

LUCKIE

#1 LUCKS



By: Linda Tsui

The story behind the name...

I actually had a pencil box titled "lucky grass". It was Korean made so the quote on the box was really weird. So I named my 'zine "Luckkie" so you guys won't imply anything if I put Luckkie-grass instead. >_<!

Special Thanks...

I'd like to thank Michi, my cover creator, for her amazing talent in drawing. Also her artwork from her website is featured in the 'zine so look forward to it!

Melodie in the Rain

We're all in search of an answer in life. Who knew that answer would come when somebody gained is lost...

Rain always fell on the city of Melodie. It was especially gloomy with the dilapidated and slum-like conditions. Trash littered the streets, broken shop windows, flickering street lamps- Melodie was like a ghost town. But it was still good enough to live in. Though it may seem grey, dirty, and empty- Melodie could still be called home.

The town was lightly populated with artists and musicians of all kinds. The nearest city loomed over the small town with its skyscrapers reaching to the heavens. Melodie was in the shadows of the towering city. Seemingly so close, yet so far away. It was a secret retreat for artists who no longer believed in the future.

In the mist of the emptiness, there was Tangerine Dream, a small lively bar, in the corner of an intersection in the middle of town. The same faces were constantly at the Dream drinking their life away. The bar was the place to forget sorrows and listen to musicians play at the only place they were welcomed.

A well-dressed man was one of the familiar faces in the bar. He sat on one of the stools by the counter, by the bartender. The man wasn't one of the local artists. He didn't fit in with the rest of the residents of Melodie. He was different: he wasn't one of them. The well-dressed man didn't seem too classy but he always wore a black suit and was mysteriously handsome. He didn't look more than middle twenties but every night, he was at the Dream drinking alone and going home alone.

The owner of the Tangerine Dream was a beautiful woman by the name of Melodie, named after the silent town she was born in. She had beautiful long wavy brown hair with soft amber eyes. She didn't look older than early 20s. Melodie looked younger than her real age. In the Dream, her beauty kept dreamers sane and knowing that a good soul still exists in this cruel world. Every night she

entertained the audience with her stunning voice and adept piano skills. She played music that soothed the audience's hard lives and bleak future.

One night, after taking the stage, the well-dressed man caught her attention more than usual. He hung his head low staring at his drink. His hair seemed to dangle past his eyes. It seemed he was longing for some kind of attention.

"You seem to be always here," Melodie said as she sat down next to him. She tapped the counter and the bartender quickly began to make her usual drink.

The bar was dim matching the sad mood, and cigarette smoke filled the air. The smoke was so heavy, almost choking. It was full of people as usual.

"I... I... don't know....," the well-dressed man said without looking at the woman. The ice in the cup shifted. "I don't know why or how I get here."

The well-dressed man watched as the bartender made the woman next to him the drink. Ice, fresh ripe strawberries and rum. The well-dressed man looked into his glass- a colorless drink compared to the red blend.

The bartender handed Melodie her drink and she took a sip of the red smoothie. "Well, Melodie is a place for dreamers."

She gazed in to the soft red smoothie and ran her finger around the rim of the glass. The man looked at her with the corner of his eyes. "Strawberry Daiquiri," he said and paid his tab and left the bar.

The next night the well-dressed man returned to the Dream. He quietly came in as usual and nobody paid any attention. No matter how bad the weather was, the well-dressed man was here.

He drank vodka on the rocks glass after glass and left after the bar owner played her melody.

"You don't come from around here, do you?" Melodie asked as she took a seat next to the well-dressed man.

He gulped his drink. "No."

"What do you do for a living that makes you drive all the way out here?"

The man tapped the table for another glass and looked right into Melodie's eyes. "I'm a businessman."

She saw the sad emptiness in his eyes. He wanted answers to a life question most people in the Dream had been searching for.

"Oh. That explains your drinking habits." The woman smiled. "I'm kidding."

Broken street lights flickered in the dark early morning. 4 A.M. Melodie just closed the Dream for the morning and walked home, alone. The morning wind blew harder and she readjusted the collar on her coat to protect herself from the dust.

She turned down an alley that was across from her apartment complex. The alley was normally empty except for occasional stray cats. Melodie wasn't a particularly dangerous town but no town or city was ever safe. The people of Melodie trusted each other since they had nothing to lose either way.

Melodie hummed to herself as the wind danced with her hair. Oddly, the early morning hours seemed more quiet than usual. But she just ignored that feeling and continued walking alone. Her apartment was now in sight.

A kick of a can broke the silence and speedy footsteps came from behind Melodie and before she could turn around to look or even run, a man grabbed her and pulled her into the shadows.

Strawberry Creamery!!~

Author's Jibberish

Okay. I know I spelled gibberish incorrectly. Why? I looks cooler that way. Anyways, about Melodie in the Rain. I wrote this story due to some inspiration from an mysterious beautiful character from something I watched. This character was in the last 2 episodes and you never really get to know her but the way she was and acted, made you feel like you knew her since the beginning. I wanted to make the well-dressed man in *Melodie in the Rain* like that. I've always written happy setting stories with strange twists but this one, I wanted a sad straight-forward story. [Let's see if I can make the straight-forward part true. ^_^] It will be a nice story for those characters. ^_-

8 Linda for



Strawberry Creamery!!~

Alien Race Genesis- In-class version

Kara gazed out the window of her fighter jet and watch the clouds of colorful dust fly by. The were here to destroy the neighboring alien race which Earth thought was threatening them. Wrong. Kara herself was this alien race but no one knew her secret.

She had hid it from everyone- especially the space team she was with on this mission. How would she begin to tell them? "Anyways, I'm no who you think I am..."

Nobody would believe that she was actually an alien, it wasn't an everyday occurrence.

Still, in the back of her mind she knew that as soon as the dust arrived she would be discovered. She couldn't imagine what would happen next.

All of a sudden, in her fighter jet, she gravitated across the field and zoomed over everyone. From the onlookers below they believed to have witnessed just another shooting star. Little did they know they've had their first alien encounter.

The crowd continued on their search for her, but when they arrived they only found her pile of discarded clothes and a big mark of scorched earth. Billy Bob made a joke about spontaneous human combustion, he mumbled the who thing an no one would have laughed anyways.

I alone knew it had been an alien and I alone had touched it; shaken its hand. Something made me look at I almost screamed before I caught myself in time

My right hand. That I had shaken the alien's hand with, was completely melted like it was a cheap candle. It was a lump of pink with little useless stubs of fingers. How could I have known? I knew it. They were evil, and it was Earth's job to destroy them all. I wrapped my cloak around my right hand.

don't do this to us... you know our secret..."

Silicon. That's what these aliens. Me. I. What I am made up too. Not carbon like humans.

"Kara... Kara..."

I grasped my cloak tightly as I moved from her voice. I held my laser beam in the other hand, I was ready to fight.

I knew that maybe this was wrong, and that maybe one day I'd look back and wonder if I had made the right choice.

I could still hear the quiet "Kara... Kara..." pleading with me, begging me.

I kept walking, not knowing what else to do. I raised my laser beam and dropped my cloak. I pointed it toward it and his eyes widened. I held it steady. In line with his clear stunned face.

With much intent and sorrow, I spoke.

"I'm sorry. I never meant for it to come to this."

I heard a sob in the background as I turned my laser on myself and ended all the turmoil.

Bet they never saw that coming.

Melodie in the Rain... continued....

He threw her against the wall in the alley and Melodie hit the back of her head against the brick. The pain swelled in her head as her vision blurred. Who was it? The well-dressed man? A strange? Who?

Melodie could only feel the spinning pain in her head and the attacker felt her up. She couldn't get a grip on reality or the small hand gun strapped to her upper thigh. Melodie was a town of floating dreams but some dreams are nightmares for days that can be like this, every step of protection is needed.

My life...is going to end here like my parents.

She tried to fight back the best she could but her head was still throbbing with pain. The attacker ripped her shirt open revealing a pink laced brassiere and hiked her skirt up. The attacker groped her breast while working on unbuckling his pants. She almost began to cry as her short life was about to be wasted away in a night like this.

One. Two. Warm blood splattered on to Melodie's face after each gun shot. She stood there not knowing how to react. The attacker went lifeless after the first shot. He stopped moving and slowly slid away from Melodie's body and onto the wet pavement. In the distance stood the well-dressed man still holding on the smoking gun against the morning mist.

Melodie found her surrounding blackout. Everything happened too fast. She fell forward with her ripped garments dangling from her body. Her savior caught her before she could collapse on to the pavement. Half dazed, Melodie looked up into a cold emotionless face.

Hot water sprayed on to Melodie's body as she took a shower. Melodie let the water drip down her face to her toes. She kept her eyes closes and tried not to remember the incident earlier the morning.

The well-dressed man sat patiently in the living room of the woman's apartment. There was an attempt to cheer up this dismal place. Flowers, clean furniture, colorful table clothes. It was hard to cover reminisces of sad-

ness.

Melodie came out of her room dressed in a fresh warm white robe. Fear still lingered in eyes.

She set two cups of hot tea down on the table and took a seat next to the well-dressed man on the sofa. They remained quiet as the he just stared at the steaming cup of tea.

"Aren't you afraid?" he asked. "Aren't you afraid of what I've just done?"

Melodie sat quietly for a second. "No."

"Why?"

"That's life. It's either yours or theirs. I'm just disappointed I couldn't kill him."

The man moved closer, staring into Melodie's amber eyes. Once again, she saw a desire through his sad brown eyes- his soul craving for some kind of answer in life.

He moved closer and closer, almost to the point where he was on top of Melodie.

"Aren't you afraid?" he asked once more.

"I... I've seen many people like you," she stut-tered as she slowly reached under her robe.

The man without taking his eyes off of Melodie pushed her inching hand away from her thigh and instead, he slowly pushed his hand up her thigh. He was a killer but he saved her yet his hand was so warm.

He unhooked the hand gun strapped to Melodie's thigh, taking away her only defense. "Please... continue..." he said.

Melodie, as her last resort, had to finish her thought.

"Except, you don't know what you're looking for. Dreamers in Melodie failed in their search and come here. You're here in Melodie... in search for somebody who would give you that answer..."

The man moved away from Melodie and placed the gun of the coffee table. He got up and headed for the door.

"Wait!" Melodie exclaimed and jumped to her feet. "I don't even know your name."

"It's best you not know my name if you want to win this game of life."

He let himself out of the apartment and shutting the door behind him.

Later that day, same place, same time, Melodie took a seat next to the well-dressed man. The mess in the alley was cleaned. It felt like another normal day in the town of Melodie.

She looked at him and he continued to avoid eye contact. Melodie smiled to herself. "Shin..."

He looked up from his glass of vodka and into her face- such a lovely smile.

"Heart," she translated. "That's what I will call you from now on. That will be your name from me."

Like light in darkness, Melodie was attracted to Shin in a mysterious way. She knew deep down he felt the same way too.

To be continued...

What do you do when you lose everything... once more?

Melodie in the Rain Character Bios

Name: Melodie

Age: 22

Height: 5 feet 4 inches

Weight: 103 pounds

Occupation: Bar owner

Favorite Drink: Strawberry Daiquiri

Born in the secluded town of Melodie, Melodie took on the Tangerine Dream when her parents died. She lived alone but strangely she seemed too perfect for this town. Angelic in her almost every way. At the same time there was something she feared about the town of Melodie but also doesn't leave the town. There was more to Melodie than her sweet songs— a side which all of us being human have.

Name: N/A— “Shin”

Age: 25

Height: 5 feet 11 inches

Weight: 167 pounds

Occupation: Businessman

Favorite Drink: Vodka

Mysteriously finding himself in the town Melodie, Shin couldn't find himself anywhere else. By the way he looked and dressed, he was from the city. Always constantly drinking at the Dream, he was in search for an answer but only to find himself attracted to Melodie and finding every answer in her.

Eatable Undies.



Demon's Kiss

Two lovers, unforgiven by time, and the man who hunts them in the next life to come...

Four hundred years ago near the end of feudal Japan lived a demon that preyed on innocent young girls. He was human by looks: dark black eyes, handsome face, strong built figure, but he was demon in heart. He sold his soul to a demon for eternal life to only be possessed by a demonic soul and the beginning of his craving for young women.

~~~

It was late morning and the wind gently blew in the emptiness surrounding a small farm village. To the far west there was a deep green forest and to the east- the mountain range where the sun rose. A small village was fenced around a small portion of the open land. Small one- room houses dotted the enclosed village. Today was an unusual day. The farmland seemed unusually quiet. The farmers were missing from the fields and the fishermen were away leaving tonight's dinner to swim away.

They gathered in the center of town watching the village chief on a platform with four young girls in white kimonos on their knees and bowing their head down. The girls' hair was parted to the right-side of their neck revealing the pearly white skin, but closer to the back of the neck, there was a 死- shi meaning death deeply scarred into the skin. The mothers of the girls cried as their husbands held them. The other villagers watched in silence. The demon had struck their village. His signature was the scar after he seduced his prey.

The village chief had nothing to say. Everybody knew what had to be done. The young girls sobbed quietly among themselves, accepting their fate.

The girls were escorted out by the village guards. The rest of the village continued their daily activities except the parents of the daughters. They stood at the edge of the village till the girls slowly walk out of their sight. Out

there awaited the demon.

Far away, a bigger town lay beyond a forest path. This town was on every travelers map. After a long day of walking, many weary travelers stayed the night in the local inn. The inn had entertainment for the guests- singing, dancing, and conversing. One of the more popular entertainers went by the name of Mayuki. Her skin was white as the yuki during a winter night and her hair black as the midnight sky. She wore a simple purple kimono matching with a red flower-printed obi. The kami gave Mayuki everything- a heavenly voice, kami-like instrumental abilities, and the beauty of a tennyou: clear deep eyes, small nose, and luscious pink lips. She mainly played the mandolin but upon request she played the koto for the guests staying in the inn.

That night as the darkness settled in the sky, a young samurai checked in to the inn. He ate alone in the dining room. He had changed out of his armor and into a more casual grey yukata. The samurai sat quietly on a cushion on the tatami mat as Mayuki entertained him with a melody from her mandolin.

She kept her eyes away from the samurai and stared down to the side in a graceful pose. Mayuki revealed part her white-skinned neck, a favorite spot of all men. The samurai constantly looked up at the entertainer. She didn't look more 18 years of age and almost passing the marriageable age. He picked up a piece of fish with his chopsticks and looked up at her again. She strung her mandolin elegantly and at that same moment she glanced up from her pose and stared right into the samurai's eyes. Her look was so enticing- the sharpness in her eyes and half grin, the samurai knew he had to have her.

~~

In the forest, the handsome demon watched from the trees. He was dressed in a black yukata tucked into a black hakama. He also had a straw sakkat to keep people from looking into his face. The demon jump tree to tree heading to the nearest village or town when a young woman below caught his attention. She was crying and



holding onto her ankle.

"Are you okay?" the demon said, appearing before her and quickly to the woman's distress.

"It...it... hurts," she cried as she hid her face.

"Please help me up."

He grinned to himself. *An easy prey.* He didn't have to go through the process of seduction. He could kill her but it wasn't fun without seduction- tempting every woman with the thought of a good husband and somebody who would take care of them for the rest of their lives. He was satisfied from the last four girls he had but since this one was alone, the demon didn't mind how he was going to finish her off.

He gently picked her up to her feet. She let out a small cry as she wobbly fell into the demon's arms. She gripped his yukata and pulled her body closer to his, still hiding her face from him.

"You're so kind..."

The demon just smiled. *This is easier than I thought.*

He extended his claw and slowly reached for her heart through her back. The woman stood there seemingly unsuspecting what would happen to her.

A sharp pain shot through the demon's heart and his face twisted in pain. The woman had stabbed a dagger through his heart before the demon could reach for hers. She immediately jumped away, revealing herself as a miko.

"I've been looking for you," she said as she grinned.

The demon watched the woman who magically changed out of her kimono into a white yukata and a red hakama symbolizing her relationship to a Shinto shrine and her holy powers. He easily removed the dagger from his chest and threw it back at the miko. The bells on the dagger jingled as she caught it. The bells were used for chanting and calling the kami's attention.

"Today is the day with the power of kami; I will send you back to the hell you came from!"

The miko charged at the demon full force. She

slashed and thrust her dagger directly at him but he repeatedly dodged her attacks. He mysteriously appeared in front of the miko's face as she missed another attack directed toward him. He extended his finger-like claws shoved his hand into her chest gripping her heart. The surprise of the attack was shown through her facial expression. She slowly and painfully died with the expression still on her face as the demon's gripped her heart. He tossed her aside and the miko's bloody bodied laid on the grass. The demon slowly walked away covering his wound. He let his guard down and now he couldn't run.

The demon didn't have enough energy to go far. He was in a lot of pain though he was immortal. He needed to get away to regain his energy. He, his vision fading, looked for a spot to rest. The demon had no other choice but hid and laid himself down in the biggest bush.

A beautiful mandolin melody entered the air. The sweet soft melody smoothly woke the demon from his unconsciousness. Before he could fully awake and open his eyes the song stopped.

*Such sweet music...why must it stop...*

He felt somebody staring down at him and gradually he opened his eyes to find a beautiful pair of eyes staring down at him through the leaves of the bush. The eyes peered into his soulless eyes. Nobody has been able to see so deep and so close without getting killed. All he could do was stare back into those lovely eyes.

*to be continued...*



## Author's Jibberish

My inspiration of *Demon's Kiss* came from watching one of my favorite anime today. A lot of my inspiration I get come from things I watch besides anime any-ways. I wanted a nice feudal Japan touch, something different from normal daily life. To learn a different life. I didn't chose to get too much in detail about the era much. I really want to focus on the story between the Demon [ he will have a name later] and Mayuki. There is on section left to finish this first half of the story. Yes, this is a two-part story both on the past and present. I'm trying to add a big emphasis on the theme of love. If it works out, you'll see its just a beautiful love story to be told...

I

ICHIGO GO! GO!



STRAWBERRY

CREAMERY









## Mae's Angel

*Ever wonder about a power above the human race? A power that we do not understand? What if... they never understood us either?*

Angels, gods, and goddess of all ranks gathered in the lavishly decorated council hall. Columns stood tall and soaring high windows covered both sides of the wall lighting the room with light. Footsteps echoed on the white shiny tiles.

The large white double doors closed with a loud boom. The meeting was about to begin. An audience gathered behind a wingless angel that stood before a bright god figure. His hair was white and he was in full uniform- a long silky cape and a suit buttoned neck down. He stood before a godly figure - a being or power nobody would ever understand or figure out how it came to be. The figure talked to the wingless angel, explaining what the angel needed to do in order to receive his wings. They talked with one another and reached an agreement. A bright white light appeared over the wingless angel as it also slowly engulfed the whole room. Within moments, the same bright beam of white light appeared in the skies of Tokyo and vanished as quickly as it came.

~~~

"Mae!" a junior high school girl called. She waved frantically at her friend in the schoolyard.

The friend turned around and smiled.

"Hey, Chiyo."

It was early September, the beginning of second semester of Japanese schools. Mae was a second year at the junior high school. She wore her school uniform like all the girls- a navy blue pleated skirt with a short sleeve dress shirt and tie. Mae's complexion was smooth and innocent. She had dark brown hair with hazel eyes. Her hair was tied up in a ponytail with bangs hanging down by each side of her face. Mae was the one of the prettiest girls in the whole school.

"Did you see the new transfer student?" Chiyo

asked, as she caught up to her friend.

"Heh?" Mae replied and looked at her friend strangely.

"It's true. Hitomi had him in history. Aya had him in English. Ahhhh...." Chiyo sighed happily. "I had him for math. Maybe you'll have him next?"

Mae flashed her pretty smile again. "Maybe."

The school bell rang and the girls went back inside the large, three stories school building surrounded by an eight-foot brick wall except for the black front gate. Mae and Chiyo walked their separate ways among other parting friends as they entered the school building. Mae slowly walked up the stairs. Young boys of all grades moved out of the beautiful girl's way. They always moved out of her way and watched Mae's every graceful movement. "Hey Mae! Hey Mae! Hey Mae!" every boy that pass by her would say. But she would just smile and continue walking. She came up to her classroom door, 24-B, and waited for the group of boys in her way to go in.

"Hey, move man!" one guy said. "It's Mae."

"Thank you," she said kindly as she walked pass them.

Today seemed like every other day. The same faces of classmates except one. He had white hair and dark blue eyes.

"He must be the new kid," Mae thought.

The boy looked at the girl that was coming his way. She looked elegant even in her every step. He saw an unfamiliar appearance, to him, on the girl's face. The corners of the girls lip seem to point up and her face seemed to glow with kindness.

"It must be a friendly gesture," the boy thought.

The bell rang again for lunch and the students left their class with their friends. Two students were left in Class 24-B. Mae packed all her books and swung her messenger bag around her shoulders. She was about to leave but she saw the new student still sitting in his seat.

"Excuse me," she said. "The bell rang for lunch."

He looked up at her. "I know."

She giggled. "You're cute. You didn't bring lunch did you?"

The boy shook his head.

"It's okay. You're new here. Come on now. I'll share my lunch with you." Mae gestured to him to follow her.

The boy was amazed by Mae's kindness.

The wind rustled the new students white hair as Mae led him to the rooftop of the school. There the students ate their lunches on the tables and relaxed with their friends.

"Hey guys!" Mae called as she came up to the table where her friends and she hang out. "I'd like you guys to meet..."

"Mitsukai Daeien," the new student introducing his last name first like all Japanese do.

The others introduced themselves, happy to meet the cute new transfer student.

"Ah... I almost forgot to introduce myself," Mae said. "Amatsu Mae."

"And yes, I'm her boyfriend, Takanori Keiichi," a voice behind Mae said.

"Eh? Now when did you get here?" Mae laughed.

"Well, I know competition when I see one," Keiichi muttered and gave Daeien a smirk.

Keiichi was also a junior. He was lean and it made it seem he was taller than some boys at school. His hair was short and round with bangs hanging by his forehead and the side of his head. Keiichi's best features were his dark round eyes that made him irresistible even to the most beautiful of all girls like Mae. No other guys in school can compare to Keiichi's charm and looks. The same goes for Mae. They were the perfect pair.

"Alright boys, calm down," Hitomi, another of the girls, said. "Let's all eat lunch peacefully."

They all sat down around the table and open their lunch boxes. Daeien sat empty handed as he watched the girls share their lunches among each other. Keiichi sat next to Mae and acted a little more gentle than usual. He was

touchier with her, having his arms around her shoulder and constantly touching her hand.

"Here you go, Daeien-kun," Mae said with a sandwich and drink in her hand.

"Oh? Uh... Thank you," he said. *"Studying the characteristics of human life was easy. I'll be here awhile to learn what makes them so special and important to us..."*

The sun reached the past the middle of the sky when the last bell school bell of the day rang. Students exited the large black gates in groups happy about the end of the school day. Few students remained at school and one of them was Daeien. He packed his book bag one book at a time.

He heard a knocking at the door and looked up to see Mae standing by the door waiting for him.

"You're always the last one," Mae smiled.

"I'm just not use to it here," he replied.

"I guess... you are new here. Well, hurry up so we can walk together."

"Where's Takanori-san? He seems upset of you talking to me."

She laughed. "Don't mind him. I help my father at the bakery after school. Keiichi usually walks with Hitomi cause they live in the same direction. Well, come on. Hurry up!"

Daeien grabbed his book bag and left the classroom. They walked out the school together and Daeien observed Mae. He watched how the wind blew against her face, playing with her black hair. He continued to remain quiet as they reached a busy intersection.

"Mitsukai-kun?" Mae said. "You don't come from around here, huh?"

Daeien stayed frozen in his tracks. He was surprised at what she said. "Uh..."

"I mean," she rephrased. "You don't look like you come from Japan."

He was relieved. "Ah... I came from a place called Tengoku."

"Oh?... You came from heaven?" Mae giggled.

"You are really cute."

Before they knew it, Daeien and Mae were in front of Mae's Father's bakery.

"Thanks for walking with me," Mae said. "I'll see you tomorrow at school, okay? Take care of yourself now. Bye!" She ran inside the bakery.

Daeien stood in front of the store clueless. Everything happened too fast. *"Humans are sure strange..."* He thought and walked away.

Daeien wrote in his journal by the lamplight. He lived alone in a large apartment suite. His homework was done and set aside on his desk. The journal was an important asset to him. The time was eleven PM and the last line in the journal was *"... People like to show off and are protective of what they have..."* Daeien closed his journal. He was already changed for bed and turned off the lamp.

~~~~~

As fall and winter-break passed, spring came and so did the new school year. They were all seniors now soon to be graduating from junior high. The Japanese school system is 6-3-3. Next year there were all going into high school.

Only six months has passed since Mae and Daeien's first encounter. Mae and her friends had long accepted Daeien into their group. Keiichi remained protective of his girlfriend, which gave the other girls a chance to snatch Daeien. Having friends, Daeien filled many journals with their everyday action. He assimilated well into the human culture and learned a lot from them especially from the girl who first befriended him, Mae.

"Daeien, why don't you ever smile?" Mae asked.

They walked home together as usual but not to the bakery. They were heading to Daeien's apartment. Mae followed from behind.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I don't know. You don't seem to have facial expression."

"I guess I have nothing to express..."

"I see..." Mae walked ahead of him and made a funny face and weird noises at him.

"What are you doing?"

"That's not funny?"

"I... I... don't know..."

She sighed and let Daeien walk past her. Mae started to follow Daeien again from behind and without noticing, she crashed right into him when Daeien stopped.

"Why did you stop so suddenly?!" she exclaimed.

"I'm home."

Mae turned around and saw a tall modernly designed apartment complex.

"Wow! You live here?!"

"CUTE!!" Mae squealed.

She looked at all the dark colored furniture—black leather sofas, marble coffee table, and the electronic controllers. All the gadgets made the suite look futuristic. Daeien pressed a button on the wall and the curtains drew over the sliding door. He heard a flush and Mae squealed again.

"It automatically flushes!" Mae said as she came running out of the restroom. "How can you afford all this?"

"I just do," he answered. "Thirsty?" He opened the refrigerator and took out two cans of soda.

Mae opened her can of soda and took a sip.

"Let's begin."

They worked diligently at their homework from the afternoon till evening. Mae called home telling her mother that should wasn't going to be home for dinner. Instead, she cooked for Daeien and herself. After, they made simple conversation. Daeien was intrigued by how much Mae could talk once she got started.

"Ahhhh... I'm so tired," Mae stretched and lay down on the soft white carpet.

Daeien washed the dishes in the sink as Mae rested on the carpet. He put the last of the cleaned dishes on the rack and wiped his hands dry.

"Would you like some more tea, Mae?" he said as



he poured himself a cup. "Mae?"

She was lying on the floor, already fast asleep. Daeien walked over and set his cup tea on the table. He decided to write in his journal for a little while, giving Mae a chance to rest before he was going to wake her up.

*"Humans are easily amused by wealth..."* he started.

He closed his journal and looked up at the clock-- 11 pm.

Mae yawned and covered her mouth with her palm. "It's okay. I can walk home myself."

They stood outside of the apartment complex. It was already dark and the street lamps dimly lit the road. Few people walked the streets and cars continued to pass by at this time of the night.

"Are you sure?" Daeien asked. "It's dangerous for..."

"YES!" she exclaimed. "I'll be fine. Don't worry about me." She assured him as she put her hand on his shoulder. "By the way, you're going to the Cherry Blossom Festival with me on Saturday."

"Huh? Is that Hisae-san been hinting to me recently?"

"Oh really? Oh wells. You're going with me because I met you first. Hehe."

"What about Takanori-san?"

"He's going to be out of town this year. He's going to celebrate it with his family in Kyoto. Hehe. You can come with my family and me. Later!" Mae said and waved goodbye.

*Girls are certainly stubborn...* He stood out on the sidewalk and watched Mae walk home.

## Author's Jibberish

This is an one of my anime-styled stories. It is basically the style that I normally write in. This inspiration came from another writer friend of mines who was writing a story about a Fallen Angel who was caught between God and Satan's wrath. I wanted to write a story also about an angel but my angel has no reference to any biblical history. He's just an angel and if anybody saw *Ah! My Goddess* you would understand. Again, more of my wonderful love stories with a small hidden storyline. Are we all some kind of angel?

*Linda Jue*



Mae's Angel... continued...

That Sunday the cherry blossoms snowed from the heavens. The little blossoms engulfed the city on streets, on lawns, and every thing else those little snowflakes could get a hold of. Daeien waited under a large cherry tree near all of the festivity. He dressed causally with a white t-shirt, denim jacket and jeans.

"Daeien..." he heard a familiar voice call. He turned around to find Mae dressed in peach colored kimono. She looked beautiful as ever.

"...Mae..." Daeien managed to finally say.

"Good morning!" she smiled.

"Where's your family? Weren't they supposed to come?"

"Well, Niichan hasn't come home yet. Papa and Mama decided to stay home and celebrate. They're romantics like that especially my papa. So... I'm here now with you."

"Uh..."

"Oh don't give me that look. Come on, let's find a cherry tree to sit under."

Mae walked on searching for an unoccupied tree. Her search wasn't going so well.

"Ay. Well, since it's just you and me, we'll go to the old cherry that Keiichi and I sit under. I hope it's not taken this year."

"Are you sure we should do that? He might get angry." Daeien questioned.

Mae rolled her eyes. "You make it sound like you're dating Keiichi. Come on." She grabbed his wrist and dragged him on.

Daeien watched family, friends, and couples taking time out of their busy schedule to celebrate the coming of spring by attending the Cherry Blossom Festival. They watched the beautiful flowers fall from the branches while enjoying time with each other. Children ran around in tiny yukata laughing and trying to catch the falling snow-like blossoms. The adults sipped sake and ate snacks they brought while talking with each other. Some played

sweet music and danced to it. Daeien enjoyed watching these festivities as he past them.

"We're almost there," Mae said. Daeien continue to stumble from behind.

"I like that tree a lot," she said. "I had a lot of good times there. That was when..."

The basket of lunch and dessert slipped from her hand. Daeien managed to catch up to Mae and saw what she saw. Off in the distance, under snow of the old cherry tree, was a girl in the arms of a young man. That young man was Keiichi.

Daeien observed the once smiling expression on Mae face turn into a sad shattered hurtful one. Without saying a word, she just turned around and walked away. Daeien followed.

*Men are cheaters. They seem to unknowingly hurt the ones that love them. They hurt the ones that love them by sharing their love with an outside person. Women can be cheaters too but today I saw that men can really hurt the ones that love them...*

Daeien set his pen down and remembered the events that happened earlier the day. He remembered being finally able to get Mae to talk to him. They sat on a park bench. Mae tried to smile and pretend nothing was wrong, but she couldn't. Tears streamed from her eyes and she tried to stay cheerful.

Daeien yawned as he walked out of his bedroom. The door bell rang and the sun already rose into the blue sky. He yawned again as he opened the door.

"Good morning!" Mae cheerfully said.

Daeien rubbed his eyes. "Mae?"

"I... I... came to make up for yesterday," she said, again dressed in her peach color kimono. "I kind of spoiled everything so I made breakfast and lunch for you."

Daeien took the last bite of the food Mae made. "I'm so full."

He sat back in the chair slightly bloated from the



Mae's cooking.

Mae smiled. "Good! I'm glad you like it. Now, can you do me a favor? Please?"

"Huh? I thought you came here to make up for yesterday?"

"I did and the little favor I ask of you," Mae replied as she washed the dishes in the sink.

*"Women must liking doing something and asking something in return."*

"What would you like me to do?" Daeien asked.

"Ah... I'm glad you agreed. I just want you to accompany me somewhere."

The tile floor of the kitchen was wet from Mae washing the dishes. She backed up to clean the water mess on floor but slipped. She came falling backwards, and Daeien saw Mae and rushed to help. As he caught her in his arms, Daeien as well slipped on the puddle of water and he fell on top of Mae on the hard tile. They looked at each other right in the eyes. Mae's eyes reflected in Daeien's dark blue beads.

He looked away and helped Mae up. "Ready to go?"

"Ye... Yeah..." Mae responded.

"Where exactly are we going?" Daeien asked.

Mae continued to walk without looking back. They walked up the sidewalk of a neighborhood. The sun loomed ahead of them shining down brightly.

"Mae?"

"Huh?" she said and stopped.

"Where are we headed to?" Daeien repeated.

"Keiichi's house," she answered.

She turned around and continued to walk. Passing a few more houses, Mae stopped in front of gated two-story house. She looked upon the house as the sunlight gleamed in her eyes.

Daeien was confused what was happening. He accompanied Mae to Keiichi's house but what was she going to do?

"I'm scared," she said and turned around to

Daeien. "I don't know if I should do it..."

He now pieced together Mae's plan. She was going to confront her soon to be ex-boyfriend.

Daeien took Mae's hands into his. "Just tell him how you feel and it will be all over. Don't worry. I will be right here for you."

"Thank you." Mae smiled, one of her usual beautiful smiles and pulled her hands out of his grip. She slowly walked to the front door of the large house.

Daeien sat on the curb outside of the gate. Few cars drove by as he waited. The blue sky slowly became orange at the horizon as the sun began to set. He waited patiently and then heard a creak behind him. Daeien stood up and saw Mae saying her last few words to Keiichi.

"I think it's best if we never see or talk to each other again," Mae said. "Goodbye."

She turned around and walked away. A smile appeared on her lips as she saw Daeien standing by the gate waiting for her. She didn't turn back to look at Keiichi one last time.

Daeien welcomed Mae's warm smile. At the same time, he saw Keiichi with a hateful expression on his face. Daeien didn't care and followed behind Mae as she walked past him.

"Thanks for coming with me today," Mae said without looking in Daeien's eyes. She turned away slightly embarrassed that she had to drag her friend along with her because she didn't have the courage to go alone.

"It's okay," Daeien said. "What did you tell him exactly? Did you tell him what you saw?"

She shook her head. "It would be too uneasy for him and me. It's better this way."

They arrived in front of Mae's house after spending the most of the day together. She gave Daeien another big smile that lit her face full of life and as usual his expressions remained clueless and emotionless.

The next day at school was not a typical day. The gossip started to spread. Students were spreading the



news that Mae dumped Keiichi or the other way around. Many rumors of how they broke up also came up. The biggest rumor was Mae broke up with Keiichi for Daeien. It was typical for such big news like Mae and Keiichi's break up to start rumors. But rumors were just rumors. The real reason was unknown to them.

That day, Keiichi no longer hung around Mae and her friends, and Mae no longer wanted to be around her girlfriends. She wanted time to herself, which Daeien understood, and let her be. Nonetheless, Mae continued to smile. Deep inside she was hiding a feeling that was tearing her apart. She wanted to cry some but at the same time just wanted to forget.

"Matsukai!!"

Daeien turned around as he was walking home, alone. Mae had decided she wanted to stay at school. She wanted to be away from everybody else.

Keiichi lunged forward and tried to punch Daeien in the face but he dodged it. Keiichi came around again angrily but Daeien moved out of his way.

"You! You took Mae away from me!" Keiichi screamed. "She's in love with you, huh?! That's why she broke up with me! It's because of you!"

"What are you talking about?" Daeien asked as he dodged another one of Keiichi's attacks. "You're the one that hurt Mae! You're the one that made her cry!"

Keiichi stopped. "Wha... what do you mean?"

"Cherry blossoms here in Tokyo weren't as pretty in Kyoto, were they?" Daeien sharply stared into Keiichi's eyes.

"You saw... you were there?"

"I wasn't the only one that saw."

Keiichi clutched his fist. He clenched his teeth in anger but deep inside he was sad. A tear rolled down his cheek.

"Please don't blame me for your own mistakes," Daeien said. "I was only there for her because you weren't." He walked away leaving Keiichi to sulk in his realization.

Daeien slumped onto his couch and sighed. *Humans sure like to blame their problems on other people.*

He laid back and closed eyes as the curtains drew back. The sunlight gleamed over him. He suddenly sat up with his eyes wide open.

The breeze ruffled his white hair as Daeien heard a faint song the wind was carrying. Some body was singing and making the wind dance. The voice was heavenly and no human had the power to do that.

"Its you..." Daeien said with amazement.

He stood by the entrance/exit to the roof of the school. There was nobody except the voice that was singing.

The voice stop singing and the wind stop dancing. She slowly turned around and smiled at Daeien.

"Mae... its you..." he managed to say.

She blushed with embarrassment. "Am I that bad?"

He shook his head. "You have a voice of an angel."

She giggled and blushed again.

"You have the ability to make the wind dance...." He muttered.

"I sing to make my troubles to go away," she sighed and sat on a bench nearby. A tear dripped on the table. "But it doesn't go away forever..."

Daeien tried to take a step closer to her.

"Don't come any closer, Daeien. I just... I just want to be alone right now."

He stood still listening to his tearing friend. He didn't want to leave her alone. It was as if he was becoming human himself, forgetting he was an angel. Being with her seemed to have taught him many new things. Rather than being clueless half the time, he knew how to react to humans especially to Mae, the only one he truly understands.

"I don't think I can do that," Daeien said and took a step closer. "How am I expected to leave a friend while they are in need of help? Do you really think being alone



will solve your problems?" He sat down right next to Mae. "It's just the two of us now. All we have is each other and you want me to leave you alone?"

Mae looked at Daeien with her eyes covered in tears. She felt warmth from his kind words.

He held Mae tightly. Strangely as Daeien held her closer, he thought he heard Mae's voice in his head. It was faint but he knew it was Mae's voice. "*Why?... I do without you?... angel from heaven!*" were the only words he could make out.

Daeien sighed. *Angel from heaven... oh when will I get my wings...*

To be continued...

I! MY! ME!

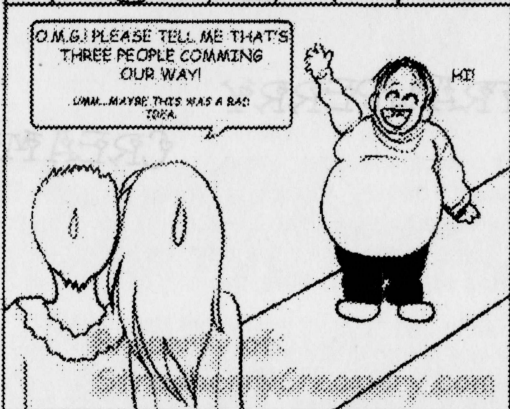


STRAWBERRY

CREAMERY



# When Dating Online Goes Bad...



## THANK YOU!!

I hope you guys enjoyed my zine. I had fun making it. If you guys care you can contact me, email by:

hellolindi@yahoo.com.

I should be writing more, I hope and visit:  
<http://www.strawberrycreamery.com>

Always,

*Linda for*



Thank you Geoffie who took  
me to Kinko's cause I can't drive  
for shit. ^ \_ ^

I don't know what else to put  
here. ^ \_ ^

