

The Blue Guitar **Jr.**

*Featuring
literature
and art
for youth*

The 2024 edition

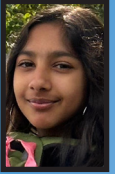


Table Of Contents

Fiction



Atluri



Bansal



Encinas



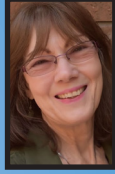
Kim



Kim



Nieh



Reiss



Saravanan



Yarlagadda

Bellis Nieh — “The Adventures of Autumn and Winter”Pages 3-10

Charitha Yarlagadda — “Missing”Pages 11-14

Akshaj Neil Atluri — “The Haunted Library”Pages 15-16

Jasintha Saravanan — “Strengths”Page 17

Shreya Bansal — “My Not So Amazing Day Volunteering for Middle School”
Pages 18-19

Mingyu Kim — “The Octopus and The Turtle”Pages 22-23

Poetry

Minzi Kim — “Rainy Days”Page 20

Leonardo Encinas — “Ode to a Frayed Charging Cord”Page 21

Cindi Reiss — “Neighborhood Gossip” and “New Kid in Class”Pages 24-25

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The Blue Guitar Jr. magazine is a project of the nonprofit The Blue Guitar literary and arts magazine and The Arizona Consortium for the Arts. The Arizona Consortium for the Arts is a startup, nonprofit group dedicated to supporting and fostering artists and the arts in Arizona, including the literary, visual and performing arts. For more information about The Blue Guitar and The Blue Guitar Jr. magazines and The Arizona Consortium for the Arts, visit our websites:
www.theblueguitarmagazine.org and www.artizona.org.

“Things as they are are changed upon the blue guitar.”
— Excerpt from Wallace Stevens’ 1937 poem “The Man With the Blue Guitar.”
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The Adventures of Autumn and Winter

By Bellis Nieh

Fourteen-year-old Autumn stood before the dog pound, gripping her coin purse tight. She had been saving up for this moment for months. So why had she been so hesitant? ‘It’s fine,’ she thought. It’s not like she was gonna get grounded, right?

She took off her heavy coat and tied it around her waist as she doubtfully walked into the shop, her shoes squeaking on the floor, which was slippery because of all the snow. The girl looked around the room. At least 25 dogs were barking and jumping playfully in their little cubby holes, hoping to find their true owner very soon. Some big, old, small, young, and so many people were there. What if someone took the one that she would get? How would she find the right one? She questioned whether this was a good idea but ignored her second thoughts. Just then, something caught her eye at the far end in the corner. A brown baby poodle stood out to her. She walked up to it and tapped the glass. This puppy just seemed different. It was yapping, jumping, and playing with all of its toys, just like all the other puppies, yet somehow...it was different. And without thinking, she rushed to the front counter

before anybody else could claim the puppy. Autumn rang the bell, and a young woman appeared from behind. She had on a badge sporting the name Emma. Underneath the pin was a thin sweater — the heater was on inside — and she seemed maybe in her late teens. She also wore a kind smile on her face.

“Hello! How may I help you?” she asked.

“Hi!” Autumn said. “Umm ...” she hesitated again.

“Yes?” Emma said expectantly but not impatiently.

Autumn had made up her mind. There was no going back now. “Can I please look at that brown poodle in the corner?” she asked.

“Of course!” Emma replied. “Just a moment.” She rushed to the back and returned 5 minutes later with a ring of keys. “Let’s see ... did you say you wanted Winter?”

“Oh, is that his name?” Autumn asked.

“Yes, and in my opinion, he is so adorable!” Emma exclaimed. “Most people find him to be ...” she paused. “Interesting.”



The author writes, “My name is Bellis Nieh. I am 10 years old and in 5th grade. Some of my hobbies are taekwondo, drawing, singing, playing instruments, making my own songs, and writing stories. When I go to college, I want to study music.”

Continued on page 4

Autumn was slightly confused by her odd choice of words but decided to let it go.

The next thing she knew, Emma was holding what seemed to be a small brown poof, but it was Winter.

“Aww!” Autumn exclaimed. “He’s so cute!” She paused again as she thought about the consequences that may occur if she adopted the puppy, but she didn’t care. “I’ll take him!”

“Alright! Would you like him ‘to go’ or ‘here?’” Emma asked.

Autumn stared at her questioningly, wondering if she was serious or joking.

Then, Emma said, “You know I’m joking! Or am I?” She gave her a straight face and asked, “Fried, deep-fried, or deep, deep-fried?” The girl laughed loudly, so people started watching them. “Of course! I’ll get him ready in his free carrier!” she said cheerfully. “Oh, and FYI, he’s already done all his tests and shots,” she added. And she disappeared into the back of the counter once more, along with Winter.

‘I got a good deal!’ Autumn thought. ‘Free carrier and all of his tests and shots done already!’

About 10ish minutes later, Emma returned with Winter, and Autumn could not believe her eyes. Winter was all dressed up in a superhero suit! Autumn told Emma ‘thank you,’ then left.

While walking on the slippery, icy ground on the way home, Autumn first realized what could happen if her mom found out. She looked at Winter, then back into her thoughts. ‘I could get grounded!’ she thought. ‘Mom would kill me if she found out! How was I so stupid not to realize that she’s allergic to dogs?’ But she once again looked into the puppy’s longing eyes and decided to keep him. She would just hide Winter in her closet. ‘Her dark, lonely, cluttered closet.’ she thought. He couldn’t possibly live like that. She

couldn’t possibly live like that. She pictured herself rushing to her room after dinner every night, sneaking Winter leftovers. Autumn couldn’t bear the thought of it. Then what should she do? ‘Eureka!’ She had an idea! Instead of hiding Autumn in the closet, she would make a room for him. Autumn’s best friend, Summer, had an older brother who worked as a remodeler! He would know how to create new rooms in a house! If only she could just get her parents out of the house for one day and still be able to oversee the project.

But just as that thought popped into her mind, she found herself standing in her driveway. Autumn panicked. Just then, her mom opened the door. Autumn managed to quickly but carefully lay the dog carrier at the side of the car just as her mom reached her.

Autumn’s mom, Allie, was tall and had long, light brown hair. She had been pregnant at a very young age, but because of how young she was, she and Autumn were more of friends than mother and daughter. She was very kind.

“Back from your ‘hang sesh,’” she made air quotes, “with Summer already?”

“Er, yeah!” Autumn said, trying her best not to look at Winter.

“Did you have fun?” her mom asked.

“Yeah! A lot!” She became less tense and started to talk about her day with Summer. “We went shopping together, then the indoor water park, then we went to her house and painted each other’s nails while we had a chat!”

“Ooh, that sounds fun!” her mom exclaimed. “I wish I could have been there with you. So, what did you guys talk about?” she asked curiously.

Autumn felt like her body all of a sudden heated up.

“We ... uhh ... just girl stuff. It’s not like you need to know. I bet when you were my age, all you talked

about was Whitney Houston like she was Taylor Swift or something.”

Her mom chuckled, “Well, excuse me! For your information, A: Whitney Houston is way better than Taylor Swift, B: I was cool when I was your age, and I still am, and C: I thought you didn’t like Taylor Swift?” She crossed her arms and smiled.

“I don’t,” Autumn replied. “Where’s dad?” she asked.

“Oh, in the garage,” her mom said. “Again,” she added. “He’s fixing that door you broke last week when I accidentally locked you in your room. I should have never signed you up for taekwondo. Now you’re an 8th-degree black belt!”

Autumn stared at her.

“In my defense, I didn’t even know your door had a lock on it!” Allie said.

“So you didn’t realize it after 13 years of living in this house?” Autumn gave her a look. “And it wasn’t a coincidence that after I finally broke free, I found you and Dad downstairs in our wine cellar having a romantic dinner? Oh, and by the way, I’m still mad at you! If you had just told me, I could’ve kept out of your way for at least 24 hours!”

“I know, sorry,” Allie said with a guilty look, still smiling. Then they heard a ding! sound, and she checked her phone. “Your dad just texted that he needs me in the garage, so call me if you need anything.”

“Okay, thanks!” Autumn said, and as soon as her mom closed the door behind her, she rushed to the car. ‘Phew!’ she thought. ‘Winter’s still here!’ She picked up the carrier, rushed to her room with Winter, into her tent, then called Summer.

“Hey!” Summer said over the phone. “What do you need?” she asked knowingly.

“Well,” Autumn said, “I got the dog, Winter, and I was wondering if Kai could help me build a secret room connecting to my closet?”

“For the dog?” Summer asked, surprised. “You must really love him!”

“No, becau... I mean yes ... but —”

“Slow down!” her friend exclaimed. “I can’t tell a word of what you’re saying!”

“Sorry,” Autumn said, finally finding her words. “Yes, it is for the dog, but remember, my mom is also allergic to them.”

“Right,” Summer said slowly. “Then that might be hard for you to keep a secret.”

“‘Might?’ Of course it will!” she said. “And that’s exactly why I need a secret room!”

“Okay then,” Summer said, thinking. “But how?”

“Your brother!” Autumn reminded her.

“Oh, oh, right. Sorry, forgot.”

So Autumn told Summer about her entire plan, from making the room and its design, to how they would do that without Allie knowing. After they discussed the plan, Autumn suggested Summer come over for a sleepover. They pulled an all-nighter setting up the plan. By morning they knew exactly what to do. They were going to build the secret room that day, and to get Autumn’s mom and dad out of the house, Autumn and her friend gave them a 100-dollar gift card for the mall. (Autumn and Summer have a successful business.) Her parents were surely going to be out the entire day! And since it was Saturday, Autumn, Summer, and her brother, Kai, were all free of priorities and ready to start the project. It took several hours of hard work and lots of sweat. They took an hour’s break to eat lunch, then got back to work. By the end of the day, it was complete! The floor was carpeted with soft, fluffy blue,

and the walls were painted rainbow-colored. There was a small couch for Winter to sleep on and even a portrait of him!

“Oh yeah! This feels right!” an unknown voice said. It sounded almost British! But they didn’t know anybody with a British accent, did they?

The three of them jumped and turned to look where the voice had come from. It appeared to be echoing from the room, but the room couldn’t speak, and Winter was the only one in it, so that could only mean

....
“That’s right! I can talk, dudes!” the voice said again. This time, they knew it had come from him.

“You ... you ... what ... huh?!” Summer screamed and jumped back in shock. She sprinted out of the room and started running in circles, so surprised she was unsure where to go.

“What?” Winter asked. “You’ve never seen a talking dog before?”

“No,” Autumn said slowly. “Wait, what? How is this even possible?” But at that moment, Summer’s phone dinged, and then, like a symphony of chimes, so did Autumn’s and Kai’s.

“I just got a news alert,” Kai said, wide eyes. He read the headline out loud:

Dangerous Scientists and Government Officials Searching for Experimental Dog on the Loose

And under that was a picture of Winter. Her dog. A small poodle, light brown with curly, fluffy fur.

They all looked at Winter. He was sitting on a patch of fake grass near a fake fire hydrant that they had placed in his room. “What?” he repeated. “Can’t a dog do his business in peace?”

“Sadly not,” Autumn said quickly, looking back at Kai’s phone. “Experimental dog? Where the heck are you even from?” she asked the poodle.

“You see —” but Autumn cut him off before he could say more.

“You know what, that doesn’t matter,” she said, rolling her eyes, starting to panic again. She showed Winter the picture, hoping that he could read it. Winter lapped water from his yellow dog bowl, then paused and said, “I thought I was going to get away from that life! I thought I was safe when you adopted me! I thought that I was finally going to be free! I thought ...” but he was too speechless to continue.

As Summer calmed down and returned to the room, she shouted at him, “Who are you?!”

“Let’s just say I’m a dog of many faces ... or something like that. Whatever you humans say,” Winter replied. “But all you need to know is that those guys are mad! As in cuckoo!” Now, he started to spin around in circles, eventually landing on his soft floor. “I love this life! Oh, and by the way, thanks for the room! Back at the lab, all I had was a tank full of chemicals, and at the pound, I was living imprisoned in a glass box!”

Autumn thought he seemed like he needed help, and she stepped into the room and sat down on the floor with him. “So, what’s going on? Obviously, we know who you are,” she gestured to the article on the phone. “But, who are they?”

Winter took a deep breath and sighed. “I was a normal dog. I had a family, and our home currently resided on the top of a mountain of trash in a junkyard. Then one day, those evil people took me away from there. I kicked and barked, but it was useless. What seemed to feel like forever later, we arrived at a grassy plain in the middle of nowhere. There was a single cherry tree with only one bundle of cherries. It seemed out of place, and my suspicions proved correct. One of the people dressed in a white suit stepped forward,

Continued on page 7

plucked at the cherries, and then a hole in the ground appeared. A ladder led down to a secret laboratory where I was kept and stuck there for a couple of months. After that, the glass somehow broke during an emergency that happened there. I ran as fast as my small legs could carry me, and then I was swooped up in a net and carried to the pound. And that's my origin story."

They were all silent except for Summer, who was weeping for some reason. "Beautiful," she cried as she wiped her tears. Kai and Autumn glanced at each other, looking both humorous and confused.

"Anyways," Kai said, breaking the silence. "We should probably do something about this issue in case someone finds out we're harboring a doggy fugitive."

"You're right!" Autumn agreed, coming back to her senses. But, just then, they heard a noise at the door. Her parents had arrived an hour ago and were upstairs, working. Who else could be at the door? They all eyed it suspiciously as Autumn remembered something.

"Oh, right! Yesterday, I installed secret cameras at the front door to connect to another secret device, a screen in my closet! We can spy on whoever's at the door!"

"Wow! You did that on your own?" Kai asked, impressed.

"Yeah," she smiled. Their eyes met for a second; then they quickly looked away as the trio rushed to her closet to find a giant screen hidden behind a panel on the wall. Autumn turned it on, and the device showed five tall men in white suits standing there, waiting expectantly for something.

Winter then followed them into the coziness of her closet. He looked up and gasped. "That's them! That's those people!" he shouted.

Once again, Autumn's panic rose, and her heart

started thumping loudly. She felt like passing out.

"What do we do?!" Then after a moment, she realized that she included a security system along with the cameras! Quickly, Autumn started pressing random buttons, and soon everybody was laughing. It had turned into a comedy show, as the strangers fell on the hard, icy pavement and ran away shortly after.

"Phew! That was close!" Kai exclaimed. "Nice job!" he said, praising Autumn again. She blushed but then froze as they heard cracking glass. Her window. They turned to face the window, then, before they knew it, the people were back. They jumped through the window and started rushing towards the teenagers.

"Quick!" Autumn exclaimed. "Get my parents and wait for me upstairs in their office!" They ran off, not looking back, but showed signs of regret for leaving Autumn behind. Luckily for her, she had been preparing for this day if it had ever happened. She swiftly grabbed a large backpack in one of her hampers, grabbed Winter, and then bolted out of the room and up the stairs, the scientists tailing close behind her. Autumn locked the door to the office. She found everybody upstairs, and her parents were thoroughly confused. They looked at the dog, then back at Autumn.

She read their looks and quickly told them, "No time to explain! We have to get out of here!" She hurriedly unzipped her backpack and pulled out a large grappling hook. "Out the window! No buts! Now!" The girl hooked it onto the window sill and jumped out of the three-story house, Winter tucked under her arm.

Everyone else was surprised and reluctant, but as she called out to them from below, the angry white suits got through the door.

"Ahh!" Summer screamed, and without hesitation,

Continued on page 8

she closed her eyes and jumped onto the rope, gracefully sliding to the ground. “That was fun! Could I do it again?”

“No!” everyone shouted. The rest of them slid down the rope to the ground. But where was Kai?! He was grabbed by the shirt collar and yanked back into the room.

“Kai!” Autumn screamed. She climbed back up the rope, determined to get her friend back. He was currently being pinned to the floor by one of the white suits, while the others were searching her room. Without thinking, Autumn jumped off the window sill and kicked the guy’s face. He fell back in pain, and she grabbed Kai by the arm. Out the window, they went, and when the man regained his stability, he tried to grab the hook, but Autumn swung it at his face and pulled it back down as she put it back in her bag. “Car!” she yelled. They were lucky that the garage door had been open and that the white coats hadn’t noticed. “Everyone, back seats! Summer, you sit next to me!” They rushed into the car, then Autumn took the wheel. Everybody around her was perplexed and mortified. She was 14 and driving a car without a license!

“Wait, stop!” her dad shouted, but he was too late. She had already stomped on the accelerator, and they were off. Down the street, they went, and at the pace, Autumn was going at, they arrived at a strange destination in 10 minutes.

“I think we lost them!” she exclaimed and rushed out of the car, the rest following close behind. Autumn took something out of her backpack and pointed it at the car as it vanished. They stopped at a lake for some reason, but Autumn knew what to do. She peeked behind a bush, stepped on a small stone, and an entrance opened up in the lake. “In!” She pointed at the staircase as everyone hurried inside. Autumn ran behind them, and

the door closed. Lights turned on and the secret tunnel became an underground villa! There was a kitchen, bunk beds, a king sized bed, a circular window which peered into the lake, and a table and couch! “We’re safe here!”

“Okay! I don’t know what happened, but it was amazing!” Summer exclaimed.

“When did you learn to drive a car so well?” her mom asked, surprised.

“Why are we here? Where are we?” Kai said, staring at Autumn, his face white.

“Ahhh!” her dad shouted.

“Shh!” they said.

“It’s fine. This place is entirely soundproof!” Autumn said.

Everybody turned to her and continued to bombard her with questions.

“Where did my car go?” her mom screamed.

“EVERYONE, QUIET!” Autumn shouted, making everyone in the room jump back in surprise. “Your car just shrunk and is in my backpack right now, Mom, so calm down. We are currently in a secret safe house under the lake, and here because of whoever those people were. And most importantly, this is Winter,” she held up the dog. “I got him from the pound, and he can talk.”

“And fly!” he added.

“WHAT?!” she shouted as he rose into the air.

“Whoa!” they all said quietly under their breaths.

“Wait a minute? How did you just do that?” Kai asked suspiciously.

Autumn sighed as she sat on the couch, gesturing for everyone to follow her. “I’m an operative, and my supervisors taught me how to drive, and now I can legally do that. Our agency has been keeping an eye on

Continued on page 9

those people for a while, but I'm the first one to have seen them. They don't look very friendly. And one more thing." She grabbed a book on the table before them and opened it. It was hollow and not an actual book. There was a yellow button inside, and Autumn pressed it. A secret door opened up on the floor behind the kitchen counter. There was another flight of stairs, and Autumn got up, went down the stairs, and once again, everyone followed behind. On the bottom were grassy training grounds. Kicking dummies, obstacle courses, every gadget you could possibly imagine, and even a smoothie and slushie bar! As everyone explored in awe, Autumn returned upstairs, pulled out her computer from her bag, and started typing. As she got her phone out too, Winter jumped on her lap when her mom came out.

"Hey, I see you got a dog," Allie said, sitting beside her.

"Right, sorry," Autumn apologized. "I know you're allergic. I'm not sure what I was thinking."

"Actually," her mom said. "I'm not. I lied. It's just that I had an incident with a large dog when I was very young, and I'm scared of them. But I guess not all are that scary." She looked at Winter and petted him.

Autumn stared at her mom, jaw-dropped.

"I'm sorry," her mom said.

"It's okay, I understand," Autumn replied. "But I need to take a call right now with the agency. Could I have a few minutes?"

"Yeah, totally," her mom said, smiling. "I'm gonna go get a drink downstairs!" She walked away, and Autumn picked up her phone. She called her boss and told him about everything. He said he had some stuff to take care of, and would be there in a few hours. In the meantime, Autumn decided that the best idea would

be to start training not only herself but also everyone else. They spent the next few hours working on their kicking and punching techniques, trying out the obstacle courses, and checking out the gadgets. Autumn demonstrated the three obstacle courses for everybody and flew through it in a minute.

Kai stared at her in awe and gave her a round of applause. She smiled, then had everyone else try. 2 hours later, everyone tested the gadgets except for Autumn and Kai. He hadn't gotten a chance at the obstacle course yet. He took off and did well, though he went a bit too fast and fell on Autumn, who was supervising him. They laughed awkwardly and met eyes again but quickly got off the floor and went to the smoothie bar together. Just then, BANG! Everyone rushed upstairs to see the commotion. The white suits were back again. They all peeked out to spy on them, but Summer might have gone too far.

"Hey! You!" one strong-looking thug said, pointing at Summer. All of the other men turned to her.

"M-me?" she asked, terrified.

"Yes, you! Now tell me, where are the others?"

Summer tried her best to act clueless. "What others?"

The man did not believe her and eyed her suspiciously. He started walking to the kitchen counter, his shoes thumping on the ground. The closer he came, the louder it got. Soon, no one could retain their excitement of using their new knowledge of fighting, and they all wildly jumped out.

"Wait! Stop!" Autumn told them, but they were already off. Kai went against the big, bulky dude nearest to the counter. Summer, who was extremely scared, went against another frightened person, a skinny man hiding behind the sofa. Autumn's parents teamed up together to fight one of the men, and

Continued on page 10

Kai took another. Everyone was fighting with their opponent, but Autumn noticed one person left. It was a young woman in the back, just standing there, watching the chaos as if enjoying herself. Autumn assumed she was the head honcho and decided to sneak up on her through a secret entrance next to her. She slipped through and, a minute later, was standing behind the woman. Once there, she kicked her in the back, and the woman fell over, but soon got back up again. Autumn almost took a blow to the face, but in time, Winter came flying in and bit the lady. She stumbled back and exaggerated, saying that she had rabies. Autumn's team had won in minutes, but she forgot about one thing. Her boss was arriving! Only when she saw him descending the stairs did she realize he was coming.

"I see you've gotten it all taken care of?" he said, amused at the sea of people on the floor. "I've brought a guest with me if that's alright." He stepped aside to show the mayor of their city.

"Hello!" he said. "I'm assuming you know my name?"

"Yes, Mayor Dinglehopper," Autumn said quietly, trying her hardest to stifle back her laughs, but she just

had to let out a small giggle.

"I know, my name is quite humorous. It's alright to laugh," he said, looking at the rest of her friends and family, who all started laughing loudly. "Well, I must say, you've done a fine job of taking care of these criminals. We have been trying to find them for ages and never managed to even take a glance at them."

"Thank you, sir," Autumn replied. In her politest voice, she asked him, "And I was wondering, could I keep Winter?"

"The dog?" he asked.

"Yes ... sir."

"I suppose that's alright with me," he said, smiling. "He better be in good hands, though." He gave her a look and laughed.

"Then I guess we'll take it from here now," Autumn's boss said. "A job well done." He ordered the other operatives to take care of the unconscious people.

"Hi!" Summer appeared out of the blue. "I have so many questions to ask you!" He paused to look at her and laughed as Winter suddenly pounced on her.

The End

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Missing

By Charitha Yarlagadda

Sophie paced around the room. Northridge ended at 3:30, thirty minutes after Highland ended. She looked at her watch. It was 8:30. She peeked into the other room, where her distressed parents were talking to a police officer who was taking notes. She heard her mom scream.

“I know my daughter. She wouldn’t just go out with friends for five hours and not text us or tell us about her whereabouts. I don’t care that it doesn’t seem much like a need. In 24 hours, she could be dead!”

The police officer just shook his head. She knew he thought her mom was one of those crazy people who went insane. “I’m sorry, ma’am, but I can do nothing about it. We can only label a person missing if they are gone for 24 hours or more,” he said and left.

Sophie couldn’t believe her ears. Her mom was right. Kelli could be dead in 24 hours, and they needed police help now. She heard her mom shriek and then burst into tears. Sophie’s dad was holding her mom, comforting her, telling her Kelli would be alright, the furrow in his brow creasing even more. He looked over to the room at the end of the hallway, where her 5-year-old brother Alex was sleeping.

“Go to bed, Sophie, my dear.” her mom

said, hugging her good night.

“Good night,” Sophie said. She made her way to her room and jumped onto the bed. What had happened to Kelli? This was so unreal. She wished all of this was just not happening. She suddenly broke into tears. What was happening? Her head echoed with thoughts until she finally drifted off to sleep.

Sophie skipped school the next day. Kelli didn’t show up, so the police had to check in and report her missing. She nervously drummed her fingers. The police would come any minute now. She heard the door open. She smoothed her hair.

“Sophie,” her mom said. “You should try and catch up on schoolwork. Down you go.”

No, Mom, I want to stay. I care. I can help. She wanted to say this so badly. But instead, she headed down. Her mom had enough on her plate. She sat in her chair and pulled out her notebook. It was an elective block, so there was no homework, and Sophie already studied. She could do this. She wrote the list of names she knew from Northridge.

- Sasha Anderson



Charitha Yarlagadda is in 6th grade. She likes playing the violin, swimming, reading, and writing.

Continued on page 12

- Evelyn Harper
- Jaeda Timber
- Deana Jameson
- Cadence Fountain

Was this all the people Kelli knew? Her sister only talked to about five people.

Sasha and Evelyn were her best friends, Jaeda was her lab partner with good science ideas, Deana was Cadence's minion, and Cadence was her sister's enemy. She circled Cadence's name. It might be useful later.

Two weeks later, and no results. Kelli was nowhere to be seen. The police were no help, and her family was devastated. Sophie put on her new uniform. Her skirt was hunter green, and her shirt was a white polo with the school crest. She had a hairband and a hunter-green checkered one on the school website, which fit well with her jet-black hair. She sighed. It was her first day at Northridge Institute of Fine Arts. Sophie, before, never in a million years would've thought she was going to Northridge. But, since it was inquired that Kelli never came out of school, there was value in checking inside the school. So, Sophie signed up. She stepped inside the ginormous school. She quickly headed to the lockers and dropped off her stuff there. Her first period was English with Ms. Lockton. Which, sadly, was on the other side of the school.

Sophie panted as she knocked on the door. The door whirled open, and Sophie quickly hurried to her seat. The teacher didn't even notice. Luckily, Sophie was toward the end. A blonde girl whirled to face her.

"Kelli," she sneered. "You're back. Why did you skip school for so long? Not like I was sad or anything." She faced toward the front of the classroom.

"Cadence," Ms. Lockton called. "Focus."

The blonde girl, who was apparently Cadence, rolled

her eyes.

That makes sense, Sophie thought. One minute into class and Sophie already hated her. Soon the bell rang. Next was science. Sophie let out a small cry. She HATED science. She slinked past the hallways.

"Kelli!" she heard. Sophie swiveled around. She found herself face to face with a girl with long, brown hair and mocha eyes. "Where were you?"

"I'm not Kelli," Sophie said. "I'm Sophie, Kelli's twin sister."

"I knew it!" she shrieked. "Kelli has a birthmark under her eye. I'm Sasha."

"Nice to meet you, Sasha," Sophie said. She knew she had to get to business and find her sister.

"I have something to tell you. Maybe you can help me." Sasha said, twirling her hair. Sophie was not in the mood to get to Sasha's problems. She had her own. "The day when Kelli went missing, she and Cadence had a fight. A BIG fight. So, they both got in trouble. Kelli had to sweep the hallways, while Cadence had to clean the cafeteria after Sloppy Joe Thursday. Me and I were helping her clean up, but we both had to go home. Evelyn went before me, but right before I left, Kelli asked me if she should sweep corridor 6. It's a forbidden corridor, so I said no. But she didn't look so sure. She might have swept it."

"I don't understand," Sophie said. "Why does that matter?"

"You don't get it, do you? Northridge has been missing some students recently, but those have been covered up. Usually, the students we take in don't have anyone to look for or know they're missing, so the police can't go deep. The thing is, after researching, I found out the last place they have all been near was the corridor."

"Kelli HAS a family though," Sophie said. "And the

Continued on page 13

police are searching for her.”

“Another thing you don’t know. Northridge is getting a new facility in one week. That means the police can only search in the current Northridge for only one week.”

“This is leading to something!” Sophie squealed. “We might just find Kelli. Should we meet here after school?”

Sasha nodded. “I’ll bring Evelyn. We can all look for her then.”

After school, Sophie leaned against the hallway. She had texted her parents that she was coming maybe at 7:30 because she was doing a study session with her new friends, Sasha and Evelyn, to make sure they wouldn’t get worried. She saw Sasha, running up to her. A girl with light blonde hair and blue eyes ran beside her, who was probably Evelyn. “So, where’s this corridor?” Sophie said.

“Follow us,” Evelyn said, her voice low. They twisted all over the huge walkway paths, shining with diamonds. They reached a door bolted with wood, construction tape everywhere, trying to be blocked off from the hallway.

“What do we do now?” Sophie asked, exasperated.

“I don’t know,” Sasha said sadly. “Maybe I was wrong. Maybe she went to another corridor, close to this one.” She and Evelyn started walking off.

There was something about this door that caught Sophie’s eye, though. Something that could get them through. Her eyes fixed on the knob. It wasn’t covered with wood, and it didn’t look locked. Was it as simple as that? Sophie took a deep breath and turned the knob. She heard the wood creak, then open. She ran up to Sasha and Evelyn and tapped their shoulders. She signaled to the door. Evelyn suppressed a squeal. They quietly entered.

Sophie felt around for a light switch. As soon as Sasha saw her, though, she immediately pulled her away, causing the two girls to collide. Sasha started twirling her fingers like she was doing a dance with them. Sophie understood, though. In all of the gifted schools in the districts, sign language had to be taught, so even back in Highland, Sophie had learned sign language. Shhh, we don’t know if anyone is here. These people could be kidnappers! Sasha signed vigorously.

Evelyn bobbed her head in agreement.

Okay, okay! I won’t turn on the light, don’t worry. Should we start going forward? Sophie signed. Let’s be careful and precautionary. We have to stick together. Sasha signed. She motioned with her hand to move forward. The three girls tiptoed further on.

A staircase! Evelyn signed. Come on, what are we waiting for? Sophie took a big breath and started quietly descending down the staircase, with Evelyn and Sasha sauntering behind her.

As soon as Sophie hit the last step, something exploded. Bits and pieces flying everywhere, Sophie slammed a wall, face down on the floor. She groaned in pain and tried to get up, but she was sure her arm was broken.

She looked around, Sasha was struggling to get up quietly, and Evelyn looked unconscious. Both had blood on them and looked like they might have broken a bone. Sophie touched her head and brought her fingers to her face. It was blood. She pushed herself off the floor, and as she hurried to Sasha and Evelyn, she felt something come in contact with her face. She landed on the floor with a thunk, and the last thing she heard before she blacked out was, “These kids need to learn how to mind their own business.”

Sophie opened her eyes. She was staring at a white ceiling. She rubbed her eyes. Where was she? She

looked down at her clothing. Hospital scrubs? What? Her memory flooded back to her. She jolted up. She needed to find Sasha, Evelyn, and Kelli and leave! She grunted in pain. Why did her back hurt so much?

She looked beside her. A girl with long, smooth hair was sleeping peacefully on the stretcher beside her. She was a mirror image of Sophie, but one thing that was different, was a birthmark under her eye. She was hooked up to a bunch of machines, snoring quietly.

“Kelli!!!” Sophie shrieked, unable to contain herself. Kelli opened her eyes.

“Sophie! You’re here. I missed you so much. Thank you.” Kelli said, tears spilling out of her eyes.

“What happened? The last thing I remember was hitting the floor with a soft thud.” Sophie said, crying too. Before Kelli had the chance to answer, though, her parents and Alex came running in.

“Sophie! Kelli! You two are awake!” her mom said, sobbing, her eyes red. Her dad held Sophie’s and Kelli’s hands, and his eyes were red, too.

“Mom, what happened? How are we at a hospital?” Sophie asked.

Her mom sighed. “Sophie, your father and I were

worried sick. We were devastated with Kelli and weren’t thinking straight, so when we saw it was 10:30, and you still weren’t home, I couldn’t believe it. I wouldn’t lose both my daughters. I just wouldn’t. So, I called Sasha’s mom, demanding where my daughter was. Sasha’s mom said that Sasha said that they were studying at Evelyn’s house. So, I called Evelyn’s mom, and Evelyn’s mom said that Evelyn told her that you guys would study at our house. We were all worried sick and called the police, showing the proof that both of you had gone missing, and probably at school. The police checked it out, and they found a door that was opened with your fingerprints on it. When they went in, they found a bunch of kids chained and blood on the floor, so they staked out and arrested the people behind it, who were some rebellious people who had a grudge against Northridge but also the board and principal. You guys were hurt and in need of medical care, so that’s how you ended up here.” her mom said.

“I can’t believe it,” Sophie said, weeping, hugging her family. “We’re safe.”

“We are,” Kelli said, smiling. “We are.”

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The Haunted Library

By Akshaj Neil Atluri

Jake saw a glimmering, beautiful building in the distance with the sign “Avelinda High; Home of the Jaguars.” Surrounded by giant glass and concrete buildings that tore the sky, he still couldn’t believe it—he was at Avelinda High on his first day at school. Being one of the top-rated schools in the state of Florida itself, he got pretty lucky to get that note on the day he was about to fly over from his rural North Dakota life. Avelinda High was giant, with Jake’s first reaction, on par with walking into the lobby, was an astounded “What!?!” with a few rapid blinks as if to get something out of his eye that was making him see things. After what seemed like a few minutes of staring at the skylight and the large metal mobile hanging from the ceiling, along with all the trophies the coveted Avelinda Jaguars had won, he started hurrying to his first class of the day, English and language arts, with a pit stop at his new, partially cramped locker.

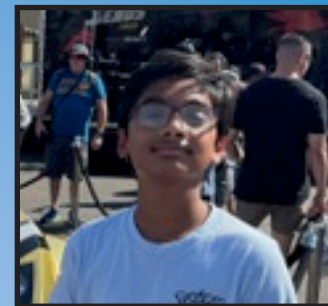
In his class, he found Ms. Linda, his teacher, and the cruel diagram that separates you and your friends, the seating chart. There, he sat next to a kid named Neal, and the two would help each other on small assignments if they were allowed to, which eventually germinated a friendship. About a few weeks after that day, Neal and Jake went about their regular school days, attending all their classes, but the fifth period would

be different. Chemistry, which both friends looked forward to, had been canceled due to an experiment gone wrong, and his class had a free period. Thinking nothing of the incident, he decided to head to the large library near the school’s 2,000-seat auditorium.

The boys were traversing across the vastness of the Edwin Roberts Memorial Library, the famed professional basketball player out of Avelinda High who won four golds in a row at the Olympics and five championships in his 18 years for his only team, the Boston Leprechauns. They would then see a row lined with Chemistry books: Row 66F. Once they walked in, they immediately felt as if something was off. Textbooks and other little books would start being nudged off the shelves and onto the ground, making a loud clunk every time they dropped. The bookshelves would also rattle occasionally, making it feel like the walls could cave in at any moment. Once encountering this odd spectacle, it was easy to spot the friends’ different insights about what could be causing the peculiar sights of Row 66F.

“This ain’t right,” muttered Neal, ensuring no one heard them for the friends’ safety.

“Let’s get the books and dip, ASAP,” Jake



Akshaj Neil Atluri is in 7th grade. He loves to travel, play basketball, read, and play video games. In college, he wants to study business, earn an MBA, or study cardiology and become a cardiologist.

Continued on page 16

whispered to Neal.

They would then scour the shelves as quickly as they could and booked it out of the library. Later, during the next day's early drop-off time, where the students could study, play, read, make-up quizzes, and all other activities of the like, the boys saw their classmate, Sarah, whom the boys were good friends with, sitting with the looks of boredom in her eyes. The boys, thinking about their incident yesterday and wanting to share it with someone, consulted her. After about 15 minutes of interesting conversations, they devised a plan, as Sarah shared their curiosity and interest. That evening, after arranging a time with their parents to meet up at Jake's house, they then devised a plan, which sounded a little something like this:

"So first, we've gotta get there and look around the area and see if we can find the cause from there, and then we—" said Jake.

"Like duh, what do you think we're gonna do, dive headfirst into the row of ghosts or something?" interrupted Neal.

"Stop, and just listen to him, you—" Sarah intervened calmly, unlike the other two boys.

"As I was saying, after that, we're going to figure out how the rattling's sound waves and the sine function of said wave corresponds to how—" Jake continued.

"I've got an idea," Neal sarcastically said, not wanting to hear Jake go on and on about things he saw in the back of their math textbook for the year. "Why don't we just wing it?"

A wave of realization and agreement pervaded Jake's bedroom, and the kids set off the next day during early dropoff time towards the giant Edwin Roberts Library, passionately called the "EdRo" by Avelinda's students, to face the haunted aisle. As they approached the row lined with chemistry books, they walked in only to see the same result as last time. They immediately ran out of the row and

over to the computers to discuss what they had seen in their scouting trip, which lasted two seconds.

"Look, I feel like I heard some rattling coming from above us, which is kinda weird, but—" started Sarah, the one who obviously had more common sense of the group.

"My sine theory is definitely working, and I want any of you to try and dispro—" Jake cut in.

"Man, we really have to stop interrupting each other, but I feel like Sarah might be right," Neal intervened.

"Alright, let's go one more time," Sarah said.

Row 66F was in a rather odd spot, positioned right under an air vent that closed the row for maintenance and reopened a few days before the incident happened. The group heading back with the mantra "Third time's the charm, we think at least" would support their remarkable quest. Once in the middle of the row, the boys realized that, as they listened closer, the rattling of the books and shelves was still present; the group would then look up to see that air conditioner vent, which, after angling their ears towards the AC, seemed to hear an odd rattling noise. After running out of the row, which would have looked like a chaotic game of tag to any bystander who didn't know what was happening, the friends asked Ms. Watson, the old yet caring librarian, what was happening.

"Hey, Ms. Watson," asked Sarah. "Is the air conditioner above Row 66F undergoing repairs?"

"Oh, some workers showed up and said they would turn the vent's power up by a bit to test the filter," replied Ms. Watson.

"Oh!" replied the kids, all in unison.

"Welp, looks like we solved this one, even though it was a kinda boring result," remarked Sarah.

The kids then walked out of the library after giving their books to Ms. Watson, and came out of the "EdRo" laughing and discussing how they would tell their parents what they had found.

Strengths

By Jasintha Saravanan

It was summer, and the forest was hot and restless. At night, the moonlight shone through the dense trees. The trees stood tall and proud, and the animals moved at their own pace. The breeze rustled through the plants, and the air carried sweet and earthy scents. It was peaceful, and in this forest, there was a firefly. She was loud and entertaining. Though small, the firefly had many friends. At night she aided her friends, and ensured they had good sleep. However, one night, she noticed the full moon shone down with praise. The Moon's beam illuminated everything in a soft glow. Every day for a week, she tried to outshine the moon. However, it had never worked, even with the moon waning. She soon was filled with envy and thought to herself that no one could see her glow with the moon so high and bright. She was filled with remorse, and self-pity, and envy, and spite, and desire and bitterness. It overwhelmed her, and she accidentally bumped into the wise turtle when flying towards her home after helping her friend that night. The turtle noticed her envy and asked what troubled her. Out of her frustration, she burst into tears and replied, "I can't outshine the moon however hard I try."

Listening to this, the wise turtle smiled and answered, "The moon lights the sky, keeping the stars in peace. However, you light this forest, keeping us in peace. You make sure we're warm."

After that interaction, the firefly realized that every light has a purpose, and everyone has unique strengths and roles.



Jasintha Saravanan is a middle school student in Arizona. She loves to express herself through writing and music. She likes to read Young Adult Fantasy Fiction and enjoys spending time with her friends.

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My Not So Amazing Day Volunteering for Middle School

By Shreya Bansal

“Are we starting soon?” I asked, ready to get started. “We’ve been waiting for so long.”

“It’s been three minutes,” my friend said, giving me a look of derision. I painfully listened to the instructor tell us how to direct people until we were finally let out of the room. I thought this would be an easy volunteer for the school, and everything would go smoothly. Boy, was I wrong, but I didn’t know that yet. I walked with my backpack to the cafeteria and found a table big enough to fit the volunteers helping out. The instructor told us to get everyone’s attention, and there were many people. One of the volunteers tried getting people to listen, but it didn’t work as much because she needed to be a little louder. Eventually, I got fed up with it, so I projected my voice very loudly, causing people to pay attention. Shouting, “LISTEN UP” in an enclosed room catches people. All of the volunteers were people I knew and were mutual with. She told people what to do and emphasized that everyone should stay quiet and pay attention to their names. Also, if I didn’t mention, this event was for people trying

out for a debate club, meaning preparing a speech.

It had gotten very loud since some people were practicing, so we told them to quiet down. We were having difficulty getting people to listen, so we reminded them again to keep the volume down. One of the volunteers and I called people for their tryout time. We had to walk around and ask people who they were. It was an entertaining job because we had a list of people who showed up and didn’t show up, meaning that some people were late to their spot and they couldn’t do anything about it.

Some of the volunteers were very tired, so they went home. Honestly, I was feeling exhausted, too. One of the lunch ladies saw that we were super tired, and she brought out some free snacks! They were chocolate muffins, and they were also melty and chewy at the same time. This helped because many cranky, nervous kids were waiting for their tryout time to finally get a snack. I graciously ate that muffin. It was such a pain reliever for my voice when calling people.



Shreya Bansal is a 7th grader. She likes to spend time with her dog and to do fun activities such as baking once in a while. Her poems and stories have also been published in Scribbler Literary and Arts Magazine.

Continued on page 19

It had gotten deafening after the amazing snack from the lunch lady, so we asked them to quiet down again. Some people were being distracting to others and fooling around. I went up to them to tell them that they were too loud. All they did was give me a side eye and sat down. I went back to our table and had a moment with myself. I breathed and sat on the table briefly to calm myself. It seriously works, and it gives me more motivation. The remaining people in the room were so loud it burst my eardrums, but I ignored it since I didn't want to yell. The noise got louder and louder and louder until my friend lost it completely.

“WE HAVE ASKED YOU MULTIPLE TIMES TO STOP TALKING. WE MADE THE EXPECTATIONS VERY CLEAR AT THE BEGINNING! YOU GUYS DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO BE

SCREAMING NAMES AT THE TOP OF OUR LUNGS AND STILL BEING SILENCED. YOU GUYS NEED TO STOP TALKING BECAUSE THEN IT WILL BE YOUR FAULT FOR NOT HEARING YOUR NAME. DON'T MAKE ME YELL AGAIN!”

She was fuming, and the crowd was in shock. Everyone looked either shocked or terrified. The message was clear: stop talking and start listening. From that point on, the room was very quiet. As more and more people left the room for their tryout, it got quieter. The silence lasted until everyone was gone, and the volunteers could go home. Even though everyone was exhausted, they all stayed for donuts. I mean, who wouldn't?

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Rainy Days

By Minzi Kim

Night rain, oh so lovely
Calming me with satisfaction
Tap tap tap
Tap me down to sleep

With you, I will always smile
And shine in the dark with no sunlight
So go on and pour all you want

Now that it's raining more and more
Let's go out and tap tap tap
Tap dance away with a smile on our face

You make me think of my favorite song
Rainy Days
Now the rain has gone away so quickly
Time with you was amazing
I wish I knew the way right back to you

It can rain again
I'll open all my doors for you
Don't tell me it's already over
Just do it again

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The poet writes: "Hello. My name is Minzi Kim, and I am in 7th grade. I love sports, such as golf and swimming, and I recently discovered a love of volleyball. I also enjoy drawing and writing poems, so I decided to share them with you all."

Ode to a Frayed Charging Cord

By Leonardo Encinas

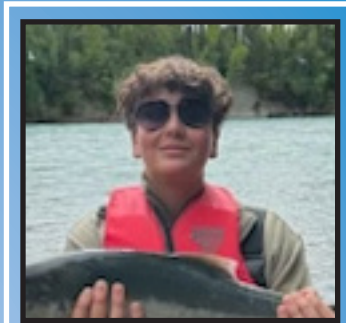
Oh, old and frayed charging cord,
You're like a hero with a sword.
Even though your wires are thin,
You still help us power up within.

Your plastic's cracked, and your ends are torn,
But you still make our gadgets warm.
Through all the twists and every bend,
You keep our screens to not expend.

We yank and pull and sometimes tug,
But you still charge without a shrug.
Even though you're worn and frayed,
You're still super cool and well-made.

So don't come undone,
You've got a job; keep having fun.
Through every snag and every tear,
You're still the best, beyond compare.

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The poet writes: "My name is Leonardo Encinas, and I am in eighth grade. My hobbies are playing basketball, hiking, and going on bike rides."

The Octopus and The Turtle

By Mingyu Kim

There was a small aquarium a few blocks down from where I lived. It was a cozy, one-room affair with blue walls and a white tile floor. The lights were a warm yellow, and I imagined the animals enjoyed living in their aquariums. I never met the owner, but the tanks were clean and well-kept whenever I stopped by, so somebody must have maintained the facility. Although the glass bubbles of water contained a lot of strange marine life, I often visited the turtle and the octopus. They were two peculiar creatures, almost human-like in their actions.

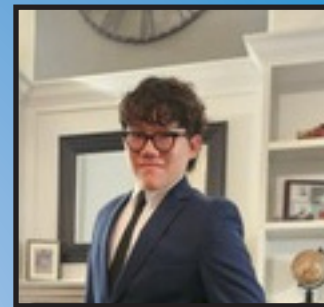
The turtle was probably the least exotic being in the room; it was a small, fairly average turtle that swam in its pool and sunned out on the plastic rocks of the tank. However, watching the turtle gave me a sense of pride in such a small being that worked so hard. Every day I visited the aquarium, the turtle tended to the kelp growing in one corner of the tank and nibbled at any dust or gunk that may have formed in its home. The turtle's work wasn't always perfect, and sometimes it seemed to choose to take the day off and sit on the rocks, but overall, the turtle's efforts to fix up the world it lived in were endearing to me. Maybe the turtle wanted

to see its home become beautiful, like how we clean our rooms and sweep the patios even if nobody is coming over.

The octopus was, on the other hand—or tentacle, I suppose—the strangest creature in the aquarium. It could traverse land for short amounts of time and jump from tank to tank for food. In contrast with the turtle, the octopus hungrily lived its life; if it were human, I don't think I would want to be friends with it. Never had the octopus tended to any of the tanks as the turtle did lovingly, nor did it stay in one tank for more than a single day. Its life was led by animalistic greed, feeding off the turtle's labor, but the turtle was too absorbed in its delightful work of tending the kelp garden to notice.

One day, like any other, I visited the aquarium to see how my two marine acquaintances were doing and walked into a scene I could never have imagined. The tanks were gathered into a small circle, with each tentacle of the octopus suctioned onto a different tank. The main body of the octopus bellied downward in the center point, each tentacle spanning a slimy radius to each tank. On top of the octopus's head, the turtle lay dry and

Continued on page 23



Mingyu Kim is a 10th grader. His hobbies are writing stories, competing in speech and debate, and spending time outdoors with his Boy Scout troop. He has also been published in Scribbler Magazine and Ink & Feather Literary and Arts Journal.

rough, its beak full of the octopus's flesh. As I stared, the back door swung open, and a short woman lugged a bucket and a mop into the room.

"Hello ... what's happened here?" I asked.

The woman glanced at me sharply for a few seconds, an unknowable expression in her eyes. She shrugged wordlessly and began cleaning up the watery mess on the floor. I watched her silently for a moment, wondering if I should ask again or not. The woman's mop swished to a stop briefly, and, without looking at me, she gestured towards a room in the back. I thanked her and awkwardly moved around the tanks into the back room, which turned out to be a tiny office with a desk, a computer, and a half-finished mug of coffee next to a worn leather mousepad. The old desk chair sighed as I sat at the desk and looked towards the computer screen. A paused security camera recording from last night filled the screen. I clicked the play button. The computer whirred as the video played a bewildering sequence.

Sometimes, when my life feels tumultuous, I remember that recording and the events that supposedly

happened overnight. I'd never drawn a full conclusion for myself, but whether the turtle was trying to save or kill the octopus always permeated the edges of my consciousness. No matter their goals, both animals died that fateful night, the octopus from its desire to leach from eight tanks at once and the turtle from reasons unknown to me or anybody, for that matter. Maybe that woman in the aquarium knew, but I never saw her or the aquarium again. A couple of days after I walked in on that scene, the entire aquarium had disappeared, with the building converted to a warehouse shortly afterward. I guess it'll be a mystery to ponder that aquarium and its strange animals.

I stood up from my breakfast table, where I'd been thinking about the aquarium again. On my way to work, I drove past the same old stores and restaurants I'd seen my entire life. As I turned the corner, I was surprised to see a new store where the old convenience store used to be. It was an aquarium.

My conclusion, dear reader, is don't be greedy and stuff.

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Neighborhood Gossip

By Cindi Reiss

Dog told me a secret
about Catty down the street.
He caught her reading Shakespeare.
to the man with giant feet.

*Oh, that is silly, I told him,
We all know cats can't read
and the man with giant feet
only speaks in Snead.*

*No, you're wrong, said Dog.
The secret is now out.
The man with giant feet
speaks Snead, Horse and Snout.*

*Well, I had no idea
that the man was so tri-lingual.
Must be his giant feet,
two of mine equal his single.*

*Well, that could be, said Dog.
His knowledge is quite rare.
He evens speaks in Rabbit
To Mr. and Mrs. Hare.*

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Cindi Reiss' writing journey shifted from skits and programs during her career as a clown and actor to poetry that has fun with rhyme on some days then delves into memoir pieces on others. Her poems have been published in Paradise Review; Inkwell 2022 Anthology, "Roots, Shoots and Blooms"; ASPS 2022 Sandcutters; Haiku Expo: Arizona Matsuri; Phoenix Oasis Press, "Beyond Boundaries: Tales of Transcendence." Cindi is President of Phoenix Writers Club, which will celebrate its centennial in 2026 and welcomes writers of all genres. She has lived in Phoenix for 48 years but still considers herself a Jersey girl at heart. Her husband, three children, two sons-in-law, four grandchildren and 120-pound granddog keep her grounded in the Arizona desert.

New Kid in Class

By Cindi Reiss

Rabbit said my hair's too brown,
the color of chocolate ice cream.

But Dog, who sits behind me,
said Rabbit's just being mean.

Skunk snickered at my smelly lunch,
tuna and mayo on white.

But Cat thought it looked quite tasty
and asked to have a bite.

Roadrunner raced around the track
to practice for the relay.

He asked if I would join the team,
but Parrot squawked, *No way!*

*Her legs are short and kind of stout,
her arms hang from her sides.*

Her feet are larger than my head.

These things I can't deny.

Then Owl flew in, his eyes quite wide,
his voice was low and booming.

*Now listen here, you silly snipes,
this girl is only human.*

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A Call to Writers for The Blue Guitar Jr.

Open to children and teens who write
and to adults who write
for children and teens

The Blue Guitar Jr. magazine seeks literary submissions for its next annual issue for children and teens. Submissions from children and teens and adults who write for children and teens are sought by Oct. 1, 2025, in all genres — fiction, poetry, plays, creative nonfiction — all geared to appeal to youthful audiences. Writers must submit original work and must live in Arizona (no AI-generated works). Simultaneous submissions will be accepted, but the writer must notify the magazine as soon as possible if the work is accepted elsewhere. It is free to submit, and submissions may be made in multiple genres. Please include your name and the best way to contact you on your submission. To submit or for further information, e-mail Editor Rebecca Dyer at rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org. For additional information, visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.

A Call to Artists for The Blue Guitar Jr.

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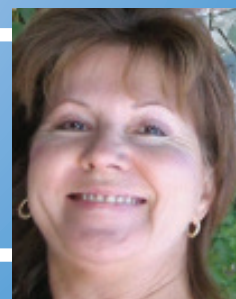
Elena Thornton, publisher: Founder and president of The Arizona Consortium for the Arts, Elena is an educator, artist and poet and lives in Phoenix. Reach her at info@artizona.org.

Rebecca Dyer, co-editor: A Tucson native, Rebecca is a poet, journalist and teacher residing in Mesa with her husband, Rick, her Blue Guitar co-editor. Reach her at rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org.



Richard H. Dyer Jr., co-editor: Richard (married to Rebecca, above) is the managing editor for seven monthly newspapers and websites in the East Valley, a photographer and a welded-steel sculptor. Reach him at richarddyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org.

Marjory Boyer, cover design artist for The Blue Guitar Jr.: Marjory, of Scottsdale, is an award-winning artist, muralist and an acrylic-painting instructor. Her biography and contact information are available at mboyerart.com.





*Blue Guitar Jr.
will return in
2025!*

*“Things
as they are
are
changed
upon
the
blue guitar.”*