

Winter 2021  
Issue #3- Changing Seasons



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## A NOTE FROM MISS BLAIR



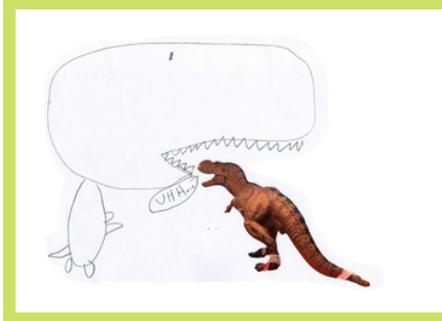
#Zine is a place for tweens and teens to be creative and express their artistic talent in all its forms. I am so lucky to get to read and enjoy all the fun and creative things all you impressive young people come up with!

Between a busy start of the school year, and all the fall holidays and vacations, this #Zine- our third(!) took a while to put together. That just means that our theme of "Changing Seasons" feels even more appropriate as we leave summer, zoom past fall, and make it into winter. We also get to have some extra fun by celebrating the Tippy Memes that were on display in September here in this issue! To kick off the display I made a meme that I thought I would share here too... because our mascot Tippy is one silly dinosaur!



Please, enjoy this issue of #Zine and all the creative and exciting writing on display in these pages. I know I did! If you are inspired as you peruse, check out the last page for information on how you can submit to the next issue of #Zine, or join The Write Spot- a new writing club for teens!

## TIPPY TIME PART 1



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with drawing by Sophia Brown

## **AUTUMN'S SEASONS**

by Nora Jacobs

Once, there was a squirrel called Autumn. Her name is very fitting for her favorite season, when the leaves fall down, and it is time for acorn, cashew, and almond gathering. She brings her favorite nuts to her home, which is underneath an oak tree. This is useful because when the roots grow into her burrow, she eats them. She has a little kitchen, a bed, and a sitting room for when her friends come over. She digs small holes in the walls of her burrow and puts slivers of mica rocks at the top so that she can see outside during the blustery cold of Winter.

While she is stuck in her burrow, Autumn enjoys putting a kettle of fresh snow water over the fire, and making blackberry tea. Then, she rolls rabbit fur into a skinny snake, uses it as yarn, and knits hats, scarves and sweaters for all of her friends. She dunks them in pools of water and dried flowers to dip them in. When they are dyed beautiful colors, she sets them out to dry. She then lies down in bed, and sleeps all winter long, dreaming of a bright spring.

During the spring, Autumn delivers the hats to all of her friends, and they love them! She is especially excited because she gets to move back into her Summer house. It is in the oak tree, but like most other squirrels, she has hollowed a little room, and put a leaf on it as a door. She decorates the entrance with flowers that she picked from the field. She invites her friend Charlie the mouse over frequently to play in the branches of her oak tree. Autumn spends her evenings sitting in the doorway, and listening to the cicadas chirp in the promise of a lovely summer.

All summer long, Autumn danced through the leaves, drank iced chamomile tea, and ran through the fields with Butter, the bird. She lay in the sunshine, and in the evenings, she played tic-tac-toe with rocks. And Charlie. Best of all, she bakes pies, cakes, and tarts out of the ingredients she had collected over the different seasons. She baked ground almond cakes, juniper berry pies, and chamomile tarts. Autumn loved the treats but she loved the seasons more!

## SEASONS CHANGING

by Eliana Tuley

Every time a new day dawns,  
without you by my side,  
fall leaves, seasons changing,  
I tell you that I'm fine.

All the romantic breezes,  
each through the trees they slide,  
cold wind, seasons changing,  
you give the Stars their shine.

Well watching starry couples,  
denying that I spied,  
beanies, seasons changing,  
hearts forever entwined.

We'd trust each other fully,  
we know we haven't lied,  
pumpkins, seasons changing,  
you love me, show a sign.

When I see the mountains now,  
I think of you, your stride,  
blankets, seasons changing,  
your hugs, my safety line.

And I dream one day to be,  
the one you always eyes,  
fall leaves seasons changing,  
still feel your hand in mine.

## ECHO

by Isabelle Brown

Dry leaves continued floating to the ground of the dark alley, as if dancing to a witch's spell. I hastily continued down the road, until suddenly I felt a chill race down my spine and I looked up and saw the old Blackley mansion. It had always been there but tonight on the eve of Halloween it looked especially possessed. Over the years, I had heard haunting whispers about the abandoned home on the corner of Sycamore and Elm.

An indescribable force from within drew me closer and closer to the front gates where the rusty metal cracked ominous as they swung open and shut. The old mansion looked even creepier up close. Maybe it was the boarded up windows, or the old doors that hung off their rusty hinges. But it was most likely the way the wind made the house moan, as if it was crying for help. I walked up the rotting porch steps and peeked through a crack in one of the boarded up windows. The interior of the house was dusty and run down and it was clear that no one had been here for a very long time.

I was about to walk back to the street when something caught my eye. It was a glimmer of something just beyond the hall but the only thing not covered in dust. My curiosity intrigued, I found a loose board and pried it away and climbed in. If I think back on this it was a poor decision, but it was like I was not thinking for myself. It was as if the house had taken control of my body and my mind, I got in pretty much unharmed by the jagged wood, only my jacket suffered a tear. As I walked through the dusty house towards whatever I had seen from the window, I couldn't help but feel as if something was watching my every move.

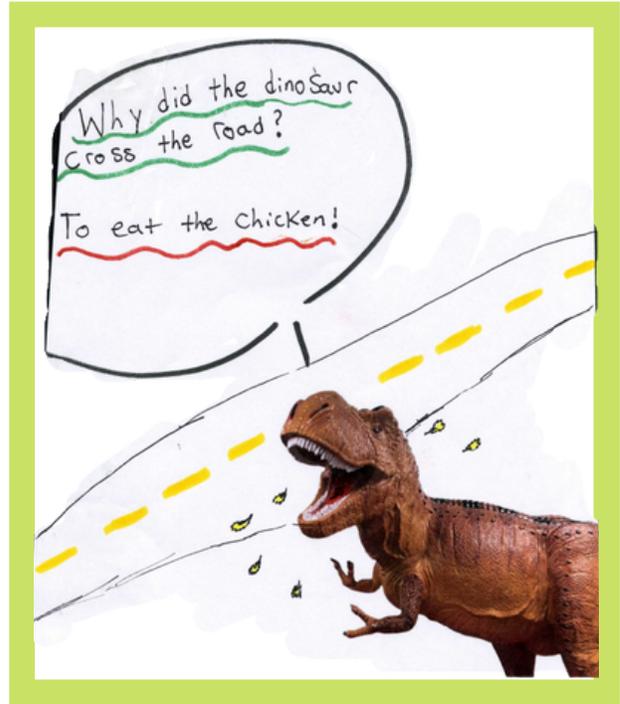
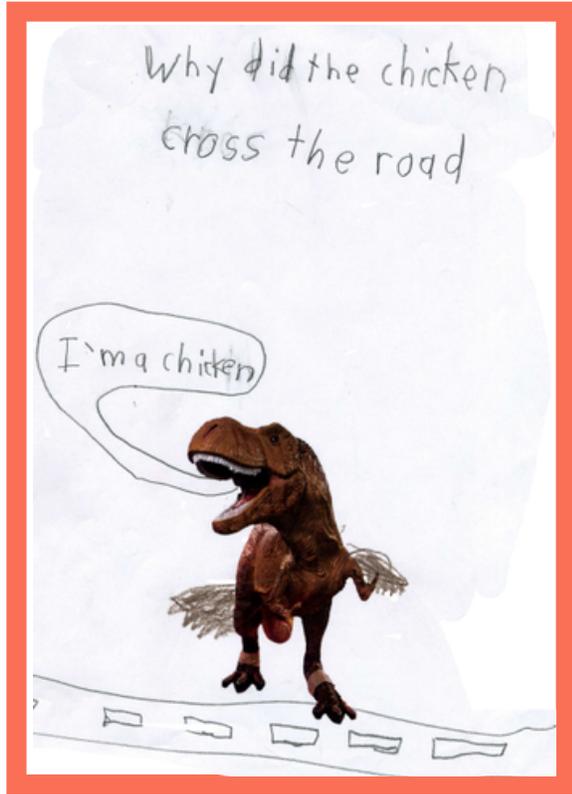
After what felt like a million years I finally got to the hall. It was covered in picture frames, and none of them were dusty, in fact they all looked brand new. The ones at the start of the hall looked like they were painted in the 1800 with the men and women wearing odd clothing, but as I walked down it got more and more modern.

I was halfway down the hall when I realized that these pictures all have something in common. All the people in them looked scared. Petrified. It was unsettling. I kept walking down the hall until I got to the last picture frame on the wall. The person in it looked strangely familiar, their face frozen in mid scream. It took me a second to realize why that person was familiar. It was me. Then I opened my mouth, and screamed.

The end. ( of you?)

## TIPPY TIME PART 2

### All About Food



## **NIAMH'S DREAM**

by Sophia Brown

Niamh was dreaming. All around her was a beautiful night sky. The stars were bright and called to her, tickling her all around. Niamh reached out to touch one that seemed so close, but then there was a scream and the sky shattered. The stars fell and Niamh fell with them. Her eyes snapped open, but Niamh still felt like she was falling.

She gently stood up off the floor where she must have fallen asleep. Her Challa looked up at her with sleepy eyes as she tiptoed to the entrance of her sleeping chamber. She didn't see her mother or father, but she did see fire. Lots and lots of fire. Niamh scrambled back and started screaming for her mother and father. She felt hot and scared. She felt strong arms pick her up, but could not see who was holding her. It frightened her, and she started to scream louder and cry. Her glittery tears fell sizzling on the fire as she was carried through it. She could see her feet glowing purple and knew the rest of her was as well.

Through her blurry eyes she could see that she was no longer in her house. Not crying was not an option now and she sobbed as she was carried farther. Suddenly she felt the grip loosen on her, but there was no relief because she felt her body thrust into the air. As her tears flowed through the air and her limbs failed as she helplessly flew into the air. She heard words being murmured beneath her. Then an invisible force shoved against her sending her spiraling through the air. She let out a scream, but it got ripped from her throat and lost in the wind. The ground spinning beneath her was too much so she clenched her eyes shut. Then her body hit something solid. There was a shattering sound as her body impacted with the object and all of a sudden she was falling again.

Like all things that go up Niamh finally hit the ground. Her ears were ringing and her body burned and ached. She tried to open her eyes but all she saw were stars. Stars, Niamh thought as she felt the pain begin to take over. Stars...

## STILL BREATHING

by Clairee Myers

"Hey. Hey," someone was saying, shaking my shoulder.

I raised a hand to brush them off, then froze. The air felt thicker than usual. Much thicker.

I opened my eyes. I was submerged in water.

I started screaming and kicking, but I couldn't get my legs apart. A hand grabbed me, trying to keep me down.

"It's okay! You won't drown! It's okay!"

More hands grabbed me, holding me down.

"Take a breath. It's okay. I promise."

My lungs were burning. I let out a breath. And took one in.

Through my neck.

I reached up to my collarbone and felt three slits, on either side.

I started screaming again, but someone put a hand across my mouth.

"Now look down. Don't freak out." Said the voice. A clear, female voice.

I looked down. Instead of my legs, there was a shimmering, blue-black tail.

At this point I stopped struggling. There wasn't any point. I could breathe, and I wasn't getting loose, so I relaxed a little.

"Who are you? What happened?" I demanded.

"We're mermaids." Said someone behind me. A woman, with a slightly deeper voice.

"As to the second question, you tell us." Said another voice. Male, deep.

"I doubt she can remember," said the clear voice. "She's got quite the bump."

I reached up to my head and winced. I had a knot the size of an egg.

"You probably want an explanation." Said the clear voice.

I nodded.

"We'll tell you what we know." The hands released, and they swam into the light.

Four girls and a guy. Two of them have coral tails, but different shades. They look related. The guy has a deep purple tail. He's not that old. Maybe 18. He's holding the hand of the next girl. She's got a gold tail. About the same age as him. The last girl looks the oldest. Twenty five-ish. She's got a deep red tail and shorter hair than you'd think.

She starts talking. She's the one with the clear voice.

Continued on Page 9

## STILL BREATHING- CONTINUED

"Last night, we were following a ship. It was a bad storm, we could barely keep up. At some point some people came out on deck, tying things down and yelling at each other."

"One of them was you," she adds.

"Then the wind picked up. It blew you off your feet. Everyone ran inside. You were left alone."

"You tried to stand up. That's when you got blown over the side. And hit your head."

"How did I become a," it sounded silly to say it out loud. "Mermaid?"

She looks over at the others. "The same way all of us did."

"You hit the water. We tried to get to you, but the current was too strong. By the time we got to you, you had already," She took a breath. "Transformed."

"And this happens often?" I stammered.

She shrugged. "Where did you think mermaids come from?"

"Ooookay." I took a breath. This was a lot, "Sooo you guys got names?"

She laughed, "I'm Taylor. I was out surfing when I went under. My board got wrapped up in seaweed. I couldn't break my leash so-" she gestured to herself, "Here I am."

"I'm Riley," says the lighter-pink tail. "Cameron," says the darker pink. "Me and my cousin here were on my uncle's fishing boat. sailed right into a hurricane. So...yeah."

"In hindsight, we probably shouldn't have snuck it out," Riley admitted.

"I'm Daniel," says the guy. "Me and my fiance were on a cruise."

"I fell over, he jumped in after me," says Golden Tail. "Skylar," she adds.

"I'm Jordan," I say.

Awkward silence.

"You got any family?" Taylor asked.

"I'm an orphan," I replied.

"Why were you following my ship?" I ask.

"We're a scout crew," Taylor explained. "We follow boats to make sure no one falls over, and if they do, someone's there. Going through it on your own can be," she flicked her tail, "It can be rough."

"You're lucky you were knocked out," She adds.

"Are there more of you?"

Riley laughed, "Lots."

## STILL BREATHING- CONTINUED

"Why? I mean, how?"

"We don't know."

Okaay.

"You tired?"

"Yeah" Transforming into an entirely different species is exhausting. Who knew?

"Figured. We'll take you to a settlement. Follow us." As one, they spun around and swam deeper.

We swam through kelp and coral for hours. After a while, the rocks started to thin out, like the sand had been picked clean.

The water got clearer, and we swam up to a cliff. Caves lined the outside.

"You can sleep here. We'll show you around later."

I swam in a cave near the bottom. There was a giant sea sponge and a kelp blanket.

As my eyes started to close, I thought back to the boat. I didn't blow over the side.

I dived.

Hitting myself on the head was a necessary risk. It needed to look real.

I smiled into the sea.

They'd bought it. Just like Father said.

# TIPPY TIME PART 3



## **OBAMA AND THE WANDERING ICE DRAGON**

by Sohpia Brown

Here is the highly classified story of President Barack Obama and the wandering ice dragon: It was around Christmas time at the Whitehouse and President Obama was looking forward to spending his first Christmas in the White House. He was not looking forward to the holiday rush and all the tasks to be finished though. On this particular day, two days before Christmas, Barack was sitting at his desk signing paperwork and smiling as he read Christmas cards from his friends and family. There was a knock on his door suddenly just as he was halfway through his mail stack. "Come on," he said, happy to have a distraction from all his work. He waited for the door to open but it didn't. He sighed, standing up and making his way to the door. It was probably just one of his two young daughters playing a trick on him again.

He opened the door and seeing no one there began to close it, but then he saw a small box sitting in front of the door. He frowned looking around to see who had dropped it off, but the halls were empty and quiet. He picked up the box and brought it back to his desk. The box was small and made no sound when he shook it. It had no writing, labels or tags on it. It must be from someone in the White House he thought going through a mental list of who it could possibly be from as he gently cut open the box.

Inside there was no card, no name, just a small snow globe sitting on top of lots of tissue paper. Barack looked through the whole box, but there was nothing but the snow globe inside. He set the box aside and lifted the snow globe near to his face so that he could see what was inside. Inside the snow globe was a lone tall pine tree covered in snow and glitter. Positioned in front of the pine tree was a blue dragon with shimmering scales and a long tail with what looked like a soft little pom-pom on the end. He chuckled softly, his girls would love the snow globe.

He shook it softly three times and watched the snow swirl and fall in the glass dome. As he watched it he felt something cold land on the top of his head. He looked up and saw white fluffy crystals falling from the ceiling of his office. It was snowing in his office!

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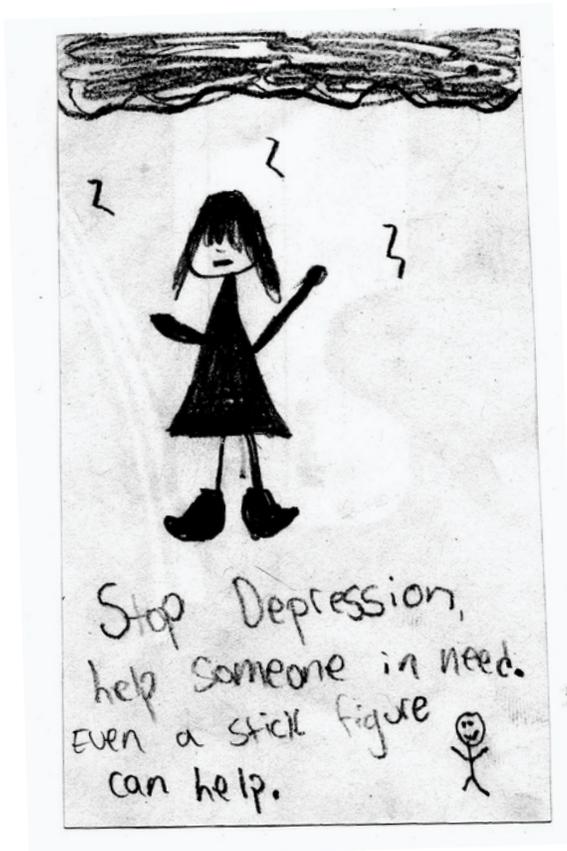
## **OBAMA AND THE WANDERING ICE DRAGON**

### **-CONTINUED-**

He stood up looking outside, where there was no snow falling at all. Then he turned around toward his desk and saw a dragon sitting on it, the same dragon he had seen in the snow globe! He rubbed his eyes three times, but every time he looked up again the dragon was there, staring straight at him. He had attended peace gatherings and council meetings, but he did not know how to greet this creature for they were just mythical creatures, weren't they?

He gave a small awkward wave, but the dragon gave him no acknowledgement. He gently moved forward touching the dragon's cool scales, the dragon moved its head towards Barack and rested its forehead on his palm. Barack held his breath feeling the snow gently land on his skin and the dragons' cool scales pressed against his hand. He wished this crazy event would never end, but all of a sudden there was a swoosh of wind and everything was back to normal. No dragon, no snow. Was it all a dream? But the snow globe was still there, the dragon standing gracefully in front of the pine tree.

Barack gently picked up the snow globe and put it back in the box, sealing it with duct tape. He placed the box in the very back of his desk drawer and shut it. Then he continued reading his mail, trying to put aside whatever crazy experience just happened, but still remembering the feel of the dragons' cool scales against his hand. The next day when Barack checked the drawer the box was gone and all that was left was a cool blue scale. Barack still has it, but now it hangs on a string on his Christmas tree, reminding him of that crazy and magical experience at the White House.



by Sophia Brown

## A few words on teen anxiety and depression...

### From "How Peers Can Help with Teen Mental Health"

by Dr. Anna Parnes, Licensed Psychologist, The Community Clinic at CHC

"The number one thing a peer can do to support a friend dealing with anxiety and depression is to encourage the friend to seek support from a trusted adult if they have not already done so. (...) In addition, if a peer is concerned about something a friend has shared with them, it is important for the peer to talk to an adult about it. (...)

"For friends who already have adult and/or professional support for coping with anxiety or depression, just continue to be a friend and do all the same activities you would normally do with that friend regardless of their anxiety or depression. (...) Having a positive social connection with a friend and/or spending time with a friend doing something they enjoy can be a great mood changer or positive distraction for a teen experiencing anxiety or depression."



#ZINE

A NEW DIGITAL PUBLICATION  
FOR TWEENS & TEENS

## FEELING INSPIRED?

The next issue's theme is Moments- those small and brief bits of time that stick with us and create important memories and impressions. Remember, writing of any genre and 2D art of any kind will be considered for publication. Anyone in grades 6-12 is invited to submit!

Stop by the Youth Desk, or download a submission form from [www.prescottlibrary.info/arts-sciences](http://www.prescottlibrary.info/arts-sciences)

**The deadline to submit for the next issue is February 28th.**

## HEY, WRITERS!

### The Write Spot is here!

Join Miss Blair for a writing club for teens ages 13-18. This monthly club will feature writing tips and exercises, writing discussions, information on contests, and the opportunity to share your work with peers for feedback.

The Write Spot will meet the last Wednesday of the month from September-May at 4 pm in the James Activity Room

Register online, at the Youth Desk,  
or call 928.777.1537

