

# Animalzanian Times

May 2017

## News of Interest

*News for Humans:*

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*The Tower of Naglash* Addition p. 12-15

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## Sudden Loss of Communications with Animalzania

It has been one year and seven months since the July- September 2015 edition of the *Animalzanian Times* was published, printed, and sent off. In the months following, communications were passing between Animalzania to Earth regularly. News stories were being outlined and prepared for publication in the next AT. Then, in the middle of November 2015, there was a sudden loss of transmissions from Animalzania. Attempts to restore communications were made, but they were not successful. There was no ambassador to turn to for aid or for answers because he had already returned home, having served his term. No replacement has come from Animalzania since then.

Throughout the next year, attempts to regain contact with Animalzania were continued, but they were met with failure and increasing discouragement. As 2016 ended, it became clear that something drastic must have happened to Animalzania to cause them to no longer respond to Earth's messages. There are possible explanations for the event: a sudden attack on Animalzania, a communications failure, or – in the worse case scenario – the destruction of the planet Animal. Whatever the incident's cause might be, it is now clear that Earth is no longer

## Bible Verse of the Month

“To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; a time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;

A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;

A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.”

-Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8

able to contact Animalzania. Because of this, we are sad to announce that the *Animalzanian Times* will no longer be published and distributed and that this will be the last edition.

We will still make attempts to regain communications with Animalzania, but we no longer expect them to succeed. Perhaps, if God wills, we will be able to regain contact with them. In the meantime, we will work on editing the older editions of the *Animalzanian Times*, correcting errors, removing unnecessary materials, and making them more presentable. We will also attempt to create an

archive of the older newspapers which were never published on the Internet (September 2010- February 2013 editions). For those who are interested in receiving updates regarding these projects, please contact the editor Courtney Riojas via email.

The loss of communications with Animalzania is mourned by all of us, and we hope that its loss will be taken well by those who have read and supported it over the years. Thank you, dear readers, for all of your support, encouragement, and love! We appreciate it greatly! God bless you all!

-Courtney Riojas, editor

P.S. The news articles that the AT received before the loss of communications are included in this final edition. - C. R.

## Town News

### November Election Results

Unfortunately, the results of the November Election were never transmitted to the *Animalzanian Times*. It is unknown who won the Presidential Election for Pearl County.

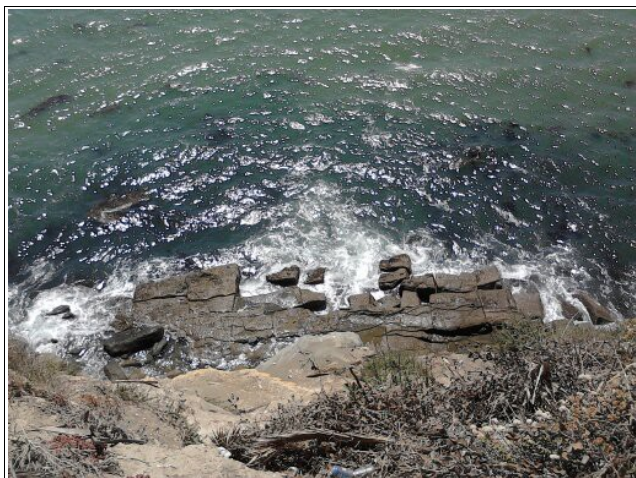
The candidates were the following:

*Animalibral: Conanimaltive: Independent:*

Kingsly	Ismal	Harry
Bernadine	Shaw	Runnington

Whoever won the Pearl County election will be a mystery. However, the elections for several other counties are known. Animalville elected an A.F.O. Member to be its president and mayor. Pear County elected a conanimaltive, and Fall County elected an animaliberaltive.

-Sarah Trotter



### Christmas Celebrations

Perhaps too early to announce for some people, but there is a lot planned this year for the Christmas Season in Animalzania!

First of all, there will be a Christmas Contest running between December 12<sup>th</sup> and 22<sup>nd</sup>. The contest is sponsored by Mr. Fairhaven who also created the Hunting Quest in 2014 for school children. For those interested in the Christmas Contest: here are the goals and requirements:

*Goal:* To create the best lit house in Pearl County.

*Requirements:*

- 1) You must be a resident of Pearl County. (Humans are not eligible!)
- 2) You must own a piece of property in Pearl County. Those who live in an apartment are disqualified unless their landlord permits them to take part.
- 3) You must use Christmas lights and decorations.
- 4) You must register by contacting Mr. Fairhaven. Be prepared to provide your name and your address so that the judges will know where to look and whom to award!

The judging of the contest will take place between the 23<sup>rd</sup> and 24<sup>th</sup>, and the winners will be announced on the following Monday. First place will receive \$2,500; second place \$2,000; third place will receive \$1,500. Honorable mentions: \$1,000.

The next event will be the Christmas Pageant. There will be contests in many categories: vocals, instrumentals, choir, acting, beauty, and much more. Anyone is allowed to compete! The respective contests will be held on separate days. For more information regarding these contests, please visit the Hall or the local school office. Prizes for first, second, and third will be given for each contest!

Other dates of Christmas Celebrations include:

*Rose College Performance:* December 22<sup>nd</sup> at the Rose Theater. The performance begins at 6:30 PM.

*Christmas Eve Services:* Will be held at each church at 8:00 PM on Christmas Eve. Please bring your coats because it will be cold.

*Christmas Play:* Tree Rock Schoolhouse will be performing several Christmas plays on the 16<sup>th</sup>, 17<sup>th</sup>, and 18<sup>th</sup> at 5:00 PM in the Plaza. Refreshments and snacks will be available for purchase.

This December will be very busy, and more events will probably take place. To keep up to date or to request more information about anything, please visit the Hall.

Have a Merry Christmas everyone!

-Sarah Trotter

## National and World News

### **A.F.O. Claims to Have Discovered Body of Missing Reporter**

The body of Jackie Gurl, the reporter for the Australian *Jackson Herald* and author of the controversial article denouncing the A.F.O., has been declared to be identified. Agents from the Animal Freedom Organization discovered the body on October 21<sup>st</sup> in an abandoned building outside Hart, Australia. Following an autopsy on the body, they declared that Jackie Gurl died due to loss of blood from multiple gun shot wounds. Other investigators who were dispatched to search for the reporter requested to see the body, but only a few have been allowed to view it. Although reporters have not been permitted to question anyone in the A.F.O. regarding the body, they have managed to interview the investigators.

The news the reporters received is rather troubling because some investigators believe that

the DNA from the body does not match the DNA of Jackie Gurl.

"I looked at and compared the DNA from the body with the DNA collected on the belongings of Jackie Gurl," explained one investigator. "I do not believe that the A.F.O. has the body of Jackie Gurl. Several other investigators, who saw the DNA with me, agree: this is not the body. Miss Gurl is still missing."

The A.F.O. has yet to respond to the reporters' requests to confirm or deny the investigator's statement. If the investigator is right, then the A.F.O. has made a mistake and should admit it. If the body is indeed Jackie Gurl's, then the A.F.O. ought to release the documents and results of the autopsy to the public so that there will be no misgivings from the public.

Until the A.F.O.'s information is released, the search for Jackie Gurl by independent investigators will continue.

- Sarah Trotter

### **Free State Refuses to Let Islanders Cross their Borders**

The newly independent Free State of Irisland has declared that Islanders will no longer be allowed to cross their borders. This policy took effect on November 1<sup>st</sup>, and since then several Islanders have been turned away by the Free State's border agents even though they possessed passes from the Free State to visit relatives.

"We do not want to be bothered by foreigners passing through our borders at this time," declared President Myler of the Free State. "This time is critical to our existence as an independent democracy, and all threats or influences that would harm us must be avoided. No Islander will be allowed to cross our borders, and all Islanders currently in our nation will remain here."

In response, Irisland has added more border agents to keep Islanders safe and has petitioned the Free State to allow its citizens to

return to their homeland. The Free State has declined Irisland's request.

Irisland's border agents have declared that the Free State is not even allowing its own citizens to approach the border. These actions have raised concerns in Irisland about the government of the Free State.

"We will continue to petition for our citizens to return to their homes," declared President Tyler of Irisland. "Until our request is accepted, we will not allow any citizen of the Free State to return."

The Free State has not yet responded to Irisland's statement.

-Sarah Trotter

### **Australia Closes Its Borders**

The Animal Freedom Organization (A.F.O.) has officially ordered the borders of Australia to be closed to international travel on November 30<sup>th</sup>. On this date, no one seeking to enter the country will be allowed to enter. Whether foreigners who are already inside Australia will be allowed to leave after the closing date is unknown. Many nations, however, have requested that their citizens who are visiting or residing in Australia to leave the country before the 30<sup>th</sup> and any travel to the nation will be done at the citizen's own risk.

This action of Australia quickly follows the decision of the Free State of Irisland to close its borders.

-Sarah Trotter

### **Thanksgiving Day Massacre**

On Thanksgiving Day, 10,000 Animals were massacred by the Free State of Irisland. The bodies were buried in a mass grave outside Killjoy, a city close to the border between the Free State and Irisland. The numbers are an estimate that was calculated by the border agents who witnessed the mass burial from a distance.

Following the event, several Animals from the Free State managed to pass their border guards and enter Irisland. They confirmed the

fears of the Irisland government: the Free State had killed many dissidents and Irislanders within its borders.

In response, the Irisland government has demanded the Free State to allow them to send troops in to protect their citizens who are still alive. If the Free State does not accept their demand, the Irislanders will use force to ensure that their citizens are protected and avenged.

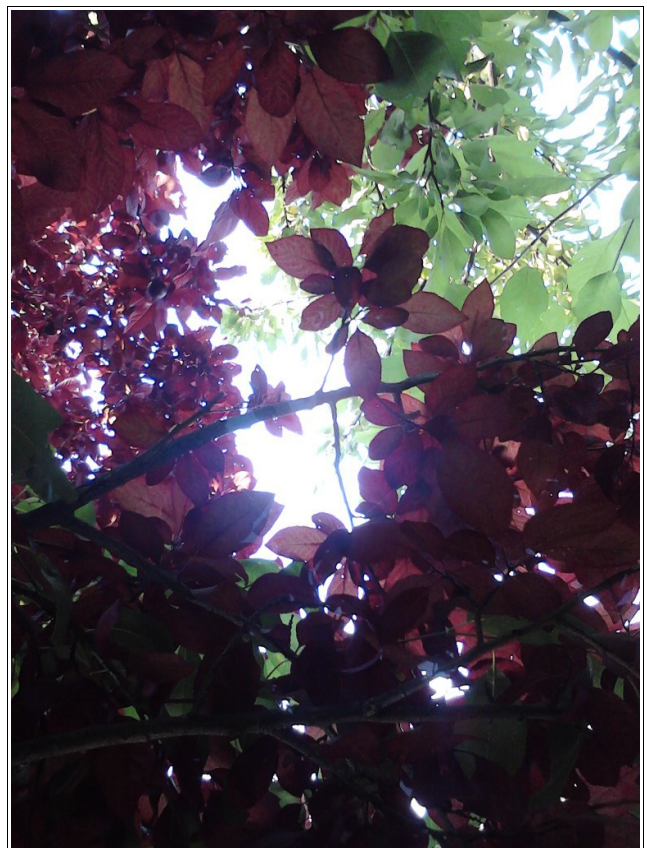
-Sarah Trotter

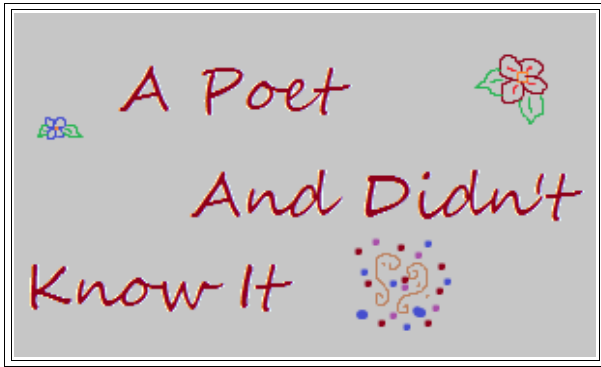
### **A.F.O. Accused of Involvement in Thanksgiving Massacre**

The A.F.O. has been accused of involvement in the Thanksgiving Massacre, the mass killing of an estimated 10,000 Animals, because of its heavy influence over the Free State's government.

Reporters contacted the A.F.O. Representative but were unable to speak to him until two weeks after the accusations were voiced. The representative declared that the A.F.O. had no influence over the massacre, saying that he was not involved.

-Sarah Trotter





*Poems written by Courtney Riojas  
between 2015 and 2017*

**"A Heart's Prayer"**

Draw me to Thy side,  
O Lord, draw me close to Thee.  
For my heart will err and slide  
Farther from Thee than it should.

And when it does, dear Lord,  
May You follow after it!  
Take it to Your side; bind it with a cord.  
So that it cannot stray from Thee.

Teach me more of who You are  
And show me how to grow,  
Until my heart is no longer my own  
And more like unto Thine.

Lord, I am afraid to do this:  
Afraid to surrender all of me.  
Teach me, God, sweet surrender  
So I may be all for Thee.

**"Pain in the Heart"**

The crescent moon shines;  
The stars go in their circles.  
'Round the earth ever goes,  
But no one about me knows  
    The ache, the pain, the tear within,  
    The fell desire to just give in.

Here I am, a broken heart, so sad,  
So hurt by cares – I cannot see –  
Now blind to the love I've had.  
One wonders how it ever got so bad.

So bad that a touch is not felt,  
That hearts by words do not melt.

An empty heart throbbing in my hands,  
Dreams and hopes collapse to dust.  
The sky is full of unclear demands.  
My ears strain for one sure command:  
    The words that can heal and fill  
    And make the ocean waves be still.

**"If God Can"**

If God can work in weakness  
And His power can move unseen;  
If the little acts mean as much to Thee  
As those done where men can see;  
If, through Love, You fill the broken  
And heal where no hands can reach:  
    Then help me trust You in these daily tasks  
    That come to me and mine each day,  
    Knowing nothing is too far from Your grasp,  
    And nothing You've touched the same will stay.

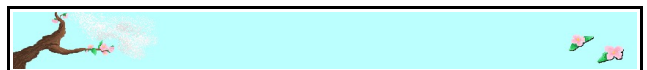
**"Waiting"**

'Patience, patience,' I reply.  
'Waiting though is hardest,  
For while others laughing cry  
And sing about the place,  
You must wait, wait, and wait.  
Yet in the end you are gladdest.'

**"Love"**

Love is not impassioned.  
Love is not deceit.  
Love is not lust.  
Love is not what you think.

Love is a solemn vow.  
Love is based in truth.  
Love is pure and virtuous.  
Love is from God above.





“To Say”

To say I do not care  
Would be a lie:  
For I care with all my soul.

To say I like you  
Would be true,  
And it I will not deny.

And to say you are my friend –  
That has been written in stone:  
And undisputed fact we both know.

But to say I love you...  
That would be the hardest...  
Because I actually think I do.

“Winter”

Snow falls like lacy veils,  
And the earth beneath it pales.

The trees' branches are weighed down  
Till the snow comes falling to the ground.

I stand here at my window sill  
And watch the land fade under Winter's chill.

“Mi Querido”

O mi querido –  
si esta sería verdad,  
si esta sería verdad,  
Con gozo yo moriría para tí.

“Transformed”

The wild rose rambles over the gates,  
Yellowed leaves and wind-blown petals;  
Yet the young man, plucking the flower, takes  
It to her who receives it as the best:  
*So love makes anything fairer.*

“Oh the Grace”

Oh the grace that saves me –  
Constant though I am not!  
Sustaining me though I stumble –  
New every morning is Thy Grace!

Oh the grace that lifts me,  
Raising my head to the sky.  
Long lost but now found.  
Ever constant is Thy Grace, O God.

Oh the grace that stays  
Even when I wander away.  
Search and find me, O my God,  
Lest I, in darkness, fall and die.

“No Longer My Own”

My life no longer is my own  
To do with as I would.  
My life I gave to One  
Whose blood has made me His son.  
My life I lost and now have found,  
Had been blind, now I see.  
My life is given me and more.  
My heart is quick and beating strong.  
Alive, I shall forever be.

*“One may smile and smile, and be a villain.”*

-Shakespeare

“I hold it true, whate'er befall;  
I feel it when I sorrow most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.”

-from *In Memoriam A.H.H.* by Tennyson

*“A true friend is a gift of God, and He only who  
made hearts can unite.”* -Robert South

“Cowards die many times before their deaths; the  
valiant never taste of death but once.”

-Shakespeare.

*“It is hard to fail, but worse never to have tried  
to succeed.”* -Theodore Roosevelt

“To ease another's heartache is to forget one's  
own.” -Lincoln

*“All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is  
that good men do nothing.”* -Burke

“I urge no wrong. I'm young, but you should  
watch my actions, not my years, to judge of me.”

-Antigone

*“Our greatest glory consists not in ever falling,  
but in rising every time we fall.”* -Goldsmith





**Title:** “The Woman Who Played With the World”  
Part 6

**Author:** Elyzabeth McDunn

*Earth's orbit changed suddenly, and Arthur with his friends Thomas and Miss C – discovered that his fiancée Beatrice is the cause of it. To his surprise and dismay, she has demanded Earth's allegiance and has murdered a young man who stood up to her. The papers with which he hoped to gain a permit to take the globe that began the problem were destroyed. Something seems to have taken over Beatrice, changing her behavior and body, and Miss C – infers that it is aliens who want to take over the Earth...*

“Alien invaders!?” queried Thomas skeptically, casting an alarmed glance toward Arthur.

“Yes! Didn't you listen to what she said: ‘We have come to your world,’ ‘We intend to rule it,’ ‘We are your masters’? There have to be more of these things somewhere, and what if – what if the globe might be a beacon!” Miss C – was staring into space with a look of sudden realization. “And *it* hasn't gotten free of her yet! That means that she might still be herself – only she is possessed by it!”

Thomas glanced toward Arthur and raised his eyebrows. From the look on Thomas' face, it

was clear that he thought Miss C – had gone mad all of a sudden. Arthur himself was starting to share the same thoughts as Thomas.

“If the globe is a beacon, then she will have to set it up in order to call the rest of the aliens to Earth,” continued Miss C –. “The best place to do that would be a large open area but also a central place where people can witness their arrival...”

Arthur closed his eyes as Miss C –'s voice went on. There were a lot of large open fields around the town that would be ideal for setting up a beacon that could be seen from the sky, but the only people who lived there were the farmers. If the aliens – if there even were more of them – were wanting an audience they would not get it in the orchards and vineyards. That meant they would be setting up the beacon in the town itself where people often went.

“... The shopping center and the downtown area would be the most ideal places for them to land,” Miss C – concluded. “I have a strong feeling that it would be the downtown center. It's a nice, old, respected place. The Veterans Plaza in the park would be an excellent landing point because of the significance that it holds. I could be wrong though.”

Thomas started to carefully step away from Miss C –, a look of confirmed fear on his face. He looked over at Arthur who only began laughing at him.

“She's as sane as anyone here, Thomas,” Arthur told him. “Relax. She's just thinking with a lot more imagination than you or I are, and she might actually be right. The globe must be destroyed: it started all of this.”

“The idea is a little too far-fetched, in my opinion,” Thomas said.

“Perhaps,” replied Arthur, “but isn't everything we have been experiencing been a little crazy?”

Thomas shrugged his shoulders and looked around at the terrified people. “You are right. It is worth a shot trying to destroy it.” The violence had stopped, and people had begun to group together, discussing what they were going to do among themselves. “What are we going to do to start?”

"Find the police and tell them of our idea," said Arthur. "If they think it is valid, they will help us. If not, we can do it ourselves. I don't know how we will manage it, but we can try."

"You two go to the police," suggested Miss C –. "I'll follow Beatrice. You still have my phone number, Thomas?"

"Yeah," he replied.

"I'll keep you updated on her location every so often. If you don't get anything for at least twenty minutes, consider me dead." She raised her hand toward them, in a gesture of farewell, and smiled before running away in the direction that Beatrice had disappeared.

Arthur felt a strong urge to tell her to return, but she had already vanished down an alley. Shaking his head, he told himself that she would not have volunteered to track Beatrice if she were not prepared for the consequences of being caught by her. "Let's get moving," he told his friend.

They broke out into a jog up the street, turned right at the corner, and found the police station. It was in the old train depot that stood beside the train tracks and was rather small for the very active policemen. There had been talk of building a larger, more up-to-date station for them, but now that would have to wait until the damages in the town had been repaired.

Thomas and Arthur arrived and found several policemen inside. The rest were busy elsewhere, probably trying to curb the violence that had started. They explained what had happened and the idea that Miss C – had thought of. The policemen were a little skeptical of it, but after a while, agreed to send several cops with them to the Plaza and some to the shopping center, in case Beatrice went there.

The entire time Thomas' phone chirped every ten minutes when Miss C – sent texts to him, informing them of Beatrice's movements. She had followed Beatrice to her home where she saw her take the globe and leave. "The black marks on her are growing," Miss C – noted in one text. "I could have sworn that they have begun to move."

Fifteen minutes later, Thomas' phone

chirped again. "She is leaving. Following her."

"She is moving from her house," reported Thomas after he read the text. Instead of putting his phone back in his pocket, he kept it in his hand, ready to be used if Miss C – had more to say.

The policeman in front of an array of monitors tapped some commands into the computer. The town had security cameras in various locations, and they might be able to pick Beatrice out if she passed by one of them. The computer began processing her face and comparing it with those the cameras were seeing.

Several minutes later, one of the monitors flashed red, and a red box outlined the face of a lone female walking deliberately down one of the main streets. The policeman made a grunt of satisfaction and said, "She is coming this way, it appears. The globe is with her." Beatrice passed out of the camera's view. "I don't see your friend who is following her, though."

"She is probably out of sight," answered Thomas. "She is smart."

"Indeed. Ah, there was movement in the corner of the camera. Young woman with glasses. She works in the town hall, I believe." The policeman smiled, feeling satisfied that no one had escaped the camera. "I believe your friend's assumption that she would be coming to the downtown is right. You all better get moving."

The policemen, Thomas, and Arthur left the police station and headed for the Plaza. They spread out, taking cover behind the cars that were still parked along the streets. The policemen's guns were not out, but Arthur knew that they would be ready to use them, if they had to. He hoped, for Beatrice's sake, that it would not come to that. He did not want her killed in a gunfight.

Thomas' phone chirped. "Plaza," he read. Then he tucked the phone into his pocket and crouched behind the brick wall that surrounded half of the circular plaza. Above them, the flag waved, illuminated by the spotlight. The crowd that was near the shops had spilled into the park now. There were some boys looting the abandoned shops down the street. For the moment, they would be getting away with it, but



later they would get caught by the police once the greater threat had been dealt with.

Arthur looked up the street on which they expected Beatrice to approach. He could see her now. Her long black hair fell over her shoulders, and her black eyes scanned the surrounding streets. Her dress swept over the ground as she strode, quickly forward toward the Plaza. In her hands was the globe, one hand steadying it so that it would not spin and change the Earth's rotation. The black markings that Arthur had seen earlier now covered her face and arms, and Arthur assumed that it now covered her entirely. The marks were now moving though, and it was frightening.

The marks were beginning to glide and struggle as if trying to escape. Arthur watched as one mark seemed to rise out of Beatrice's arm, but it sunk back until it looked like a black tattoo on her skin. Watching other marks doing the same and failing, Arthur thought that he was watching something that was two-dimensional trying to become three-dimensional. In the same moment, Arthur's mind laughed at the thought, but what he saw contradicted it. Maybe, like Miss C -'s odd yet accurate idea, his thought was right?

The crowd in the streets backed away from Beatrice when it saw her. They were terrified because of what she had done to the young man and did not want that to happen again. Beatrice's mouth curled into an amused, cruel smile as she stepped onto the Plaza. She turned to face the crowd, her back toward the flag and the brick wall where Arthur and Thomas were kneeling. She had not seen the policemen or the two men.

"Humans, people of Earth," Beatrice's voice cried, "today you will witness the coming of your new masters! Today, you will know true peace as we will bring order to your world." Kneeling, she set the globe on the pavement at her feet and placed her palm on the black mark at its base. The black marks on her body began to writhe and separate from her body. Several touched the ground, becoming solid and filling with flesh. "We are coming to Earth!"

As she spoke those words, the globe

began to split apart like an opening flower revealing a beacon that began to glow with a purple fire. Its light grew as it prepared to send a signal up into space to the other aliens waiting.

"Long have I waited for this day," her voice continued. "I have waited patiently to call my brothers and sisters to this rich world. Now, I may bring them to their new harvest grounds!"

Arthur watched the alien taking form as the black marks slowly detached from Beatrice's body, shaping themselves into something else. Already, the alien appeared to be insect-like, having four legs like those of a spider. There were claws at the end of its legs, and they were strong for they went through the pavement like a needle through a sheet of paper. Arthur did not want to think about how much damage those claws could do to the crowd surrounding the park. All that was left to take shape was the alien's upper body.

"We need to do something before it finishes taking form and before the beacon goes off," said Arthur to Thomas and the policeman who was with them.

The man nodded and said something into his radio. "They will be acting. We don't want to kill the woman though."

Arthur nodded and turned his head back to Beatrice. What he saw made his heart stop beating!

The girlfriend of the young man whom Beatrice had killed had stepped out of the crowd, holding a pistol in her hand. The woman's eyes were flaming with a desire for revenge. She stood just to the left and behind Beatrice, where she would not be seen unless Beatrice turned her head toward her; but she was in front of Arthur.

The woman stepped forward and raised her pistol to shoot Beatrice. As she did so, Arthur threw himself over the brick wall to try to reach her and either knock the pistol out of her hand or divert her aim. At the same time, a couple policemen opened fire.

The globe shattered, and the beacon's purple fire vanished before it could be sent to space. The woman fired her pistol before Arthur knocked it out of her hand. Beatrice and the alien screamed, their voices melding together

eerily.

Arthur looked at the woman and then at the pistol that lay on the pavement several feet away. He felt shock creeping through his body. The other policeman had followed Arthur, and he retrieved the woman's pistol and was placing her under arrest. Feeling numb, Arthur turned to Beatrice and felt his heart break within him.

She lay beside the shattered remains of the globe and the black, limp body of the alien. It had almost completed forming but had been killed with Beatrice because her life was not sufficient to sustain it any longer. Arthur kicked away its remains, not caring that it was now dead, and knelt by Beatrice. She had been shot in the back, and there was no exit wound. He placed his hand over the bullet hole and kissed her forehead.

"Hey," he managed to say hoarsely. "I got you now."

Beatrice's black eyes found his. A faint smile shone in their depths, and her hand sought for his. He placed his hand in hers and kissed it lightly.

"It's dead. The beacon is gone. Everything is finished. We'll get you to the hospital, and you'll be okay," he continued quickly. He was afraid, shocked, and angry at the same time, but he tried to keep it all out of his voice. "You'll be okay, right?"

Beatrice shook her head slowly.

"No, no, no," Arthur cried, "you aren't going anywhere – you're not leaving me – not now!"

"I'm sorry, Arthur," Beatrice whispered. "I'm sorry for everything. I – I wanted the power it offered. I – I wanted it, and I took it. I didn't – didn't mean for all of this. I am sorry." Her black eyes looked desperately into his.

Arthur opened his mouth to speak but closed it. He did not know what to say. Instead, he bowed his head, resting his forehead against her hand. Then he met her eyes again, tears in his own.

"I thought – I never dreamed it would end like this, Arthur," she spoke. She seemed to be falling away from him now. "I – Oh, Arthur!" She cried out in sudden fear and terror, her eyes

searching something beyond him. "Tell me – tell me – will He forgive me now? When I've done all this?"

Arthur did not know what to say. He remembered what he had learned years ago when he was little. He had turned from it all when he had grown up, thinking that it was a cruel myth. Beatrice had too, but now...

He looked into her eyes and saw pure fear in them. She was frightened and afraid of something that was not a myth.

"Am I too late?" she demanded.

"I hope not," said Arthur sincerely. "He is said to be merciful, gracious to those who believe in Him." He tried to remember everything else that he had been told, and he could tell that Beatrice was doing the same thing. He saw her mind fly through all her old memories, searching for truth to set her fears at peace.

She did not speak, and neither did Arthur. He did not think she would have heard him, even if he had. What went through her mind as she died, he could not tell. No one ever does and never will. Did she find the answer? Arthur hoped she had, for her sake. If Hell was truly real, he did not want her there.

It was several minutes before Arthur realized that Beatrice had stopped breathing. He placed her hand gently down and leaned over to kiss her lips. He never had kissed her on her lips while she was alive, but he did not want to say farewell without giving that as a parting gift.

Then he looked up, and his eyes found Miss C – standing at the edge of the Plaza. Her hands were folded, and her head was bowed as if in prayer. She must have felt his gaze for she raised her head and met his eyes. There was a sad, peaceful look in her eyes and face.

Arthur rose as the emergency people came over to take care of Beatrice. She was dead, and his efforts to save her were in vain. Sighing, he walked over to Miss C –, vaguely noting that Thomas was beside him. There was concern on Thomas' face for his friend.

"Do you think that she is safe now?" he asked Miss C – once he stood beside her, his back toward the emergency people bending over

Beatrice.

She looked at him and replied, "I wish I could assure you that she is, Arthur; but that is between her and God."

"Would He save her although – after everything she has done?" Arthur insisted.

Miss C – replied, "Yes, if she truly repented and believed on Him for salvation. Yes, I believe so." She placed her hand on Arthur's shoulder. "I know she was your fiancée, your soon-to-be bride. You care for her. Her fate is not yours to decide; it never is. Yours is though: you can walk from here as you were before or become a new better man. You won't have to fear what will happen when your turn comes if you believe on Him. Death comes to us all, sooner or later, and it is best to be ready for it. Trust me, Arthur."

"Yeah... Let me think about it for a bit," Arthur answered her.

Miss C – looked into his eyes, a question in them. She looked as if she were about to continue but seemed to change her mind. "Very well. Just don't take too long to decide."

"I won't," Arthur replied.

She nodded. "I need to get home. My place is close to one of the main streets, and if the rioting was bad, it might have spilled into my area."

"I hope it didn't," said Thomas. "That would be a pain to fix."

Miss C – smiled at him. "Indeed, it would be."

"If you find your house has been broken into, you can stop by my place and spend the night on the couch," offered Thomas.

Miss C – smiled again. "Thank you for the offer, but I am afraid that I will have to decline it. If it is bad, I have a place I can stay at. My friend Anna will be more than happy to have me over."

"Okay," Thomas answered. "It was just an offer so that you could have a safe place to sleep."

"I know that," Miss C – assured. "Have a good night, guys."

"Same to you," they said together. "Stay safe."

Miss C – raised her hand in farewell and disappeared into the crowd.

Thomas and Arthur remained behind to answer the policemen's questions and to see that Beatrice's body was taken care of. When everything was over, they walked down the street, past the police station, and over the railroad tracks.

"What will you do?" Thomas asked, referring to what Miss C – had told him.

"I think I know." There was a decisiveness in Arthur's voice caused his friend to smile in pleasure. "I'll take her advice and believe."

"It's about time you made that choice, Arthur," Thomas said. "Honestly, pal, you really ought to have made it sooner."

"Yeah..." Arthur looked over his shoulder toward the downtown area as they crossed the next street. "Maybe, it would have made things different."

"Maybe, maybe not," said Thomas. "In the end, we don't know and never will. We can't change what has been done."

"Yeah..."

"Where you going?"

"Going to stop by Beatrice's and take care of some things she would have wanted me to do," answered Arthur. "I'll see you later, Thomas. Take care!"

"Take care, Arthur. I'm sorry about what happened. We tried, but it wasn't enough."

"I know." Arthur felt the sad numbness come over him.

"You'll be okay?"

"Not for a while. Thomas, I was going to marry her. I wanted to save her, and I lost her. I don't even know if God managed to save her!"

"I know. Trust that He did what was best, Arthur. He loves her better than you do."

"Yeah... I'll talk to you later, Thomas. It is getting late."

"Stop by my place if you need to, okay?"

"Will do." Arthur parted from Thomas and made his way toward Beatrice's house.

He approached the small place and felt loneliness steal over him. He found the small key that Beatrice had always kept hidden beneath

the window sill and unlocked the door. Inside, the house was dark, still, and empty. He looked toward the sofa and saw the blue bottle that Beatrice had purchased earlier still lying where she had left it.

He walked over to the sofa and picked the blue bottle up with one hand.

*"This product guarantees the removal of any marks or blemishes on the skin,"* he read.

He walked over to the trash can and dropped the blue bottle into it. It thumped dully against the bottom. Beatrice would no longer need it. There was something else that cleaned deeper and darker blemishes than those on the skin. Had she found that something before she died? He did not know; and aggravating as it was, he would not be able to ensure that she had found it. Only she and God would know that. In the end, it was probably better that way. Sighing, he tidied the small place even though it could not be appreciated by its owner and then cried a bit in the darkness. At least, he knew that she no longer needed that blue bottle. Her black mark was gone forever.

He woke up the next day. The sun rose in the east as it always had, and the Earth revolved about the Sun normally. The world was scarred with the destruction that Beatrice had caused when she had accepted the alien's power. She had played with the world and would no longer be able to. Grief and anger mixed together in Arthur's heart as he thought about what had happened to Beatrice. He had so many questions and no answers. Reaching toward his nightstand, he picked up the dusty black Book that lay there.

### The End



# The Tower of Naglash

*Because this is the last edition of the Animalzanian Times, we thought it would be right to give you a special addition to the Story Corner. The idea for The Tower of Naglash originated from a writing assignment in either 5<sup>th</sup> or 6<sup>th</sup> grade, but it never became an actual story until Courtney began writing it in 2012. The story has gone through several revisions and is currently going through the slow process of being edited. The following is an excerpt from the beginning of Part I of the The Tower of Naglash:*

## *The Tower of Naglash: Part I*

*A child shall be born  
To the hated father,  
But the two shall be torn  
Apart by the enchanter.*

*Both killed before it knew  
Of its family's fated doom,  
Thus, alone this child grew.  
As sunsets settled into gloom.*

*Arrows from its hands will fly  
And fill the the woods with song.  
Flowers from the plants turned dry  
Shall blossom and prolong.*

*Through darkness this child shall go  
To cure the cursed from its woe:  
For hope heeds and is coming,  
And winter to spring is turning.*

*To the threshold of the hater it shall go  
And there suffer for a moment til it knows  
Why it toils in treacherous snows  
And bears the sword's heavy blows.*

*Visions to it shall be portrayed  
And come alive some later day  
When the child's son shall command  
And the feyns a last time shall stand:*

*To war against their ancient foes,  
And cast down the the one of woe.  
In victory they shall win  
And cleanse the land within.*

*The hater will behold his prey,  
But like the wind, it will not stay:  
Up through the Void, it will sail,  
And the hater's life shall fail.*

*His life will be crushed from him,  
And his curse shall return upon him.  
So does the ancient prophesy foretell  
And such, in troth, is what befell.*

*– The Prophecy*



*The morning sun rose shining bright,  
Upon the mountains, upon the dell,  
Upon the shining swords and spears,  
Upon the helms of hundreds drawing near –  
Numbers more than man can count.  
They moved through the mountains  
As the sun's rays shone, clear and strong.  
Their eyes waiting for their prey's entering.*

*Chlant, the valiant and the daring,  
Draws the enemy into the valley.  
The hidden army stands eagerly,  
Awaiting the appointed signal.*

*Clear and loud, it came at last,  
Crying through the clouds,  
Calling through the air,  
Chlant winded his ivory horn.*

*At its sound, the army sprang,  
Swarming from the surrounding slopes,  
Circling 'round the enemy's flanks,  
Cutting off all hope as  
They pounced upon their prey!*

*Yet in the foremost part of the field,  
Larsh cut and hewed his path,  
To the corner where Chlant was  
Urging his men to victory!*

*In a moment, Chlant his danger saw,  
As the wrathful lord approached.  
His bane had come in hot wrath!  
His eyes a flickering flame,  
Keenly looked upon Chlant.*

*Crying loudly, he swore to crush him,  
To kill his body and let it lie  
Cold for the wolves close by.  
Chlant's pale face laughed  
As he countered his assailant.  
He drew also his pale deadly sword,  
And charged forward toward his bane.*

*Strokes fell upon strokes,  
And their metallic clash  
Soared as their swords  
Whirled together loudly.*

*Off came Larsh's left hand –  
A clever blow from Chlant.  
Enraged his enemy's wrath abated not.  
And he cursed Chlant and his children.  
Upon the ground, Larsh cast Chlant,  
And lifted up his blade, intent to bring it down.*

*But before his fatal blow could fall  
A wail caught his ears – He paused.  
Turning, he saw his army scattering  
And discerned his end is drawing nigh.  
So he fled away from the field of the fallen,  
Followed by pursuers fleet.*

*A shot was fired; the fatal arrow struck.  
It found its mark in the fell lord's heart.  
Onward, Larsh continued onward.  
They scattered, knowing he should die,  
There in those mountains lonely that night.*

*Chlant rose up, pale and wearied,  
And wiped the black blood from his blade.  
He sounded his horn, to show the victory,  
Declaring their foes, defeated.*



*The evening sun upon the mountains set,  
Upon the valley filled with the slain,  
Upon the tyrant's final fall,  
And upon a risen age of peace.*  
-A song from the *First Accounts of the Great War* found in the Hall of Books in Bernstead,  
Sunset Island.



### *Prologue*

The firelight danced over the old woman's face as she rocked gently back and forth in her rocking chair, her hands busily working the crimson yarn into a sweater. She pulled her yarn over her knitting needles and made yet another stitch. A smile came to her lips when her gaze rested on the girl who was watching her, enthralled in her account of the Great War. The girl's reddish-brown hair gleamed as the firelight touched it, and her green-brown wings shifted quietly as she rested her chin in her hands. Her dark brown eyes were focused on the woman's face.

"Then Chlant winded his horn and called back his troops because Larsh had been slain," the woman continued. "It was then that he returned to Varendale and helped restore the peace to Feyndome. Those whom Larsh had thrown into his dungeons were released as the feyns took back one by one the fortresses that Larsh had seized in the war. The slaves were also freed at last, and they returned to their homelands. What torments those poor souls had endured! The feyns hardly dare to speak the



deeds of Larsh for they were heinous! Nimph's Vale was abandoned, and the Tower of Naglash where he dwelt was left to ruin. Where Larsh's cruel hand had once wreaked havoc, there was now peace and freedom restored. Thus, it was that the Great War ended, and an age of peace begun. Those years were good, though riddled with dangers." The woman paused to count her stitches, sighing as she did so because she had lived through most of the Golden Age, as the feyns called the years following the Great War.

"What happened to Chlant after the war, Mayflower?" the girl asked.

Laying down her knitting, Mayflower sighed. "That is where it becomes strange, dark, and sad, Charolette." There was sadness in the woman's green eyes as she stared into the fire. She remembered only too well what had happened during those thousands of years. "After Chlant had cut off Larsh's hand, Larsh cursed him, swearing to avenge himself by killing him and his descendants. It was not long after the war was over and peace was restored to our world that Chlant was dead, having been murdered while he slept. His wife, Estell, was poisoned and died a few days later. At the time, the feyns believed that Larsh himself had slain them somehow, but later they realized that it was Larsh's warlocks who had murdered them. Similar strange and violent deaths and disappearances met each of their descendants until only Valiezon and Evensong Chlant were left."

"What happened to them?" Charolette's eyes were intent upon Mayflower's face. Growing up, she had heard these stories before, but it was only now that she began to comprehend them fully.

Seeing that the girl was understanding, Mayflower continued, "Valiezon and Evensong with their infant daughter were traveling from Bernstead to Enrall which lies on the western part of our Island. They had some friends living there and were going to visit them. On the road, just outside of Roswall Forest, they were attacked by a Zarkvalg. No one escapes those accursed dragons alive, and both Valiezon and Evensong were slain. Their daughter's body was

never found, and many think that she was carried off by the Zarkvalg.” Mayflower's voice trailed off, and she glanced toward Charolette who was staring at her, growing horror and fear in her dark brown eyes. Mayflower's eyes softened, and she reached out to stroke the girl's head with her hand. “That happened ten years ago, my child, and our hope has dwindled slowly during that time. At least it has for some of us.” Her last words were almost inaudible for they were spoken under her breath.

“But Larsh is dead,” said Charolette.

“That is what most believe, my child,” returned Mayflower. “Some doubt it though. There have been rumors during the last two years of something dark in Nymph's Vale. I fear what it might be. Many of us who were uneasy because of Varendile's quick calling of victory believe that Larsh might not have died. There is the Prophecy which states that Chlant's descendant will kill Larsh. If Larsh and the Chlants are dead, then it is not true. But... if it is, may Lightness protect us all!” The woman's hand moved to Charolette's hand and squeezed it. There was something else which the girl felt in the gentle love that flowed from the old woman's gesture, but she was too young to understand what it was...



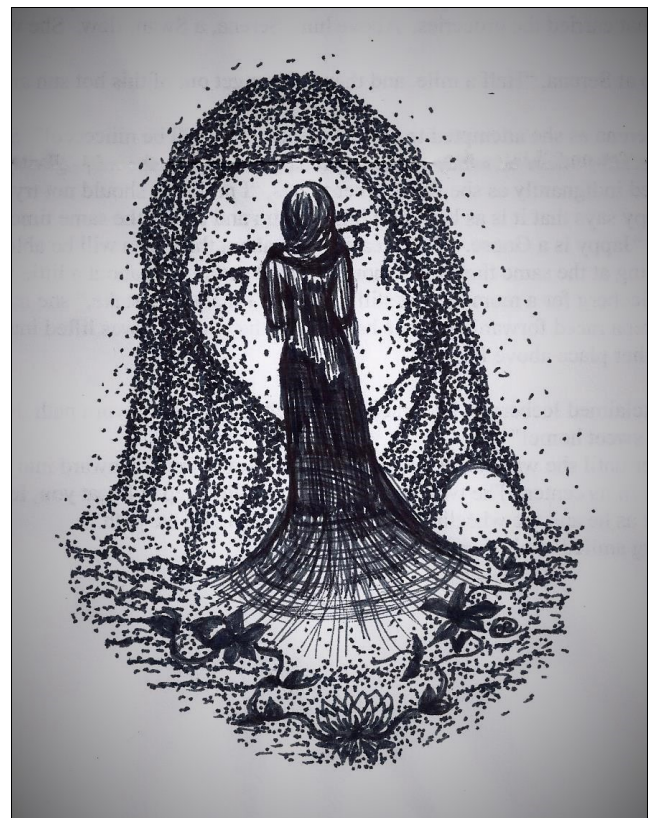
We hope you all enjoyed this excerpt from Courtney's story and the artwork that she has drawn about it.

She has finished writing the story and is now editing it.

If you are interested in reading parts of it and giving her feedback, feel free to ask her if you can do it.

Because the story is not finished, be aware that these poems and prologue are likely to change by the time she has it finished. The artwork is also her own.

Thank you so much for reading it!



*This is slightly edited because it was drawn on a folded paper from a manuscript. The fold line has been erased, and the edges of the artwork blurred.*



# What is Next?

## Note from the Editor:

When the July- September 2015 edition was published, I had every intention of continuing the AT and began to come up with news articles for the next edition. But clearly, as the past year and a half has shown, I never completed it, and the *Animalzanian Times* is now officially ended. I apologize for not explaining this sooner and for those who were expecting newsletters that never came.

To be very frank, there have been a lot of things that have kept me from working on the AT and caused my interest in it to die. School, my book, and personal difficulties are the major reasons why I stopped working on the *Animalzanian Times*. This newsletter ought to have been published a year ago, and I am sorry that it was not. I hope that you all will forgive me for neglecting it for so long and that you will understand why I have decided to bring the *Animalzanian Times* to a close.

As I wrote in the article on the front page, I will be fixing the old newspapers on the website and will try to create an archive of the newspapers that were made when the *Animalzanian Times* was just beginning. There are typos, formatting errors, and pictures that need to be removed on the website. If any changes are made, I will include a small note at the newsletter's end, referencing everything that was altered or removed. The stories and poems will remain the same. It is very tempting to edit and update them because of their style, but they can serve as a reminder of how writing develops over time. Perhaps, they will also give encouragement to others who are writing.

Because of graduation, job-hunting, and figuring out what to do after high school, I will not promise when any of these goals will be accomplished. If you are interested in receiving updates about it, please email me, and I will do my best to keep you updated on any changes or additions. My email is at the end of this newsletter.

Overall, the past seven years of working on the *Animalzanian Times* have been rewarding, and I am glad to have had the opportunity to share my ideas and beliefs with you all. God has been very good and has blessed me greatly with all of the encouragement and feedback that I received from those who read these newsletters. For some people, they found the Story Corner to be the best part. One person told me that she enjoyed the journalism that is in the AT. Another noticed how my writing has improved over the years. Everything you readers have said has made this worthwhile, and the mere fact that the *Animalzanian Times* is read and loved is enough to make me happy and grateful inside. Thank you all for the love and encouragement you have given me! May God bless you all!

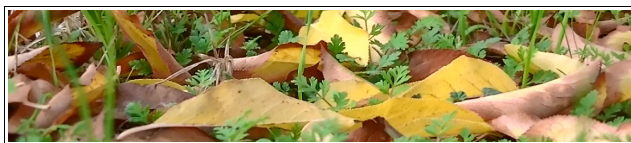
I hope that the *Animalzanian Times* has helped its readers, shown them God's great love, and given them enjoyment. They will still be available to be read on my Dad's website and can be referred to other people who would enjoy this imaginary world's story. Thank you for all of your support! May God bless everyone who has read and will read these newsletters. Thank you so much!

Sincerely,  
Courtney C. Riojas

## Members of Animalzanania:

Courtney R.  
Josiah R.  
Hannah C.  
Erin C.  
Ayla W.  
Johnathon M.  
Shannon R.

We would like to recognize these members and thank them for joining *The Animalzanian Times*! Thank you!



# As a Thank You

To thank and recognize those who have worked on the *Animalzanian Times* over the years, we have included this section so that each can tell a little about themselves and so that the readers know who was who. We want to thank everyone for their hard work in planning, writing, and publishing these newsletters!

## Shannon Riojas:

Shannon is the person in charge of the Riverleaves website and places each newspaper up once it has been completed. He is in charge of the mastermind Necko Gecko El Geckie, his Animalzanian. He works with computers and helps people who have problems with them. He is married to Lisa.

## Lisa Riojas (a.k.a. Trina Castle):

Lisa assists in the editing process by looking over a printed draft, giving advice, and pointing out errors. She likes to keep everyone in her family loved, healthy, and happy. She is married to Shannon.

## Josiah Riojas (a.k.a. William Burgs, Charles J. Browning, and N.R.):

Since 2011, I have been helping make the *Animalzanian Times*, but the story began long before 2011. My sister and I started collecting Webkinz stuffed animals in late 2007 or so, and we devised Animalzania with a neighbor shortly afterwards. Afterward, Courtney and her friend Ayla drew the original map and our friends carved out their lands. My sister started writing a story about the Rose family and their trip to Old Animalzania, although at that time it was new. A few month later, or so my memory tells me, we redrew the map and labled the new continent *New Animalzania*, where we continued



our story. *New Animalzania* was then united and formed several independent 'counties,' the equivalent of states in the US. Several years later, the *Animalzanian Times* was created as a means to chronicle the history of *Animalzania*, and we made each newspaper by hand for a couple years. Then one of our great-aunts suggested that we should print them on paper, beginning the newspaper's publicity among family. Each month my sister and I devised new articles and changed the plot. We created wars, organizations, and famines and kept the story line as clear of discrepancies as possible.

Eventually we decided that we would have pseudonyms. I chose William Burgs and Charles Browning. Burgs was my main pseudonym, and I used Browning for other jobs.

When my sister was thirteen or fourteen, we began to plan the end of Animalzania - not the end of the AT. We decided that the nefarious Necko Gecko El Geckie would begin a terrorist organization that would gain world recognition. The Animal Freedom Organization was supposed to be rotten at it's core but a seemingly peaceful entity that upheld 'all animals rights,' not just the talking Animals'. The AFO would settle several agreements and eventually the world would come under Necko's dominion, but not before many Animalzanians had gone to the stars and escaped. I hope the story will not end even though it has died in my heart. If any one has regained contact with Animalzania, feel free to let me know at [jo.ly.riojas@gmail.com](mailto:jo.ly.riojas@gmail.com).

As for me, I am now in 11th grade and looking forward to graduation two years from now. I play games such as Clash Royale, Warframe, and Space Engineers. I love fighter planes, and want to fly one. I'm working on learning some coding, and I have some video game ideas, but who knows if they will come to fruition. I am praying for God's will and help in my future.





**Courtney Riojas**  
(Elyzabeth McDunn, Sarah Trotter, and N.R.):

Courtney writes articles, poems, and stories for the newspaper and also does most of the artwork and photos that are included.

Additionally, she plans, types out, prints, and mails the newspapers to readers. She is responsible for editing, publishing, and sending out notifications.

This year, she has graduated from high school and is hoping to attend college in the spring, depending on certain vital factors, like finding transportation, saving money, and getting financial aid of some sort. Currently, she is job-hunting in town and editing her book *The Tower of Naglash* that she hopes to publish as soon as possible. She is also running Q's Corner, a business that creates custom-made, cloth handicrafts for people, and hopes to begin selling on the Internet after she turns eighteen in August. She enjoys playing video games, reading books, singing, exercising, writing, drawing, and helping others.



*Thank You*

*For reading our newspaper!*

**Because this is the last AT, we want to say farewell!**

**We hope this AT has been a blessing!**

**Reporters:** Elyzabeth McDunn and Sarah Trotter

**Illustrator:** Courtney Riojas

**Editor:** Courtney Riojas

**Printer:** Mr. Riojas and Courtney Riojas

**Webmaster:** Shannon Riojas

If you want to ask a question, give comment or request to receive updates on any changes or additions, please contact Courtney Riojas at her email:

[courtney.riojas@riverleaves.org](mailto:courtney.riojas@riverleaves.org)



*My uncle took this photo of the USS Iowa when we toured it in 2013.*

