



Teen Zine

Squish

Winter 2018-19

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Chapter 12

Three a.m. brings with it a phone call that I'm not prepared for and groaning from Gigi, followed by me sleepily stumbling out of our dorm room to find our large, communal bathroom so Andrew and I can talk without bothering my poor roommate.

"What's so important that you had to call me now?" I grumble. "If this isn't urgent I swear I'll drive over to your house and smack you upside the head."

"It's all gone."

"Listen, I'm not playing guessing games with you, I'm too tired for that. You either start speaking clearly, or I hang up on you," I reply, cranky due to the interruption. Andrew himself sounds exhausted yet alert, and I'm not entirely sure how that's possible.

"Don't be mad at me," he warns.

"I already am. Get on with it."

"I went to pay Clovis a little visit myself, to...knock some sense into him, we'll say. I got to his house, busted down his door and everything was just gone. Sure, the furniture was there, but any sign of life – any papers splayed out, photos up on the walls, trash in a bin – it was just gone. So I went upstairs to see if he was there, and he was nowhere to be found. His closet was empty. In fact, I couldn't even tell which room was his and which was the guest bedroom because there was no sign that anyone was staying in either. There wasn't even food in his pantry, Alexis. I don't know what he did, but he effectively made himself disappear."

Since it's so early in the morning and Andrew is laying it on me all at once, I'm having a bit of trouble processing what he's saying. He broke into Clovis's house last night, to do what? Punch him in the face? I'm about to shake off the thought, but I remember how furious he was when I told him what Clovis said to me last night.

Andrew doesn't think with his head, he thinks with his heart, and if his heart tells him to punch a guy in the face in the middle of the night, then that's what he's going to do.

"Wait..." My brain is still working in slow motion. "He's gone? Gone where? You searched his house?"

"Well, naturally, once I broke in and saw things were empty I got curious. I made a stupid choice to go to his house in the first place, and the adrenaline pumping through me wasn't going to just turn back and leave once I saw he wasn't there. I had to make sure he was really gone. And he is." Andrew replies, sounding annoyed. "I have no clue where he went."

"Why did he take all of his stuff?" I ask, confused. I get that he'd need some things if he left, but why did he bother to empty his trash can? Doesn't that seem a little unnecessary?

"How am I supposed to know? I have no idea what goes on in this guy's brain. But we still don't know about Dynah."

"We don't know what about Dynah?"

"If she's still here."

"You're not proposing what I think you're proposing, right? There's no way I'm going to sneak over to Dynah's house *again* just to check if she's there. Not at three a.m. Not after she caught me there yesterday."

"Listen, I don't know where her house is. And Amorie might notice if I leave again. I don't want to chance this," he says, but I shake my head in response even though he can't see me.

"I can tell you her address. I'm not going there right now; I'm exhausted. Maybe we could both go together in the morning," I respond, rubbing my eyes. I'm not in the mood for this."

"Actually, sis, it *is*."

"It's not morning, now shut up and go to bed," I snap, letting sleep deprivation get the best of me. Andrew sighs.

"Fine. But if I wait until later, will you come with me?"

"If I come, we're not breaking into her house. We're staying outside, got it? I don't want to get arrested."

"Deal."

* * *

Gigi glares at me in between bites of her bagel. In order to apologize for me waking her up so early, she made me buy and bring her breakfast and now I have to explain what was so important that I had to take a call at three a.m.

"I hope you realize that I wasn't too excited about getting woken up, either," I start, but Gigi is not having it

“Yesterday you made me draw a woman for you,” she says, gesturing to her Dynah sketch that admittedly does look quite similar to the real woman, even though she barely had anything to go off of,” and now you wake me up early on one of the two days a week I get to sleep in. What’s up with that?”

“My brother called and said Clovis is gone,” I answer, cutting to the chase. This morning I was too tired to fully understand the implications of this, but now I know why my brother is concerned. Clovis can be anywhere. He can be targeting anyone. He can be halfway across the state by now and we have no idea what he plans on doing. Clovis has got us on a leash, and he’s keeping us right where he wants us: in a world of confusion.

“Gone?” Gigi questions, bagel crumbs flying out of her mouth. “You mean he’s staying somewhere else?”

“I mean we have no idea where he is. All his stuff is missing. He’s probably not in town anymore.”

“Do you think that maybe this is a sign?”

I shoot my roommate a confused look. “What?”

“I mean, all you two are doing is following Clovis around and watching him make a mess of things. It’s not like you’re really stopping him from doing anything or punishing him, either. I know you said you don’t want him to be able to do whatever he wants and get away with it, but if he’s actually gone now, what more can you do? He’s gone, the threat is gone,” she explains, finishing off her bagel. I almost gape at her.

I know Gigi’s stopped being a fan of my Clovis investigations a couple days after I started, but surely now that we know more people could be at risk, she can’t really be suggesting that I stop, can she?

“More Enchanteds could be in danger because of him, Gigi. Sure, maybe we’ve been trailing after him up till this point, but we hope to stop him and Dynah eventually. You know that they can be a danger, and you know that just because it’s not affecting me anymore doesn’t mean it’s not happening.”

“I know.” Gigi looks down at her hands, and folds them in her lap. “I know you’re right. Sorry I keep getting in your way.”

“You’re not-”

“Now, what did you say you have to do today? Check to see if Dynah’s still in town?” I shake off her interruption and nod. “Well, you’d better get going then. The longer you spend here, the father she could be running.”

Gigi is right, and so I stand up, put on my coat, and head for the door. Just before I leave, I turn back to her and shoot her a smile.

“Bye, Gigi.”

She glances over at me, then picks one of her sketchbooks up off of the floor. I get the feeling that Dynah isn’t the only one running.

* * *

It starts to rain. Rain has never bothered me before; in fact, I’ve always sort of had a fondness for it, with the gentle drops splattering onto whatever surface I’m taking cover under. But now, at ten in the morning, with my brother anxiously fidgeting in the passenger seat, it seems to serve as a reminder that there are things in life I can’t control. One of those things being the fact that anyone can disappear at any time, and there’s not much I can do about it. Well. I can try.

Dynah’s house looks the same as yesterday, but there’s no car in her driveway. This time, I don’t even bother parking a couple houses away; if this goes the way I expect, there’s really no need to prevent any warning that we’re here.

I pull right into her lot and throw off my seatbelt, rushing to her front door, with Andrew following quickly behind. I’m about to ring her doorbell, since, frankly, having her answer it would be a relief, but my hand freezes before I can press it. There’s a note taped on her door. I quickly rip it off.

The handwriting is messy, rushed; the kind of handwriting one might expect from a fifteen-year-old boy rather than a thirty-year-old woman. But her handwriting is the least of my concerns right now. Reading her note makes me feel like I’m small, like everything I’ve been doing is a joke. I almost crumple it in my hands.

“What? What’s wrong?”

Andrew takes it from me, and audibly grunts when he reads it. His eyes keep scanning the two words Dynah left for us like there’s some sort of hidden meaning within them, but there’s nothing except the kind of teasing that leaves a sour taste in your mouth.

Too late.

What *nerve* it would take to leave that for us, and yet Dynah did. Angrily, I rip the note back out of Andrew’s hands, but just as I’m about to read it again, it disappears into thin air.

"What?" I exclaim, jumping backwards. "How did it- but, I thought they only had Amorie and Amy's powers? Electricity and plants can't do this!"

"Clearly, Amorie wasn't their first target, and we both know that Amy's not their last," Andrew replies, throwing a weary glance at the door we took the note off of. "They're just trying to toy with us, Alexis. But we'll get them back."

"How?"

It's like everything I've done these past few days has been for nothing. What am I even trying to do? I don't even know what I'm up against. Clovis Witt, Dynah Heron, who else? What magic do they have, exactly? I know I still have to try to fight against them, but I'm fully realizing how stupid I've been. I left them know I'm onto them, and now they're gone and there's not much I can do if they're not even in town.

Unless, of course, I can leave.

"I don't know," Andrew admits. "We'll figure it out. We have to. Come on, let's go back to my place; maybe Amorie will have some ideas."

"Alright," I agree, even though I already have an idea myself.

We make our way back to my car, and as I drive us to his home, my brain is still trying to work out whether or not this is a stupid idea or not. Most of my ideas so far have been, but this seems like the only option if I really want to pursue those two. But at this point, *not* pursuing Clovis and Dynah seems a little misguided. I'm in too deep to just turn back now, no matter how many mistakes I already made and how this might affect my school career. I've already adopted the punishment of those two as my project, and that's not something I can let go.

Once we're at Andrew's, he leads me to the living room and I sit down in the same spot I did when Daisy was over for the interview. That seems like such a long time ago. I had no idea what I was about to get into when we went to complain to Daisy about the article not appearing in the paper like we had asked. I know that what I'm doing will hopefully help a lot of people, but at the same time, I can't help but wonder if it would've been better if Andrew and I just let it go.

Andrew's making me some tea, so I plan on waiting here a bit to gather my thoughts, but Amorie pokes her head into the room.

"Hi, Alexis," she greets, taking a seat on the couch. She smiles sweetly at me. "How did your Dynah search go? Andrew told me you were doing that today. Did you stop by Clovis' house, too?"

I bite my tongue before I tell her that Andrew snuck out yesterday to visit Clovis. There are some things it's probably better that she doesn't know.

"She wasn't there," I answer simply, choosing to avoid detail. Just like Gigi, Amorie likes to know the basics of what's going on, but prefers to stay out of the thick of the drama. She also keeps Amy up to date, because Amy seems quite interested in giving Clovis and Dynah what they deserve.

"That's a shame," she replies, shaking her head slowly. "And I take it you don't know where they went, huh?"

"No idea. But I don't think it would be too hard to find them."

"Oh?" she cocks her head slightly. "What makes you say that?"

"Well..." I take a deep breath, preparing myself for the sheer amount of backlash I'm about to receive. I'd better get used to it; surely, Amorie won't be the only one to react negatively. "I have an idea."

Chapter 13

"You are *not* dropping out of school!" Amorie shrieks, obviously alarming my brother, because he races into the room with the tea from the cups sloshing over the sides. He pays no mind to that, however.

"What did you just say, Amorie?" he asks, placing the cups down on the coffee table before he causes an even bigger mess.

Amorie stands up and points an accusatory finger at me. "Your sister wants to drop out of school to play cat and mouse with Clovis."

Andrew stares at me in disbelief. I can't tell if he's upset or just surprised, but I stand up so I can properly defend myself.

"I never said I was dropping out. I might take the semester off so I can focus on this," I clarify, hoping that'll somehow lessen the blow. I know this won't be received well by anyone, and it's definitely not set in stone, but it really seems like a viable option to me.

"Alexis, there's no way in hell you're taking off, not even a week. I don't care how much you want to track down Clovis, your education comes first, not this," Andrew retorts, folding his arms.

"I thought you'd be the most supportive, since you want this as badly as I do. Amorie might be okay just forgetting this, but everything the 700 Club is doing doesn't sit well with me, and I'm still not one-hundred percent sure

what they're doing. Enchanteds are in danger now, just like they've always been in danger. I have to stop this, and I can't if I'm just sitting in a classroom all day," I reason, but Andrew and Amorie don't appear convinced.

"Your education is your *future*, you can't just throw that out. I wouldn't have my job if I didn't complete college, and I guarantee it'll be the same for you," Andrew warns, but I shrug off his comment.

"You're a programmer. I want to become a professor of magic history, just like Professor Lontelle. You can't overlook the value of me taking part in a major event of magic history myself and preventing another catastrophe."

"Catastrophe is a little harsh of a word to use, don't you think?" Amorie asks, bringing her voice back down so we're not all screaming at each other.

"You tell me. Clovis attacked you personally, took your magic, gave you amnesia, and now he and his club are going to do that to other Enchanteds and you're okay with it?" I ask, forcing Amorie into a corner. I don't mean to, but my need to defend myself makes me aggressive.

"Alexis." Her voice drops further, no longer making it seem calm but rather like she's about to pounce on me. "Of course I want to protect the other Enchanteds; they're my people. They're my mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, and I mean literally, since all Enchanteds descended from one common ancestor a long time ago. I just don't like how you and Andrew are getting so involved with this, because I'm scared for you. I don't want them to hurt you. I love you both so much."

Andrew pulls her into a loving embrace, smiling sadly at me. We both have been a little too preoccupied trying to figure out what Clovis and Dynah are planning that we've neglected to realize that Amorie is worried about us, even though it should have been obvious. She probably even feels a little responsible, since her kidnapping got us into this in the first place.

"I'll stop this if you want me to," Andrew says comfortingly, letting go of Amorie.

"Of course I want you to stop. I'm so worried about you. I know they've done nothing to you so far, but I don't want you to wait around until they do," she responds, grabbing his hand. As much as I don't want to worry Amorie, giving this up just isn't as simple for me. Andrew's in it to please his wife, but I'm in it to protect the Enchanteds.

"I'm sorry," I apologize, making sure my voice doesn't come across as harsh. "I have to keep fighting."

"I know you do," Amorie replies, grinning sadly at me. "You've been like this for as long as I've known you, and it's admirable, it really is. I'm just scared about your future success. Taking some time off is going to put you behind in your studies, and I want you to be prepared for that."

"This is important to me." I grab Amorie's hand, look deep into her eyes. Maybe what I'm going to do is a mistake, but I have to try. "Please, I have to do this."

"Don't get ahead of yourself," she says, but she smiles at me. "Don't make such a huge decision in one night, okay? Think it over a bit longer, ask around for more opinions. But, you have my support."

"I'll help you," Andrew adds, ruffling my wavy brown hair so some gets in my face. I blow it out of the way.

"Thanks, you two. I'm sorry to lay this on you, but I really think it would be best if I can just focus on stopping the 700 Club without the added stress of my grades slipping lower every day."

"If you need help with anything, let me know. I'll be your mission control, alright? Home base. You're not going to be alone in this," Andrew says. I drop Amorie's hand and nod at him.

"I know."

"You're going to tell Mom, though."

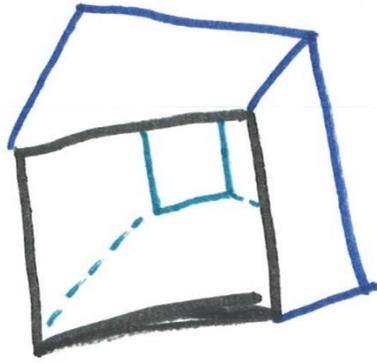
Ha. Like I'm going to tell her before this situation is sorted out. Yeah, right. There's no way she'd let my tuition money go down the drain like this.

I grin. "Alright."

* * *



Despair – by Cory Poirier



Abstract - by Erin Lynch

Princess for Rescue (Days 2 & 3) – by Sam Andersen

Day 2

“Morning, Azazel.”

I lift my head off from the unnecessarily large dining table. My eyes blink open and I stifle a yawn. Turns out sleeping on my throne is not as comfortable as I thought it was going to be.

“Hey...where did you get that dress?”

My eyes open wide enough to see my so-called-captive with her shiny hair pulled back in a long braid while wearing a sparkly cream-colored dress. How is that possible? She didn't bring anything with her.

She sits down across from me and smiles as Aamon places a plate of breakfast in front of her. That smile is as stupid as her equally rare laugh.

“I had a few things packed to tide me over until my rescue. I have to look presentable for my future husband after all.” Her smile brightens even more before she takes a bite of the deviled egg and makes a face. “These eggs are nasty!”

I'm still on the topic of her magical wardrobe change. “How come I didn't notice you brought stuff with you?”

“I do not know. You were too busy freaking out about my presence to notice I suppose. Aamon brought down my luggage for me later on while you were busy ‘doing your job.’” She takes another dramatic bite.

“Wait, why did you say it like that?”

She lifts her eyes and smirks. “Oh, I was unaware that napping in front of the magamafall counted as ‘working.’”

How did she see me? I was on the other side of the Underneath. How fast is this girl? Why was she even walking around again? She was supposed to stay in the room!

“I wasn't napping,” I defend. “I was...contemplating.”

“Right,” she draws out. “You were ‘contemplating.’ With your eyes closed. And your head back. While snoring.”

My face betrays my indignation to her statement. “W-well, with you sleeping in my bed it's a miracle I was able to get any sleep at all. Can you blame me for wanting to catch up on some shut eye?”

Her smile remains as she shakes her head. “Thank you for lending me your room. It is not nearly as bad as it looks.”

I roll my eyes in an effort to distract me from the fact that she actually thanked me. Never thought I would live to see the day where a member of the Birmingham family thanked me.

“Hey, so I found a cage for you.” Not a very sly subject change, but whatever.

She looks up at me from the tops of her eyes. “A cage?”

“Yeah, for your little...” I wave a hand in the air, “...kidnapped performance.”

Her face actually seems to show excitement. “Really? You did?”

I nod in pride. “Yep. And it’s a very old cage, too. Might even have some blood spatters on it. That’ll really set the scene.”

Her face wrinkles up like it does to every other thing I say. “Do I dare ask where the blood came from?”

“You could ask, but I don’t think I know the answer to that.

She sighs and shakes her head. Her hair follows each turn as if it’s a regular dance. Maybe she’s used to shaking her head at all the ridiculous proclamations that come out of her father’s mouth.

After breakfast, I lead her to the cage. It seems Aamon was able to somehow attach a chain to our crazy-high ceilings in order to have the cage dangle over a pit of magma. Don’t know how secure that is, but whatever. She either finds her husband through that cage or dies because of said cage. Either way she’s outta my hands.

Eve studies the heap of rusted metal in all of its gloomy glory. “Is it safe?”

“Sure it is! This thing is sturdier than the ground you’re walking on. It’ll be fine. It’s all about the show, right?”

She tosses me a skeptical look to which I just roll my eyes.

“Why don’t you test it out?” I offer. Might as well see if this thing really can support her weight. Not that that would be very difficult. She looks like she weighs sixty pounds.

I open the cage door for her and she cautiously places a foot inside. When the bottom of it doesn’t give out beneath her, she hoists herself fully inside. Her tiny hands grasp the bars while she peers out.

“See? Told you it was safe.” I accidentally push the door shut a little too roughly and it sends the cage swinging. The metal groans and Eve lets out a squeal of fright.

I reach out and grab one of the bars, steadying the cage. “It’s fine. It’s fine. No need to burst my ear drums or anything.”

Eve glances around at the magma beneath her. “May I come out now?” she asks, her rosy cheeks abnormally pale.

“What’s the matter? You don’t like the set up? I thought you wanted it to look ‘authentic?’”

“Yes, when there’s an *audience*,” she huffs, stepping out of the cage after I swing the door open. Her foot trips on seemingly nothing, yet she trips all the same and it freaks her out so bad she flings herself at me in an attempt not to drop down to her fiery doom.

I’m not prepared for the close proximity and the added force of her weight causes me to fall backward.

“I could have DIED!” she shouts from on top of my chest. She dips her head down so our faces are inches apart. “I could have *died*.”

My head is spinning and I’m blaming it on the fact that I hit it on my way down and not because she smells like peaches and flowers or because she’s staring at me with wide, sparkling eyes.

Sparkling eyes? What in the Underland am I thinking?

“You’re not dead, and I doubt you would have even fallen into the magma. The crack could barely fit your foot. Think you could get off me now?”

She glares, but removes herself and dusts off her dress. “Well, I suppose it will be suitable. Do *not* let me fall, however.”

“Or you’ll what?”

“Or my soul will be stuck down here, by your side for the rest of time.” She smirks before turning and walking off, her heels clicking against the stone ground.

Day 3

“Sir! Sir! We have an intruder! We have an intruder!”

Aamon’s voice is not something I want to hear when I’m trying to chase some much-needed sleep. I sit upright in my throne and ask him to repeat himself.

“An intruder, sir!”

That time I heard him. “Intruder? Who?”

“Someone dressed in silver chainmail with blond hair that seems to flow as if wind is perpetually blowing through it and baby blue eyes which would put an ocean to shame. Oh, and he has a very pointy sword.”

I blink at Aamon. “Um, you really took a good look at this guy, didn’t you?”

He laughs uncomfortably. “Uh, uh. I think he is here for the girl, sir.”

“No, really? Of course he’s here for the girl!” Suddenly I’m at a loss for what to do. Should I show him where she is so they can meet and quickly exit my life? Should I put on a show? Make it a challenge for him?

Aamon shifts his weight as he awaits my orders. “Should I get the girl into the cage, sir?”

“Huh? Oh, uh, yes! To the cage.”

Eve is dressed in a deep purple dress with her hair pulled into some intricate updo. Her hands twiddle nervously as she waits behind the bars of the cage. “I cannot believe this is it. I am meeting my husband today.”

I stand next to her, watching as a small smile lights up her face. My attention is redirected as someone on horseback trots down from the doorway.

“I am here to rescue my princess! Now show yourself, demon!”

Just as I am about to call the pretty boy over, Eve sucks in a breath. I look over to see she’s retreated to the back of the cage and is shaking her head.

“What’s up?” I ask, slightly annoyed. What is this girl’s deal? First, she complains about staying here, now she’s got her chance to go and she looks like she would rather stay.

“That’s Arnold Westenfield.” She whispers like I should know who he is.

“And?”

“And I cannot marry him! I figured I wouldn’t get someone like Lucas Lionhart, but honestly, Arnold? You have to get rid of him.”

"I don't have to do anything. The arrangement was you hid out here until someone comes to rescue you. I don't care who it is, just as long as someone takes you away."

She throws her arms out to the side. Always one for dramatics. "You do not understand. I cannot marry him. He is horrid! I would sooner marry *you* than Arnold."

This girl...

"Fine! I'll get rid of him."

Relief washes over her. "Thank you, Azazel."

I ignore the happiness in her eyes as I head down the stone slope towards Aamon. Honestly, I'm surprised this Arnold guy hasn't seen us already. We're among the first things you see when you come down. It's all very open down here.

"Sir?" Aamon replies when I tell him we have to get rid of the pretty boy.

"Yeah, yeah. I know, just do what I told you."

"Very well, sir." He bows and disappears into the depths of the constant fog we have contaminating the place. Never could figure out what caused that.

I head back over to Eve who's still hiding in the far end of her cage. "He is still here," she whispers harshly.

I roll my eyes. "Very well spotted, Princess."

"You!"

I swear I didn't jump. The pretty boy's voice just caught me off guard is all.

"Release my princess at once!"

Man, this guy is more annoying than Eve. "Yeah, no. I don't take orders from someone whose voice is higher than their chance of getting a date."

Pretty Boy completely disregards my awesome insult and shoots a grappling hook across the pit of lava surrounding us right into the rock I'm standing on. Great. Now I'll have a decent-sized hole in the side of my cliff.

"No need to fear, my dearest Genevieve. I am on my way! Then we can be wed and you can bear our beautiful children."

I glance at Eve and she looks terrified alright, but I'm guessing it's not because she's currently trapped in a cage over magma.

Aamon sneaks up to my side and hands me my staff. It's actually a really cool gadget. It's black and has a diamond point at its tip. Guess that makes it more of a spear really, now that I'm thinking about it...

Anyway.

"Hey, Pretty Boy. Get lost," I command in my deepest most menacing voice.

Eve gives me a look before covering her face and shaking her head.

Pretty Boy is now trying to climb across the rope to make it to us. Still don't know why he didn't walk down another twenty feet to the side and follow the wrap-around to get us. Sure it's longer, but man...there's no lava that way.

"Seriously, Arnie, or whoever you are. If you don't stop, I'll be forced to cut your little rope bridge and you'll go tumbling down straight into the fire, and then – hey – guess who's got a new subject! What...what's he doing?"

Pretty Boy has got himself turned upside down, clutching the rope for dear life. He's about a foot away from his side and twenty from us.

"I'm stuck!" he shouts.

I bring two fingers up to my temple. "Oh, for magma's sake, you've got to be kidding me."

So Aamon and I rescue the fool on the condition that he immediately leaves. He accepts with no issues and with nothing more than a stream of grumbling about how she's not worth it.

Eve steps out of the cage looking unlike herself. It's like all the stuck-up-ed-ness was sucked out of her.

"Hey, you alright?" I ask as we walk down to the throne plaza.

She doesn't answer for a minute. "Yes."

"Look, I know staying with me isn't the ideal arrangement for either of us, but hey, it's better than being married to that guy, right?"

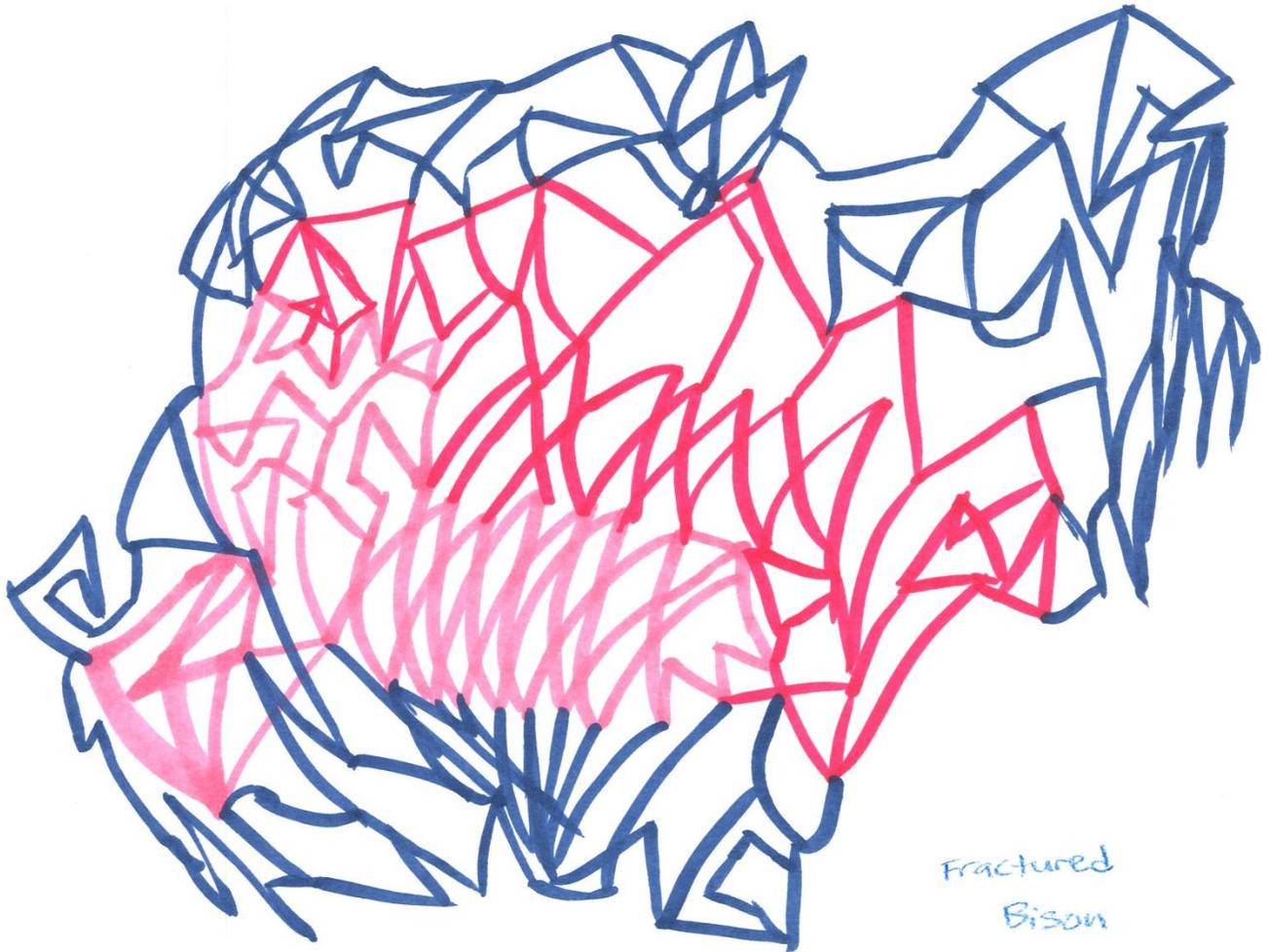
I'm not expecting her to answer, but when she says "yes" again, I slow to a stop.

She stops, too, and turns around to look at me. "What is it?"

I hold her gaze. "He'll come for you, you know. One day your cliché knight in shining armor will come – a good one, too. Not that Arnie dude. He may even come tomorrow. And then you'll leave and get married and live out your happy ever after."

Eve smiles and her eyes shine softly. "Thanks, Azazel."

She walks with a lighter gait back to my bedroom, leaving me with the sickest feeling in my stomach.



Fractured
Bison

Fractured Bison – by Erin Lynch



Abstract 2 – by Erin Lynch

WELCOME TO NETHARRE – by Tucker Bradley

Based off of the game Manual Samuel

Chapter 4: THE STORYTIME

After my mother left the room, Mirikal began staring at me again.

It was just silent for a solid 5 minutes.

...

“WHAT. DO YOU. WANT!?”

“What’s the deal with your hair?”

“What do you mean ‘The deal with my hair’?”

“Why’s it white? Usually doesn’t happen till you’re 60.”

I sighed, prepping myself for a painful backstory.

“When I was 9, my mom, who is a model by the way, and my dad, a film director, were taking me on a vacation. Our limo was hit by a guy who was texting on his phone. The cars crashed so hard, and it scared me so much, my hair turned snow white.”

“COOL! What did the car look like? Was it all mangled up and CRUSHED?!”

“Mirikal, It’s not cool. My dad..”

“... Oh. He was Artie Flynn?”

I nodded, looking down. I never really knew him, since he had a big job with movies and all that. “Nicest man I’ve ever met.” Mirikal added.

“What?”

“After that happened, I met Art, and he seemed so cool. I had no idea he was your dad.”

“Heh, I don’t suppose he mentioned me?”

“He did.”

I froze. What could he have said? “Send my jerkwad of a son to Hell”? “If you see my son, pop him in the nose for me”? “My son smells like groundhog butt”?

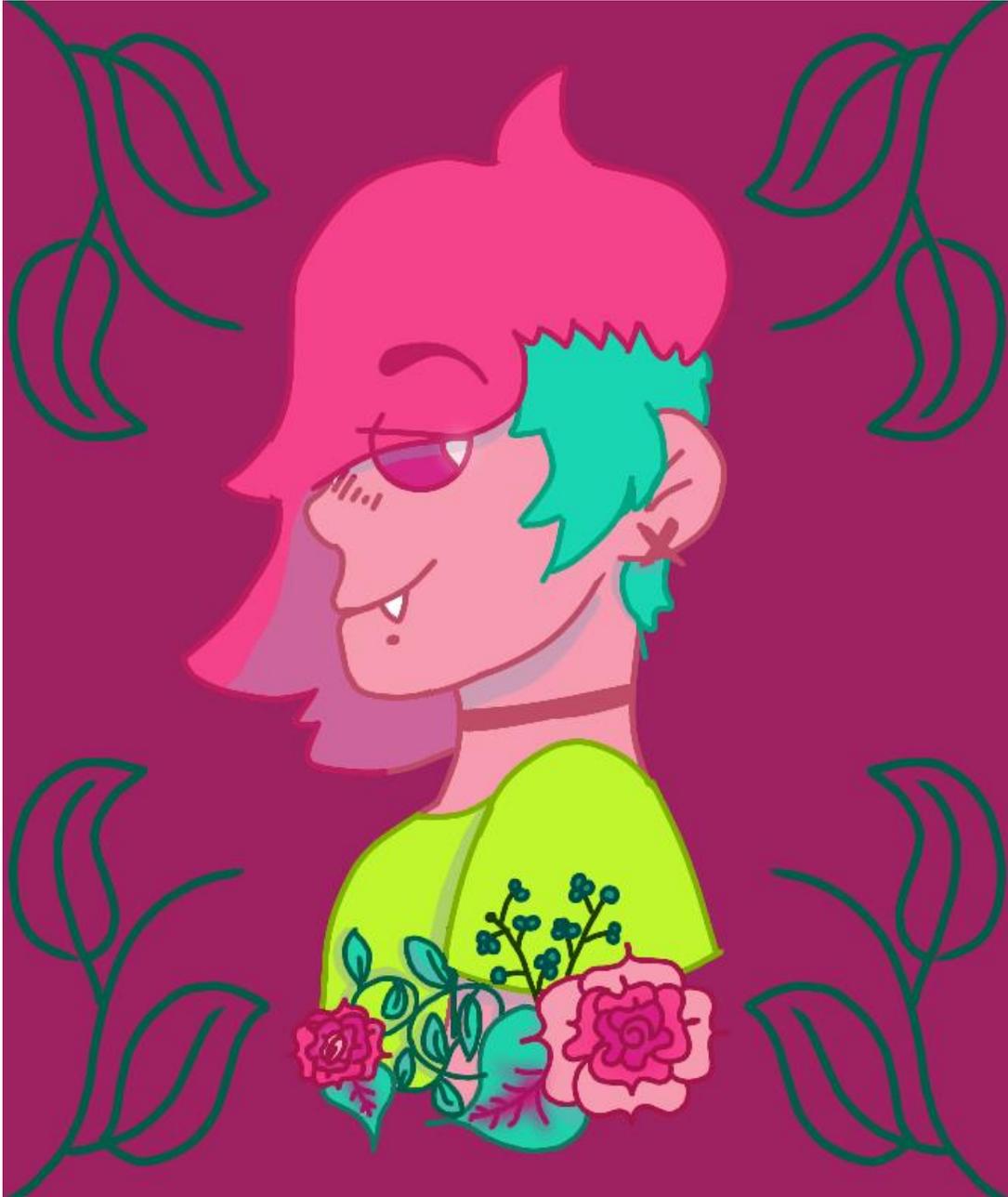
“He said... It’s not important. So I guess I owe you a story now that I asked you for one?”

I let out a noise, that was something along the lines of ‘heermm’ “Sure. Why are you a demon? Is there something to that or..?”

“ Of course you chose that one. I was born in the 50’s, and my people, who I don’t even consider parents, were satanists. When I was 15, I refused to join in a sacrifice, so I was sacrificed, and poof, demon.”

“And you got to send your people to Hell. You had a messed up childhood.”

“Hehe, you don’t say? Your parents don’t murder people? Well, how odd!”



by Tucker Bradley



-What? You're looking at me like you just saw a ghost or somethin'.

Ghost – by Tucker Bradley



We Love You, Travis – by Cory Poirier

teen zine contributors:

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

Please join us at our next meeting!

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/>.