

Teen E-Zine Quarterly

HIGHLIGHTING THE ARTFUL YOUTH EXPERIENCE



December 2020

**"How do you
connect
with your
community?"**

SKETCHES

POETRY

SHORT STORIES

COSPLAY

DRAWINGS

BEST FRIENDS

A SHORT STORY BY ARTIE W.

The little boy hadn't known anything other than his room: four white walls, smooth except for the small hatch that opened to give and take food and other things, and except for the gigantic door that has never been opened. The boy couldn't remember any human contact in all thirteen years of his life. All of his lessons were given through a TV screen on the wall, teaching him all of the things he would need to know before he joined society when he turned eighteen.

The screen taught him about math, history, and manners, and the screen explained that he wouldn't be allowed to have any human contact until he was grown. The screen never explained why, and the boy never questioned it.

The boy was sitting on his bed, reading a book that the hatch had given him, when something entirely new happened: the gigantic door opened. It opened just a bit, and the boy didn't see what was on the other side of it, but, through the opening, a girl slipped through. She was about the boy's age. She was very pretty, with dark, curly, wild hair and green eyes and brown skin. She gracefully closed the door behind her and sat down next to the boy.

"Hello," she said. The boy didn't know what to say, so he stayed quiet. "My name's Abigail. The adults sent me to be your friend. What's your name?"

The boy shrugged. "I don't know."

"Well, that's peculiar." She thought for a moment, looking straight ahead at the door. The boy watched her, taking in her three dimensional presence. He had never been in the same room as another person, much less had one sitting inches away. She smelled nice. The boy didn't know what the smell was called, but it reminded him of the little cakes that the hatch would sometimes give him. He didn't know that people had smells.

"Do you want a name?" the girl looked at him intensely. She looked right into him. The screen had never told the boy that someone could look at you so thoughtfully, kindly, and strongly, but Abigail looked at the boy in all of these ways.

The boy nodded. "How about Luke?" the girl asked. The boy, now Luke, nodded again. Abigail seemed pleased with herself. She gently kicked her legs and looked around the room. She took everything in, noticed every detail. Luke had a feeling that Abigail saw more in the two minutes that she spent looking than he had seen in thirteen years.

Abigail swung her legs and hopped off the bed. She started walking around the edge of the room, tracing her finger on the walls.

Sometimes she would stop and look closely at the texture of the wall, then continue on again. Luke watched her, silent, but wanting her to say more. He liked the sound of her voice.

BEST FRIENDS CONTINUED...

He knew that she would talk more if he asked her a question, but he didn't know what to ask. She spoke again anyway, still walking along the edge of the room. "Do you want to hear a story?"

She didn't look up at him, so he said, "Yes, please," using his manners, like the screen taught him. Abigail took a few more steps, then began, "There was once a great painter. One day, she painted a big, beautiful painting of a man sitting in a chair. The painting had an ornate, gold frame, carved with lions and roses." The boy did not know what lions or roses were, but he didn't want to interrupt to ask. "The man in the painting was sitting in a comfy chair, and he was holding a teacup.

Beside the chair was a statue of a woman, who was looking at the man in the chair, and the man was looking at her. Even though they were both only paint, they somehow seemed alive."

"Why were they looking at each other?" Luke asked. He had many other questions, but he knew he could ask them later.

"Because they were best friends," Abigail said simply. After a moment, she continued. "They were best, best friends, and then they fell in love. Even though they were best friends, though, they didn't meet until the woman was a ghost, which is why she's a statue. She is stuck in the universe, but she still has her best friend."

There was a comfortable silence between the two. Then they continued talking. They asked and answered each other's questions. When the light turned off automatically, Luke went to bed and Abigail slipped out the door. Luke felt very lonely that night, but he brightened when Abigail returned the next morning after his breakfast. She left every night, and returned every morning for days, then weeks, then months, and then years. Abigail was the only human that Luke knew during those years, and they became best friends. Eventually, they fell in love. They grew into adulthood together, over five years, and they knew each other deeply. They had no secrets except for one: Abigail would never tell Luke where she went at night. Luke didn't mind, and they were best friends until Luke's eighteenth birthday. He didn't know that it was his birthday until, when the door opened, a stern looking woman came in instead of Abigail. She explained to him that it was time for him to join society.

Luke walked out the door for the first time, expecting to find Abigail outside, but she was nowhere to be seen. On the wall beside his door, however, was a painting with a gold frame. The painting was of a man in a chair and a statue looking at each other lovingly. Luke stepped closer, and he saw that the man looked just like him, and the statue looked exactly like Abigail did when he saw her yesterday. The plaque below the painting read: "Best Friends" and said that the painting was painted eighteen years ago.



cosplay by
A. Gardner

Ben Drowned



Saint Bernard

A Saint Bernard sits at the foot of his bed.

A Saint Bernard sits at his feet during dinner.

A Saint Bernard follows him to school and waits outside.

A Saint Bernard stands between him and the man.

A Saint Bernard whines when she assures him she's fine

Even though the strange man hurt her really bad

But it doesn't matter now, because her boy is safe.

A Saint Bernard is quiet while the doctors work to make her healthy again.

A Saint Bernard barks quietly when she wakes up to her boy.

A Saint Bernard is happy because she is with her boy once more,

And both are safe and sound in their bed.

The Saint Bernard is unaware that she's really the boy's saint.

The Saint Bernard sits at the foot of his bed.



SKETCHBOOK DRAWINGS



Story
by Josilin Gustafason

Once upon a time there was an old lady owl who lived by herself in the oldest oak tree in the village. Her name was Hoot; she was a purple and green owl with shimmery spots that sparkled in the sun. She was known to be the wise owl; everyone went to her for advice because of how much she had gone through in her life. Mrs. Hoot was loved by almost everyone in the village except for this one owl that despised her, his name was Mr. Who. No one knew why Mr. Who didn't like Mrs. Hoot, but it had been this way for years, ever since the night of the blue moon.

Mr. Who and Mrs. Hoot used to be close friends when they were younger; she has memories of flying with him in the village and exploring places no one else wanted to go. They were like best friends, but now all Mr. Who does is sit in his cabin and read like a grumpy old owl, and he only comes out to gather food.

The blue moon is a night where the moon shines its brightest, it only happens every 50 years, and when the blue moon is out all the owls from the village come out and fly with the wind. It's a magical night with the blue light shimmering over the village and fireflies spread out like the stars. This night is supposed to make all the owls feel extraordinary and happy.

Mrs. Hoot loved the night of the blue moon, not just because it was magical but because her beautiful colors and sparkles were stunning in the blue light.

Mrs. Hoot didn't rub in the fact that she was different from everyone else, but she knew there was no one else like her.

Everyone was excited and frantic in the village, the blue moon was very soon and they couldn't express how excited they were, even if it was only for a night it was the best night they could imagine.

As everyone is setting up for the night of the blue moon Mrs. Hoot decides to try and talk to Mr. Who.

“Knock knock knock!” Mrs. Hoot sits there waiting for someone to answer the door, but nothing seems to happen. She waits a little longer and knocks one more time hoping for someone to answer. Mrs. Hoot begins to walk away and, unexpectedly, Mr. Who slowly opens the door. “What brings you here?” Mr. Who asked with a bland face.

“Well even though you may not care the blue moon is soon, and I was curious if you would be attending” she explained to him.

“Now why in the world would I want to join the night of the blue moon?” he proceeded with an attitude. “You have no right to come down here to my cabin and bother me about the blue moon when you know I don't care for it anymore!” he exclaimed with anger.

“Forgive me, for I was just trying to be nice,” she explained composedly and continued, “What have I done to you for you to have so much resentment towards me? I would like to fix it, this feeling you have towards me never used to be like this. What did I do?” She asked, expecting a reasonable answer.

Story continued...

“Don’t play dumb with me now, you know what you’ve done and how embarrassed you made me that night! In front of everyone and now you’re just going to act like you are clueless of my broken heart!” He yelled with anger and everyone in the village began to stare.

Add as Mrs. Hoot looked at him with confusion “heartbreak? Now, Mr. Who I have no idea what you are talking about, but it’s no reason to get so angry.”

“I think it’s so funny how you act so clueless to the fact that I- that I- that I was in love with you.” He stutters while holding the tears back. “I can’t talk about this, I have gotten too far in my process of healing to let you throw it all away,” he said to her in the nicest way he could. As he starts to close his door, tears begin to splash on the doormat. Mrs. Hoot grabs the door before he gets the chance to close it all the way. She begins to explain to him, “Mr. Who I wish you would have told me, I want to help you. You will never be able to get over your problems if you don’t talk about them, now I’m begging you please Mr. Who talk to me.”

She asked with only good intentions to help him. “Oh Mrs.Hoot wasn’t it obvious? The love that I have for you is unbearable, for the past 100 or so years I have admired you. Your beautiful colorful feathers and the way you shimmer in the light! It’s the most admirable thing anyone could see, and you are the only one I’ve ever wanted.”

He tried his best to explain how he felt. He was so nervous of what she was going to say so he didn’t give her a chance to talk and just continued. “Just about 50 years ago, our first blue moon together as best friends,

I watched you soar in the sky underneath the blue light, god how perfect you looked with your sparkles. That was the moment I knew I wanted to be with you for the rest of my life. I flew inside my cabin to go grab my grandmother’s ring so I could be with you for the rest of my life. I looked up and I saw you flying with someone else, you broke my heart Hoot.” He explained to her the best he could now with his eyes balling. Everyone in the village was still staring, everyone was in awe.

“Mr. Who, I never had a clue you felt that way about me, but I felt the same way about you. That night I was flying with Swoop; he came to me for advice, so I flew with him waiting for you to come fly with me. I wish you would have told me that night instead of disappearing because that broke my heart too.” She began to cry and gave him a hug. Mrs. Hoot invited him to her oak tree so they could finish talking about the situation.

5 days later

It was the afternoon of the blue moon and everything was set up and ready for celebration. As it got darker throughout the evening, the moon began to shine. As night approached, Mrs. Hoot and Mr. Who were happily flying together. Finally, as every bird in the village flew in the sky with the bright blue moon, Mr. Who and Mrs. Hoot watched from the old oak tree. Mr. Who looks at Mrs. Hoot and sees that sparkle in her eyes and says, “Mrs. Hoot I’ve waited my whole life for this moment” as he pulls out a breathtaking diamond ring. “Mrs. Hoot I’ve loved you for a very long time, and it would be more than a pleasure to be able to spend the rest of my years with you. With that being said, will you marry me?” He asked with fluster in his voice.

“Of course I will marry you!” she exclaimed with excitement. They flew off into the moon and lived happily ever after.



Dreams

by Tina Ponce

I have the strength to put people away: to ignore them; to let them know that I'm not somebody to mess with; with a single dream I could take their pain away. With a nightmare I can bring the pain back. I don't like what I do, but it's a job and that's what I need. I don't enjoy watching people suffer, but I don't enjoy suffering either. Is there a way to make this all go away? I feel like there isn't. I feel like no matter how hard I try nothing goes my way. I can't take all the pain; I can't take all the feelings but I want to. It's like when I get close, I get pushed farther and farther away. I don't understand it. I guess I can't get it right. I guess I'm not meant for this job. I'm not meant to be here so this is goodbye to all the dreamers. I hope you have a happy dream or a terrible nightmare. You didn't think that was the end did you? No it has not let me take you back to before I possessed these powers.

So I was just an average girl doing normal things when I passed out. It's not a regular pass out; it's a nightmare. I keep dreaming, but the more I dream, the deeper I sleep. That's when I enter the world of dreams. This is where I am to become the dreamer; This is where all dreams take place. I want to tell you this is a peaceful and relaxing place, but it's not. It's not full of color, it is quite the opposite. It's the worst thing you ever saw-- times three. It is so bad-- it is almost pitch black! It's where you end up dead; imagine that you are in a nightmare and you die. Well you're dead in real life, too. I needed to know where this would lead me, but in order to become a dreamer, you need to die. So now that you know that, you know that I am dead.

HAPPY

SHARKY



Happy Sharky
by Gwen Schuler

THANK YOU FOR CHECKING OUT

THE SECOND EDITION OF

Teen E-Zine Quarterly

HIGHLIGHTING THE ARTFUL YOUTH EXPERIENCE

LOOK FOR OUR NEXT PUBLICATION

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**Do you have art, stories or thoughts
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