

# Linden Tree



## The Linden Tree

---

The Literary and Arts Magazine of St. Stanislaus School In Poland, the linden tree is known as the tree of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In medieval times, a tribal leader, who had been pardoned by the Teutonic Knights, placed an image of Mary in a linden tree. Pilgrims who prayed before the image experienced miraculous healings of body and soul. Legend tells us that the Blessed Virgin hides amidst the branches of all linden trees, revealing herself to children, showing them the way to God himself.

It is our hope that, as our students share their talents through The Linden Tree, they will, like Mary, point to the Creator who is the origin of those gifts.

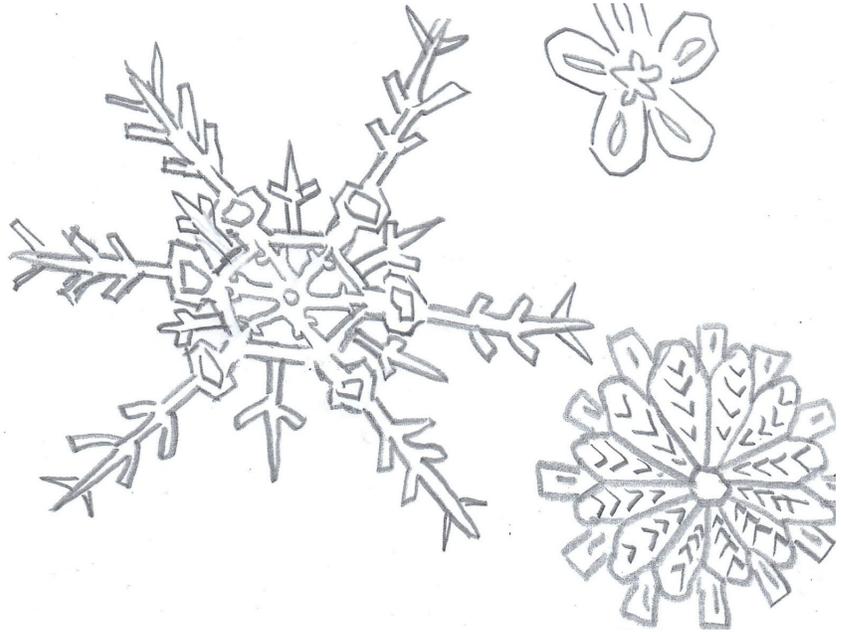
## Table of Contents

Chance.....	p. 3
Is Anyone Out There Normal.....	p. 3
I'm Lovin it: Actually, Not Really .....	p. 4
Dinner at the World's Worst Restaurant .....	p. 4
World War Bread.....	p. 4
Blizzard.....	p. 5
Snow Angels: Marissa's Journal.....	p. 5
Snowflakes.....	p. 7
Home for Christmas.....	p. 8
The Winter Massacre: Part 1.....	p. 9
World War Bread.....	p. 9
The Barn Part 2.....	p. 10
Rhyster.....	p. 11
Ironclad.....	p. 12
The Girl, Jealousy.....	p. 12

Chance

By: Mariah Goveia

One loved lacrosse  
 One loved to cheer  
 But neither spoke  
 Throughout the year  
 In each other's eyes  
 Were green and blue  
 One laughed and smiled  
 But it was never true  
 Without the other  
 They aren't real  
 When around the other  
 There's something they feel  
 And one day when green eyes met blue  
 Green eyes tripped, and blue eyes too  
 They knew what it was, but didn't know why  
 One muttered "oops"  
 and the other "hi"

Is Anyone out There Normal?

By: Sam Alston

A sad but fake you  
     willing to do  
 whatever they tell you to  
     Wanting to fly  
 But you only drown  
     You get used  
     to hitting the ground  
 CHanging to be like everyone else  
 soul like ice in the summer  
     It melts.  
 Then one day  
 while not being you  
 You think to yourself  
     Oh what to do  
     I can't be me  
 Then I Won't fit in, you see  
     It's not worth to  
     go around faking  
 Yes, it's not worth  
     to see yourself breaking  
 No, I don't want to be formal  
     Besides,  
 Is anyone out there normal?



I'm Lovin' It: Actually, Not Really

By: Francesca Chase

One day me, Rachel, Carly, Katie, and Leah went to McDonald's while on the way to a ski resort. It was about 8:00 in the morning when we arrived at the restaurant. We reached the counter as we prepared to order. The person working at the counter looked to be sixteen years old and looked rather hipster. Rachel decided to order first, she asked for chicken nuggets, the guy told her that those weren't available at the time which was understandable. Then Rachel asked for a latte, apparently the latte machine was taken from the restaurant. With a questioning look on our faces we looked at him with disbelief. Now we were all confused. After Rachel finally ordered her oatmeal, it was Katie's turn. She asked for a milkshake. The hipster worker told her the milkshake machine was broken, but don't worry he could put caramel in the ice cream machine.

Now we were really puzzled. WHAT IS THIS? A FAKE MC DONALD'S!! Then I ordered hotcakes and a Shamrock Shake. The hipster man at the counter commented, "Well that sounds healthy" in a sarcastic voice. At this point we were just done with his sassy attitude. We ate our food and laughed. We talked about the funny memory all the way to the ski resort.

Dinner at the World's Worst Restaurant

By: Lauren Northrup

My parents and I were walking into a new restaurant that just opened in the area. It looked beautiful on the outside and very elegant. We were so excited to see what it looked like from the inside. We went up the small flight of stairs that led to the entrance doorway and opened the door to the inside. I was shocked to see that the place looked completely trashed with anything you can imagine. There was food spilled on the tables and the floor, napkins and silverware tossed everywhere, and waiters and waitresses running around frantically with plates of food in their hands. It looked like a zoo! Anyway, by the time we sat down, we were already looking at the menu and all of the different kinds of food that they had. Some of the food choices looked absolutely delicious, to be honest. Our waitress came over to take our order and left without even giving us any utensils to eat with; but that was alright. We just hoped our food was alright.

While my parents and I waited for our food, we saw a family come in with all of these animals waiting with them. They were actually allowed to bring in their dogs, cats, lions, birds, horses, and pigs. Then it really did become a zoo! They all roamed around searching for something to eat and started eating off of other people's tables. As the night went on, they began to act even wilder. The birds were flying into things and chirping madly. Dogs were barking and other animals were running around and knocking tables over. It was an outrage! When we finally received our food, three hours later, my food was still raw! They gave my mother the wrong food, and my father's was practically still on fire! We ended up leaving the world's worst restaurant before we ate. The dogs came running right to us to devour our food. That night, we vowed to never go there again.

World War Bread

By: Jacob Hall

Hello! I am Mr. Bagel and I want to live in America. There is just one problem, evil Doctor Baget started a war. My allies are Mrs. Biscuit and Mr. Toast. If we three bread slices win, then we will be the Bread of America.

Hello! I am evil Doctor Baget and I have many allies, but my most trusted is Mr. Crumpet and his sister Mrs. Croissant. We want to rule America, but we will not rule America... Gabriel the Giant will. Now that you have met both sides, it is important to know that there are neutrals in this war. Mrs. Cake and Mr. Cake are neutral. They don't want either of the sides to win.

This is their story.

One day, Mr. Bagel was walking to work. He works at Mr. and Mrs. Cake's bakery. Mr. Bagel saw a plane. He thought it was just the military testing a new plane, but it was actually evil Dr. Baget. He started dropping Toasters and if you did not run you were Toast, literally. Mr. Toast did not think a Toaster was a really good weapon, but a Toaster hit him and he was badly injured. He will always limp, now and forever.

Now we must fight to save America and be the Bread of America. Wait! I almost forgot to say something about the little muffin. His whole family was eaten by the evil Giant Gabriel for breakfast! So sad!!

Back to the story, we were all at the giants entrance but Mr. Crumpet and Mrs. Croissant were guarding the door. We had to be sneaky. Little muffin, full of sorrow, ran ahead and started punching them. Sadly, his little fists did nothing. They got a good grip on little muffin and he was for sure going to be toast. Mr. Toast walked over and Mr. Crumpet said, "oh an old man what is he going to do?" Mr. Toast pulled back his fist and bam he knocked Mr. Crumpet out with his rough hands. Little muffin thought, "he did it!" He was so happy!

They walked into the castle of Gabriel. When they got to his throne they heard him say, “what do we have here? Is it the rest of the muffin family? They were good!” Little muffin got really mad. He ran into the room straight for Gabriel and punched the giant in the eye. That really hurt, so the giant jumped up and hit little muffin away!

Then the feasting began! He ate evil Doctor Baget and Mr. Crumpet, who was still knocked out. Then he ate Mrs. Croissant. Then you hear Mr. Bagel say, “I never wanted this to happen. I just wanted to be the Bread of America... I have an idea.” Mr. Bagel told Mr. Toast his amazing plan. Later, Mr. Bagel ran up behind the giant and said hey eat me without looking! The giant grabbed Mr. Bagel and stuffed him in his mouth everybody burst out in tears except for Mr. Toast and the giant started choking he spit out the burnt Mr. Bagel, and the giant exclaimed I hate burnt stuff! He ran away! Now they could finally be the Bread of America!

It is not what they thought. They were cloned, and the clones were being killed all over America and soon all over the world. We thought it would be awesome, but in a year we will be eaten.

The End... Or is it.

### The Blizzard

By: Alexandra Costa

Saturday January 5, 2020

Lurking through the night.  
A dark sky upon my eyes.  
The Blizzard scares most in pain.  
And eats the ones in need.  
“Help” a little girl cries in the storm.  
I run out to get her but the heavy snow fills my eyes.  
It was too late she was gone.

Monday January 7, 2020

The nightmare of the girl full fills my mind in pain.  
Without saving her there was nothing to gain.  
Then one night that girl came on that very day.  
And had nothing at all to say.

### Snow Angels: Marissa's Journal

By: Angeline Costello and Leah Medeiros

Marissa Angel is a fourteen year old girl who loves winter. Ever since she was a little girl she had loved winter so much. Marissa has light blonde hair and beautiful light blue eyes. She is very shy but has many friends within the eighth grade. She was born on January 11, 2001. She has two brothers, John who is eight and Michael who is seventeen. Marissa also has two sisters Alex who is nineteen and Susie who is three. They live in Newport,, Rhode Island on 211 Sunrise Street. The Angel family live in a beautiful light blue beach front home. They all get along so well that it is very unbelievable, they are not like most siblings. They act like angels all the time. Marissa is a very nice girl and goes through unbelievable things. This is her Journal..

Friday - November 31, 2015

“It’s the first day of Winter!” squealed Susie. This year it’s snowing for the first time this year on the first day of winter! Our Elf on the Shelf who we all named Jingles, was hanging on the winter mistletoe today and I was picking Susie up so she could take a good look at him. She was laughing and crying out in joy. Everybody loves Susie so much, she is a joy to have in the family. We were all laughing with Susie and then our dog Snowball, was barking in a playful way and wagging his tail. Snowball is a golden retriever and he is the cutest and most amazing dog ever! He is so playful and everybody loves him. I placed Susie down on the floor and she walked over to Snowball and plopped down right next to him. Snowball started licking Susie’s face and she started to giggle.

On the second day of Winter, we always have a nice party to celebrate because we all love the first day of Winter. The second day of Winter is always so special for us. Michael always does the games, Alex and Mom decorates. I do the baking, and John and Dad do the organizing and the planning. Susie likes to stay with me and help me with baking. She mostly licks the icing off the spatula though. We invite all our family and friends and have this huge party at our house.

Monday - December 22, 2015

The party has just started and everybody is here. We have all said hi to all our family and friends and we are having some treats right now. I made a cake that has light blue frosting with white pearl candies on top of the cake to make a snowflake shape. The cake is almost finished! A lot of people have complimented me and I am very happy. I also made some amazing Christmas tree brownies with confectioner's sugar on top to make it look all snowy and beautiful. I love making these brownies so much because brownies are my absolute favorite! I also love Winter and Christmas and these brownies that i made have a little bit of both. You guys are probably thinking, where are the sugar cookies? And you guys are right, I did make some! I shaped them into bells and candy canes. I put some gold sugar on top of the bells and some red sugar on the candy canes. Those were a big hit, I made so many cookies and they were gone halfway through the party! I was thrilled. It was fun making all these treats and seeing everyone enjoy them.

Sunday - January 2, 2016

My cousins and family have been staying at my house and are leaving tomorrow. We celebrated the new year yesterday and had so much fun.

My cousins and I are now going outside to go sledding with me and my family down the huge hill in our backyard. We slipped our boots on and threw on our jacket. We all ran outside and Lily yelled, "Look at the beautiful snow angel!" I looked because I knew that nobody had been outside. Just like Lily had said, there was a snow angel printed into the ground. I forgot about it because suddenly, Michael ran down the smaller hill and slid down the bigger hill.

School Tomorrow! It's the end of winter vacation since December 22.

Thursday - January 19, 2016

I was laying my head down on my pillow, when suddenly I remembered the imprint in the snow that Lily pointed out. Her parents and her siblings were sleeping. So Marissa slipped out of her bedroom, quietly put her jacket, hat, and gloves on, and crept outside. Marissa turned the lights on in her backyard, and saw another angel shaped imprint in the snow next to the one Lily had pointed out. Marissa examined it and found a piece of white cloth that felt like silk. She ran to her front door, stripped herself of her jacket and hat, and ran silently to her room. For the rest of the night, Marissa couldn't sleep, she kept thinking about the mysterious snow angel and the white silk.

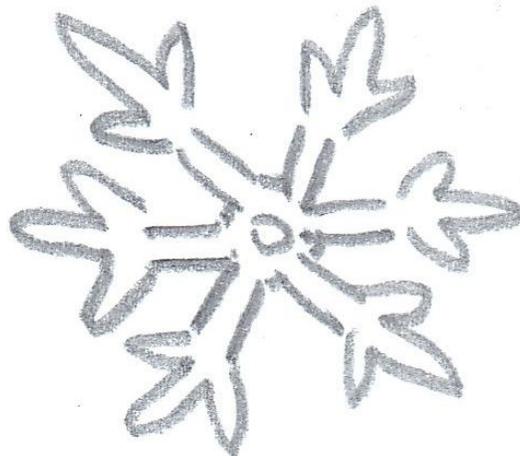
Friday - January 20, 2016

The next morning, Marissa woke up to find that the white silk was gone. In its place there was a note. It read, *To come to thy forest secrecy in. We meet place harmony in. Night tree in, peace come in. We nice are. Come please. Marissa was confused. What would this mean. The words were worded very weirdly. She decided that it meant she needed to meet some person by a tree in the forest.*

Sunday - January 22, 2016

I finally got a chance to go to the tree in the night without anyone noticing. I brought my journal with me and a pencil. I slipped some gloves and a coat on, and placed a warm and cozy blue hat on my head. I crept outside and ran into the small forest behind my house. I saw a snow angel imprinted into the soft snow behind the tree farthest from my home. After this, I don't remember what happened.

Marissa was missing for a month after this night. Nobody ever found her, but she came back very suddenly. She had changed. But nobody had ever known what happened.



### Snowflakes

By: Katherine Frederick

The shape of a snowflake, can be big or small,  
 the shape of a snowflake, can have triangles, squares, circles, and  
 and many more but I can't name them all.  
 The shape of a snowflake, can be round or pointy,  
 they melt on my jacket, when I walk in the hall.  
 We can't see snowflakes without a magnifying glass to know if  
 they are all different from each other, yes it's  
 hard to believe but each and every snowflake has  
 it's own look,  
 we try to hold them but they melt in our hands  
 they turn into crystal clear water  
 which you can't see in any book.  
 A snowflake is a wonderful thing,  
 so next time you jump in the snow, think of the  
 snowflakes that made the snow  
 and how if there weren't any snowflakes  
 you wouldn't be able to have this much fun.



### Home For Christmas

By: Faith Melo

There was once a little boy. His name was Christopher. It was one week before Christmas and he wished to have a great Christmas dinner with all his family members. He was very happy that all his family members were with him.

One day Christopher woke up to see that there was snow all around. It was as white as day! When Christopher woke up he found his mom standing at the stove cooking his favorite breakfast, pancakes. "Wow mom! Thanks! This is my favorite breakfast." Said Christopher. "I know it was snowing so, I made you your favorite Christmas breakfast." So Christopher ate his breakfast and then he drank his orange juice. His mom said that she needed to tell him something. There were questions dancing around in his head, is it a good thing, is it sad? The real question he had was where was dad? He always has breakfast with me and mom. That was the last thing on his mind right now.

Christopher put his plate and his cup in the sink and sat down. "Christopher, your dad, he left early this morning." Said his mom. "Well, what time will he be home tonight?" Said Christopher. "Well, the thing is your dad won't exactly be home tonight. He has a last minute emergency in Asia. I don't think he will be home on Christmas. I know you really wanted everyone to be here and your dad knew that but things happen. You know?" Said Christopher's mom. Christopher started to cry a little bit and then ran up to his room thinking about how his dream was crushed! He would really need a Christmas Miracle now!

The next day, Christopher woke up very sad. There was only six days left until Christmas. He was really starting to lose hope. There was no way his dad was going to get home now! Every night Christopher would just sit in his chair near his window and hope that he would see his dad drive up the driveway. The tears rolling down his face were as cold as ice. He was getting really tired. He was walking slowly around the corner to his warm bed when he heard the door open. It was just his mom. What was he going to do! Time was running out. Before he knew it, Christmas would soon be here. He was just going to wait, do nothing else. If

Christopher really wanted to have his dad home then he should not just do nothing. Christopher had to think of a plan. There was really nothing to do about except to earn money. It's snowing! How would he do anything? Christopher decided to sell hot chocolate.

Christopher got a small table and a plastic chair, got a huge jug and mixed the hot chocolate mix and went outside. His first customer was a child. It was a girl. "Hi my name is christopher, would you like to buy a hot chocolate?" "What's in it?" Said the girl. "Milk chocolate mix and hot water." Said Christopher. "How much is it?" questioned the girl with a confused face. "Five dollars." Said Christopher. "Where did you buy it from?" Said the girl. "I do not know, the supermarket maybe?" Said Christopher. "I don't have any money." Said the girl. "Ok then, see you later." Christopher just waved but she just looked back at him. Christopher was as sad as ever! He has no money and his only customer was a girl that was probably younger than him. He pretty much gave up. There is nothing to do now!

## ANGEL

Christopher went to his room for a rest because he had a long day out in the cold. It started to snow so Christopher could not go back outside but there is no use! He could not possibly do anything now.

That night Christopher was wide awake. He could not sleep. He got a book from the side of his bed it was "the big giant from grizzly town." He finally fell asleep. In his dream he was in a bright room. There was a bright creature in the distance. Its an angel! There was only one problem. If it was an angel I would want to be standing here to enjoy the moment with. The only person I would do it with was my dad. If he were home.

Christopher's Dad was a veteran in the army for several years. He was stationed in Carolina were Christopher lived but it did not mean that he was home all the time.

"This is a nightmare!" Said Christopher still not walking up. Soon he realized that the angel was trying to tell him something. He walked closer and the angel said "dear son Christoper, your dad saved the lives of many people today. He was in Asia and they were under attack. Many children and their parents could not escape. He saved 37 parents and 31 kids. You should be very proud of him. But instead, you were sad and really upset. It aggravated your mom so much that she called your dad. He felt so guilty. He felt like he could not be there for you. He couldn't but when he comes home, whether it is on Christmas or not you should apologize to both your parents and say thank you to your dad for what he did."

"I will!" Said Christopher. Christopher knew what he did and how to fix it.

The angel disappeared into the light and Christopher woke up. Then the doorbell rang. No it could not be! He ran down stairs and his dad was in the doorway. Christopher ran to his dad's arms. This was the best Christmas ever! *The best gift ever!*

## The Winter Massacre: Part 1

By: Nate Klein

Today was a day to remember, a day where death is real to all of us. It was a day that was so normal. I was in my room playing games with my sister, my dad, and my mom. My family left to go downstairs and begin making food for the people who were coming over for christmas. They were all mean to me. When I do one little thing wrong, I'm grounded for a whole month. They love my other brother. They think he is the best kid in the world. Someday he's gonna mess up and today is the day.

My sisters nice to me too. I'm the third child. It stinks sometimes, but most of the time it's okay. This story started when my whole family was eating food. My parents were talking about the year that my grandparents missed while they were away. Then all of a sudden, we heard a loud bang at the door! My family didn't expect anyone so my dad grabbed a bat and walked to the door. He crept over and opened the door super fast and screamed! I ran towards him and all I saw was my front yard, I was scared and the whole family was looking for him. Before I knew it christmas was almost over. I called for everyone and no one answered. I kept calling everyone's names, but no one called back. My gut told me that they were gone, but after awhile I heard someone call my name. It was in my house, I didn't know if the voice was my family's or a different person. The person said my name again and it came from my basement. I went down and saw the most horrible thing.... To Be Continued

## World War Bread

By: Jacob Hall

Hello! I am Mr. Bagel and I want to live in America. There is just one problem, evil Doctor Baget started a war. My allies are Mrs. Biscuit and Mr. Toast. If we three bread slices win, then we will be the Bread of America.

Hello! I am evil Doctor Baget and I have many allies, but my most trusted is Mr. Crumpet and his sister Mrs. Croissant. We want to rule America, but we will not rule America... Gabriel the Giant will. Now that you have met both sides, it is important to know that there are neutrals in this war. Mrs. Cake and Mr. Cake are neutral. They don't want either of the sides to win.

This is their story.

One day, Mr. Bagel was walking to work. He works at Mr. and Mrs. Cake's bakery. Mr. Bagel saw a plane. He thought it was just the military testing a new plane, but it was actually evil Dr. Baget. He started dropping Toasters and if you did not run you were Toast, literally. Mr. Toast did not think a Toaster was a really good weapon, but a Toaster hit him and he was badly injured. He will always limp, now and forever.

Now we must fight to save America and be the Bread of America. Wait! I almost forgot to say something about the little muffin. His whole family was eaten by the evil Giant Gabriel for breakfast! So sad!!

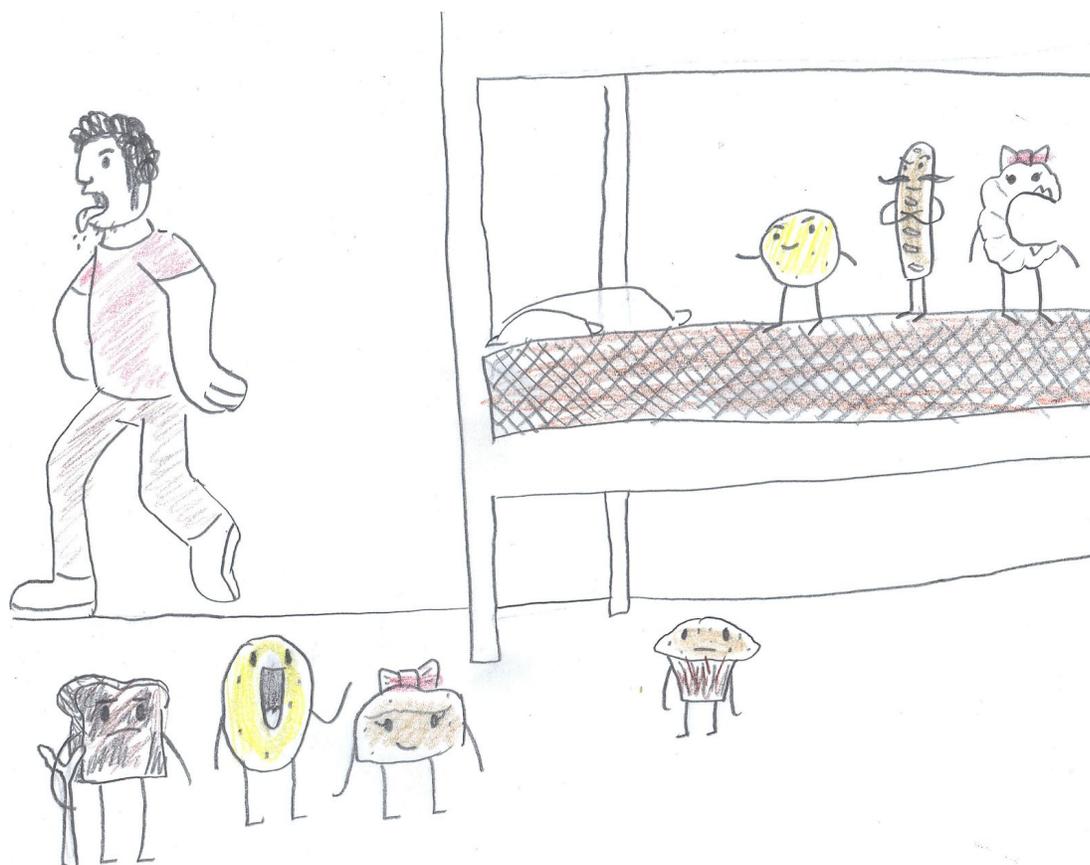
Back to the story, we were all at the giants entrance but Mr. Crumpet and Mrs. Croissant were guarding the door. We had to be sneaky. Little muffin, full of sorrow, ran ahead and started punching them. Sadly, his little fists did nothing. They got a good grip on little muffin and he was for sure going to be toast. Mr. Toast walked over and Mr. Crumpet said, "oh an old man what is he going to do?" Mr. Toast pulled back his fist and bam he knocked Mr. Crumpet out with his rough hands. Little muffin thought, "he did it!" He was so happy!

They walked into the castle of Gabriel. When they got to his throne they heard him say, "what do we have here? Is it the rest of the muffin family? They were good!" Little muffin got really mad. He ran into the room straight for Gabriel and punched the giant in the eye. That really hurt, so the giant jumped up and hit little muffin away!

Then the feasting began! He ate evil Doctor Baget and Mr. Crumpet, who was still knocked out. Then he ate Mrs. Croissant. Then you hear Mr. Bagel say, "I never wanted this to happen. I just wanted to be the Bread of America... I have an idea." Mr. Bagel told Mr. Toast his amazing plan. Later, Mr. Bagel ran up behind the giant and said hey eat me without looking! The giant grabbed Mr. Bagel and stuffed him in his mouth everybody burst out in tears except for Mr. Toast and the giant started choking he spit out the burnt Mr. Bagel, and the giant exclaimed I hate burnt stuff! He ran away! Now they could finally be the Bread of America!

It is not what they thought. They were cloned, and the clones were being killed all over America and soon all over the world. We thought it would be awesome, but in a year we will be eaten.

The End... Or is it.



The Barn Part 2

By: Zackary Mlynek & James Cabral

The snow started to fall, as if a warning that things could only get worse from here on out. Though, the thought of this and everything about this scene seemed so, ironic. The snow falling, covering the ground in a white fluffy blanket, while they are in horror, fearing for their lives.

The snow fell faster and faster 'till they could barely see a few feet in front of them. The snow grew thicker, as though the beginning of a storm, they knew they had to stay safe, and inside. They felt as though they could stay there forever, other than the obvious reasons contradicting that idea, such as food and water. They knew at one point they would have to leave. Lucky for them, Zack had a small canteen of water with him. He offered it around and they felt safe, but only briefly. Out of nowhere, the thing, let out a roar, a roar of persistence, to let them know it would not give up until they were dead.

Then once again, the terrible, terrible, bellowing of the gigantic footsteps hitting the ground came once again. Only this time instead of getting closer, they seemed to be lost in the sound of wind and snow. Zach stood up with a look of pain, and fear, spread across his face. He suggested that he look downstairs to see if there was a fireplace or even a candle, and hopefully, firewood. They all knew they had to stay warm, but none of them wanted to move from their fear induced state, curled in a ball in each corner of the attic, petrified by what they heard and seen. Finally after a long moment of silence, James stood up and offered to go explore further. They looked around the room and left, leaving Zack and Rachel alone in the cold attic.

Zack, finally after a long few moments of silence, stood up and suggested that they go see what they can do to help Zach and James. They slowly crept over to the blistering stairs, trying not to attract that thing again. They began walking down the stairs slowly but not before a *creak* emerged from underneath Rachel's foot on one of the steps. Almost immediately after a roar, loud enough to wake the dead and enough to startle us. Rachel and Zack searched through the cold, creaky house, looking for Zach and James. They couldn't find the two, so they started calling for them in whispers. They kept moving as they were still calling their names when Rachel heard an echoing sound, as if there was a stone tunnel.

She got closer, getting Zack's attention with her, and found a small wooden door. She opened it, with a loud *creak*, that echoed down a dark, cement hallway filled surrounded in damp, cold, rock, walls. The two slowly walked down the tunnel, their footsteps echoing with each nervous step, the walls covered in slimy green moss, dripping of the walls. Rachel, trying to hold back vomit, eventually made it to the end, a room, in which stood James and Zach, staring at the floor as though they had found something.

They stared at the ground in amazement, looking at the strange markings on the floor, a circle with greek lettering engraved into the ground in the middle of the circle. We worked out the letters and they ended up spelling, "The nights, as they last, take when they choose and when angered, have no weaknesses, only strengths, and it will prey on the weak, and the fearful." No one knew what it meant but Rachel was scared, we could all see it in her eyes, as she was trembling, flinching at the sound of each drop of water.

"Let's get out of here", Zach suggested, attempting to comfort Rachel. They headed upstairs but to their surprise, it was already night, though it seemed as though they had only been down there for about fifteen minutes. Then they remembered what the letters in the basement said, "The nights take when they choose" James whispered to himself, still loud enough for the others to hear. Rachel began to sob, all of us knowing why, then unexpectedly, she let out a scream, a scream of agony, pain, and fear, "Why us!" she yelled into the silence that was the room we were standing in. James feeling sorry for saying what he said, suggested we go to bed seeing as though it was already late. Rachel nodded her head and began to walk upstairs, followed by a James and Zach. Zach stopped halfway up the stairs realizing that Zack was not behind him and looked at Zack who was staring at the floor, thinking, just thinking.

Zack looked up at Zach and said, "Go, I am going to take a walk." Zach looked back at him in awe, not wanting to let him go. "Please" Zack responded to his gaze. "Alright, but come back safe. No one else needs to die." Was the only answer Zach could provide, and with that they went their separate ways. When Zach reached the barn to look out and see Zack standing there looking into the sky with pain and anguish covering his true emotions. Zack missed Chloe, more than anyone else. Zach looked away towards James and Rachel. They were in a corner of the open room keeping close to generate some heat.

Just then as Zach went to walk towards them they all heard the thing, it let out another roar. James and Rachel just cowered deeper into their corner, whereas Zach immediately ran for the door after Zack. As he neared the source of the terrible roar he only saw footprints. Zack's and the thing's. Zack's Running the opposite way of everything towards the forest, and at that point all Zach

could think was that he was but a lost cause. As he was about to head back, he noticed something on the ground. A note, half completed. Zack was leaving this already before the thing came, Zach thought and with another deafening roar he went back to the barn, tears now emerging from his eyes, at the loss of his friend.

## The End of Part 2

### The Rhyster

By: Quinn Sullivan

Rudy the rhino was a rescued animal. He had been found in Kenya with his horn cut off. Now he is the mascot of the new Fall River Zoo. He gained this rank because he has the world's biggest eyebrows on a rhino - about 100 hairs on each. One day, Zack, a young boy, was taken to the zoo. This boy also had a record-holding pet - he had Pizza the hamster, who had the world's stretchiest skin on a hamster. But this caused Pizza to lose all his fur. Pizza jumped out of Zack's container and ran into the rhino enclosure. He was never seen again, but what came out was amazing in every way - except beauty.

It had the skin of a rhino and no fur except on his eyebrows. It had no horn, the toes of a rhino, but the legs of a hamster. It was two feet tall. Everyone thought it was amazing and flocked to it. But then, his skin stretched. It had the stretchy skin of the tiny hamster, paired with the muscle mass of a rhino. Nobody knew how, but it had magical love powers in its eyebrows. And that day, 276 people got married because of Rhyster. But Rhyster wasn't happy. He needed his own wife. He traveled the world in search of the most beautiful woman he could find. He talked to lizards, bugs, and even a chicken leg. One day, he found the perfect girl - or so he thought. It was a fire hydrant. Rhyster tried all day to talk to her, but she just wouldn't respond. Finally he just decided to go back to sleep.

When he woke up, the fire hydrant was gone. Even though it was inanimate, it somehow moved somewhere else. Rhyster looked everywhere for her, but just couldn't find her. Rhyster decided to go back to the zoo, where his mom, Pizza, was. She assured him the hydrant was in a safe and happy place, and she was right. It was right outside the cage! It had come back to Rhyster's cage, and was sad when she found out he had moved to the forest. They had a happy life together, and four years later Mrs. Rhyster was knitting new clothes, while Rhyster was feeding a baby Rhyster hydrant.

### Ironclad

By: Zachary Reis

"Whurr iff Tewwy," a teen asked through a mouth of food.

"Kenneth stop talking with your mouth full, it's sickening," a dark haired teen seethed.

"Nicholas you're such a nag... anyways where's Terry?" Kenneth asked in between bites of chicken.

"I don't know Kenneth, I would've told you a while ago since you've asked at least eight times," Nicholas said,

"You're in a grumpy mood, even more so than usual," Kenneth mumbled, running a hand through his auburn hair.

"I'm always like this, maybe you don't notice because you have the attention span of a goldfish," Nicholas retorted.

Nicholas stood up, brushing himself off as he walked to the door.

"Where are you going?" Kenneth asked, polishing off another chicken leg.

Nicholas turned the doorknob, "I'll be outside waiting for Teresa, I take it you can handle things yourself?"

"Obviously," he answered, shoveling more food into his mouth.

Muffled laughter radiated from behind the tavern's closed door. Nicholas leaned against the doorframe, smirking. *How could one person eat so much, it's probably best not to question Kenneth's stomach capacity.* Nicholas looked up at the moon, his blue eyes sparkling in the pale light.

"Nicholas?" a female voice asked.

"You're finally here," Nicholas sighed, swiveling to face her.

"I got a little held up, some idiotic bandits thought they could steal from me," Teresa said, patting dirt off of her leather breastplate.

"No lowly bandit could best you Teresa," Nicholas snickered.

Kenneth emerged through the door with a chicken bone sticking out of his stuffed mouth. He moved his mouth as if to talk, but pointed at Nicholas whose piercing eyes were telling him otherwise.

“Man, it’s been awhile since we last met up like this,” Kenneth grinned, slapping Nicholas on the back.

“Four months is quite a long time I guess,” Nicholas said, “But, we’re all here now.”

“Why are we here anyways Teresa?” Kenneth asked quizzically.

“If you had read the whole letter I sent you, I assume Nicholas did,” Nicholas nodded in agreement, “then you would know that we’re here on urgent business,” Teresa said, ruffling Kenneth’s hair.

“What kind of business?” He grumbled, carefully straightening his hair.

“The King himself has a job for the three of us,” Teresa said grimly.

“For us?!” Nicholas and Kenneth shouted in sync.

To Be Continued

The Girl, Jealousy

By: Carley Medeiros

I walked along the street. My shoes scuffed the broken pavement with the sound of sandpaper. Limp, black strands of hair fell into my face. I blew them away with a single breath, the only stirring of air on that dry, windless day. Looking around, I saw the trashed buildings, vacant lots. The ghetto. What a vulnerable place. The people were so weak, so lenient with their emotions. They were the perfect victims.

I looked over my cheap, plastic sunglasses. A group of girls stood on the street corner. Who were they waiting for? Where were they going? I didn’t care. They would be easy to take under. I looked down an alleyway. There were no shadows in this midday sunlight. I once had a friend who lived in the shadows. They called him Fear. I hadn’t seen him in months but, he was known to come and go at his own convenience. Finally, I found a sliver of darkness, beneath the awning of a convenience store. Once I had passed through, I was free. Looking back to the girls on the street corner, I analyzed their desires, their hates, their passions.

The dirty concrete echoed the distinctive click of expensive heels. A small, gold-chained purse swung from my arm. I swiftly glanced at the reflection of myself in a dirty window. “What an interesting transformation today,” I thought. A white cotton dress adorned my thin frame, embroidered with blue and gold flowers and small black beads. Blue satin pumps exaggerated my sudden height. A small, metal phone was clutched in my hand, as gold strings of bracelets twinkled in the light. New sunglasses blocked my eyes and I felt a weight of hair piled atop my head. This hair was blonde, strung through with brown and black highlights. “How elegant,” I thought, running long fingers through fresh hair. Suddenly, a hand caught my arm. “Hello, Jealousy,” a voice breathed into my ear. It was cold, scentless breath that made me recoil in fear and recognition. But, as I turned around, I could not hold back a grin.

“Fear, where have you been these past months?” said I.

“Wandering. I spent a while in Africa. What emotion there! And you, Jealousy?” replied him.

“You know, I don’t stray far. Though, I think that I may try out Africa, now.”

“Wouldn’t be a good match for you. The people are fearful but too humble for you. You look different, have you got some humans to take care of?”

“Yes, they’re over there. I’ll have to go sooner or later.”

“Wait, I did bring you something.”

“You always do. It had better not be a rat this time.”

“What? I thought that you loved little GarbageBin? You can’t get much more of an authentic New York City souvenir!”

“I would have been fine with a postcard.”

“Well, then I guess you don’t want what I have for you.”

“What is it?”

“Here,” he said and, with a flick of his wrist, something came out of the shadows. “What is it?” I asked, regarding it with wariness. The animal was small and catlike, with large ears that jutted from its head like wings. “It’s a fennec fox,” Fear smiled. He looked joyous and proud of his gift.

“Why does it always have to be something living?” I asked, “You know how people like us affect living things.”

“I can kill it if you want,” Fear replied morbidly.

“No! Don’t do that, just, oh, let me see it.” I picked it up and walked into the shadow. It changed and I reappeared from the darkness with a small dog on a red leash, “I can’t exactly walk around with a fennec fox, now can I? Really, though, I must be going.”

I looked back to the group of girls sitting on the sidewalk's corner. They looked restless. "Let me come with you," Fear smiled. I looked him over. Would he be of any help? He was good-looking, enough to be the envy of any girl's heart. His dark hair curled over his ears, his cheekbones were high and soft on his face, his arms were... I stopped. I was distracting myself. "Fine. You need to be... everything a girl could ever want. But be mine," I explained.

We walked along the street. The girls' heads were already turning. Their eyes flickered over my elegant facade and lingered over Fear's unique good-looks. He began to get into the act. He knew how to gain their envy so, he slung an arm around my waist. It was uncomfortable, his limbs so cold and rigid but, it looked ever so sincere. For effect, I giggled. The girls began to seize up, emotion muddling them, and before they knew what was happening, we took control. Fear separated from me as I walked through another shadow, mutating into my former self. He quickly paralysed them in horror and dragged one away. "Hey, they were mine first!" I argued. It was too late and he was gone. Fear had left, flown back to the Shadow Domain, his home. He would take the girl's soul, tear her apart. That's what he did to his prey. Mine became food.

I looked at the two girls lying on the pavement. The small fox at my feet bared it's teeth at them. Maybe it would do well with me. Slowly and carefully, I placed my hands on their throats. I absorbed them. Their memories, their emotions, their personalities. Then, with that I pushed my sunglasses back and walked. I didn't bother to search the shadows any longer.