

# Teen Talk

**SPECIAL EDITION!**

The Vineland Public Library's  
Young Adult Literary Newsletter

Volume 14 . Issue 2 . 2011

## **First Place**

**Poetry - *Chloe* by Evan Cressman**

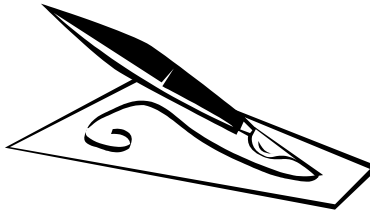
**Short Story - *Fate* by Alexandria Hurst**

## **Second Place**

**Poetry - *Not So Smart Is He* by Evan Cressman**


## **Third Place**

**Poetry - *Forage* by Madison Taylor**

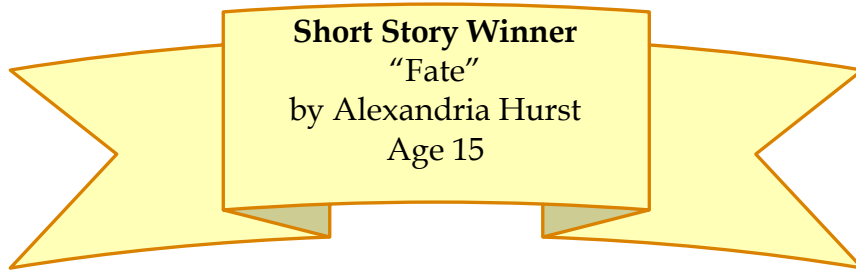


Congratulations to the winners of The Vineland Public Library's 2011 Teen Writing Contest. Thank you to everyone who entered this year's contest.

### **What can you find in this issue?**

 Read the winning entries of this year's Teen Writing Contest! (pgs. 2-6)

 A letter from *TT* editor ~~Juni Ruiz~~ Nicki Gardner. (pg. 7)



“Ahh, so what are witches made out of, anyway?”

Esme sat there in her lazy manner, looking at her dear twin brother Vitas, who in turn gave her an inquisitive look as he twiddled a shred of fabric from their last victim in between his slender fingers. As their rose-colored eyes met, Esme smoothed her sandy blond locks from her face and laughed bitterly. “Well, they shift to red crystal when we take their souls from them, so I’d say that...But you’d like something better, I know it. You want it to be the old adage ‘Sugar, spice and everything nice,’ right, Vitas?”

Vitas merely snickered in reply, nodding in amusement as he flicked the shred of silk across the room without trouble, staring at the shards of crimson jewel all across the floor at his feet. Witch hunters: they were born in pairs, one meant to cast harm and the other to cast fate. In this case, Vitas was the one who brought the witches to their fate and Esme was the one to track them down, viciously chase them and catch them for further advancement. Now these two had come to the city for a few reasons. One, of course, was the growing populace of heartless mortals, and the other was the sole purpose of Vitas’ desire for his old life in the city, much to Esme’s annoyance.

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“Ashe! Ashe! She’s dead! Dior is *dead!*”

She looked up from the homework, yet another art assignment, the sketch messy and showing her languid feelings toward the class itself... which was indeed, utterly uninterested in general. One wouldn’t expect a fragile little nymph like her to have a head full of luscious cherry blossom pink hair and crystal colored eyes, much less the snow-colored skin that was porcelain, her lips as plush and perfect as a cloud, perfection. She was godly looking in a way, and as she slid slowly from her circular bed, filled with pillows and lace-trimmed blankets; there was no sound of her sigh, much less a creak in the marble floor of the underground lair of hers.

Walking with such light footsteps, she could have floated across the floor and danced up the crystal steps leading down into her rose-scented abode, opening the modern looking steel door and coming out into the average looking house not a soul lived in but herself. One would wonder how a high school junior like herself would be in a house fit for a queen if they could see her rooms. She looked about as she listened for another call from what sounded like her lesser companion, Chocolate. Taking the steps of a mouse, she moved without sound to the old mahogany front door, wrapping her hand around the brass handle that nearly squeaked when she pulled on it due to the old appearance it cast on those without Edenite qualities.

**First Place Poetry Winner**

"Chloe

by Evan Cressman

Age 13

Crouching, creeping closer, catching critters  
Climbing curtains, claws cling to fabric  
Crazy cat antics creating clatter and chaos  
Keeps me laughing and causes stitches and cramps in my side  
Contently purrs and cuddles close, keeping me company  
each night

Chloe, as a kitten, caught my eye as I passed her cage  
Crying, carry me away to your castle,  
'cause I need a caring home to call my own  
Clearly Chloe's my closest calico kitty comrade  
Can't believe how crazy happy she makes me



**Second Place Poetry**

**Winner**

*"Not So Smart Is He"*

by Evan Cressman

Age 13

Jake climbed a tree  
Fell out, skinned his knee  
Then jumped a fence  
Haphazard and careless  
Tumbled down and got hurt  
Darn, that child is dumb as dirt

One plus one equals three  
Genius this boy will never be  
Spells cat "d-o-g"  
Wow, he must have a brain the size of a flea  
Dumb as dirt this is true  
I do not know what he'll ever do

Gonna need his mom to hold his hand  
Even when he plays with a rubber band  
Pulled it back, shot it high  
Nearly took out his brother's eye  
Cried out, "Hey, that hurt."  
"Jeez, Jake, you're really dumb as dirt"

Plunged into a pool, even though he couldn't swim  
Everyone stared in disbelief at him  
He thought he looked just so cool  
Actually, he looked like the biggest fool  
Dumb as dirt, that is Jake  
His crazy antics always take the cake

Dumped a bucket of dirt into the washing machine  
His mother screamed and was not so keen  
Jake grinned, a smile so wide  
And said he only wanted to wash the mud from outside

Now, Jake, dumb as dirt you may be  
But you make me laugh as you can see

Raked the leaves and piled them high  
Jumped off the roof thinking he could fly  
Leaves scattered about everywhere  
That silly child shows no fear  
Dumb as dirt, they say you are  
Jake, you're the craziest kid I know by far

**Third Place Poetry**

**Winner**

*"Forage"*

by Madison R. Taylor

Age 14

*In a house little and poor  
the paint has chipped, the hinges lack their doors.*

*Mice eat crumbs of crumbs of food,  
there is no fulfillment, joy is never the mood.*

*We sit on sacks, we feast on porridge.*

*Unfortunate to say, we live our lives in constant forage.*

*We want to live, we don't want to die,  
even though we survive on little or no supply.*

*(Fate - Continued from page 2)*

Faced with the two girls, both of them looked up to her as young Edemite students, even though she couldn't necessarily teach them as much as they wanted her to. The strawberry blonde "Witch" of Divine Origin stared at her with heavy dejection, her comrade and rival stood next to her, a platinum blonde "Witch" of Miracles; Vanilla nearly driveling out a million different things at once as her misery showed in her bright blue eyes. Chocolate nearly tackled Ashe, walking right into the room with the outlandish appearance of striped stockings beneath the uniform of their prestigious school, Frinfield's Institute. Ashe welcomed them with a remark of incredulity, her pink eyebrows rising, "Dior...dead? You have got to be playing tricks on me again, what did I tell you about that? Ungrateful I say, honestly..."

Vanilla dove into her leather purse and produced a crystal shard, a white polish seeming to appear in some areas upon the precious gem. Ashe took a look at it, and backed away covering her mouth with her delicate hand, nearly stumbling, not a dramatic action at seeing a friend of hers. Dead. Chocolate broke down in a fit of furious tears, her hands balling up into fists. "Damned hunters! I hate them! I swear I'll kill them, if Lilliana doesn't!"

Ashe recomposed herself, displaying a magnificent amount of aplomb as she quieted the furious witch. Speaking in a voice so serene that it was abnormal to hear, she said, "Calm yourself. There isn't enough time in the day for this foolery, now. We will handle this easily, no killing, nothing of the sort. We will wait for them to pass through as we should. If we happen to run into a forced confrontation with them ... we will kill them then. I am sure this will be handled without war. Now relax. I have to take a walk to compose a plan of some sort to get us out of this mess. Perhaps to have us leave town for a while to escape suspicions."

The girls didn't bother to leave, making a beeline for the kitchen without hindrance, perhaps trying to get to the millions of snacks in Ashe's magnificent little home. While the two were distracted, Ashe slid her stocking-clad feet into a pair of dress shoes and made her escape from the house without another word, stepping out into the fall atmosphere of Earth, and coming face to face with the world of the living. Her body veered left, and she began walking down the leaf-covered sidewalk.

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Idling about the small city, Vitas found himself to have some leisure time while his sister lay dead asleep in the hotel room they shared. He wandered, getting himself lost in the murky afternoon of Cinderhill. He now stood absentmindedly in the park, watching the many types of humans that milled around uselessly in their ignorance of the world. His rose hues came to lie upon a sweet little morsel, a pink-haired beauty that walked about aimlessly, almost immediately thinking to see who she was, a significant push from fate, unfortunately. She turned her crystal-colored gaze to him and her eyebrows raised, and without a single second passing, he raised his eyebrows as well, a playful smirk coming across his mouth. He wanted to play his mischief with a mortal, even though she looked abnormal, he still wanted to see if he could steal her heart as easily as a witch could, which wasn't likely.

*(Fate - Continued from Page 5)*

Those gems were impossible to reach by his kind, but he still wanted to see one form, even if it was a puny one. He strode forth, and she stood still, waiting as he approached certain doom. He really didn't know what he was getting himself into.

“Is there something you need from me? Do us a favor and wipe that lewd smirk off of your face, I want no part in *something* like yourself.”

There it was; something that blew him away: a girl, someone as outlandish as this, was refusing a flirty look... *from him?* You see, Vitas is a beautifully handsome man, and Ashe an amazingly attractive lady, who in turn has a wicked bite that is ten times worse than her bark, as the “Witch” of Fate. She wasn't someone with whom you wanted to start a confrontation.

“How cold, I only wanted to know your name, and I'm not planning anything between us, Love.”

He half lied, he didn't want a part of her; he wanted her entire being to be his, as he had done so in past lives. He really did enjoy the sport of trickery and romance. As she gazed at him for a moment, she gave the kindest smile before she murmured out coldly to the poor male, “Ashe Noelle. Yourself?”

Vitas smiled in the sweetest of ways and before he could reply, she took hold of his hand, and stared at it. Only a fool would think it was normal. Her eyes were wide, and then he could see it. The creature situated before him was no mortal, but a Witch. An Edenite. Those three threads, he had never seen them before, as if her touch gave him such a sense of sight. The world could have been monochrome for all he cared, and as he gawked, mouth wide open, he noticed the black string around his ring finger, he knew what it meant, Death. The string that was rumored to be his lifespan was beginning to grey, laying loose his middle finger, and as she smoothed her finger over it, untying it without fail, he knew she'd just saved him. What gracious ways he would thank her while she died at his feet, except for...the other thread. Bright red, tied in a lovely manner around his pinky, drooped through the air and the other end being tied to her pinky, she had only a white line on her middle finger. No thread, much less a black one. She could obviously not see that red thread, and Vitas almost had a heart attack as she pulled away from him. As she walked away, without another word, he could see his new vision fading fast, their string lengthening itself magically...a Witch of Fate. As she walked quietly away, turning onto the sidewalk and making a steady path for a new location, away from him, his heart ached. He knew what that string meant, a lump forming in his throat. The red string of fate; it tied destined people together. Vitas, lifting his hand to lay it on his cheek, unable to breathe for a moment, coughed slightly in order to think. This woman, Ashe Noelle, was the woman he would be with eternally, forevermore. And furthermore, since Witches did not really die, nor did their hunters. He shuddered, before sprinting after that divine creature that had left the scene, calling at her back. “Ashe! Ashe, wait! Please!”

She didn't know yet, and as she turned around and gasped, she sprinted away, knowing now, by his sister standing only a few yards behind him... that he was there to kill her.

**New FROM THE  
EDITOR'S  
^  
DESK**

To all of our Teen Talk followers,

It is with great sadness that I report that Juni was kidnapped by pirates. In his absence, I will be taking over the duty of editing Teen Talk. I will pass on any future correspondences from Juni. He will be missed. Kind of.

Sincerely,

Nicki Gardner  
TTEditor  
YA Librarian Extraordinaire



Juni Ruiz sad that he was kidnapped by pirates.

## Suggestion Box

Drop any suggestions you'd like to see in *Teen Talk*! Do you know any good jokes? Have you visited any cool websites lately? Is there a topic you would like to have discussed? Is there something you want me to rant about? Let us know and it MIGHT show up in one of our upcoming issues. Don't forget, we also need poetry, stories and pictures.

Contact Nicki in the Children's Department by using the contact info at the bottom of the page, or you can contact us via our facebook page.

### **Be Our Fan!**

Yes, the Teen Room has its very own Facebook Fan page. Log in to your facebook account and do a search for "Vineland Library Teen Room". We need more fans!

**We're on the web!**  
[www.vinelandlibrary.org](http://www.vinelandlibrary.org)

*Teen Talk* is a newsletter of original stories, poems, and artwork by local teens. The works contained in this newsletter are solely the creative work of the authors and artists and does not reflect the opinions of the Vineland Public Library. If you are a teenager and are interested in having your work published in this newsletter, please submit work for review to the Vineland Public Library's Children's and Young Adult Department. Mail entries to the Vineland Public Library at 1058 E. Landis Ave., Vineland, NJ 08360, ATTN: Teen Talk. You can also email Nicki Gardner at [ngardner@vinelandlibrary.org](mailto:ngardner@vinelandlibrary.org) with the subject line "Teen Talk."