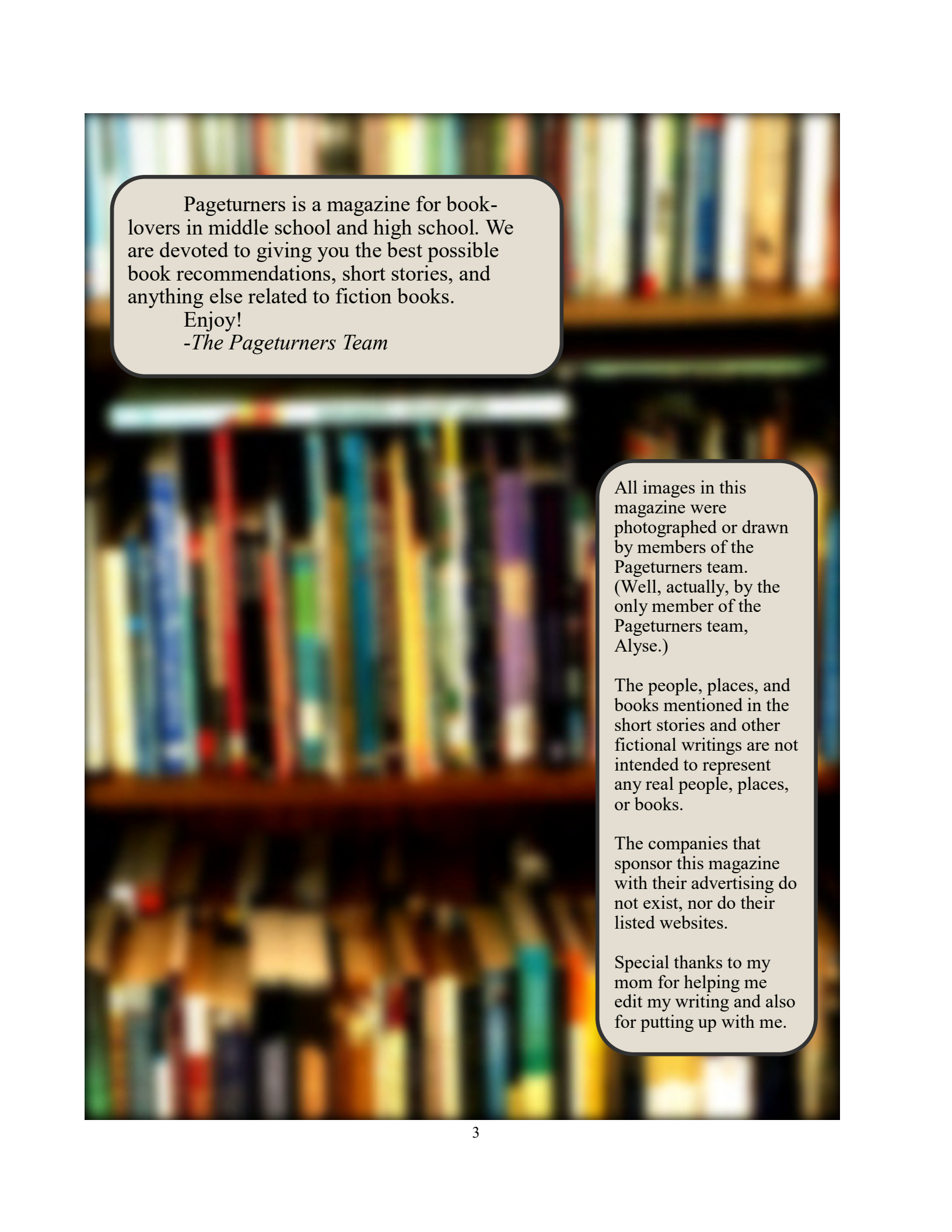


Pageeturners Magazine



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Pageturners is a magazine for book-lovers in middle school and high school. We are devoted to giving you the best possible book recommendations, short stories, and anything else related to fiction books.

Enjoy!

-The Pageturners Team

All images in this magazine were photographed or drawn by members of the Pageturners team. (Well, actually, by the only member of the Pageturners team, Alyse.)

The people, places, and books mentioned in the short stories and other fictional writings are not intended to represent any real people, places, or books.

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Special thanks to my mom for helping me edit my writing and also for putting up with me.

REVIEW: THE ADVENTURES OF A GIRL CALLED BICYCLE

What would it be like to ride a bike across the entire United States? What things might you see? Perhaps a Parade of Pigs? A runaway racehorse? Over a thousand cows? Maybe even a ghost? Those are just some of the things Bicycle from the book, *The Adventures of a Girl Called Bicycle* by Christina Uss, encountered when she rode all the way from Washington, D.C. to San Francisco, California.

Bicycle wanted to leave the Mostly Silent Monastery where she grew up to go to a biking event in San Francisco that was hosted by her favorite bike racer. However, her guardian, Sister Wanda, had other ideas. Sister Wanda wanted Bicycle to go to a friendship-making camp instead of the biking event because Bicycle had never had any friends. She much preferred riding her bike—in the silence she was used to—to playing with those noisy kids. In Sister Wanda’s opinion, Mostly Silence is fine for a monk or nun, but not very good for a young girl.

Bicycle decided that if she had to make friends, she would do it her own way. Her idea was to become friends with the young bike racer who was hosting the event. She set off on her trusty bike, Clunk, to San Francisco without telling Sister Wanda. She had no idea at the time what kind of things she would find.

The story of the book is extremely well written and exciting. It really stirs a sense of adventure inside the reader. The book inspires a reader to bike as fast and far as they can. Even if you don’t bike, this book will inspire you to be as good as you can be at whatever you enjoy.

The story and characters are wholesome and appropriate for readers of any age. There is a ghost, Griffin G. Griffin, but he is friendly and not at all spooky. There are no romantic relationships in the book. So, for those of you who hate “all that mushy stuff,” this book is for you. If you are disappointed that there is no romance, don’t worry. I didn’t even notice something was missing until after I finished the book. It was that entertaining anyway. To this day, it remains one of my favorite stories.

This book is hilarious and unpredictable. Almost every character has a funny name. All of the characters have unique personalities and are wonderfully memorable.

Fans of any genre of book will enjoy reading about Bicycle’s funny, exciting journey to find friendship in her own way.



For more on Christina Uss and The Adventures of a Girl Called Bicycle, turn the page!

Pedaling Through Writing

The Story of Christina Uss

Nonfiction

“You’re doing what?” demanded Christina’s mother.

Christina Uss, who would eventually author *The Adventures of a Girl Called Bicycle* and other delightful books, repeated what she had previously said. She was going on a bike ride across the entire country, from D.C. to San Francisco.

Her mother was more than confused. “Christina,” she said, “you don’t even own a bike anymore! When was the last time you rode a bike?”

Christina shrugged. She didn’t know for certain, but she was sure it would be fine. You never really forget how to ride a bike. Besides, the trip would be such a great adventure!

Despite being warned by her mother that it would not be a good idea, Christina set off on her ride. She was part of a group of 26 college-age riders. The trip was a fundraiser and awareness program for Habitat for Humanity, an organization that builds houses for the homeless. The other riders had all been training. On the first day, they enthusiastically told her that they would be biking fifty miles that day. This concerned Christina a bit (she had never biked that far before) but she agreed.

The other riders zoomed ahead at a rapid pace, and Christina struggled to keep up. Why had she decided to do this? When those 50 exhausting miles were over, Christina called her mother again. She wailed that her mother was right: this was a horrible idea. Her mother told her that yes, it was foolish, but hey, she rode fifty miles that day! She’d never done that before! Her mother said that it would be an adventure no matter what. Horrible idea or not, Christina had renewed determination to get through the trip.

The group rode for several weeks. Every now and then they stopped and gave a slide show presentation for Habitat for Humanity. They also helped to build houses a few times.

Christina eventually completed her bike trip. It was extremely hard, but she persisted. The challenge did not defeat her. Instead, she was much stronger than before. If the ride was a contest between Christina and the road, it was a contest Christina won. Because she found she liked biking so much during the trip, she became a bicycle tour guide, showing fellow riders around various locations throughout the U.S.A.

Christina decided that instead of simply being a “bike rider,” she should also be a “bike writer.” Christina wrote articles about biking for magazines and

had a column about bikes in her local newspaper. She had taken a creative writing class when she was in school and enjoyed it, but she never really understood that writing professionally was something she could do until she sold a piece of writing. Authoring books still seemed impossible, though.

One day, Christina was at the library with her husband. She checked out some children's books and her husband made a comment about her always reading kids' books. She replied that she liked them because those are the best books! Her husband told her that someday she would write a book for kids. She jokingly asked him what this book would be.

"It will be called *The Adventures of a Girl Called Bicycle*," he declared.

Christina grabbed his shirt and exclaimed, "Whoa, yessss!" Christina decided that this "girl called Bicycle" should ride her bike across the country just like she had done herself.

Much of *The Adventures of a Girl Called Bicycle* is closely based on Christina's actual experiences during her cross-country bike ride. Christina actually went through every real city mentioned in her book. There are many other things in the book that Christina experienced. For example, one of the characters, the Cookie Lady, was a real person. Also, Bicycle and Christina reacted to seeing the Rocky Mountains in the same way. In Christina's own words, Bicycle thinks the Rockies look "like weird clouds that are low on the horizon, and why are they purple and what are they doing? And this was my same [reaction] because I had never seen mountains like that."

Just like the bike trip, writing a book was something she had never done before. But, also like the bike trip, Christina persisted and got through it. After quite a while, the book was finished. Anticipating great results, Christina mailed the first few chapters to ten large publishers. To her utter dismay, she received ten rejections. Christina didn't understand. She loved her book; why didn't the publishers? She thought maybe she wasn't cut out for novel writing and decided to just stick with her magazine articles and newspaper column.

The Adventures of a Girl Called Bicycle had been abandoned for years when Christina became a mother. Like many mothers, she enjoyed reading books to her children. One day while reading *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* to them, she had renewed inspiration for getting her own book published. She felt that *The Adventures of a Girl Called Bicycle* and *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* had a similar feeling to them, a "madcap weirdness," as she called it. If kids liked *Charlie*, Christina decided they just might like *Bicycle* too.

With renewed determination, she sent her book out again, this time to writers' agents, around forty of them. Christina was overjoyed when one of them said they loved her book and would like to be her agent. Her name was Ammi-Joan Paquette, and she was a perfect fit for Christina.

Christina and Ammi-Joan sent *The Adventures of a Girl Called Bicycle* to thirty different editors. Their persistence paid off. One of the editors said that she would agree to edit and publish the book. Finally, someone had said they liked Christina's book! It *would* be published, after all this time.

After the lengthy and tedious process of editing, the book was finally published. All the work put into the writing and editing really paid off; people loved *Bicycle*! Christina was constantly surprised by the things people had done with her book. One time, while walking through a school, she saw a huge mural that the students had created. It was a recreation of the cover of her book! Another time, Christina learned that her book had been translated into Russian and was being sold in Russia. It also has been used in a multitude of classrooms and book clubs.

Christina has written two more books. *The Colossus of Roads*, which is about a boy who hates traffic and loves road signs, and *Erik vs. Everything*, about a stubbornly non-Viking boy growing up in a modern-day family of Vikings. Both of these are terrific books, and Christina is in the process of writing more, possibly (just *possibly*) including a sequel to *The Adventures of a Girl Called Bicycle*, the book that began it all.

NEVER LOSE YOUR PLACE AGAIN!

Boxcar was able to scramble out from the bridge, but the current latched onto the dog. When he saw the terrier spinning downstream, he jumped in and, amazingly, was able to pull it to the safety of a low-hanging branch. Firemen rescued both of them in the morning. Boxcar was quoted in the paper as saying, "Thank you, thank you! God bless you, fire people." The fire ticketed him for vagrancy.

umped into a flooded river to save a dog!?)
Is your great revelation of human nature?

red April 7, 2004

Isn't it splendid?
(April 7, 2004)

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book has accumulated and protect it from getting more. I'll show you how to make one.

First, you will need scissors, a pencil, decorating materials (I used colored pencils, but almost any art supply will be perfect), and, of course, your beloved book. The book I'm using is *Savvy* by Ingrid Law. You will also need a large piece of paper. The paper should be big enough to wrap the book like a present. Thick paper works best, but other paper will do.

Lay the book on the paper. Position it so that the top edge of the book is flush with the top edge of the paper. Open the book and center it between the left and right edges of the paper. Now take your pencil and mark the paper at the bottom of the book. Also mark where the left and right edges of the book are. It is important that your book is open when you are marking the edges. That way, you will be marking the length your book jacket should be. Then, keep your book in place, but close it and stand it up on its spine. Mark on the paper where the left and right edges of the spine are.

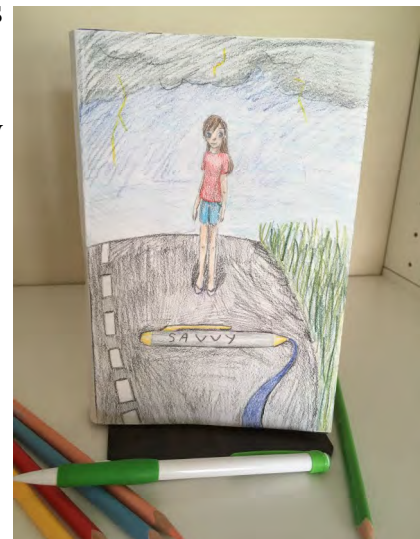


Now use your scissors to cut the paper at the mark you made for the bottom of the book. **DO NOT** cut at the left and right marks. Instead, cut three to four inches past these marks. If your paper is already that short, as mine was, then obviously you don't have to. **DO NOT** cut at the marks for the spine.



Now fold the paper at the remaining lines. It should finally look like a blank book jacket. Try putting it on the book and give yourself a pat on the back for your amazing work. Then it is time to decorate! Decorate your book jacket any way you want.

Great job! You now have a finished custom book jacket!





A Short Story

The author's head and shoulders floated in the southern sky, giant and translucent: a light blue outline of a man. Darren looked up at him. "Just because I'm your character doesn't mean you need to make my life miserable, you know," he said.

"I'm not making your life miserable; I'm giving you adventure and conflict. Adventure is good. And conflict makes a story interesting," the author protested.

Darren replied, "I think I'd know if my life is miserable."

The author shrugged. "Writers create conflict for their characters. I am a writer, and you are my character. Therefore, I must give you conflict."

"I don't like that logic." Darren said as he crossed his arms over his stomach.

"Tough." The author smirked.

There was a brief moment of silence, then Darren heard the clickity-clack of the author's keyboard. "Now what?" Darren groaned.

"Yeah," piped in Lula, from beside him. Lula was the side character the author had created for him. At first, Darren had just found her irritating, like everything else his author wrote, but he'd grown used to her throughout the book-writing process. Now, they were sort of almost friends.

The keyboard stopped its noise, and words shot out from the southern sky, whizzed past Darren and Lula, then tore back to the author. The two characters barely had time to jump out of the way when the black Times New Roman came barreling past. Still, Darren managed to catch what it said.

"It said, 'Suddenly, Darren and Lula noticed an ogre in their path,'" he told Lula. They looked up, and sure enough, there was an ogre standing smack-dab in the middle of the dirt road they were on. Darren turned to look south toward the author. "This doesn't make sense," he protested. "There hasn't been a single ogre in the book up to this point—from when we left the village until now—and now we find one just conveniently blocking our way to the dragon? This isn't conflict, this is just nonsense! Why is it here? What is its motivation? Why doesn't it want us to get through? I doubt you even know!" He huffed and stared expectantly at the author.

"Oh, you're the character," was the author's response. "You'll find out as the story progresses."

"Yeah," Lula retorted, "when you figure it out yourself." Darren looked at her approvingly. He hadn't known Lula was quite *arguing* mad about the not-really-great-conflict situation. But then again, Lula never ceased to surprise him.

“You brought this on yourself,” the author told them darkly as his keyboard clacked, words zipped past the characters, and the ogre began to walk toward them.

“Grahhhhhhgghhuogh,” roared the ogre.

“Oh, come on,” groaned Lula. She shot a spiteful glance at the author, then walked to the side of the ogre. “Hey, Mr. Ogre? Uh—me and my friend here need to get through, so... could you maybe step to the side?”

“Lula,” Darren said, “You’ll be killed. Monsters don’t negotiate.”

“Well, maybe this one does,” she retorted. Turning back to the ogre, she continued, “So, I think you were about to let us through. Could you maybe do that please?” She batted her eyelashes for effect.

The ogre responded with another roar, even angrier than the first.

“Uoaaaaggggghhhhaaar!!!” It pulled a giant, two-bladed battleax from a sheath on its back. “Oguuuuaaarrrghhhh!!!!”

The characters, deciding that the ogre did not, in fact, want to negotiate, grabbed their weapons. Darren unsheathed his sword and Lula pulled her bow off of her back. As she pulled back the string with an arrow, she asked Darren, “Plan?”

“Frightened Mice Maneuver,” he told her. Lula nodded. “Frightened Mice” was one of the many strategies Darren had invented, uncreatively named, and taught her. She fired her arrow at the ogre before putting the bow on her back again and pulling out her long dagger. The two characters scurried back and forth around the ogre in the way of rodents (hence the name of the strategy), slashing at the monster only a little at a time, but moving so quickly and unpredictably that the ogre never had a chance to hit them with its slow, heavy weapon. After many minutes of darting in and out and around, the ogre fell to the road with a thud. The characters winced. Darren grabbed the ogre’s feet and dragged it off the road.

The keyboard clicked. Words whizzed past Darren’s head. When he read them, he was relieved to find they did not entail certain doom. ““Having defeated the loathsome ogre, the two young adventurers continued on their journey,”” he read aloud. He felt his feet move forward down the path. It was always sort of a detached sensation when the author controlled his body.

“I guess we’re walking now,” Lula agreed as she strolled beside him. The midday sun beat down on their backs as they continued down the dusty road. The keyboard clicked and words shot by, again. Suddenly, a huge stone building loomed in the distance. It had a tower at each of its four corners, but the main roof was a gigantic dome. “What’s that?” she asked.

Darren replied, “I guess we’ll find out.” And, after a *lot* of walking, they did find out. As they approached the grand drawbridge, they saw a sign that said, *Dragonmore Castle—Enter if you dare!*

“Come on, is that cheesy or what?” asked Lula, rolling her eyes. Darren laughed. “Couldn’t the author do better than *that*?”

“I dare,” he said as he swung open the door. It creaked on its hinges, an admittedly ominous sound. He stepped inside the castle. Huge scratch marks covered the floor. “Follow me,” he told Lula. She gulped when she saw the gauges in the stone beneath them but kept going regardless. They continued through the darkness until they reached a fork in the tunnel.

“Look,” Lula said, pointing to a large, arrow-shaped sign facing left. The words on the arrow read, *Definitely no dragons here!*

“Come on, this way,” Darren said as he rounded the left corner, “And you’d better get an arrow ready.” He unsheathed his sword. Lula nodded and followed close on his tail. The characters gasped as the tunnel opened into a huge room littered with coins, gems, and all other types of precious materials. The treasure could rival that of the richest king ever to live.

“Look at all this stuff,” Lula gushed as she knelt to examine a nearby chest of jewelry.

Darren frowned and said, “Lula, this is a dragon hoard. *Don’t* put down your bow.” Lula pouted, but stood back up. Darren scanned the surroundings for any sign of the dragon. *Nothing*. The dragon had to be there somewhere, though. “Keep your eyes peeled for the dragon,” Darren told Lula in a hushed voice. “And we’d better talk quietly. We’d better keep the element of surprise if we can.”

Lula nodded. “I agree!”

“I said *quietly*.” Darren rolled his eyes. He nervously glanced over the piles of treasure. Nothing was moving. Hopefully, that meant the dragon hadn’t heard anything.

Minutes passed. Darren and Lula crept around the enormous room, examining every alcove and pillar in the ornate wall for a glimmer of scales or puff of smoke. Eventually, after what felt like an eternity, Darren and Lula had still found nothing.

“We should just stop looking,” Lula whined. “The dragon’s clearly not here.” She sat down on a pile of silver plates, then shrieked when they slid out from under her.

Darren sighed and sat down on a much sturdier-looking golden shield. “Well, if we stop looking, then what do we do? Leave? What would that help?” he asked. When Lula didn’t answer, he continued, “Our quest is to slay the dragon. If we leave the dragon’s castle, that doesn’t help anything. There have got to be places we haven’t looked. For example... underneath all this stuff!” He leaned over and began digging through the treasure with his hands.

Lula looked at him from where she now sat *next* to the plates. Her eyes lacked their usual energy. “It’s a waste of time, Darren. The dragon *isn’t here*.” She rested her chin in her hand.

Darren heard himself chuckle as he sifted through the jewels and coins at his feet. *The dragon isn’t here?* He thought with amusement. *I’m not giving up that easily*. After digging past three necklaces, a golden goblet, a silk pouch full of rings, and several other miscellaneous valuables, he stopped short. *The dragon isn’t here...* “The dragon isn’t here!” he said aloud.

“That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you!” exclaimed Lula.

Darren jumped to his feet. Because he was indoors, he could no longer see the author’s form in the sky, but he charged toward the south wall regardless. “You didn’t make the dragon!” Darren shouted toward the author. “All this time we’ve spent searching, and the dragon wasn’t even here! How are we supposed to slay the dragon if there is no dragon?!”

The author’s voice came through the walls of the castle, though the stone made it echoey. “Oops. Sorry about that,” he laughed.

“That’s not funny!” Darren shouted back at him.

“It might be a little funny,” the author replied.

Darren was too busy fuming to see the words as they rushed through the south wall and past him, so he was caught off-guard by Lula’s startled scream. He whipped his head toward her and found her scrambling away from a massive red dragon. The dragon must have been six times Lula’s height; its head nearly brushed the high domed ceiling of the

room. The dragon's body was so long that it could hardly hold its tail out straight without bumping the wall. "Oh dang," Darren whispered, just before he charged the dragon.

"Thanks, I guess?" he called toward the author as he pulled his sword out of its sheath with one swift motion. Then he saw Lula. She had dropped her bow, and when she scrambled away from the dragon, she didn't take it with her. The dragon was standing over it now; trying to get it back would be suicide. "Don't just sit there, find something to fight with!" Darren shouted at Lula.

Lula gave a sharp, quick nod. She ran toward Darren, scanning the piles of treasure beneath her feet. "I can't find anything," she told him breathlessly when she arrived.

Darren pulled a sword from at his feet (the dragon probably liked it for its jewel-encrusted handle) and handed it to Lula. "Here."

"Thanks," Lula told him. "Plan?"

"Waterfall Maneuver, I guess," he replied.

"Waterfall?" Lula asked, puzzled. She had reason to wonder. Ordinarily, Waterfall would get them killed in a situation like this.

"Waterfall," Darren declared. "But listen for any *extra* commands. And we stay here, by the south wall."

Lula nodded. "Whatever you say."

Words shot out from behind their backs, and the dragon turned to face them. It roared, then attacked. Lula screamed. Darren was pretty close to joining her. The dragon raised one front foot and swatted at the characters like they were puny insects. Darren stabbed its foot, and it roared. "Now you made it mad," Lula told him.

"I don't think you can kill something without making it mad," he replied. He turned to whisper quickly as words shot rapid-fire from behind them, "But I think I excited someone else, too."

With each string of Times New Roman words that emerged from the wall, circled around, and flew back to the author, the dragon attacked. It was all the characters could do to not get slaughtered, and the author's words weren't helping. One of the strings made Darren trip over his own feet (even though he wasn't moving). With another string, his sword was knocked out of his hand (by what, he didn't know). But he needed his hands free anyway. He told Lula, "This is where the plan really starts."

"I'm listening," she replied.

"Grab onto me; don't let go," he said, "This might be a bumpy ride." Lula took a firm hold on his wrist. A string of words passed, and the dragon opened its mouth—it was about to breathe fire. Lula glanced at Darren nervously when he didn't move. Darren stood as still as a statue, legs bent, arm out, waiting. The string of words barreled toward them again, heading back toward the author. Darren leaped toward it and grabbed it; the lowercase t at the end of the sentence made a perfect handhold. Lula yelped as she was flung into the air. Darren was terrified, too, though he would never show it.

In an instant, the words neared the wall, and Darren really hoped that because the words had passed through it before, he and Lula could too. Miraculously, it worked. Darren and Lula passed through the wall and flew south through the cloudless sky at breakneck speed. "We're leaving the story, Lula! We're free!" Darren yelled over the roar of the wind. He looked up at the author, who was thoroughly confused at what was going on. Wind pummeled past Darren's head, and he struggled to hold onto the t. Against his better judgement, he looked down and saw the ground far below. He tried not to imagine what would happen if he fell. The words approached the edge of the sky, where the author's blue form hovered. The sky flickered, *glitched* almost, and the words and characters passed

through it. A brilliant flash of blue and white light seared into Darren's eyes, and he gave a shout. Suddenly, the words he was holding onto were gone, and Darren tumbled onto a hard, wooden floor.

When Darren opened his eyes, he found himself laying in front of a worn green sofa in a small space with a window and an old wooden desk with a computer monitor on it. By the desk there was a chair, and in the chair sat the author, a completely flabbergasted expression on his face. Darren had never seen the author in color before, and it was strange. Darren stood up. Before he could say something, he heard a noise to his left. He looked, and there was Lula—or at least sort of. She looked the same as usual except she had a light blue outline over her, the same way the author used to. “Lula,” Darren called to her.

“Darren!” she squealed. She started toward him, then gasped when she saw her hand. “I’m blue,” she said.

“Yeah, I—”

Darren was cut off by the author, “You—w-why are—*how* are—you in my apartment?” he asked, his voice trembling with alarm. Darren opened his mouth, but found he had nothing to say.

Lula turned to him, ignoring the author. “Darren, what’s going on?” she asked. “Where are we?”

Darren said nothing, but reached his hand toward her. He touched her arm, and the blue flickered the same way the edge of the sky had: almost like a glitch.

“Oh, *weird*,” Darren breathed, an intense expression on his face.

“What’s going on?” the author hissed. Darren realized he was still touching Lula’s arm, and quickly dropped his hand to his side. *Awkward*.

The author looked at his computer screen. Darren and Lula looked too. It was open to what Darren assumed was the novel. The last line read, *Darren and Lula disappeared, as if by magic*. After that, the cursor sat blinking, awaiting the next line. Unfortunately for it, there would never be a next line. *Because the characters left the book!* Darren felt almost lightheaded at the thought of it.

“As if by magic,” Lula read aloud. She giggled.

The author frantically tried to backspace that line, to make it so the characters never left, but it wouldn’t work no matter how many times he pushed the key. He tried to send them back. He typed, *Darren reappeared just as suddenly as he had disappeared*. Darren didn’t go anywhere, and the text blinked, then vanished from the screen. The author scowled. He tried the other character. *Lula reappeared just as suddenly as she had disappeared*. Darren nearly laughed. Of course nothing would happen. Nothing happened when the author tried sending him back; why should it work with Lula? He turned to tell her so, but she was gone.

Darren looked around for Lula, but she was nowhere to be seen. His stomach dropped. He knew where she was. Darren ran to the author’s chair. He peered over the author’s shoulder at the screen. Where the line about Darren reappearing had blinked out of sight, the line about Lula reappearing still stood. Darren turned to face the author. “She’s in there, alone with the dragon, isn’t she?” Darren asked him.

“She’ll be fine,” the author insisted.

“Not with your constant interruptions, she won’t. Every time she draws her bow when you’re around, the arrow falls flat. But when we practice while you’re at work, she hits her target.”

“You practice while I’m at work?” the author had to ask.

“Well, what do you think we do all that time?” Darren responded. “And besides, you made the dragon way too big for anything under an army to defeat.”

“It needs to be big enough that it will be remarkable when you defeat it,” the author argued. “That’s what the book said.”

“It needs to be small enough that we *can* defeat it,” Darren retorted. Intending to make another argument, he pointed at the line of text on the screen, intending to touch it. He *didn’t* expect his hand to pass right through the screen. He glanced at the author as both of them realized that Darren could go back into the story whether the author’s keyboard controlled him or not. Before he even knew what was happening, the author shoved Darren toward the monitor, and managed to push his head through. He hadn’t expected that to happen, either.

Darren was immersed in a sea of blue light. He couldn’t see anything but blue when he looked back, but he felt the author holding him, trying to push him into the story. Darren pressed his hands against the desk and the wall to push himself out of the monitor. He kicked at the author, and finally the author’s grip weakened. Darren shoved himself back into the apartment and tumbled back onto the floor. He crashed against the sofa.

The chair creaked as the author stood up. He was actually quite an imposing figure, large and tall. Darren also stood. The author promptly picked him up. Darren kicked away immediately. He pushed off the author’s chest with his foot, launching himself into a backflip and landing on the floor with hardly a sound. The author staggered backward and crashed against the sofa. “You made me a fighter,” Darren told the author. “You should know better than to fight a dragon slayer.”

“You never did slay the dragon,” the author said.

“I could’ve if it was realistically sized!” Darren replied.

In response, the author snatched up Darren’s ankles with both of his large hands and dragged him toward the desk. Darren called, “You made this a fight, not me!” as he twisted his body around to grab the author’s legs. He gave a sharp tug and the author’s feet gave way, making him fall on top of Darren. Darren grunted. He probably should have thought that out better. He squirmed to get free. The author tried to pin him to the ground, but Darren managed to shove himself between the author’s arms.

“Why are you doing this?” Darren asked as he stood.

“You shouldn’t mind,” the author replied, picking himself up from the floor. “You’re not real.”

Seriously? That was what it all boiled down to? Darren slapped the author in the face. “Did that feel real?” he demanded.

The author rubbed the red blotch on his cheek and sneered. He said nothing, but stalked back to the computer. He furiously typed something. Darren looked to see what it was. *Lula appeared back in my apartment with a pop.*

Darren heard a really loud pop, and suddenly Lula was back. “Darren!” she exclaimed.

“You’re back!” Darren said. It sounded super corny coming out of his mouth, but it would be weirder if he didn’t say anything. He turned to the author. “Why?” he inquired.

The author chuckled and looked Darren in the face. “Because I *can’t* beat you.”

Darren responded with a startled “Huh?”

The author typed some more. *Lula shoved Darren into my computer,* he wrote.

Oh. So that was what the author meant. If you can’t beat a warrior, but have another warrior on hand...

Darren's train of thought was interrupted by Lula slamming into him. Her blue outline flashed from the collision. "Sorry!" she exclaimed. He could tell she was trying not to obey the author's words. She moved jerkily and mechanically. The author kept typing, directing Lula in what move to make. There was a flicker of blue light every time something touched her.

Lula kicked at Darren's head. "So, did you slay the dragon?" Darren asked as he ducked and rolled away.

Lula shook her head. "No." She punched toward him.

Darren grabbed her fists. "Why not?"

"Maybe the fact that it's huge, and that I didn't have any ranged weaponry, since it was standing over my bow." She twisted out of Darren's grasp and backed up. "Not that I would have been able to with my bow anyway. Arrows aren't nearly big enough to hurt that thing."

"Yeah," Darren agreed. He braced his feet.

Lula charged, and leaped toward him. He crashed on the sofa from the impact. "Probably nothing short of a ballista could even scratch it," she said as she pinned him against the worn green upholstery.

Darren nodded. Lula grabbed his hair and tugged—hard. "*Really* sorry about that!" Lula apologized.

"It's fine," Darren said as he tried to pry her fingers out of his hair. She yanked his head back and he fell off the sofa. Darren could see the author out of the corner of his eye. He seemed to really be enjoying this showdown between his two characters. His tongue poked out of his mouth as he typed; his eyes were wide and wild.

Lula flipped Darren so he lay on his stomach. She pressed her foot into his back, still holding his head up by his hair. "Oh, that hurts," Darren groaned.

"I'm sorry!" Lula exclaimed. She released her hold on Darren's hair, then lifted him into the air. "Your hair's super slimy and disgusting, by the way," she informed him.

"Gee, thanks. Since when can you lift me?" He kicked to get loose.

"Normally, I can't." She nodded her head toward the author. "It's quite an interesting change, having him make me a *better* fighter." She spun Darren around so that his feet pointed toward the monitor. The author slid his chair to the side so that Lula could get through. Darren hooked his feet under the desk so he couldn't be pushed through the computer. Lula spun him around again, so his head was facing the computer. With the author out of the way, Darren hastily typed, *Lula stopped*.

Lula stopped. Darren fell to the desk with a crash. They both heaved a sigh of relief, until the author charged toward them and snatched the keyboard away. *Lula resumed shoving Darren into the computer*, he typed. Lula reached for Darren, but before she could touch him, he scampered across the small room. He stood on the sofa.

"Come and get me!" he shouted.

"I don't want to!" Lula cried sadly as she ran to the sofa.

"I mean you!" Darren called to the author. "If you want me in your story, put me there! I could fight Lula all day. I do, actually, in our practice fights. And no matter how much you help her with your keyboard, I will always beat her! I win every fight we have."

Lula pounced to grab his ankles. Darren jumped away. She looked at him in annoyance. "I'm bluffing," he whispered. She nodded.

"The only way you will ever win is if you come over here and help her with force," Darren told the author as he dodged Lula's kicks toward him. "But of course I understand if

you want to stay behind your little keyboard. Some people aren't strong enough to fight the real way."

That made the author plenty mad. He charged toward Darren. Darren ricocheted off the wall above the sofa, landed a few feet beyond Lula and the author, and ran to the keyboard. *Lula, with a burst of superhuman strength, swiped the author off his feet.* Just like that, the author fell to the floor. When Lula started toward Darren, he added, *She also stopped trying to shove Darren into the computer.*

The author jumped to his feet. Lula dove after him, but to no avail. Darren stood over the keyboard, guarding it from the author. The author came up behind him and tried to reach for the keyboard. Suddenly Lula jumped onto the author's back with a mighty battle cry. "AAAAAAAAAA!"

The author stumbled backward, and Darren was able to type. *Lula suddenly knew all about a new plan that Darren had invented: The Cannonball Maneuver, and she could do it as well as if she'd practiced it a bajillion times.* Darren unplugged the keyboard and picked it up. "Cannonball Maneuver!" Darren shouted. He ran past Lula and the author, and slid the keyboard under the sofa.

Lula jumped away from the author. Each of them took one side of him. They both ran up, and together they lifted him into the air. They thrust him toward the computer—through the computer—and into the story.

The blue outline over Lula flickered, then disappeared. She stretched her arm out in front of her and spread out her fingers. "I think—I think that fixed me," she said.

Darren retrieved the keyboard. "Let's test it. I'll type something harmless," he said as he plugged it back in. *Lula finally became able to touch her nose with her tongue,* he typed. The line of text disappeared.

Lula tried to reach her nose, but her tongue remained—as it always had—not quite long enough. She let out a whoop and laughed. Suddenly, she pointed to the screen. "Hey, look at that," she said.

Darren looked, and right behind the Times New Roman type on the screen was the huge room with all the treasure. In the room was the dragon—and the author, who was understandably freaking out, even though the dragon was just standing there.

"WAIT!" Lula exclaimed. "He's *our* character now!"

Darren laughed. "Yeah!"

"What should we name him?" Lula asked.

"Hmm, I'm not sure..." Darren replied.

Lula giggled. "What about Jeffo?" she suggested.

"MY NAME IS JOHN!" the no-longer-an-author shouted.

"Jeffo it is," Darren agreed. He sat down at the desk chair and Lula stood just behind him, looking over his shoulder.

"Should we make him slay the dragon?" she asked.

"Yes," Darren replied, "But he's not ready. He gets to start at the village and go through the whole story." He grinned.

"Ooh! Yeah!" Lula exclaimed.

Darren began to type again. *John, who was now named Jeffo, found himself in a quaint village...*

THE END.

Poetry

A Book Is

A book is
Fantasy
Or a book is
Romance
Or a book is
Mystery
Or a book is
Thriller
Or a book can be
Many other things
But
What if
A book is
Not fantasy
And it is
not romance
And it is
not mystery
And it is
not thriller
And it is
not many other things.

What if a book fits
Nowhere?
Why can't a book just
be
A book?

It's finally here!
The book that comes after the
Awful cliffhanger!

Some people think that
There is nothing important
In the prologue.

There once was a man named O'Hiddem.
He bought books every time he could get 'em.
He bought ten thousand one
Before he was done
But didn't have shelf space to fit 'em!

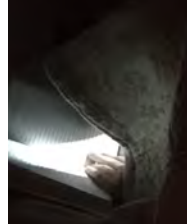
A very young child
Rips a page out of a book,
Then she chews it up.

Eleven O'Clock

Reading

Near to midnight,
Underneath hot blankets.
Will I finish the story 'fore
I'm caught?

Past Your Bedtime?



BedLight's soft
light turns on
silently and
won't get you in
trouble.

For the ultimate late-night reading
experience, order BedLight today.

Jason Grace

WARNING: SERIOUS SPOILER

**DO NOT READ THIS IF YOU
HAVEN'T READ *TRIALS OF
APOLLO* BY RICK RIORDAN**
(And, honestly, if you haven't, just don't)

Jason flew, he soared
A boy with powers of lightning
Scarred, but not from fighting
Over the sky, his golden sword
Never stopped to rest
Greek god's child gave his best
Rashly, the fates cut the cord
All fans miss the days when he
Could fly
Every great character dies



A Short Story

Amelie slid her heavy backpack off her shoulder and held it in her hands as she cautiously walked into the cafeteria. Giving a nervous little wave, she approached the table at which she always ate. She chose a seat next to Grace, whom she'd known since third grade, and sat down. The group of girls at the table barely looked at her.

Amelie chewed her lower lip in frustration. *Why do I even care anymore?* She asked herself as she pulled her packed lunch from her backpack. She glanced across the table at Sadie. Sadie, of course, had started a conversation about a movie Amelie had never seen.

Grace glanced at Amelie. She knew Amelie had never seen the movie. Amelie silently begged her to change the topic. Alas, Grace didn't. No one in the group ever went against what Sadie said. Amelie attempted injecting a few thoughts into the conversation, but as it was clear she had no idea what she was talking about, the few sentences which were heard were ignored.

After several of Amelie's interruptions, Sadie evidently decided she'd had enough. "Ammie," the nickname slid out of Sadie's mouth, rough but slimy, like a snake. Sadie had Amelie's attention. Amelie wished it were the other way around. Sadie continued, "How about you keep your comments to yourself, okay?" Sadie's voice was like that of a mother lecturing a small child who'd misbehaved. Her expression was worse. "If you want to stay sitting at this table, you're not gonna say stupid things like that. You're gonna *keep. Your. Mouth. Shut.* Just shut up. Okay? Okay."

Sadie's face took back on its usual sugary-sweet smile as she resumed her conversation with the other girls. Amelie, after seeing if there was any conceivable way she could contribute to the conversation, decided to heed Sadie's warning and "shut up." She slid a thick book out of her bulging backpack and ran her fingers over the raised metallic words on the cover. *My Silver Fleet*, the words said. Amelie gingerly placed the novel on the table, next to her lunch. Flipping it open to the bookmarked place, Amelie left the cafeteria and entered a world of science fiction.

It was an incredible story, an adventure in first-person about a fierce space warrior who dared to oppose the evil, mind-controlling Serpent Queen. The book was full of action and adventure and Amelie loved every word of it.

When she looked up from the book, her lunch had been eaten (she was pretty sure she remembered doing it) and the bell was about to ring. She hurried out of the cafeteria. In the hall, she passed Sadie and the rest of the group. They had left the cafeteria without Amelie noticing.

“I *swear*, I’m going to buy one exactly like it,” gushed Lauren, another one of the girls in the group. Murmurs of agreement echoed throughout the other girls, some louder than others. Amelie turned to see what they were talking about.

She slid into the back of the cluster of giggling girls. Sadie had her arm outstretched so that just about the whole universe could see the chunky charm bracelet on her wrist. “Oh!” exclaimed Sadie, seeing that Amelie was now listening to her along with the rest of the girls. “I don’t know if you heard. We were talking about all buying matching charm bracelets. I’m sure you’d like to have one as well.”

Amelie felt herself nod. Why did it feel strange? Of course she wanted one, just like the rest of the group. Maybe if she had one, then Sadie—no. It wasn’t possible. Sadie would never stop making her the outcast. But if there was any chance at all... Amelie nodded again, more confidently this time.

“Where’d you get it?” Lauren asked Sadie. That was a very good question, Amelie noted. It would be very hard to get the same bracelet without knowing where it was from.

Sadie declared, “Gilded.” She paused. The name of the coolest accessory store in the mall—no, the coolest accessory store of all time!—seemed to deserve a moment of silence.

Amelie looked at her watch and sucked in a sharp breath. “Less than a minute ‘til next class!” she squeaked. She hurried as fast as she could without breaking the no-running-in-the-hall rule to the science classroom, arriving just seconds before the bell went off.

She could hardly listen to Mr. Humbert-Meeks ramble about the circulatory system, though. Her mind kept wondering how she would get that bracelet. Actually, all of her classes after lunch failed to interest her. She even (although she wasn’t proud of it) reentered the sci-fi world of *My Silver Fleet* during English.

When she got home, she eventually convinced her mother to let her go to the mall, telling her that she’d be meeting Grace there. The mall was close enough to bike to, so Amelie didn’t need help with transportation.

There it was: Gilded. Amelie wandered around the store, pausing briefly at anything that caught her fancy. She quickly moved on from those things, though. She wasn’t looking for things that *she* liked. Then Amelie found the bracelet. To be perfectly honest, she didn’t love it. Her arm must have been a little skinnier than Sadie’s, because when she tried the bracelet on, it dangled limply, and slid up and down her arm when she moved. It would definitely be a bit annoying to wear. But annoying was okay. Amelie had to tell herself that.

It was the price tag that made her eyebrows crease with worry. If she bought the bracelet and two charms, every cent she had managed to save up would be gone—with

the exception of two quarters, four pennies, and a dime. Was it worth it? Sadie had said to buy it... Who would Amelie be if she went against Sadie?

But even so, something squirmed inside of her when she pictured spending all that money on a bracelet she hardly liked. She held her hand to her head.

Eventually she decided. After picking which two charms she wanted, Amelie walked with a hesitant confidence to the checkout counter.

“Seventy-two dollars and twelve cents, please,” said the cashier in a bored voice.

Amelie fished around in her purse for the needed money. Had she miscalculated the price? The number seemed more than she had anticipated. She was sure she’d have enough, though.

“Could you hurry up?” demanded the cashier as Amelie laid her pile of crumpled greenish bills on the checkout counter.

Amelie counted it as quickly as she could. It wasn’t enough! *How could—oh*. She had forgotten the sales tax. She couldn’t buy the bracelet.

Amelie apologized to the cashier as she scooped the money back into her purse. She put the bracelet and charms back where she’d gotten them from and sadly left the store. She walked out of the mall in a gloom and got back on her bike.

Amelie arrived at home and rubbed at the slight remains of tears around her eyes with the back of her sleeve. She sank into a cushy chair and dropped her purse on the floor. With a shaky sigh, she pulled *My Silver Fleet* out of her backpack and began, once more, to read. The knots in her stomach unraveled themselves a little as she traveled through space with the main character of the book. A slight shadow dimmed the joy of the adventure, though: she was approaching the end of the thick novel. The book would soon be over, and the adventure would come to a close. But that also meant she was approaching the climax.

Amelie’s eyes widened and she leaned further over the book. Now she knew why the title of the book was *My Silver Fleet*. The main character takes over the Serpent Queen’s entire fleet of spaceships during the climax! It was thrilling.

“Amelie,” said a soft voice above her. She looked up to find her mother standing in front of her.

“What?” Amelie asked.

Her mother smiled. “I was just wondering if you had any homework to do before you go to bed.”

Amelie blinked in surprise. *Bed?* What time was it, anyway? She looked at her watch and moaned. She had spent *way* more time reading than she had intended to. Amelie sighed and trudged off to her room. Her homework wouldn’t do itself, and she had an essay on *Great Expectations* due in a couple days. *Why*, she wondered, *are books always so much more boring if someone forces you to read them?*

The next day at school, Amelie gathered all of her courage and approached Sadie. “I’m sorry,” she mumbled, “I wasn’t able to get the charm bracelet like you said.”

Sadie let out a sharp laugh. “You actually thought I was serious about that!” she exclaimed. She turned to the other girls and pointed her perfectly nail-polished thumb at Amelie. “She thought I was serious!” she laughed. Most of the others laughed, too.

Sadie asked Amelie, “I’m just reminding you... you remember what I said yesterday, right?”

“You said a lot of things yesterday,” Amelie retorted. Her cheeks flushed red. What was she doing?

Sadie’s face crinkled in fury, and she drew her glossy lips into a tight line. She nearly shook with rage. “I said you couldn’t sit at my table if you keep saying stupid things, idiot,” she snapped. She turned on her heel with a toss of her long ponytail. Amelie watched in disgust as Sadie slithered away, the group nervously trailing behind her.

Wait. Slithered? Amelie shook her head. Where had she come up with that? Sadie’s walk was more like a strut. She racked her brain for why. *The Serpent Queen!* But that was ridiculous. Sadie wasn’t anything like the Serpent Queen. For one, Sadie didn’t have mind control, and also—Amelie’s thoughts stopped short with a sickening jolt. Had Sadie been controlling *her*? Her stomach dropped with the realization.

Okay... The Serpent Queen had mind control... so did Sadie, sort of. The Serpent Queen had an army that followed her every word... Sadie had the group. The Serpent Queen was really mean... Amelie almost laughed out loud with that one. The shards of information fell into place, clicking together like Lego bricks.

She didn’t get to think about it much, though, because it was now time for math class. Amelie suffered through a long, boring, and confusing lecture. Then it was time for Spanish, then history, and finally, *finally*, lunch. But it was not such a relief as on most days. Her mind kept circling around Sadie’s threat: *I said you couldn’t sit at my table.*

Amelie tried not to stress too much as she walked into the cafeteria. But when she saw the table, she couldn’t believe her eyes. Every seat was filled. Several girls that were a grade above the usual group were in the seats that were typically empty. Amelie wondered how Sadie got them to sit there.

Amelie decided what to do. Stirring up every ounce of courage inside of herself, Amelie walked to the table. Everyone stared at her. But Amelie would not let herself be unnerved.

“*I said you couldn’t sit here.*” Sadie’s words were almost as harsh and cold as her stare.

Ignoring Sadie, Amelie turned to Grace and whispered to her, “Come on. We’ll find a better place to sit.” A slight grin formed on Amelie’s lips. Grace looked at Amelie incredulously. Amelie could almost see the gears spinning in her head.

Finally, Grace spoke. “Okay,” she said in a shaky, hushed voice. She took Amelie’s hand and grinned—the first *real grin* Amelie had seen on either of them for a long time—and the two girls walked across the cafeteria. Amelie smiled. She was breaking the Serpent Queen’s fleet free.

Story Time

A Humorous Piece

“What should we do now?” I asked Ellie. I was the five-year-old’s babysitter, which meant I was basically her slave so long as we didn’t do anything against the rules or dangerous. In answer, she scampered off to the bookshelf in the corner of the room. She selected one of the many picture books and scurried back over to me. Holding it out to me in a way that was somehow both adorable and obnoxiously demanding, she declared that we would now be reading.

“All right,” I agreed, and we walked across the room to the tiny stuffed chairs by the bookshelf. Ellie quickly plopped down in the bigger one and made herself comfortable. After somehow managing to shove my posterior into the smaller of the two tiny chairs, I opened the book and began to read. “I am a cow. I give milk to you. I have four hooves and I say...” I paused for dramatic emphasis. “Ellie, what’s a cow say?” I asked her in my best nursery-helper-pretending-to-be-excited voice. She glared at me.

“And I say, ‘Moo,’” I finished nervously. Fearing Ellie’s wrath, I turned the page and continued on with the “story.” Ducks were next. “I am a duck. Water rolls off my back,” I read. Ellie stood up and looked through the shelf again. “I have webbed feet and—” I stopped and looked up. Ellie was standing in front of me. Like, *right* in front of me.

“This one,” she ordered, holding a new book in my face.

“But we didn’t finish this one,” I said, pointing to the book in my lap, still open to the duck page.

“This one.” Ellie seemed confused that the older human wasn’t just blindly following her every whim. I looked at it. *Puppy and the Big Balloon*, the cover read. At least this one might be an actual story.

“Okay...” I hesitantly conceded, taking the new book out of Ellie’s hands. I looked at her skeptically. Stopping a book halfway through the middle? Who *does* that? Do all five-year-olds stop books like this? I didn’t when I was little...

“Once upon a time, there was a little puppy...” I began. I glanced at Ellie. She had gone back to her place in the stuffed chair and was staring at me expectantly. I gulped and continued reading. Puppy had gone all the way to the candy forest when Ellie was standing in front of me again.

“This one now,” she commanded.

Another picture book. *Don’t Feed Your Lizard a Bagel* was the title. What the heck? That title confused me a lot, but there were bigger problems. “Ellie, we didn’t finish—” I looked at the cover for the title. “We didn’t finish *Puppy and the Big Balloon!*” I exclaimed. She glared at me again. Seriously, that girl has a killer stare.

“No!” She shoved the lizard book at my face. “This one!”

“Whatever,” I said. I hope I sounded calmer than I felt.

“Read it,” Ellie whined.

And read it I did. And it was SO. FUNNY. Like, it was one of those picture books that’s good at any age. I laughed aloud in multiple parts of it. AND THEN.

AND THEN SHE INTERRUPTED. “This one,” she demanded once again, holding another book in front of me. I almost couldn’t believe it.

“But—but the bagels—and the lizards—” I sputtered.

Ellie was unrelenting. “This one.” I hadn’t known five-year-olds could growl that fiercely.

I stood up from the teensy stuffed chair and started pleading. “Ellie, can we pleeeeeeeeeeease finish this one book? Ellie, pleeeeeeease? For meeeeeee? Just this one book?”

“This one.”

I tried reasoning. “Ellie, how about this: You let me finish reading this book and then I will read the book you want afterwards. And also, you can have two of my M&Ms, *and* I will call you Princess Ellie for the rest of today.”

“No! This one!”

What was I doing? *I* was the babysitter. *I* was in charge, not this half-pint kid who didn’t even know how to finish a book. I decided to take control. “*We are finishing this book! And that is final! Thus says the babysitter!*”

“Nooooo!!!!!!! This one!!!!!!!” Ellie raised the book like a weapon.

I looked around the room. Was there any escape in sight; any feasible way to get out of reading the next book so soon? With one last cry of defeat, I sank back into the tiny chair. I held out my hands for the new book. Ellie, with no small amount of satisfaction, handed the book to me. It was already open.

I am a duck. Water rolls off my back, it read. I have webbed feet and I say quack.



Ask Marian the Bookworm

Practical Advice for all your Book-Related Needs

Dear Marian,

I've noticed that most fantasy books are about dragons. Why is that? Don't get me wrong: I think dragons are cool. But it would also be cool to have a little variety in my fantasy books.

-Frustrated with Fantasy

- The Vengekeep Prophecies by Brian Farrey. The trilogy has no dragons, despite having all the other features of a fantasy story. There are dragonlike creatures, however, in some of the books.

-Marian the Bookworm

Dear Frustrated,

I agree that there are a lot more fantasy stories with dragons than without. I personally like dragons a lot, but you raise a good question. The main reason is what you already said: dragons are cool! Like, *really* cool. A lot of authors like dragons, so they write about them. And a lot of readers like dragons, so they read the books the authors wrote.

Also, dragons are basically an author's dream. They're mythical, and are very different creatures in different cultures, so an author can basically design them however they want. They are also a relatively easy-to-write source of conflict in stories. Your hero needs to get somewhere? Boom—stick a dragon in their path. Instant problem for your character.

Here are a few good fantasy book series that don't have dragons (or that have very few dragons):

- Runt the Brave by Daniel Schwabauer. Yes, I know this is Mr. S's book, but it's good! And besides, it's fantasy, and there are no dragons. It's about mice vs. rats, so dragons wouldn't really fit into the world.
- The Keeper of the Lost Cities by Shannon Messenger. In this series, dragons exist only as one of many "mythical" creatures in the Lost Cities. They're barely even mentioned and don't impact the story.

Dear Marian,

When I was younger, I read the *Sew Zoey* book series by Chloe Taylor and enjoyed it. Now though, I'm reading more advanced novels. Besides, I've finished the *Sew Zoey* books multiple times and am ready to move on. What I'm wondering is if you know of any books that are similar but for older readers. Do you have any recommendations?

-Looking for Books

Dear Looking for Books,

I agree, *Sew Zoey* is an excellent book series. As for something similar but more advanced, my suggestion is *Chloe by Design* by Margaret Gurevich. It is very similar to *Sew Zoey* except that it is written for teenagers instead of young tweens.

Also, try searching "Fashion" or "Sewing" in your library's catalogue. Libraries are an incredible resource that many people overlook. There should be a way to filter the search results to fiction books for teens. You may also want to include tween or middle-grade books in your filtered search, too. Even though *Sew Zoey* is middle-grade, there are also much more complex novels that are also classified as middle-grade books.

-Marian the Bookworm

Check out the Pageturners website for our blog, *The Weekly Review*, for more reviews just like this one!

The Weekly Review

Escape from Mr. Lemoncello's Library

This week's book review is *Escape from Mr. Lemoncello's Library* by Chris Grabenstein.

For twelve years—as long as Kyle Keeley's been alive—Alexandriaville has been without a public library. But construction has been underway, and a new library is about to open, designed by the world's most famous game maker: the eccentric Luigi Lemoncello. Twelve twelve-year-olds have been selected to partake in an exciting challenge. Just before the library opens, the twelve kids will spend the night there, in the “library lockdown” event. Little do they know that they will be competing for an ultimate prize.

The book is packed full of fun and challenging puzzles that the reader will love to solve along with the characters. The story is suspenseful and exciting. *Escape from Mr. Lemoncello's Library* will amaze and delight book lovers, game lovers, and puzzle lovers alike in a dazzling story for all ages.

