

THE FIRST EVER...

GOLDEN GAZETTE



CAITLIN HAWE-NDRIO

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COMMUNITY MAGAZINE

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A decorative laurel wreath made of two black feathers with white outlines, arching over the top text.

GOLDEN GAZETTE

CHILDREN'S
SECTION

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ADVENTURE HOP: TEAM OF HEROES

BY: DAVID MARLEY

Chapter 1.

In a distant land, a land very far away, there was a town named Buckleville, and in that town lived a bunny named Hop. And in her house, there was Oh! Such Noise! Now Let's get this book started and dive into what Uncharted.



BY
ELIA CAMPBELL,
GRADE 3



DEARLY, THE DEAR
BY ARIANA "CHI CHI"
CHIARAMONTE, AGE 4

Chapter 2.

Hop was having A party. All you could hear from the houses Above, from Tickle hill was hop and her friends Hopper, cotton tail and flopsy and you could not forget Hop's amazing brother foxy all partying the day away but suddenly the ground shook. They could hear loud thumps and beeps. But what could it be?



ADVENTURE HOP: TEAM OF HEROES

BY: DAVID MARLEY, AGE 9



BY
ELIA
CAMPBELL,
GRADE 3

Chapter 3.

“UMMMMH Guys!” foxy said while looking out the window. Foxy could not believe his eyes! But when Everyone else looked out the window they saw a... ULTIMATE GIGANTO ROBOT! [bought from the store.] “SOMEBODY BOUGHT A GIGANTO ROBOT FROM THE STORE AND MADE IT GIGANTIC AND ULTIAMTE!” screamed Hop. “Oddly specific But true.” Said foxy. They had no time to think though, they had to turn into the 5 true heroes. Their Names? They are “Flame Bun”, “Spring Bunny”, “True Ears” and “Tsunami Tail” and they were going to save the town.

Chapter 4.

They stepped outside and they immediately saw rockets flying high above the sky. They knew that the Robot was near, in fact, it was right next to their house. Then, they knew that it was time for FINAL FIGHT.



BY
JOSEPHINE
DEMPSTER,
AGE 4



ADVENTURE HOP: TEAM OF HEROES

BY: DAVID MARLEY, AGE 9

Chapter 5.

Once the robot had spotted them it had entered “Destroyer of worlds” mode and started to stomp towards them. “Um, Hop? THERE IS A GIGANTI ROBOT STOMPING TOWARDS US! Should we run?” asked Foxy. “No!” Hop responded. “I KNOW DUMMY I WAS BEING SARCASTIC!” said Foxy. But they had no more time to talk because... the giant robot had slammed its massive fist into the ground!

“Whoa! Be careful mister giant!” said Flopsy. So, while the robot was distracted cottontail hit the robot with her tsunami wave and the robot

short-circuited! But Cottontail got smacked into the hard ground. “Guys we defeated the robot!” yelled Flopsy. But Hop checked in on Cottontail. “Cottontail, are you okay?” Hop asked. No response. “Cottontail?” Hop asked again. Once again, no response. “GUYS COTTONTAIL ISN'T RESPONDING!” Hop yelled. “What do we do!?!?” Foxy yelled back at Hop. “He can't do anything, but I can...” a mysterious voice said coming out of the robot's stomach. “Who are you? What can you do?” responded Hop. “I can help if you do something for me..” said the mysterious voice. “Anything please just help!” Hop



BY
JULIA KILLION,
AGE 4

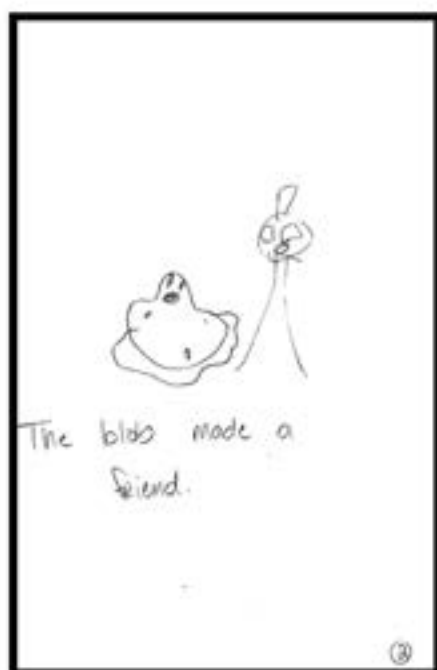
responded. And that's the end of the story SO FAR...

CONTINUED IN ADVENTURE HOP TEAM OF SUSPICION



THE BLOB

BY: LEO JOHN DELUCA, SECOND GRADE



THE BLOB

BY: LEO JOHN DELUCA, SECOND GRADE



TREE POEM

BY: HAZEL STOFFERAHN, AGE 8

Maple trees standing tall and red
Leaves waving in the gentle
breeze
Falling to the ground, making a
bed
Getting ready for the winter
freeze



ZHARA'S FAMILY

BY: ZHARA DALEY, AGE 7



Once there was a
girl and a mom and
a dad. The girl
loved her mom and
dad.

The End





GOLDEN GAZETTE

TEEN'S

SECTION

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POEM

BY: AMANDA APPLETON

Walking alone on the empty street
No one to hear me, no one to meet

The shadows try to speak to me
Whispering through the soft evening breeze

With not a soul to listen or stare
I sing into the summer air

A gentle song that nobody will know
This melody is mine, I'm all alone

As the words escape my lips
The fabric of the universe rips

Walking among the glittering stars
Everything now feels so far

The world seems still more beautiful and dear
When nobody even knows I'm here

Only the grass, the flowers and trees
Can see me when I'm really 'me'

The sidewalk seems to go on forever
Until it ends, I can't be severed

From the symphony of the birds and the wind
And my own voice tangled within

This state of happiness, calm and peace
Makes me never want to leave

So one day, when the air is cold
When the street is cracked, abandoned
and old

And nobody remembers my name
I'll sing to the world all the same



ANONYMOUS



THE HIDDEN WORLD: A PREVIEW

BY: ARYA S. CAMPBELL, GRADE 5

Chapter 1

I had waited all my life for today. Today, I was finally going to the other side. The side of evil and villains. I was desperate to get out of my side. The side of smiles and heroes. The life on this side was corny and boring. But no one agreed. Everyone thought this side was safe and cozy. But today, everything would change.

My father was the first to tell me. When I told him I thought I didn't belong, he suggested I was from the other side. He told me all about the place. About how there was no pink, no heroes, and no screens. In the other world, the floors creaked and they used typewriters. Then, he told me about the chosen kids. The other world chooses 2 kids from this world every 10 years to even out the population. The 2 chosen kids would forever live in the other world. And today, I was going to be chosen.

The other side had powers to tell which kids from here should go to the other world. They selected the ones they thought would fit best. I just knew they would pick me.

I wait until midnight, that's when they pick up the chosen kids. My mother thinks I'm asleep, my father thinks I'm waiting until midnight. He is correct. I check my watch, 11:59. One more minute until I leave this world forever. I open my window. The cool winter air blows my black hair behind me. Suddenly, 5 kids appear behind me. "You're coming with us," they say. I stare at them. Why kids? How are they trusted enough? But my excitement overpowers that. I'm finally getting chosen!

They lead me down the stairs and out the door of my house. They lead me into a carriage and drive me to a bridge I never knew was there. Under the bridge was ice cold brown water. About halfway across the bridge, we stop and get off. We walk to the edge of the bridge and stop. "Hold your breath," one of the kids says. Just as I'm about to ask what they mean, I plunge into ice cold water.

The water is the coldest thing I've ever experienced. I think I've gotten frostbite all over me. Suddenly, one of the kids grabbed me and pulled me underwater. My eyes closed, I felt more cold water on my face. Then, the coldness goes away. I open my eyes and find I'm in a dark corridor walking alongside 10 kids and another chosen kid. "Welcome to the Side of Evil," one of the kids says. I can't say anything to match my excitement. (To be continued...)



THE WHITE RABBIT

BY: MEERA MUNUSAMY

The boy stood up against the wind, feet planted firmly on the metallic bleachers, stormy gray eyes matching the stormy gray sky. Emotions waged war inside of him. He was trying to regain control, control that was being ripped from him. Destruction was inside, trying to escape. It was tempting, ever so tempting to give in and let his emotions run free upon the earth. To lose control and be free from reality. Life was a misery for the boy, and he longed to be free. It wasn't a choice any longer. Both options would do away with his sanity, but if he was going to lose it, he would spend his final moments relishing the wildness that he so desperately needed. He relinquished control, and smiled, the first smile he had smiled in months.



From then on, the miserable blond boy that everyone had ignored disappeared. When he had given up, his face had taken on an unearthly look. He was completely tranquil, gazing into the distance. It only lasted a second. Those gray irises took on a red hue. He smiled once again, but it was a terrifying smile, one that you would see on a serial killer enjoying the thrill of the blood. He took a step, a wild, animal-like step, and dove off of those bleachers. His head scraped the side and he began to bleed, relishing the pain, craving more of it. He hit the ground laughing and rolling around in a pool of scarlet. Broken glass scraped his arm, and still he laughed. The pain increased, agony rolling over him, and still he laughed, cackling with delight. Pain was what fueled him, what he lived for, and what he constantly longed for.

The deities looked down from the heavens and saw the boy, with his destructive power. They saw him in all his glory, and recognized the threat he was to the mortal world. They had to do something to stop him, or he humankind would cease to exist. It was only a matter of time.



THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT.)

BY: MEERA MUNUSAMY

Rain began to pour from the heavens, and lighting cracked open the sky. The boy howled with delight as his fresh wounds began to painfully sting under the torrent of cold water. A rolling mass of darkness appeared on the horizon, and he grinned, anticipating what was to come. Daemons ran towards him, the deities' fiercest allies, prepared to destroy what the boy had become.

The first surge of daemons approached the boy, trying to kill him. They assumed that a mortal such as him would be easy to kill, assumed that pain would be the weapon they could use against him. They soon realized how wrong they were.

The boy was an unstoppable force. The daemon's claws raked against his skin, and he laughed, reveling in the pain. The destructive power that lived inside of him channeled his emotions outward. Pain was the most dominant one, and the daemons were horrified at how much agony a single mortal could inflict. Their claws raked against his skin, and still he cackled, his red eyes blazing and blond hair tinted pink with rain and blood. Daemons dropped to their knees, taking their last breaths in the shadow of the mortal they thought they could so easily defeat. They begged for mercy, pleaded with him to stop the bombardment of agony, but he wouldn't. Pain poured out of him in rolling waves of red, until he was standing by himself in a field, covered in blood from multiple bodies, and laughing.

The deities looked down at him in horror. A mortal that was undefeatable was unheard of. They debated over what was to be done. Some suggested leaving him there, an idea that was immediately vetoed. The consensus was that they had to kill him, but how? There was one last daemon, whom they decided to send down to earth. If it failed, then they were all in great peril.

In the field, the boy paused his laughter. A white rabbit looked at him curiously. He was surprised. In the face of the innocence that lay before him, the child began to return. His eyes returned to their silvery hue, and the animal-like movements that he once performed were replaced by a state of stunned confusion. He didn't look at the blood that surrounded him. He stared at the pile of fluffy innocence that lay before him. Then the rabbit lunged forward. It transformed mid-leap, taking the form of the daemons that the boy had previously fought. As it disembowled him, the boy stroked it, imagining the soft white fur that it used to have. He wondered if the rabbit was alone as well, and if he was the first to care enough to stroke its fur. Then he died. He died, but it wasn't a full death. Shards of consciousness remained, able to sense the rabbit gruffly burying his body, which was barely



THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT.)

BY: MEERA MUNUSAMY

functional. The deities looked down from the heavens and smiled at their little white rabbit, their fluffy little puppet who skipped away from the grave.

As the boy lay there, grass caking his wounds, he began to cry. He cried because he was lonely, and because no one cared enough to tend to his wounds. Pain was all he had left. He cried because pain was the only thing anyone had left for him, the only one that would care enough to embrace him. Everyone had already left him on this lonely, desolate earth. Pain took the place of the love that he didn't have anymore. He cried because the world was glad that he had died. He cried because the white rabbit that had killed him hadn't cared enough to place a single flower on his grave.

SEASONS

BY: SOFIA A. RUBCICH

Pink noses, red roses, trembling in the cold

Once solid, a trickling stream flows through the waking meadows

Tea sipping, rain dripping, flowers in sidewalk cracks

Smiles as bright as the hot, new sun appears on the faces

Radiating heat, bright and sweet, sunsets on the beach

Suddenly leaves are turning, and cold air's yearning, sweaters here to stay

Pumpkin patches open latches hot lattes melt my lips

Then the frigid air comes back, winter once again.



TAB PROGRESSIVE POEM

BY: TEEN ADVISORY BOARD

Teen Advisory Board
Where no one's ever bored
A ton of new ideas
We always have in store
We get together once a month
There's always room for more!

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for information on how to join TAB!

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**Email your submission to
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TEEN ADVISORY BOARD EDITORS



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GOLDEN GAZETTE

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A LETTER TO MY CHILD (YUSUF)

BY AISHA MUNIR

I cannot promise you infinite joy, my love
nor can I promise you everything you desire,
but I promise to help you in every step of life,
I promise to act as your shield whenever you need me.

I won't promise you that you won't fall,
but I will be there to catch you.

I can't promise you the mountains,
but I can promise you wings.

I can't promise you that you won't ache,
but I will be there to put a salve on your wound.

I can't promise you that you won't bleed,
but I will be there with a needle to sew your wounds.

I can't promise you that the world won't hurt you
but I promise to mold your heart out of gold.

I can't promise you that you won't drown,
but I will be there as a lifeboat.

I can't promise you that you won't crash,
but I will be there to pick you up.

I can't promise you that you won't lose your way,
but I will be there as your road.

I can't promise you victory,
but I can promise you courage, faith, and hope.



CAITLIN HAWE-NDRIO

My love,
the world is not kind,
but I will pour all the kindness I can into you.
the world is dark, but I will brighten you up.

Remember that your mother will always be
by your side
like a shadow whenever you need her.

Love,
Mommy



POEM 2

BY AISHA MUNIR

Hope gently knocked on my door
“come my love,” he said,
“I’ve come to take you back home.”

For a moment I couldn’t speak
was I that special
that hope came for me.

I looked at despair from afar
he smiled and said,
“Go. You’ve held on for so long”.

I held back the tears
that were piling in my eyes
why did hope come back
when I thought he said goodbye.

Holding back the confusion
I sobbingly said,
“but what about the monsters screaming in
my head
they call me useless and there’s nothing
much I can do
I’ve barely made it here
and you expect me to push through?
I’m tired
don’t you see
I’ve lost so many battles
that now I’ve given up on me”.

“How can I leave you?” hope shook his head.
“you’ve put yourself through all that pain
you should’ve looked inside
I was pulsing through your veins.”



CAITLIN HAWE-NDRIO



THE WORLD FOR A JEWEL

BY ETHAN GROSS

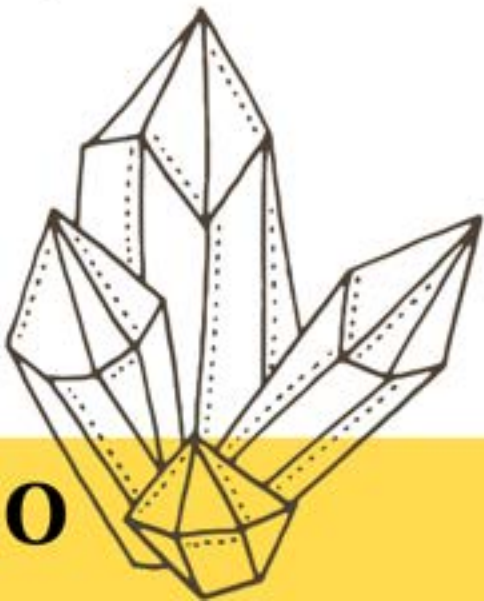
What would you trade for a diamond worth a thousand worlds? How far would you go for wealth beyond your wildest imagination? What would you sacrifice? Who would you betray?

Many have attempted to answer these questions but we'll never hear their answers. The Comet's Heart is hidden beyond a wild asteroid belt, far beyond Pluto. The distance isn't the problem however. The problem is getting to it. The asteroid belt is chaotic and near unpredictable in the patterns of the asteroids. Beyond that is the planet the jewel rests on. It's only about the size of our moon but it's gravity is twice that of Earth's. If you manage to land, a difficult task given how dark it is, it's time to contend with the freezing temperature. With only a little light from nearby stars making it through the belt, the atmosphere can drop as low as -40 degrees Celsius.

For the sake of argument we'll say you've gotten this far, and your suit is able to keep your body at a reasonable temperature. Now all you have to do is find the Heart. Where is it? Well given that we're talking about our generation's equivalent of The Holy Grail, I'm sure you can assume that no one has been quite sure. Some claim to have seen it through the belt just sitting on the surface, others theorize it would be placed in the darkest region of the planet to keep it hidden. These are fine explanations, though incorrect. The reason the Heart has been so hard to pin down is because we've been thinking about it all wrong. The Heart doesn't reside on the planet, it IS the planet."

A bell rings and everyone begins collecting their things. Dr. Perron sighs and smiles.

"Don't forget everyone, we have a test next Wednesday on the history of the space program. Chapters two and three will give you all you'll need."



He walks to his desk and sits down. After the students shuffle out, he notices one person still seated. Her hand was raised and she sat patiently with a gleam in her eyes. He chuckles softly.

“You don’t need to wait for me to call on you once the bell rings.”

The young woman stood quickly.

“Dr. Perron, is all that true? Is there really a planet made of solid diamond?!”

“Yes there is.”

She picks up her bag and makes her way to his desk, almost tripping in her excitement. Dr. Perron looks her over, honestly just trying to remember her name. It was still early in the semester, but he never liked asking for a reminder.

“I don’t know if you remember me, but I was in your astrological geology course last semester and it was my favorite class. “

Dr. Perron strokes his chin for a moment.

“Ah yes, Ms. Devron! Yes I remember. If I recall, you had the highest grade in the class.”

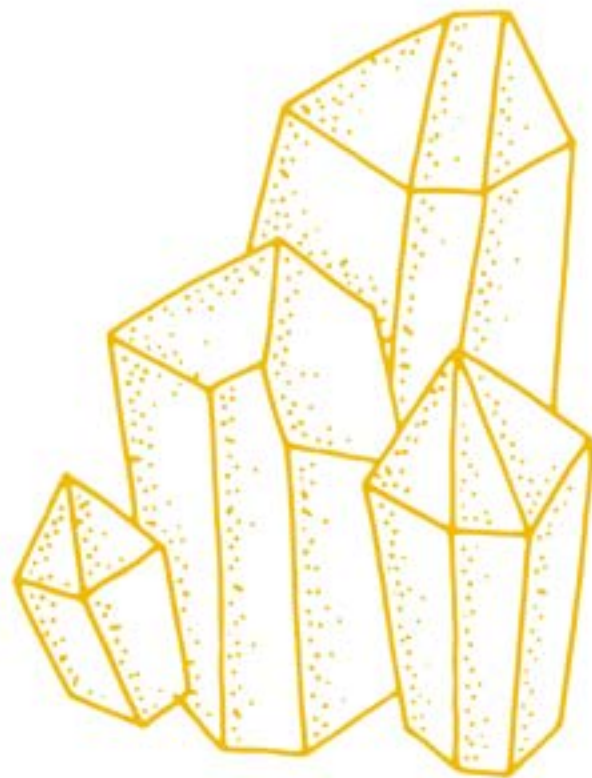
She beams.

“Yes sir! Ace’d every test! Alicia Devron is no slouch!”

“Well it’s a pleasure to have you again. So you’ve got a great interest in the myths of our galaxy then?”

“But sir, didn’t you say it was true? About The Comet’s Heart?”

“Yes, that one is true. But this is still a mythology course; albeit with a sprinkle of history for context.”



HOLIDAY CHEER

BY BRANDON MUZYKA

Outside,
Frosty air,
Inside,
Presents everywhere,

Snow falls to the ground,
Family and friends all around,
Memories and laughter,
Together thereafter



CAITLIN HAWE-NDRIO

DANCE

BY JIM SCHADE

Dance with me a little longer
in the moonlight through the trees
tell me again of that future
that one we'll never see
wrap me in the warmth and the memories of that
life
allusive, faint and lingering ..that hung just out of
sight
sing the words of what could have been
what should have been just right
and touch me with the shadows
of our love there on that night
for
these cold nights now remind me
when the moon comes shining through
of the dance we shared that evening
on the night when Love was true



CAITLIN HAWE-NDRIO



I AM WALKING

BY ALBERT BORRIS

I am walking
through the acme
a book of stamps
one over the counter

Three time

I go up to the customer service
And she is waiting on other people

Ugh

I go up there
And my mind is blank

Mail

She goes like Uh huh
She knows I have a stroke

Post man

No post office

You want me to mail something for you

Ugh

Silent, I have aphasia

Silent, I can't talk



ASHLEY HOFFMAN

No

Post office, mail man, waitress

You want to envelope

Nooooo

Breathe

I want to box of toothbrush plates
No, correction, I want box of bubblegum

No, triscuit

She looks at me funny

Sort of in a way you look at someone

Who is going through anxious times

Maybe difficult struggles

Like when you are all alone

But filled with acme customers

Ugh

Package

Mail carriers

Suddenly, it hits me

Like charging winds

Stamps

Oh, you want one box of stamps

Yes

I band my head on counter

Quite hard

And fill up with tears

Eleven dollars, she says

I pay her

And I go out the acme store

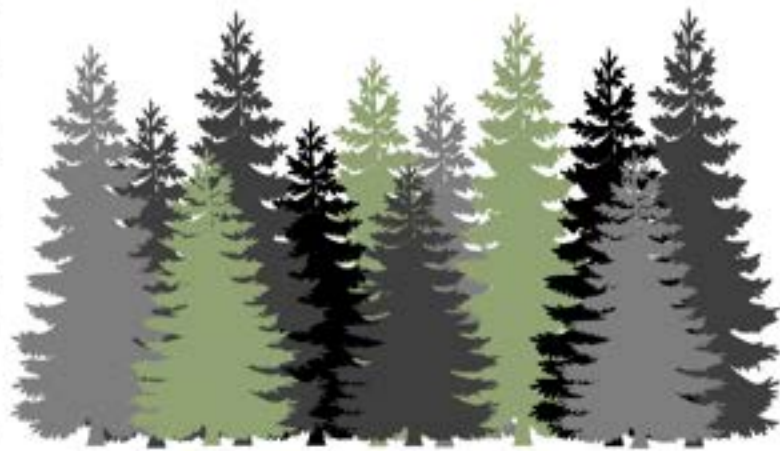
And cry



THE TALE OF ETERNAL'S END

BY ETHAN GROSS

Deep inside the ruins of a dead god's temple lies the secret to his demise. A weapon forged of enchanted obsidian whose sole purpose is bringing death to the deathless. Tales tell of the warrior that wielded it. A woman of iron will and strength to surpass an entire army. She had vowed to find a way to slay the plague god Vernse, who had wiped out her town with a vile pox. The illness nearly claimed her as well, but by an angel's grace she survived. Alone and full of a deep sadness for her lost home, she vowed to discover a way to force Vernse to experience what her loved ones had experienced. Many years passed as she ventured through the land, following every story or rumor of powerful magic and items that could bring her the closure she so badly desired. Black magic strong enough to level cities, war machines that had claimed thousands of lives, none were enough. Until one day she heard of a hermit who might hold her answer.

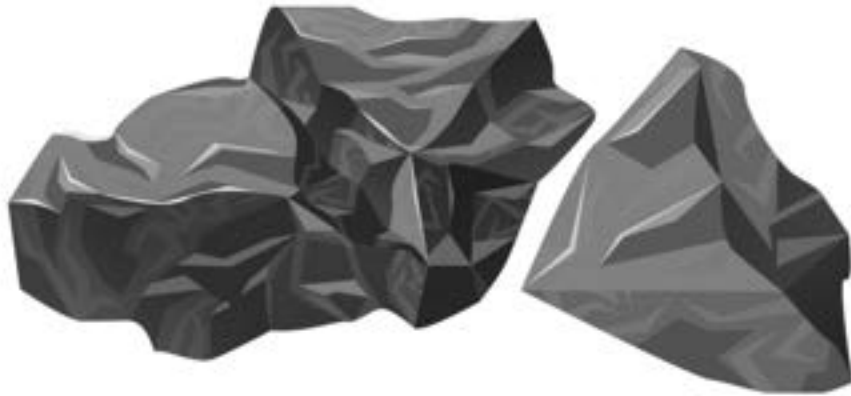


Alone, she traversed a most dangerous forest. According to rumors she'd heard, in the center sat a lone cabin made of stone and covered in moss from decades without disturbance; the cabin whose owner held wisdom beyond any mere man. In those woods roamed beasts fierce enough to send what lucky few escaped back to town in a puddle of tears and blood. Towering monstrosities with teeth the size of short swords and claws like scythes. Insects with webs that stretched for miles and venom so potent a single drop kills ten men. All of them were swatted like pests, dispatched with the kind of apathy one shows to a worm in the road. After days of wandering, fighting, and surviving, she finally found the cabin. It was just as the rumors had said, an old stone cabin overgrown sitting between the trees. It was much smaller than she thought, about half the size of any small house she'd seen. To her surprise the door did not resist.

Inside it was dim, lit only by a small fire crackling in a hearth at the back of the room. The remaining space was furnished only by what looked to be a straw bed and a flat slab of stone by the hearth. There was no sign of the hermit she'd heard of but she'd come too far to turn back so soon. The fire was enough proof that someone lived here, so she sat in the center of the room and waited. There were no windows, and the canopy of the trees made seeing daylight difficult so she didn't know how long had passed when finally a shadow filled the doorway. His voice was soft and his body was hardened despite the worn features of his face. Scars lined his chest and back, flowed down his arms and twisted around his legs.



She pled her case to the man, begging for his help in her quest. He listened to her and never once interrupted. When she finally finished her tale, he entered and sat in front of her. He asked if she had heard of the stone made by demons to slay the gods. Chunks of obsidian that were enchanted with powerful dark magic to be made into weapons capable of killing immortals. Of all the tales she heard and stories she studied, this was new to her. She listened intently as he told her where the material was said to be stored: deep within The Abyss, the frigid nightscape that demons call home. There stood a stronghold guarding the precious stone. It would almost certainly be the end of her if she went there, but if she could manage to retrieve some of that stone, he could craft the weapon she sought. She didn't hesitate.



It's said she spent a year finding a way to enter The Abyss without indenturing herself to one of its inhabitants. She researched many demons in those months to prepare and found one kind that was particularly cocky, so she hatched a plan. She summoned one and offered herself as a servant in exchange for letting her freely enter The Abyss.

When presented with a contract she used the blood of a deer, hidden on her knife, to sign a false name. The demon cackled and gave her a ring that would open a portal to its plane and told her she could use it to come and go in the few hours she wasn't serving it. With little regard for what it was saying, she attacked it brutally and brought it quickly to the brink of death. It tried to invoke the contract to inflict untold pain on her, but nothing happened. It died confused and afraid. From there she spent months scouting the Abyss, forming stories to tell questioning demons, and seeking the vault where the obsidian was said to rest. When she finally found it, getting in posed little issue. You see, that ring she had been given would place the portal in a different place depending on where it was opened. If you were in front of a house, entered The Abyss with the ring, walked the length of the house and used the ring again, you would appear behind the house. The vault's equivalent location on the material plane just so happened to be in an open plain and thus it was a simple matter for her to grab the stone, or so she thought.

The obsidian turned out to be much heavier than she had assumed. It weighed as much as twenty swords for a chunk barely big enough for one blade. She opted to transport it in smaller quantities, but the time it took allowed her to be noticed and a thrilling escape began. In one portal, down the halls of the vault and disappearing around a corner through another portal.



Only having time to grab chunks the size of skipping stones, she repeated this chase numerous times knowing that each return increased the risk of death until finally she had enough for the hermit. With her bag full she returned to the stone cabin. She dropped the bag at the hermit's feet and he stared in awe and admiration. He went to work, using simple iron tools and the fire of his hearth as his forge. She never once questioned his methods. He said he could forge the weapon, and that was all she needed. Days passed of tireless work, the warrior leaving to scavenge and hunt while the hermit continued. Finally, he set before her a broad sword of solid obsidian that shone like the moon. He named this weapon Eternal's End, and passed it to its first master.

After profusely thanking the hermit, the warrior set out to finish her lifelong quest. She knew where the grand temple of Vernse was: the mires to the far south. Getting there was child's play at this point. No amount of cold winds, undead, or deep mud pits, could stop her undying wrath. The temple was at long last in sight; the jagged stone and wood that made it up took the shape of a large gnarled tree. Its molded halls reeked and Vernse's devotees all had splotched skin and large lesions covering their bodies. They didn't bother stopping her, who could ever hope to stand against a god? Led to the center altar she was left alone to commune with their deity.

Their talk was brief. The warrior cared not for the god's aloof insults and threats so she challenged him. He paused, admiring the gall but feeling assured in his victory; a damning mistake. He took form in the room before her and the moment he did she was on top of him. Her ruthless aggression took him by surprise and left him little time to act. Slash after slash, cut after cut, she tore into him with her blade. A starry blood spilled with every strike and Vernse barely could register his first taste of pain as it grew more and more intense. Powerful as he was, he was not adept at actual combat. His attempts to rot her flesh fell flat as she powered through all the pain he could inflict on nothing but pure rage. Finally the blade found its final resting place: the center of Vernse's neck. As he choked on his own blood the warrior stood over him, her eyes aglow with burning vengeance. Soon he lay dead at her feet. She left the temple without another word, but left a bloody warning by slaughtering the disciples with her bare hands. None were to worship this god, none were to follow him.

To this day no one is sure where she went, and few recall her name. Some believe she still lives out in the furthest reaches of the southern swamps, waiting to see if someone dares to attempt to resurrect the plague god. Others say she died of illness soon after leaving the temple, her skeleton at the bottom of some mud pit. One thing is certain however: that sword is still there, in the temple of Vernse, waiting for the day it is needed to stop those who think themselves higher than death.



A NEW LEAF

BY BRANDON MUZYKA

As seasons change
The leaves fall,
Time passes by
For us all,

Who to trust?
Which way to turn?
Close your eyes and search within,
Then you shall learn,

Sadness fades
And love always shows,
As one leaf dies,
A new one grows



MARY MUELLER

THE MOON PUTS ON HIS HAT

BY JIM SCHADE

Dark black sky at midnight
all the stars have turned their back
a halo hangs precariously
while the moon puts on his hat
ribbons of many bright colors
spinning like they're alive
falling towards the outer horizon
they're playing in suspended time
the past suddenly walks by quickly
while the future skips ahead
questions of rhyme and reason
have the present tense upset
it's another crazy day
as the sun turns out its light
pulling up his sheets cheerfully
for all is good and right



CAITLIN HAWE-NDRIO



THE MEANING OF LOVE

BY BRANDON MUZYKA

For what does everlasting love consist?

Is it many flowers and memories?

Not but spending the days all to be missed

And cherishing the smiles for centuries,

Warmth, filling the essence within your
soul,

A rare bond, the purest of any kind,

Honest connection, giving you control,

Angelic sounds and sights, leaving you

blind,

Despite the feelings of uncertainty,

The concrete foundation always remains,

Hands in those of another, fearlessly,

The wave, sensation rushes through your

veins,

The universal truth to always know,

For life without love is an empty bowl



NUMBERS

BY JIM SCHADE

3 and 3 is 6

6 is out of line

feeling underwhelmed

cause 3 more makes it 9

why is 9 now bigger

standing next to 6

acting like the biggest number

till 12 is in the mix

12 tells 9 he's little

and never was a king

the ground begins to tremble

as 34 walks on in

asking thoughtful questions

like why is bigger best

No one is any greater

We're all just like the rest

Equal in our size

and all these egos are a mess

our numbers can be subtracted

and end up being less

we all must live together

numbers must live in peace

or those ABC letters will topple us

with their fancy LMNOP's

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THE ASHEN DEER

BY ETHAN GROSS

Beware, beware all children here
Few are worse than The Ashen Deer
It hops and jumps throughout the glade
It leaves behind the bodies flayed
And if it sees you all alone
The sight will chill you to the bone
Its jaw will snap, its tongue will stretch
You'll be lucky not to wretch
Its hollow eyes they're white as snow
And then its form will start to grow
Inch by inch, hair by hair
A size now like a giant bear
If you convince your legs to run
Well then a new game has begun
A chase for one that cannot fail
Strengthened by your every wail
Until you tire and it does not
Make sure you like your final spot

Now I hope I've been quite clear
Beware my children, The Ashen Deer



THE CALL

BY JIM SCHADE

To help is to climb
to give is to receive
the greatest gift always
reaching out where there's need
we are all but one
carried upon this sea
through a world of both wonder
imperfection and greed
to give and to help is calling divine
answer it often and lend it your time
when you see opportunity
that's the Gift of the call
when you answer the need
that's a Gift to us all



CAITLIN HAWE-NDRIO



A LETTER FROM THE EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

To the Moorestown community,

First, we would like to thank all community members who have contributed to our first edition of the Golden Gazette. Without your submissions, this would not be possible. We would also like to thank the Moorestown Library and our editorial staff for supporting our idea and helping us to compose the final product. When we were first thinking of starting a literary magazine for the Moorestown community to create together, we were not exactly sure what to expect, but we knew that we wanted to involve as many members of the community as possible. Through this edition of the Golden Gazette, we have many submissions from a diverse group of perspectives. It was important to us that any Moorestown community member was able to contribute to this literary magazine, regardless of experience level, and able to share their creative endeavors. Thank you to all our contributors and supporters! We look forward to what comes next.

Best,
Kira Patel &
Rosie Rockell





CAITLIN HAWE-NDRIO

GOLDEN GAZETTE

