the exchange works a little differently. Since you have no magic to give Griffin, you get his magic and in turn, he makes more of his own."

Griffin jumps in, offering his own explanation, "Basically, you're storage for my magic. If I use up all of mine and need more fast, I just borrow it from you."

“Precisely,” the doctor continues. “There is a constant flow between the couple, which allows them to share the magic. After consummation, the newlyweds typically take time off for their honeymoon in which they spend time together to allow their magic a chance to adjust and flow smoothly between the two.”

A low, “Ohhh” interrupts the doctor’s explanation. You can practically see the light bulb go on above Griffin’s head. “It all makes so much sense now. Why didn’t I realize this before?”

Dr. Jelbenski shakes his head. “It is a mystery,” he responds sarcastically. “Now on the matter of medication, I will send some Prosleen, which should come tomorrow. It will help with the symptoms and should help balance out the magic. Other than that...just spend time with each other. That will be the best medication: physical contact. No intercourse, though. Not until she feels perfectly fine. We don’t want to mess with your magical balance anymore right now.”

Griffin stands and shakes hands with Dr. Jelbenski. “Thank you for coming. You really helped us out.”

“Of course.” He smiles and then casts a quick glance in my direction. “Phoenix, may I speak to you privately for a moment?”

The two travel down the front pathway, stopping just outside the woods that surround our house. Dr. Jelbenski does most of the talking while Griffin listens with a hand in his back pocket. I watch them from my spot on the bench.

The air feels less chilling when it greets my skin, instead it’s actually refreshing. I look up at the sky and find it is a light shade of pink, making it appear as if it is sunrise. There are no clouds of any kind and no sun either. The sky seems to be illuminating itself.

When I look back down, Dr. Jelbenski is disappearing into the woods and Griffin is walking up to the porch. He sits next to me once more and takes my hand. I stare at our intertwined fingers and then at his soft profile. He’s gazing out, lost in thought, at the towering trees.

“Why didn’t you tell me this was going on?” he questions without turning away from the foliage.

I swallow and try to ignore the slight tingling crawling up my arm. “I...you-you’re hardly around. And when you are...” the words die in my throat. My voice sounds so weak. It doesn’t even sound like mine anymore.

He raises a blond eyebrow at me when I don’t finish. “Are you scared of me?” His voice is light, but laced with an accusation.

Am I scared of him? Is that why I never bothered to talk to him or be in the same room? He definitely makes me nervous, but I wouldn’t say I’m scared of him.

Griffin takes my momentary silence to mean I won’t answer. He huffs, “You need to talk. This is ridiculous. Your voice is jacked up enough.”

“Maybe if you stopped treating me like a dog I’d be willing to talk,” I mumble in annoyance.

He turns to me and his grip around my hand tightens. “Excuse me?”

I shift to face him and stare directly into his red eyes. “Maybe if you stopped commanding me and actually tried to have a conversation I would be cooperative!” My voice breaks, as does my courage. I end up looking away. The corners of my eyes become wet and my stomach sinks once again.

“I left my family,” I continue after a minute of silence. “I am the third one to leave my family. To just abandon them. And I left them to marry a man I don’t even know who took me to a world I never thought existed. Then that man can toss me in an empty house and forget about me until he wants something and when he wonders why I’m not talking it seems...that I lost my voice. That I lost more than just my voice.”

By now I’m heavily crying, and it’s a miracle either one of us can even hear me at all. Griffin takes my other hand and is still while I clasp them both as if my life depends on it.

I take in a shaky breath. “I thought the worst thing I could lose was my dad. Turns out...it’s my identity.”

And just like that I’m sobbing uncontrollably from the guilt and heartache. Griffin scoops me into his lap and presses me against him, stroking my hair while I snort on his jacket. I breathe in his smoky pine scent and although it’s unfamiliar, it’s comforting just the same.

After a while, the pink in the sky fades to purple, and the chirping birds (at least I assume the chirping is coming from birds) quiets for the day. I pull back from Griffin and wipe away the remaining tear streaks on my cheeks. “God, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to cry all over you,” I murmur.

His voice is strong in comparison to how scratchy mine is. “Eh, I’m used to being cried on.”

I meet his eyes and suddenly become very aware. Aware of my position in his lap, of his arms around my waist, and of the gentle look he’s giving me. My stomach does another flip, but I doubt it’s due to our lack of connection this time.

“Feeling better,” he asks with a slight smile. His hand travels from my waist up to the side of my face where he brushes a strand of my ash brown hair behind my ear before allowing his hand to rest on my cheek.

I blink as a warm rush courses throughout my body. Any cold ache I had before is now gone, in its place a glowing heat. Once my mind has regained thought, I quickly slide off his lap and skitter over the front door. “Yes, but I think I’ll get some rest. I’m still worn out.”

I don’t wait for his response, instead I hurry up the stairs and into my room. With the door firmly shut, I sink down in front of it and study my wedding ring. Several thoughts drift by as I flex my finger, letting the light catch the ruby. One of them in particular stands out: A motto my dad lived by, which he tried to instill in all six of his kids before he passed on.

“You’d be surprised the amount of magic a little effort can make,” I whisper to myself in the darkened room. My eyelids fall and I release a heavy sigh, with it the cloud of stress that hung over me these past two weeks.

When I open my eyes once more, I feel lighter – less confused. Dad’s right. I won’t know what’s to come, but I can make whatever it is better if I try. And who knows? The results could be astonishing. (To be continued...)



Drawings – by Olivia Schlossmann



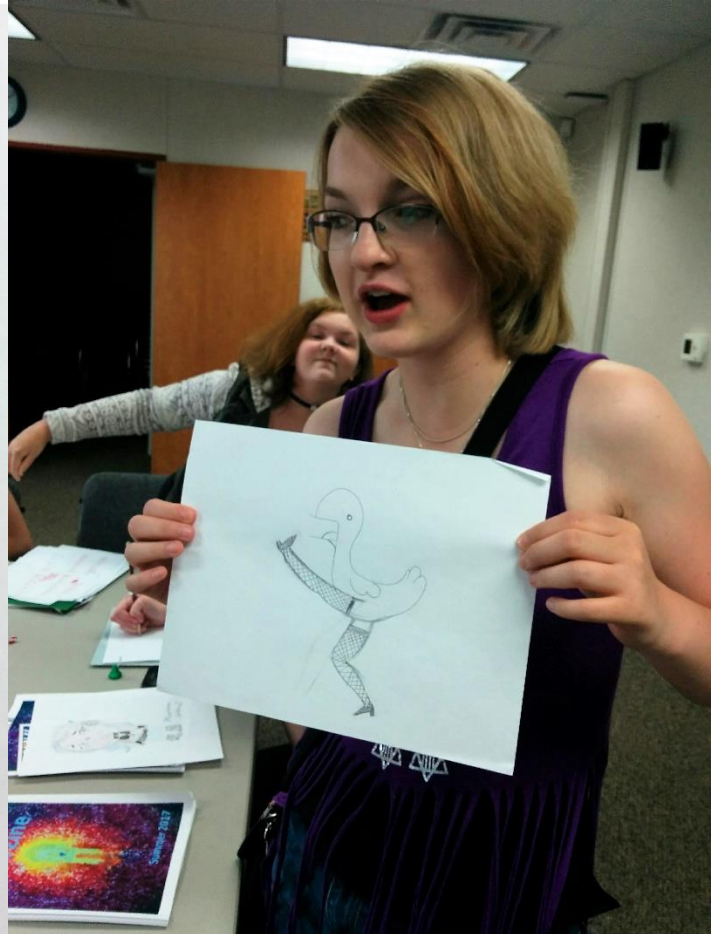
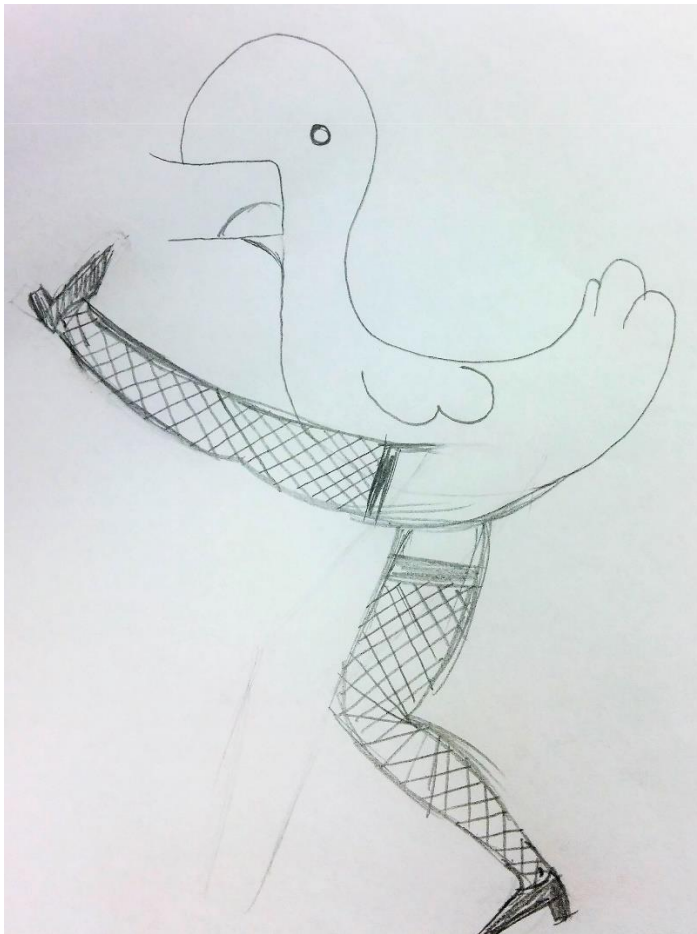
Drawing – by Cory Poirier



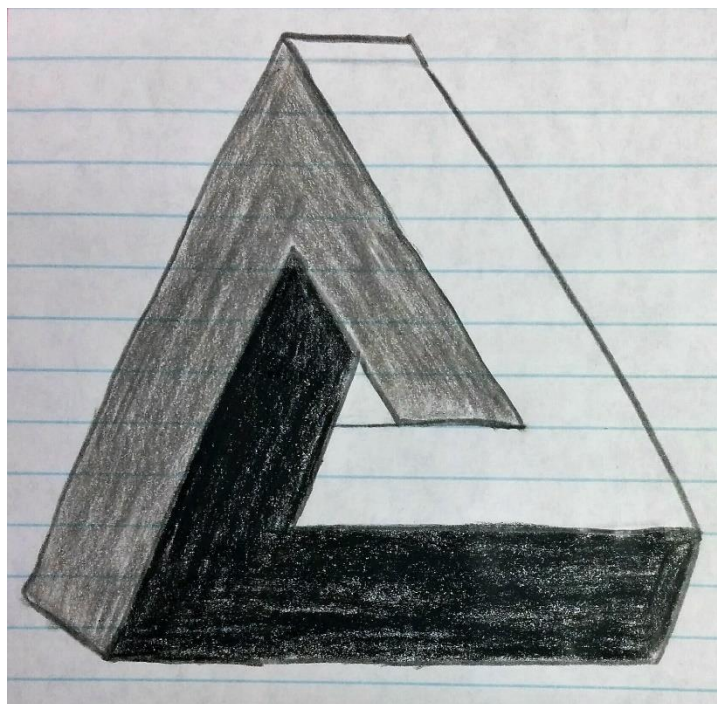
Drawings – by Olivia Schlossmann



Drawings – by Hannah Bradley



Disturbing Duck – by Hannah Bradley
Reaction to Disturbing Duck “Why I’m Going To College” – by Taylor Bradley



Drawing – by Rachel Miller



Drawings – by Erin Lynch & Karin Thogersen

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Please join us at our next meeting!

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