

BREAKING

news



appel core
literary and arts magazine
session 1 ; issue 1
summer 2018

“A good newspaper,
I suppose, is a nation
talking to itself.”

- Arthur Miller

Cover photo by Mia Fenyak

Appel Core, a non-profit publication, is produced by campers of Appel Farm Arts Camp, Elmer, New Jersey. All work included is camper-generated and -edited. *Appel Core* invites any camper of Appel Farm interested in having their writing or art appear in the magazine to submit work for consideration. Submissions are presented anonymously at meetings held throughout both sessions.

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Appel Farm Arts Camp
457 Shirley Road
Elmer, NJ 08318

The Game

By Willa Marshall

The woods were peaceful. The trees swayed in the wind, some leaves flying from the branches and slowly dancing to the ground. The rustle of the bushes as rabbits and other wild creatures ran through filled the air. The flap of birds' wings and the call from the mothers to the newly hatched babies were loud and almost taunting. Ripples formed in the water as tiny bugs flew and fell. Everything was quiet and peaceful.

The noise was soft, but growing louder. With every single second, the intensity grew. Foot step walking, no, running, faster. She was hiding behind the tree that had a big hole in the front, but that was before she heard the quick footsteps and the loud yell of her chaser saying, "Come out come out wherever you are." His voice was terrifying. The second she heard it, she ran, fast. She ran track before, but the feeling of being chased after, life or death, was a whole new kind of feeling. She looked over her shoulder to see how close she was to being prey. Too close.

Her chaser was tall and strong; one of her strides was only half of his. There was something in his hand, but she couldn't make it out as she was running for her life.

She could finally make out the light that meant her house was near.

"Why did I go into the woods." she thought almost laughing, "All bad things happen in the woods." She was just about to transition from the thick forest to the thinner tree line when... Oof, she was down on her stomach. Her foot caught on the root of a tree.

"Sh*t, this is how it's going to end. Just like a classic horror movie," she thought as she saw her chaser cresting over a fallen tree just 10 paces back. She turned on her back and tried to get up, but couldn't. 8 paces. She scrambled back trying to put as much distance between her and "it". 6 paces. He had the thing in his hand lifted up to about his chest. 4 paces. She stopped. 2 paces. She

screamed. It was loud, it was blood curdling and it rang throughout her entire street. 0

...

A light went on and shined in her eyes.

"You're it," the boy said holding a flashlight and pointed it at her.

"Shut up Nate," she said brushing her hands of leaves, "I know I am." She stretched out her hand so that he could help her up.

"Okay, Okay. Sorry." Nate looked at her outstretched hand. "No tag backs," he laughed.

"Damn Nate, I know how to play 'tag'. We've been playing since we were 4." He helped her up and they laughed.

"I know, I just wanted to make sure that you know." They had been playing "tag" every other Friday since they were 4. The rules were simple:

1. If you are going to play, meet in the center of the cul-de-sac at 7:30 pm every other Friday
2. The island in the middle of the cul-de-sac, that's base.
3. Houses are off limits
4. The Game is one hour
5. The person "it" at 8:30 will be pushed in the Drakes' pool. They will pick the person "it" for the next game
6. No Tag Backs

There are about 5 different families on the block: the Drakes, the Blacks, the Darlings, her family the Waides, and his family the Fishers. The Drakes have 3 kids, the Blacks 2, the Darlings 3, and both she and Nate were

only-children. It was fun, a way for all of them to stay together. They only stopped or canceled the game if:

1. It was below 30 degrees fahrenheit
2. It was above 102 degrees fahrenheit
3. The majority of the children weren't there
4. If someone was dying

She and Nate walked to back to her house almost to the cul-de-sac.

"Why were you in the woods? We haven't been back there since the poison ivy incident," Nate asked laughing. About 2 years ago, everyone of the kids were hiding in the woods behind the houses. This is when they found that they were all standing in a gigantic patch of poison ivy and oak. They usually stayed away now.

"I figured we could go back." Nate looked at her with a suspicious grin. "Okay, Fine. I don't know. When Kendra Drake said that you would be 'it', I went where you wouldn't go."

"What does that mean?" A smile spread across his face.

"Shut up, you know you always go after me."

"You're right, I wouldn't go into the woods," he said ignoring her statement, "All horror films always end with death in the woods." He laughed.

"Could you think of anything more cliché? And what was that back there? 'Come out come out wherever you are', you are way more creative than that." She looked at him then laughed.

"Okay I wasn't trying. It's the weekend and my brain is off, give me a break." they were both laughing when they stepped into the cul-de-sac. She looked at her watch. 8:27. Sidney Black came off the island, "base", and came up to us.

"Who's it?" Sidney asked. She grabbed her arm.

"Oh Sidney, you should know me better by now." she paused, "You are!"

"You suck Prior!"

"Everyone, Sidney's it!" Prior and Nate yelled together. Prior looked down at her watch again. 8:28.

"2 minutes," Prior yelled.

"Hate you Prior!" Sidney yelled back

"Love you too Sid. No Tag Backs!" she said taunting her as Prior ran away.

Sidney had an alliance with her 2 siblings, Charlie and Becca. This lead her to go after Abby Drake and chase her around the cul-de-sac a couple of times until Sidney was able to instead tag an unexpected Kimmy Darling, she was standing next to Nate. She tagged him quickly and then sprinted off in the direction of base. 8:29.

Nate was once again chasing after Prior. They chased each other through the backyard of their houses and then across the cul-de-sac. Prior climbed onto base just in time. Nate then started to run after Charlie, but just missed him as the clock turned 8:30.

"STOP!" Prior yelled, "Time is officially up."

7. Prior's watch is the time keeper

Everyone froze. It was ritual for them all to walk slowly back to the Drake's house for their special ceremony. The thermometer in the pool read 63 degrees fahrenheit on the light spring evening.

"That's cold," Jessica Darling said. And before he could protest, Nate was in the pool flapping like a fish.

"You could have warned me!" Nate said

"Where's the fun in that?" Prior called back

And with that, all 5 families walked back to their respective houses. This game kept them close.

Without it, they would have lost each other along time ago. Now they end every other Friday night the same, one just a little wetter than the other. And maybe, when they come back after college, they can all play the game, tag.

Monsters

By Emma Skillman

“There are no such things as monsters.”
I used to believe that
Believe that they didn’t exist
Because the ones I was afraid of
Were under the bed
And in the closet
Because I thought as soon as the moon rose in the sky
Not even my plug-in night-light
Would save me from them

Of course, as I grew older
I realized that the monsters
Under the bed and in the closet
Weren’t the ones I needed to fear
No, I learned about the monsters I should’ve feared
By the monotone news anchor
Who relayed the night’s events
And the people who died
With a straight face
I learned by the black and white articles
Whose text was just as colorless
As its opinions were
I learned by the people who cried in school
About the things that had happened
And the ways their lives felt shattered
I learned by the constant stress
The seemingly never ending death toll
The ways my best friends would whisper
About the things their parents said
About people “like them.”

It took me far too long to realize
That the word “monster”
Was made to give people hope
That something out there
Was worse than us
Because they never expected
That we would realize the truth
And turn the word “monster”

To ourselves
We are human.
At sunset, the sun cowers away from us
And finds another part of the world
To see if we’re just as bad there
The stars are so terrified
That during the day they hide themselves
So we can no longer see them
The plants wilt
Because they know deep down
That they can’t escape our grasps
Because they’ve learned to understand
We’ve forgotten how to let go

We are human.
We are the hell bringing monsters
That ripped the earth
Into so many pieces
That the word “horrible”
Is such a common word used to describe us
That we’ve become it

We are human.
We are the killers of the universe
We are terrifying
And deep down
We are very, very
Scared

Monsters do exist,
And we are always here
Waiting for a chance to prove
That we are not as bad
As we know we are.

Monsters do exist.
We call ourselves “human.”

The Mysterious Woman

By Emily Pardilla

It was a cool, summer night. It was 72 degrees, yet not humid, with not one cloud in the sky. In the small village Julia lived in, she walked down the uneven cobblestone road. She glimpsed at her watch. As she broke into a run, a warm breeze hit her face. She had lost track of time and was already 20 minutes late for her last delivery of the night. She skidded to a halt in front of a tiny, wooden house. She knocked on the dark, front door. She smelled apple pie from the other side of it. Her mouth started to water, she didn't eat much that day. She heard a "Come in dear!" from the other side of the door. She turned the handle and walked into the neat little building. The first thing she saw was silver hair reflecting in the moonlight. It was soft, thick, long, beautiful hair that went all the way down her back. There was not one single knot in this straight hair. She turned around; the light reflecting off of her liquid, metallic hair was blinding. The woman had round, emerald green eyes and a warm smile on her face. Between each wrinkle of her well cared for olive skin was care and wisdom, but also something else, something indescribable. She smiled at Julia with dazzling white teeth. Julia was scared and confused, but she didn't understand why. "Drop it on the table dear." She asked, yet there was command in her voice. Julia placed the bread she had to deliver

on a small, uncluttered table. She was about to leave when the woman grabbed her hand. With Julia's heart beating out of her chest, the woman dropped 3 coins into her hand and closed it with her fingers. Julia pulled away, shaking, and ran out the door. She wiped the sweat off her face. *It was just my payment for delivering her bread,* Julia told herself. *It's okay! Everything's fine! The woman is just a woman.* Yet Julia didn't believe herself. Something about that woman seemed almost not human. She put the coins in her bag and ran home.

...

The next day, Julia went into town. It was late morning, and she had to deliver more bread. On her way to deliver to her friend on the other side of the village, she heard a familiar voice. "NO! For the last time! I need to escape this town!" She saw silver hair. It was the woman! She slipped into an alleyway and listened. "That pesky girl, the one who delivers my bread- Julia is her name I think- is onto me! I NEED TO LEAVE!" Julia then heard a male voice, but she was so shocked that she wasn't listening. She knew it! There was something wrong with this woman, and she had to find out.

No Matter How Small

In a beautiful garden...

"Look grandma; look at those pebbles over there!"

"What honey?"

"Those little, worthless pebbles. I bet they don't do anything."

"Now sweetheart, you know better than to bet on things. And besides, those are seeds, not pebbles. They have worth."

"Well I don't think so"

~THE TWO RETURNED TO THE GARDEN TWO DAYS AFTER A STORM~

"Grandma! All these trees fell down!"

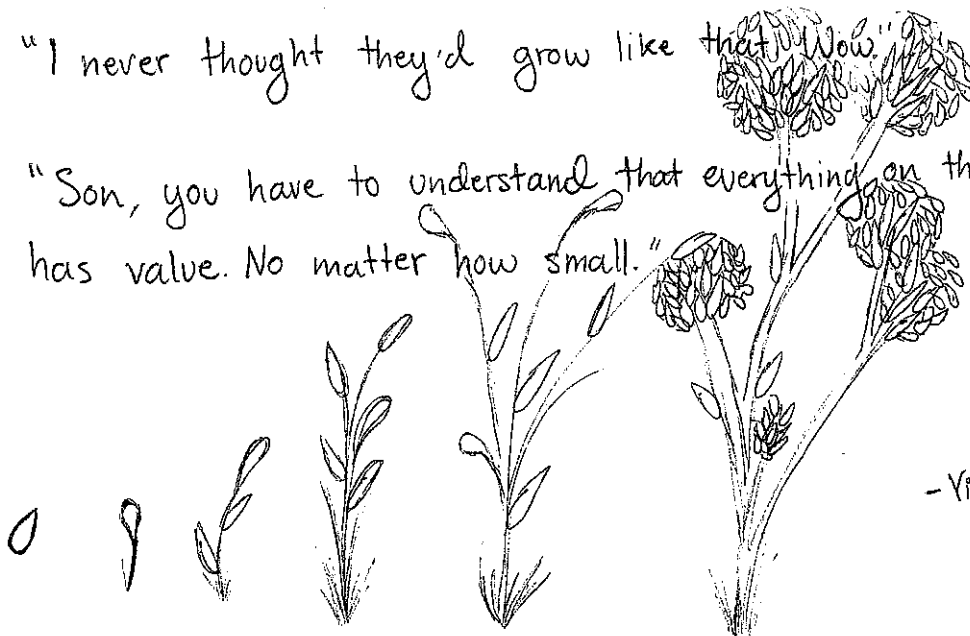
"Yes darling I see them, but look. Look at the plants growing over there."

"What is it grandma. They look beautiful."

"Those were the so called pebbles you saw. The ones that had no worth to you. Now, multiple trees will grow in the places of those that fell down."

"I never thought they'd grow like that! Wow!"

"Son, you have to understand that everything on this earth has value. No matter how small."



-Violet ☺

Ode to Appel Farm

By Parker Lenge

Laying each night,
On the carefully made bottom bed
Of my shared bunk,
I wrote in my extremely anticipated
"Camp Journal".
In my old math journal from school,
I recorded with no hesitation
Whatever happened during each of the hot summer days
I was at Appel Farm.
Whatever random thoughts I had,
Whatever I found slightly amusing,
Whatever quietly frustrated me.
If you were to read my homey, photo filled camp journal
Day by day,
There would definitely be parts that stuck out.
Questions.
"Should I take the swim test?"
"Should I change my major?"
"Should I present this song?"
The first few days,
Away from the "norm",
I spent time adjusting to
The reality mask,
Appel Farm.
I had a sea
Of intruding thoughts.
Therefore,
In my comforting camp journal,
You would read
"I think".
My subconscious habit of
Completely limiting myself
Was the clearest thing you could see
In my emotional entries.
You could see right through my
21st century words,
My
Humorous sentences,
My
Day-by-day analysis,
Like you would see
My face
Through glass.

As you read through the heavenly two weeks,
In which I lived like a hermit,
Away from the
Ever-horrifying "reality",
You would start seeing my 12 year habit grow
Tinier,
And
Tinier,
And
Tinier,
Like the petals of a rarely watered
Flower.
Each "maybe" became a "yes",
Each "I think" became "I know".
My limit,
My mental finish line,
My electric fence of "absolutely not"
Disappeared.
It became almost invisible to me.
If there's one thing
That this camp
Felt like
To me,
It's a dream.
If there's one lesson
This camp
Taught me,
It's to dream.
Dream as loud as you possibly can.
If I want to be a musician,
I need to scream it
From the rooftops.
I need to know that I am succeeding and carrying on,
Not because anyone else wants me to,
But because **I** want to.
Life is
Too short
To stop dreaming.
Life is
Too short
To hold back.
That's what Appel Farm has taught me.

Singularity

By Carmen Mahoney

Sunsets were always a painful time. His mother loved to watch them.

She'd sit with everlasting patience on their lawn in a white plastic beach chair and watch the sky grow warm with color most nights of the week. Her face was always beautiful, but never more so than when the simmering light graced her features. It was then that she was ethereal. Sam was quite little in the memories of when he'd run to his mother, small feet propelling him forward with energy not appropriate for the moment. He'd tug the edges of her flower-printed cotton dress for attention, and without fail, she would lean down every time and scoop him up from under the armpits. She'd sit him in her lap with a hush so quiet it could have been the breeze before speaking, skin warm with Florida heat and eyes kind.

"Hello my little prince. Would you like to say goodbye to the sun with me?" Her voice was always sweet and heavy like honey, so content in the moment. Sam would nod, and then his eyes would go to the sky, to their shifting shades. No matter how many times he had seen it before, the sunsets always doused him with serenity, and the boisterous seven year old quieted, settling against his mother to gaze alongside her. Somehow, even at a young age, he knew no more words were needed or warranted.

The air, at sunset was always laced with the vanilla smoke of their neighbor's cigarettes. The smell wasn't a bad one, it made Sam feel safe and appeased. It was a sign that they were not the only ones captivated by the evening. Cicadas chirped in harmony, hidden in the long tendrils of weeds in the front yard. His mother would hold him close to her, hands playing with the locks of his hair as she hummed, swaying her small feet in the grass. The melody was incoherent to Sam's untrained ears, yet his inability to understand didn't hinder him from snuggling still closer.

"You know, my prince, just like the sun, everything has to set. You must know nothing in life will stay that way forever." Sam would nod, eyes glued to the crescent of flames inching further down behind the road.

"Yes, Mama," He'd respond. He knew her words by heart, spoken softly to him every night they had this opportunity. His mother was fresh, a mere twenty years of age. It wasn't common to find a person so optimistic anymore.

"Do you know why I love sunsets, my prince?" She whispered. Sam did not know. "Everything looks different at dusk. Harsh things become soft, even if they don't wish to. Life has too many harsh things. It's not even worth counting them. The world looks like it's melting, but slowly. Oozing, the emotions that we often hide behind masks springing forward, drawn out by inexplicable means. The world at dusk, my sweet boy, is the world finally revealed," As Sam's small mind took this in, all he could see was just a change of colors. Their street was bathed in a tangerine mist. The stucco roofs, crumbling in places, found themselves deeper in color, the dying grass of the front lawns settling to a somehow appreciatory mix of olive and amber. The white plastic of his mother's lawn chair a light creamsicle orange. She was right. Everything was different. It didn't seem quite so scary. Sam let out a sigh, tiny fingers tapping against his mother's.

"I don't want to say goodbye to the sun today, Mama," He protested, sitting up to see the last faint golden tips dipping below the horizon. Behind him, his mother sighed.

"I know, my prince. Let's stay out until we can't see the sun at all then, hmm?" He gave a nod of agreement, and the two settled back into their positions.

Sam's mother's words would stick with him much longer than he had expected. They were some of the truest things he's ever heard.

But now, sunsets weren't beautiful. They only reminded him of change. And Sam hated change.

Into the Universe

By Seth Scott

I see the door and I wonder *where does it lead?* I look all around it. There's no house anywhere near it. Just a random door standing by itself. My instincts tell me not to go through, but I barely hear them because my voice is saying *go through it*. So, I go through it. I open the door and there is nothing but darkness. Just darkness. Now I think this is bad idea but I'm already in whatever I'm in. Then, the door closes. "Uh oh. This might be bad". So I start to move around. Then I realized I'm not standing on anything. "Shouldn't I be falling," I said. Seconds later, I was falling. I was terrified. Just falling down to nowhere. Then a small light appears below me. I thought I was saved. But as I kept falling and falling, the light just got bigger and bigger. So I'm just wondering, will I die or make it out alive as I go through what I'm guessing was a portal, not really sure. All I remember was going in the light, then zoning out.

POOF!!!! Nothing but silence. I didn't hear anything until I woke up on the ground surrounded by creatures. I stood up quickly. I immediately checked my body parts, making sure everything was there. It was. Then I looked backed at the creatures. "What are you," I said as I reached my hands towards it. *Scrrreeeccchbbhh!!!!!!!* I pulled hand back right away. This creature had sharp teeth. More importantly, it looked like a squirrel but with 2 tails, sharper teeth and wings. . . .

Lost In Time

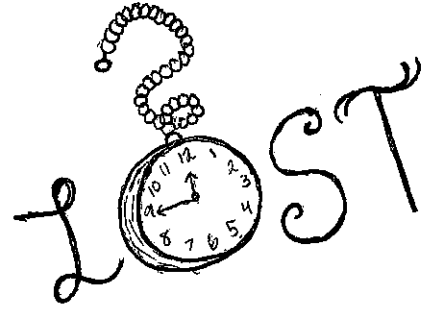
2:15

I often find myself lost in time
With a desire to go back and change things
And even though that choice isn't mine
Sometimes it's good to have new beginnings

5:13

12:01

In a different world, in a different time
Maybe all our thoughts could rewind
Things would be much more simple
And life would be as sweet as wine



10:59

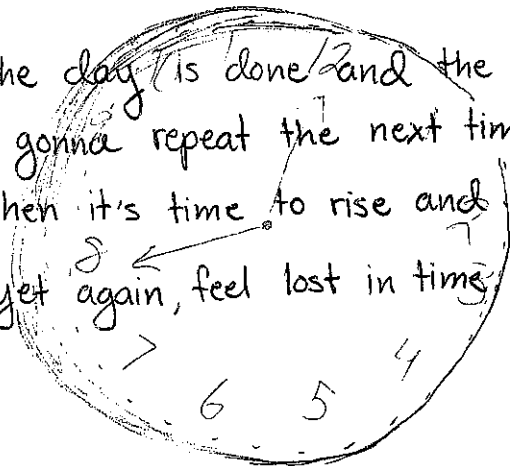
Some say time is just an illusion
Giving them confidence to rest
Others know that time causes confusion
Leaving their life a mess

7:43

With all its ups, downs and turn-arounds
Time seems pretty magical
It can pass and fly away in an instant
But most times it sticks around for a bit.

4:22

When the day is done and the sun has gone down
It's all gonna repeat the next time around
And when it's time to rise and shine
I will, yet again, feel lost in time



8:35

1:20

- Violet ☺

6:27

14:41

The Rain

By Carmen Mahoney

Garret glanced outside the window.

“Is it coming down now, love?” He eyed the sky warily, watching for any signs of distress. He shook his head, letting the curtain fall back over the window. It cut off the light that struggle through the musty glass. He let out a sigh and sank into a chair by the window. It was covered in a light red cotton fabric with small bunches of bluebells, but the colors were so faded the flowers couldn’t be made out.

“How long will it last?” He studied himself in the mirror across the small room. Disheveled would be putting it kindly. His hair was a mess, chin stubble in some places and overgrown in others. Clothes stained from meals and dirt, in desperate need of wash.

“Not that long. We should be able to go out in a few days. Do you want something to eat?”

A few days. He couldn’t wait that long. The walls were closing in on him, and he really. Couldn’t. Wait.

Garret tapped his fingers insistently on his pale, bony knee and directed his attention to the television. It was almost laughable how old it was. Lailah said it was made sometime in the 80’s, but it was the only one they could

afford, even at closing prices. The antennae were bent, wildly splaying in different directions, as if a young child had wrapped their chubby fingers around them and squeezed. This made for an amusing picture in his head on most days, but today his eyes bore holes in the grainy screen. The reception was so terrible it really wasn’t even worth it. Yet Garrett understood why it was on.

Lailah couldn’t handle the radio calls. Truth be told, neither could he, but she . . . they wrecked her. The static drone of the television drowned the crackly warnings out. Lailah, as she had told him, had preferred to not have a warning in the first place. It wasn’t like she (or he) had any type of urgency, did they? (Garrett had responded with a quiet ‘no’).

When Lailah hears the radio calls, she freezes. If she’s drying a plate, it will drop and smash. The shards could pierce the skin of her feet and she’d still not move. Then the crying, the whining begins. Both from Lailah herself and the sirens that would sound soon after. They would take on a similar tone, just much, much louder. But if there was no warning, if the siren just sounded without her hearing the radio call, she was fine. And so the television was never turned off, because the radio was never turned off. The latter was for their safety.

Revenge

By Soli Harter



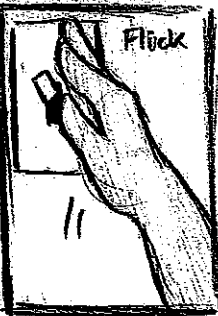
He's still out there, you know.



I should really do something about that.

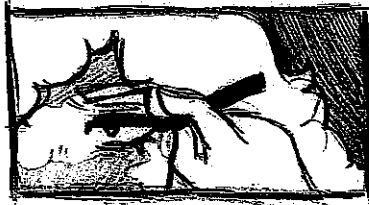


???



I can't.

I can't let him
get away with it.



???

#It'sTheSnowman

By Jo Schwachter

(DISCLAIMER: AT THE TIME THIS WAS WRITTEN, GOAT WAS MISSING. AT THE TIME THIS WAS PUBLISHED, GOAT WAS FOUND. {WE COULD'VE JUST NOT PUBLISHED THIS, BUT THE REPORTER WAS TOO LAZY TO WRITE ANOTHER ARTICLE, AND 'T' WAS ALWAYS THUS.} THIS IS A VERY LONG DISCLAIMER. I'M GOING TO CLOSE THE PARENTHESES NOW.)

Attention, members of S Cubed, and all other Appel Farm residents; Goat has gone missing! Not a real goat, mind you, but our beloved, bright orange, electric-guitar-playing ambassador of the Void. The one and only Goat the fox.

For years, Goat has visited the Creative Writing students bearing gifts of grape taffy, horrible music, and ideas for the writing prompts they would otherwise have no idea how to complete. Goat, his friends, and their adventures became the stuff of legends. Goat was a demigod! (Though Rick Riordan denied our request to include Goat in his next series.)

So you, dear Reader, can imagine the horror of the above mentioned students when they discovered that, following the departure of their former Creative Writing instructor, Sam, Goat had disappeared! In fact, the students, new and old, decided to form a superhuman group dedicated to finding their missing friend. They called themselves the Seven Super Sleuths, or S Cubed. They channeled their combined powers into doing something great! Something inspiring!

Something miraculous! They didn't cure any diseases or stop global warming. They wrote this faux news article. Stay tuned for the interview portion.

Former Creative Writing students were asked what their fondest memories of Goat. (No, they weren't. We made this up.)

"I remember how he used to horribly butcher classic rock at two in the morning while we were trying to sleep," recalls one. "He was so talented."

"I'm an insomniac," responded another.

"Goat always ate grape taffy. Always. It was incredible. He shared his taffy, too. I don't know how he survived off of the stuff. Maybe 'cause it's fruit based."

"Taffy," informed a second camper, "is not fruit-based."

"I have a fruit allergy," responded another.

Linda Ross-Cage, one of Goat's closest chums, was not available for comment due to

her never-ending quest for the Mighty Pocketbook (and the fact that we made her up, too). Come to think of it, I haven't seen her since the time she was stuck in an elevator with an angry monarch and an angrier pop star. Maybe we should be looking for Linda instead.

After hearing of Goat's tragic disappearance, Goat's best friend, Olaph (last two letters changed to avoid copyright infringement.) locked himself in his room and refused to come out. When we blew all our savings (whoa, savings? We have money?? Now you *know* we're making this up) on hiring the SWAT team to bust down his door, all they found was a puddle, a carrot, and a pair of sunglasses. Now Olaph's parents hate us and the SWAT team declined comment for our "weird, satirical" article, opting instead for Secretly Served Sandwiches.

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM WITH ANOTHER PROGRAM, WHICH IS ABOUT THE SAME TOPIC AS THE PREVIOUS PROGRAM, BUT THE REPORTER COULDN'T THINK OF A TRANSITION, SO THERE: Stay tuned for an S Cubed exclusive Thoughts and Opinions segment on Goat's disappearance, directly from the minds and mouths of their favourite celebrities: themselves.

ALYSSA: "A goat? Oh, him. Wait, he's GONE?!"

JUSTINA FEVER: I don't know who he is. **very long pause** But I'm sad.

THE BANDANA KING: I miss Goat. Bring him back, please.

SUPER HOOD **while meditating**: He is in danger because he is *from* the Danger.

JAN THE MAN: I never knew Goat. But I am one with him. I need him to come back.

SIR CUMFERENCE: I have no idea who or what he is. (After being held at knifepoint by the Bandana King's army, Sir Cumference hastily added, "Bring Goat back")

QUEEN MEREDITH: Turtles.

GOVERNOR JAMES: I think that it's a travesty, and someone needs to be brought to justice. I don't know who, and I don't know how, but... **cut to waving American flag. James for president 2020.**

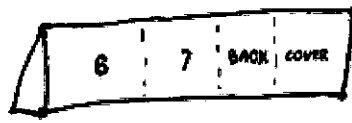
As you can see, we all care deeply about Goat. If you, campers and counselors, pool together your time, energy, Mystery Solving Skillz, and chocolate bars (not necessary, but very delicious), we can find Goat. He is counting on you. HAVE A HEART. (Actually, we're all out of those, so HAVE A LIBRARY BOOK.)

Thank you. Use #FINDGOAT to spread awareness.

- Ptolemy Baruffi of S Cubed

On the opposite page is "Reminiscence," a zine by Bella Ulfelder. Zines are a cheap and easily-distributed form of independent publication, meant to be folded into a small booklet. Please feel free to remove this zine and construct it yourself by following the instructions below.

- HOW TO FOLD A ZINE -



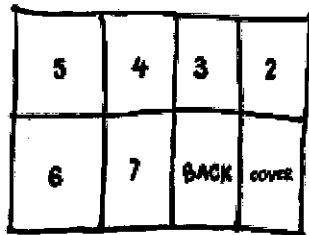
FOLD A4 PAPER IN HALF



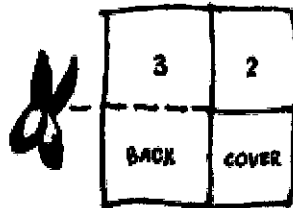
FOLD IN HALF AGAIN



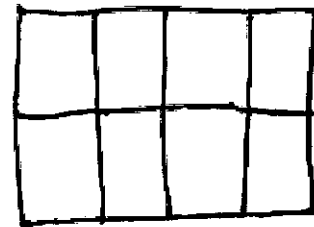
FOLD AGAIN



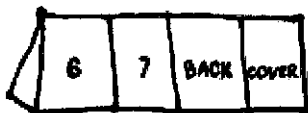
**OPEN BACK OUT
FOLD PAGE IN A5 HALF**



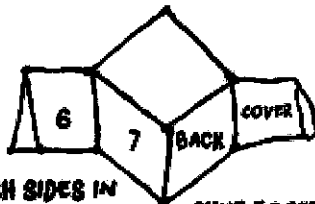
**CUT- BETWEEN THE
FOUR MIDDLE PAGES**



OPEN BACK OUT



FOLD A4 PAPER IN HALF



**PUSH SIDES IN
TO CREATE AN OPEN
DIAMOND SHAPE** **SHUT TOGETHER
FLAT**



**FOLD PAGES FLAT
TO FINISH FOLDING ZINE**

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BY JENNA TEMPLETON



4
 Deserted, her pine
 box did mourn.
 They worked through
 desperate night,
 Finest gowns worn
 by skin of stone.
 Maiden awake with
 eyes aghast,

1
 From bone and blood
 he dug her, bare
 lay her pestering
 body down
 upon the crystalline
 stair,
 Her face in permanent
 frown.



5
 Struck her captor
 with gaze hollow
 And tossed aside
 silken dress,
 "Dwell not on
 selfish sorrow,
 "Leave the dead
 to eternal rest."



6
 Returned her to
 grave did he,
 Treasuring her
 memory.



REMINISCENCE
 Bella Welfelder