



# Teen Zine

Fall 2018

Erin Lunch ♥



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## The 700 Club (Part 7) – by Melanie Andersen

### Chapter 10 (continued)

She doesn't have the type of home Clovis does, that's for sure. In fact, her house just looks like a little one story box that can't have more than two bedrooms. The house's siding is white and the grass is dying, but that might just be because it's fall and winter is approaching.

I park a couple houses away, like I did at Clovis's, and casually stroll past her driveway. There's an old silver Sedan parked, so she's most likely home. As I walk by I try to peek into her windows, but the lights are off in her house. I look around and no one's driving by, or hanging out in their lawns. They're all at work or tucked away in their homes, not paying attention to a young lady snooping around their neighbor's house.

So, seeing that it's all clear, I decide it might be okay if I take a quick up-close peek into her windows to see if she's there.

I do another quick look around, then briskly make my way to the side of her home and squint my eyes so I can better see what's inside.

I'm looking into a living room, and not a large one at that. There's a light couch against a wall, a small TV atop a tall wooden table across from it, and a couple bookshelves in the empty space. There's no sign of anything abnormal, and why would there be? Did I think I could stop by and snap a photo of Dynah with a tied-up victim, just like that? I'd be lucky if I can even confirm this is the right girl's house. After all, there is still the possibility that Dynah is Clovis's girlfriend, not his partner in crime, and that I'm trespassing on some unsuspecting girl's property even when she doesn't deserve it.

My luck is bound to run out at some point, huh?

All of a sudden, I hear leaves crunch beside me and before I have a chance to make a run for it, I hear a hostile, "Who the hell are you?"

So my luck does run out. Yay.

\* \* \*

I quickly learn two things about Dynah. One is that she definitely is the girl Amy described, but the second is that she is nowhere near as rude and annoying as Clovis is. In fact, if she weren't a devious criminal, perhaps I could be her friend. Though, on the other hand, I suppose her kindness is just an act.

She sits me down across from herself at a scratched-up table in a small kitchen. It smells faintly of chicken in here, and with the lights on there's really nothing intimidating about the place. I even spot a crude drawing of a dog scribbled in brown crayon that's hung up on the white refrigerator by a magnet of the sun. It must have been drawn by a child. The question is, where are they?

"You'd better have a good explanation for why you were peeping in my house, because my best friend's a cop and he'd be more than happy to put you in jail," she says, placing a cup of coffee down in front of me. "And yet for some reason I get the feeling you weren't here to do anything illegal. Is that right? You didn't want to steal my TV, did you?"

For the life of me I can't fathom how she's being so polite and intimidating at the same time. She caught me looking into her house, and then she makes me some coffee and allows me to explain myself before calling the police or shooing me away? She must have some ulterior motive. She probably knows who I am, and wants to paint herself as a good person before I get her in trouble.

"So, what's the story?" she glances at something on her phone quickly and then says, "You have seven minutes. I rush to make up a semi-believable story.

"One of my friends wanted me to come over to her house for dinner tonight, and she texted me her address, but I guess I read it wrong and I wound up here. I was wondering why the lights weren't on, so I wanted to peek inside and see if she was here," I lie. Dynah raises an eyebrow.

"Without ringing the doorbell first?"

"Well, since I wasn't one-hundred percent certain this was her house, I didn't want to face the awkward situation of explaining to someone I got the address wrong."

Now I just sound pathetic, but instead of calling out my lies like Clovis did, Dynah seems to be milking me for more. This must be fun for her. Her kindness at inviting me inside and getting me some coffee starts to see more like a set-up for some punchline more than anything.

This girl is playing me, trying to see how far I'll go, trying to see if I'll lie to the ends of the earth just to cover up the fact that I'm on to her. Dynah knows it, too; there's no way Clovis hasn't told her what I'm up to by now, and yet she's still trying to manipulate my perception of her to put herself in a positive light before I can really even confirm she did anything wrong in the first place.

Dynah's good, and it's beyond frustrating.

"I'm not going to bite your head off for getting the wrong address. What's your name?" she asks, and I debate giving her a fake one. Then again, what's the point? We both obviously know who the other one is. There's really no reason to lie.

"Alexis."

"Alright, Alexis, so who is this friend of yours? If she lives around here, I probably know her, and can tell you how to get to her house."

Oh, she's having fun all right. A big smile is plastered on her face.

"That's quite alright. I'm fine. I probably just read the address wrong. Silly me," I reply, standing up. I have to get out of here before I blow up on this woman.

"Don't be silly. I want to help."

"No really, I'm fine. Thank you though, for everything."

Dynah opens her mouth to protest, looks down at her phone again, and then back up at me. Her eyes widen slightly, and she stands up, leading me to the door.

"You know what? If you say you can find the right house, then I bet you can. Good luck, Alexis."

I ponder her sudden change of heart as she holds open the door for me and I walk out, heading to my car. What just happened? Why was she so- Oh.

A car pulls up in Dynah's driveway, the same car I saw parked in the driveway in front of a light blue house that belongs to a boy with eyes that hide the personality of a devil.

The devil steps out, a large grin on his face like the Cheshire Cat's.

"Oh, Alexis," he says, laughing, waving me over like we're friends. "Funny bumping into you here."

## Chapter 11

"Clovis Witt, I refuse to let you make a mess of my house just because you're angry at some girl. I won't stand for it. No physical altercations, not on my watch."

I quickly find out the reason why Dynah didn't want me and Clovis running into each other. Apparently, Clovis had glorified the story of our conversation to her, or something along those lines, because Dynah seems convinced that I'm going to rip Clovis's head right off of his shoulders, and to prevent me from doing so, Clovis is going to light the house on fire.

And as appealing as hurting Clovis sounds, that's not what I want from him.

We gather in her living room, all standing, and Dynah looks as nervous as I should feel. After all, the two kidnapped Amorie and Amy, stole all of their dialoids, and now possess the magic themselves. Who's to say they won't hurt me to get what they want?

And yet, all I feel is anger. It must run in my family.

"Dynahhh, you know I would never ruin your lovely home. Cross my heart," he says, placing both hands over his chest. His fake sincerity ticks me off.

"Oh, I'm sure. Now I don't know what you two want to say to each other, but leave me out of this," she demands, turning away. Before she can leave the room, I stop her.

"How can we leave you out of this, when you're a part of the club?" I shout, causing her to turn around. She cocks her head.

"Club?"

"The 700 Club," I say, discreetly reaching for my phone that's in my back pocket. If I can just record them admitting to something, anything, which Clovis seems to have no problem doing, then I've got them.

"Now, where'd you hear of a club like that?" Clovis asks, waving Dynah out of the room. She nods and leaves before I have a chance to stop her.

I glare at him in response. He pouts.

"Come on, now, don't be like that. Why won't you just talk to me, hmm?"

"Because," I start recording, "you kidnapped my sister and stole her magic, along with Amy's."

Clovis laughs at me, then looks at my hand that's hidden behind my back. "You're really cute, you know that?"

"You've mentioned it," I reply through gritted teeth.

"So, damn..." he grabs the wrist that's holding my phone with one hand, fighting back my free hand with his other. Quite easily, he rips my phone out of my grip, pushes me away, and stops recording. "...adorable."

"Give me back my phone, Clovis," I bark, and he smirks at me.

"Hear me out first."

"I don't want to listen to *anything* you have to say for yourself," I retort, stepping forward to rip my phone away from him. He juts one finger out and sends an icy chill through my body.

I stumble backwards, not because it hurt or was powerful, but because I'm surprised. Whose life did he ruin to gain that magic?

"You *bastard*," I snap, and Clovis does look strangely apologetic for a second before he clears his throat.

"That was a warning," he says. "I'm not messing around, Alexis. Stop butting your head into places it doesn't need to be. Leave Miss Heron alone. My God, leave her alone. Better yet, leave the Enchanteds alone, too. You're not helping them, Alexis, you're getting in the way, and do you think your sister likes the fact that you're more hung up on this than her? I understand that I'm causing you some pain, but you have to get over this. Leave it alone."

"You don't know anything about Amorie," I retort. "You have no right to say anything about how she feels. And you're going to ruin lives, Clovis. You and your stupid little 700 Club- what a dumb name that is for you and your girlfriend over here."

It's quite obvious that Clovis and Dynah aren't together, but he looks disgusted that I brought the idea up, and that makes me happy.

"You have my phone, so I can't have proof of anything, but why don't you just admit it to me right now since we both know it's true? You're the quote-unquote 'leader' of this club of yours, aren't you?" I ask, but nothing in my tone says it's a question. Actually, my tone implies that if he doesn't agree, I'm going to punch him in the face.

And Clovis, Clovis gazes at me with a strange type of condescending awe.

"You're a lot smarter than you look, I'll give you that," he responds. "Yes, I am the leader of the 700 Club."

Hearing him admit to it makes me feel proud, but it makes me realize how silly I've been. It can't just be Dynah and Clovis if he confirms he's the leader and calls it a club. A club isn't made out of two. Oh boy.

I try to focus on the situation at hand, however.

"And Dynah?"

"What of her?"

"Is she in the club? Is she, like, your second-in-command or something?" I ask. Clovis throws me my phone, and I almost utter a "thank-you" before I realize he doesn't deserve it.

"Ask her yourself. There's nothing I can say about her."

"Who else is in your little club?"

He points to my phone, then exaggerates a shrug. "Sorry, that's all the time we have for today, folks. I'm fresh out of answers."

"Well, I'm not out of questions."

"Just remember, Alexis," Clovis takes a step closer to me, and a chill runs down my spine, "no matter who you tell, no matter how loud you shout it, I have my way of silencing people. You're going to get nowhere carrying on the way you are, and it'd be the best use of your time if you just let it go."

With that, Clovis turns away from me and slips out the door before I can even shout at him to come back.

\* \* \*

Andrew's reaction to my accidental meeting with Clovis is less than enthusiastic. I try to pare him the details as I know it will just infuriate him, but it's hard to keep him calm when I'm angry myself.

Clovis admits to me everything he's done, and then proceeds to tell me he can keep me silent? I know I asked him to confess to me, and I'm slightly surprised he did, but the thought that he thinks he has a leash on me annoys me. Sure, maybe he can prevent news sources from covering it, and maybe the police think I'm crazy, but I will get the word out about him somehow. Somehow, I'll take him down. Somehow, I'll avenge Amy and Amorie.

And then, of course, there's the matter at hand of the fact that Clovis runs a club of multiple people who want to kidnap multiple Enchanteds. Logically, there can't be too many of them, probably around four, because any more than that and it defeats the purpose. But there could be two more people out there watching, waiting to strike at an unsuspecting Enchanted and deafening the world to their screams.

In the meantime, Andrew and I can't even figure out what to do about Clovis and Dynah, but it seems clear to me that Andrew is completely done with waiting around for bad news. I'm afraid he's going to do something rash, not that I really can say much against that as someone impulsive myself, but at least I have somewhat of a rein over my emotions. Get Andrew riled up and he won't back down for anything, not until he succeeds in whatever he wants.

And now I'm left pondering just what exactly he's capable of doing, since I can't fall asleep. Gigi's curled up in a ball of blankets on her bed, facing the wall, and I'm left staring at the back of her head, my mind swimming with thoughts.

How did I even get myself so wrapped up in this situation? From an outside perspective, it really seems like something Amorie should be more concerned about, even though we realized that other people might be in danger. After all, it only affects me personally so much. My sister-in-law is the only one I really know who is an Enchanted, and she is getting over the loss of her magic, but I can't. I can't because an attack on magic, anyone's magic, feels like an attack on my childhood. It was the only thing that really captivated me, the only thing that could ever render me speechless. All I wanted when I was younger was to be an Enchanted, or meet one, or even catch a faint glimpse of one at the supermarket. The idea that someone is messing with this childhood fantasy of mine in any way is something I cannot let stand, not even if all of the victims get over it, because my sense of justice and my protection towards my childhood will not allow the 700 Club's selfish actions to carry on any longer.

My brother, on the other hand, wants to avenge his wife. He has always been overly protective of those he loves, and he'll fight to the ends of the earth to make sure everyone he cares about is safe and happy.

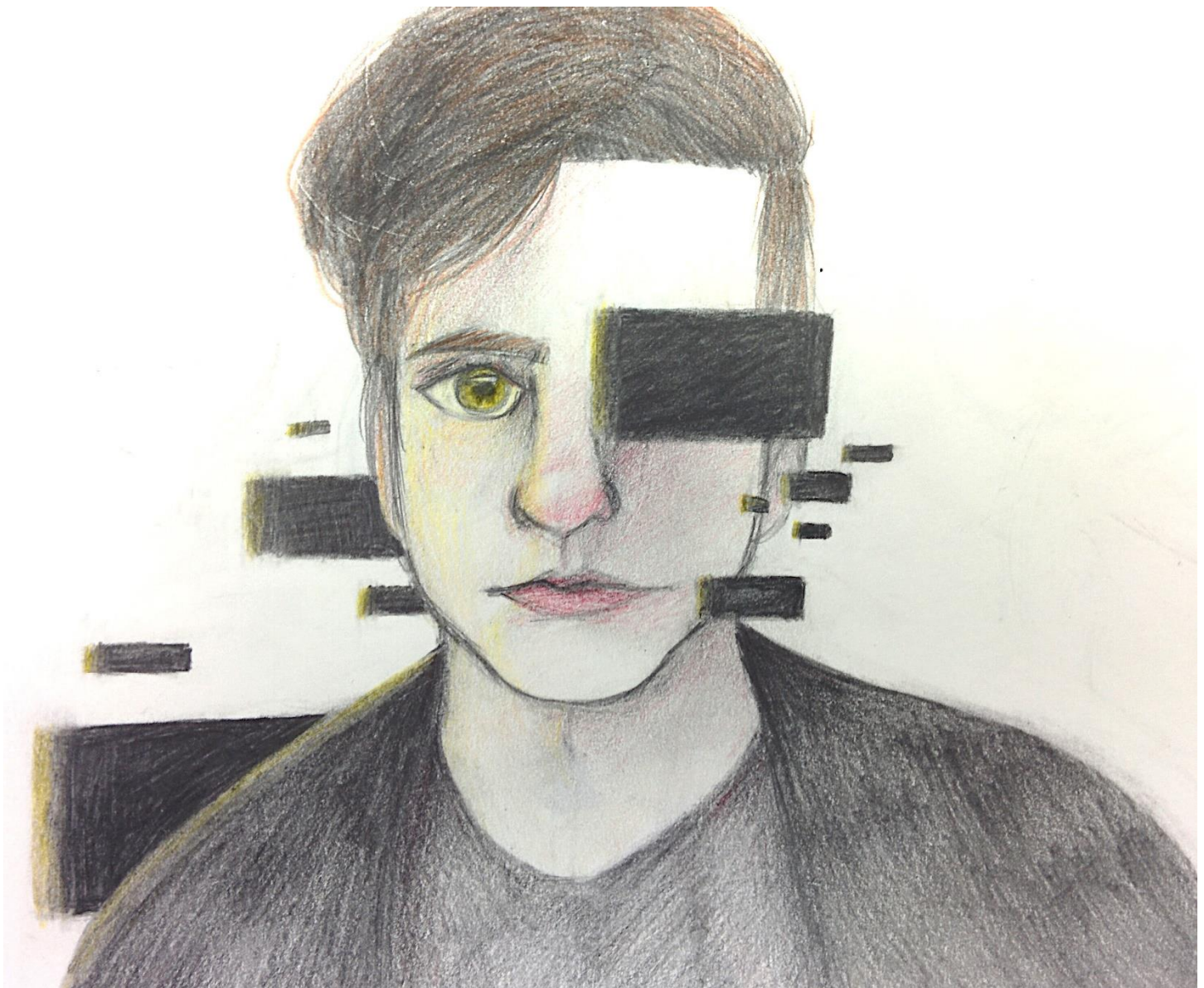
Clovis accidentally capturing Amorie was not just a mistake in that he risked getting caught for a measly forty dialoids of magic. It was a mistake because he irked the two most stubborn people I know: my brother, and myself.

He can only remain cocky for so long, however, because I have all day tomorrow to come up with a game plan, and the second I do, Clovis can kiss his security goodbye. The only thing I have left to do today is catch up on sleep.

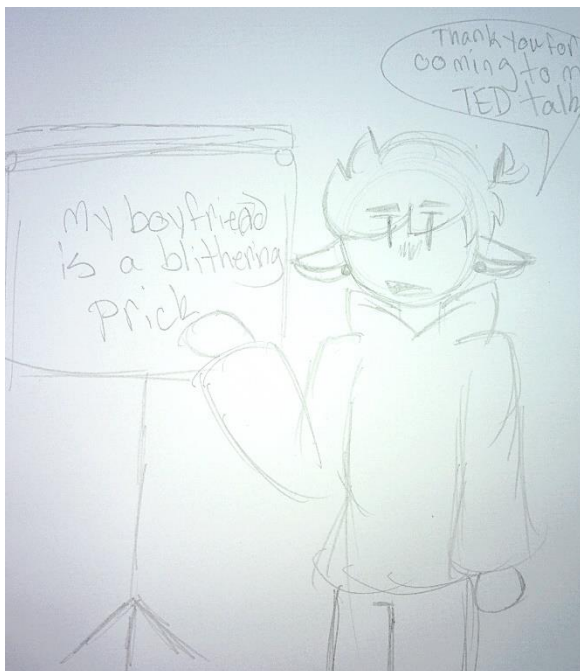


Canoodling – by Erin Lynch





**Bad Eye – by Cory Poirier**



**Ted Talk – by Tucker Bradley**

# Princess for Rescue – by Sam Andersen

## Day 1

All I wanted out of this day was a glass of pomegranate juice and maybe some peace and quiet? I worked my pointed little tail off the past few days in order to allow myself *one* day of much needed rest. But one day was apparently too much to ask for when you're a demon king.

And it wasn't like the timely explosions of burning lava or the screams of the unfortunate souls doomed to roam this underground prison were what was ruining my day. No. It was the golden-crowned, purple-dress-wearing blonde weeping her marble-sized eyes out right at my front door!

Or at least the foreboding cavern gap separating the land of the light from my real of "evil doers." But hey, we all can't have marble stairs leading up to silver pillars lining a glass door barely bigger than the ego of the habitants inside. Stupid Greg.

I flick my partially scorched cape behind my back dramatically while making sure my heeled black boots echo off the stone floor in a very menacing fashion as I approach the intruder.

The girl lifts her head from her cupped hands and stares up at me. A look of disgust crosses her face. "I thought kings were supposed to be handsome. You are hideous!"

I blink twice. "I did not know that. Thank you, random female, for pointing out such a fact to me. You really changed my life just now. Oh, one more thing. Who for magma's sake are you?"

She wipes a stray tear away from her cheek with the flick of the wrist. She rises like the star she thinks she is and clasps her hands firmly in front of herself. "My name is Princess Genevieve Rosalinda Mary Bethany Birmingham, daughter of Queen Juliana Genevieve Elizabeth Agatha Wellington Birmingham and King Gregory Philip Harold William Birmingham. I am your captive."

My overworked brain barely has time to push past all the names and reach the end of her statement. "My what?"

She brushes some of her hair back behind her ear. "Your captive. You see, my father has proclaimed me ready for marriage. The only problem is finding a match suitable for me."

My scowl deepens. What does any of this have to do with me? "Find any bum off the street have a cute little ceremony, and get on with your privileged little lives."

It appears as if I touched a nerve by the brat's reaction. Her eyes narrow and her lips pull back in a snarl. "Do you have any idea how much I am worth?"

"Not a second of my time, so if you don't tell me soon why you are here, I will push your pampered butt off my doorstep."

She looks around at the stalactites and gray dirt dusting the ground. "How can this be a doorstep if there is no door?"

"It's a symbolic thing," I mumble with crossed arms. Like I need her judging my lack of a door. Not everyone can afford privacy. "So *why* are you soaking up my precious free time?"

Her glassy eyes lock onto mine. "I told you. I am your captive until my future husband can rescue me."

Oh great. As if Greg wasn't already painting me out to be a bad guy, now he is forcing me to actually *be* a bad guy in order to get his daughter hitched?



"No thanks." I flick my wrist in her direction before heading down the hundreds of stairs that lead back to my throne room. I really need to get an elevator.

When my footsteps aren't the only sound echoing off the walls I start to get annoyed. I whip around to see the Princess shadowing me down the steps. Her eyes are like two tiny moons as they judge my home.

I feel self-conscious at her wandering gaze and my anger flickers that she can make me feel insignificant in my own home. Like father like daughter, I suppose.

"Will you get into your prissy little carriage and gallop out of my life? I already told you, I'm not gonna help you out by kidnapping you! Find some other unfortunate soul to burden."

She puckers her strawberry lips. "I cannot leave. Father won't let me go until I find a husband."

I can already feel a migraine coming on. "And how many guys do you think are going to be coming down here to find you? Couldn't your old man just lock you up in a tower or something? Why does he have to bother *me*?"

She only shrugs. "More motivation. You act as a larger threat to my safety than simply being imprisoned. Besides, imprisonment wouldn't be any different from how I usually live." She mutters the last part, but I catch it as we arrive in the throne room.

My chair rests in the center of the room. The back of it rises all the way up to the ceiling. The purple coloring is a shade away from black and the armrests curl inward like vines.

"So where am I supposed to keep you?" I ask, falling onto my throne.

She stands in front of me with hands clasped together. "I believe the idea is for me to be captured, so a dungeon or something along those lines."

What? Now I'm supposed to have a dungeon, too? I can't afford a door, what makes her think I can afford a dungeon? Where would I even *put* a dungeon?

"Well, sorry to pop your magical bubble, but I don't have anything along 'those lines.'"

Her frown deepens. "You don't have a door. You don't have a dungeon. You don't have a good-looking face. What *do* you have?"

I scowl. "Humility. That's more than what your family can say."

And just like that a brilliant idea hits me. If I'm going to be stuck babysitting this silver spoon sucker, I might as well introduce her to the life of a demon king.

In one fluid motion, I spring up from my throne and beckon her to follow me through a dark corridor lit up only by sconces on the wall. "You know, I don't have much in terms of 'living space' or, quite frankly, 'living' anything, but I wouldn't want my guest- or, um, captive to feel unwelcome, so here-" I push open the heavy black door; it screeches in protest like it does every day. "You can stay in my bedroom."

Her face twists into some deformed expression of horror. "With *you*?"

Oh, screeching souls, this may not be worth it. "Don't flatter yourself. I'm sleeping on my throne."

Her frown is hard as her eyes, but she creeps into the room and snoops around. "*This* is where the *demon king* sleeps? This room isn't half the size of our fifth guest bedroom. And we *rarely* rent out our fifth guest bedroom."

Why does she have to have such an irritating voice? And does she only speak in judgmental commentary?

My eyes sweep the room. There's my bed, unmade as always, taking up the majority of the space, a dresser shoved in the corner, and a table that holds up my mini-fridge. It's a pretty sweet place in my opinion.

"Well," I huff, "would you rather spend your nights in a dungeon?"

She doesn't take her eyes off my capes and tunics that are littered around the floor. "You already said you do not have a dungeon. However, if you did, I might have taken you up on that offer."

I clench my fists and count to three under my breath. "The sooner someone comes to pick you up, the better. How long is this going to take anyway?"

She lowers herself cautiously onto my bed, as if the thing is gonna swallow her whole or something. "My assumption would be that at this point in time Father has informed the kingdom of my capture and by morning those willing to come rescue me will set out. It is a two days journey from our kingdom to your...realm, so the soonest chance of any attempt at rescue would be two days' time."

I resist the urge to pull on my hair for fear I will rip every last strand out in frustration. "What am I supposed to do with you for that long?"

She tilts her head to the right as if posing for a portrait. Her hands are resting on her lap and the net to nothing lighting in my room still manages to bounce off her face at just the right angles. She was probably taught how to sit like this before she was even taught how to walk.

"You are not very skilled at this whole 'captor' thing, are you?"

"Contrary to popular belief, I don't kidnap people." I fold my arms and glare down at her in my most menacing fashion. "And I especially don't take part in other people's fake kidnappings."

She lifts her eyebrows up a centimeter. "And yet..."

I roll my eyes. "Yet here you are. But for the record, I tried to ditch you at the door. You're the one who followed me."

"Do you think I want to be your prisoner any more than you wish to be my captor? No. But it is Father's orders that I stay here until I meet my husband. It is that I will do and it is that in which you will live with. Play your role and I will play mine. At least when this is over your life can resort back to normal."

Was it my imagination or did her voice just break off a little at the end there?

She ducks her head, allowing the shadows to cover her face.

I'm not sure what I'm supposed to do. The air has turned pretty awkward.

My savior comes in the form of a short-winged demon with stubs for horns. Also known as my right-hand man, Aamon. "Sir, we received news of an intruder—" his voice falls away when he locks eyes with 'my prisoner.' He shifts his coal eyes to me. "Sir?"

I sigh. "Aamon, meet the intruder. Greg's prissy daughter is staying with us until some self-centered sap on his white steed comes and whisks her away to her fairytale wedding."

She glares at me with clenched fists at her side. I throw an unamused smirk back at her. If she thinks she'll get to stay here without me giving her a hard time then she is sorely mistaken.

Aamon doesn't seem to know what to do with himself, so he bows briskly before leaving. I have half a mind to do the same thing, minus the bow, of course. She should be the one bowing before me.

"What is your name?"

I raise my gaze to her glossy eyes. "What?"

"Your name. What should I call you?"

"What does your father call me?" I throw back.

"He does not address you often. When he does, however, he calls you an underground rat."

I scoff. Such irony coming from the rattiest man known to land. But hey, it's pretty tame compared to some of the things I call him.

"But I do not find that to be proper in your company." Her hands are clasped in her lap and a foot dangles lazily as she waits for a response.

"But outside of my company?" I shoot.

"Outside of your company I knew not of what else to call you. Care to change that?" she fires back.

Her quick remark catches me off guard and I cave. I look away and mutter, "Azazel."

"Azazel," she repeats in her upland accent. My name sounds weird coming from her lips. Or maybe it's due to the fact that I haven't heard my name spoken aloud in so long.

I bite my tongue before asking, "So what should I call you?"

She tilts her head again. "Hmm? You already know my name."

"I'm not calling you that sentence. By the time I finish I won't remember the reason why I was even calling you."

She muses it over. "I suppose you could refer to me as Genevieve."

"Still too long. How about Eve?"

"Eve?" she blurts, before bringing a hand up to her mouth as if she uttered a curse word instead of a nickname. She removes it slowly. "I...like it."

I roll my eyes. "Great. Glad we could clear all that up. Now I have to get back to work, because unlike *some* people, I actually do my job. Try not to get into any trouble."

Her face falls back into that I-just-sucked-a-lemon expression. I leave her with a wave of my hand and I shut the door behind me.

Corpses. This girl is going to be the end of me.

\* \* \*

"Sir! Sir! Sir!" Aamon screeches, flinging himself over flights of stairs to make it to the center platform where I'm at.



He inhales dramatically to prepare for his launch into a hysterical rant, but the giant cage off to my side distracts him. "Sir? Where did you get a cage?"

I pat one of the steel bars. "Isn't it nice? I found it in the back of the storage room. You know, the one with the blood spatter that looks like a palm tree? Thought we could use it for Miss High Society."

That causes Aamon to remember why he was in such a hurry to fetch me. "Yes. Speaking of her, Sir. She is conversing with—" he leans in and whispers, "—the souls of the damned."

"What?! Barely two hours and she's already wreaking havoc."

I immediately abandon the cage and head down to the Stream of Souls where I find 'my prisoner' free and happily conversing with a group of wispy, old female souls. She laughs at something one of them said. It's a bright laugh. Too bright to belong down here.

"What are you doing?" I exclaim, drawing up to my full height. I wave away the souls with a flick of my wrist and a growl of command. They hiss back at me, but dissipate back into the stream.

Eve stands up in a huff. "That was rude! I was talking to them!"

I point a finger at her. "You were supposed to stay in the room. Not to go gossip with the dead."

"I don't want to stay in there all day," she complains. "It's lonely and dark and it smells like sweaty armor."

"Earlier you asked if I had a dungeon to throw you in and now you won't even stay in a very comfortable room that does *not* smell anything like sweaty armor?"

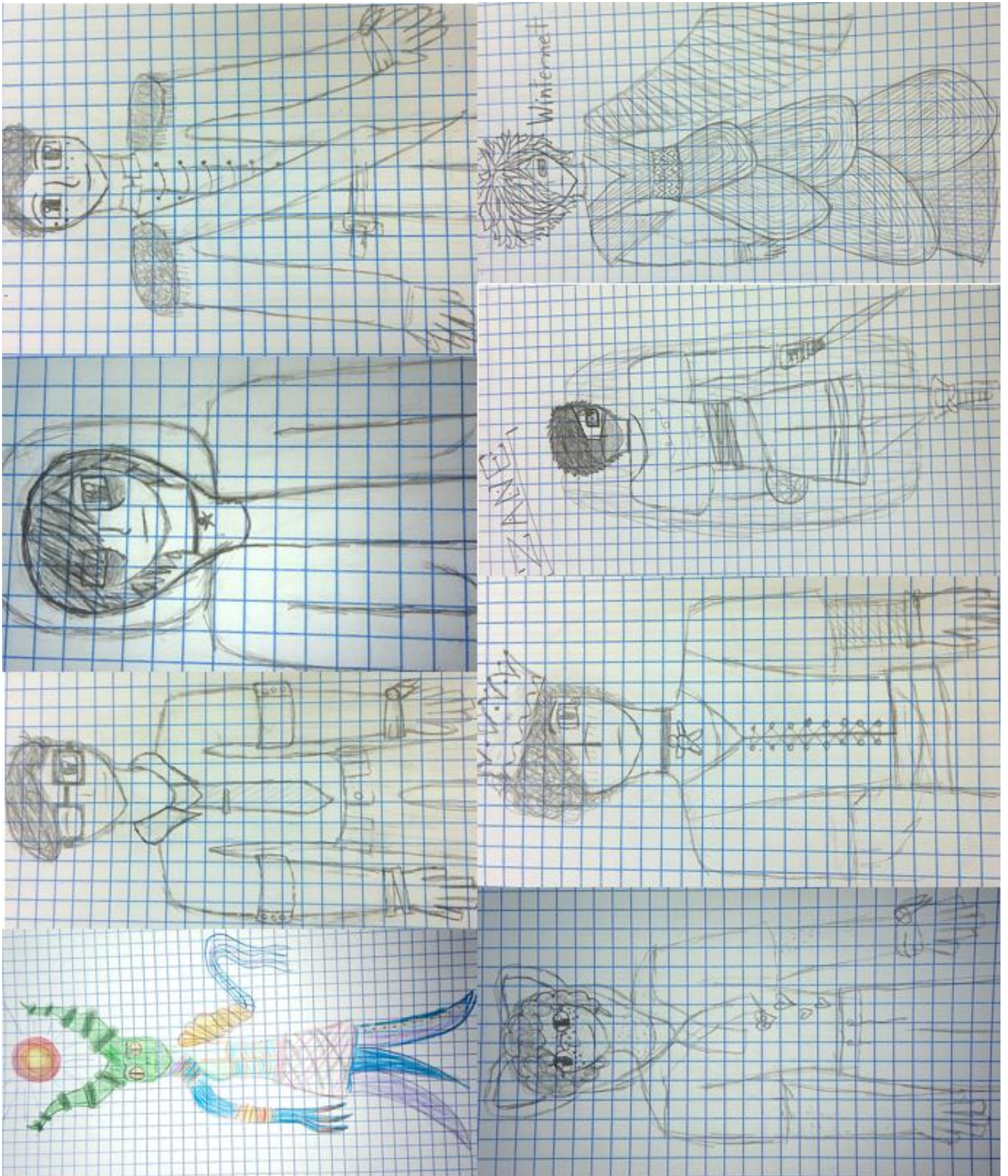
She sticks her nose up. "The dungeon is for *show*. I did not expect you to keep me there the whole time. Certainly not when there isn't anyone here."

My eye twitches. It literally twitches at her criticism. I can't please this silver spoon sucker. Not that I want to. What do I care if she thinks I'm doing everything wrong? I don't.

"Alright. You talked. You explored. Now back to the room." I point up the cliff of stairs to where my bedroom door is.

She gives me a dirty look, but starts up the incline in that proper gait of hers.

And it's just the first day...



Characters Collage – by Olivia Schlossmann

# WELCOME TO NETHARRE – by Tucker Bradley

Based off of the game Manual Samuel

## Chapter 3: THE NIGHTMARE

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“Flinch. Flinch! If you’re dead can I have your money?” ..Aven?

“Aven! Dude, come on. He’s not dead, and if he were dead, he would give it to me!” Parrie!

I open my eyes a bit. Hospital, I’m in a hospital. Not dead, good, friends are here, great. Beautiful, beautiful Jaquie is showing a general concern about my well-being. *Awesome.*

I sit up quickly in my hospital bed and hug Jaquie. “Woah, calm down Flinch! You’re gonna hurt yourself!”

I hugged her tighter, not wanting to let go. She hugged me back. She pushed me away after a little while. “Flinch...”

“Hmm?”

Aven jumped up and down excitedly “SHE’S GONNA SAY IT!”

“I just realised... I...I love-”

I woke up, in my room, no Jacquie, no friends, being shaken awake by Mirikal.

“WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP!!”

“ WHAT WHAT WHAT WHAT WHAT!?”

“LOOK, I’M ALIVE AGAIN! I have skin and bones and stuff!”

“Good for you. Now *leave.*”

“ I can’t. I already tried.” She walks over to the window, opens it and jumps out. Just when I thought she was gone, she was right back in my room.

A few moments of silence.

“*Mysterious forces..!*”

I looked at Mirikal like a badger looks at a carton of milk. Straight-faced. After a moment of awkward silence, my mother walks in.

“Finchy-winchy! Glad to see your awake!”

“ Finchy-...Winchy?! Oh God, that is-” I looked at Mirikal again, now with a look that screamed ‘SHUT UP.’

“ So, good news, Finchykins! You got out of the ditch unharmed, and, more good news, you have a play-mate! Her name is-”



“Mirikal Irony Malus!”

“Ah.” Ah. That’s all I could say? No objections? No protest? If a monster attacks a king’s castle and kingdom he doesn’t just say ‘Ah’.

“She was found in the ditch with you, and uh.. Where did you say your parents were, sweetie?”

“Hell.” She said with this haunting smile.

“ Oh, so... Canada?”

“Same thing, I guess.” She is going to be the worst human being ever.



Friends – by Cory Poirier



## Butterflies – by Katie Johansen

These butterflies in my stomach are dead and wilting, my heart shattered on the floor, crushed under you're shoe

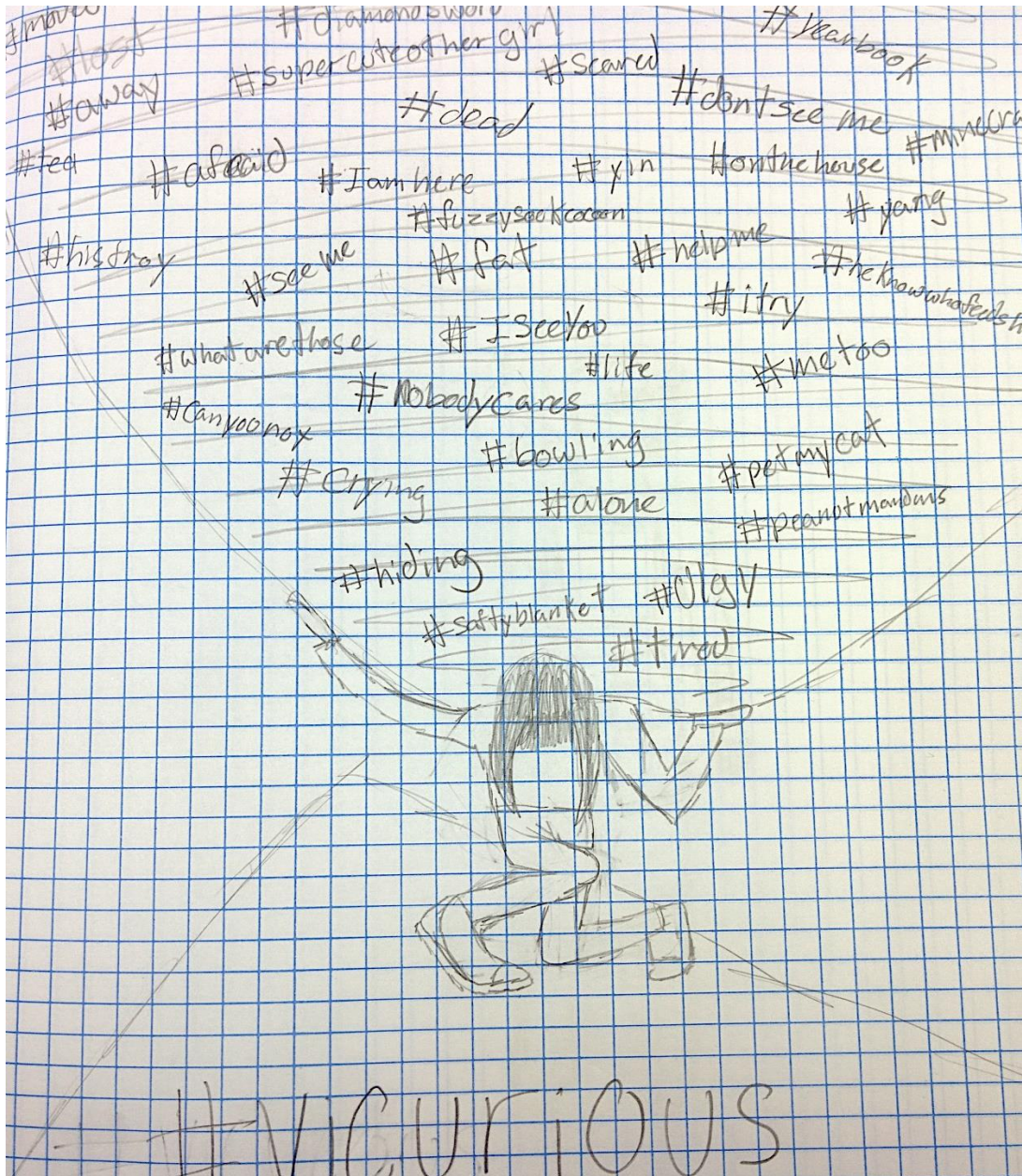
These flowers you planted in my ribs, are surrounding my lungs, making me suffocate

I'm trying to cut them but I'm destroying myself in the process, taking it out on my skin, trying to release them

I'm not a garden for you to plant your flowers, yet I sit here with weeds growing in my brain, telling me that if you don't love me no one will

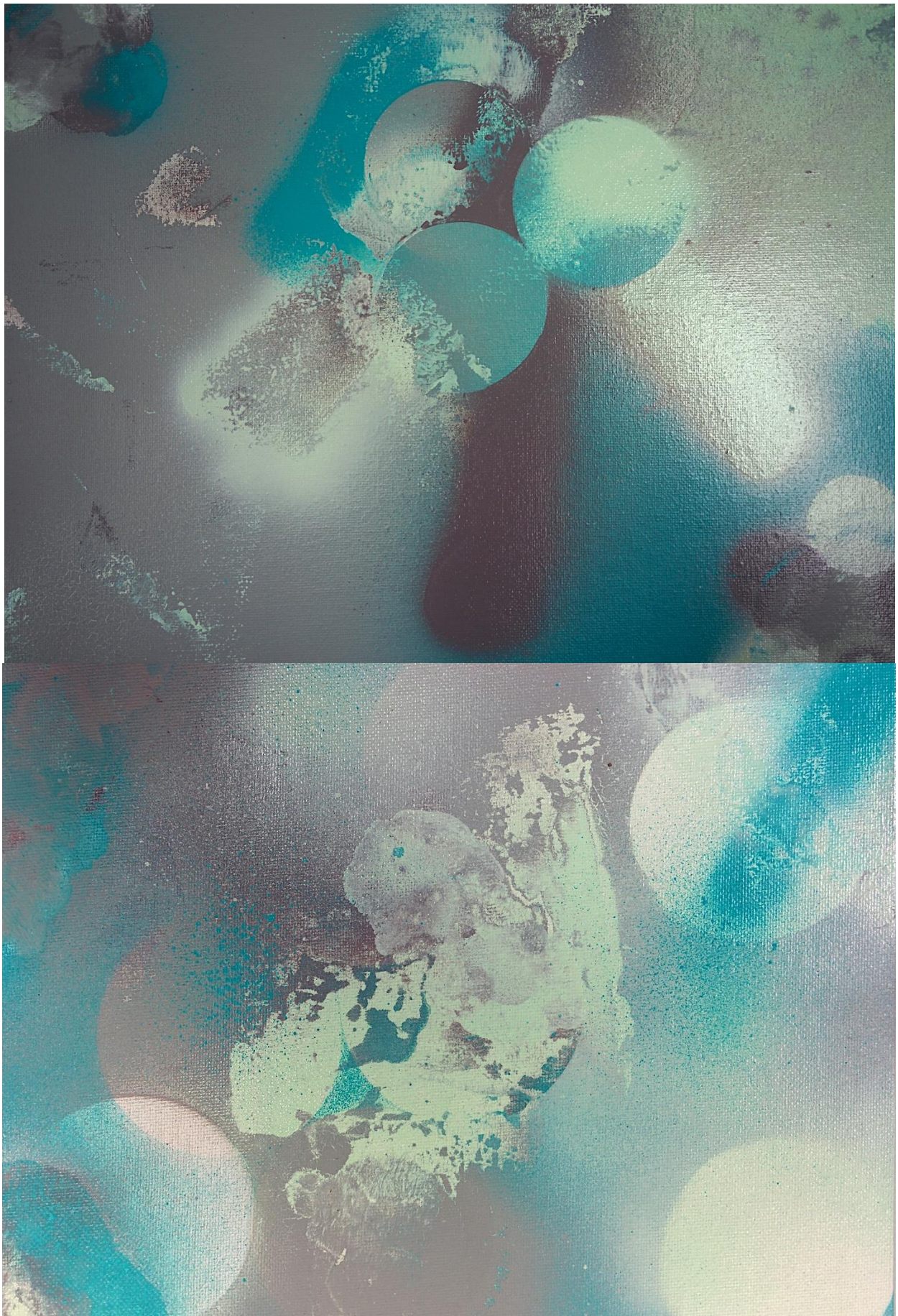
I'm waiting for you to move the dead butterflies from my stomach, I'm waiting for you to cut the flowers from my lungs,  
I'm waiting for you to pull the weeds sprouting from my brain

You told me I was your garden, but you abandoned me and now your garden is overgrown



## Vicurious – by Olivia Schlossmann





**Spray Paint – by Erin Lynch**





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## **teen zine** contributors:

**Melanie Andersen, Samantha Andersen, Tucker Bradley, Taylor Bradley, Erin Lynch, Ashton Miller, Cory Poirier, and Olivia Schlossmann**

**Please join us at our next meeting!**

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**teen zine** is a publication of the Huntley Area Public Library's teen writers' club and includes members' work as well as submissions from area teens in grades 6 – 12. If you would like to submit your writing or artwork for review and possible inclusion in a future issue of the zine, please fill out a submission form (available at the library's Information Desk), or use our online submission form

<http://www.huntleylibrary.org/teen-zine/>.

