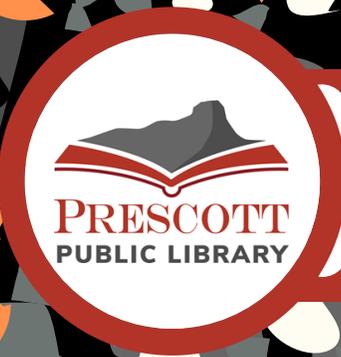
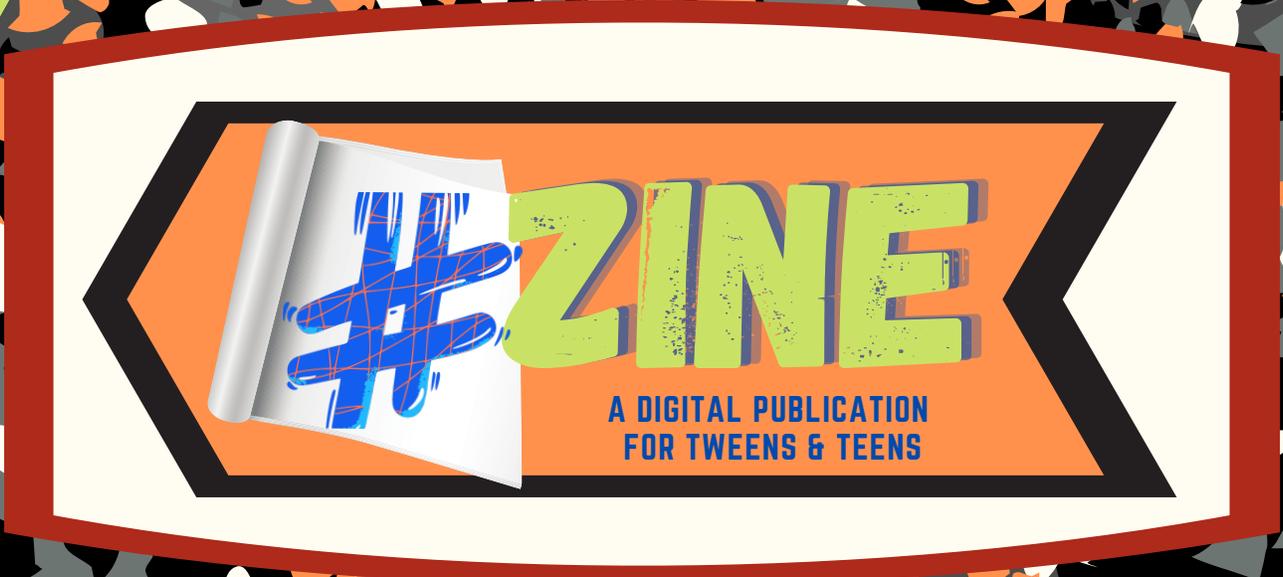


Fall 2022
Issue #4- Scary Stories



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A NOTE FROM MISS BLAIR



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 you impressive young people come up with!

It has been a while since our last issue of #Zine, but I think you will agree that this has been worth the wait! These pages contain some of the most fun, startling, scary, and smart ideas I have read in a while. I also have the extreme pleasure of featuring great writing that started in The Write Spot- a teen writing club here at the Prescott Public Library.

So 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 back cover for information on how you too can submit to the next issue of #Zine, or join The Write Spot-a writing club for teens!

A Librarian's Two-Sentence Scary Story...

She sat down with a cup of tea and her favorite book, cozy under a blanket to keep off the damp chill. She noticed a strange smell and opened the book to discover wet, warped pages covered in mold and slime- utterly destroying the book and making it unreadable forever.

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INK

by Megan Engle



WRITE SPOT FEATURE #1

2 SENTENCE SCARY STORIES...

She was only seven years old, but seven is all she will reach, for her parents were wrong. Now the monster under her bed will creep.

*

Gold and glory was what he desired. But on his wedding day blood and gore met him down the aisle.

-Sophia Brown

He trotted down the path, hearing eerie sounds coming from all corners; his heart pounding from his chest, vibrating to his head. He stopped, looking in the direction of three paths; he travelled further down the middle path when something came out of the ground.

-Kyle Utzke

We jumped together. He had a parachute.

-Clairee Meyers

It was quiet as a calm wood. What was terrifying was that is was supposed to be loud, bursting with life, but now it represented death.

*

Pain ebbed through my being as my warm blood flowed and mixed with hers. I let a smile stretch over my face, my final emotion before death.

-Isabelle Brown

LOST

by Sullivan Stringer

You feel so low and yet so high
A feeling of longing making you ask why
You can not think, you can not speak
It makes you feel oh so meek

Depression lingers just like a bear
But speak your mind You do not dare
People push apron you and out you pour
The feeling of sadness nevermore

You look upon wise ones for help
But in the end you always wealp
You call out softly to any few
Who dare to help someone like you

The feelings still longing for more
For them you once again ignore
You know it won't happen for all of time
But your heart still beats so Divine

You learn to except this lingering pain
Hoping it wasn't all in vain
And yet you seak comfort deep down
It makes you feel as though to drown

You feel so low and yet so high
A feeling of longing making you ask why
You can not think, you can not speak
It makes you feel oh so meek

BEATLEJUICE

by Megan Engle



THE CIRCUSES

by Isabelle Brown

Hello,

Welcome to the show.

It will be a wild one.

Making your thoughts about knowing someone come undone.

You paid admission, paid a fee,

You paid to see this, but now you are squirming like a scared bee.

I want you to look at the acrobat on the high wire,

Walking a thin line over a situation potentially filled with mire.

See how she balances on the thin emotional line as she walks?

Careful not to make a single mistake, or ready to take the stunned faces that sit
there and gawk.

Balance is key.

Unless you want to sit there a plea.

Please now turn your attention to the lion trainer as he stands there without fear,
Completely ignoring the beast and focusing on the crowd's cheer.

He does this because he holds something over the lion's head,

If the lion does not behave, he's as good as dead.

In this relationship the weaker one is the one feared.

Because the weaker one has the means to make the stronger's social life and
blood get smeared.

Strength is defined by fear of the receiver,

You have to be aware of it in order to not be a retriever.

And now folks, for our grand finale,

Look at the clowns as they laugh and rally.

See the smiles painted on their face?

Do you ever wonder what would be underneath if that paint were to be replaced?

What emotions may lie inside?

Just waiting, bursting to be let out if they did not have to hide?

Knowing someone can easy, the first step suspended in nether,

But knowing the emotions they hide is something else altogether.

Welcome to the show

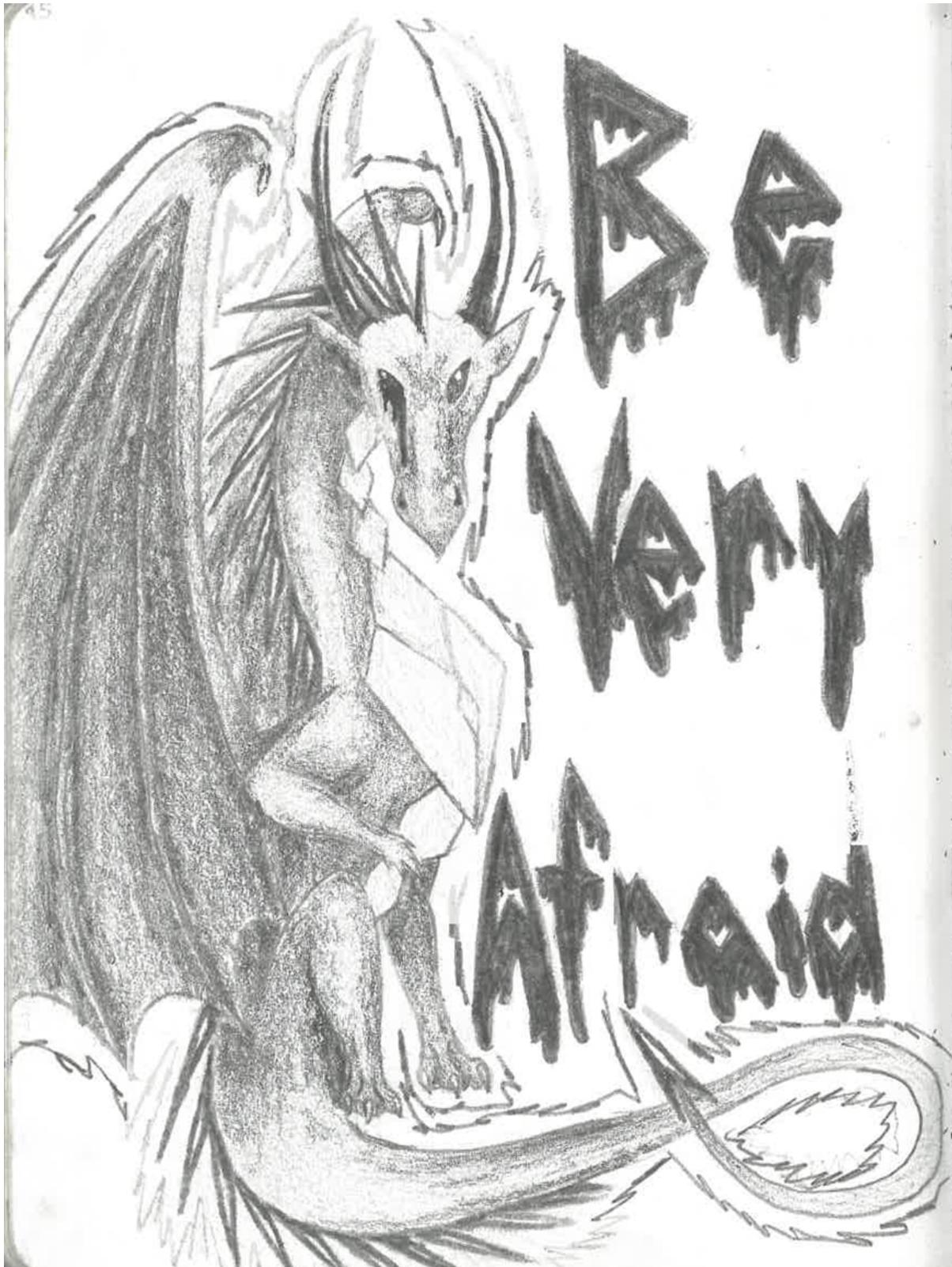
It will start off fast, definitely not slow.

Believe me, it will be a wild one,

Making your thoughts about knowing someone come undone.

BE VERY AFRAID

Audrey Delaney



AN EVENT TO REMEMBER

by Kyle Utzke

The day after a certain party consisted of mourning and despair. A foreign traveler on his way into town from the British countryside had stopped to a halt, for what he say that early morning were corpses and bones. He then looked a little to the right and saw two floating bodies lying beside the murky lake. He was even more alarmed to see that they attained empty eye sockets. He ran as fast as he possibly could, past the eerie sights, trees and brush past town fold and a rainbow he saw out of the corner of his eye. He didn't stop until he reached the police station.



The previous day began with Mr. Louis Adams being the first to arrive in the forest. It was midday when he drove up in his truck and began the preparations for the late night party. All he needed to do was set up a round compactable table and then he set off back for home.

Shortly before the party began he returned, this time on foot. In his fist he held a brown briefcase which contained a large piece of rope, some unique carrot cake and a disregarded book.

Louis had only invited a few guests for this modest celebration and they arrive in a scarlet jeep, which happened to be missing its left headlight. Mr. Dolores, driver of the vehicle, opened the door and stepped out onto the ancient forest floor. He walked around the front to open the door for his wife. In the back was their young son, Benjamin, who had just turned seven last month in June.

The last to walk out was Mr. Dolores' mother, Ms. O'Flair. She wore a black flannel dress with a blue blouse and wore thick, heavy set glasses that had a bright neon green rim, which Mr. Adams thought was quite unattractive. Around her neck O'Flair had an extravagant jade necklace that was an antique heirloom. Her beauty showed just a slight age to it, yet did not affect the glow of kindness attached to it.

The small family had met Mr. Adams roughly four months prior to the celebration and had made a close friendship with the old man.

Continued on Page 10

AN EVENT TO REMEMBER— CONTINUED

Being an excellent culinarian, Ms. O'Flair had volunteered to supply the night event with her food. The course consisted of tender steak, fluffy sweet potatoes, grilled asparagus, juicy strawberries that had been lightly coated with granulated sugar, premium wine, and water.

Just for the occasion Mr. Adams had purchased a simple, but elegant cake which he had covertly asked to have a generous amount of sleeping pills baked into it. When he did this the person he requested the cake from was utterly surprised. However, Mr. Adams kept raising the price he would pay, so in the end the baker couldn't resist.

Mr. Dolores popped open the trunk of the jeep and started hauling out the provisions and setting it onto the table, whereupon Mr. Adams had set up previously. Once finished he grinned, turned to rest and stated, "There, that should do it."

Once everyone was seated Mr. Adams made a small toast for that evening's dinner. "May this meal bring joy and a time well spent because for a long while I have awaited this gathering. Where your family and my own self can share an experience worthwhile." With this simple statement he then received a round of applause.

After everyone had eaten their fill the carrot cake was presented by Mr. Adams. He opened up his briefcase, took out the carrot cake and then started to serve it to his guests. As a host he prided himself in choosing the best brand of cake he could find. Even though it was costly to pay for the quality ingredients that were put in the dessert, it was even more costly to ask for sleeping pills to be crushed into the batter.

When everyone but Adams had been served Ms. O'Flair declared that it was the best cake she ever had eaten and insisted he try some too. Being clever he stated, "Why my dear O'Flair if you relish it so much why don't you take the rest of it with you when tonight ends. I purchased this cake for myself from the same maker almost weekly." So of course Ms. O'Flair accepted his offer. Meanwhile little Benjamin yawned, tugged on his mother's sleeve, and told her, "Momma, I feel really—mmh...t-tu-tired." He yawned one last time, closed his eyes and then fell into a deep slumber.

One by one they all went to sleep. After Mr. Adams checked that they were indeed asleep, he dragged Mr. and Mrs. Dolores' unconscious bodies over to the trunk of a nearby tree. Next he decided to move Ms. O'Flair and Benjamin to the waters' nearby edge.

Continued on Page 11

AN EVENT TO REMEMBER— CONTINUED

Following this he walked over to his briefcase and got out the rope which he then tied together tightly the two sets of bodies. Afterwards he got out his book and set it upon the table containing spells for the vilest kinds of dark magic. Incantations that could conjure death or control the living. Spells and curses of all kinds and sorts. Guidances to rituals that would help the host of the hostess conquer death for hundreds of years. This required killing two victims and was the only piece of the book with which Mr. Adams had mastered to perfection.

There was one ritual that was compatible with Mr. Adams. In order to work it would have to be performed on water, on in this case a lake.

Once the captured ones reawoke they were frightfully alarmed and confused. Mr. Dolores hollered out, “What in the wide world did you do to my family.” So Adams then explained the purpose of what he was doing.

Benjamin started to sob immense tears and began to say, “Mr. Adams, w-why would you do this t-“ when he was interrupted by the old man, “Hush up child, back in my day children were seen and not heard and those who were heard from were NEVER seen again.” He laughed tyrannically at his own humor and continued, “Oh and please Adams was my false name, it’s really Chernobog Verst.”

He then let out a sharp whistle that rang through the trees. It was followed by a clomping of hooves.

A few moments later a figure came bounding through the brush and leapt over to where Chernobog was standing. It was a monstrous sight to see. At least six feet tall it wasn’t something to be seen regularly. It had a pitch black coat with burning red eyes. But shockingly it looked like a unicorn. It had a horn. Its horn was sharp and looked as if it could pierce through anything it came across.

Mrs. Dolores screamed because she was deathly terrified of all breeds of horses. This was caused by a traumatizing event in her youth. Her cousin, Tania trampled her with a pony and she was sent to the hospital for months.

Chernobog gestured to the creature and told the viewers, “This is my good friend Rampage. He’ll help to begin my wonderful tradition.” He guided the beast over to the lake, which grazed its horn onto the surface of the water.

AN EVENT TO REMEMBER— CONTINUED

It suddenly glowed an eerie green and overwhelmed Ms. O'Flair to the point where she fainted. Then the waters slowly began to part which created a pathway for the two villains to pursue onwards with their scheme. Chernobog then dragged Benjamin and Ms. O'Flair to the center of the new path. From his pocket he withdrew a pocket knife.

The young boy with a long agonizing scream of pure pain, breathed his last. Chernobog did the same to the fainted lady. He then took both of their eyes out and spoke an incantation from under his breath, while doing this his hands glowed an ominous red.

“The eyes within my hand
Modify at my demand
Grow eight legs and let me see
Give me life I ask of thee.”

The eyes that Chernobog held began to tremble slightly. From the lashes of each eyeball eight, thick and hairy legs formed. From the veins grew a head and from the eye molded an abdomen.

The ground trembled and then a rock reared up from under the ground and lifted Chernobog towards the full moon light. His bald head vanished into blonde locks of hair. The wrinkles of his face faded and stretched, showing him to be younger. The skin that sags in his arms tightened. His partially arched back straightened as well as the arthritis on his hands. Then he howled like a mad man.

You might be asking what happened to Mrs. Dolores and her husband. Well they were viciously eaten alive by the wolves of the forest.

At least they both died together.

...The police never found the killer. Though they managed to identify the bodies of the victims.

...A total of three people, strangers, came to the small family's funeral.

RED

by Megan Engle



FIRE

by Sullivan Stringer

This flame that grows inside me
Uncontrollable at most
Requests something within thee
But fulfillment you do boast

The anger hurts so badly
Like a hundred million suns
Get rid of it you gladly
But it always so runs

You can not fight the feeling
But completion you don't dare
The uncontrolled beating
Longing for this care

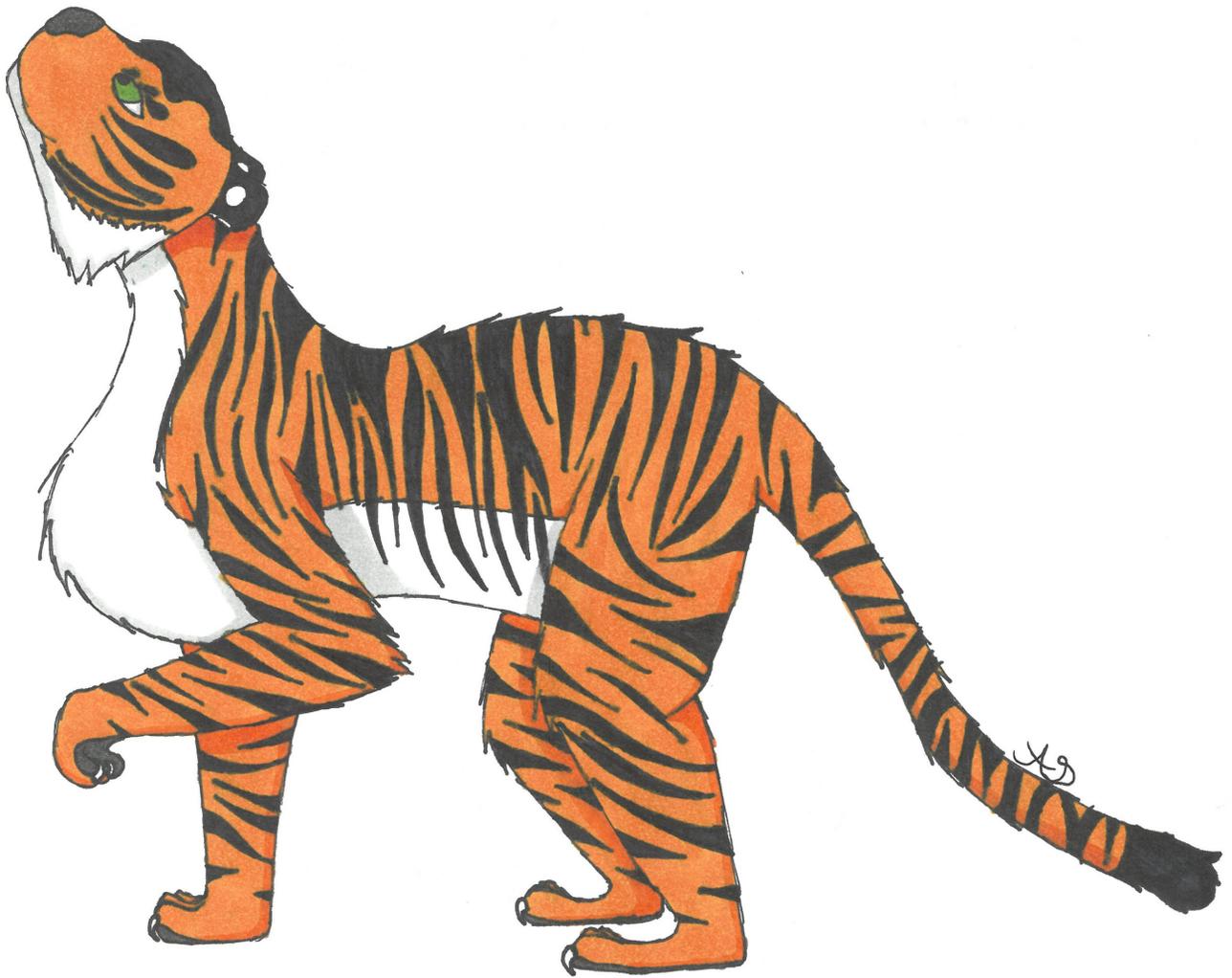
You here it whisper softly
Of some else's defeat
You think of it fondly
But it never felt complete

Still this fire burns with upmost brightness
It pains the worst of all
You look upon you likeness
They all feel a pull

So still you feel it strongly
With nothing left to do
You look upon conspiracy
And peace that brings to you

TIGER

Audrey Delaney



MONSTER

by Isabelle Brown

I saw a monster today.
And I'm quite afraid to say,
That It was cruel and mean,
Unsure of itself, but drowning in self esteem.
It was hideous in its beauty, so sure of itself that it made me sick
Underneath it all I think that all it was was slick.

The monster thought it knew me.
Calling me by name.
I was wondering, why does this monster think we are the same?
They looked at me with recognition in their eyes,
Making me have to look up to them from their sheer size.
It unnerved me at how they were so sure
Making my thoughts start to obscure.

The monster was unlike anything I had ever seen
All the things that make people unsure shining and making them
 seem so keen.
They keep claiming they knew me
Refusing to let me go till I agreed.
Suddenly I realized, I knew them too.
The realization made my morals go askew.

I saw a monster today
It was awful and as strong as the tide.
What made it the worse though,
Is that I found it deep inside.

WRITE SPOT FEATURE #2

WRITING ROULETTE...

Writers:

Miss Blair

Clairee Myers

Hayley Lynch

The air chilled so fast that my breath froze on my lips with the sound of your name.

The wind whipped the flowers from my hand, spreading them over the graveyard.

Low whispers began drifting through the wind echoing the names of the lovers lost of those long dead.



He had felt heaviness before, but this was a weight he never wanted to carry.

Tears began leaking out of his eyes as the woman on his chest pushed down harder, life beginning to drain from his chest.

She added her weight to the boulder and he felt his ribs crack. As his lungs filled with blood she whispered, "This is what you get for murdering our child."



I yelled, "No" as the blood began seeping out of the person's eyes, causing me to gag.

The foul taste of bile grounded me to the moment, even though I wanted to bolt as fast as my legs could carry me.

If I wanted to be accepted into the clan, this was necessary; the killing of my baby sister.

VENOM

by Megan Engle





#ZINE

A DIGITAL PUBLICATION
FOR TWEENS & TEENS

FEELING INSPIRED?

Check out the Write Spot!

Join Miss Blair for a writing club for teens ages 13-18. This monthly club features 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

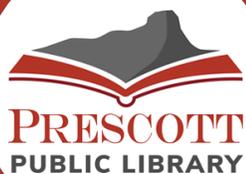
Register online, at the Youth Desk,
or call 928.777.1537

CHERRY

by Megan Engle



Oct. 2022



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