

ZigZagZine

Issue 6

CREATING, THINKING, IMAGINING

September/October 2008

A City Girl Goes to the Country

by Jessica Chase

What did you do this summer? I attended summer camps, but I think the most fun I had was on a trip I took to the country to visit my cousins (Benjamin, 11, Connor, 7, and Emory, 5) and my aunt and uncle, outside of Charlotte, North Carolina. I live in San Francisco, so I'm really a city girl. There are a lot of differences between my life and theirs.

They live on three acres of land, surrounded by trees, so my cousins can run around outside at night 'til 9 o'clock, which you can't do on city streets. You can also see many, many stars in the sky there at night, which is impossible with all the streetlights in San Francisco.

They have an amazing garden, full of cucumbers, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, eggplants, and peppers. We had fresh cucumbers almost every night, and my Aunt Suzy made eggplant parmigiana one night, which was delicious. Aunt Suzy also makes homemade bread a lot, which

tastes so good. Speaking of food, the best thing we had was s'mores made outside in their firepit. Yummy!

They keep two geese, two ducks, a dwarf rabbit, a cat and two goldfish. There is one male goose, George, one female goose, Gina, one male duck, Puck, and one female duck, Pip. Gina and the two ducks are pretty peaceful (although Pip's pretty noisy). George is the only one that sometimes gets aggressive, which I think is mainly due to mating behavior, especially since they're all just getting to mating age. That was the main reason my aunt wanted to get the flock—so they could have their eggs.

When George comes toward you with his neck stretched out, that means he's going to try to bite you. What you're supposed to do is crouch down and hold your hand out like you're going to pet him. That shows dominance, and he'll usually back off. He actually bit my mom—they don't have teeth, but he left a mean bruise on her leg. She didn't hold her hand down to him like you're supposed to. She said she felt like that would be offering him her hand to bite! He tried to bite me a

few times, but I turned him away each time.

Huggy is the cutest, cuddliest bunny ever. You could hold him for hours, and he wouldn't fidget a bit.

But I think one of the best parts of visiting my cousins is that my grandma lives right next door to them. I can sleep at her house, and spend time just with her. My grandma has a front porch with two rocking chairs and a porch swing. She likes to drink her coffee there in the morning. You can see a lot of colorful birds in the shrubs on the edge of her front yard, like Carolina chickadees, goldfinches, and cardinals. It feels like a retreat to me, a place I can just relax.

I always like to go to North Carolina, even though I only visit about once each year. I like being able to live a different lifestyle for whatever time I'm there. Not to mention being able to be with my family! *zzz*



Photo by Suzanna Dees

My cousin Benjamin with Huggy, a dwarf rabbit.

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Fall Arrives With A New ZigZagZine

Check out the great poetry in this issue as well as wonderful artwork! We also have a couple of articles and a short story for you.

Readers from around the country can send in articles, stories, poems, and artwork for our next issue. If you'd like to contribute to our November/December issue, see page 5 for details. In the meantime, check out our Web site at zigzagzine.com. — Jessica Chase, Editor

Note – All type in blue represents clickable links in this zine's pdf.

Sculptures

by Freya Eriksen

"It feels good to sculpt," says Freya Eriksen, who created the characters below using Sculpey®. She adds, "I like the challenge of making very detailed tiny sculptures." Freya gets ideas for some characters from stories

she has read and from a sculpting book, and others come from her imagination. Each character takes her from one to five hours to make. The smaller, less detailed ones take less time. *???*



Clappy Wings



Fairy Forest



Lily Fairy (two views, above and below)



Pokémon



Elf Baby

Tabletop Role-Playing Games

By Jack Wooldridge

A role-playing game (RPG) is a game in which, unlike checkers or chess or war games, you create and assume the role of a character in a fictional world. You create your own story as you move through the game, and collaborate with other players to move through a fantastic world.

One thing that makes role-playing games fundamentally different from other types of games is that they reward cooperation, while most other board games reward competition. Also, players don't just move through a plot already designed for them. They make decisions, and these decisions change the story in subtle and sometimes not-so-subtle ways.

A tabletop RPG (also referred to as a pen-and-paper RPG) is an RPG that isn't played on the computer. Obviously, these were the first kinds of RPGs, but when computer role-playing games came around, everyone began to associate the word RPG with computer role-playing games. Thus, RPGs *not* on the computer are now referred to as tabletop RPGs. A computer RPG is a role-playing game played on the computer (however, many of these do not actually include an opportunity to role-play).

Now that we have discussed what defines an RPG, let us discuss my favorite role-playing game, Dungeons and Dragons!

Dungeons and Dragons was created by Gary Gygax and Dave Arneson and was one of the first real role-playing games. To play, players create characters in a fantasy world which is run by another type of player called the dungeon master. The dungeon master (or DM) basically is there to make sure everyone has a good time, to design the adventures, and to respond to the players' characters as people in the game world (also called non-player characters, or NPCs).

The game is currently in its fourth edition, which in my opinion is much simpler, more streamlined, and more fun (although some people do dispute this) than any edition before it.

I started with the third edition, but it never really grabbed me or anyone I played with. However, the fourth edition has got people who were bored with the previous edition to come ask for more.

Dungeons and Dragons is played with dice, pencils, paper and your imagination. Players fill out character sheets, which detail their character's race (human, elf, dwarf, etc.), class (fighter, ranger, wizard, etc.), equipment (armor, weapons, mounts, etc.), and statistics (intelligence, strength, dexterity, etc.). Then they set out on adventures to fantastic places, stopping evil villains and slay-

ing monsters wherever they go. As they go out on adventures, they gain treasure, experience points (XP), and fame. As they gain more XP, they go up in levels and in the more challenging encounters they can face.

I really enjoy playing Dungeons and Dragons, and if you enjoy role-playing games or want to start playing, I encourage you to try it out.

For more Information, see [the Dungeons and Dragons Web site](#). *!!!*



Dungeons and Dragons players fill out character sheets like these with many details about their role-playing characters.



Dungeons and Dragons is played around a table using paper-and-pencil character sheets. This game is being led by Dungeon Master Nico Peck (center, back).

Photo by Jennifer Dees

POETRY

Change

by Jacob Hagen

A red apple gets more sweet as it waits
to be picked. It waits and waits until
it can be eaten.

A pumpkin turns from green to orange
as it gets picked from its stem and
has a face carved on it while its guts are
removed and replaced by a small light.

A deciduous tree's leaves turn red, orange
and yellow and fall to the floor.
As sunflowers grow big and beautiful.
Fall is here with rain and wind and change.

The Mona Lisa

by Sophia Hagen

They call me the Mona Lisa, they say
my smile is only half. They say my
hair is parted in the middle. If you
can see the valley behind me, it may
look beautiful now. But it will be
destroyed by the war coming tomorrow.
And if you want to know more wait
'til tomorrow to see. If you want to
know why my skin is so yellow
it's because the sun is going down
and war is coming soon.

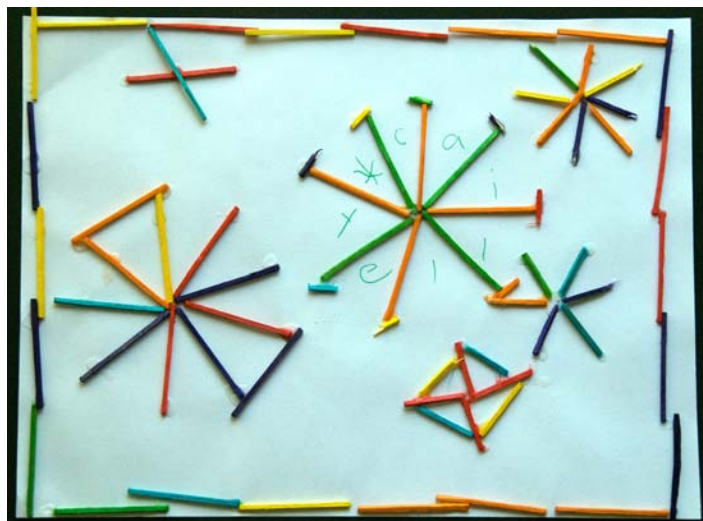
Imagination

by Calvin Price

The sky is blue,
the sun is warm,
worn I am from the day's chores.
I go outside to feel the sunshine,
Alas
it is outside, but it is not my backyard.
I am at the top of a hill at winter's first snow.
My gosh this is not real!
I close my eyes and pinch myself;
when I open my eyes the snow has vanished.
Instead there is a dinosaur!
Again I close my eyes and pinch myself and there is
my backyard.
Imagination, I decide, can take you anywhere.

Snowflakes

Art by Cailley Gerald -Yamaski



Fred's Dinner

by Jessica Chase

Fred watched intently from the courtyard patio as his human prepared Fred's dinner. The human opened the cabinet and pulled out a can. Fred squinted at the can of cat food, straining to see the label. Then he saw it. *Meaty Delight*®.

Fred sighed. He would have to rely on the mouse community for his real meal tonight.

At that moment, Fred's human called him in. Fred scampered through the screen door and faked licking at his food a few times. But as soon as his human left the room, Fred quickly dumped the contents of his bowl under the counter, next to last week's *Beefy Bits*®. Then he trotted into the living room, slinking past the couch to a dusty corner, where a small arched mouse hole was carved into the baseboard.

He prowled and paced in front of the hole, until he heard tiny feet pattering on the waxed wood floor. Fred darted behind the couch.

A little mouse skipped into view, carrying a small bit of cheese. Fred sprang from his hideout, crouching before the trembling mouse. The little rodent let out a squeal—and then, a sigh of relief.

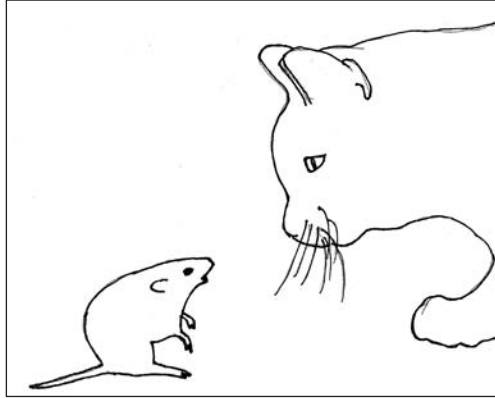
"Mister Fred! You scared me!" she cried out indignantly.

"Oh, Lily," chuckled Fred, "you know I'm just playing. Is your father home?"

"Oh, sure! Hang on. Dad!" she yelled into the hole. "Mister Fred is here to see you!"

A plump mouse hurried out of the hole.

"Fred! Good to see you. How can we be of assistance?"



"Good evening, Arthur. I was wondering if you could spare some food," replied the cat.

Arthur's face brightened. "Of course! One moment."

The mouse rushed into the hole, and came out pushing a pile of baby carrots and bits of cheese. Fred quickly gobbled it up, and thanked the mouse.

As the cat sauntered away, Lily turned to her dad and said, "I like Mister Fred. He's so much nicer than that mean old tabby next door!"

"Yes," said Arthur, hugging his daughter, "It is nice living with a vegetarian cat." *zzz*

Drawing by Jennifer Dees

Contributors to this issue

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Sign up at
groups.google.com/group/zigzagzine.

CONTRIBUTE!

We accept stories, poems, articles, and artwork by kids and teens. The deadline for our November/December 2008 issue is October 15.

If you'd like to see your work in *ZigZagZine*, please send submissions to info@zigzagzine.com. Check out our Web site at zigzagzine.com for details!