

IMAGINATION NEVER ENDS



The World of Fantasy is Infinite...

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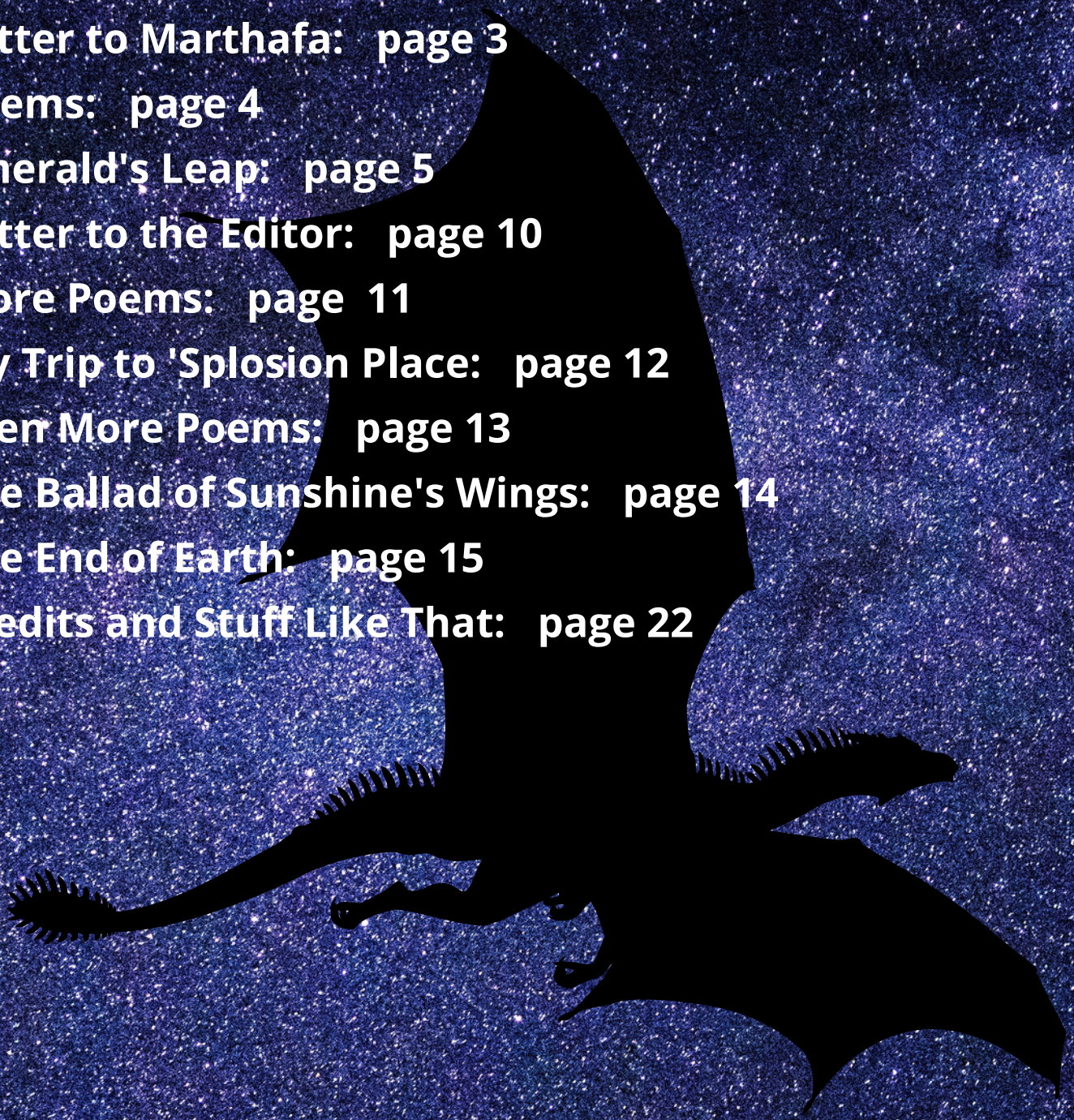
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REVIEW

By Astrid
aka Commander Gnorm

Human, have you ever heard of maggotloaf? You should have, because fang commanders have a tendency to let prisoners go because of it.

The ingredients for maggotloaf are wonderful and amazing to me, but to fang-less humans like you they are grotesque. I happen to know what the ingredients are, not that I would take the time to find out. What an atrocious thought! The main object in maggotloaf is rotten meat, so, so rotten. You put it in a compost pile, water it like a juicy-leaved plant, and oh! Wouldn't it be wonderful to squish it and gaze upon all the maggots and juice spilling out like a waterfall? The thought makes me sigh with happiness and love.

But maggotloaf would never be complete without bugs. Worms and fire bugs ground and smashed into a fine paste, mushed throughout maggot-filled meat. I love to pick out the fat, white, squishy maggots and watch them squirm around until I crush them with my fangs.

Have I mentioned what type of meat to use for maggotloaf? You need to know, human prisoner, for if I let you go, you will make maggotloaf for me. The meat has to be specific, or it doesn't taste perfect. Hen meat, chopped and raw, moist and juicy, compost flavoured and rotten. Even the thought of all this squishy, mushy goodness makes me drool. Fingernails give a little crunch to a mushy pile of rottenness; a perfect combination.

There is one thing that is tainted with the need for revenge. Dog hair. The nasty little dog's fur is sweet, but victory will be sweeter the day I see that dog die. Pesky little soldier-biting, life-ruining mammal. The dirtiness of the dog and the need for revenge gives maggotloaf a slight bittersweet flavour, hardly detectable between the mashed bugs and rotten meat.

The wonderful mixed flavours of maggotloaf, along with the crunch of fingernail clippings and squishy maggots makes this dessert prized in the fang world. I don't know why you fangless humans hate even one glimpse of maggotloaf. Maybe it is too overpowering? I have seen some people drop down from the stench. Maggotloaf, oh so squishy and oh so rotten, I would fight for it to the death.

Dear Marthafa,

I'm going to publish a book, but I don't know a good publisher. I decided to self publish, and I'm really confused on how to do it. How do you get a self published book known to the world when you've only made a certain amount of copies? Maybe sincerely,

George the Bored Jr. ii

Dear George the Bored Jr. ii,

Self publishing can be confusing! There are many different companies that give help, but only some of them are good. To get a self published book known to the world, you have to have a company to help you. I suggest that you research each company and find out the pros and cons of them. When it comes to printing, do POD (print on demand), or Traditional Offset Printing. If you decide to make an ebook, check that it can transition to many different files very well. Also, make sure you have an interesting cover that catches attention, and see if you have enough money to self publish. To make readers stay with your book, have a fascinating story plot and good editing. There are companies that can help you edit and make a cover. Finally, only use a trustworthy company.

Sincerely,

Marthafa

When Frodo Gets Hurt

**Frodo was stabbed and the Ringwraiths leered,
In misery the Dwarves tore their beards.
The distressed Elves cried,
For Frodo might die,
Poor Sam burst into big, ugly tears.**

(Not actually accurate)

Dragon's Winter Journey

**A dragon walks, cold,
Frost crunches beneath her feet,
Breath puffs out like steam.**



Sophie

Suldreen

Only teleporting elf

Powerful

Human saver

Inflictor

Elf

Emerald's Leap

Emerald dangled from the branch, her hands barely holding on. Above her, trees loomed, their branches swaying in the the gentle wind. The sunlight seemed to float in through the leaves, turning them a bright gold. The branch Emerald was hanging off of was a foot and a half thick, with rough chunks of bark to grip.

The bark of the trees was black, with streaks of gold like a birch tree. Even though there was a beautiful scene, Emerald hated being in the trees. Every time she tried to inch along the branches, she hugged the trunk of the tree. She had a fear of heights, falling, and of pain. Basically, Emerald was afraid of everything. *I wish I had no fear of falling*, she would think as she clutched on to a branch for dear life.

As Emerald hung nine meters in the air, a bully stepped out on the branch she was on. He stared her, sneering.

"Would you like me to help you up?" He asked.

Emerald nodded, even though it was technically the bullies' fault she was in the trees.

The bullies had brought Emerald's orange tabby kitten, S'mores, up into the trees. Emerald had to climb into the trees to rescue her, even though she wasn't a fantastic climber. That was why Emerald now dangled from the branch, S'mores digging her tiny claws into her hair. One of the other bullies tugged on the leader's green- black shirt sleeve.

"I don't think we should help her," the bully said.

"You're right," the leader said. "Goodbye," he said as he stomped on Emerald's hands.

Emerald screamed in pain and terror. The bully released his foot. Emerald let go of the branch and fell backwards. She twisted, trying to grab onto something. She was falling too fast. She hit a branch, rolled off it, and kept falling, now face first. *At least S'mores isn't on my head, or she would've been crushed*, Emerald thought. Oh no. S'mores was no longer on her head.

"S'mores!" Emerald screeched.

Tears streamed down her face. Emerald twirled and twirled and twirled in the air, trying to find her friend. S'mores wasn't anywhere to be seen. Emerald fell limp from tears and fear. Twigs whipped her skin, creating little red gashes. She would hit the ground soon. *I wish I had no fear of falling... I wish I had no fear at all....*

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Emerald stirred and woke. She was in her bed at home. Outside, stars glinted above the treetops. The moon was floating in the middle of the dark sky, its gentle face glowing softly. Emerald thought it was midnight. *I must of been knocked unconscious by a branch or something as I fell from the tree*, she thought. She shuddered.

The bullies pushed me from higher than usual. But someone must have caught me before I hit the ground. I probably would've broken all my bones if I had smashed onto the dirt. Emerald suddenly remembered S'mores. Where was she? She had been on Emerald's head last, but then Emerald had fallen and S'mores had disappeared. She had to find S'mores!

Emerald crept out of her bed and snuck to the door. She grabbed a small lantern from the door frame, its tiny flame hardly giving any light. Emerald tiptoed past house after house, careful not to disturb anyone. She peered into every shadow with her lantern. She was shivering, though the night was quite warm. Everything is peaceful, but what if something jumps out at me from the darkness? She almost shrieked as she heard voices arguing in one house. Emerald crawled closer to a window, because she had a feeling this argument was important.

"We can't keep hiding this from the other villagers," one voice said.

"But if we reveal this to them, they will freak out," said another.

The second voice was probably the mayor, Emerald guessed. She had heard his voice a few times. He must be speaking with his friends, she thought.

"This war can't be kept secret anymore. The villagers will find out," a third person said, "It keeps getting harder and harder to cover up these battles with the Dino-Men."

Emerald heard enough. There was a secret war going on! She knew what Dino-Men were. They were terrifying, with the head of a dinosaur and the body of a human. They were huge and had massive muscles. *I hope I never meet one.* Emerald would have to think about the war later. She had to find S'mores. She inched away from the house, running to where she had fallen.

Don't look into the shadows, there's no Dino-Men waiting to ambush you, don't look into the shadows, you'll get scared and run back home, you need to find S'mores, think of S'mores, not Dino-Men, don't look into the shadows.

Emerald searched every little crack and indent around the tree. *There's no bugs or anything in the cracks, don't look into the shadows, you need to find S'mores.* Emerald was just about to give up when her hand touched something soft. She jumped so high her head smashed against low branch of the tree.

"Ow!" she shouted.

Emerald reached her hand out to touch the soft thing. It made a small squeak.

"S'mores?" Emerald whispered.

S'mores leapt into Emerald's arms, her tiny body vibrating with a noisy purr. Emerald realized the last time she had seen S'mores, she was falling out of a nine-meter tree.

"Are you injured?" asked Emerald.

She looked over S'mores, searching for injuries. S'mores was fine.

"You're okay. That's good. Let's go home, S'mores. Mother, Father, Jeff, and Opal will be waiting. Wait, it's the middle of the night. They won't be waiting. But still. Let's go! I can't wait to tell everybody that you survived a nine-foot drop!" Emerald chattered.



In the excitement of finding her friend, she forgot her fear of the dark. But she also forgot the Dino-Men. Emerald and S'mores didn't get back home then. Three huge, muscular Dino-Men jumped out from behind the trees. Emerald shrieked. The Dino-Men grabbed her and tossed her into a cage. It happened so fast, Emerald didn't really have time to be scared. Once she saw their faces through the bars, she was terrified.

Another time my fear gets in the way, Emerald thought. *If I were infinitely brave like my friends, I could bust out of this cage, save S'mores, and run. But I'm not brave.* She sighed. *Will I ever see my family and friends again?* Little did she know that most of the villagers, along with her family and friends, were also captured by the Dino-Men.

When Emerald woke up, she was confused. She was lying on something hard, and the air around her was cool. She opened her eyes. *Am I in the village? No, this place is probably underground. Under miles and miles of solid rock. Wait, miles and miles of solid rock?!*

Emerald shuddered as she thought of a future where the 'solid rock' roof caved in on everything inside this place. She sat up and studied her surroundings. She was in a cell-like room. It was like a square, and through a barred door there was a tunnel with a few torches.



"Emerald!"

Emerald jumped, hitting her head on the low ceiling as a voice spoke through a crack in the wall. Why did the voice sound like her sister?

"Opal?" Emerald asked.

"Yes, it's me," said Opal.

"Do you what's going on?" Emerald asked.

"I think so. The Dino-Men attacked our village and carried almost

everyone away. We ended up here," said Opal.

"Everybody?"

"Yeah, all the adults are working for the Dino-Men now, I think. Jeff and all our friends are in the cells next to me."

"Ok."

"And we've been planing to escape and save everyone."

"Ok."

"And since you're awake, we are going to defeat the Dino-Men now. I think Daisy has broken through most of the walls now."

"What?" Emerald was confused.

"Daisy has a pickaxe," explained Opal.

"Okaaaaay," said Emerald.

There was a cracking sound, as if stone were breaking.

"Hi, Emerald!" That was Daisy's high voice.

"Hi," said Emerald.

"I'll just break through your wall and then we'll be off to defeat the evil Dino-Men!" said Daisy.

The sharp point of a pickaxe broke through the wall with a crash. Emerald scooted back so she wouldn't get hit. Small pebbles and chunks of rock fell as the pickaxe smashed through the wall again. Daisy poked her head into Emerald's cell. She had pale-ish brown skin and light, short brown hair with streaks of yellow.

"Come on, Emerald. Let's go," said Daisy.

As Emerald climbed through the gaping hole, she decided she would let her friends do all the brave stuff. *I hope I don't have to actually do anything,* Emerald thought. *All the others are so brave. I'm not brave.*



Opal and Daisy led Emerald through cell after cell, gathering their friends. The walls weren't very well made, and thin.

So that's how Daisy broke through so quickly, Emerald thought. Soon all her friends were in the last cell. There was Bobby, Pipi, Daisy, Joe, Opal, Jeff, and Emerald (herself). But there was supposed to be someone else....

"Has anyone see my kitten, S'mores?" asked Emerald.

"Is S'mores the small, orange, fluffy kitten?" said Joe.

"Yes!" said Emerald.

"She was carried away by the Dino-Men," said Joe.

"Oh no! S'mores! You have to save her!" cried Emerald.

"We will" said Pipi in her quiet, whispery voice, "But not yet."

"I need S'mores now!" said Emerald.

"But not yet," repeated Pipi, her dark blue eyes sympathetic.

Emerald felt tears forming in her eyes. She blinked, forcing them down.

"Let's go," she said.

Daisy broke through the wall of the last cell, enabling everyone to go into the tunnel. None of them knew who was in the cells beyond. As soon as everyone was out, they encountered a family of stunned Dino-People. The Dino-People looked at each other like they didn't know what their prisoners were doing.

"I guess Dino-People aren't very smart," said Bobby.

"Yeah," Daisy said.

"Come on, let's go!" said Opal.

They all raced down a tunnel. *I hope those Dino-People don't alert an army that we're loose. I don't want to get captured again*, thought Emerald.

"Um, I think we have a problem," whispered Jeff.

"What?" asked Daisy.

"There's a bunch of angry Dino-Men holding swords outside," said Jeff.

"Oh no," said Emerald.

"What do you mean, 'outside?'" said Joe.

"Outside as in trees, sky, and grass," said Bobby, looking over Jeff's shoulder. "I can see a small canyon."

"Then we weren't under miles and miles of rock?" asked Emerald.

"No. Oh no! They've spotted us! RUN! Watch out for that canyon!" shouted Jeff.

Everyone but Emerald bolted out of the entrance to the Dino-People lair. Each one of them leapt onto a massive Dino-Man. Emerald stayed in the shadows. *I'm not brave enough. I'm not good enough. I need to help my friends! I'm not brave enough.* A small squeak startled her out of her thoughts. She jumped.

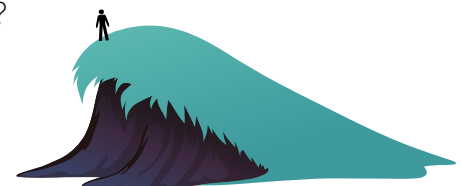
"S'mores?" Emerald whispered.

She picked up the tiny ball of orange fur.

"I missed you."

Emerald cuddled her kitten. She looked out of the cave to see where her friends were. They were either on a Dino-Man or running from one. But where was Opal?

"Oh no..." breathed Emerald.



Opal was cornered by a humongous Dino-Man at the edge of the canyon. The Dino-Man made a fake lunge, scaring Opal. She shrieked and fell off the cliff.

"Opal!" Emerald cried.

I could have saved her. I'm not brave enough. I could have saved her. But I'm not brave enough. How far down is the canyon? Is there water down there? No! I'm not brave enough. I wish I were brave. Can I still save Opal? What if she's hit the bottom and there's no water? She would be dead. But if she's not dead, I could save her. I'm not brave eno... Stop it, Emerald! Think of Opal and how terrified she probably is.

I have to be brave for her. I need to run. Emerald started to get up. *What if a Dino-Man hurts me? Keep running. I have to get to Opal. I can be brave!* Emerald set S'mores down and darted out of the cave. None of her friends had noticed Opal's fall. They were too busy with the Dino-Men.

Emerald grabbed a rope from a Dino-Man's belt. She ran towards the edge of the canyon, tying a loop in the rope. She threw it over a small tree, not even bothering to see if it would hold. With the end of the rope in one hand, Emerald leapt off the edge of the canyon. She did not know if the rope was long enough. She did not care. She needed to save Opal or die trying.

There was a rushing river at the bottom of the canyon, and it led to a waterfall. Opal was clutching a pile of floating driftwood. She was being dragged to the waterfall. Emerald landed on the driftwood and grabbed Opal.

"Emerald! What are you doing here?" said Opal.

Emerald pushed off the driftwood. She swung on the rope, flying high. They both landed safely on the top of the canyon; a ray of sunshine broke through the gray, cloudy sky and lit up the area surrounding it.

Emerald looked around at the battling people. All the captured adults and other children had streamed out of the Dino-Man lair to help Emerald's friends. The Dino-Men ran back into their cave, whimpering all the way.

"I did not think the Dino-Men would flee at the sight of a ton of people way smaller than them," said Emerald.

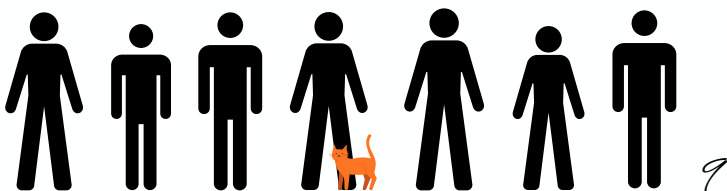
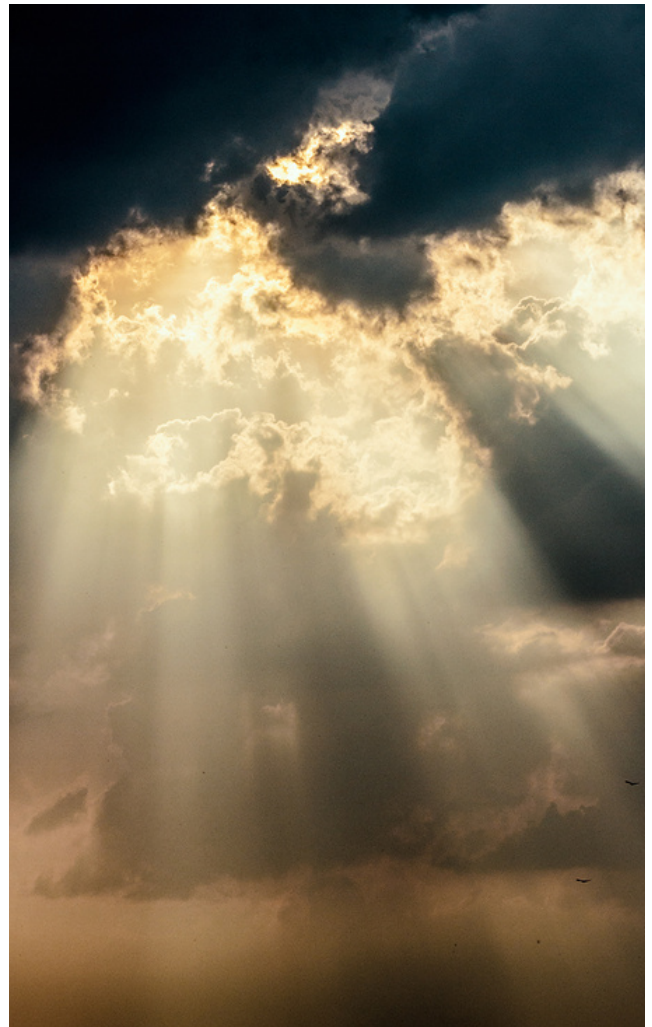
"Yeah," said Opal. "Emerald, how come it was you who saved me?"

"Because I was the only person who was available. Is that okay?" said Emerald.

"Yes," said Opal.

S'mores ran up to them. Emerald picked her up and cuddled the fluffy kitten. Daisy, Jeff, Bobby, Joe, and Pipi came up to meet them, too.

"Great job, Emerald," Jeff said.



"Thanks. Also thank you for keeping the Dino-Men distracted," said Emerald. "Who freed the adults?"

"That would be S'mores. She led everyone out of the cave. It was epic! You should've heard the Dino-Men shriek!" said Bobby.

"I did! I thought there was a hundred screaming little girls," said Emerald.

"Well, now since the Dino-Men are gone, let's go back to the village," said Daisy.

The End



Dear Editor,

Is ending the world or sitting in a void
a good fantasy story idea?

Sincerely,
Kim Jr. ii

Kim Jr. ii

Yes, ending the world and/or sitting in a void could be
a good story idea, though sitting in a void would need
more action. Why, may I ask, would you want to end
the world? You live here, too.

-Astrid, editor of *Imagination Never Ends*





Sam

Sméagol hater
Always carries pans
Mr Frodooooo!!!

After the Rabbits' Battles

No more cruel Morbin,
Every rabbit celebrates,
Though hard was the price.

**ARE YOU TIRED
OF WALKING TO
THE NEAREST
CATAPULT EVERY
TIME YOU NEED
TO FLY?**



Firestar

Flame colored fur
Is legendary

Rusty

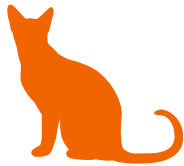
Everyone should love him

Saves the clans

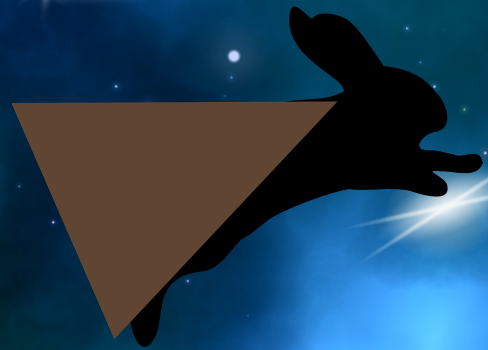
ThunderClan's leader

Adventures

Really hates Tigerstar



With the new spring-loaded, auto-launching glider you can soar anywhere at a moment's notice! Only a few of these limited edition gliders have been made. Be the first to get an auto-launching glider now!





My Trip to 'Splosion Place



I won a map to this amazing section of land called 'Splosion Place. I decided to go there, even though the way was long. I dove into my car and sped to Loud Street. But, as usual, there was a massive traffic jam blocking my way. It was so thick not even a cat could fit through it. I turned my car around and got lost. I searched for a certain alleyway, where the next step was. It took me three hours to find it.

The sun jumped down the mountain and under the horizon just as I got there. I scowled at the tiny pinprick of light just about to fall down below sight. It was as if the sun was saying, "Now you'll have to wait until morning to continue your adventure!" I unrolled a car blanket on the damp, cold bricks. A few rats skittered over me as I lie down. Their tiny, beady, red eyes seemed to bore holes into me.

The ivy I was supposed to climb in the morning started to crumble under my touch. I scrambled up and pulled myself onto a window ledge. Unfortunately, I forgot to count the windows. I must've landed on the third window, because when I busted it down I fell into a police station. They looked at me like I was an alien. I darted for the door as they got up to catch me. The door crashed as I slammed it shut. My legs seemed to fly up the stairs.

I wandered the fourth floor until I found my worst fear. The Chance-Eater. It's the scariest thing you've ever seen, but infinite times worse. To me it looked like when my cat tried to do zero divided by zer... I'm not even going try to think it. The Chance-Eater takes away your chances to to something. I lost the chance to go back to the the police station. It was then that I realized that I hadn't eaten breakfast, and I'll just say that the Chance-Eater lost the chance to escape alive.

I searched for the stairway to the roof. I soon found it, but the stairs were metal. And slanted. And they had just been waxed. The janitor was walking away with a unknowing grin on his face. "What?!" I shouted, but the janitor was gone. I had to drag myself up by the railing. On the roof there was a dragon waiting to pick me up. I hopped onto him and we started to fly, but the dragon turned out to be mean and dropped me after a few feet. I grabbed onto a billboard and climbed to the ground.

I walked for two hours to the helicopter station. The helicopter driver was an old man with such a long beard that it could stretch for a kilometer. He was retired. I tried to drive the helicopter myself, but I crashed into Barf Lake. I swam to Splosion' Place. But without the harness attached to the helicopter, I got exploded all the way to the Dude Empire. There, they arrested me. As I sat in jail, I pondered over my adventure; I hated it.

0/0=



**Sea Dragons
Swimming,
Dragons glide past,
Slicing through the water,
On to the cliffs of the Dark Sea!
Swimming....**

Dragons

**Doomfang
RainWings
Antannyn
Glory
Old maps
Smaug**

Rusty



**Once a Kittypet,
He lived with his loved Twolegs,
Now a warrior.**

The Ballad of Sunshine's Wings

There once was a butterfly whose name was Sunshine,
Her wings were as gold as the sun through the rain.
They'd carry her high up above the clouds,
And into the blue beyond they'd aim.

The wind would rush around her wings,
And make her sail into the air.
The clouds would catch upon her feet;
She was without a single care.

Into the blue beyond she'd soar,
But every time she'd come back home.
To play beside her bush's leaves
And rest inside her little dome.

One day she flew into the sky,
Her wings were floating on the breeze.
The wind was picking up some strength,
And in the wind she thought she'd freeze.

A storm blew up behind a hill,
And caught up Sunshine in its gale.
She twirled around, around, around,
And rain splashed down from the sky pail.

When the storm flew off elsewhere,
It left poor Sunshine battered and bent.
She lay beside her broken home,
Beneath a tiny, green, leaf tent.

Sunshine rose to her tiny feet
And strained to crawl out of the tent.
She looked up at the bright gold sun,
And bathed in the beautiful light it sent.

Then a butterfly flew past her leaf tent,
Flapping its bright blue-green wings.
Sunshine tried to stretch her own,
As other insects started to sing.

All that was left of Sunshine's wings
Was a few last shreds of gold in the rain.
She could no longer fly high above the clouds,
Or into the blue where her wings would aim.

A tear trailed down her tiny cheek;
She'd never get to fly again.
Unless... she found a dragon's cave,
She'd never get to fly again.

Sunshine trudged across the ground,
Step by step, crawling slow.
Taking cover to hide from birds,
Laying beneath a leaf hanging low.

It took so long to crawl to the cave;
A year to get to the dragon's den.
It hurt Sunshine to see others fly,
When she was stuck on the earth in a pen.

But she did it, and she got to the cave:
A purple dragon with wings crawled out.
His smile was kind as he saw Sunshine,
And thought, what was this about?

Sunshine quivered with a pure hope,
As she stumbled up to him.
Would she get to fly again?
Thought she as she came up to him.

Sunshine asked the dragon a question.
"Could you give me a little ride?"
The dragon thought for a little bit,
And Sunshine made a little sigh.

There once was a butterfly whose name was Sunshine,
Her wings were just shreds of gold in the rain.
They used to carry her high in the clouds,
And into the blue beyond they'd aim.

And now though Sunshine has no wings,
The wind still rushes cool around her.
She has a brand new purple friend,
And she could never wish for another.

Now small Sunshine needs no wings;
None that are even gold in the rain.
Now she has a wonderful friend,
And into the blue beyond they aim.



And Into The Blue Beyond They Aim

The End of Earth

The black hole rose above the horizon like the sun. Trees, dirt, and buildings were ripped out of the ground and sucked into the dark circle in the sky.

"Bob, go!" shouted Topaz. "You can run faster than me."

Bob O'Mango and Topaz PineApple had been resting in an abandoned house while it was night. Then Topaz had seen the black hole.

It worked like the sun. It rose at sunrise and set at sunset. Now the darkness was floating into the sky and taking everything with it.

Bob looked at Topaz. "I'm not going unless you are," he said firmly.

"Oh yeah? What if this 'you' isn't going to let herself slow you down so you get sucked into the black hole? You are going to go now or else," said Topaz, her blue-green eyes determined.

Topaz shoved Bob so he had to run. "Topaz, come on!" Bob pleaded.

Topaz gazed after him. "I'm not coming. I would get sucked in anyway. And you would try to save me, so you would get sucked in, too. Who else is going to find the vacuum?" she said.

"You're right. But I will miss you. You're the last person I know in the world," Bob said.

"I know. You still have to continue. Who else is going to find the—" Bob was too far away now.

He ran on, glancing back to see his friend get sucked into the black hole. Topaz was a tiny dot of color amid the debris flying around. Soon she would be gone, disappearing into the massive, dark hole.

Bob had to find the vacuum; he had to prevent others from losing their friends and family. The vacuum was supposed to suck up the black hole and implode it. How was the vacuum supposed to implode something that was a star that had already imploded? Bob would have to find out.

He glared at the black hole, anger and sadness showing in his frown. His family was already gone, and he had just lost his friend. The black hole was ripping apart the world.

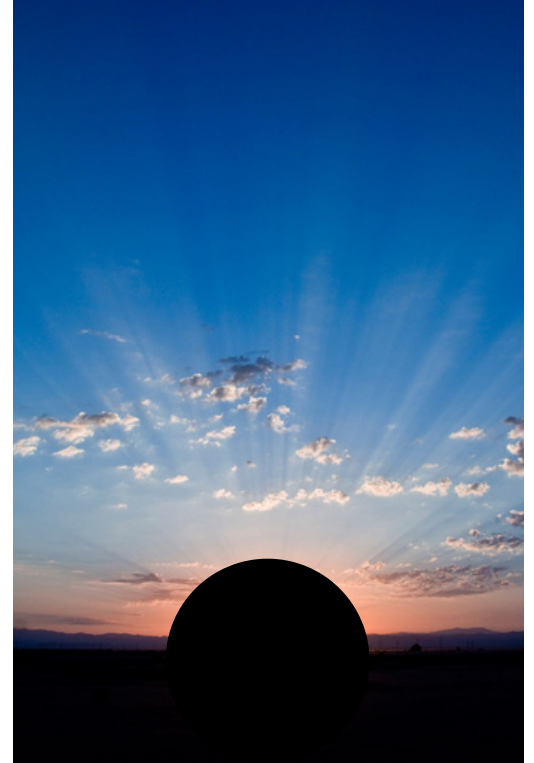
"Why, black hole, can't you destroy the world sometime else?" Bob yelled at the darkness.

He sat down under an old, rotting oak tree far enough from the black hole's gravity. "I hate black holes," he grumbled.

Bob stood up after a while. He had to find the vacuum. Like Topaz said, he was the only one who knew where it was. Well, he thought he was the only one. Bob almost cried at the thought of Topaz, his last friend.

The old oak tree he had been under reached out its branches into the dark blue sky. Its thick, rough limbs seemed to tremble with sadness as if it too had lost a friend. Like its roots had been touching another tree's roots from when they were saplings, and they had grown together for years; but that other tree was ripped up by the black hole, taking some of oak's roots with.

Bob jogged in the direction of the black hole vacuum. It would take him a while to reach it, deep in the Dungeon of Doom, right at the base of Mt. Everest.



Then he would have to climb the mountain to the top and suck up the black hole with vacuum.

He sighed. That would take forever; how many people would be crushed to death by the black hole's gravity while he was walking? He did not want anybody to lose their loved ones or friends. He knew the pain very well, and he did not like it.

Bob stopped jogging through a forest to eat a few wild fruits at lunch. That was when he turned to face the black hole. It loomed above him, ominous and terrifying. Bob frowned.

The black hole did not usually loom over the world like that. Debris was circling into it and the darkness was getting bigger.

Bob started to run. He could not dillydally. The black hole would soon cover the world. Bob ran until he was out of breath, but he still kept going. Mt. Everest was close, and so was the Dungeon of Doom.

A tree crashed down in front of him. It rolled, almost crushing him. The tree was sucked into the air and it spiralled into the black hole. Bob screamed and bolted towards the mountain. Trees of all sizes fell in his path, blocking him. Bob had to crawl under them as they flew into the air.

There was a flash of color under a falling tree. Bob dove into the colorful thing, knocking it out of the tree's path. He rolled with the thing into the ferns. The tree crashed down and was sucked into the sky.

The colorful thing happened to be a girl wearing a purple shirt and blue shorts.

And she was holding a vacuum. It was as black as the inside of a cave with no lights. It was the black hole vacuum!

"Hi. Can I have that vacuum?" said Bob with a smile.

"Hi. No," said the girl, frowning.

"Why? I need that," said Bob.

"Why? I got it from my house on that mountain," she said as she pointed towards Mt. Everest.

"You live in the Dungeon of Doom?" said Bob.

"Yes."


"That is the black hole vacuum. I need that."

"Oh yeah?" the girl prepared to throw the vacuum.

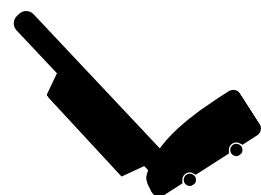
"Don't throw it! That will save the world!" shouted Bob.

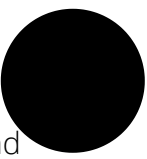
She threw it. It smashed into pieces on the grassy ground.

Worried about your
exoskeleton getting
punctured? This new
exoskeleton, version
2,000,000, can keep
you and your children
safe! It's human,
destructor and
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Our stock is almost
out, so get yours
now!



*Not proven to be true





"Great." Bob drooped. He would have to fix it.

A tree tipped onto the vacuum, crushing it further. Bob flopped down onto the ground and sighed.

Bob looked at the girl. "Why did you do that?"

Her face was twisted in a guilty grimace. Bob sighed again.

"I'll get some glue and fix the vacuum," Bob said as he took some glue out of his backpack.

It took three hours to glue the vacuum together and get the circuitry back to normal. The girl watched him the entire time. She asked if she could help once, but Bob glared at her and said, "I don't need your help building the vacuum."

Bob held up the vacuum. "Finally! I have the vacuum!" he shouted.

A tree fell down in front of Bob. He jumped back as it flew in to the air and was sucked into the black hole. The girl snickered. Bob frowned.

"I'm going to get going," said Bob.

As soon as he took one step, he fell backwards. The girl looked down at the ground. She stood up and fell, too.



"The world is shaking!" She said.

The girl was right. The world was shaking so violently it seemed it would crumble. The forest Bob and the girl were in was gone in a second. The trees were flying into the black hole. Bob looked through the trees and saw chunks of dirt swirling into the darkness.

The world was literally being ripped to pieces. There was a cracking sound, and suddenly Bob felt like he could float up into the sky if he jumped high enough.

The girl shouted and pointed through dirt and trees. A stream of lava was lighting up the sky as it swirled into the black hole.

"What is going on?!" Bob yelled.

"I think the black hole just ripped half the world off!" the girl shouted.

Bob stood up and jumped. He floated a little and slowly fell.

"We've lost most of our gravity," Bob said.

"I know," said the girl as she jumped. "We have another problem, too."

The world started to shake again.

"I think I know. Mt. Everest is falling," grumbled Bob. "Let's go."

They started run-jumping through the air. Soon they busted through the flying trees and dirt.



Bob's mouth dropped open. Mt. Everest was falling, but it looked epic. Dust shot into the air as boulders crashed down, bouncing off each other. The small debris floated and the boulders flew and fell.

"Ok. Let's go climb the crumbling mountain before it falls all the way," Bob said.

He darted into the dust and started to leap onto still attached boulders. The girl jumped beside him. They back flipped and front flipped over gaps, floating in the air for a few seconds before landing on their feet perfectly.

"Um, do you know a person named Topaz?" said the girl suddenly. "She was my friend, but then she disappeared."

Bob looked at her. "Yes. I did know Topaz. We were going to destroy the black hole with the vacuum."

"What happened?" the girl asked.

"She was sucked into the black hole," said Bob, frowning with sadness.

The girl sniffed. A boulder smashed in front of them, and Bob and the girl jumped over it. They no longer did tricks in the air. They both knew that they had to destroy the black hole before anyone else lost friends and family.



Bob and the girl were close to the crumbling top of Mt. Everest. They could hardly see where they had to step, because the dust floating in the air was extremely thick.

The stones crashing down the mountain were dangerous, as they could crush the two people darting up to the top.

Mt. Everest was no longer high. Bob could climb up without any winter gear, because the snow wasn't there.

The clouds that could have touched the mountain now floated miles above the crumbling mess.

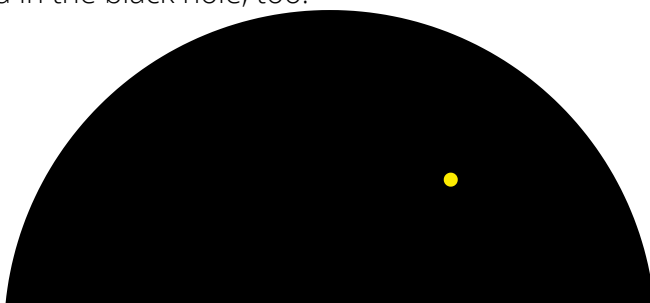
"We're almost there!" Bob shouted.

The noise of the falling mountain could make a person go deaf. Luckily, Bob and the girl had stuffed grass into their ears before climbing.

The dust grew less thick as they bounded higher. It had started to fall down the mountain. Bob could breathe a lot better the farther they went.

A tiny ray of sunlight pierced the dust like a shard of broken obsidian. The black hole took up most of the sky, so sunlight was rare. The lava streaming from the center of the earth was the only light.

The sun must have been getting sucked into the darkness, because it suddenly got very hot. It was like you were tossed into a volcano and were swimming into the core of the earth. Like the sun was, the other planets were probably being crushed in the black hole, too.



Bob and the girl broke through the dust and looked down the mountain. They weren't very far up, but this was the new top. Bob turned toward to the black hole. It was so massive it almost *was* the sky.

"Aah! Too bright!" Bob shouted and covered his eyes. The sun was getting pulled into the hole of darkness. It was only a tiny dot swirling around.

Like Topaz.... Bob thought, trying to not cry. Wait.

The girl looked at Bob. "Are you going to use the vacuum?" She said.

"Yeah," said Bob. He felt a very, very confused on something. But there was no time.

Bob held up the vacuum and looked at it. It was jet black, and there was a yellow, glowing *ON* switch. Did he just turn it on and point it to the black hole?

"Go on. Why stop now?" Said the girl. She was staring at the black hole, but she didn't seem to be afraid.

Bob placed his finger on the switch. His fingernail scratched it, and a tiny silver mark appeared. Bob frowned. He scratched it again, and the black started coming off.

"What?" Bob said as he whipped his head around to the girl.

She was grinning. Bob glared at her.

"What is this?" Bob yelled. "This is not the vacuum!"

The girl grinned even wider. "I know. I never had the vacuum in the first place."

"Then where did you get it?" Bob asked.

"From my house on the other side of the mountain."

Bob looked at the vacuum. "You painted it."

"Yes, I did," the girl said.

"Did you actually know Topaz?" Bob asked.

"No, I saw you and her by the abandoned city." The girl said, grinning. "I saw her get sucked into the black hole."

She shoved Bob. He stumbled over the edge of the boulder they were on. The vacuum fell from his hand as he fell, and the earth's last gravity pulled him and it down. The girl smiled down at him.

"Why?" Bob yelled up at her.

"Because I could. Because I wanted to," she said.

"I don't understand why you would want to destroy the world. It doesn't make sense," Bob shouted.

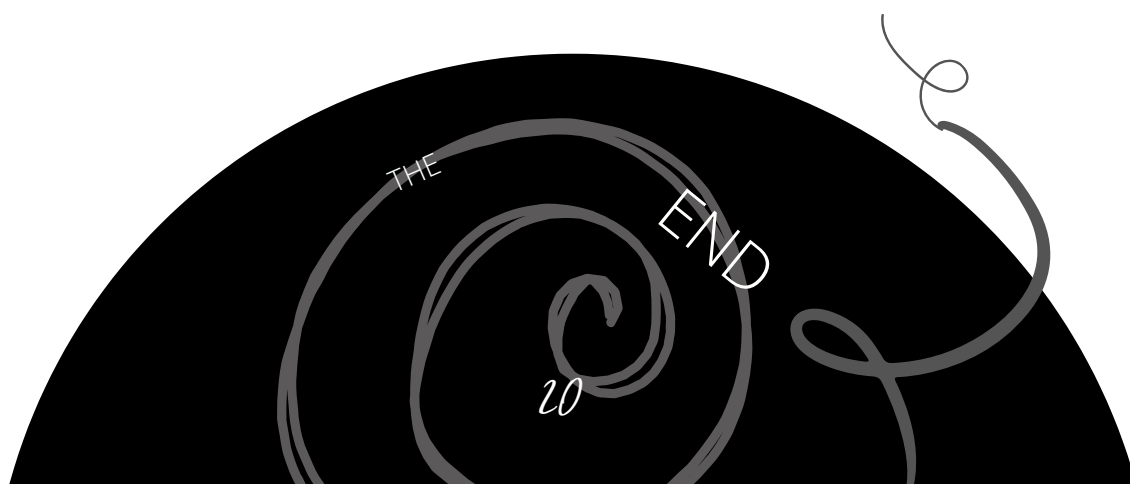
"It doesn't have to make sense to you," the girl said.

Bob felt like he failed, even though it was the girl's fault that the world was going to end.

Topaz had said, "Who else is going to find the vacuum?" He failed at finding it, trusting an untrustworthy person with a fake vacuum. He had been betrayed.

As Bob fell/floated, chunks of the leftovers of Mt. Everest flew into the sky. Dust and rocks soared up into the black hole. The girl was bounding down the mountain, heading towards safety.

Bob O'Mango was going to be sucked into the darkness.



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per Orc you kill! *(safety not guaranteed)*

CREDITS AND STUFF LIKE THAT

A lot of the poems in this magazine are inspired by my favorite books.

After the Rabbits' Battles is inspired by the book, *The Green Ember*, by S. D. Smith.

Rusty and *Firestar* are inspired by the series of books, *Warriors*, by Erin Hunter.

Dragons is inspired by multiple books: *How to Train Your Dragon* (by Cressida Cowell), *Wings of Fire* (by Tui Sutherland), *Prince Warriors* (by Priscilla Shirer), and *The Hobbit* (By J. R. R. Tolkien).

Sea Dragons is insssspired by the book, *On the Edge of the Dark Sea of Darkness*, by Andrew Peterson.

Sam is inspired by *The Lord of the Rings*, by J. R. R. Tolkien.

When Frodo Gets Hurt is also inspired by *The Lord of the Rings*.

Sophie is inspired by the book series, *Keeper of the Lost Cities*, by Shannon Messenger.

The review is inspired by the books by Andrew Peterson.

P.S. I did not actually eat Maggotloaf. I was just pretending. If I had actually eaten Maggotloaf, I would not be writing this.

The letter to the editor is inspired by a story that my friend and I tell.

The nowhere.scam ad and the new exoskeleton ad are inspired by the *Skyward* books by Brandon Sanderson.

The auto- launching glider ad is inspired by *The Green Ember* books by S. D. Smith.

I made this magazine using
Canva.com.

kaboom.

I would like to say thanks to my mom for helping me through *Cover Story* and with helping to design this magazine.

Thanks to Oma and Auntie Joelle for proofreading the grammar.

Thanks to Grandma for telling me how she tried to self publish, so I could write the letter to Marthafa.

Thanks to *Cover Story* for making me able to write good stories.

Thanks to Boomslug for exploding in Jorgen's face.

I'M ASTRID, AND I MADE THIS MAGAZINE.



Imagination never ends

Infinity ends not

And if infinity never ends,

And imagination never fails,

Then there are infinite universes to be made.



There is always something that you can create.