

Teen Zine

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The 700 Club (Part 9) – by Melanie Andersen

Gigi knows something's up the second I re-enter our dorm. I don't know if it's the way I silently hang up my coat and pull out a book to read before we can exchange any words, or if I'm wearing a pained expression, but she sets down the sketchbook in her lap and asks me what's wrong. I'd really rather tell her this once I'm one-hundred percent certain I'm taking a break, however, since I'm positive she'd try to convince me out of it.

"Oh, well, Dynah's gone along with Clovis. Andrew and I have no idea where they went, and it's annoying," I answer, because it's technically not a lie.

"That sucks," she responds, frowning, but she really doesn't seem upset in the slightest. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay. No need to apologize, silly."

"I guess this means..." Gigi noticeably hesitates, so shoot her a confused look.

"It means what?"

"...It's over?"

I'd love it to be over, really. But as I've said to Andrew, Amorie, myself even – it's nowhere near over. It's just gotten more complicated.

In order to prevent another fight, I shrug. I'd like to hear what Professor Lontelle has to say about the situation before Gigi tries to talk me out of it, honestly. The Professor surely cares for me and my future, but I think she just might support my idea. In fact, if I don't do this myself, she might try to go after them. It's a side effect of studying magic history, I suppose; the Enchanteds are almost always the victims, and it makes one want to become the protector of them, to prevent further harm from occurring.

I know my place, and I'm positive Professor Lontelle knows it, too. I'd like to hear whatever opinion she has before Gigi tries to steer me away, because I know my roommate is capable of swaying my opinion with her wide baby eyes and tears. I realize that when Amorie said I should probably take others' opinions into consideration she most likely meant Gigi, too, but I know that if I think too hard about leaving my roommate, and she thinks about me leaving her, that I'm going to abandon the Enchanteds just for the sake of missing my best friend.

So, painful as it is, I have to disregard Gigi's opinion or the Enchanteds will still be in danger with no one to help them.

"I don't know," I respond finally, even though it's a lie.

"Oh." Gigi looks back down at the sketchbook in her hands. "Well, I'm at least glad you can take a break from this Clovis stuff, even if it's just momentary while you're trying to figure out what to do. I like being with you, you know."

"I know."

Why does she have to make things so difficult?

I smile at her, then turn back to the novel in my hands, desperate to end this conversation. Gigi doesn't try to stop me.

* * *

Monday brings with it a conversation with Professor Lontelle, even though I only have her class on Tuesdays and Thursdays. I stop by her room the second after my last class of the day ends, and thankfully she's just sitting patiently at her desk, grading papers. I knock on the classroom door, and she waves me in.

"Ah, there's my favorite student," she greets. I pull up a chair without her telling me to, used to the drill. "What seems to be taxing you?"

"Well, a lot has happened these past few days, and I'm not entirely positive if you'd really want all the details, but I need your opinion on something," I request, and the Professor smiles at me.

"Certainly, I'm all ears."

"As it turns out, Amorie's kidnapping is part of something larger – there's this club trying to steal some Enchanteds' magic, most likely for the fame." The Professor opens her mouth to say something, but I silence her by putting my hand out. "This has become more important to me than continuing to sit in a classroom while my mind is elsewhere. I think I want to take the semester off so I can focus all my attention on this."

Professor Lontelle opens her mouth, closes it. She seems like she's at a loss for words, but I can't entirely blame her. It's not every day her favorite student decides to drop out in order to pursue a shady club that's kidnapping Enchanteds.

Finally she seems able to find her words. "I respect your decision, but I'm scared for you. You can always finish getting your college degree later, as long as you have the funds, but I'm worried about you. This seems like an incredibly dangerous task for a twenty-one-year-old to take upon herself."

"I know, but my older brother, my sister, my roommate and you are all going to try to help and support me, right? I may have been a bit rash in confronting Clovis initially, but I'll be smarter from now on, since I can focus all my attention on this and not my slipping grades," I reply, hoping for her support. The Professor is logical. If she truly believes this is a mistake, she'll tell me, and then I won't do it.

Professor Lontelle considers this. "I know you're a smart girl, Alexis, and I believe if you set your heart to it, you can help so many people. That is, if you genuinely believe there is a threat to multiple people."

I take a moment to think about everything – Amorie and Amy's kidnapping, the 700 Club, Clovis admitting to everything to get a rise out of me the note that disappeared in my hands and the houses that turned completely empty overnight. There's no way Clovis and Dynah left town to do something harmless. Things are only going to get worse from here, I can feel it.

"There is most definitely a threat, Professor."

"Alright, then I think you should take a break from school. Though you made up your mind before you came here, didn't you?" she asks, sharp as ever.

"Kind of, but I wanted your opinion. I really look up to you," I admit, causing the Professor to smile sweetly at me.

"I'll miss you, Favorite Student. Please keep me updated on what's happening, because I want to help you, too. As I'm sure you can imagine, this is concerning to me also. I really do wish the best for you and the Enchanteds," she says, standing up. I follow her cue, a bit confused, and she pulls me into a hug. "Stay safe, and put Clovis in jail."

"I will."

I pull away from the Professor, looking into her hazel eyes, which reflect slight worry, but I won't let her down. Tracking Clovis has become my full-time job.

Chapter 14

As it turns out, talking to my guidance counselor is a lot less scary than I thought it would be. I decide to leave off the part about me investigating the disappearance of some kidnappers, and instead opt for the reasoning that I have a family emergency and have to take care of an ailing family member, but will be able to return back to school in a month or so. Since the semester ends in January, and it's October, I already completed a majority of the semester, and thus my counselor thinks it will be most convenient for me if I take a month off without doing schoolwork and then try to catch up over winter break in December.

Honestly, this works out better than I was expecting, since now I don't have to drop the rest of the semester and will instead just be behind when I return to school in a month, which I'm fine with. I'm hoping it won't take a full month to put the 700 Club in jail, but I thought it would be best to include a large time frame just in case things go wrong.

My counselor is going to talk to my teachers about collecting the work I need to do in class, but otherwise it sounds like I'm all set up to go. I'm not going to be kicked out of my dorm, which admittedly I was afraid of, but I realize there was no point in fearing the loss of my dorm room since I need to leave town anyways.

The only issue I still have is letting Gigi know what I decided. And no matter how I play this out in my head, each scenario leaves her impossibly angry at me.

It's Thursday today, and my last day of participating in school for a while is tomorrow, which means I'm running out of time to procrastinate telling her. It's not like I'm scared of her, but I'm scared of what this might do to our friendship.

We were randomly paired up as roommates when we were freshmen, and despite the obvious difference in our personalities, we hit it off right away. We were always there for each other, helping the other navigate through college life and adjusting to adulthood. Gigi's cried to me about breakups, I've enlisted her help in staying up to finish multiple projects with me, and we became best friends in a rather short amount of time.

Two years later, and I'm abandoning her for something straight out of a Hollywood movie, but a lot less glamorous. For as long as we've known each other, we've been living together, and I wonder how she'll adjust to that.

I sigh as I enter my dorm, pondering how I'll bring the topic up. I can't very well open with that; there has to be some preparation, right? I know that Gigi herself isn't very delicate with serious topics, but I like to think I'm a bit more sensitive than her, and would rather not get chided for my bluntness. After all, I'm bound to get scolded for a lot more.

Luckily for me, Gigi's not home yet, so I decide to take a moment to collect my thoughts while lying on my bed. Tomorrow, and perhaps the weekend as I try to plan where to go and what I'm doing, will be among my last few days in this dorm for a while. It's not like I'll particularly miss crushing Gigi's paintings under my feet and causing her to squeal in surprise and upset, but I will miss hearing her voice every morning, wishing me a good day. I'll miss her relaying her entire day to me as soon as we're both home, and I'll miss teasing her about small, petty things, and waiting for her sarcastic response.

Still, I've got the Enchanteds to worry about, and the couple days it took for me to sort out my school situation could've been enough for Clovis and Dynah to kidnap someone else. I can't let a little yearning for familiarity hold me back.

Quite suddenly, the door opens and Gigi bounds into the room, looking joyous. She shuts the door and skips over to her bed, nearly trampling her guitar which somehow always manages to get in the way. She brushes one of her copper waves out of the way as she takes a seat on her bed and grins at me.

"What's got you so happy?" I question, slightly peeved because now I'll have to bring her down from her high and that's going to make things even worse.

"Oh, nothing much," she lies, looking like she's going to explode from happiness. I roll my eyes.

"I know something's up; why don't you just tell me?"

"Okay, you got me," she laughs. *That didn't take too much prodding.* "My advanced art teacher really liked the painting I turned in the other day. In fact, she wants to send it to a local art exhibition."

"Wow," I breathe, kind of surprised. There's no doubt that Gigi has talent, but I never really saw her skill manifesting itself into anything, since she's never even attempted to sell or gift anything she's made.

"I know, right? I worked hard on that painting. I'm so glad my work's being recognized. Honestly, it feels kind of amazing." Gigi grins. "Do you think I can really make a career out of this if I tried? I was going to go into graphic design, but painting is really my passion...do you think I could do it?"

What a convenient segue into something impossible I want to do.

"Well, if you want my honest opinion, I think it's going to be difficult. It might seem like something unachievable, but I think if it's something you really want to do and something you put a lot of time and effort into, not focusing on other unimportant things, that you could definitely do it."

Gigi thanks me, but there's something in her eyes that shows she senses something off about my answer. I guess a simple yes or no would've sufficed rather than a whole speech, but I'm trying to support myself before she even starts attacking me.

She doesn't say anything, however; Gigi simply gives me a funny look and starts smiling to herself, looking at her hands like they belong to a god. I clear my throat. It's about time I get this over with.

"Hey, um, can I talk to you about something?" I ask, setting the tone. Nothing good usually comes out of conversations that start this way, but at least it'll let her know I'm serious.

"Of course," she answers, wiping the smile off her cheery face and channeling all her energy into listening to me. "You can tell me anything."

"You won't like this," I warn, so it doesn't come as a shock to her. She noticeably tenses, but nods.

"Alright."

"I've been thinking a lot these past couple days about what I'm about to tell you, so I want you to know that this isn't just an idea. I've made up my mind, the plan's in motion, and you can't stop me," I say, but then decide I should probably try to take a friendlier approach if I want her to remain calm. "As you know, catching Dynah and Clovis and giving my sister and Amy their powers back has pretty much been at the front of my mind for a while, now, and rather than feeling more free now that Dynah and Clovis are gone, I feel more trapped than ever. I need to know what they're doing; I need to stop them."

I take a slight break to see if Gigi's still with me. She is.

"Go on," she instructs, appearing neither happy nor upset.

"I haven't been doing too well in school lately since I've been so preoccupied in trying to figure out what the 700 Club's doing. I know I haven't been treating you too well, either. That's why I decided I need a break from school, so I can focus on shutting down the 700 Club and giving back the magic to the Enchanteds."

"What are you saying?" Gigi asks, sounding confused and a little bit scared.

"I'm taking a month off of school and leaving town to find Clovis and Dynah."

Gigi clearly doesn't believe what I'm saying at first, as I swear she almost starts laughing, but her laughter gets caught in her throat and instead she almost sounds like she's choking.

"You *what*?" she coughs out.

"I'm taking off. I'm sorry."

"No way." Gigi shakes her head violently, causing her waves to shake with the movement. Her voice raised quite loud in such a short amount of time, but as much as it pains me, this is something we have to get over with.

"You're lying."

"I have no reason to lie," I reply, quietly. Gigi looks like she's about to rip my head off and I don't even think she's processed what I said yet. "Tomorrow's my last day for a bit."

"And you're telling me this *now*? Why wasn't I a part of this decision? Doesn't my opinion mean anything to you?" she demands, voice breaking off halfway through her argument.

"I know you would just try to talk me out of it, and I really do love that about you. I love how you try to keep me safe and happy and close to you. But I need to think about the Enchanteds. My brother's going to help me track down Clovis, along with Professor Lontelle.

"Your history professor was a part of your decision-making process, but I *wasn't*?" Gigi shouts. "Unbelievable."

"I would never do something this rash unless I had a good reason, and you know it. I have a really bad feeling about the 700 Club, and if the police aren't going to do anything about it, then I guess I have to," I respond, trying not to let Gigi's yelling faze me. I really don't like it when she's upset, especially with me, but it's a necessary evil.

"The reason the police can't do anything is because you have no proof. And if you have no proof, why are you even bothering to pursue it? It's a waste of time. You'll get nowhere," she yells. "And even if the police are being bribed, and even if there really is no one else out there to help, why does that mean you have to take this on? Can't you be a little selfish, just for me?"

Her begging tugs at my heart, but I try not to let it get to me too much. It's already a done deal. I can't very well go back to the counselor and call the whole thing off after I spend the past few days planning how this is going to go down with him.

"I can't. You know I can't."

"Stop saying 'you know!' I don't know, okay? I don't know why you can't just let this go, I-I..." Gigi pauses for a moment to collect herself, not wanting to cry because she's so angry. I feel myself get choked up, too, but I remind myself that this isn't even goodbye, and that Gigi can't be mad at me forever.

The comfort from this realization is quickly diminished when Gigi shouts, "I don't know why you have to *leave me*! And go off to chase some criminals? You're out of your mind!"

She buries her face into her hands, not crying, but more so she won't have to look at me. I don't say anything; I just let her try to sort out her feelings. There's not much I can say to comfort her anyways, as it's all true. I *did* leave her out of the decision-making process – on purpose, I might add – I *am* going after a shady club with no definitive proof that they even exist, and I am most definitely leaving her, though temporarily.

After a couple minutes of letting her think about what just happened, I decide to speak up.

"I'll be back," I whisper. "I promise."

"I know you will," she answers, her voice heavy. "You always keep your promises. You better only be gone for a month, I swear."

"I'll try to be back sooner. Hopefully catching the 700 Club doesn't take a whole month, but we'll see how it goes," I reply, shrugging.

"And what are you doing about the school situation? Are you dropping out for the rest of the semester?" she asks, finally calm again. Gigi even grins at me, though a bit reluctantly. "That's kind of a waste of all the time you put in, isn't it?"

"Yeah, I'm not dropping anything. I just have to make up a bunch of work over break. My finals grades might turn out questionable, but I'm not about to waste all that tuition money," I laugh. "Guess I'm not staying at my brother's place winter break after all."

"Well, good luck with that," Gigi answers. "Don't expect me to help you with any of it."

"I won't." I am definitely not looking forward to the work I'm putting off, but I'm out of options. "I'll keep you updated on everything that's going on, okay?"

"Okay," she answers, picking at a thread on her orange sweater. "I'll try to help you, though I can't imagine I'll be of much use at all when you've got your brother and Professor Longtails around."

I almost correct her, but bite my tongue. "Don't discount yourself like that. I need your support."

Gigi sighs, then looks up at me and grins mischievously, "Oh, really?"

Her tone is making me nervous. "Um...yes?"

“Then do you want to buy me dinner?” She bats her long eyelashes. “My support does mean everything to you, doesn’t it?”

“Yes, yes it does,” I reply, rolling my eyes. “Come on, let’s go.”

“Thank youuuuuu.”

Gigi stands up and heads to the door, flashing me a smile, but there’s something sad about it. We both know this is the end of something, even if just temporarily, because the second I figure out just what exactly the 700 Club is up to, I’ll never be the same.

(to be continued...)

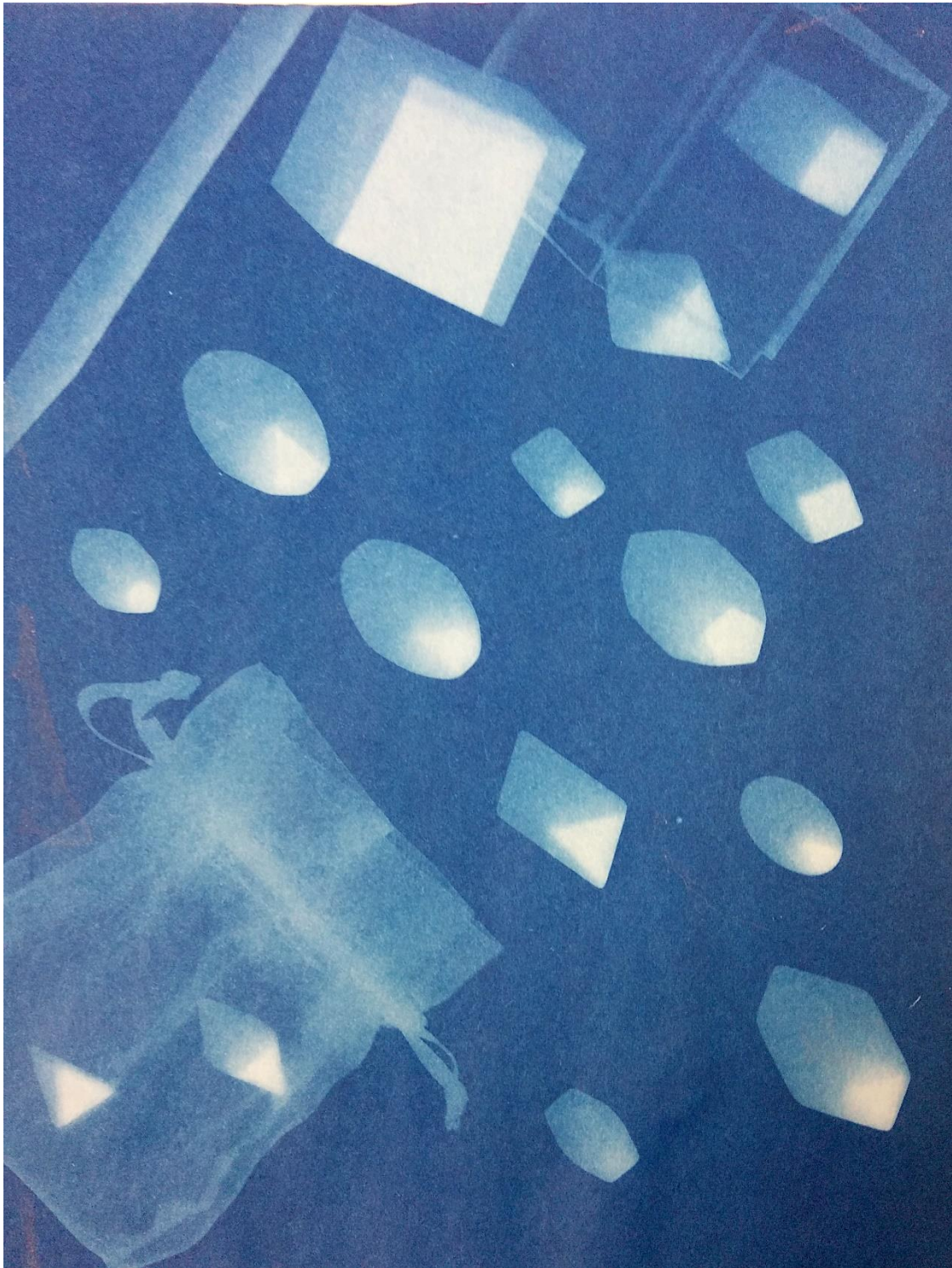


Image – by Ashton Miller

Princess for Rescue (Day 4) – by Sam Andersen

I would sooner marry you than Arnold. Shrinking souls, why can't I get her stupid voice out of my head? I mean, if Arnold and I were the only two left for her to marry for some reason, and she had to marry one of us for some reason, she would choose me. For some reason...

I mean, yeah, Arnold does seem like horrible husband material, but I'm better?

Well...I *am* a king. If she married me she would be queen of the Underland just like that. Higher rank. Although, she's already a princess. She would get to queen someday-

WHAT AM I THINKING?!

There is no possible universe where we would get married! Except the one where there is only Arnold and me and she has to pick one of us...

Gaaaaaaah!

"Azazel?"

I lift my head, and it brings me out of my carousel of a thought scream.

Eve sits across from me as breakfast is served. She's wearing a dark green dress with weird quarter-length sleeves. I never understood that. Either go with full sleeves or no sleeves.

She blinks up at me and her eyes still hold the softness from yesterday. "So what are your plans for today?" she asks, suspiciously sweetly.

I eye her. "Since when were you interested in my plans?"

"I was merely wondering. It isn't as if I have anything else to do, so I figured I may as well help you with your duties."

I nearly spit out my pomegranate juice. "Help me? Why in the Underland would you want to help me?"

Her hands disappear into her lap and she doesn't look at me. "Well...you helped me yesterday. And I am imposing on your...well not hospitality exactly, but something like that. It would only be right if I assisted you."

My ears must not be working. "You're offering to help me? Seriously?"

Eve kind of shrinks down in her seat. Not much, because Light forbid a princess have bad posture, but enough for me to notice. "Only if you would like me to," she adds.

"Never thought I would live to see the day a Birmingham worked to earn their keep. Guess I should take you up on this once in a lifetime opportunity."

So I drag her along for all my daily demon king chores like welcoming the new souls, writing out new laws to manage the souls, and approving permits for construction that will never be finished.

She's actually surprisingly helpful. She greets all the newcomers warmly like they'll actually enjoy their new lives down here. And they seem to believe her enough because some actually smile on their way down.

And Greg should really just step down now if he wants his land ruled right because that girl knows how to delegate, which, admittedly, isn't one of my strong suits. If it was up to me I would let everyone just do what they want, but apparently, we can't have all that chaos in the Underland.

"How did you get so good at this stuff?" I ask, after signing a plan Eve improved to cut the time it would take to build a new hospital in half.

She beams. "I have done much studying and created many mock countries when I was younger to prepare. My sister and I have had so many debates on the foreign affairs of our pretend countries you wouldn't even believe!" She giggles and I actually catch myself smiling.

"You'll certainly be ready for the crown then."

"Yes..." her smile drops.

"What, you don't want it?"

"No, I do!" she insists. "I have no idea when I will get it, though. Father said not too much longer after I get married, however I'm not sure I believe that to be true."

I scoff. "Knowing your old man, he wouldn't give up the crown for anything."

"Yes...that is what I'm afraid of."

"Well hey, he's not gonna be alive forever. You'll get it someday."

Wow. What a way to cheer her up. Nice going, idiot.

"That's not what I meant to say – well, it is what I meant to say, but that's not *how* I wanted to say-

"It is alright," she forgives. "I think I'm starting to figure out your intentions.

Her comment makes me internally squirm. I don't think I want her to know my intentions.

Eve abruptly stands up and brushes down her dress before announcing, "I wish to dance!" she turns to Aamon who has been overseeing our work so he can quickly put it into place. "Aamon, could you please arrange for an orchestra to meet us in the throne room?"

"Us?" I panic as Aamon runs off to fulfill Eve's request.

"Yes, us." She crosses her arms and her eyes are even more sparkly. But a mischievous sparkly, which is not a good sign for me. "We deserve a break after our hard work today. Honestly, I wouldn't be surprised if this was the hardest you worked in a long while."

I stand up and walk over to her just so I can have the height advantage. "Oh, you think you're so funny, don't you?"

She smirks up at me, and I'm suddenly sick again. This. Is. Not. Good.

"Come on." She takes my hand and leads me out of the office and into the throne room. Off to the side is a band of eight souls with instruments on the ready. They all look slightly amused as I'm dragged out by Eve.

She leads me to the middle of the room. "Now, since you do not have a ballroom, which is a stable for royalty, *but*, since you do not have one the throne room should suffice."

Her hands snake up to my shoulders and I immediately stiffen. "What are you doing?" I demand as she closes in, leaving us only an inch apart.

"Getting into position."

"Position?"

"Dancing position, Azazel! My goodness, you act as if you have never danced with a girl before."

I try to avoid her gaze and her flowery smell. "That's because I haven't."

She steps back in shock, and it's annoying how much I kinda want her arms back around me.

"What, is that so surprising? I'm a hideous demon king, remember?"

It takes her a minute to recover, but soon enough she's back to being put together.

"Well, even demon kings should dance. Now put this hand on my waist." She gently guides said hand down to said place before putting her hand back up to my shoulder. She takes my right hand and intertwines her fingers with mine. "There. Now we are in position."

And I think I'm gonna throw up. How do people stand this? It's so awkward...and...and *intimate*.

Eve nods her head to the orchestra and they begin one of those slow classical songs that people only ever listen to for this occasion.

"Now, traditionally, the man is supposed to lead, but since you have no idea what you are doing I will do the leading. Follow me."

And so I do...or at least I try to. Dancing is way more difficult than it looks. I mean you're not supposed to step on your partner's feet (which I do multiple times), you have to follow the beats of the music (how are you supposed to count, and dance, and not step on your partner?). But worst of all, you have to do all of this without looking down at your feet! No, because you have to keep constant-

"Eye contact, Azazel," Eve gently reminds.

"Sorry."

"Slower steps."

"Sorry."

"Eye contact again."

"Uuuuuuh!"

I stop and release her hands. "We should stop. I'm obviously terrible at this, and I think your poor feet have had enough of me.

"No, no. You are actually doing quite well. Better than I thought you would in all honesty."

"Really?"

She steps in close again and slides her hands back into position. "Really. May I have one more song? I promise to release you afterwards."

Her eyes are half-lidded and her smile is wide, and shrieking souls, how could I say no to her? "Fine. One more song."

But that one song is interrupted by Aamon and honestly, I have never wanted to punch him more than I do right now.

"I am so sorry to interrupt, Sir, but we have another intruder."

Eve takes in a quick breath while I grab her hand and lead her over to the cage. I lock her in just as the intruder enters.

And what do you know? It's another stereotypical pretty blonde knight in shining armor.

"That's Frederick Von Shilling," Eve identifies, which is honestly impressive because they all look the same to me, especially from this distance.

"So is he good, or no?"

Her eyes grow wide and she tilts her head. "What...what do you mean by that?"

I shrug. "I mean is he your knight or do I get rid of him?"

"Oh..." she blinks a few times in thought, "...oh no. No, I do not believe he is my knight."

"Aamon! My staff! We got a walking tin can to kick out."

Which is really not as hard as I thought it was going to be. Seriously, Greg needs to spend more on funding so he can actually train these knights *right*. I mean, come on, how are they ever supposed to protect Eve if they can't even get past me shooting some measly fireballs, while Aamon charges at them with a pointy stick in hand?

It takes about fifteen minutes to send the guy packing.

I let Eve out and she grabs my hand roughly before dragging me down back to the throne room. The orchestra is long gone by now, so I'm even more confused when she puts back in dancing position.

"Eve? What are you doing?"

"You promised me one more dance, so I am collecting that dance," she says in total seriousness.

"But- but we don't have any music."

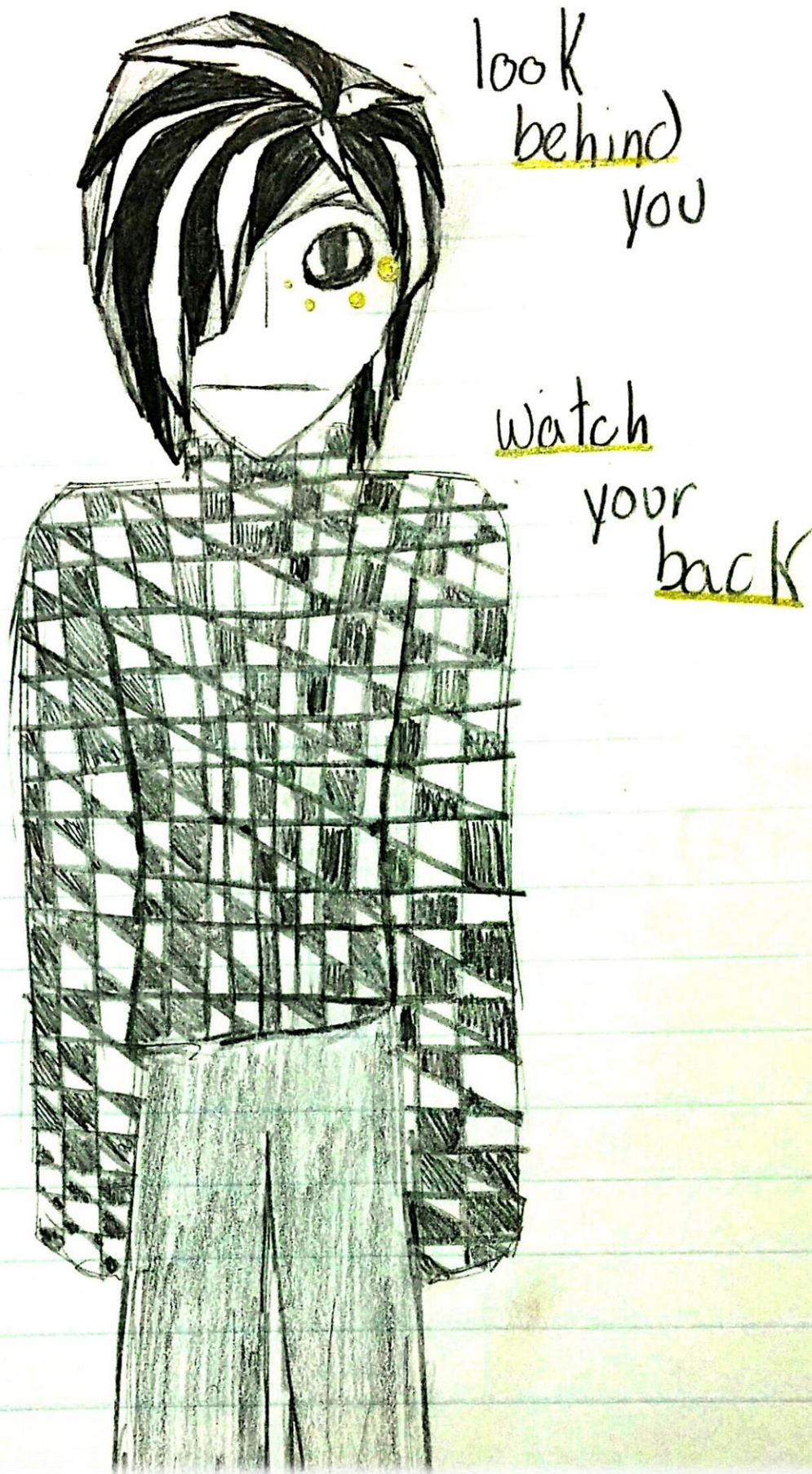
That doesn't stop her though. She starts humming out some melody I'm unfamiliar with and we dance along to it until she seems satisfied.

Her humming ceases as she crosses her arms over herself and rests her head against my chest. I'm at a loss for what to do. It doesn't help that my brain has stopped working. My hands end up at her waist somehow (well, I guess one was already there. The other just wanted to follow), and we end up in an almost I guess you could call it embrace.

When she pulls away and gives me that sweet smile of hers, I swear it takes everything I have not to throw up on her. I really hate this feeling.

As I watch her stroll off to bed, the only thought going through my mind is *I can't be falling in love with her.*

(to be continued...)



Watch Your Back – by Olivia Schlossmann



I'll Take This to My Grave – by Olivia Schlossmann



Image – by Tucker Bradley

WELCOME TO NETHARRE – by Tucker Bradley

Based off of the game Manual Samuel

Chapter 5: THE RELAX

Being that the last 24 hours had been hectic and messy, naturally, I was tired. I lied down, hoping to fall asleep. “Whatcha doin there?” Mirkal asks.

“Trying to sleep. Maybe you should try to do the same”

Silence. Mirikal looked at me puzzled. “Ah.. Yes.. Sleep. I remember what that is.” She replied, smiling weakly.

“...Do you need a reminder?”

“No, I'm fine. I'm smart I know these simple things.” Her false confidence managed to get a snicker from me. I threw a pillow and blanket at her. The pillow managed to hit her directly in the face. I lied down once more, waiting for her to ask-

“Flinch how does this work, I've been dead for 54 years and I forgot.” There it was. I sat up, looking smugly at the demon.

“... Shut your face.” She says, annoyed.

“Ok, so lay down. Put the pillow underneath your head, and close your eyes.” I mutter, only slightly tired now.

“Ok now what?”

“You just... sleep!”

Silence fell across the room, for an astonishing 5 minutes, before Mirkal, as usual, yapped her opinion.

“This is boring. Being a meat sack is boring. I wanna die again. Why can't I re-die? Why do I have to not die with you? You're dumb.”

Yeah. I guess sleep was out of the question. Either this was part of Luci's curse, or just Mirikal's fault.

“Eugh. Sleep is overrated anyways.”

I say, sitting up for the final time.

“Well, what do we do now? We tried to talk, we tried a sleep. What are we 'sposed to do, contemplate pointless existence and affection for meaningless possessions?”

“..We could watch tv?” I said, ignoring her grim statement.

“Alright, but Tv watching is the leading because of television related deaths” She mumbled. I cast her an annoyed glare. “Hey, I'm just sayin'!”

I showed her cartoons and movies I thought she'd like: Nightmare on Elm Street, Gravity Falls, Demonic, and Rose Red

We spent most of the time commenting on the accuracy of each feature, while I laughed at her angrily ranting “Wait, Kreuger AND Cipher got shows?! Freakin’ dream demons get all the attention. Azmodi get 1 mention in 1 video game” Maybe she’s not a complete horrible, idiotic demon.

Maybe.

CHAPTER 6: THE GATES

Mirikal is great, dude. She's cool and she has a great taste in fashion and I'm just dumb because I'm a stupid mortal with white hair.

I’m sorry about that. Mirikal took this book and started writing in it; with *permanent marker*.
I'm not dumb, and my hair is cool.

On the day she wrote that, I'd lived with her for about a day and a half. I swear, Mirikal is like a cat. She knocks things off of desks, yearns for attention, hisses, things like that. That morning was another odd one. I mean, I'm living with a demon, what would you expect? Normality?
That's laughable. Apparently I did fall asleep, but when I woke up...



Image – by Tucker Bradley



Image – by Cory Poirier

LONER



Image – by Cory Poirier

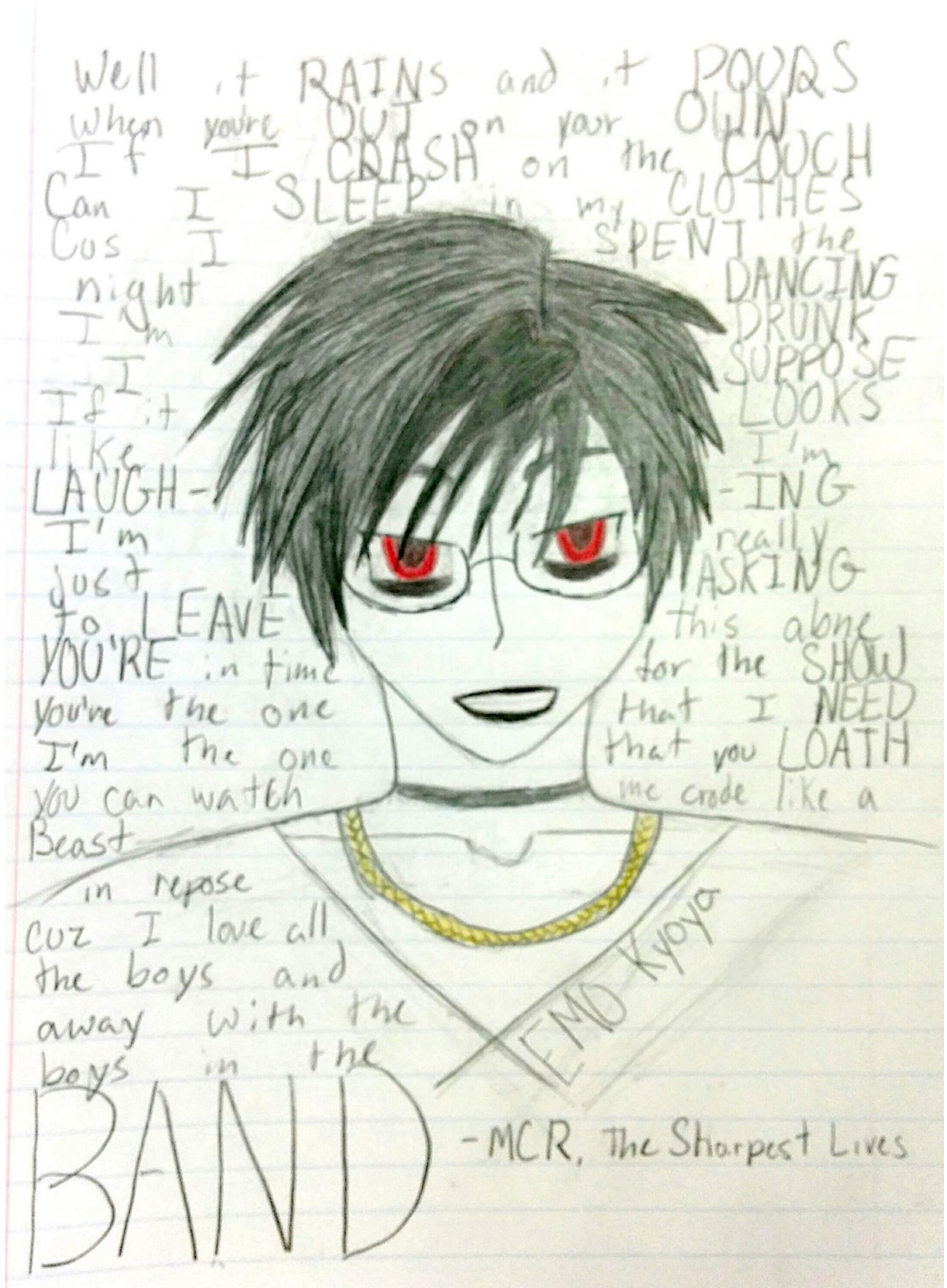
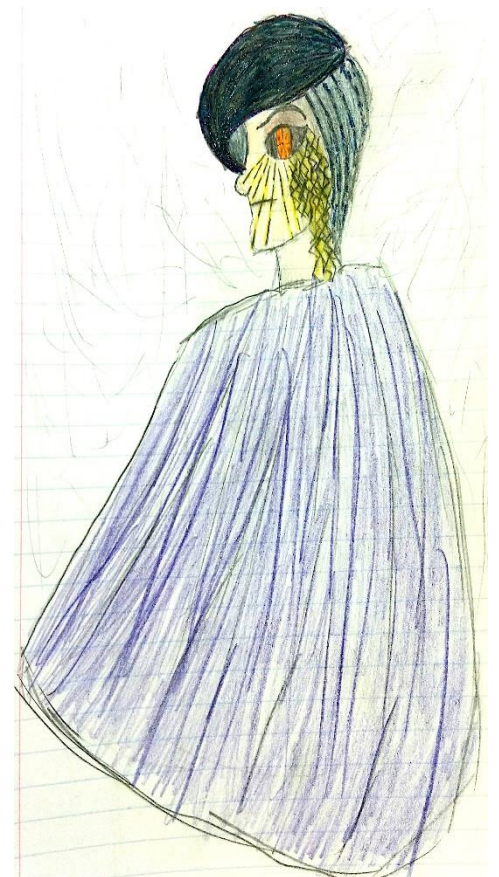
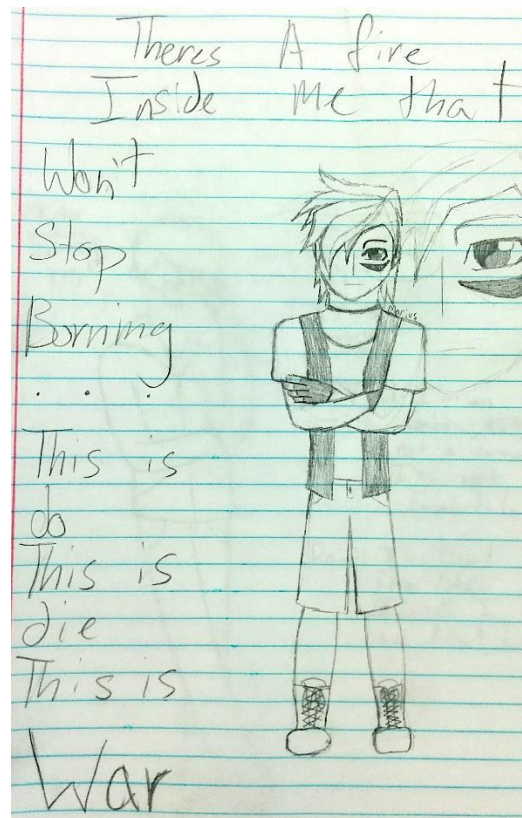
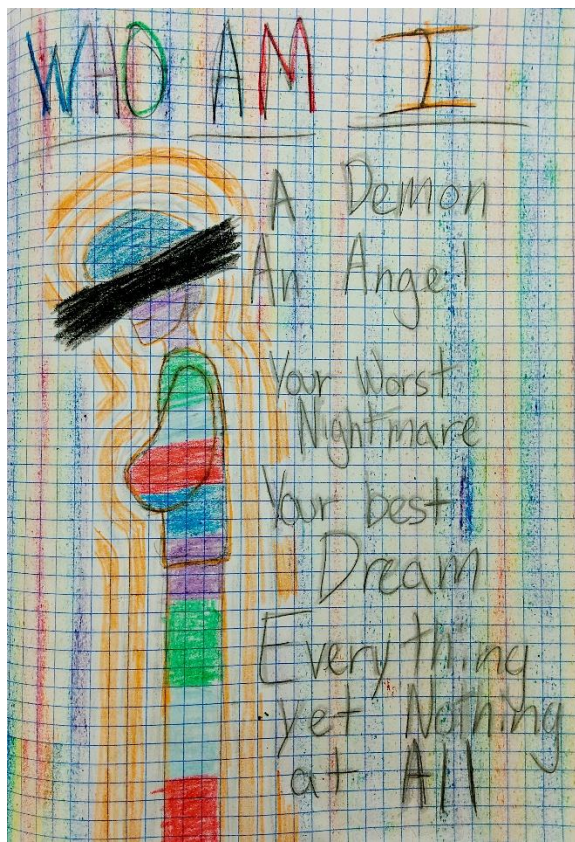


Image – by Olivia Schlossmann



Spiders – by Tucker Bradley



Images – by Olivia Schlossmann



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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: www.huntleylibrary.org/teen-zine

