

Tea for Tweens

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Bianca's Interdimensional Cooking Recipe

Zorphojak : Found in the Yerfalag dimension

Ingredients

Frop
Shoorgulik

Instructions

- Toast the frop.
- Spread loads of shoorgulik, or your favorite spread.
- Cut into octagons.
- Enjoy!

(OPTIONAL: Add crystalized zasjk for delightful crunch. If served with cold bepis, this makes a wonderful after-education tiem snacc.)



The History of Slime

And other important facts!

By Alyssa



Slime was first made by Mattel. Mattel brought slime into the market in 1976, about 50 years ago. It was the winter of 1976. Mattel wanted their idea to be as gross as it could be. Now, I know you're thinking, why would it be gross? Parents aren't going to purchase if so. So Mattel put the slime into a garbage can! No, not a real one, a little plastic wasteful one, you know. The slime was also green, which I think wouldn't encourage parents to buy either. Surprisingly everyone loved Mattel's slime compound.

Next in 1990, Mattel continued their slime. It had to be as gross as the last if not more, so this time they added fake eyeballs and worms! But that wasn't enough! So Mattel made a game (including slime), your piece would be slimed if you lost, so don't lose or you'll be picking off slime of your character.

World War II

By Rebekah Castle

August 1941

After breakfast, the three siblings walked to get a puppy. Lea thought about her family and how they were still sad about her cousins, although she felt depressed, she was excited about getting the puppy. Whistling, she looked at her brother Jacob and remembered that he was almost 18 and would probably be taken by the Germans to join the military. Even though the Carter's were full blooded Germans, they were not Nazis and hated what Hitler, the Führer, had done. A short bark knocked her out of her thoughts and back to the present. A few of the most adorable puppies ran to greet them. Karl Van Dorn, the puppies' master, came over and chatted for a bit before giving them one of his many puppies. The puppy frisked between the three siblings as they walked home. The puppy's intelligent brown eyes seemed offset in its rounded puppy face. Lea thought of all the different possible names for an adorable puppy like that. 'Wolffe' was the name that they agreed was best. Lea looked at the puppy and told him his name Wolffe; the puppy barked and wagged his tale seeming to agree!

Over the month of August Wolffe grew into a mature puppy; always slightly spoiled, but trained well. On Monday, September 1, 1941, Lea started 7th Grade at the small school in Lütjenburg. At school they learned new songs that praised the Führer and spoke of all the wonderful things he had done. Lea only mouthed the songs or quietly sang them when her teacher looked at her so that she would not get in trouble.

One day in school, Lea's favorite teacher, the only one who did not seem to care about Hitler, was taken away just because of the fact that she did not force the students to salute Hitler. After school, as Lea walked home with

Joe, she told him what happened.

He looked around both ways and leaned over by her ear and quietly spoke, "I think Uncle Erich and Aunt Ingrid are hiding divers."

Lea's eyes grew round, she knew that if you were caught hiding Jews and other people that Hitler wanted you would be executed or taken to a prison camp.

"How do you know?" Lea questioned.

"Yesterday I went over to help Uncle Erich with haying, as I got there, Karl Van Dorn, the farmer we got our puppy from was there. He had a wagon full of hay. I thought that was a bit queer, knowing that Uncle Erich was about to do haying and would not be needing hay. I moved behind a tree, because I didn't want them to notice me. Looking out again I saw a man with dark brown hair climbing out from the bottom of the wagon of hay. The Jewish looking man quickly disappeared behind the barn with Uncle Erich. Karl Van Dorn quickly left and he was still carrying his wagon load of hay."

"Did you see the man after that?"

"No," Joe replied, "After Karl Van Dorn left, I went over and found Uncle Erich. He acted as normal as ever and didn't show a hint of what he had just done."

"Why didn't he tell you what he did? Doesn't he trust us?"

"I'm certain Uncle Erich trusts us, but it's always better the less people know about these things. Don't you ever tell anyone what I told you," Joe said, emphasizing the last part.

"I won't," Lea promised..

TO CONTINUE READING,
CHECK OUT OUR NEXT ISSUE!

UGLY MAIDS

House a mess? Life a mess? Call the Ugly Maids!

WE OFFER:

- *Low cost cleaning your house
- High cost cleaning your house
 - Bees
 - Complimentary cereal
 - **Carpet cleaning

Note that all service is EXACTLY THE SAME QUALITY, but different price points

**NOTE: we just lick the carpet over and over.

We also will clean your life very good upon request, and will not quit until all is acceptable.

UGLY MAIDS. UNATTRACTIVE BUT NOT INACTIVE.

UGLY MAIDS. WE LOOK HOMELY, BUT WITH OUR HELP, SO CAN YOUR HOME!

UGLY MAIDS. WE'RE NOT CUTE, BUT YOUR CARPETS CAN BE; WITH OUR SPECIALTY CLEANING SERVICE!

UGLY MAIDS. CHOOSE US. YOU'LL BE THE FIRST



The Tale of the Mass Reflection Dingo

By: Yam and Vent

"NO! I AM A HUMANIST! NOT A FEMINIST, YOU MISOGYNISTIC PIECE OF DINGO!" said a fully red-faced, flustered feminist conveniently named Lillie.

"NO, DON'T BE A DINGO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Anna screamed at Reilly because he was bullying Lillums.

"YOU THINK WOMEN ARE BETTER THAN ME?!" Reilly was ready to murder Lillie.

"Reilly is such a dingo and everyone hates Dingo's," Anna stated.

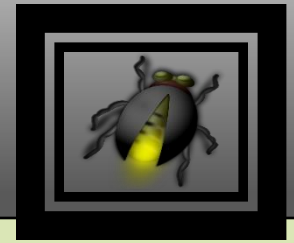
"That is true," Lillie readily agreed.

That made Reilly go over to Beth and scream in her ear. It was very high-pitched. Beth accordingly stabbed Reilly in the heart with a pencil that she had been obsessively sharpening for a month and no one had asked about. What friends they turned out to be.

Reilly fell to the ground with vigor, clutching knives that he had been hoarding. Again, no one asked about it. After rolling around on the ground and sobbing hysterically, Reilly leapt to meet his attacker and stabbed her. She promptly died.

Luminescent Soft-Bodied Beetle

By Asheton F.



You would not be inclined to have confidence in your sense of sight,
If a considerable abundance of luminescent beetles
Illuminated our terrestrial sphere as I advance towards slumber.

Considering they occupy the entirety of the otherwise unoccupied space,
As well as relinquishing lacrimal secretions ubiquitously.
You may conclude that I am disrespectful since I merely remain idle and observe them intently.

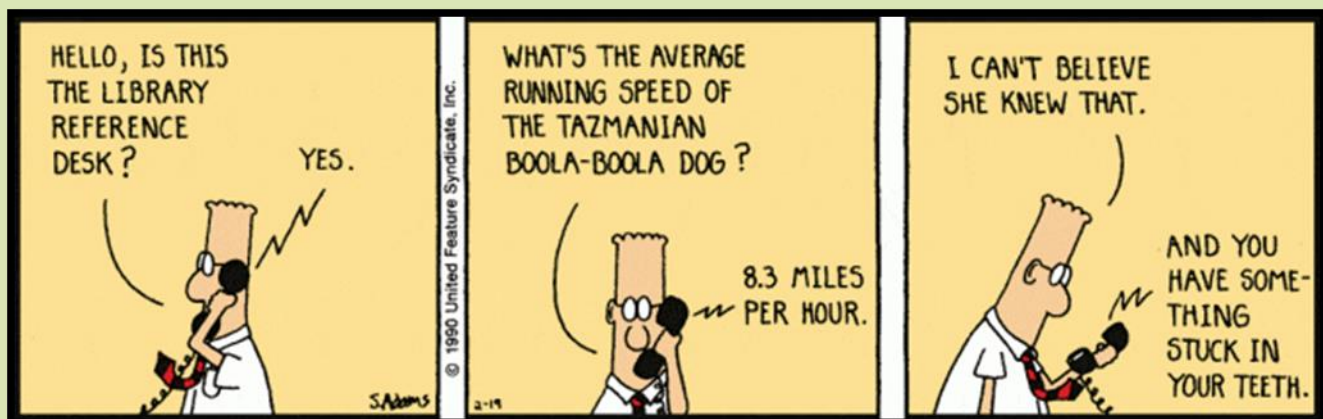
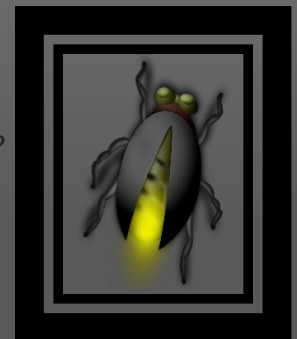
I enjoy deceiving myself into a false belief,
That our terrestrial sphere rotates at a stagnant pace.
I find it difficult to assert that I would preferably remain conscious when, ironically, I have preemptively
proceeded to dormancy.
However, the entirety of existing things always fail to exist how they appear

I personally receive one thousand squeezes of affection.
Originating from ten thousand luminescent beetles.
While they attempted to instruct me on the action of moving the body in a rhythmic fashion.
A rhythmic movement created in 1914 in a 4/4 time signature and characterized by flowing movements
physically overhead.
A contrasting and informal rhythmic movement event under the location I hibernate nightly.
The spherical, mirrored object is suspended by a fine strand of twisted fibers.

I enjoy deceiving myself into a false belief,
That our terrestrial sphere rotates at a stagnant pace.
I find it difficult to assert that I would preferably remain conscious when, ironically, I have preemptively
proceeded to dormancy.
However, the entirety of existing things always fail to exist how they appear. (I advance towards slumber)

Allow the hinged barrier to my territory accessible by a small margin
(Be inclined to lift me elsewhere)
Considering I perceive myself as an insomniac,
(Be inclined to lift me elsewhere)
For what reason am I fatigued by calculating a number of domesticated wooly animals?
(Be inclined to lift me elsewhere)
Meanwhile I am exceedingly too lethargic to succumb to dormancy.

To ten million luminescent soft-bodied beetles,
I am considered strange because I detest the act of divergence.
I obtained mournful ocular organs as they announced their departure.



By Anna and Karen

Librarians Are Not What They Seem

A wild-eyed librarian rushed into the center of the Teen Room, fixed the nearest teen with a steely glare and bellowed "Famous Lips in History was written by Herschel Smidgelong, an aristocratic bumpkin who tagged along with Mick Jagger, Mr. Rolling Stone, himself, during the 1960's. Wanna hear about it?" (Cricket sounds) Karen, the dejected librarian, flopped down on her way-too comfortable chair and looked perturbed.

"Hey, Karen, come watch me do handstands on the study room table!" An un-phased Reagan said, getting in position to do the very dangerous gymnastics.

Karen ignored the treacherous actions of the teen and rushed to the far end of the Teen Room, exclaiming, "EVERYBODY LISTEN! I have an announcement!"

Reagan stopped the life-threatening behavior to sit at Karen's feet with Anna for her big announcement. Kevin, Liam, and Kym stopped gaming to turn and listen.

"I am legally changing my name to Rock-Solid. Anyone who does not abide by this name change will be severely punished by being BANNED!" Rock-Solid finished announcing and went to actually do her job.

Kevin, recklessly, decided to test the waters, "Karen, can you change the game?"

Rock-Solid sprang from her special chair, eyes blazing and arms flailing wildly, "WHAT DID YOU SAY???" Kevin dashed into the Moping Cave to hide from the wrath of R.S., Teen Librarian. "YOU ARE BANNED FOR A MONTH!" Rock-Solid wailed, pointing her finger authoritatively toward the door. No one dared argue and Kevin ran out, terrified.

"Rock-Solid, you discovered your powers," Anna admired.

"So I have," R.S. levitated to the ceiling and disabled the security camera. When she turned around, the frightened teens saw that her hair had turned blue and she had sprouted an extra eye.

"...Should we run?" Liam asked.

Kym nodded and made a break for it, frantically pulling at the door handle. To her disappointment, she found that it was locked. Next she rushed at the emergency exit, which was also locked.

"Uh oh," Reagan said.

The newly named and recently transformed Rock-Solid, Teen Librarian, landed like Spider-man on the speckled

Kym nodded and made a break for it, frantically pulling at the door handle. To her disappointment, she found that it was locked. Next she rushed at the emergency exit, which was also locked.

"Uh oh," Reagan said.

The newly named and recently transformed Rock-Solid, Teen Librarian, landed like Spider-man on the speckled Teen Room floor and slowly lifted her gloriously illuminated face and addressed the horrified teens, "my minions... you will join me in my quest to force every person to read. Under my regime, we will storm the schools and convert everyone to Rock-Solidism!" She cackled loudly.

R.S., Teen Librarian busied herself with doing her job, and ignored the terrified Teens. Anna huddled the group into the corner to confer.

"We have to find a way out of here," Kym whispered, on the verge of panicking.

"I have a way," Anna murmured.

"What?" Reagan asked, "You didn't-"

"I did."

"Does anyone care to clue me in on what's going on here?!" Liam whisper-yelled.

After looking around to make sure Rock-Solid was out of earshot Anna explained, "Some time back I made some tunnels throughout the library. One of the entrances is in here. We just have to sneak out without her noticing."

"We need a distraction," Reagan chimed in.

"I volunteer myself as tribute," Liam stepped farther forward into the circle, "after you find help, come back for me." He stepped out and bounded across the Teen Room singing, "MODEL GETS BITTEN BY PIG IN BAHAMAS!!!" over and over.

Rock-Solid, Teen Librarian, was accordingly shocked and stared at Liam, who was now dancing on the desk while continuing his song. Anna and the rest took the opportunity to rush over to the lone bookshelf in the corner between the two windows. Anna quickly looked over her shoulder and saw that the coast was clear. She grabbed five specific books off the shelf and rearranged them in a predetermined order three times before finally putting them back in their proper places. The shelf swung forward and Anna led the way into the tunnel.



The Tale of the Mass Reflection Dingo

Continued from page 2..

After being spectators to this traumatizing event, Anna and Lillie rushed to assist Reilly in cleaning his knives. They refused to help him get to a hospital, and did nothing when the police came to take him to the prison: Lucia's house. After being locked in the kitchen and forced to drink milk, Reilly clawed his way from the depths of the torture chamber and emerged into the darkness.

Anna and Lillie were waiting. "You're dumb," Anna chastised.

"Anna! We don't tell Reilly our opinions about him! We wait until the Reilly Farrell Gossip Circle that we take turns hosting every other Thursday!" Lillie reprimanded her, "but, seriously, Reilly. You're an idiot. Never kill Beth again."

"Again?" Reilly turned around to face a newly resurrected Beth. She kicked him in the face and then flew Reilly to the hospital.

The End

The Alien and the Tales of Earth By Penelope

Chapter 1: Continued from previous issue.....

Alien headed downstairs and saw the baker making a bed on the couch.

"Sorry I don't have an extra room," she said. "On the Brightside I have two bathrooms!"

"That is a Brightside since I have a really weird bathroom system in my body." He said with a chuckle.

THE BAKER MADE A GROSSED OUT FACE WHEN I SAID THAT. MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT. OH NO WHAT IF SHE THINKS I'M WEIRD! AM I FEELING LIKE A HUMAN? OH NO I THINK I LIKE HER! I CAN'T LIKE! CAN I? I BETTER TALK TO MY

FRIEND ON THE SHIP WITH HOLOCHAT TO SEE IF I CAN ACTUALLY HAVE HUMAN FEELINGS LIKE THIS.

Chapter 2: The Conversation

"Hi," Shemborg said. (Shemborg is Shmorgle's friend)

"Hi." Shmorgle said.

"What's wrong?" Shemborg asked.

"Why do you always think something's wrong?" Shmorgle Replied.

"Because you only HoloChat me when something is wrong?" Shemborg said intimidatingly.

"Okay fine, I have something to ask. Are we able to have human emotions?" Shmorgle said with fear in his voice.

"No, why?" Shemborg asked in confusion.

"Well..," Shmorgle replied with a sad face.

"Oh my jazzmeder! Are you having feelings?" Shemborg asked shocked.

"Um...I think, just one. It's called love." Replied Shmorgle nervously.

"Um ok, well you have to tell the king!" Said Shemborg orderly.

"Ok, um, what happens if I don't?" Asked Shmorgle nervously.

"If you don't you will turn into a human FOREVER!!!" warned Shemborg.

Shmorgle made a face like he was scared, but also happy at the same time. (My mom calls that feeling bitter sweet. She tells me that when I'm excited but scared for the first day of school.)

"Ok I have to go bye!!!" Shmorgle turned off the HoloChat and got his stuff. He decided to run away. He saw that his ship landed, he boarded and got lost.

What will happen next? Tune in next time!!



In The Next Issue

coming soon >>>

- > **The Alien and the Tales of Earth: Chapter 3-4**
- > **WWII Continued..**
- > **And many others!!**

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next?

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