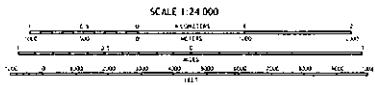
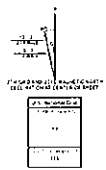
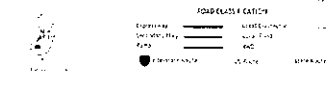




Appel Core  
 Session 3  
 2019



CONTOUR INTERVAL: 10 FEET  
 NORTH ARROW: NORTH  
 SOURCE: U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, 1988



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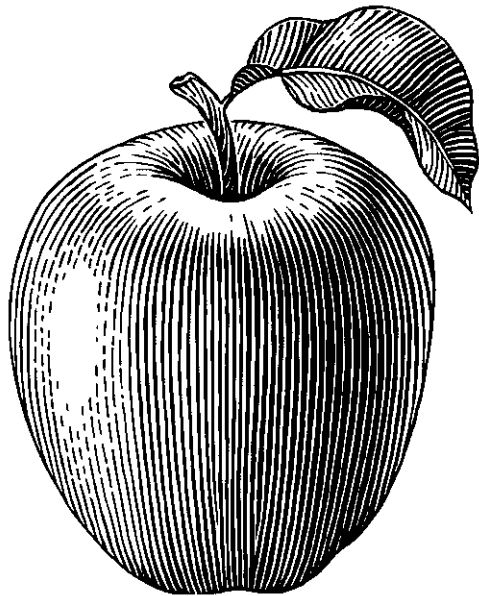
ELMER, NJ  
 2018

**“The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step.”**

Lao Tzu

**“Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.”**

Ralph Waldo Emerson



**“Why do you go away? So that you can come back. So that you can see the place you came from with new eyes and extra colors.**

**And the people there see you differently, too. Coming back to where you started is not the same as never leaving.”**

Terry Pratchett

*Cover art by Collins Davis*

*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.

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# Angel Wolf: Prologue

By Madeline Ireland

Long ago, farther back than anyone can remember, wolves arrived. They formed their own kingdoms based on abilities, and became the dominant species; there are currently five known kingdoms in the land of Auro.

The first kingdom to be founded has always been remembered as Bramble Forest, the current home of the alpha Blossom, and the Plantors. It is said that when the first Plantors arrived, they grew the trees and grass up from the bare, rocky ground, using their abilities to grow and manipulate plants, creating the most lush trees and fruit anybody had ever seen.

The next kingdom that was created is Rocky Canyon, the sanctuary of the tough alpha Boulder, and the Stonleys. These wolves have the ability to manipulate rocks and earth, so when the first Stonleys showed up, they worked together to form the giant canyons where they live, and the gemstones they use for jewelry.

The third kingdom formed was Moltenor Volcano, owned by the alpha Magma, and the Emberores. At first, the Volcano they now inhabit was nothing but a dark, tall, empty rock, but when the Emberores arrived, they used the ability to create and manipulate flames, to fill the Volcano up with molten lava.

The fourth kingdom to be founded isn't on land. It is down, down, under the sea. The Atlanica Ocean gives shelter to the alpha Wave, and the Seakrells. When the very first of their kind arrived, they used the incredible ability of water manipulation to form the whole ocean, all on their own!

And last but not least, we have the most powerful kingdom, the cloud kingdom of Luminous, home of the majestic alpha Falcon, and The Winged Ones! These wolves are believed to be angelic creatures, capable of granting wishes, controlling the weather, flying, and performing miracles!

Each year, there is the Solstice, or gifting day for The Winged Ones, created by the first alpha of The Winged Ones, Lumio. Each kingdom gives their own unique gifts to the Angels. And each year one kingdom is granted a wish. That kingdom is guaranteed to prosper. The Plantors usually gift fruit trees or ripe fruits, seeing that they're the best plants in the whole of the kingdoms, the Stonleys usually gift jewelry and gems, (The Winged Ones love fancy jewels), the Emberores usually gift Lava Rocks, hardened, condensed lava that they created themselves, and the Seakrells give strange shells and fish. Every single Solstice, the sun shines, and the sky is clear of any gray clouds, but this year on the day of the Solstice, the sky wasn't clear of any ominous clouds, it was full of them, and the sun wasn't there . . . There was not a single sign of The Winged Wolves . . . it was just . . . gone.

# Behind the Rustic Barn

By John A. Freudenberger

In the backwoods,  
Behind the rustic barn  
That belongs to my grandfather  
With the peeling red paint,  
Next to the lake  
That shimmers with the light of a dying day  
Filled with elegant aquatic creatures  
Small-mouth bass  
Catfish  
Snapping turtles  
Bluegill...  
I bask in the sublimity of twilight  
Dusk brings forth the resplendent haze of gold and orange  
True nirvana

Among the ash trees  
I sit upon a log  
Corroded by termites, ants, and fungus  
Soft moss beneath my mud-caked Chucks  
I appear to be all by myself  
Besides the splendid, melodious songs of the birds  
Hidden from my eyes  
By green veils of luscious green foliage  
But yet, I am not alone  
As I wander the backwoods.

Behind the rustic barn  
I converse freely with my thoughts.  
They come quicker than a jackrabbit  
More graceful than a white-tailed deer  
Sometimes nonsensical  
Sometimes irrelevant  
Sometimes of a pained, broken childhood  
Grade-school tormentors  
Trauma  
Dark thoughts...  
I wander the backwoods

Behind the rustic barn  
That belongs to my grandfather

Fighting my self-loathing with pleasant childhood memories  
Adopting my cat  
My uncle's wedding  
The birth of my younger brother  
A Bengals game downtown  
With my father, grandfather and...

...Dena  
My sister  
Older by five and a half years  
Drop-out  
Screw-up  
Puppet  
Controlled by omnipresent urges  
To quench her thirst for numbness  
Once my best friend  
We trudged through many struggles together  
The separation of our parents  
Abusive relationships...  
Painful memories surface from the depths of my subconscious  
A truck door slams shut  
A gun fires  
A mother cries  
I want to believe that things will get better  
That people will change  
That *I* will change  
But it is hard to fathom a better future with such a broken past

The negative thoughts cease around nightfall

Behind the rustic barn  
That belongs to my grandfather  
With the peeling red paint  
The darkness settles my nerves  
Things become calm, like after a storm  
My anxiety dissipates  
Into the clear night  
The crickets start their lunar routine  
A song of soothing  
Filling me with tranquility  
In the backwoods

Behind the rustic barn  
That belongs to my grandfather  
With the peeling red paint

Next to the lake  
My perception soaks in the sense of peace that presents itself  
In the backwoods  
On this clear night  
I start to make my way back to my grandfather's house  
The heavy footfalls of my brown Converse hightops  
Echo through the dark forest  
Filled with trees of ash and oak  
Illuminated only by the stars and a half moon  
I reach the edge of the backwoods

Behind the rustic barn  
I peer over the edge of the lake  
At the reflection of the moon and stars  
In the backwoods

Everything settles down and is better after a storm

## **Clocks**

By John A. Freudenberger

Time is such a precious thing  
If you slow down it will pass you by  
None extra, so no point in asking  
Clocks tick on when we die

Death will reach you in life's cruel trap  
Can I finish? I was not done  
Life ends more hastily than a snap  
Clock hands tick when we're gone

You may not get to prove your worth  
Embers of life burn short and bright  
Time will take you off this Earth  
Clock hands tick into the dark night

Life is short so live it full  
Time, the harbinger of Death's sweet lull

# The Uncanny Door

By Casey Concannon

There's that feeling that everyone feels once in a blue moon. That feeling where something so normal, something so average and so incredibly familiar feels foreign and wrong. It feels as if your best friend was going behind your back to share your most embarrassing secrets. It feels like your soulmate is being stolen from you by your own sister. It's the intense hatred of baking yourself a birthday cake and knowing that no one bothered to save you a slice. It was that same feeling of betrayal I had as I unlocked the door to my apartment. I dropped my bag next to the kitchen counter — same as always — and reached for a cookie. Caesar, my old girlfriend's black cat, mewed at my feet and pawed at my ankles.

"I am not a scratching post," I picked up my son and hoisted him to eye level. "You cannot eat my feet." I put the cookie in my mouth, Caesar at my feet, and advanced down the hall toward my bedroom. The path that I had walked so many times continued to feel more and more ominous. A hallway that is so short could have no possible way to betray me. I paused and stared at the doorway. I stared at the doorway? I could have sworn there was no closet here before. Caesar growled at the door from my feet (he never growls) and set off all the other red flags that were left in my head. I placed my ear next to the door, hoping for some clues about this strange room in my home. Only because I'm the luckiest person to live, I heard absolutely nothing from the outside. I grabbed the knob, flinching as my hand turned red from the heat. Caesar started hissing at the door. "Shut up ok? I can open the door and we'll see what's inside," I hissed back at the tiny black ball of fuzz. I pulled the door open slowly (for dramatic effect), and Caesar slipped through my legs and into the doorway. "Don't run from me you tiny devil!" I shouted at the irritating floof. I ran after my cat and made sure to prop the door open as I entered.

"Caesar come back!" The other side of the door was a long hallway with walls made of metal. The hall turned and I chased the sprinting fuzzball down a side passage. The cat took a left. I took a left. The cat ran forward. I ran forward. If I let him get away I'd be all alone; I really had no option other than to catch Caesar. The 'dramatic chase scene' seemed to last hours until the two of us came to a dead end.

"I've got you now diablo."

"Mew."

"Oh no, you're staying with me on the way back buddy. Where did you even take us?"



The opening we came in through slammed shut. It seemed that a wall had fallen out of the sky and taken the place of an open hall.

“You are worthy,” the dark sky(?) echoed. “You have reached the center of the maze.”

“Da frick???? Caesar???” I glared at the smug-looking thing in my arms. He glared back with a smirk.

“Now commencing test #2 on subject #0003.” The floor of the supposed maze shifted sending the cat and I onto the ground. I could feel us moving down as music that could only be described as ‘eerie elevator music’ played over the hissing of my companion. As we descended into the unknown, the walls seemed to become curious of the creatures within, shrinking towards us slowly to get a good look. I could almost hear their faint whispers, and I’m sure Caesar could as well, judging by his growls at the metal growing nearer. I nudged us towards the center to protect us as the walls crept closer.

Suddenly, the ground came to a creaking halt sending me stumbling to the floor. There was a small open space between the wall and the ground, like an old friendship with broken trust that could never be the same. Caesar pranced through the gap and I wiggled through after him. The other side of the same walls that had been so curious about us now seemed terrified to be disturbed by living creatures invading their calm and quiet life. They seemed to exude an aggressive purple glow.

Caesar continued down a passageway that seemed to grow infinitely darker, so much so that the light from my phone was consumed by it almost instantly. I followed his purr and light footsteps forward until they faded. My feet felt damp and I could faintly sense water running from its home to a new location. The smell reminded me of my grandfather’s old piano. It was a musty smell but still homely. It was the kind of smell that made you want to cuddle up in a scratchy blanket. It was the same moldy perfume you would smell like all day after giving your grandma a hug. I reached down into a puddle and splashed some water onto my face. My socks squished as I walked through the warm wetness. After so much pitch darkness I imagined a faint blue glow behind a rippled fall.

“Meow!” exclaimed the outline of the cat. I could see him! My eyes peeled open to find myself in my bed. My feet were wet and warm. Caesar was standing over me with that same smug look, pee dripping from between his legs. It was a dream and my bully of a cat peed on me.

*Authors note: this is not the true ending it is only temporary thanks maybe I’ll share more next year or online somewhere good luck finding it sorry.*

# **The Filter Melts Away**

By Lindsey Gosse

A child's love for life is infinite  
We think the world will always be kind to us  
We don't even notice the filter  
Until we can no longer see the world from the eyes of a child

As I grew older  
And the filter melted away  
I started to realize what grown ups meant  
When they used to say  
"I hope forever you'll stay this way"

Stay blind to how people would look at me  
Stay deaf to hurtful words  
they will hollar

Remain ignorant and blissed...

Now I have to worry about  
who I talk to  
Where I walk to  
What I wear  
And feeling the hurtful, degrading, stares

Looking back I see  
How important are the life lessons  
that were taught to me

But did you ever think  
About why you learned to cross the street  
Maybe not to avoid the cars  
Or watch out for the bikers

But maybe to avoid the man  
that has been following you for three blocks

Learning social skills  
For the soul purpose of  
Being able to find another girl  
Go up to her and say  
“Hey i’m being followed. Could you pretend to be my friend?  
I just  
need him to go away!”

I’m beyond lucky to be able  
to make that call  
“Hey Mom. I got home safe!”

Why do I get to be lucky  
There are so many who are not

So many who make the dreaded call  
Tears running down their face

“Mom? He took me to his place”

# **Two Letters To Governor Phil Murphy of New Jersey**

By Hannah Carroll and Lindsey Gosse

Dear Gov. Murphy,

I'm sure you know about the plans for the Meadowlands Power Plant, but are you sure this plant is good for your New Jersey residents? Even as a twelve year old in Leonia, part of Bergen County, I'm aware of the horrible power plant that is in planning. This plant would only be a short 10 miles from my beautiful town and would cause lots of problems for the environment and people of New Jersey. Please don't let the Meadowlands Power Plant get built.

The power plant should not be built for multiple reasons. This plant would become New Jersey's top carbon emitter. Greenhouse gasses are a worldwide problem that is affecting global warming and climate change, and anything New Jersey can do to help stop this, is amazing, even if that means not letting a huge power plant be built. This plant would emit 2.6 million metric tons of greenhouse gas emissions yearly, which would tie with the current top polluter in NJ. How horrible does that sound to be permitting a top greenhouse gas polluters?

The Meadowlands Power Plant would give all its power to NYC, but it would be built in NJ. So besides jobs, how does this Plant help NJ? Being our Governor, shouldn't the health and development of your state come first instead of that of a nearby city? The environment and health of New Jersey residents is far more important then to help NYC. NYC has many contributors that help it run, and it definitely does not need this power plant.

In conclusion, building the Meadowlands Power Plant is a bad idea. This is because the plant would emit a lot of greenhouse gases and is only helping NYC, not NJ. It would damage our earth and lifestyle in ways we couldn't even imagine. Being the Governor of New Jersey, YOU have the power to stop this horrible plant from being built. Thank you for reading this letter and listening to my concerns.

Sincerely,  
Hannah Carroll

Dear Gov. Murphy,

My name is Lindsey Gosse. I'm 15 years old, and I am from Middletown Township, New Jersey. I am writing you because I have recently become aware of how quickly our earth is being impacted by climate change. I'm sure you're very aware of this topic because of how prevalent it has become in the last few years. I just wanted to remind you how important it is to acknowledge it. Animal agriculture is responsible for 14.5 % of greenhouse gas emissions. It is one of the top contributors to climate change. It also emits more carbon into the air than the entire transportation industry combined. Raising livestock for meat is one of the leading causes of deforestation and biodiversity loss, and it uses 70% of agricultural land. You need to regulate the animal agriculture businesses in New Jersey because you have the power to do so.

Although New Jersey is not one of the leading states contributing to climate change, our state as a whole could do better. New Jersey needs to reduce our GHG emissions by 2.2% per year or 78% overall in order to achieve the 2050 Global Warming Response Act (GWRA) limit. As the Governor you are able to change New Jersey and encourage the citizens of your state to become active in the fight against climate change. I'm asking you to please address this very important but little known and often ignored topic.

Animal agriculture is one of the top leading causes contributing to global warming. Although I'm not asking for anyone to shut down the animal agriculture industry completely, I'm saying that even the smallest bit would help tremendously. Did you know that not consuming meat could reduce one person's carbon gas emissions by 60%? This is mostly because of factory farming. Factory farmed animals and their by-products are awful for the environment, and awful to animals.

In conclusion, Animal agriculture is one of the biggest harms to our planet and is causing climate change to happen right in front of our eyes. Because climate change will affect every living thing on the planet, I hope you could consider looking more into this epidemic and doing what you can to help. Thank you for taking time out of your day to read my letter.

Sincerely,  
Lindsey Gosse

# **The Ruined World**

By Hannah Carroll

I rushed downstairs to the living space. Mom was already unpacking the breakfast delivery and setting the table. Shena was downstairs, even though seven year olds usually sleep just till the breakfast bell rings. Dad had already headed to the school to get ready for his third grade class. The bell rang signaling for breakfast, and I started to gobble the toast. As soon as I finished, I grabbed my bag and headed out the door.

“Honey have a good day in seventh grade, say hi to Kyla for me,” my mom called out. I rushed outside, just as the linetube came by my house. Our area of the dome is the nicer, cleaner and less populated, compared to my best friend Kyla’s area that the not-so-nice people of my area call the “dumps”. Her area is overcrowded with three families in each house and is very dirty. Kyla is at the first stop of her area where the line tube picks up all the school children.

Like always Kyla is with her brother who she is practically a parent to. Her mom and dad work in the food delivery and packaging department, so they are away from 7 am to 8 pm, the max amount of hours a person can be outside their house for. Kyla joins me the rest of the way to school. We are thankfully in the same class. Ms. G, our teacher is the best teacher in the grade, so we were both thankful to have her.

“Class I want to remind you that next Monday is the Dome’s 99th anniversary day and that we all have the day off,” Ms. G reminded us. Cheers went off through the class. Anniversary Day is always a big and fun deal in the dome because the dome holds all life that survived the world disaster of 2051. There is always food, parades, and more on the anniversary, and next year is going to be huge saying it’s the 100th. “ Because it’s on Monday, the rest of this week we are going to focus on the history of the dome.” Groans went on through the class. Science kindergarten, we always learned about the becoming of the dome, so it is a repeat year after year. “I know it’s the same every year, but this year we are going to participate in the parade and make a float.” Roars now went throughout the classroom. Never before have we had made a float in class; this will definitely be the best parade ever. We started making a design, it started to really seem like it would look awesome. Lunch came too soon and we had to all go to the dining hall to get food.

Once we were in the dining hall, I saw Kyla’s mom, Mrs. Masani, who was assigned to deliver the food to the school. Kyla always got embarrassed to see her mom delivering food because it was a very lower class job, compared to other top-notch jobs like Dome Control or Food Creators.

Lunch ended and we all headed back to the classroom. Ms. G, of course assigned people to certain jobs for the anniversary project. We got to choose our partner but not our job. Typically, I choose Kyla. Ms. G went down the list of jobs. Kyla and I hold our breath when Ms. G called our names. When the job assignment came out of her mouth we were both super disappointed. We got research and beginning design! This meant we had to collect a ton of Information from the library and come up with the basics of

the design. The design part would be fun, but research, not so much. Kyla and I had to make plans to go to the library after school.

The school day ended too fast and Kyla and I caught the line tube to the library, I already told my mom I had to go so she wasn't expecting me till 4pm. The line tube stops at the library and we both hopped out. I try to avoid the library because Mr. Baney is always there trying to research about kangaroos (he was my mom's third grade teacher, and if he saw me he would go on and on about how he's hoping my mom taught me about kangaroos). But on the other hand Kyla loves the library because they have a children's section where she can drop off her brother, Mack. She also can't resist checking out a good book. Kyla is 5 months older than me, meaning she's already 13 and has her adult library card. Having your adult card means you are mature and old enough to read adult level books. We had to separate because I couldn't go in the adult section and there is more her level books about the dome in the adult section. We agreed to each find a book and write a page of notes so we would not have to wait for each other, because I had to be home at 4. I rushed to find a book about the Dome but didn't take me too long because they have them on a special shelf this time of year. I found a book I read last year for our history unit. I sat down and started to write notes. It was only 3:40 when I finished but I had to go and take the line tube. I left the library and went home. I quickly finished all my other homework and hopped in the shower. Once I dried off from the shower I went downstairs to get a snack. In my spot at the kitchen table I found an envelope with my name on it.

"Mom who delivered the letter?" I asked.

She replied almost Immediately. "Oh, Kyla gave that to me when you where in the shower. She said to give it to you but she didn't say what it was about. She was in a rush and couldn't wait for you to get done with the shower."

I ripped open the letter a little worried, because Kyla didn't have to get somewhere in a certain time today, and it was weird how she wouldn't tell my mom. I was right to be concerned. The letter went like this:

Dear Lolana,

I'm sorry I have to do this to you, but my gut is telling me to do so. When I was reherching at the library earlier today, I came across a book about the Disaster of 2051. This book went into detail about life before it, and not just the jist of it or what we have learned in school. It talked about the people and how this group of people, knew that this was coming but didn't do anything about it or warn the others. They just made the dome that survived the disaster. We all know that they made the dome in preparation for it but not that they didn't warn others. Even worse these people practically caused these disasters because of all the things they let into the air and the pollution they made, just for a profit. They kept hidden that this was a bad thing and that it would cause these disasters. When the disaster came in 2051 it killed everyone but those in the dome. The dome could have held 100,000 people but only 1,000 actually got to stay. The

book goes on to talk about life before and how there were real animals and plants and food not made in labs. At the end it says a myth about 500,000 people that survived the disaster by digging a hole underneath that let the greenery and stuff fall and survive and then they cover the top. This myth made me feel like my gut is telling me to find the place, and I thought now would be a great time to leave because of all the people in my house and the overpopulation. Please don't go after me, I will be fine. And don't tell anyone where I'm going.

Love,  
Kyla

PS. I left the book on my bed.

I dropped the letter onto the floor. Unable to speak, I started to bawl. Kyla ran away and she probably won't be back. She was my only friend and now she left me. Mom came rushing down the stairs once she heard me crying. I didn't tell her what was wrong even if she asked. I climbed upstairs and sat on my bed for a long time. An hour had passed since I read the note when I got an idea. I will go and get Kyla back. But first I will stop by her house. Knowing Kyla she probably didn't leave straight from my house and probably is packing to run away right now, and Kyla wouldn't let Mack alone.

I got my backpack and emptied all my belongings onto my bed and then packed two sets of clothes, snacks, water bottle, first aid kit, flashlight, and blanket. I rushed downstairs yelling to Mom that I was going to Kyla's which wasn't a total lie. Luckily I only had to wait two minutes for the line tube to come to my stop. I rode to Kyla's area and rushed to her house. Mr. Bisety, who also lives with Kyla and her family, opened the door.

"Mr. Bisety, is Kyla home?" I asked him.

With a shake of his head he replied "Sorry Lolana, Kyla left for library five minutes ago."

I asked him if I could go into her and Mack's shared room that was super tiny. After Mr. Bisety said yes, I rushed upstairs to their rooms, even though Kyla and I hang out all the time we usually hang out at my place because there is a lot more space, so I was always shocked on how small her room is. Mack said hello to me and continued to play with his trucks, Mack was never a big talker. I rushed to her bed and her bed and picked up the book and saw a very Kyla like notes in the book saying: page 73, Chapter 7. I opened the book to Page 73 and found the myth in it. After spending some time reading it, I realized how moving and real this sounded. I grabbed the book and headed out.

As soon as I got out of the house I had to make a move, either let Kyla die out there or go out there and get her back. Of course I chose get her. So I headed to the door. I didn't even have to take a line tube because I was only a three minute walk from her house. The only reason they have a door to outside the dome is ever in a super emergency to evacuate the dome or for repairs to the dome they can only do from the outside, or the yearly checkup on the dome. I rushed up to the door realizing there is a passcode I needed to open the door. I wiped the dust off the window on the door and



peeked outside. My jaw dropped, what I saw outside was crazy especially saying I never saw outside the dome before. I was expecting some plants or grass or some life but all I see for miles was cracked sandy colored land and grey skies. I also saw Kyla, 10 ft outside the door, with her school backpack. I knocked on the window praying that Kyla would hear me. After fifteen seconds of doing so she looked at me and realized I was the one knocking. She looked like she was screaming, so I guessed the dome was soundproof. Kyla came to the door and tried the handle. She couldn't open it. She started to show me numbers with her fingers. It took me a second to process it but I realized it was the password. It was 2-0-5-1. Of course the year of the dome creation. I punched it into the password thing.

The door swung open. I rushed outside, forgetting that the door closed behind us. I ran to her and hugged her. We both realized there was no turning back now, saying the door locked behind us. We got right down to business to make a plan. Once I calmed down, it hit me, I felt very hot. Kyla then told me that one of the effects from the pollution is that the temperature rises. No wonder why I was so hot, the Dome is controlled to always be 72 degrees, but out here it must be 100! We took my sleeping bag out and laid it only 20 ft from the dome but no one could see us. I got the book and took a sip of the cool water, then not realizing this is the only water we had. I flipped to the page with the myth in it. Once I read it over I realized it told us where they thought the place was! I yelped with joy, telling Kyla the good news, now all we have to do is walk there.

"That's great Lolana, the only problem is how do we know what direction we have to go and how far." Kyla said concerningly. I then remembered something from our history class in school.

"No just flip to the back there must be a map." I told her. Kyla quickly went to the back of the book and saw the map I was looking for. Everyone by seventh grade knows that the piece of land we lived on used to be called North America. I pointed to the lines that divide the land into many little parts, that were called states. I looked on the key like our history teacher told us to do when we were studying how to read maps. It said on the map that the red star where the dome is. Looking down at the map I easily spotted the red star. It was in the ancient state of New Jersey! Then I looked down at the sign of the underground place. The person who wrote the book put the sign for the underground place only a little bit away from the dome in New York. Then I realized it said in small print underneath the supposed location of the underground is only twenty miles northwest of the dome! Luckily, the watch I had on had total miles walked and a compass in it. After I told Kyla the amazing news, she seemed as enthusiastic as I seemed. She told me that it would take eight hours to walk there. I was so thankful from that news because I thought it would take days and days to reach it, but we will get to it by dawn. We did our victory dance that we made up when we were nine. But, maybe we celebrated too soon because Kyla stopped silent.

"It's going to be much tougher and longer if we have to go through that," she exclaimed, pointing behind me. I turned around and saw, to my horror, a humongous tornado!

# **As I Wait...**

By John A. Freudenberger

I  
Lay  
In  
The  
Sand

Waiting...  
for **SOMEONE**  
to come

To **CALL MY NAME!**

They neither come nor call...

I **LOOK** TOWARDS THE **HEAVENS**

As I wait...

**CELESTIAL**

Beings of **LIGHT** look upon  
**Me** In pity...  
so far away...

yet my

**ONLY**

COM PAN IONS

I

*WISH*

upon

t h e d y i n g **STARS**

to remember

JOY!

As I wait...

I know not what for

longing perhaps?

for...

The something comes

*EmOTION...?*

UNDER

the sky

**ABLAZE** with the

**Newly** dawned day

The

s  
o  
o  
t  
h  
i  
n  
g

sound of

*WAVES*

I've waited

...centuries

For **this**

...yet, I'm not quite prepared.

As I **WATCH** the **STARS**

**FADE OUT**

LIGHT **AWAKENS**

**THE WORLD**

As my

Perception

FLOODS WITH

Nothing

But the *calming* sound of the

OCEAN

A *slight* grin of contentment

My senses **GO NUMB**

The tide closes in...

It

lulls

me

to

my

eternal

sleep...

**A beautiful death by the sea.**

# Phoenix Character Bio (From "The Pet")

By Lillian Hudak

If you are good with SENSITIVE TOPICS/GORE/AND FANTASY STORIES, then go on wattpad and read "The Pet" By Lillian. The username is @gayfishhhh, the username will make it easier to find the book because I am the only one with that user. And "The Pet is the only book I have posted

IF YOU DO NOT LIKE: SWEARING, GORE, SAD/SENSITIVE TOPICS, SUPERNATURAL/FANTASY BOOKS, OR ANY TYPE OF PG13 THINGS THEN THIS IS NOT THE BOOK FOR YOU

THERE ARE MENTIONS OF ABUSE, SEXUAL CONTENT, DEPRESSION/SUICIDE, FLASHBACKS, AND LOTS OF FEAR [caused by the flashbacks]. IF YOU DO NOT LIKE THOSE THINGS THEN DO NOT READ THE BOOK!!!

IF YOU ARE UNDER THE AGE OF 13 YOU SHOULDN'T READ THE BOOK EITHER. IT IS A 13+ BOOK. UNLESS YOU GET PERMISSION BY AN ADULT TO READ IT

**Name:** Phoenix Heart

**Age:** 17

**Height:** 5'4

**Weight:** 80 [only 80 because she was hardly fed at the pet shop]

**Hair type:** Slightly thick wavy hair

**Eyebrow shape:** Arched a bit

**Eyebrow thickness:** Average

**Nose shape:** A little upturned

**Type of nose:** Button nose

**Lip size:** Thinner top lip bigger bottom lip

**Lip shape:** Small arches on the top lip

**Teeth:** Perfectly straight, white teeth

**Body shape:** Bigger chest, small waist, big hips. Classic hourglass shape

**Stomach:** Flat, a bit of her ribs can be seen because of how little she was able to eat

**Thighs:** Average

**Feet:** 7 in women's

**Piercings:** None /

**Jewelry:** Heart locket necklace with a photo of her and Damon [gets the necklace in chapter 22]

**Nail color:** None/

**Nail length:** Short since she bites her nails

**Tattoos:** None/

## PHYSICAL DETAILS

**Eye color:** Blue/grey

**Eye shape:** Upturned eyes

**Eyelash length:** A little longer than average

**Hair color:** Red/Orange, like a fiery color that looks really nice because it doesn't look fake

**Hair length:** The hair is to her belly button when straightened and a little above when not

**Hair style:** Side part, slightly wavy hair that can sometimes go completely straight if its wet

**Hair thickness:** Thick but not overly thick it's more so the average thickness



**Markings/scars:** 31 scars on her back, 1 under her eye, 15 on her arms, 18 on her legs, 6 on her stomach, phoenix shaped birthmark on her left thigh, hence the name Phoenix

**Freckles:** On her cheeks and nose

**Skin color:** Pale white, a pink undertone

**Accessories:** She has a sketchbook and painting set that Damon got her after finding out she can draw, she has an icy blue collar and leash that she has to wear when going out of Damon's room because if she didn't the other vampires would kill her on the spot thinking that Damon didn't want her anymore

## PERSONALITY

**LIKES:** Strawberries, watermelon, drawing, painting, singing, hoodies, feeling safe, not feeling completely alone, warmth, not being afraid 24/7, being with Damon [only after chapter 20] when Trixy leaves her alone, long warm showers/baths, the beach, learning more about others and herself, sweat pants, long socks, fuzzy blankets, sunny days, rainy days, reading, sitting outside under large trees, running, sleeping without nightmares, feeling well rested, when others sing to her

**DISLIKES:** When people doubt her, being scared all the time, not having a safe place, Zane, Trixy [if you read the book you'll know who they are] She doesn't like when people yell at her, Damon at the beginning of the story, the Pet Master, other pets except Emma, most of the slaves, the lords, nightmares, revealing clothes, being a hybrid type creature, feeling alone all the time, not trusting Damon and being afraid of him for a really long time, not helping

people, swimming, bikinis, her real name [Phoebe] loud noises, and being controlled

**OPENNESS:** She doesn't share much about herself and she tends to over think everything she says and wants to say. Every time someone wants her to talk about herself instead of listening she just refuses and has someone else talk about them instead. She's kinda open with Damon but only because he is her master and she doesn't really have much of a choice in the matter. Other than with Damon she doesn't like talking with anyone else because it scares her. At times she would talk with Emma but not often. When people tell her to open up she gets scared and normally starts freaking out because she starts to think about her past and what the pet master did to her and her family when she was taken.

[if you want to know then you have to read the story on the Wattpad app or [Wattpad.com](http://Wattpad.com).]

**FEARS:** Loud noises, anything sharp, being yelled at and punished for doing something wrong, messing up, upsetting people, being punished, tight spaces, new people, talking about her past, thinking about her past too often, getting stuck in her mind, having bad thoughts, being alone for too long, heights, bugs, spiders, things moving past her too quickly, being left alone with Zane or Trixy, swimming, drowning, being hit for talking, saying something wrong, cooking, being killed by Damon or any other vampire





