

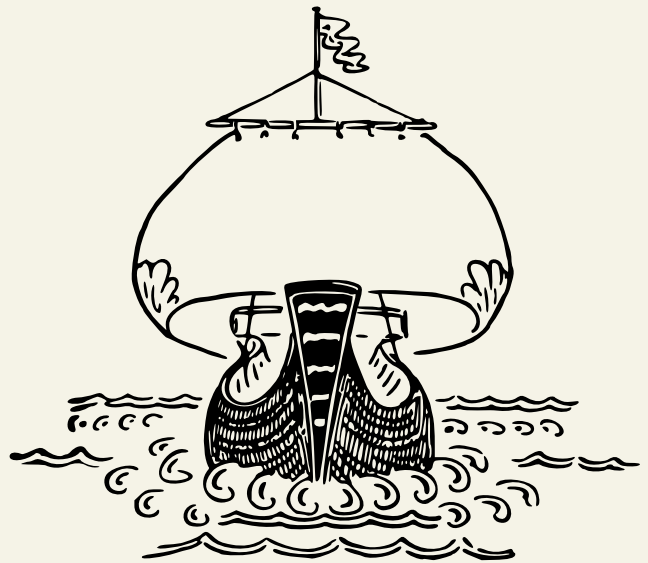


QUARTERLY QUILL

Quirky Queries & Quests



**FARNFLOSS IS
ABSOLUTELY 100%
TOTALLY DOING
EXCELLENTLY AND
NOT AT ALL AT RISK
OF FALLING APART
ANY SECOND**



F K Heathcliff

Lately, rumours have been flying around that Farnfloss is in danger. People have assumed that since we have flown through two tornadoes, eight thunderstorms, five snow storms and the side of our ship has been blasted by volcanic rocks, we are in danger. This is simply ridiculous as Farnfloss is by far the greatest flying ship there ever was or will be, a few natural disasters won't make a dint on us!

I can assure you that when I woke up today my roof had not blown off overnight and that when I took my leisurely stroll to work, I didn't find that my usual path had been destroyed by volcanic rocks. I definitely didn't see any houses flying away into the cloudy sky, lost forever, and one of our great masts totally didn't crash down on the upper deck like all of my dreams did when I joined this news company. No, not at all. It was a completely normal morning without any near death experiences. Now, I can't seem to convince any citizens of Farnfloss to back me up on my point that we are not at all falling apart, so here we have my colleague Tara Castavet.

"Yes, today and all the other days that have been happening so far have been completely fine and super normal and everything is going greatly as it does!"

Well, there you have it, Farnfloss is not at all in trouble.

If you have any concerns please don't be afraid to not get in touch. There is no reason at all to have concerns and any that you have must be silly. Thank you!

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FEATURED

FANCIES

DRAGONS

Bonnie Cameron

Have you ever wondered how you would feel if you saw a dragon soaring through the sky? Would you scream and run away? Would you freeze, staring ahead of you, not daring to make eye contact with the scaly creature? Or, would you gaze at it trying to remember every colourful detail so when it passed you could go home and draw or write about it? If you're reading this, I'm going to tell you everything I know about dragons. Much of my dragon knowledge comes from the wonderful book called *The Secret Lives of Dragons* by Prof Zoya Agnis and Alexander Utkin. But also, I often watch the sun setting and try to spot dragons flying through the clouds where I live. This is where my knowledge of dragons and my passion for them come together.

Anatomy

Scales: dragons were built for speed, defence, agility, and attack. They are covered from horn to tail with impenetrable scales. Some scales are spiked, but the most common are curved. Scales overlap each other, so they create a suit of armour over the body.

Tail: all dragons have tails, which are connected to their spine. You might have thought that a dragon only uses its wings to fly, but they also use their tail. It helps them balance and steer so they don't crash into trees if they're flying low. All dragon tails are flat so they can catch the wind currents to help them fly.

Talons: dragons have sharp claws made to cling to cracking cliff surfaces. Their talons are razor-sharp to rip and carry prey.

Eyes: dragon's eyes have many abilities. They are able to see brilliantly in the dark and the light. Every small crevice in the rock can be identified. From a long distance, dragons can see what lives in caves.

Horns: the longest dragon horn in the world is one metre long. They come in a variety of shapes and sizes; short and small, long and curly, and even gold and curved. Horns can be used to crack hard ice and rock.

Fire and Feelings

Now that I have finished with the Anatomy, I'm able to tell you about one of my favourite things about dragons. Their ability to breathe fire. This is what makes dragons so unique when comparing them to other animals. Fire colour is not always a deep orange. In dragons, fire colour can change to show how they feel. Here are some different fire colours below:

Orange: the colour of flames used to attack

Purple: shows a dragon is feeling deep sadness

Pink: shows hope and joy

Green: excited dragons spit out emerald flames

Blue: used when mischievous

Black: a slow simmering fire is used to warm dragon eggs.

Treasure

It is true that dragons love treasure. Who wouldn't?! Dragons tend to their hoards of treasure, keeping them safe under watchful eyes. But treasure to a dragon is not about riches, it is the feel and touch of something rare from the earth. A dragon will look deep into a sapphire to see how it was formed...



It will sift gold through its claws to hear it tinkle.

This has earned them a bad reputation from humans who would like the treasure for themselves.

Below are some crystals that mean something special to the dragons of the world:

Agate: to ward off danger in perilous times

Quartz: popular with water dragons

Pearl: given to a baby dragon when it hatches

Iron: polished to make jewellery
Amethyst: wishing someone a life of wisdom

Jade: said to bring luck to dragons

Emerald: only worn by the elder dragons

Ruby: only ever exchanged with a riddle

Gold: carried on young dragon's first journey away

Topaz: given in friendship.

Habitats

You might be wondering where dragons come from. I have a list that will tell you the name of the dragon and show you where it may be from below. However, don't be afraid to gaze up at the sky to look for dragons wherever you live or visit on holiday.

Ice Dragon: The Himalayan Mountains

Nature Dragon: The Silver Forest

Frost Dragon: Mount Everest

Moon Dragon: The Star Islands

Water Dragons: The Star Islands

Fire Dragons: The Kilauea Volcano

Wind Dragon: Mount Kosciuszko

Lightning Dragon: The clouds above the Amazon Rainforest

Snow Dragon: Mount Everest

Sunset Dragon: The Golden Desert

Sun Dragon: Sunshine Coast

Night Dragon: The Twilight Forest

Conclusion

What I love about dragons is that they are spectacular creatures. Their translucent wings, together with their colourful scales and flowing tails, make them majestic, not frightening. I believe we are still discovering the abilities of dragons, and that there is so much more to learn. But in the meantime, I will continue to learn about these creatures that are made entirely out of magic in our world.

My name is Bonnie Clementine Cameron, and if you also love talking about dragons, you can find me at the *Melbourne Young Writers' Studio* in Carlton on Tuesday nights in Lachy's class; 5:30 pm to 6:30 pm. I would love to meet you and talk about dragons!



THE WRITE STUFF



WINGS OF FIRE: WHY YOU NEED TO READ THE EPIC SAGA

Isobel Roma



Have you ever heard of the well-known series of phenomenal books called *Wings of Fire*? Well, you have now, and let me tell you, if you like myths, gore, kingdoms, magic, war, and prophecies, then this is certainly the book for you.

Over the three currently existing series, the books explore the world of the dragons, Pyrrhia, the story's original base, and Pantala, the "the lost continent" to Pyrrhia dragons, although to Pantala dragons, Pyrrhia is "the distant kingdom".

The first series, *The Dragonet Prophecy*, is about the five prophesied dragonets who are destined to end a war between five of the seven tribes of Pyrrhia: SeaWings, SkyWings, IceWings, SandWings, RainWings, NightWings, and MudWings.

The books explain and follow the stories of these dragonets: a NightWing, a RainWing, a SandWing, a MudWing, and a SeaWing.

The second series, *The Jade Mountain Prophecy*, breaks down the series of events that take place after the wars, now a few months before. *The Jade Mountain Academy*, so named because of its location, purpose, and founded by the dragonets who stopped the war, is where this set of dramatic events takes place.

The main characters, a NightWing called Moonwatcher, a SeaWing called Turtle, a SandWing called Qibli, a SkyWing called Peril, and an IceWing called Winter (extremely creative, I know...), set free a dragon from Pyrrhia's misty past, a legendary horror called Darkstalker.

This is the main dilemma in the series, although smaller disruptions take place throughout.

The final series, "The Lost Continent Prophecy", is set in a completely different place but the same (similar, at least) time.

It follows the lost continent of Pantala and three "new" tribes there, named SilkWings, HiveWings, and the believed-to-be-gone LeafWings (hint, hint!)...



In this line of order, there was a war between the three tribes, taking place over fifty years ago, and a deadly secret that threatens all dragons who befall the role of living on Pantala.

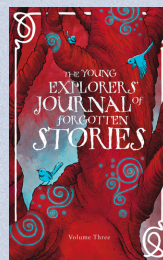
Personally, I find the most descriptive, extravagant, and intriguing series to be "The Lost Continent Prophecy". I particularly enjoy reading about the mysteries that are hidden beyond the eye, ones that make the continent revolve in the constantly repetitive way it does, and the shocking discoveries of liars, betrayal, manipulation, and even hidden human civilization. The books entrance me every time I run my fingers over the pages (which has been a lot of times, just to be clear), and I cannot wait for the next book. The release date has not been finalised, but be assured that I will be one of the first lining up to buy it fresh and new!



THE YOUNG EXPLORERS' JOURNAL OF FORGOTTEN STORIES

Copies still for sale!

We're still selling copies of The Young Explorers' Journal of Forgotten Stories. Get lost in the pages, starting from the legendary Volume II!



POETS OF THE QUILL

FLYING THROUGH THE DAY

Charlotte Corrigan

Flying is such fun
Keep going 'till the day is done!
Soar past a plane
And a field of grain!
Fly past the schools
And the swimming pools!
Let your wings catch the light
Flying, flying, such delight!
Flying is endless
Oh, how tremendous!
At the end of the day, go back to your nest
Sleep tight now, 'cause flying's the best!

SWEET POISON

Sophie Nikolarakos

Her eyes like a doe, her smile like a fairy's,
Her laugh like the tinkling of bells.
She'd tease your eyes with baskets of berries,
Lure you with strong, sugary smells.

The flowers would bloom wherever she lay,
Her unnatural beauty, rare.
She never appeared throughout the day,
The children were warned to beware.

Nevertheless, they succumbed to her charm,
Their beds were found vacant at dawn.
And though never seen, the breadth of her harm,
Still causes the parents to mourn.

DARE TO HOPE

Habiba

Is there hope for the one who always had none?
Is there something I can find, deep within my mind,
An allure that assures of the word we'd never heard?
Something we'd never had before, shaking us to the core,
Something pure and unadorned, naked as when we were born,
A light, a spark, pulling upon the heart,
Something I need to cope, do I dare to hope?

Despite the voices constantly telling me, dictating what they need me to be,
Hope, despite all the pain, though it may seem in vain,
The fact that when I'm gone, the world will keep moving on,
Time won't slow, and life will continue to flow...

Is there something buried among the feelings I keep?
Is there hope for the one who always had none?

MUDDLING MYSTERIES



WOUNDED STUDENT FOUND AT SCHOOL

Jason J

On one busy Friday, a wounded student was found in the detention room of a school called 'Horest Fill College.' The student who found the injured student was named 'James,' who was returning from taking a maths test in the school library.

"I think it was one of the teachers named Luke, he was probably possessed," he replied during an interrogation by the police, and it was soon predicted that one of the teachers had done it. The wounded student's name was 'Jordan Topp,' and after many checks on the wounded body, the cause remained unknown. However, it was certain that no teacher had caused the injury.

Many investigations are still being carried out throughout the school to find the culprit and determine whether the school should be shut down or not. Otherwise, the school has been temporarily closed for three years and is being guarded by fairies, robots, and elves to ensure that no other individuals enter the school. On the other hand, interviews are still being carried out by interviewing some other people like elves, paper characters, and even chairs. But everything will be back to normal, it is just known that the possessor had escaped and probably possessed your neighbour. The next update will happen next year.



CHROMATIC CHRONICLE: CHILDREN MISSING IN CHROMATIC CITY

Georgie Garnet

Over 30 children have now been reported as "missing" in a fresh wave of crime sweeping the streets of the prosperous Chromatic City.

Since the 5th of February, reports of children disappearing in broad daylight have been popping up in almost every borough of the city, from the dull Achromic District to the vivid Hue Houses district. The city police force has stated that they are "committed to protecting the children of Chromia from all threats."

The parent of one of the missing children, the bright Tony Turquoise, is unsatisfied with the police's efforts.

"Since my daughter Theresa went missing on the 13th, the police have only contacted us twice. Twice! This is ridiculous and neglectful. We have filed multiple reports with the CWP (City-Wide Police) about their handling of this situation, and I can't imagine that it's much better for the other poor souls who have lost their children either."

Mr. Turquoise, owner of the farming company Turquoise Tubers, is not the only one to raise complaints over the CWP's management of the disappearances. Three parents from the Achromic District have staged a daily protest outside the CWP Main Office in the Blue Borough.

"We won't leave until we know what happened to our children," said one of the parents, who wished to remain anonymous.

"Jamie, Ushie and Poppy are only ten years old. The search efforts for them so far have been completely inadequate."

The CWP are yet to respond to these accusations.

Police Chief Solomon Scarlet has personally denied rumours that these disappearances are somehow connected to the Greyscale Murders, a series of murders that started a few months ago.

"We think that it is extremely unlikely that the two events are linked," he said at a press conference on the 20th of June.

"That possibility has been thoroughly investigated over the past months."

Despite this statement, many theories about the connection abound, even generating their own monthly newsletter. The editor of the Greyscale Gazette has claimed that their publication provides "facts that would otherwise be concealed from the public in what is, clearly, a cover-up by the authorities of the Chromatic City."

An arrest warrant for the Gazette's editor has been issued by the CWP under the premise of "spreading harmful misinformation."



THE MONA LISA

Connor Bogers

"Hi, this is Connor Bogers reporting from the *Quarterly Quill*.

Something has happened to the famous artwork called the Mona Lisa. The Mona Lisa has been stolen.

Finn and I were watching TV when we saw the news reporter say that the robber sneaked into the museum and stole the famous painting."

"That sounds like very interesting breaking news," said Finn, looking more interested than before.

"Who stole the Mona Lisa?"

We went to see a famous artist named Billy Bill. Billy Bill said the robber didn't steal any of his artworks.

"Oh, I understand now," I said anxiously. So I asked him if we could have a look at his artwork.

"Of course, you can follow me," said Billy Bill excitedly.

We followed him to the art room. His art room was filled with his own famous artwork.

Finn was fascinated by the dark mountain artwork.

"What's the meaning of those artworks, Billy?" asked Finn anxiously.

Billy Bill said that it was connected to me and my brain. The next famous artist was a woman, her name was Natalie Moras. Natalie Moras was the most beautiful artist in the world. When we arrived at her place, she was in front of her house. She was very sad.

"My Mona Lisa artwork has been stolen," cried Natalie Moras.

"So you have a museum," I said.

"Yes, I do," cried Natalie Moras.

Finn told Natalie that we were watching breaking news on TV this morning. She told us that a robber came to her museum last night. She also told us we needed to find the robber. This was our first mission ever. She gave us supplies to find the robber. We sprang to action in a flash. Natalie said a hopeful goodbye to us...

Connor, go to the east, and I will go to the north," said Finn. "This looks like we need to help the police," I thought with a smirk.

Meanwhile, at the north, Finn was searching the ground for the robber's footprints. When he spotted one, Finn followed the footprints.

"Found you, robber," yelled Finn, but it was Billy Bill.

"Oh, it's Billy Bill," said Finn while scratching his head.

"I saw the robber before," said Billy Bill.

"If you keep going straight, then turn left, you will see his house. You better get the Mona Lisa artwork right now," yelled Finn.

Meanwhile, I was also looking for the robber's house until I saw Finn and the robber. The robber was a Golem. His name was Smeagel.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," wailed Smeagel until a lot of people came around to see what the noise was.

"Hey, what are you doing here?" asked Connor and Finn.

"I thought it was beautiful," said Smeagel.

He felt very sorry about stealing the Mona Lisa.

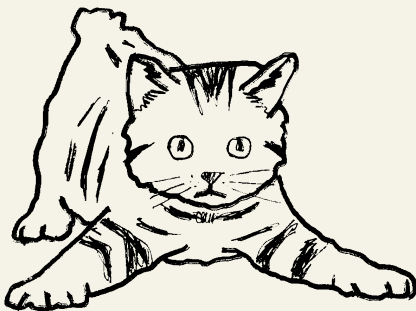
"I just liked that painting of the Mona Lisa," said Smeagel.

"Now we understand," I said.

I knew Smeagel liked the painting a lot.

"Can we get the Mona Lisa back?"

"Yes, of course," replied Smeagel, "I am also sorry for stealing the painting."



THE CASE OF THE VACUUM CAT

Ryan Sendi

After the case of the missing treat, and Doggy Ten going to jail, I could finally put my legs up and chase the mysteries. Doggy Buttcheek, like a dog, puzzling as it is, the same border collie, came shouting, "my treats have disappeared!" But the thing that was different was that he said the Vacuum Cat at the museum had turned evil!

I could tell from the glimpse of his eye that he wasn't lying. For the people who don't know, The Vacuum Cat is the only vacuum we like because it helps us fight cats.

So, I jumped on the weird box with wheels and zoomed over! The scene was ugly at the museum!

There were cats everywhere, and the vacuum was sucking up every dog in a 100-mile radius. I tried to fight it, but it was too strong. It swallowed me up!

When I woke up, I didn't know if I was dreaming or if I was on a cliff top and strapped to a million chains! But that's when I saw my chance to escape! He hadn't tied me up properly, so when I was going to get lava poured on my head, I pushed him into the lava, and he was gone! Wait, what the hell is *thasd sdfkg...*

MYWS LIBRARY

Melbourne Young Writers' Studio library is open for book borrowing! Borrow a novel for up to 2 weeks or check out a comic from our awesome collection for up to 1 week.



SANDY WILLIAMS

oumugi

Five years ago, Sandy Williams came to me in distress. Her hair was a jungle, her face a dying cloud, her eyes a flurry of pure fear. I remember well, for her appearance alone shook me. She stumbled forward, those green eyes locked so perfectly on mine. When she reached me, she clasped my hands in her own. They were cold and lacking any of the weight they previously had. They were angles and edges, sharp on my skin. Her breathing was a ragged mix of desperation and purpose. I asked her why she was there. I had, after all, not seen her in years. She did not speak. She just stood, holding my hands, crying. Even as I recall her visit now, I shake in my chair, hands stuttering on my keyboard.

Sandy Williams was never my friend in college. I knew her, but everyone did. She had always been so grounded. Grounded in work, and love, and life. I suppose we were polar opposites. But this is not a story about me. As she stared up, she pleaded. No sound leaving her, she mouthed one phrase over and over again.

"Please don't forget me."

I didn't know what to do. I picked up my phone from the stool beside me and began to dial 911. Before I could finish, Sandy knocked the phone from my grasp. It hit the floor with a crack. She shook her head and mouthed something incomprehensible. She then cupped my face in both hands. There was something off about the way she looked at me. Something wrong, broken.

To this day, I can't put my finger on what. But whatever it was, it clawed at my throat in a way that I still dream about. She leaned in. Although her face was fairly clean, the smell of that warm metal coated her. I searched her features. Searched hard; for any sign of the thick red I knew had to be there. But I didn't find it. I didn't find anything. Now as I picture her, I think I know where the scent was coming from. I don't quite know why, but since that day, I have developed a strange tic I didn't have before: chewing the inside of my cheek. I can't quite explain the urge, or what sort of twisted satisfaction it brings me, but I cannot go a day without the warm sensation of digging my teeth into that skin.

After a while, Sandy's hands began to shiver around my face. Then her whole body. The small shivering turned into full-on shaking, and I watched in horror as her figure crumpled to the ground. I called her name, holding her in hopes she wouldn't fall. Sandy Williams went limp, collapsing into my arms and knocking me back. Both of us hit the floor. As I waited for the ambulance, it felt like years passed. I held her unconscious body's hand, sickly fingers intertwined with mine. I couldn't think. It's like I had blacked out myself, nothing but the doctor's orders on the other end of the line keeping me moving.

Until the ambulance arrived. And another twenty minutes passed as I watched them load her into the back of the vehicle. Another twenty as they questioned me, voices aggressive and demanding. Another twenty as they consoled me, explaining impossible explanations. Explanations that made no sense. She was assaulted. She was under the influence. She was having the pre-symptoms of a seizure. She came to the closest person she knew. She mixed up addresses.

She'll be fine.

She'll be okay.

She'll make it.

She'll survive.

I guess they were right about the last part. She survived. Survived long enough to be dispatched from the hospital and disappear without a trace. I lived through months of not telling anyone about my strange encounter with Sandy Williams, keeping it locked inside me. I kept it in the same place you'd keep your darkest secrets. Darkest memories. Darkest habits. I lived just like I had lived before, but there was always this thing right there, in the depths of my peripheral vision. In my subconscious. There was always this thing that hurt when I was quiet, screamed when I spoke, cried when I was drunk, and laughed when I was high.

It was an aching in my bones that never quite left. It was almost three years later when I got the call. I had just woken up and was at the bathroom sink, drawing brooding eyeliner carefully on my pale skin. My phone began to ring beside me. An unknown number. I glanced its way and resumed my activities, ignoring the call to finish off my makeup. But there was something that wasn't quite right. The phone continued to ring, as if the spammer was daring me to ignore them again. I laid down my toothbrush and grasped my phone...

"Hi?" I asked into silence.

"Hello. This is Alexander Cole speaking."

"Oh, Officer Coles!" Officer Coles was the police sergeant who had been assigned to Sandy's case after her prompt disappearance. We had met a few times previously, but it had always been in person.

"Is this your personal line?"

I had put him on speaker and was finishing up in the bathroom when he revealed the reason he was calling. They had found Sandy Williams. Dead. On the side of the highway. Sitting here in the same spot she came to me five years ago, I can't get Sandy Williams out of my mind. Her features forever engraved in my mind, I can almost feel her behind me. Those terror-ridden eyes sawing deep into my back. But if I turn, I know no one will be there.

I couldn't help her. I couldn't save her. But five years ago, Sandy Williams asked me not to forget her. That, at least, I know I can do.

EYES

Sophia Yap

As I walked, a strong stench of wine and beer hit me. I plugged my nose and started wandering the bazaar. Then I see Iris, swanning about. I run over and she screeches. "Oopsies sorry Londyn I swear I saw a vampire!"

"It's okay, they don't exist," I reassure her.

Gesturing to my brothers, "the only monsters here are those guys."

"Yeah you're right let's go eat some doughnuts," she says.

Oh, I can't describe how good it was. It was bliss, it was heaven, chocolatey and lemony, sweet yet not too sweet just DELICIOUS!

"I need to PEE!" I exclaim.

"Go on, I'll wait here," mumbles Iris, mouth full of doughnuts. I enter my cubicle just as the light goes out and I start to panic.

'It's okay, it's okay,' I reassure myself as I step out and start washing my hands.

I stare in the mirror and nearly have a heart attack because I see a pair of blood red eyes staring at me. I scream and everything goes black.



CITY IN A TIME LOOP

Thea McSweeney

I was having severe journalist's block (yes, that's a thing). The whole town was quiet - I hate quiet - and the weather was the same. Every day, people were doing their thing. But that day, something got my mind buzzing. I was working at my desk, or, by working, I mean doodling on sticky notes when my friend Morgan Whelsh ran to my desk, drenched in sweat, eyes wild. He grabbed my wrist so tightly my hand started turning blue.

"You have to help me." His voice began to break.

"Okay." My word stretched with false casualness.

"I don't know what's going on, but - " I interrupted him, "then how do I help you?"...

"Just listen. Something's wrong, I don't know exactly, but I need you to write something down for me." I was relaxing now, finally something to write.

"2-6 P 9 The Invaders."

"WHAT!" My voice was so loud even Reggie (the partially deaf ginger cat) looked at me.

"Just write it, for God's sake." Morgan ripped a sticky note from my hand, and with his right hand (his left was still cutting off the blood flow to my hand), scrawled the nonsense, then he stuck it in front of me.

"Keep it."

My hands were still shaking from the encounter when I woke up the next day. I arrived at work and sat down, finding the sticky note right where Morgan had left it. I looked at my desk, old peeling stickers and paint chips covered it. Along the top of my computer, a lineup of Funko Pops stood staring at me, judging me. I was pulled from my thoughts when Morgan rushed in again.

"You have to help me." He said as his hand closed around my wrist. This time my eyes were the wild ones.

I didn't think; I just blurted out, "2-6 P 9 The Invaders."

Morgan was stunned; he released my wrist. I ran to the bathroom and promptly threw up in the toilet.

Five minutes later, I left the bathroom and saw Morgan waiting at my desk, his green eyes filled with concern. He didn't speak; he simply hugged me tightly.

"What was that? How did you know what I was going to tell you?" He finally asked.

"You told me yesterday."

We were both panicked now. I decided to record everything we said on Morgan's phone. I was calming down when I opened my computer, and the date 12/7/2023 flashed on the screen. Wait, that was the date yesterday. Was this town in a time loop? I was no longer calm; I was petrified.

"So, you figured it out," Morgan's voice echoed through the building. Why did he sound excited? I couldn't respond; literally, I couldn't move. I started hyperventilating. This wasn't happening; this was a dream. Cracks spread across Morgan's face; his form disintegrated, revealing a hideous skeletal frame, gold eyes, yellowing bones, sharp fangs. He grinned like a clown and lunged at my face.

Now I must stop writing as I've exceeded the newspaper's word limit.

EMERALDA BECKETT IS NOT WHO YOU THINK SHE IS

Aanya Bhavsar

Emeralda looked up at the pearly sea of blue above her. The bulbous clouds drifted past hiding the glimmering rays of the sun. She could see the sun coruscating between the cracks in the clouds, Emeralda sighed, hurrying into a cobbled alleyway. This mission changed everything. She knew Slate's men would be creeping behind. Emeralda could feel the reassuring bob of her leather satchel and its irreplaceable contents. Clasp her satin red cloak around her waist, she changed into glossy black heels, a beige coat, and ivory silk dress. Her disguise hid herself completely. Inside she was just a teen. Outside she was a rather opulent woman. The bitter scent of alcohol gilded around her. Sliding on her thick black sunglasses, she entered Solwin Market. The market was a tide of colourful attires swaying in a wave. Emeralda strode over to one of the many oak stalls dotted along the endless corridor of the Market. She could hear stentorian conversations echoing around the market. Emeralda clicked the latch on her sunglasses, her big golden hoops dangling from her ears.

"Nightingale is in position, do you copy?"

A memory flooded her mind. The sounds of the market faded as her mind swam further in her dream.

"Em good morning!" Her Mum's mellow voice sang as she stroked Emeralda's silky waves of hazel hair.

"Where is my birthday girl?" Dad had spoken, his voice bouncing off the hallway of her old home. Emeralda wanted to snap out of her memory. She didn't want to see it again. Crystalline droplets singed her eyes. She couldn't get out of it. She was in a daze. A horrible stupor... It was her 13th birthday. Three years ago. When everything went wrong. She could see faint veins in the walls...

The cracks became larger. Emeraldal wanted to scream. Her parents kept grinning at her, oblivious to the walls behind them. The walls crumbled and her Mum trembled and ran off the study. She could feel her father's strong arms holding her as they ran away. Her mum had come back and given her something. They had thrown her onto the front grass of their home. A second later the house crumbled with her Mum and Dad inside. The only thing in her arms was a vial filled with glowing sapphire liquid. The sound of a woman yelling at her snapped her back to reality. "If you do not buy you leave" A woman with wafer skin and straight yellow hair growled, pointing to her freshly baked cookies.

"I'll buy a caramel cookie," Emeraldal smiled as the woman placed a cookie in a small paper bag. Emeraldal let the crowd whisk her away. Amidst the crowd she spotted three men dressed in thick grey coats and black canes. "The greys..." she muttered keeping her pace. She reached into her leather satchel, putting on a beret and wig. Her hair was now blood red and her name was now Heather Stone. Her head whipped back, a grey caught her eyes, he was staring right at her. Emeraldal's heart beat faster, blood thumping louder and louder. Emeraldal could see the other greys nearing in. She'd been targeted.

THE FORTUNE TELLER

Sophie Nikolarakos



News of their first Missing Persons case spread like wildfire; that is, the exciting mystery had rekindled some unity between the gossipers that had died out from the lack of topics. The acclaimed fortune teller normally was the first to recognize a good chinwag, as she, too, was a dealer among trash talk. Unfortunately, the psychic was missing in action, and missing in general, according to several police reports. Authorities spent unnecessary time questioning her last client, the one they wrongly assumed had seen her last, forgetting that a careful murder takes careful planning. Although no news of her appearance arrived, many stories reached the ears of the police, such as her daily routine of wailing to her music and that time she pranced around a fire...

under the influence of "appreciation for life." Granted, her backpack had clinked and chimed with every movement as they escorted her out. Despite the fraud of a seer wanting nothing more than to meet people (and their money), never had she anticipated that her job could be dangerous. Nevertheless, she sealed her own doom when she decided to get a kick out of convincing hopeless strangers that they were destined for a pathetic, strange future, depending on her mood. After a few weeks, the police assumed she'd gotten lost in the woods. The town folk each believed a different story, most along the lines of wolves and ghosts (after all, she had left her mark on them, even if it was just horror stories and astronomy). The murderer herself, an ignorant believer having struck out in a blaze of fear, was still trying to convince herself that destroying the mouthpiece would rewrite the future, although her husband did end up cheating anyway. The fortune teller was enjoying quite the rest, finally taking some time to herself, a metre underground. One should hope she learned not to feast on fibs.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING HANKIE

Olive Branscombe

I was so glad when the phone rang. I was sitting on my chair in my detective studio reading my favourite Sherlock Holmes book (The Hound of the Baskervilles) when the silent buzzing made me jump. I instantly picked up the phone, surprised to hear the voice at the other end. It was my niece, Ellie. She was speaking very urgently; she was saying that her favourite hankie had been stolen. I was confused, Ellie was always snotty and blew her nose a lot, which meant she was always using her hankie, so I didn't understand how she had lost it. But I took the case, thankful, because I was glad to be back in business even if it meant looking for a snotty hankie. The next morning, after finishing the last chapter of The Hound of the Baskervilles (which had a quite surprising ending if I do say so myself) I visited Ellie's house. She was suspiciously snotty today. Blowing her nose every two minutes, but she was also sneaking glances at me every now and then. I pretended not to notice and tried to stay focused on finding the hankie, but it disturbed me. Walking away from the kitchen I checked all the rooms thoroughly in case she had misplaced it, but I found no hankie. Ellie was too distraught to even help me and I was getting more and more suspicious by the minute. While Ellie went to make some tea, I crept into her bedroom to escape from all the sideways looks she was giving me. As I turned around and had a little look around the room, I noticed something. There it was, but how did it get there? It was sewn into her blanket. I then realised that Ellie had played me. A few seconds after this realisation Ellie walked into the room...



with two mugs of hot steaming peppermint tea and two raspberry chocolate cookies. She looked alarmed. Then as she turned and noticed my angry face glaring between her and the blanket she caught on. Pleadingly, she told me how she had hid her hankie in the blanket because she knew that no one had given me a case yet and she knew how much I had wanted one. I was annoyed but I also felt a little sad. If my own niece hadn't given me a real case, who would?

SUPER SPORT SECTION



DOWNFALL OF THE SENSATIONAL SCALIES

Hailey Leng

As you all know, the grand finals of Clockwork Cities' National DragonBall Tournament are coming up! This game consists of five players: two attackers, two defenders, and a middle field. The aim of this game is to score the ball into a golden hoop. Each hoop is worth one point. Each of the players is riding their own dragon they have adopted a long time ago, since the dragon was in the egg. These dragons are expected to be ridden by the same owner throughout their whole life and are specially trained by their owner as well. The top team on the leaderboard right now is the Sensational Scalies, who have been on top for 30 years. They have won multiple tournaments and travelled the world to play against other countries, but they have encountered one of the biggest problems of their career just because of two players. Their top two lead attackers, Xeno and Ryder, have been in...

a big fight, arguing about something unknown. This argument has been going on for a few weeks now, and they haven't reconciled with each other yet, which is unusual. How will the Sensational Scalies win the grand finals without their two best attackers not living in harmony? What have the two attackers fought over that is causing such a serious problem? Will the two attackers ever make up? What is going to come for this team?

PIG LATINS

Olive Branscombe

It was a disaster! After the reigning Pig Latin footy team crushed everyone to little, tiny bits and pieces, all the other teams were dropping out of the league. The Pig Latins were now the only team in the league. Gerald, the best player, made an announcement earlier this morning. He said that if no other teams rejoined the league, the Pig Latins wouldn't be able to keep playing. What a disaster for all their crazy fans and team players! I asked the coach for his opinion.

Me: So coach, what are you going to do?

Coach: Well, after winning so many trophies, maybe it's time to move on.

Me: What do you mean? Is there anything for you after footy?

Coach: Well, of course! I always dreamed of being a professional tango teacher, but after my my wife died, I couldn't do the tango without her, it made me too sad. But now, with all the other teams dropping out of the league, it made me realise that my wife would prefer that I am doing what I love rather than coaching this rubbish.

Mathew (star player): I heard that.


Me: Well, thank you coach for your mighty confession, even if it was stated at the wrong time and the wrong place.

After interviewing the coach, is there any hope for the Pig Latins?

Hopefully, if they aren't

able to play again, the coach will be able to become a tango teacher.

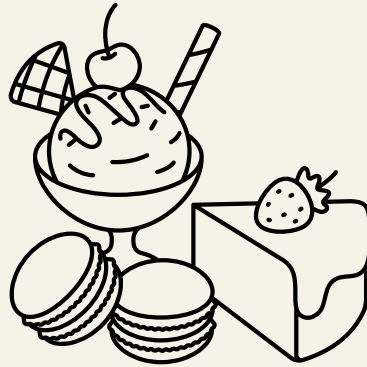
That's all from me. See you next time on the Super Sports News section, which everyone watches except people who don't like sports!

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RECIPE REVOLUTION



WITCH'S CRUMBLE

Olive Blakeney

Ingredients

For Crumble:

- 50g of flour
- 50g of apple flavoured oats
- 50g of sugar from another planet
- Butter

For Apples:

- Half a cup of unicorn pee
- 3 cake apples from the cake tree, cut

Method

1. Preheat oven to 200C°
2. Put the cake apples and unicorn pee into a cauldron and cook until apples have softened
3. Mix flour, oats, sugar and butter with your hands until butter has softened
4. Put cake apple and unicorn pee in a dish and sprinkle crumble on top then put it in the oven for 24 minutes
5. Take the crumble out of the oven and wait for it to cool
6. EAT IT!

RECIPE FOR RAINBOW DELIGHTS!

Claudia Burke-Cappelli

Review

It tasted like I was riding on an ice-cream slide! Its texture was creamy and smooth. These chocolates are quick and easy to make and are good to make on a rainy afternoon. Plus, they are perfect to make for a birthday. I rate this recipe 5 stars out of 5!

Ingredients

- ½ cup of rainbow dust
- 2 cups of chocolate blueberries
- 1/3 cup of pixie dust
- 4 sugar dusted strawberries
- 1 chocolate egg

Tools

- A mixing bowl
- Knife
- Cups
- Wooden spoon
- Ice cube trays

Method

1. Pour the rainbow and pixie dust into the bowl. Mix well.
2. Dollop 2 cups of chocolate blueberries into the bowl. Mix until thick and creamy.
3. Crush the strawberries until they are formed into a liquid.
4. Pour the strawberries into the mixture. Mix well.
5. Pour mixture into an ice cube tray. Then place into the fridge for 20 minutes.
6. Melt the chocolate egg in the microwave until it has turned to liquid.
7. Pour the chocolate into the ice cube trays and fill to the top.

Enjoy your Rainbow Delights!



WHACKY WEATHER

SPICE FORECAST

Zen Wong

Hello, my name is Cinnamon Spice Cheeks, your weather reporter for today. I'm here because your usual reporter, my brother Pumpkin Spice Cheeks, is off on a break to the muffin factory. Personally, I prefer the donut factory myself...

The hailstones have turned into potatoes today, triggering the annual Potato Festival. The citizens of Ook, this town, are experts in achieving just the right amount of spice in their dishes. They say it has something to do with "the weatherman." Whatever that means.

Full-blown as this festival is, residents are still looking forward to the Sandstorm of Spice, in which every grain of sand blown in the storm will turn into sugar and spice, and everything nice. Be careful, as some very fancy-looking furniture will swirl around. I recommend a closed door...

Storms are heading this way with no risk of rain, heavy cloud cover, thunder, lightning, or severe wind. When they hit, I suggest you go outside and enjoy the beautiful sunshine. No need for a raincoat, umbrella, or anything like that. You just need a trip to the beach.

Welp, we've entered the one minute season of Oof, in which all surfaces turn as slippery as a freshly waxed ice floor. It'll probably be over before I-oof-finish-oof-explaining-oof-it! Oh wait, the season's over. Anyways... There is something residents are really looking forward to.

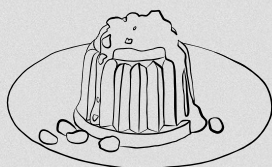
On the 17263th of Oomphamonth, a meteor shower will bombard the Earth, wiping out all of humanity, providing spectacular views of sound-speed shockwaves stripping the Earth clean. I recommend a closed window as you watch.

BUTTER FLOOD

Oscar Burke-Cappelli

Hello everyone, I'm Oscar and I am here to talk about the "Butter Flood." Here's how it happened.... So, everyone in Clockwork City was spreading butter on toast and then... rain dropped. It dropped on the buttered toast, and it started to make a huge liquid, which turned into a flood! Then, the flood hit the Clockwork City tower. The weather changed so much!

This is the first time in history that this has happened... and it's still a buttery situation. Oh no! The flood is coming down my way!... Eek! It's not a good time to be in the city. But here is a good suggestion... Try to turn the weather gears to control the weather! Those super weather gears will save us... Well, I hope so anyway. This is Oscar, your Whacky Weather for Weather News reporter signing off from Clockwork City.



Do you have a delicious or interesting... recipe of your own? Send it in! Email publishing@mywritersstudio.com.au

WEATHER IMPOSSIBLE

Donovan Xu-Pang

"It's your host Donovan reporting live from Melbourne CBD. Currently, it's summer here in Melbourne, and snow is falling down in the middle of a heatwave. Residents all over Melbourne are surprised that not even a single speck of snow has melted. Here we will interview Tom Riddly."

The camera turns to Tom Riddly.

"Tom Riddly, how much do you love this weather?" I asked.

"Truly the best. I can play basketball and build a snowman with this weather! But how about this little girl Emily. What are your thoughts?"

"I don't like this weather because I was hoping to go to the beach so I could build a sand castle, but now the beach is filled with snow," exclaimed Emily.

"Enjoy the weather. Now let's hear from your host Hudson. He will tell you the weather in China," explains Donovan.

In China, everything appears except volcanoes that have started to erupt. Now it has created the beginning of the lava cycle. We will ask Ethan here.

"你好吗? 最近的天气变化对你有影响吗。" (English translation: hello, how are you affected by the weather?)

"太可怕了吧" (it's frightening!) "But what is happening in South Australia? To you, Jialin."

"In South Australia, it will be raining free robots with a chance of meatballs, and it's even crazier than that! There will be tornadoes and instead of sucking in, it's expelling out the debris! But let's hear the thoughts of some curious bunch."

"Hello, what are your thoughts on the weather?" I ask.

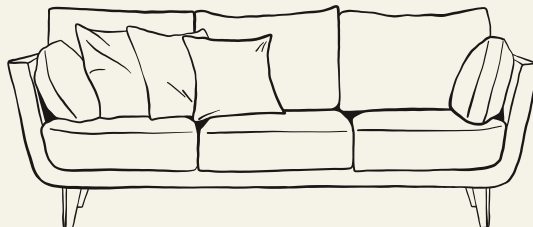
"I don't like the weather because I hate getting dirty, and ever since meatballs have started to fall, I've been getting dirty again with tomato sauce."

"But I think it's great that we don't have to pay for more food," a little boy butted in.

"Me too," agreed another.

"Well, there you have it. Climate change is truly happening all over the world. Now back to you in the studio."

CURIOSITY CORNER



PARENT SITTERS

Char Char Patricia Payling

Hey kids! Are you tired of going out, and then coming home to find your parents have mucked up the house? Well, look no further! We supply reliable parent sitters, who make sure your house is super clean, and the parents are in bed asleep when you come home from a concert, your favourite gig, or a night out!! So, what are you waiting for?

Sign up and book a sitter now at: parentsitters.com.au and find the sitter for you!
Join us on Instagram: [ParentSitters4eva](https://www.instagram.com/ParentSitters4eva)
And on Facebook under: Parent Sitters Record.

THE GEL PHONE 3655

Olive Branscombe

What would you do if I were to tell you that a new phone has been released? The phones you use wouldn't even match the level of skill and complex programming that this new model uses. Using this phone's amazing camera you could take photos of things that are miles away. Better yet, using its X-ray vision you can look at things through walls, roofs, or any sort of solid object.

With this amazing smart new model, you will be able to use it for all your own needs and wants. It doesn't even need to be plugged in if you want to charge it. Leaving it alone for a few minutes will let it recharge instantly.

Any cover you buy will fit. You can even design your own cover and print it out on the phone using the 3D printer app.

Useful and addictive, this phone is the start of changing the future! Buy it now and you will get 20% off. Just so you know there are only 100 copies made, so tuck in!

FIZZLES

Wolfy H

Are you always hungry?

Are you always looking for something good to eat but you don't have any?

Well, I have the best solution to your problems! Introducing... Fizzles!

I know, I know. It's a weird name. But it's not me to blame, it's my robot butler's fault. I asked him for a name and then he just said "Fizzles," so yeah.

They are small tablets full of some sort of magical rare thing that can sense what you are craving. Let's say you want to eat some bread (but I don't know why you wouldn't have any at home, but... eh, doesn't matter right now), you just put it into your mouth, then, BAM, the tablet will just suddenly turn into that thing.

Pretty cool, right?

You can buy them at my (amazing) store which is at 88 Pancake Drive. (And no, that is not an autocorrect. It's actually called Pancake Drive).

Also, please don't mind the weird fluffy carpet at the entrance.



CREW NEEDED

Jessica Kent

We are looking for adventurous souls who are willing to brave the harsh, unforgiving climates of the Five Capes of Belamare on board H.M Leandivors. You will need previous skills aboard a ship as this is not an expedition for the faint of heart. You will brave the wild seas of Tivor Point, the furious creatures lurking underneath the hull while crossing The Sea Of Pointy Jaws. You will fly through the sea of Shimmering Stars and take a watch under the moon off of Cape of Sekelsky.

We are looking for bright young minds with a pursuit of anything scientific (we are going into unrecorded, never seen before locations), hospitality skills, or as crew willing to scamper up and down the rigging as many times as the captain requires.

INQUIRE IN PERSON

Dock 23, Mariners Street, Cussox, Kingdom of Feirdway

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Can you believe we've made it to a second issue of *The Quarterly Quill*? I can! Melbourne Young Writers' Studio is bursting with talent and creativity and I cannot wait to see what Issue 3 brings. With that, thanks for reading our second issue of *The Quill*, the home of all things quirky, whimsical and sincere.

Until next time.

-N.P. Culley

QUARTERLY QUILL GUIDELINES

Are you interested in submitting to Issue 3 of *The Quarterly Quill*? Well there's no time like the present!

Here are the sections...

Featured Fancies for essay, opinion and creative non fiction (500 word limit)

Flash Fiction (limited time only) for super short stories (100 words)

The Write Stuff for reviews (500 word limit)

Poets of the Quill for poetry (12 line maximum)

Muddling Mysteries for mystery and crime reportage (500 word limit)

Recipe Revolution for recipes (500 word limit)

Whimsy Wit & Quirky Quips for jokes (5 jokes max)

Super Sport Section for sports news (300 word limit)

Whacky Weather for weather news (300 word limit)

Curiosity Corner for ads (200 word limit)

Email us at publishing@mywritersstudio.com.au with the title of your piece and your pen name.



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