

TEEN ZINE

THIS ZINE THEME IS:

HORROR



ANCHORAGE
PUBLIC LIBRARY

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A Message From Your Teen Librarian

A zine, short for magazine, is a way for people to share their art, writing, experiences, and more with other people. They can be informational, like DIY manuals or community calendars, or artistic, using their creative art or writing skills to share a story. Zines are typically self-published or self-made using a variety of techniques like collaging, photocopying, painting and more.

This particular zine was created by teens from across Anchorage, showcasing a variety of artistic talents and creative writing skills. All of these teens have taken the theme of the year, Horror, and interpreted it in their own way. Please enjoy their hard work and amazing skills!

If you enjoyed this zine, try making your own at home! Pass it around to all your friends or think about submitting your work to the Teen Zine next year. It's never too late to make your own zine!

Keelin Baughman
Teen Services Librarian
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Exit 8 Mateo P.



Autophobia

Lori E.



A Little Bit of Spice

Savannah S.



Glass of Blood

Charlene M.



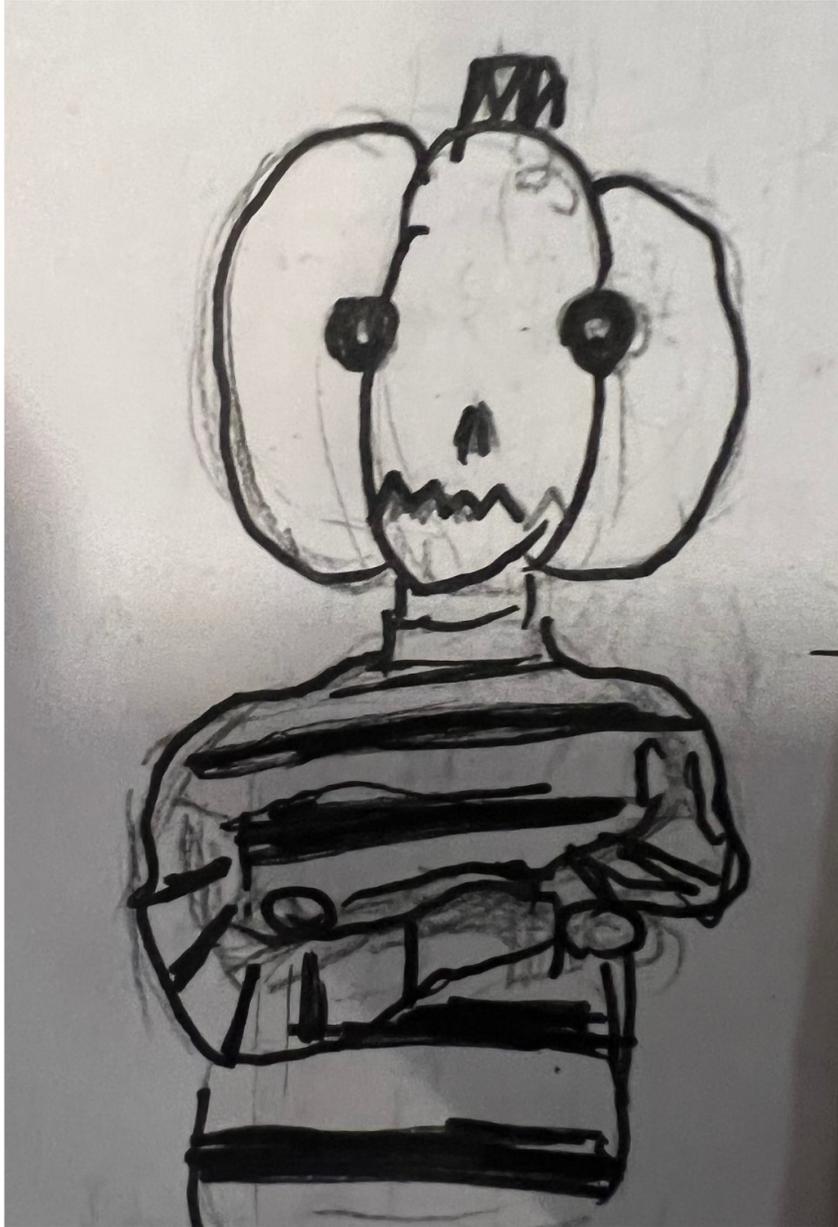
Torn Up

Sharon C.



Untitled

Chris. T



Halloween Night

Jack S.



Roulette

Lori E.



Skin Walker

Karina Z.



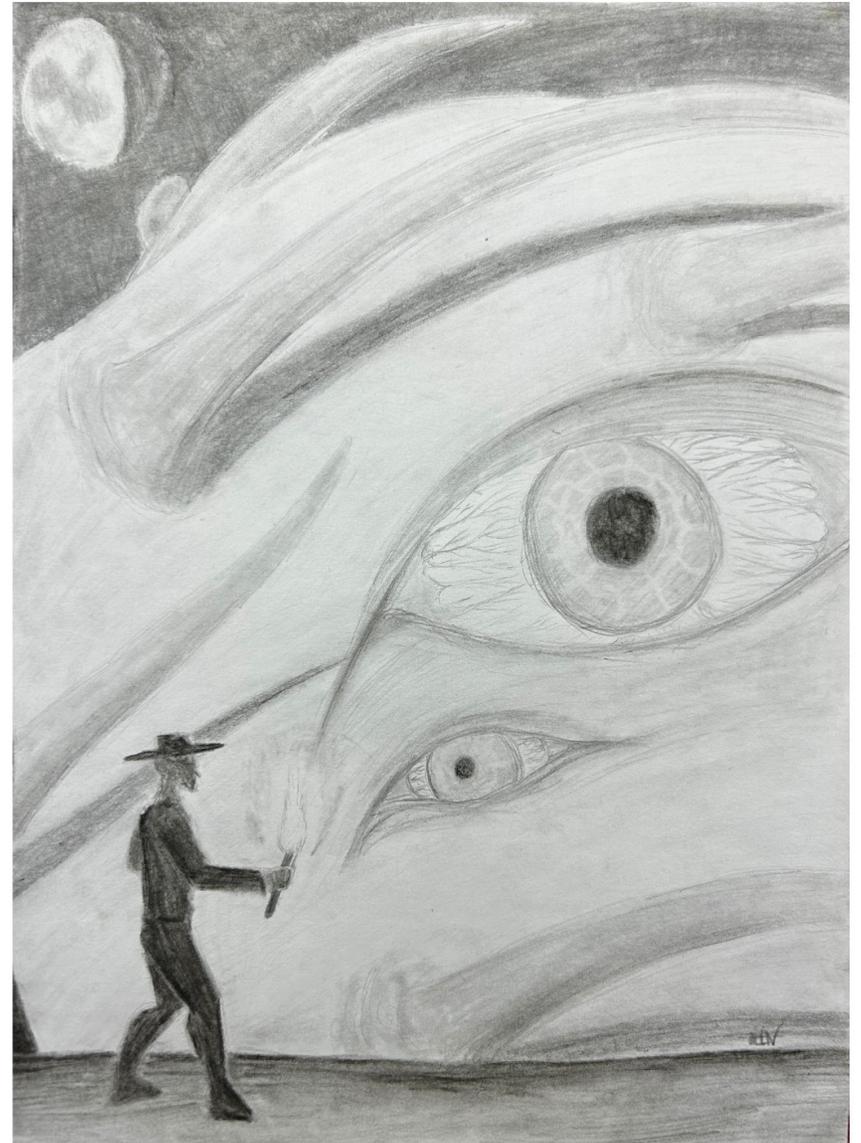
Society

Ash B.



To Gaze and Be Gazed Upon

Henry V.



Abandoned

Ash B.



When my eyes opened again, the first thing I saw was the calm blue sky above me. Birds were chirping in the trees, and the air held no sign of the storm that had engulfed me and my friends.

"Olivia?" I called. "Emily? Jake?" I slowly sat up, and I realized I had a pounding headache. I was on the side of the road, next to our car. But where the trail head was... nothing, only walls of forests on each side.

Then, startling me from way out in the woods, I heard a piercing scream.

Untitled

Chris. T



"Jake, you wouldn't leave me to suffer here, now would you? Open the door!" the voice started getting louder, as it called to each of us in turn using the names no one had mentioned.

"No way, we are getting out of here right now!" Jake sapiently stuttered, backing towards the way we came in.

"But what if someone actually needs help?" Olivia asked. "We can't just leave them here!" She started walking towards the door, reaching out her hand as if to pull it open. She bent down, and amidst our shouts not to, opened the door. A rancid smell wafted up through the hole in the floor along with a dark, smoke-like mist.

"See?" the voice boomed, "I knew you could do it." Then, out of the hole, rose a creature straight from my nightmares. A ghostly apparition, clothed in a grey cobweb like robe. It covered the monster from head to toe, and in its chest beat a ball of what I can only describe as black fire. It swirled around with a violet glow pulsating from it. Where its face should have been, there was nothing, just a black void that could somehow emit sound. The mist kept pouring out of the hole in the ground, and my vision started to get blurry.

"Since you released me, I will let you live," the ravening voice intoned. "That is, for now." A sinister laugh then emitted from the form. Suddenly it felt as if I was falling backwards, and everything grew darker around me. The last thing I heard before total darkness engulfed me was the voice.

"I hope you had a, might I say, memorable hike."

Untitled

Chris. T



The Apparition

Megyn L.

The mansion loomed in front of me. Normally I don't use the word loomed—it seems pretentious and silly—but that was really the only way to describe it. Crumbling turrets and decomposing balconies made it look like a disintegrating wedding cake, and the missing windows reminded me of an old man missing his teeth. Cobwebs fluttered in the windows, making it look like something was moving inside. But there wasn't anything in there, right?

Right? I thought nervously.

"Go on, Alexandra, go get it," Derrick, my little brother, whispered. He and some of his friends had been playing baseball in the court, and one of them hit the ball into the house through an open window. None of them wanted to go into the house—they thought it was haunted—so Derrick went and got me. *Why me?* I silently asked myself as I slowly walked towards the house. *Lizzy is way more cut out for this than I am.* She was pretty much obsessed with anything paranormal. The only way I had avoided going in the mansion for so long was not mentioning it to Lizzy, and this was coming back to haunt me. No pun intended.

I slowly opened the rusted iron gate. It screeched like nails on a chalkboard. I carefully tiptoed into the house, making sure to leave the door open behind me, for a quick escape route if needed. Not that I would need it, of course.

The cabin was very sparsely decorated and obviously abandoned. The only furniture was a simple desk with a chair, and a pallet-like bed without a mattress on it. There were no other doorways and no windows. The only other defining characteristic was a trap door in the floor, rimmed with iron.

"This is..." Olivia hesitated, "odd. Very odd."

"Yeah, who makes a cabin without windows? And the insulation must be really good, I can't hear anything from the outside." Jake observed.

Then...tap tap.

"What was that?" Emily asked, glancing around nervously.

Tap tap.

"It sounds like there's something trapped under that trap door." I said, slowly moving towards the door. Then, faintly, I heard a voice coming from beneath the door.

"Help! Please, someone, release me!" the voice said.

"Wait, is someone really down there? Like, should we open the door?" Emily said, slowly walking towards it.

"I don't know, guys. I've got a really bad feeling about this," I remarked, as chills started crawling up and down my spine.

"Did anyone else feel like it just got really cold in here?" Jake asked, as he pulled his coat tighter around his shoulders.

Then the voice spoke again, less urgent, and more sinister this time. "I know you're up there! Please, Emily, open the door!"

"Um, h-how does he know my name? N-no one said my name, right?" Emily's voice had a slight tremor in it, and her eyes were wide with fear.

"Well, I'm cold, and want to go to bed at some point, so while you all may be able to go eight miles quick enough to get to the hotel for dinner, I can't, so I suggest we get moving," Olivia said, as she grabbed her backpack out of the car. The rest of us hurried to grab our gear, and then we started out on the trail.

The trail itself was a single-track path of dirt and mud. Roots, big and small, twisted and curled through the underbrush, but abruptly stopped as soon as they reached the edge of the dirt. Tall trees stretched overhead, but never directly over the trail. We hiked on, and the sun slowly sank lower in the sky. We never heard any birds or bugs, and we never saw any animals. As we got deeper into the woods, the trees became thicker and the air began to chill, quickly creating a more sinister atmosphere.

Suddenly, a clap of thunder echoed overhead as we emerged into a wide clearing. In the clearing, there was an old log cabin. Rain started falling lightly as we walked towards it but then grew heavier and more intense. Then there was not just rain pelting us, but hail stones. We started running towards the cabin, and Jake went to yank on the door. At first it didn't budge, but then the door flew open, hitting the side of the cabin with a bang and sending Jake sprawling.

"Come on, everyone get inside!" Emily shouted over the wind. We all rushed to get out of the storm. Once we were all inside, the door shut abruptly, with another loud bang. Suddenly, the cabin was eerily quiet.

The entry room was huge, with high ceilings and beautiful engravings depicting famous battles on every wall. It smelled of decay and mildew, and, as I watched, the floorboards creaked above me, sending down a shower of dust. A gigantic crystal chandelier hung from the ceiling. Strangely enough, smoke still hung in the air from the candles that dotted the sparkly mass. *That's just a trick of the light*, I thought to myself. But that didn't explain away the slight smoky smell my nose picked up.

Okay, let's just get the baseball, get out of here, and convince Mom and Dad that this place should be demolished. And then burn the pieces. And scatter them in the ocean, I told myself. I hurried through the parlor, dining room, and finally to the kitchen, where I saw the baseball. I picked it up before I realized what was on it—an ashy, black handprint was clearly visible on the off-white surface. *Maybe the pitcher's hands were dirty?* I tried to convince myself. It failed miserably.

I walked back quickly through the abandoned rooms. The floorboards creaked, reminding me of a crow squawking mournfully. When I got to the entry room, I paused just a second and looked at the battle engravings a little closer. All of the warriors, dead and alive, were skeletons.

I gasped and stumbled back. I ran into a chest of drawers, sending up a cloud of dust. As soon as the dust reached my nose, I sneezed.

"Bless you," a voice straight out of my nightmares hissed.

I'm usually not a screamer. It reminds me of those girls in vampire movies that Lizzy likes to watch. But, given that the house actually was haunted, I think any sane person would yell in those circumstances. I screamed and spun around. About a foot away from me, there stood—or rather hovered—a being that belonged in a horror novel. It was draped in ragged black cloth. It resembled a human in form, but where hands and feet should be, there were tendrils of black mist, and its face—*oh god, its face*—was a pure white skull.

I yelped and dashed out the front door, slamming it as if life depended on it—which, for all I knew, it did. Derrick heard me sprint out and turned around from his rock-paper-scissors game. He looked at me as if I was from another planet.

"You look like you've seen a ghost," he said worriedly.

"That's probably because I have," I said, gasping for air.

"Sure, Alex," Derrick said skeptically. "This is a pretty clumsy attempt to scare me."

"No, I actually did!"

"Yeah, right. Can I have my baseball now?"

"Sure, but I actually did see a ghost! I'm not making this up!" I yelled after him as he walked away.

Later that night, I laid awake in bed. Whenever I closed my eyes, I caught a glimpse of the figure. It was one of the most terrifying things I had ever seen. Those cheesy Halloween haunted houses that I used to be terrified of were a walk in the park compared to that nightmarish being.

"Yeah, and I could have sworn I knew everyone who lives around here," replied Jake.

"And where did he come from, anyway?" Emily asked. "He just kinda... appeared. Not to mention that no one else realized he was there. My mom didn't say anything about a weird guy talking to us, and you know how protective she is."

"We'll be fine. I have bear spray, and Laura knows how to stab people with her hiking pole." That was my little sister, Olivia. "Have I told you guys about that one time that Laura impaled—"

"That was one time!" I exclaimed, irked at her insistence at bringing this incident up again. "One time! There was a bee, and I didn't even draw blood."

"Yeah, right. I had a bruise for days!" Olivia vehemently argued, "and I think I'm emotionally scarred from that incident. Hey, look! A parking lot!"

"A really empty parking lot," That was Jake again. He really did like to say exactly what we were all seeing.

The parking lot and surrounding area was completely void of any sign of human activity except for a wooden pole with a sign on it. The sign read "Hidden Cabin 4.2 Miles."

"Huh, the guy didn't say anything about there being a cabin," Emily remarked.

"Yeah, but it might come in handy," I said. "Look at those clouds." The dark storm clouds that I thought would have blown the opposite way from the trail had instead crept steadily closer to where we were.

The Cabin

Anika L.

The air on that day was brisk and clear. The sweet, almost sickly smell of rotting leaves hung in the air as my friends and I drove up the winding, twisting road from town to the trailhead. The sun was slowly descending in the afternoon sky, illuminating the stained glass pattern of leaves over the mountains and hills surrounding us. Over to the north, great, blackish grey storm clouds lingered, still defying the forecast. The air seemed to hold its breath, as if it waited for some unknown climax. The gravel of the road crunched beneath the tires of the car. A perfect day for a hike, or so we thought, before the events of that day proved us very, very wrong.

"Wow, this trail is way up there," Emily said, as she looked down at the weathered road map. "And I don't see it anywhere on here."

"Well, that old guy said it was straight up this road, so it must be somewhere," Jake, our resident optimist, explained.

"I bow to your wisdom, and thank thee, Mr. State the Obvious." Emily said, her voice laced with sarcasm. "But that guy was weird. Did you notice how he shifted funny when he mentioned the trail?"

While we were grabbing some food for the hike, we had been discussing where we should go. We were debating the values of granola bars when a man in a worn baseball cap came up to us. He told us about a relatively unknown hike up in the mountains surrounding our town. After he said that, he had promised it would be an incredibly memorable hike.

I finally fell asleep thinking about a petition for demolishing the mansion.

That morning I woke up, brushed my teeth, and realized that locking all the doors and windows might trap the thing inside the house! I ran outside a few minutes before the bus so I could start with that task.

"... and then I'm going to lock all the windows and doors to try to trap it inside." I finished explaining to Lizzy during lunch at school.

"Umm...Alex? You know that ghosts and phantoms and things like that can go through solid objects, right?" Lizzy said dubiously.

"Oh... they can?"

"Yup."

I sighed. I was so sure that the plan would work! "Have you ever heard of anything like this before?" I asked.

"Well...no. But it stands to reason—" Lizzy started to say.

"So if you don't *know* that it can go through solid objects, then it might not be able to go through solid objects!" I said triumphantly. "See, Lizzy? Lizzy?"

"Actually, we do know it can. Don't turn around," Lizzy said slightly nervously.

"It's right behind me, isn't it?" I asked.

"Yes, *I am*," said the raspy voice I'd hoped never to hear again.

I slowly turned around and saw the terrifying figure. Lizzy said carefully, "Alex? You should probably start running. Like, now."

I sprinted out of the playground where the younger kids played and ran towards the ocean; I had read somewhere that salt was effective against spirits.

I finally reached the beach. My legs burned from the exertion, and as I looked back, the being was close behind me. I jumped into the water. It was frigid, probably because it was October, and very salty. The phantom came closer and closer, but it couldn't cross the ocean. I made sure to stay where I could stand—swimming is not one of my strong suits.

A few hours later, the apparition finally left. I sighed with relief and walked back home. A few teachers and my parents were searching for me around the path to the ocean.

“Alexandra? Finally! We were worried sick!” My mom exclaimed. She sprinted towards me, her long red hair flying out behind her. The silver pendant she always wore bounced up and down to the beat of her run.

“Yeah, so, I know I shouldn't have run away from school, but I actually have a good reason for it!” I said quickly.

“We know. Lizzy called me as soon as she could. I already hired a ghost hunter to try to prevent that—that thing from coming after you again,” Mom said, fidgeting with her necklace.

I raised an eyebrow. Mom is usually the one who's super stressed out about everything. It was strange to hear her so casual, especially about a *paranormal being chasing me!* Mom even hates horror movies!

“Great!” I said. “How did you find one so soon?”

“Oh, I know someone who knows another person who knows one.”

“Huh,” I said skeptically.

Point of Infection

Ash B.



Mr. Mayhem and the Witch

Lori E.



A few hours later, back at home, the doorbell rang.

"I think it's the ghost hunter!" I said excitedly.

I opened the door, and he stepped inside, his shoes making little noise on our tile floor. He was tall and skinny, with stringy, graying hair and shifty eyes. He was dressed in black, and he carried a lumpy bag.

"Good to see you again, Natalie," he said to my mom in a crisp British accent.

"Um, do you two know each other?" I asked Mom, raising one eyebrow.

"Uhhh...yes. I'm going to go make dinner now. Bye!" she said quickly and ran into the kitchen.

"Uhhh...that was odd," the ghost hunter said. "Anyway, tell me about this ghost of yours."

I recounted all of my experiences with the thing that was chasing me. After I was done, he rummaged in his bag and pulled out a thick, leather bound book. He flipped through the water-stained pages, finally landing on one, and then showed the picture on that page to me.

"Is this what you saw?" he asked.

It was an exact replica of the being I had seen, down to the empty eye sockets and ragged strips of cloth.

"That's exactly what I saw," I said, trembling at the sight.

"That is an Apparition. It is a soul that has lost its way and turned to darkness as a way to try to regain a human body. The only way for it to do that is to kill you." I sat up straighter. Finally, there was a reason for why the phantom—the Apparition—was chasing me!

"How do we take care of it?" I asked nervously.

“I can use an iron net to trap the Apparition, then we pour salt on it,” he replied. “There is one more thing though—you need to come with me.”

“WHAT?!?!?” I exclaimed. “I am not going near that thing again. No way, no how. Not a chance.”

“It’s the only way that I will get close enough to capture it.”

“Well, you’re going to have to find another way.”

“There *is* no other way!” he exclaimed. “Do you want to get rid of it or not?”

A beat of silence passed. The ghost hunter looked at me imploringly.

“Would you rather have this thing haunting you forever or face it one last time?” He asked.

“Fine. But if I die, I’m totally haunting you. ”The next day at school, I told Lizzy about the plan.

“Two things—first, *why are you at school???* You should be at home hiding!” Lizzy said.

She nervously looked around, as if the Apparition would suddenly appear out of nowhere.

“Don’t worry. Mom gave me some salt to throw at it if it came close,” I said happily. She had nervously given me a bag of sea salt that morning. It was kind of weird, because I didn’t think she knew that much about paranormal stuff.

“Okay. Good. Anyway, second thing, maybe if someone dressed up as you, then the Apparition would think it’s you, so you didn’t actually have to be in danger!”

“Good idea!” I said. “Who would do it though? I mean, would someone actually face that thing?”

Lizzy said quietly, “I would.”

In the Dark

Ila F.



Happy Hallow's Eve from P & H

Wayland R



“What? No. Lizzy, that is way too dangerous. You could die!”

“Well, at least let me be there! You know how much knowledge I have about paranormal things. Maybe I could help!”

“Still no. I can't let you do this, Lizzy!”

“Fine!”

“Fine!” I shouted as she stomped away. She could be so stubborn sometimes.

When I arrived home, the ghost hunter was waiting for me at the front door.

“It's time,” he said.

After setting everything up in the old mansion, he directed me to a spot marked with a red X.

“When I say now, run outside as fast as you can,” he said.

“Got it.”

After that, we waited for a while. The old mansion creaked and groaned, sounding like an old man with arthritis. An owl hooted rhythmically, adding to the chorus of unsettling noises.

And then something changed. I stood up straighter. What had changed? I thought for a minute, then realized the owl had stopped hooting.

“It's here,” the ghost hunter whispered.

A ferocious wind swept through the mansion. Dust swirled around the room. And then, in the blink of an eye, it was calm. I couldn't hear anything, except my racing heartbeat. Suddenly, the black figure emerged from the door to the parlor. The Apparition had arrived.

It floated towards the ghost hunter. "A clumsy attempt to surprise me," it said. "I know that there's an iron net above the girl just waiting to fall on me."

"Um, you know that?" I asked timidly. "You weren't supposed to know that!!!!!!!"

"Yes, um, goodbye!" The ghost hunter said, and sprinted out of there, screaming as if to wake the dead.

"Now, for you," the Apparition hissed.

"Not today!" I replied hastily, throwing the salt I had at it. It recoiled just long enough for me to run out of there and shut the door. I tossed a handful of salt at the door just to be safe, then ran home.

Back home, I ran inside my room, slammed the door shut, and curled up in a ball on my bed. *Now what to do?* I asked myself. As she gently knocked, Mom slowly opened the door and peeked in.

"Mind if I come in?" she asked.

"Sure," I said.

She came over and sat on my bed.

"How did it go?" she said curiously.

"Great, just great. The thing saw through our trap, the ghost hunter broke and ran, and the Apparition is still out there! How could it possibly go better?" I said sarcastically.

"Oh, honey," she said sympathetically.

There was a beat of silence as the gravity of the situation sunk in.

"Did I ever tell you how I got this necklace?" Mom said.

I thought for a second. "No, actually. How did you get it?"

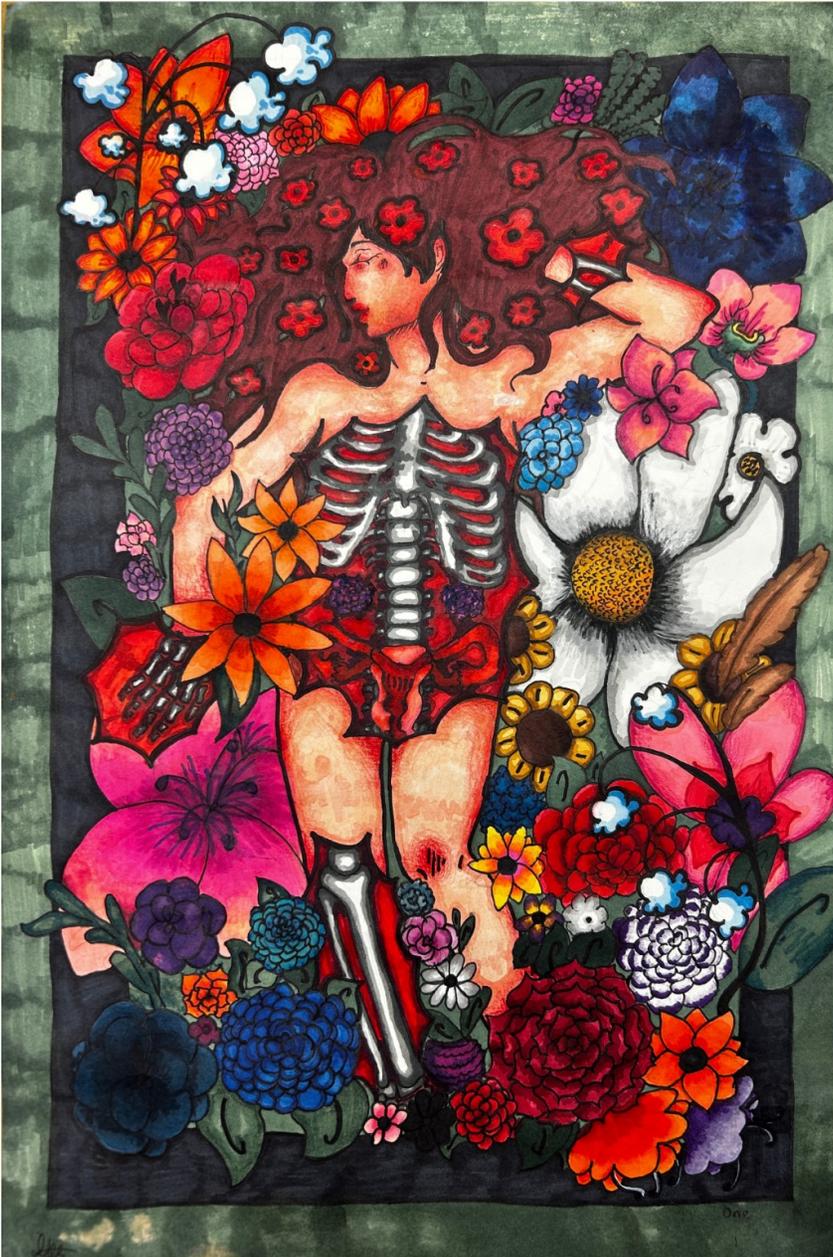
From the Inside Out

Madeline R.



Aphrodite's Never Ending Rebirth

Rylee W.



"I was about your age. We lived just down the street from where we are right now. There was a group of popular girls that I desperately wanted to be in. They dared me to go into the exact same house that you went into. I went in, and long story short, there was a different Apparition that followed me around. The same ghost hunter that I hired for you got rid of it for me. Clearly he's lost his touch, though," she frowned. "Anyways, he gave me this necklace to help guard against other dark things," unclasping the pendant, she paused.. "I think you need it more now."

"What? No! I can't take your necklace!"

"Yes you can. And remember, sometimes the bravest thing you can do is ask for help."

"Who said that?" I asked as she placed the necklace in my hands.

"Charlie Mackesy." (He's a British author who Mom really likes the work of.) "Just because someone already said it doesn't make it less true!"

"Thanks, Mom," I said, fingering the pendant. "I'll try."

I nervously sat at the kitchen table fidgeting with the necklace Mom had given me. Lizzy looked at me with one eyebrow raised, then grabbed a chocolate frosted donut from the plate on the table.

"So, after the big argument about me not helping, your mom quoted a random author, and now you *do* want my help?" Lizzy summarized while munching on the donut. Mom had made the pastries to convince Lizzy to come over—she had an addiction to Mom's donuts.

“Yup, pretty much. Look, I’m *really* sorry I didn’t let you help sooner. I really didn’t realize the extent of the situation. Please help?” I begged.

Lizzy thoughtfully chewed a bite of donut.

“Fine, on one condition,” Lizzy said firmly after swallowing. “You try to ask for help more, *especially* when you need it!”

“Sounds like a plan.”

A few hours later, we arrived at the haunted house, hopefully for the last time. We carefully tiptoed in. I felt exposed; in order to lure the Apparition in, I had to leave Mom’s necklace at home. I looked around, my confidence increasing the longer I didn’t see the Apparition.

“I don’t think it’s here,” I whispered.

A black tendril of cloth floated out from behind the curtain.

“I spoke too soon.”

“*This is getting boring,*” the Apparition said. “*Can we just skip to the part where you run away again?*”

“No, I’m having fun,” I replied confidently. “Come and catch me!”

I ran into the parlor, where Lizzy had set up a fan and salt. I tried turning the fan on. It stalled. I tried a second time. It still didn’t turn on. I turned around and faced the Apparition. “*Got you now,*” it hissed.

“Not quite,” Lizzy said behind it. She held out the silver container she had found in the ghost hunters’ stuff.

“This should work,” she said when she found it. “Silver is an effective weapon against most supernatural creatures.”

As I watched, the Apparition was dragged into the jar. Its shrieks filled my ears, even after it was fully in the jar. Silence surrounded us as Lizzy screwed on the lid. I screamed, “We did it!” and high fived Lizzy. We ran outside and buried it in the hole we had dug earlier.

“That’s the last we’ll see of that for a very long time,” Lizzy said triumphantly.

A few days later, I grabbed my trick-or-treat bag and ran out to meet Lizzy. We walked by the no-longer-haunted mansion. It seemed kinder, somehow. More benevolent. Less like it would eat you. We saw a couple kids dressed as baseball players daring each other to go into the “haunted” mansion. Lizzy and I shared a small smile, knowing that it wasn’t haunted anymore.

Centipede

Avery D.

