

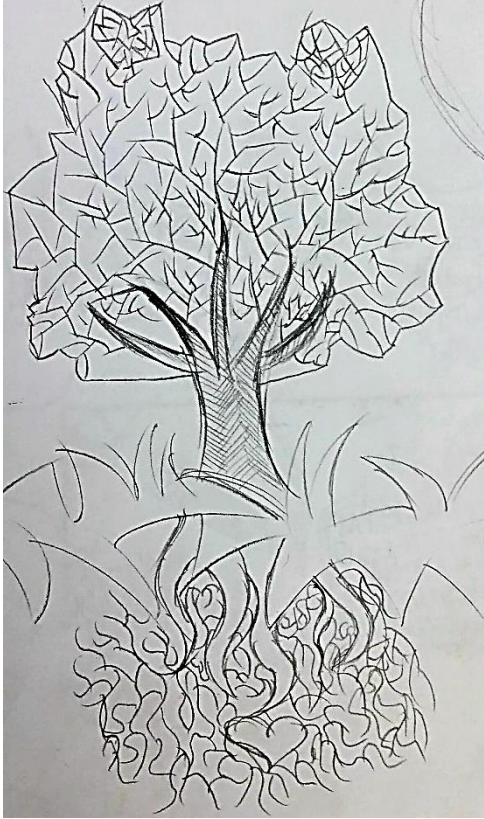


# Teen Zine

Summer 2017



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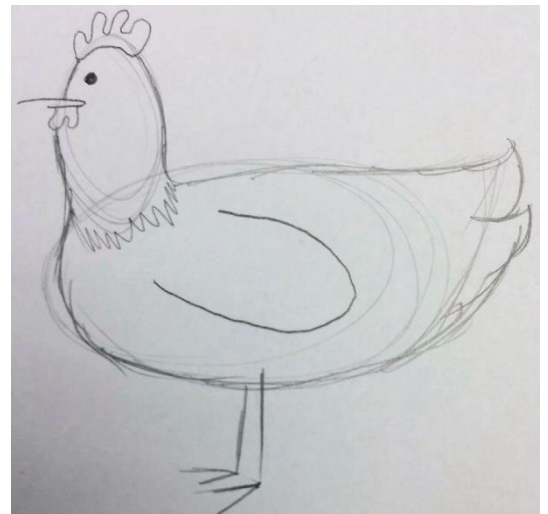
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# The 700 Club - by Melanie Andersen

## Chapter 3

Amorie Margaret Fowell was missing anywhere from thirty-five to forty hours before she reappeared in my brother's bed sometime in the middle of the night. It's unknown why she came back or where she was, since the second my brother woke up, he took her to the hospital where it was discovered that she had mild amnesia. Despite her loss of memory of the past few days, she's otherwise completely unharmed. And even though nobody knows how she got amnesia, with her found, the police scrapped their entire investigation anyways.

I decided to take the day off of school once I heard the news, and now I'm driving to my brother's house in hopes that I can pry information out of Amorie. Of course I'm relieved that she's back home completely safe, but I can't help but still be concerned as to why she left and what happened to her while she was gone. And since she's got amnesia, I'm not sure if I'll ever know.

???

"Well, let's see. I don't really remember anything from the past few days or so. The last thing I can recall in full proper detail is getting my hair cut, which was on Tuesday. After that, things get a little fuzzy," she says sadly, her smile disappearing. "I'm sure I drove home, and then..."

"Don't force it," I instruct, patting her covered leg comfortingly. Amorie shakes her head slowly.

"Andrew tells me I went to work the next day, and that we were supposed to meet up for lunch, except I never came." Amorie's face contorts into something of pure shame. "That doesn't sound like something I would do. If I did avoid him on purpose, I can't for the life of me remember why."

"Do you think anything will trigger those memories? Maybe make them resurface?" I ask, somewhat desperately. The way Amorie is telling this story is making me nervous. She sounds so pained, so confused as to what happened and I'm sure that if she left of her own accord, she wouldn't get herself into a situation that could even potentially cause her to lose her memory. Amorie's smarter than that.

So then there's the question of what actually happened.

Andrew reenters the room, holding something behind his back. Amorie solemnly nods at him, and so he approaches her and hands her a lightbulb.

"What are you-"

Just as Amorie's right hand reaches for the bulb and her small, frail fingers touch the bottom, electricity should spark from her fingertips and illuminate the bulb, causing light to pour out all over the room. I've always loved the fact that Amorie's magic is so simple yet so beautiful. Sure, it isn't the most useful power, but it constantly reminds me that there's beauty in the small things. Amorie has a brilliant light within her that's so strong, it can spread to the physical object.

Or, at least it used to be able to, because when Amorie's pale fingers finally touch the bulb, it remains dark.

## Chapter 4

"I'm so sorry," Amorie whispers, tears suddenly springing up in the corners of her eyes. Her arm, still clutching the bulb, falls onto the bed as if a huge weight has pulled it down.

"Wait." My heart sinks to my feet. I'm not entirely sure what's happening. I stare at the unlit bulb in my sister's hand.

"I'm so sorry, Alexis, I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she wails, so Andrew rushes to her and puts his arms around her comfortingly. She turns to him and starts sobbing into his chest.

"Why are you apologizing? Is...are you...are your powers-?" I can't bring myself to ask the question, because every word I say just seems to increase the volume of my sister's crying. I look over at Andrew, searching for answers, but he's completely focused on Amorie, petting her hair, rubbing her shoulder, leaning down and kissing her forehead as she cries into his shirt.

A couple minutes later, after she calms down a little, Andrew glances over at me and gives me a look that tells me all I need to know.

Amorie didn't run away on purpose. Amorie didn't act recklessly or forget to meet up with Andrew. Someone was targeting her for her powers, and frankly, they succeeded.

Amorie finally lets go of Andrew and wipes at her eyes before turning back to me. The lightbulb is resting atop her lap, and looking at it floods me with anger.

If only it lit up! If only it could give her the satisfaction of knowing that a pivotal part of herself was not lost, no matter how useless, how *stupid* of a power it may seem to all of the other Enchanteds. If my sister could have just picked up that lightbulb knowing that she was still okay, maybe she would smile sweetly for me one more time!

"Please don't be upset with me," she begs, taking note of my obvious anger. The fact that she even thinks there's a possibility I could be upset with her for this feels like a stab to my heart. I get up from my spot on the bed, gesture for Andrew to move out of the way, and lean down to give her a hug.

"I'm not upset with you. I'm not upset with you at all, Amorie. I'm so glad you're home, but I'm so sorry this happened," I whisper to her. She just sniffles in response, so I pull away.

Andrew clears his throat in order to get my attention, so I turn to face him.

"When I brought her to the hospital, an Enchanted doctor took a look at her, and that's when we learned that she had lost her magic," he explains, and then lowers his voice. "All of it is gone."

"All? How is that possible?"

Enchanteds have a limit to how much magic their bodies can carry, measured in a unit called dialoids. Amorie has forty dialoids of magic, which isn't very much compared to a lot of other Enchanteds, but the cool thing about dialoids is that they replenish when Enchanteds sleep. So, Amorie can light up a lightbulb using her dialoids for about two hours before she runs out of magic and has to sleep to recover all forty of them.

However, each Enchanted has one extra dialoid called a mega dialoid that is the reason the regular dialoids can replenish. If an Enchanted loses their mega dialoid, they are no longer able to recover any more magic, ever.

It dawns on me that this is what must've happened.

"She lost her mega dialoid? There's absolutely *no way* this could've..." I quickly glance over at Amorie, and see her frantically wiping at her tears, silently begging them to stop. I lower my voice to a whisper.

"There's no way this could've been Amorie's doing. Someone must've wanted her magic, Andrew."

"I know," he says, his voice a strained sort of calm. "Amorie, is it alright if I talk to Alexis for a bit, in another room? Is there anything else you want real quick?"

"No, I'm alright. Don't be long, my love," she answers, forcing a smile.

Andrew reaches past me and grabs Amorie's hand, giving it a gentle kiss before dropping it and leading me to a small office. He instructs me to close the door behind me, and the second I do, he exhales loudly.

"Alright, as much as it pains me to say, I think we both know that someone must've kidnapped Amorie so that they could take her magic. I already brought this up with the police once I mentioned that her magic was gone, but they aren't going to do anything about it since otherwise she's fine." Andrew grits his teeth as he talks, clearly angry. And he has good reason to be; Amorie's powers are *gone*, and the police aren't even going to attempt to find out why.

"What the *hell*," I spit, trying to fight back the fury that is snaking its way through my body. I realize that there are really no leads to go off of, but they're not bothering to even lift a finger? A woman disappears for awhile, loses her powers, and gets amnesia, but since she's back they just shrug it off?

"But," Andrew starts, raising his pointer finger in an attempt to emphasize his statement, "I'm not letting whoever did this to her get off quite so easy. I called Daisy just before you came, and he's going to be here in about ten minutes or so for an interview."

Andrew's best friend is a short, thin man whose name also happens to be Andrew. When they were younger, teachers were always desperate to find a different name to call each one so that they wouldn't get mixed up, but both refused to go by "Drew," so they were just confused with each other for awhile. Until one day, Andrew came over to hang out at Daisy's house and dared him to eat, well, a daisy, hence the nickname he was given after that incident.

And boy, did Daisy loathe it. But Andrew called him that anyways, and eventually the teachers and other classmates caught on and he just accepted his fate. He even began to embrace the name, no matter how

feminine it might seem, because quite honestly it suits him. With his sparkling doe-eyes, and small, adorable nose, he can easily be described as feminine.

One last thing about Daisy: he just so happens to write articles for the newspaper, which is actually quite useful in situations like this.

“Oh, thank God. I have quite a lot to say to him. Putting an article out there about what happened to Amorie could definitely raise awareness about a potential threat to other people, and could increase the likelihood of whoever kidnapped her of being caught. Not to mention, it would make me feel a lot better if something, no matter how small, was done about the situation,” I admit with a sheepish smile, causing my bother to nod in agreement.

“I know what you mean. At this point in time, catching the culprit seems a little bit delusional, but the thought that I’m doing even a little something to bring justice makes me feel good,” he says, running his hand through his dark brown hair. “Although, I wish I could’ve prevented this from happening in the first place. Seeing the love of my life in such pain at this loss of her powers is killing me inside, not to mention the fact that we don’t know what else whoever kidnapped her had done to her. What things he could’ve said to her, made her do…”

“Hey.” I place my hand on his shoulder in an attempt to comfort him. “Nothing too terrible could have happened. She doesn’t have a single scratch on her, Andrew. Not one hair out of place.”

“And yet all of her powers are gone. What if they hurt her, and then just healed her with her own freaking magic like some sort of twisted sociopath?” Andrew asks, shaking my hand off of his shoulder.

“Amorie doesn’t even have healing magic. You know this.” I give him a weak smile. “She’s okay now. She’s safe, and she’s with you, and you’ll protect her.”

“Protect her? I *failed* her, Alexis. It’s my job as her husband to make sure she’s always safe and look how things turned out.”

“You didn’t know. How could anyone have known?”

“It’s my job to know. I should’ve met her at her workplace and walked her to the café we were going to meet at, so that no one would have a chance to jump her. A beautiful, twenty-five-year-old woman, walking completely alone? How could I be so stupid?” he asks, holding a hand up to his forehead as if the very idea of it physically pains him.

“Look, it was the middle of the day, nothing seemed suspicious, and who even says she wasn’t kidnapped by someone in her workplace?” I point out in an attempt to get him to stop blaming himself. I have the same tendency to take responsibility for things I can’t control, but watching Andrew do the same is frustrating.

Hearing my words, Andrew’s face lights up. “You’re *right*, it could be someone from her workplace! In fact, that would be so much easier. Do you know a lot of her coworkers by any chance?”

“No, I do not, and that wasn’t what you were supposed to get out of what I was saying, though, honestly, it is a possibility. However, what I wanted was for you to realize that this isn’t your fault, alright? None of it is. You were working so hard to find her. I’m sure Amorie is touched.”

“Those are sweet words, Alexis, but honestly—”

Just as Andrew tries to finish his sentence, the doorbell rings, so he rolls his eyes and exits the room with a huff. I quickly pop in to where Amorie is resting in order to tell her that Daisy has arrived, and then make my way downstairs into the living room where the two Andrews are currently sitting.

Daisy’s position on the couch radiates focus – his legs are crossed, and he’s chewing the end of a pen as he stares down at a notebook in his lap. His dusty brown hair almost falls into his eyes since he’s looking down, but he doesn’t seem to notice.

I gaze over at Andrew, who is one couch cushion away from Daisy. He still seems angry from earlier, but I know his best friend is sure to put him in a better mood, even if they are talking about the whole reason he’s upset in the first place. Andrew notices me and gestures for me to take a seat in an orange lounge chair positioned by the couch.

Daisy peels his eyes away from his notebook in order to look at me.

“Well, hi there, Alexis. It’s been a while. How are the kids?” he jokes with a small smile. I love Daisy like a brother, but I must admit that his smiles are adorable.

“Nonexistent, as I tend to prefer them.”

"Oh, you don't want to experience the joys of child labor and then have to spend thousands of dollars taking care of them for a while until they end up leaving you? What a surprise. Though, I can hardly blame you. I would never want kids," Daisy states, but I know it's a lie.

"You're just saying that because no one will date you," I tease, but it's all in good fun.

"I resent that," Daisy scoffs. "Mostly because it's true. Nevertheless, we have some work today, don't we fellas? Would anybody care to explain the situation to me, in proper detail? Your incessant rambling over the phone was a lot less useful than you might expect, Andrew, sorry to break it to you."

"Is Amorie not going to explain it herself?" I ask, causing Andrew to shake his head.

"She remembers less about the past few days than I do, so if I were to explain it, well, there'd be a lot more to actually explain. Plus, she's sort of emotional right now."

"And you're not?" Daisy teases, and I almost laugh but force it back down my throat when I see Andrew glare. "Anyways, if you want this in the newspaper on Sunday, *someone* will have to explain things to me. Unless you don't want it to appear there, in which case I'll just see myself out."

"Of course we want it to!" Andrew shouts, a little taken aback by the volume of his own voice. "We're doing this for Amorie."

"Well, then, let's get this show on the road, shall we?" Daisy asks, flashing a goofy smile.

And thus, Andrew starts to recount everything he knows about the situation, which sadly isn't a lot. Nobody knows when exactly she went missing or came back, where the kidnapping took place, if she was, indeed, kidnapped, or how she lost her magic and returned home. Daisy takes diligent notes, asking questions here and there while I occasionally check up on Amorie to see how she is doing.

When Andrew finishes the story, Daisy asks if I have anything to add, so I make sure to stress the part that we believe someone was after her magic. He underlines something in his notebook, then shuts it.

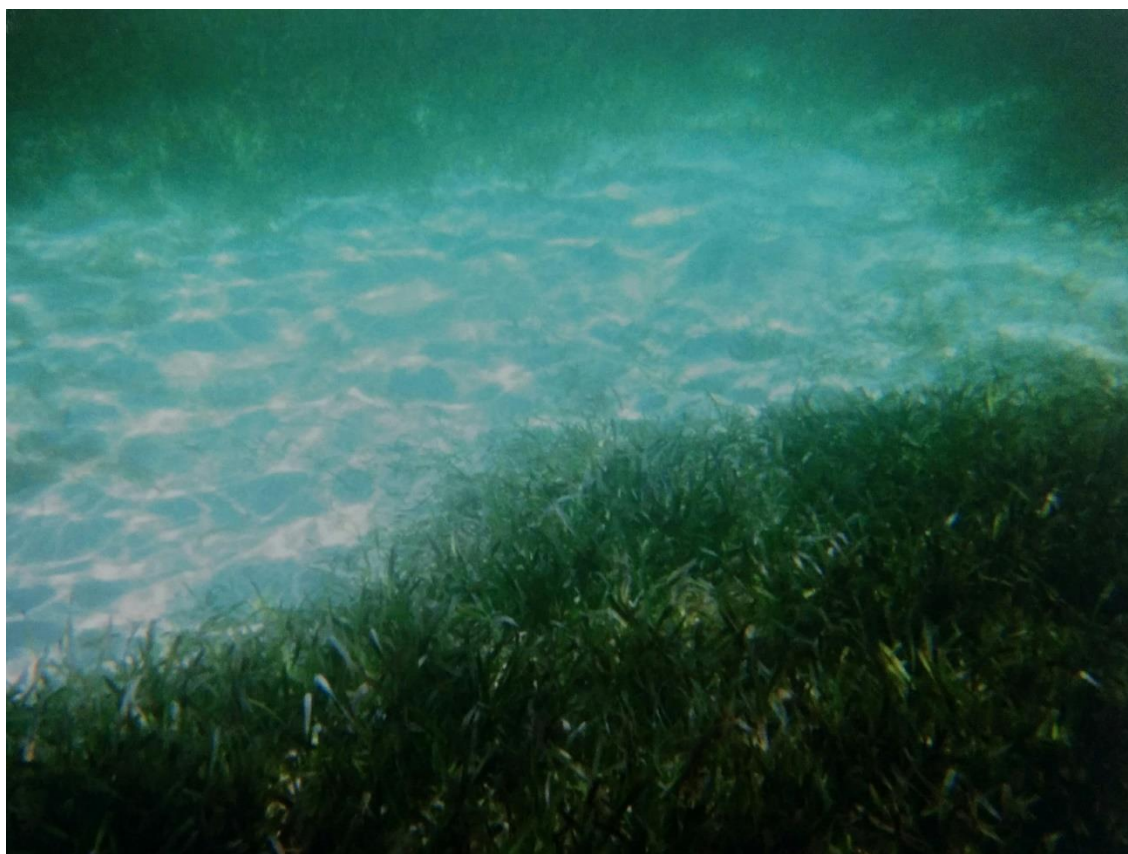
"I know I haven't said it yet, but I am terribly sorry this happened to Amorie. She is such a sweet girl, and I'm so glad she's not hurt."

"We appreciate your kind words, but if you want to be an even greater help, *please* get this in this Sunday's paper," Andrew requests, his dark brown eyes pleading. Daisy nods.

"I'll do everything I can. We need to get this story out." With that, Daisy stands up and gives us a playful salute. "This has been Andrew Skille from the Belheart Journal, over and out."



Photos by Rachel Miller



## Witness – by Samantha Andersen

I drift through the city streets in search of the ideal place to people watch. It has become a recent guilty pleasure of mine. Before I was always too preoccupied or too absorbed in a virtual world to stop and really look at the city I've lived in for twenty years. Now I have all the time in the world.

A quiet patch beckons me over and I decide this is the perfect spot. I lean against the edge of a bridge, which opens to a side street mainly used as a shortcut to connect a few of the central routes. It was never a bustling street and today is no exception. A family of four walk past, the two kids running slightly ahead of their parents. About four feet behind them stand a couple arguing in hushed whispers, while an elderly woman and her grandson emerge from the opposite direction. A man in a thick sweatshirt with a red baseball cap covering his eyes loiters directly across from me. I allow my gaze to linger on him for a few seconds before concentrating on everyone else in the vicinity. I already know what is about to happen. And I already know how it is going to end.

Still it surprises me when the man makes a grab for the elderly lady and nobody moves. The parents of the two children turn their heads to look as the woman screams for help. The couple ceases their arguing as the man bolts off, clutching a large red purse. But nobody moves. By the time someone does approach the woman (a young man who witnessed the robbery from a few yards behind her) the thief has long since left.

I leave with the same bitter feeling I often do in these situations. Many have told me to stop seeking out disaster; it will only make me feel worse. But I still travel the streets in search of the next crime.

Night falls and it brings with it plenty of opportunities. I automatically wander over to one of my favorite spotting points on a bench across from a well-known dive bar. Several incidents have occurred near this location (if not at the bar itself) over the years – robberies, assaults, even going as far as murder. Not but three months ago a young man was stabbed and left to die right outside the bar door. Four different clusters of people passed by each taking notice of the (now dead) man. A group of women even took pictures in horror, yet the police weren't informed until afternoon the next day. I should know. I didn't move an inch the entire night and only left once I saw a woman in her late 40s whip out her cell phone and dial 911.

Lucky...this night is uneventful and as the sun rises up I float on home.

The next three times I people watch, nothing serious happens. Those days bring me both comfort and anxiousness, for the longer nothing happens the more anticipation builds. But as always, the day I watch for returns.

I stroll along one of the more residential areas when I halt in the middle of the sidewalk. Many of those around me do the same as a young woman bolts into the apartment complex followed by a man yelling after her. Some of the passersby continue on their way while others stick around for a few minutes. As soon as the screaming starts, those remaining scurry off and the neighbors downcast their eyes. They ignore the sound of breaking glass and they pretend the shouts of plea don't exist as they glance among one another uneasily.

I wish more than anything that I could run up to someone and demand they help. Command them to step in and save an innocent person. But my voice was lost after begging for someone to help me. My voice was lost when no one saved me from bleeding out after a stray bullet found its way into my chest. So instead I watch like the rest, allowing tears as silent as they are to fall.

When the world begins to move again, I trudge on in heartache. Maybe I should quit people watching.

I end up in the park. The sun is blazing, but a slight wind cools off the heat making it an ideal day to be outside. A group of four boys are shooting hoops, but the smallest of the four appears to be watching more so than playing. He never gets a chance to throw and any attempt he makes to grab the ball is futile. At one point the tallest of the boys grabs the ball and tucks it under his arm. He says something to the boy before erupting in laughter. The other two boys laugh along and, feeling encouraged, the instigator chucks the basketball at the small boy with such force he is knocked to the



ground. I lower my head in full understanding as to what will happen next, but a movement brings back my attention. One of the two guys laughing earlier now runs over to the boy on the ground and helps him up. He then gestures widely to the tallest before walking off with the boy who is using him as support.

A small smile grazes my lips. Perhaps people watching isn't all bad. I just need to know where to look.

### Photos by Rachel Miller



## Differences Aside (a Labyrinth Fanfiction), Part 3 – by Taylor Bradley

The ground shook as another roar sounded. It was louder this time. “Sarah,” Hoggle chimed, “much as I enjoy seeing Jareth in this predicament, I think we should go before that thing catches up with us.”

“Uh huh,” Ludo nodded.

“You’re right,” Sarah agreed. She looked at Jareth again. “But I promise you, Goblin King, whatever you’re doing, I’m going to stop you.”

“That’s interesting, considering all I’m doing as of recently is losing feeling in my toes.”

Sarah was taken aback. *He’s not up to something?*

“Sarah, he’s lyin’ through his teeth. Look, he’s trying to keep us here so that *thing* can find us.”

“Right,” Jareth mocked. “I’m trying to get the bloodthirsty beast over here so it can bite my head off with ease. Hoggle, you are nothing if not a genius.”

“It’s Hoggle.”

“Wait, wait,” Sarah started, “if you’re not plotting something, then where are the goblins?”

“If I knew, do you really think I’d tell *you*?”

A deep growl sounded once again. “Sarah, really. We should go,” Hoggle repeated.

*They’re right. We need to keep distance between us and that monster.* She glanced at Jareth again. *But what do do with this one?* “Well, if you’re not the problem here, then what are you doing out in the middle of the Labyrinth?”

“Trying to get back to my castle. What do you *think* I’m doing? Just taking an afternoon stroll through a giant maze?!”

“So...you’re really not planning anything against us?”

“How could I, when I just found out you were here?”

He had her there.

The ground shook. The beast was eerily near. “Let’s get out of here!” Hoggle shouted, and he and Ludo ran around Jareth down the next pathway. Sarah turned to follow, when Jareth spoke again.

“Are you *seriously* thinking about just leaving me tied up here for that Gargoyle?!” he yelled. His tone was far from hurt, or even afraid. It was more like, “Seriously, you little brat? I’m the bloody King!”

Sarah skidded to a stop. “Use your magic!”

“I can’t!”

“What do you mean you can’t?!”

Sarah went into deep thought. *He’s hanging upside down, tied up, and a monster is coming. He’s defenseless for some reason. Unless he isn’t and that’s just a way for him to trick me into “helping” him, so that creature can show up and he can throw me to it.*

*But he didn’t know I was here until a few minutes ago. How could he plan this entire thing out in that short time?*

*His crystals. He can use his crystals to spy on me. He might have known I was coming and made this whole trap up while we were running from the monster.*

*But what if this isn’t a trick, and he really needs help?*

*He’s my enemy, what do I care?*

*But if I leave, and he’s being honest, then that monster could kill him.*

*Can Jareth die? He doesn’t look a day older than the last time. He may be immortal.*

*But I could be wrong.*

*I have two choices:*

1. *Go with what I know, leave the Goblin King here, and catch up with Hoggle and Ludo before that thing shows up. Or,*
2. *Make the possibly horrible decision to believe Jareth, help him down, and risk getting killed by the Gargoyle, or being at the mercy of the Goblin King.*

*Well, Sarah, ask yourself: If you were to leave, and Jareth was killed because you didn’t believe him, could you live with that? Granted, he’s your enemy, but a life is a life all the same. Could you wake up tomorrow and get dressed knowing the Goblin King was mauled by a monster after needing your help, and it was your fault?*

Jareth cleared his throat, “I don’t mean to rush you, but I’ve lost all the feeling in my ankles.”

Sarah knew her answer. No matter who they were, she couldn’t leave someone who could be in danger. Even if it meant possibly putting herself in a worse situation. Besides, thanks to that Gargoyle encounter, she knew something

was going on in the Labyrinth. Something she had never dealt with before. There was a good chance Jareth knew more than she did. And she couldn't get him to tell her what he knew if his face was being chewed off.

"Well, it's about time," the King scoffed as Sarah jogged back over to him.

"Just be glad I'm doing this at all, and don't make me regret it," Sarah said. "God, you're tall. I can't reach the knot." She cringed, knowing what had to happen. "You have to pick me up."

"Remind me of my options again."

"Either pick me up so I can untie your legs, or wait for that rock thing to bite you in half."

"Get over here before my brain explodes from all the blood running to it."

Sarah shuddered as Jareth's arms wrapped around her legs awkwardly and lifted her about a foot off the ground. "If you drop me, I swear..."

"Trust me, I'm not enjoying this any more than you are."

"Trust me," Sarah repeated, fiddling with the large knot. "That must be the most ironic thing you've ever said."

"Just work on the bloody rope." The ground shook again. "With a little urgency, if you could."

"Hey, I'm doing the best I can. It's pitch black out here. Wait, I got it!"

"Hold on, let me *ahh!*"

"Whoa!" Sarah shouted as she suddenly began to fall. Luckily, something...or *someone* cushioned her.

"You could've let me brace myself before you did that!" Jareth yelled. "Get off me!"

Sarah didn't move from her position on Jareth's stomach, only looked down at him. "I think a 'thank you' is in order here."

"Over my dead body! And may I remind you that while you're here *sitting* on me, there are several bloodthirsty creatures out on a hunt?!"

Sarah realized that they needed to move, and quickly. She needed to go find Hoggle and Ludo again. But she needed to make sure of one thing first, "If you're not the problem this time, then whose side are you on?"

"My own!"

"That's not too reassuring."

"Get the heck off me, before I make you!"

*I think that's as far as I'm going to get. And the ground is shaking even worse!* She got to her feet and was about to offer Jareth a hand when she remembered that she hated his guts. He got up on his own and started to jump in a small circle. She couldn't help but giggle. "What *are* you doing?"

"Trying to get some circulation to my feet, obviously." He made a few more circles when Sarah noticed a change in his expression. He went pale. His eyes widened. "Should've untied it faster."

"Well, excuse me, your *Majesty*, but it was a bit..." *What is he staring at?* Realization hit her like a brick to the face. Slowly, she looked over her shoulder. The beast was poised a few walls away, on the top. It was staring at them, its glowing red eyes flickering between her and Jareth. She grabbed Toby and held him tighter. She had to protect him.

"Alright, Goblin King...now what?...Jareth?...Jareth?"

No one was there.

*Oh, how nice! I help him out and he ditches me in the darkness! I hate him. I hate, hate, hate, hate him! But now's the time to run!*

Toby started to whimper again as Sarah ran for her life. *I should've gone with Hoggle and Ludo when they said so! I should've left him there! He teleported! He still had magic! Why was I so stupid to believe his little sob story? 'Oh, boo hoo, I'm powerless and tuck upside down. Help me, Sarah, I'm too much of a moron to fight a monster.' Give me a break! I can't believe I fell for... 'Ahh!'*

She fell on her back, hard. Something had knocked her down, and now it was lying on top of her *and* Toby. She pictured the Gargoyle's bloodshot eyes. But when she opened her own, the eyes in front of her weren't the Gargoyle's. One was blue. One was brown.

"Why can't you stay out of my bloody way?!" Jareth shouted, quickly getting back up.

"You fell on Toby, you jerk! Now he's crying!" She got to her feet, and ran after him.

"Well, shut him up before the Gargoyle hears! And don't you blame this on me, you daft cow! I can't see a foot in front of me! That's the thing about running in the dark!"

"Did you just call me a *cow*?!"

"Stop yelling at me! That beast can probably hear us!"

"You yelled at me first. Oh, Toby, *please* stop crying. I know there's a monster, I know it's dark out, and I know the stupid Goblin King crushed you, but you really need to be quiet."



"I can hear you!"

*So much for not yelling. Now, how do I make you stop crying? Oh, this is gonna be humiliating.* "Meow. Meow, meow, meow! Meeeeeeoooooww." Toby started to giggle, just like she wanted.

Jareth looked over his shoulder. "Are you running for your life while making *cat sounds*?"

"It makes him laugh!"

"Think it'll work on the *Gargoyle right behind you?!*"

Sarah looked over her shoulder. He wasn't lying! It was gaining on her! "Run faster!"

The sky was beginning to turn into a lighter color. Jareth started to make quick turns in the Labyrinth. *Where is he going?!* Sarah wondered. *Does he have some kind of plan? Or is he just trying to get away? And why doesn't he turn into his owl form, or teleport? Is he actually powerless?* Sarah wasn't sure of anything anymore. She thought this would be like last time.

She was wrong.

\* \* \*

Sarah lost track of Jareth. He kept ducking down corners. *Good riddance. Hope that Gargoyle bits him in his royal rump. Too bad it's a little busy chasing me!*

The sun was just beginning to rise, but its rays hadn't yet covered the entire Labyrinth. Sarah was still running the maze half blind. The monster was still running after her! Yet, somehow, Toby had fallen asleep. Apparently, the bouncing motion from her running relaxed him.

Sarah, on the other hand, was anything but.

*I'm gonna die. I'm gonna get killed, and Toby's gonna be brought up by a bunch of rock creatures! Why did I have to get myself into this situation? I just had to help the Goblin King, didn't I? And look where it got me! I'm lost, have no clue where my friends are, and there's a monster chasing me!* "Hoggle?! Ludo?! Where are you?!"

"Sarah?" Hoggle shouted. "Sarah, we're over here!"

"Over *where*?!" She heard his voice, but had no clue where it was coming from.

"Head to the fountain!"

*Fountain, what fountain? I don't see a fountain! Wait, there! I see it!* She raced towards the fountain in the open area. Sunlight had consumed half of it. She could see Hoggle and Ludo right across from her, running towards her. "Sarah!" Hoggle shouted. "*Behind you!*"

She looked over her shoulder to see the Gargoyle lunging at her. Her life flashed before her eyes. The monster's eyes bore into her. Arms wrapped around her. She suddenly felt like a football when it's been caught by a quarterback! She rolled forwards, gripping Toby, being pulled by the force that had grabbed her.

Sarah was lying on her back, on top of someone. She opened her eyes quickly. The monster was right in front of her! "Aaaahhhhhhhh!"

"Sarah."

"Aaahhhhhhh!"

"Sarah."

"Aaahhhhhhh!"

"Sarah!"

She stopped screaming. The monster hadn't moved an inch. It was...lifeless.

"It's turned to stone."

Hoggle ran up to her side, panting. Ludo was right behind him. "Sarah...Sarah, are you alright? We thought you were right behind us, and when we realized you weren't, we couldn't find you anywhere."

"Ludo worried."

"Yeah, well, Jareth sore, so for the second time today, get off me."

*...Jareth? He was the one who grabbed me?*

Hoggle eyed the Goblin King. "Did you...did you just save her?"

"Oh, don't get all mushy on me, Hoghead."

"Hoggle," Sarah corrected, quietly.

"Whatever. Just get the heck off of me. You need to lose some weight, seriously."

Hoggle growled at him. Sarah squirmed awkwardly onto the ground, between Jareth and the frozen Gargoyle. She got to her feet, examined Roby, then took a good look at what had just happened. The Gargoyle was a lighter gray, a frightening face stuck on it. It had one foot on the ground, and its claws were bared along with its teeth. Its wings were spread out, and its eyes had lost their eerie glow. "What...what happened?"

“Sunlight,” Jareth said, brushing himself off. “Direct sunlight turns them to solid stone.”

“How did you know that?”

“I know a thing or two about voodoo. And don’t let this,” he gestured to the Gargoyle, “go to your head. I didn’t do it for *you*. You have Jareth Junior strapped to your torso, that’s the only reason.” Jareth raised his left foot, placed it on the creature’s head, and broke it off. Sarah covered Toby’s eyes, hoping that wouldn’t give him nightmares. The Goblin King mumbled under his breath, “That, and I didn’t want to give her the satisfaction of knowing she killed the girl who beat the Labyrinth.”

“Her?” Sarah repeated. He wasn’t a quiet mumbler. She watched as Jareth cursed under his breath, his face twisting with regret.

“Hold on a second,” Hoggle started, “voodoo...*she*...you don’t mean...no, you can’t mean...you *banished* her a long time ago.”

“Who?” Sarah asked.

“She came back,” Jareth admitted. “Stronger than ever. While she was in exile, she learned how to make some new tarot cards, along with *these* accursed things.”

*Banishment? Tarot cards? What are they talking about?* “Hoggle, what’s going on? Who’s ‘she’?”

But no one heard her. “So she came back, and you couldn’t stop her?!” Hoggle asked, fearfully. “She got *that* powerful?!”

“She used her cards to steal my power!” Jareth shouted.

*So he is powerless*, Sarah thought, examining Jareth. Her eyes widened when she saw his bulging pocket.

“Ludo! Grab him!”

Ludo wrapped his gigantic furry arms around the Goblin King, lifting him off the ground a bit. Jareth was tall, but Ludo still had him beat. “What in the world are you doing?!” Jareth protested. “Put me down this instant!”

“So you’re *powerless*, hm?” Sarah smirked, glad she’d caught onto his trick. “Then what’s *this*?!” She reached into Jareth’s front pocket and pulled out a small, sparkling crystal ball.

“Be *careful* with that!”

“If you have no power, then how did you make this?”

“Sarah, you little brat! You *still* take what you know for granted, even when in reality, you know *nothing*!”

“Answer me, then I’ll know something!”

“Give me that crystal right this second, or I swear, I’ll-”

“You’ll what?” Sarah grinned. “If you really are powerless, then you can’t do anything to me, right?”

He opened his mouth to shout at her, but closed it quickly. They locked eyes, once again engaged in a battle of whose will was stronger. The first to look away from the other was the weaker. They probably could have stared at each other for a good few minutes, when Hoggle interrupted.

“Uh, Sarah...don’t take this the wrong way – I don’t trust or like him any more than you do – but the more that I think about it...”

Sarah predicted the rest of his sentence: *The more I think we should throw Jareth in the Bog of Stench for all eternity, and celebrate with cupcakes!*

“...The more I think he’s bein’ honest fer once in his life.”

*Exactly*, Sarah thought, not really listening to Hoggle. *He’s being totally honest, so we should chuck him in the Bog of...*

“What?” asked Jareth and Sarah, both turning to look at the dwarf in unison.

“Hoggle, what are you talking about? I have physical proof in my hands!”

“Sarah, something big is going on here and we need to quit jumping to conclusions in order to figure out what, so just hear me out.” Sarah lowered her defenses and let him continue. “Look, Jareth’s a lying, cheating, selfish rat,” he gestured to the Gargoyle’s head, “but he can’t do this. He’s never been able to make these creatures.”

“But he said he was powerless, yet here I am, holding one of his crystals.”

Jareth cleared his throat, and they both turned to look at him. “If you’d shut up for a minute, I can explain why your theory isn’t true.”

*Oh, this ought to be good*, Sarah seethed.

“I made the crystal before my powers were taken. That’s why it’s the only one I have. Now that she’s drained me of my magic, I can’t make any more of them. I keep it on me because it’s the only way I can see what’s going on in my castle.”

“A likely story,” Sarah began, “but if that’s the case, then why didn’t you use that crystal when you were attacked? Why didn’t you trap whoever this person is in an illusion?” For a split second, the image of a masquerade ball flickered in Sarah’s mind.

“As I said, the reason I made it was for *seeing*. That’s all it can do.”

“So, let me get this straight,” Sarah said, angrily, “you were attacked, and kicked out of your own castle by some person you banished way back when, who has now come back even stronger and stolen your powers. You legitimately got stuck in that rope trap, and you *didn’t* make these Gargoyle whatever’s because, once again, you claim to be powerless. And the only reason you have *this* crystal ball is because you made it before you were attacked. Is that right?”

“Yes. Now tell your furry companion to put me back on the ground.”

She rolled her eyes. *If what he’s saying is true, which I highly doubt, then whoever is sitting up in Jareth’s palace is definitely someone to worry about. But why should I believe him?*

“Sarah,” Hoggle said, “look, I know who he’s talkin’ about. Jareth isn’t capable of making these rock creatures, and if he’s telling the truth and this person really has come back stronger than when he forced her to leave, then she *is*. I don’t like sticking up for this *rat*...but it’s all addin’ up if you think about it.”

*The key words, Sarah thought, are ‘if he’s telling the truth.’ And before we do anything else, that’s something we have to know for sure. Right. Now.*

She looked back at the Goblin King and told him straight out, “Give me one good reason why I should believe a word out of your mouth.”

Again, the two locked eyes.

“Sarah,” he started, “this is very important. Think. *Hard*.”

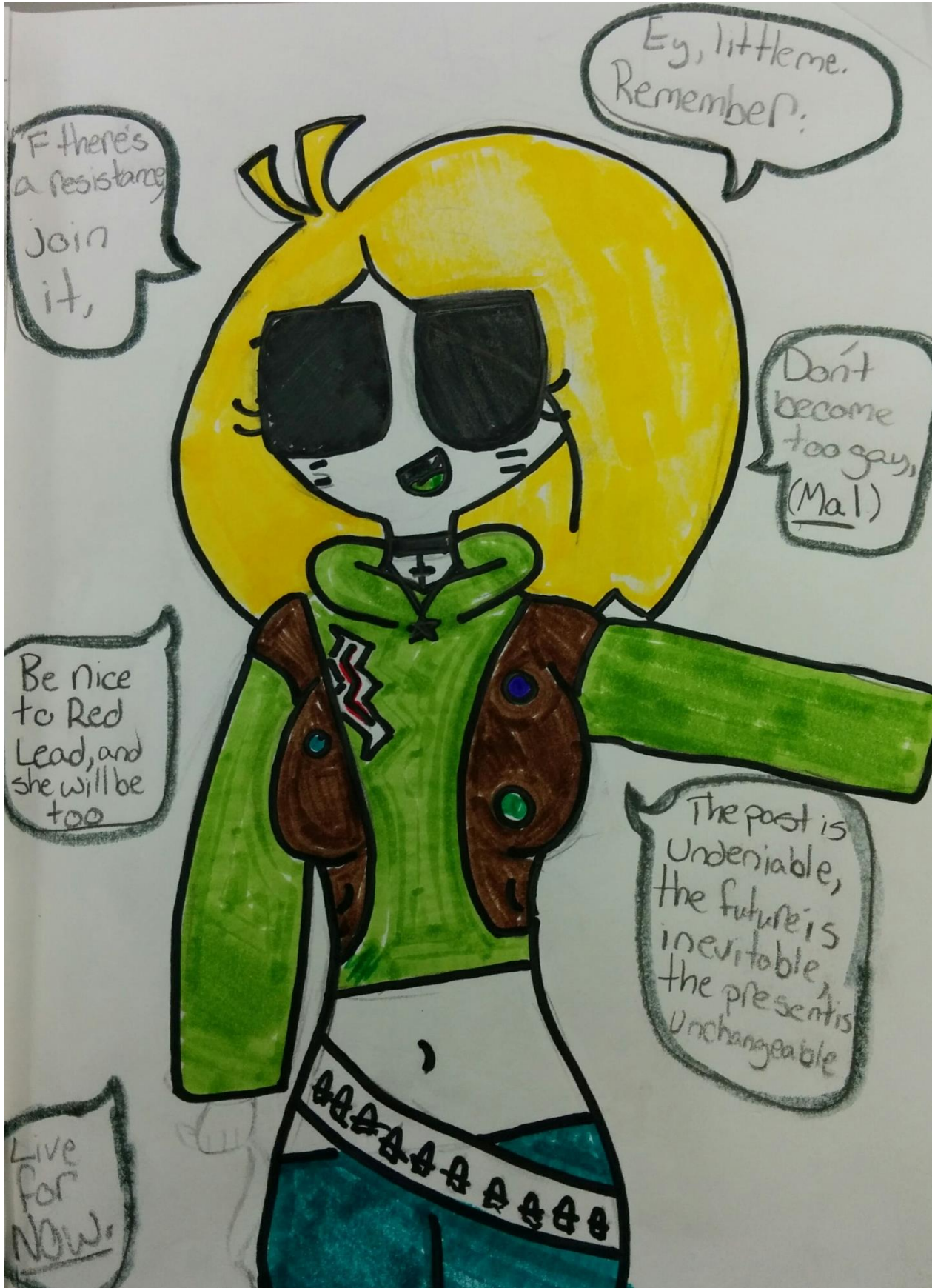
She waited for her reason, staring into his eyes, when suddenly she saw something she hadn’t seen before. Could it have been...desperation? She kept watching, looking for another sign of it, when he gave her what she wanted.

“...Have I ever lied before?”

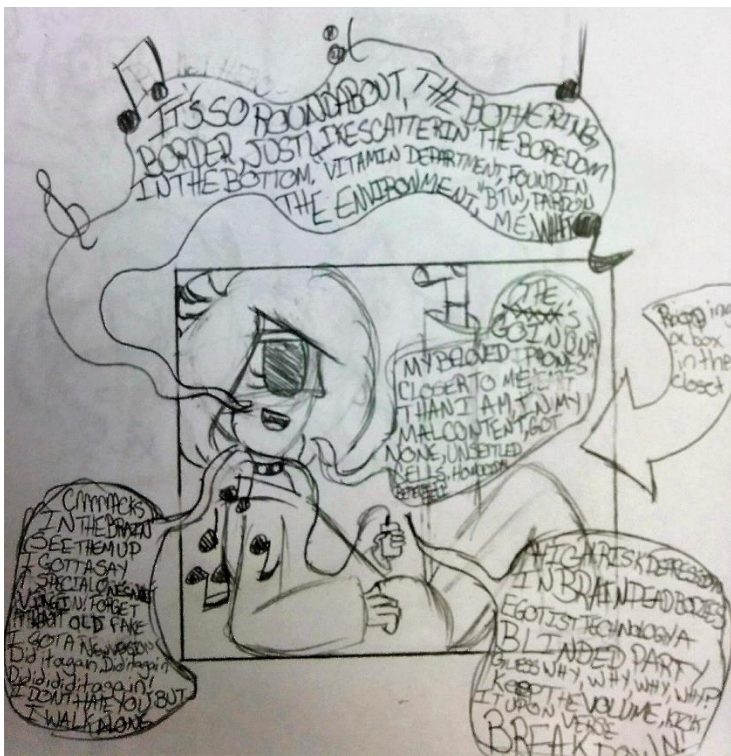
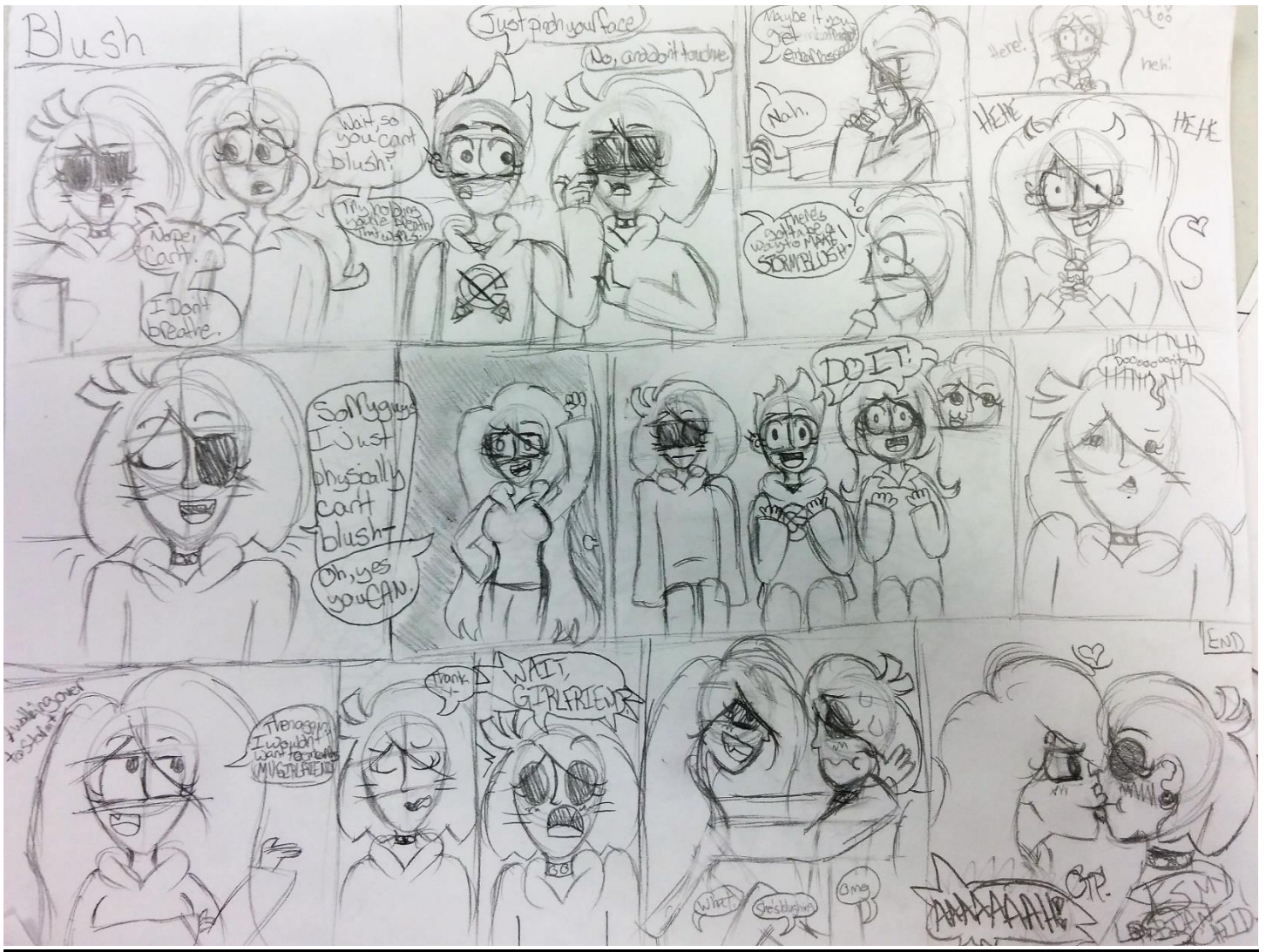
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Comics by Hannah Bradley









Ok, what's with people who draw hair...



WHY DID I DO THAT? Obvious.



BIG GLAZED EYEBALLS

OR EYES.



I look at these

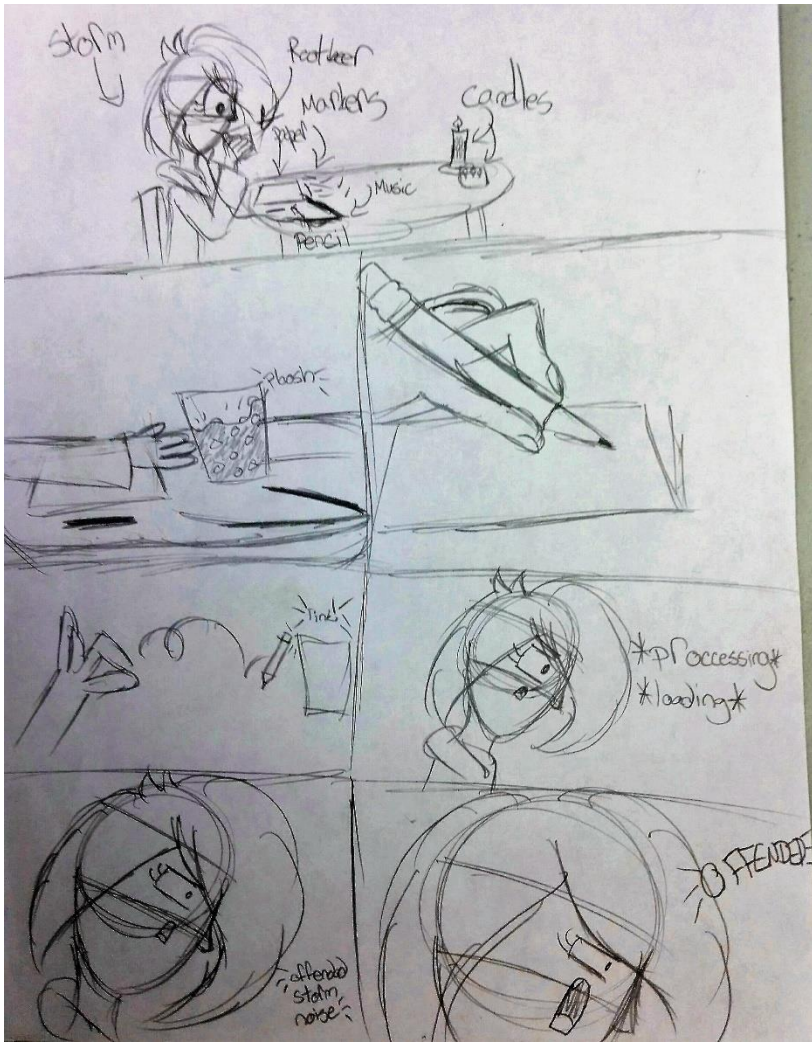


As I think.



Why?





## A Boy with Flaws – by Amanda Hornung

A boy with light brown hair  
Deep chocolate eyes  
A beautiful smile  
This boy had many flaws

The boy could not talk to girls  
The boy could not keep a conversation  
The boy could not get comfortable  
The boy could not understand a relationship

The boy was sweet  
The boy was kind  
The boy made every day better  
The boy was a dream

The boy was a dream  
Over text  
In pictures  
The boy was a dream

Online the boy was kind  
Gentle  
Sweet  
Caring

Online the boy was  
Nice  
A little ray of sunshine in a dark world  
The boy was a dream

The girl thought  
He was a dream  
No flaws  
The girl thought

The girl scheduled a real-life meeting  
She was excited, nervous, and scared  
But she was determined  
The girl scheduled a real-life meeting

The girl was going to show him  
Her humor  
Her personality  
The girl was going to show him

The day came and the girl could not wait  
She waited  
And waited  
To the point where she could no longer wait

She left  
Torn down, broken  
She left  
Heart broken

A dove landed in the road  
The dove stared  
And flew away  
She kept walking, the dove was right

There was no light on a sunny day  
There was no light at the end of the tunnel  
There was no light in the lamp  
There was no light

In her room, she noticed  
A dove landed on her window sill  
Two doves landed  
BUZZ! Her phone goes off

A light goes on  
Light comes into the room  
Light becomes visible at the end of the tunnel  
The light in the lamp turned on

The boy with no flaws texts  
Apologizing for the wait  
Asking to meet again  
The girl agrees, love-struck

She goes to the house  
The house of light  
The house of hope  
The house

The light dims  
The sky darkens  
The street turns pitch black in the night  
The light is out once again

She walks back  
In pitch black  
The dove is dead  
The dove has fled

An eternity passes  
The girl is wrinkled  
The girl is lonely  
The girl is heartbroken

RING! The phone goes  
Light comes into the pitch-black room

The lamp lights up  
Along with her eyes

The boy with flaws speaks  
His voice delicate  
Fragile  
Promising

The boy with flaws is meeting death in two days' time  
The boy with flaws has one last wish  
One last breath  
He would like to meet her

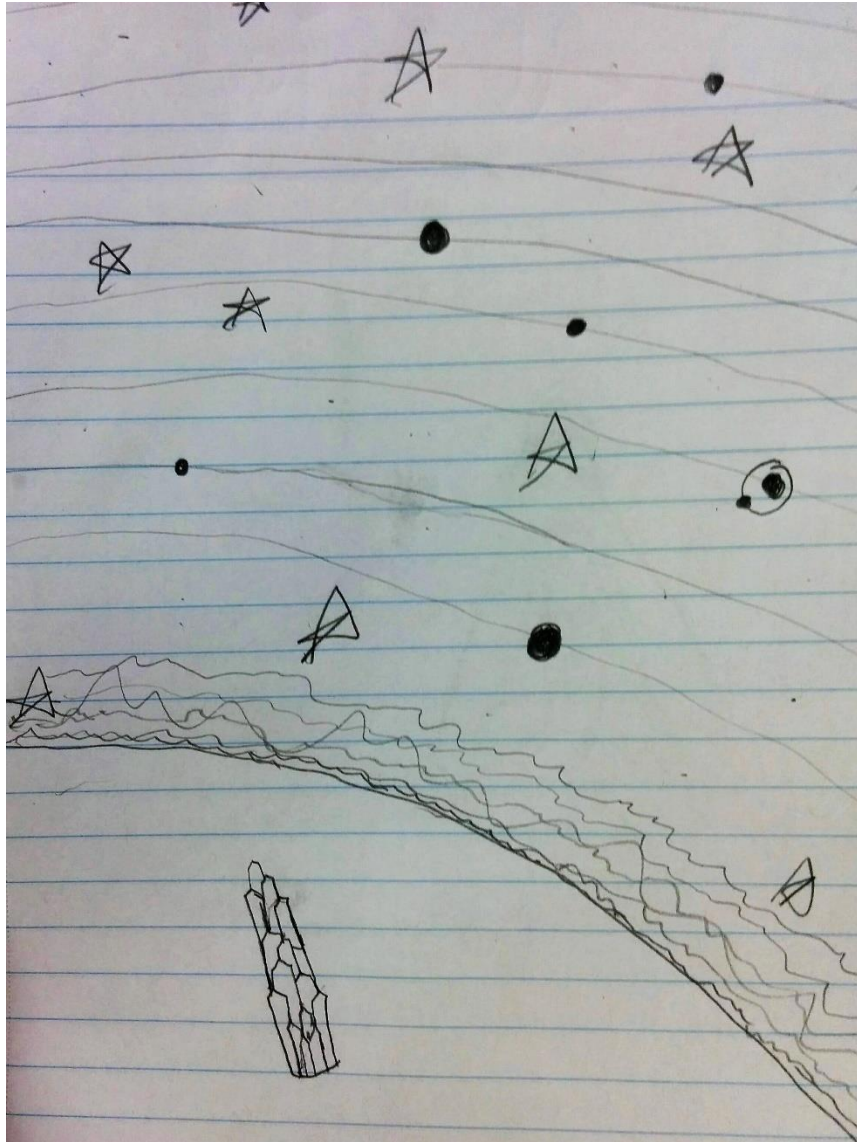
The girl is hesitant  
She accepts  
Why would she accept?  
For isn't she doomed to be heartbroken once more?

The girl goes to the meeting  
Light in her eyes  
Two doves sit perched on the window  
And an angel meets her eyes

The boy with flaws  
Walks through the door  
He comes in and sits down  
"So, you have flaws after all." The girl says

She stands and walks through the door  
Leaving the boy with no light  
Just as he did her  
Only this time she wouldn't come back





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## **teen zine contributors:**

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

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

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