

A writing magazine

PaperBound

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Issue 2 Winter 2020-21

For the young, and the young at heart

**AUTHOR
INTERVIEWS WITH:**
Michelle Kenney
Caroline Logan
and
Damaris Young

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PLUS

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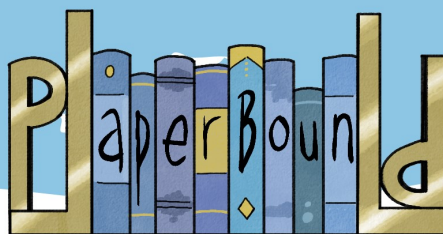
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PaperBound Magazine is a quarterly online magazine for the young, and the young at heart. It is dedicated to showcasing authors and illustrators of children's and young adult fiction. It strives to deliver inspiring content, new and exciting stories, book recommendations and top tips for aspiring young writers. PaperBound has been created by Emily, Lucy and Rayan who met while studying an MA in Writing for Young People at Bath Spa University.

If you are interested in contributing to the magazine please see full submission details on our website.

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Letter from the editors Winter 2020-21

Dear Readers,

We want to say a huge thank you to all the support you've shown us since the launch of our first issue. We hope you enjoy our winter issue just as much. You'll find interviews, articles, writing activities, and book recommendations for middle grade (8-12) and young adults within our pages, along with this season's shortlisted writers and illustrators. We've got beautiful winter inspired illustrations and brilliant tales ranging from Christmas elves and markets, to a chilling atmospheric thriller. Keep an eye out for this issue's winners too (yes, we couldn't decide again— so we picked two!).

If you'd like to be a part of a future issue, please get in touch. We're always on the look out for new writing and illustrations as well as interviews, letters and book reviews. Check out our website for more details.

Again we would like to thank all the writers and artists for their submissions and interviews. We really couldn't make this magazine without your generosity and fantastic ideas.

Happy reading!

Emily, Lucy and Rayan

If you would like to contribute to a future issue, tell us what you thought of this one, or contact us about anything else, we'd love to hear from you.

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Winter 2020-21 issue



This winter inspired
illustration, and the beautiful
cover illustration,
were created by the brilliant

**Shirley
Shelby**

You can find more about our
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Damaris Young

PAPERBOUND SPOKE TO
THE AUTHOR OF
THE SWITCHING HOUR,
DAMARIS YOUNG, ABOUT HER
NEW NOVEL,
THE CREATURE KEEPER



**TELL US A LITTLE ABOUT YOUR NEW BOOK,
*THE CREATURE KEEPER***

When animal lover Cora learns that Direspire's mysterious owner is looking for a new Creature Keeper, she realises this might just be the chance she's looking for to save her parents' farm. But Direspire Hall is a spooky place, and the strange creatures who live there are nothing like Cora is expecting. As Cora settles into her new life, it soon becomes clear that Direspire has its secrets, and that someone will do whatever it takes to keep them...

Growing up, I was always more comfortable around animals, and sometimes I struggled to talk to people. I wanted to write a story about a young girl who, just like me, feels a connection to animals, and send her on a journey of self-discovery and adventure, where she learns to find her voice.

WHAT DOES YOUR TYPICAL WRITING DAY LOOK LIKE?

The first thing I do is take my two dogs for a long walk near the river, which helps wake my brain up. When I get home, I'll make breakfast, toast and a cup of coffee, and take it up to my home office. I usually write for a few hours, before finishing off the day catching up on admin. I send out author letters to schools, sign bookplates, write articles for blog posts, and prepare for virtual workshops. I love connecting with schools and readers, it is one of the best parts of the job.

YOUR BOOK *THE CREATURE KEEPER* HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS HAVING A 'CREEPY GOTHIC SETTING'. HOW IMPORTANT IS SETTING TO YOUR WRITING?

The setting is incredibly important to my writing and I will treat it as a character,

with its own quirks, personality and different moods. In *The Switching Hour*, the setting of the drought-stricken land became the antagonist that thwarted Amaya on her mission to save her brother. In *The Creature Keeper*, Direspire Hall is found near the coast and '*The sea, the one that bordered our part of the world, wasn't like any other. It had a mind of its own. Ma said it had eyes and ears and even teeth, and that it would gobble you up if you weren't careful.*' The setting is wild and unpredictable, not unlike the creatures Cora discovers in Direspire hall.



WHAT OTHER NOVELS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE YOU ENJOYED RECENTLY?

I'm currently reading *When Life Gives You Mangoes* by Kereen Getten, set on a small Caribbean island. I love the strong sense of place, and the clever, and perceptive protagonist, Clara. I'm also a huge fan of the author Kirsty Applebaum, and her new story *Troofriend* is excellent! It follows a robot manufactured to be a child's companion, and the curious and clever robot stole my heart from the very first page.

HOW VALUABLE IS IT TO HAVE PEOPLE TO SHARE YOUR WRITING WITH?

Being able to share your work with other writers and critique each other's stories is invaluable. Writing a book is tough, and it is easy to lose motivation. Having other writers who support and encourage you is essential, as is being able to celebrate each other's successes!

WHAT OTHER THINGS DO YOU ENJOY WHEN YOU'RE NOT WRITING BOOKS?

I've recently started to learn cross-stitch, and it's a great way to relax your mind! This year has been particularly challenging for lots of people's mental health and being able to do something creative and relatively simple, like cross-stitch, has helped me.

IF YOU COULD SHARE ONE PIECE OF WRITING ADVICE WITH OUR READERS, WHAT WOULD IT BE?

Don't compare yourself and your writing to anyone else. When I started on my writing journey I often felt like a chameleon as I tried to emulate the writers I admired. I wasn't allowing

myself to find my voice as a writer, and I caused myself no end of frustration when I couldn't get it 'right'.

Once I stopped comparing myself to others (although full disclosure, I do still sometimes find myself slipping into those bad habits) I began to celebrate what made my writing unique. **ms**

Damaris Young's Writing Prompt

In my new book *'The Creature Keeper'*, Cora looks after extraordinary creatures that are extremely rare.

When writing your story, imagine your character comes across a rare or endangered creature. What is it? Write an adventure, helping the creature get back to its natural habitat.

We'd love to read what you come up with. Send your stories here:

paperboundmagazine@outlook.com

We may even print it in a future issue!

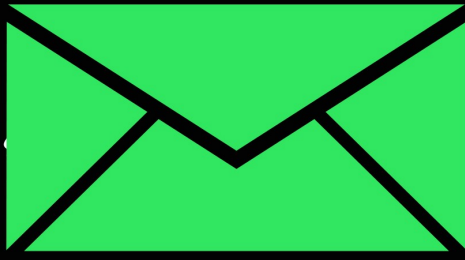
Damaris Young

Damaris studied on the Writing for Young People MA at Bath Spa University, where she wrote her debut novel, *The Switching Hour*. She is passionate about inspiring and empowering young readers with knowledge and action about climate change, as well as encouraging a love of the natural world with her stories.

The Switching Hour and *The Creature Keeper* are published by Scholastic UK and are both available NOW!

Twitter: @damarisyoung **Instagram:** @damarisyoungauthor **Facebook:** @damarisyoung





LETTERS

We'd like to start including a letters page in PaperBound, answering any of your queries, and hearing what you thought about our previous issues. If you'd like to ask us anything or share what you thought, get in touch.

Do you have a question about writing? Or perhaps you have a question about something you saw in our latest issue. We'll try and find you the answers.

Are you looking for a specific kind of book recommendation (kids and YA)? Drop us an email with the details and we'll get our thinking hats on.

Was there anything you particularly enjoyed in our magazine? We'd love to know so we can share your feedback in our next issue.

If there is anything you'd like to ask/tell us, please send an email to paperboundmagazine@outlook.com and put **PBLETTERS** in the subject line.

All letters to be a max of 250 words — we may edit the letters. If you are referring to a specific issue, please let us know which one. Make sure to include your name and location.

If you're under 18, please get a parent/ guardian to email on your behalf.

We look forward to hearing from you!

Our Favourite of books 2020

Emily's Picks

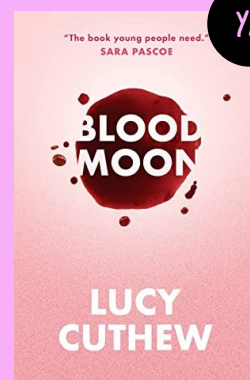
THE WILD WAY HOME BY SOPHIE KIRTLEY

What can I say? This book is just so beautiful. Set in our world before tipping into the stone age amongst an ancient forest, this is the story of when Charlie, a boy from now, meets a stone age boy called Harby. It feels like there hasn't been a book like this around for a very long time - which may be why it was shortlisted for the Joan Aiken Future Classics Prize - and made me want to go back in time and have my own stone age adventure!



BLOOD MOON BY LUCY CUTHEW

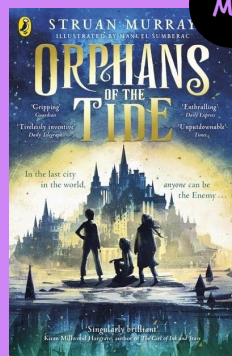
For many reasons, this book is absolutely stunning. The characters, the written style of verse, the friendships, and the heartbreak - it all makes up the ingredients for a powerful story with breath-taking words. This book is what the YA world needs when it comes to talking openly about periods, combatting bullies in adolescence, and showing the devastating mental effects of online abuse. Magnificent.



ORPHANS OF THE TIDE BY STRUAN MURRAY

This book will sweep you away into another time, another place. The watery world is extraordinary and the twisty plot will keep you turning page after page.

The book opens with the main character, Ellie, discovering a boy alive inside a whale. Thought to be the next incarnation of The Enemy (The God who drowned their world), Ellie sets out to prove his innocence. Full of friendship, action and secrets, *Orphans of the Tide* is the first of a trilogy and I cannot wait for the sequel. Brilliant!

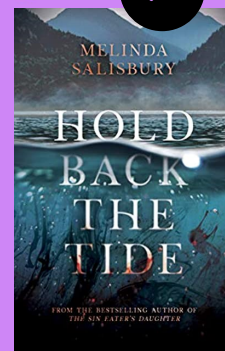


MG

Lucy's Picks

HOLD BACK THE TIDE BY MELINDA SALISBURY

Hold Back the Tide hooked me with the very first line, and never let me go. It follows sixteen-year-old Alva, who wants nothing more than to escape her home in the Scottish Highlands, where she lives with her secretive and unnerving father. But *something* soon gets in the way of her plans. Packed with beautiful prose, a spine-chilling plot and characters that leap from the page, *Hold Back the Tide* will stay with you long after reading. A must-read but... be prepared!



YA

Rayan's Picks

A KIND OF SPARK BY ELLIE MCNICOLL

This book made me feel so, so, many things. As an autistic person, Addie was so relatable to me now and to how I was when I was eleven.

The author is also autistic and knows exactly how to show what it's like, while also delivering a roller-coaster plot that makes you cry. It got a five star rating from Waterstones and it deserved it.



MG

YOU SHOULD SEE ME IN A CROWN BY LEAH JOHNSON

I feel that the term 'feel-good' can be overused, but this book really is 'feel-good'. A genuine, relatable character who has to thrust herself into the limelight in order to get into college. The hurdles that Liz has to get over are heart-breaking, and seeing her interact with her friends and grow into herself is inspiring. The romance is sweet and I will never get tired of the 'prom queen but gay' trope.



YA

WE'D LOVE TO SHOUT ABOUT THE BOOKS YOU'VE ENJOYED TOO. IF YOU HAVE A REVIEW YOU'D LIKE TO SEE PRINTED IN PAPERBOUND, CHECK OUT HOW TO SEND IT TO US HERE: PAPERBOUNDMAG.COM/SUBMIT

One Good Turn Deserves Another

by Judith Jones



The workshop door squeaked a little as the small elf crept round it. The huge space was silent, workbenches empty; barely a glow came from the potbellied stove near the middle. Stamping snow from his shoes and rubbing his chilled fingers, the elf's belled hat gave a little ring and he yanked it further down his pointed ears to keep them warm. Settling himself close to the stove, he pulled out the small letter from his pocket, propped it up and set to work with brushes and paint. He had a lot to do before morning arrived.

'Good morning, young elf, and what might you be doing down here so early?'

The elf jumped and almost slid off the bench. He'd been fast asleep, head on his arms, brush still between his fingers.

'Oh dear, ah, yes good morning, sir.' He stood up and pulled his cap off quickly, making a little bow. Father Christmas was a kind employer, fun to work with, always ready with a joke or smile but a lowly elf knew his place and that was to be respectful of the great man.

He'd really meant to be back in bed, job finished, long before anyone else was up for breakfast or work. Looking about, he realised he had finished the painting and a loud sigh of relief escaped his lips.

'That was a big sigh for a small elf.' The bench creaked with the weight of Father Christmas. 'How come you're up so promptly? Before breakfast even.'

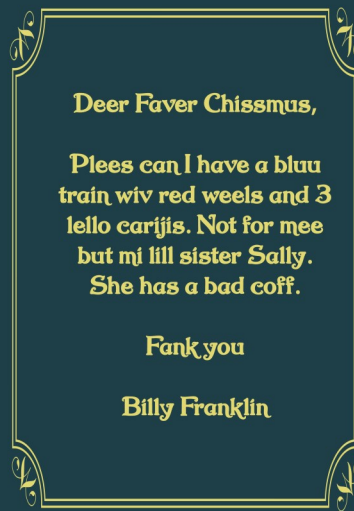
Father Christmas put a large net of carrots by his black shiny boots and smiled down at the elf. The elf looked pinched with cold despite the warm jerkin and muffler.

'Well, um, er, well sir, I had a job to finish last minute and must have dozed off,' the elf began, then stopped, wondering how to explain. Reaching for the letter, he passed it to his bemused employer to read.

'You see, it was my job to sweep up before supper and I was under the benches when I found it. I was quite upset so straight after dinner I came back to paint it ready for the morning.' The elf stopped talking and glanced shyly upwards.

Opening the letter out, Father Christmas felt in a pocket of his waistcoat for a pair of wire rimmed spectacles, balanced them on his nose and began to read.





Father Christmas read it again and rubbed his nose. 'That was very kind of you to come back specially to do this. May I see it?'

The little elf reached across the work bench and drew the train and its carriages along. The red wheels shone in the light from the stove.

'That's quite exceptional workmanship; I think Sally will be very impressed. I'll add it to the lists. My goodness, it'll be a busy night.'

Leaning forward slightly, Father Christmas smiled. 'Tell me, young elf, what's your name?'

'Barnaby, sir.' He bobbed and bowed again, quite overcome talking to the great man.

'Well, Barnaby, few children ask for presents for other people and not themselves. I think Billy should have something special for himself. What do you think?'

Barnaby nodded, making his hat jingle and jangle madly. 'We have some lovely bears with growls.'

‘Perfect.’ Father Christmas tapped his nose thoughtfully.



‘We’ll add that to the list, then breakfast for you, me –’ he lifted up the carrots, ‘and the reindeer.’ Father Christmas rose slowly to his feet. ‘First though, may I ask you a favour?’

Tucked into the corner of the sleigh, a warm furry rug wrapped tightly around him, Barnaby hung on as the reindeer gathered speed, then with one mighty leap left the frozen ground. The North Pole fell away, the trees retreated and the snow clad hills became no more than wrinkles on a tablecloth. Father Christmas clicked his tongue, snapped the reins and off they sped into the dark night’s sky. Behind them the sleigh was piled high with beautifully wrapped presents, sacks of them neatly labelled ready for Christmas morning.

Barnaby had never imagined he might one day be asked to help Father Christmas and now here he was in charge of the present list. On every roof top he would be responsible for giving Father Christmas the correct presents for the children tucked up below.

‘It’ll be a long night, Barnaby,’ he’d said, ‘a magic night when time stands still just enough for me to deliver every special present. I could use a helper, could that be you?’



‘First one coming up, Barnaby,’ Father Christmas had smiled at the small elf and so the long night began.

The moon had begun its descent as Father Christmas guided the sleigh down on to the last roof. The train for Sally and bear for Billy were the only presents left. Barnaby watched Father Christmas disappear down the chimney then reappear with a little more soot powdering his beard.

‘Time for a well-earned snooze, young Barnaby, after a very large bowl of porridge.’ Clicking his tongue, he snapped the reins and the sleigh took off for the final time.

‘That was wonderful, sir.’ Barnaby tried to yawn quietly. ‘I hope Billy likes his bear.’

‘I’m sure he will. Close your eyes and I promise you’ll know very soon.’

Barnaby nodded and snuggled down; eyes closed and began to dream.

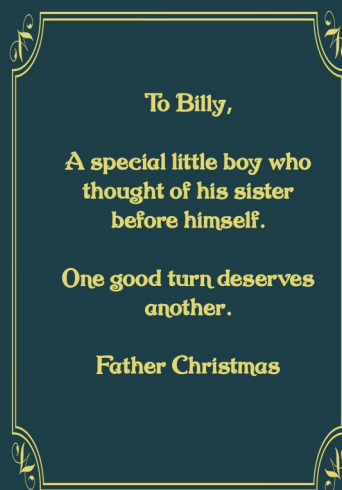
In a room that was bright with decorations, two small children sat opening presents.

‘This is for you, Sally,’ her mum said, helping her peel the silvery paper off a long box. ‘Oh my goodness, a train, who bought you that?’ She sounded puzzled.

‘Father Christmas, Mummy.’ The little boy shuffled closer. ‘I asked him for a blue train with red wheels and three lello carriages in my letter.’



His mother turned the paper over searching for a label. How odd, it wasn't anything that she'd bought. Sally seemed delighted and was crawling along pulling it. Her mother shrugged and turned her attention to a tall, odd shaped package. Lifting it up, she read:

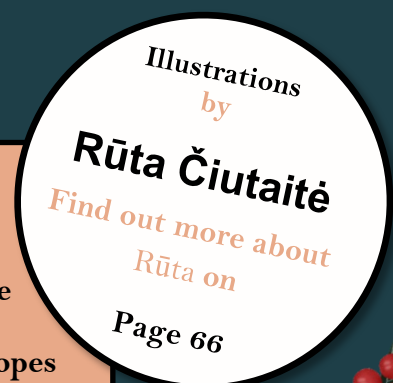


Barnaby sat up as the sleigh bumped down. ‘I saw them, and Billy loved the bear, sir. His mummy’s very confused.’

Father Christmas grinned. ‘But Billy understands and that’s the magic of Christmas, Barnaby.’

Judith Jones

After 30 odd years of teaching, now retired and returned to Cornwall, Judith now has time to indulge her daydreams and write short stories... and longer ones! With a guitar playing husband, two grown up sons and a love of mooching in charity shops, she hopes that one day her daydreams might be published.



TOP TIPS

WRITING DIALOGUE

PAPERBOUND'S LUCY MOHAN SHARES HER TOP TIPS FOR
CREATING REALISTIC DIALOGUE

Have you ever read a book and become so completely absorbed that you forgot you were reading words on a page, and where characters felt like friends you'd known for years? One way writers do this is by creating realistic dialogue. I've put together my 5 top tips to help you get started:

1 START WATCHING PEOPLE: this could be people in TV, Film or IRL – Listen out for the interesting ways people talk; the way they might pause or hesitate; and how emotion changes the way they speak. Think about how people use contractions when they talk (like didn't rather than did not) and how, occasionally, they don't (like when they're angry or yelling). You might also want to consider other ways of communication, such as body language and facial expressions.

“DO NOT
EVEN THINK
ABOUT GOING
OUT THAT DOOR.”

Alfred Hitchcock once said:
DRAMA IS 'LIFE WITH THE DULL
BITS CUT OUT'.

There's no need to include all the *hellos* when characters meet, or tell each other what they watched on TV or ate for breakfast, unless it's essential to developing the plot or characters. Try trimming dialogue back to what really needs to be there.

2 KEEP DIALOGUE SHORT AND SNAPPY
Try to avoid any long speeches. If your character needs to deliver or learn a lot of information, could you drip this through the story rather than all on one page? Or, if it is absolutely essential, try breaking that speech up with things like action, observations, and body language.



3

MAKE EACH VOICE UNIQUE
Get to know your characters inside out. Think about their age, background, interests, who they hang out with, the kind of things they watch on TV and the music they listen to. All these details don't necessarily need to end up in the final story but, knowing them, will help create a more unique sounding voice. But remember: take care to avoid rigid stereotypes.

4

LISTEN TO THE CHARACTERS HAVE A CONVERSATION

By visualising and playing out the conversation in your head, you'll be able to check not only that each voice is unique, but also plan where action, body language and facial expressions should go.

Another way of checking if your dialogue is authentic is to **READ IT OUT LOUD**.

This is a good way of smoothing out any robotic sounding speech and making sure it's as realistic as possible.

You could even get them to read the dialogue out loud to you. That way, you'll get a sense of how others will read it, and you can tweak anything that doesn't sound quite as you'd imagined.

BONUS TIP:

The most important thing is that you enjoy writing. If something is driving you nuts, move on and come back to it later. Don't let it get in the way of you writing your story.

GET SOMEONE TO CHECK IT WITH YOU

One of the most valuable things you can find is a supportive and honest person or group to share your writing with. You may have read something a hundred times but a good critique partner will always help spot those pesky little things you've missed. Sometimes they'll give you ideas you never would have thought of without them.

We hope you've found our top tips helpful. If our magazine has helped your writing in any way, let us know.

Email paperboundmagazine@outlook.com to share your writing journeys. We'd love to hear from you!

HAPPY WRITING!

Caroline Logan



We chatted with author **Caroline Logan** about her YA fantasy series *The Four Treasures*. Read on to discover more about Caroline's books and what inspires her writing...

Can you tell us more about *The Four Treasures* series and what readers can expect?

A few years ago, I got an idea for a story based on Scottish legends. I read a lot of Young Adult Fantasy but hadn't really seen mythology represented. Originally, the story was supposed to be covered over one book but once I started plotting it out, I knew it would take a series to do it justice. I immediately knew what would happen

in the first and second books, but then I had to make a decision about whether it would be a trilogy or a quadrilogy. Around that time, I stumbled upon the legend of *The Four Treasures* (which is actually an Irish story) and since my lucky number is four, I took it as a sign and plotted the other two books.

The first book, *The Stone of Destiny*, is about a quest to find a magical stone, to save the kingdom and guarantee the safety of the king. But it's actually so much more than that and I think people are always surprised when they read it. It's

"I never
thought I'd
become a
writer"

really about the main character, Ailsa, who has been shunned all of her life by superstitious neighbours.

She saves a pair of selkies who convince her to help them find the stone. But, meanwhile, something terrifying is stalking Ailsa through the forests of Eilanmor. There's friendship, romance, action, and many monsters (my favourite things to write).



Have you always wanted to become a writer? How did you start?

No, I never thought I'd become a writer. English wasn't my strong suit in school - I was much more suited to maths, science and art. I didn't like dissecting poetry and hated writing essays.

It wasn't until I got back into reading again that I started thinking about writing. I had a New Year's Resolution to read a book a week. By the end of the year, I wanted to give my own story a try.

I started by coming up with characters, a plot and by building my world. That's the best bit of writing a book in my opinion. I watched Youtube videos on writing and read blog posts. Then I just started. I didn't think I would ever finish and I especially didn't think anyone would ever read it. But a few years later, here I am with one book out and another on the way!



Did you have to do a lot of research into Scottish myths and folklore, or history, to write these books?

I already knew quite a few myths but I had to dig a little deeper when writing the book. There are often different versions of the same story, so I just chose the ones I liked best. Sometimes I'll add a twist to them, like the selkie's water magic. Sometimes, I'll just make something up. When I was in primary school, my friends and I pretended there were bog monsters in the mud, waiting to steal your wellies, so I put them in the book. I reckon it still counts - I am Scottish after all, so I can make Scottish myths!

In terms of history, originally I was going to set the books in a certain time period, but nothing was really lining up and I wouldn't have been able to give my characters kilts or have them eat curry. That's why I decided to set it in a fictional land based on Scotland. I always joke that I just couldn't be bothered researching all the history.

The main character in *The Stone of Destiny*, Ailsa, is treated differently from a young age because of the way she looks. Is there anything you hope readers can take from this?

I really wanted to have interesting, diverse characters to set them apart from other medieval based fantasy books. Though all my characters in Book 1 are white, I hope they all have distinctive features and personalities. As we move through the books, we'll start to meet people from different places other than Eilanmor and the cast will become even more diverse. Hopefully, it conveys the message that if you broaden your horizons and meet people from different places, with different sexualities and gender identities, and abilities, your life will be better for it.

When I was creating my main character, I wanted someone who felt like an outcast. The Changeling Mark was another myth I'd heard about and when I saw this picture of a beautiful woman with a birthmark on her face, it all just clicked into place. I think Ailsa's struggle is something we can all identify with. I believe that everyone has the experience of feeling left out at some point in their lives, so hopefully I made a main character who was relatable and could show the reader that being yourself is better than being another face in the crowd.



What do you love most about writing? What comes next for you and your books?

I love coming up with plots and characters. I really don't like the actual writing part that much but it's just part of telling the story. I have a four book contract with Cranachan Publishing. *The Cauldron of Life*, the second in the series, was released in October.

Meanwhile, I'll be writing Book 3 which will be out in 2021. I have a few side projects on the go, but I just don't have

the time for them right now. One is inspired by the Gorbals Vampire legend, another is a fairytale retelling of *The Twelve Dancing Princesses* set in Ancient Egypt, and the last is an adult Science Fiction Western that's about a gang of female criminals on the hunt for treasure.

Maybe when *The Four Treasures Series* is finished, I'll be able to get on with those.

How will you be spending the winter season?

Playing with my dogs: Ranger and Scout. I know it's a bit cringey, but they really are my babies. I'll also be up to my eyes in school work. I'm a secondary biology teacher and I have a lot of senior classes this year. It's been a challenge working through the pandemic but I'm so glad to see my students again. I don't think I've laughed so much in months. 🐾

Writing prompt

Caroline's top 3 writing tips

1 Read a lot in your chosen genre

2 Stories are all about characters. Build your story and your setting around people

3 You have to actually get around to writing. It's easier to work on a full page of rubbish than a blank page

You explore a hidden cave and discover two portals. One will take you to a beautiful place with a terrifying secret. The other will take you to a dangerous place with a great treasure.

Write about which one you would choose and what you see when you step through the door.

Caroline Logan is a writer of Young Adult Fantasy. Her debut novel, *The Stone of Destiny*, is the first in *The Four Treasures* series. Caroline is a high school biology teacher who lives in the Cairngorms National Park in Scotland, with her husband. Before moving there, she lived and worked in Spain, Tenerife, Sri Lanka and the West Coast of Scotland. She graduated from The University of Glasgow with a bachelor's degree in Marine and Freshwater Biology. In her spare time she tries to ski and paddle board, though she is happiest with a good book, a cup of tea and her dogs.

Follow Caroline on Twitter and Instagram:
[@bearpuffbooks](#)

Both books in *The Four Treasures* series are out now!



Last Night at the Christmas Market

by Anastasia
Gammon

If Melissa had to listen to this choir sing *Wonderful Christmastime* once more, she was going to start jamming gingerbread into her own ears.

The bells started again. Melissa tensed, waiting for the choir to sing, but she already knew what it would be. What it always was.

She groaned. 'Don't they know any other songs?' Melissa eyed up the gingerbread sausage dogs in front of her, with their jaunty icing scarves. She could probably fit one of those in each ear.

'I like it.' Ivy wiggled her hips from side to side, bumping into Melissa with every other wiggle. The chalet wasn't really big enough for dancing.

'I know.' Melissa slumped against her side of the chalet. One of her elf ears came loose so she tugged it back over her real ear. The glue that had held the ears on a month ago had long since run out. At least this was the last night. Just a few more hours and she would never have to wear the stupid elf costume or hear this stupid song ever again.



'What are you making?' Melissa asked, looking for a distraction.

Each day they had worked together on the stall, Ivy had made a brilliant edible sculpture for them to sell at the end of the

night, usually for an eye-watering price, and only after Ivy had posted pictures of it on her Instagram, obviously.

‘My masterpiece.’ Ivy stepped back to reveal today’s sculpture. ‘Ta da.’ Standing on the table in front of Ivy was an entirely edible model of the big manor house at the top of the hill behind the market. Ivy had used gingerbread from their stall, marshmallows from the hot chocolate stall opposite them, candy canes and gumdrops from the sweet stall next door. The gingerbread manor house even had a layer of soft, white snow on the ground in front of it, made out of candy floss. It was magnificent.

‘Wow,’ Melissa breathed. She leaned in to get a better look at one of the windows at the front of the house. Beyond its little liquorice lattices she could see a tiny gingerbread man with one hand held aloft, mid-wave. ‘Ivy, this is amazing.’

Ivy grinned. ‘Thank you.’ She sounded extremely proud of herself. Melissa thought she deserved to be. ‘Now light it for me



so I can get a good picture.'

Melissa pulled out her phone and turned on the torch to oblige.

Ivy took a few photos with her own phone before frowning down at them. 'I think we need more light,' she said. Then, before Melissa could stop her, she yelled over to the hot chocolate stall, 'Hey, Nick, do you have a minute? And a phone?'

Nick looked up from the takeaway cup he was filling with hot chocolate. His Santa hat slipped down over one of his beautiful, dark brown eyes.

'Just a second,' Nick called back, with a flash of his dimpled, lopsided smile. He finished filling the cup and passed it to the girl waiting in front of him, fixing his hat with his other hand at the same time. The girl giggled as she handed him her money. Melissa knew how she felt.

'What are you doing?' Melissa whispered.

Ivy attempted to smile innocently back at her but the gleam in her eyes gave her away. 'What?' she asked. 'I need more light.'

'What's up?' Nick asked, suddenly in front of their stall. 'Whoa,' he said, getting a look at Ivy's gingerbread manor house for the first time. 'Ivy, you've outdone yourself.'

'Thank you.' Ivy preened. 'I need another light. Do you mind?'

'Of course.' Nick turned on the torch on his phone and stood where Ivy told him to.

With the light from their stall, Nick and Melissa's phones, and the lights from the other chalets in the background, Ivy's gingerbread creation looked every bit as

impressive as it truly was.

Ivy was just about to take the picture when the lights went out. Nick and Melissa's phones still illuminated the gingerbread house but the rest of the market was plunged into total darkness.

All three of them lowered their phones. Nick leant back to look down the length of the market, towards the choir and the giant Christmas tree they stood in front of. Melissa leant over the table of gingerbread between them to do the same. Even the Christmas tree lights had gone out.

'I'll call Bonnie,' Nick's uncle said over the sounds of panic and confusion that were already starting to bubble up around them. Nick went back to the hot chocolate stall.

'She isn't answering,' Nick's uncle said, quieter this time, so Melissa only just heard. She looked at Ivy, who was chewing on her red lipsticked lower lip. Bonnie ran the whole market herself. Melissa didn't know who else they could even call.

I'll go and see if she's in her office,' Nick offered. His uncle nodded.

'Melissa will go with you,' Ivy's voice called out cheerily. When Melissa turned to see if her friend had completely lost her mind, Ivy widened her eyes and tilted her head towards Nick. 'Safety in numbers,' she said, smiling at Nick and his uncle. Then, turning back to Melissa, she added, 'This is your last chance.'

'To do what?' Melissa asked.

'To make your move.' Ivy pushed her out of the chalet.

'Don't worry, folks,' Nick's uncle called out loud enough for his deep voice to be heard at the other end of the market. 'We're going to get this fixed just as soon as we can. In the mean time, how



about some free hot chocolate?’

Melissa followed Nick past the last few stalls and then the two of them started up the hill to the big house, leaving the dark market behind them.

‘Well, this is a fun last night,’ Nick said, once they were out of earshot of any customers.

Melissa laughed. ‘At least we’ll get a break from the choir.’

‘You don’t like the choir?’

Melissa shook her head and one of her elf ears went flying. She sighed. ‘Ear down,’ she explained as she crouched down to search the wet grass. Nick knelt down and helped her look.

‘Got it.’ Nick stood up and held the ear out to Melissa triumphantly. Their fingers touched as Melissa took the plastic ear from him and she could have sworn she saw sparks in the darkness between them.

‘Thanks.’ Melissa tugged the ear back into place and they walked in silence for a few minutes, until Nick breathed in through his nose loudly.

‘Christmas Eve Eve,’ he said. ‘Can’t you just smell it in the air?’

‘I think that’s the guy who does the caramelised nuts.’ When Nick didn’t respond, Melissa glanced over. In the faint light from the moon, she could just make out the quizzical look on his face. ‘What?’

‘Not a fan of Christmas?’ he asked.

Melissa shrugged. ‘I used to be,’ she said.

‘Then you spent a month of weekends and after schools dressed as an elf, selling gingerbread to stressed-out parents and their perpetually sticky offspring?’ Nick guessed.

‘Basically,’ Melissa agreed. Nick nodded in understanding.

‘I was the same after my first year.’

‘How many years have you done?’

‘This is my third. I started helping out when I was 13.’

So he was 16, same as Melissa. Good to know.

‘You were that jaded as a 13 year old?’ Melissa asked.

‘I was worse,’ Nick replied. ‘But don’t worry.’ He straightened his Santa hat.

‘The spirit of Christmas is still within.’

Melissa snorted a laugh. Nick joined in as they crested the hill and crossed the few final feet to the house’s old servants’ entrance.

It was dark inside the old house but Melissa could see a light beyond the half opened door of Bonnie’s office at the end of the hall.

‘The power cut must only be at the market,’ Nick said, voicing Melissa’s thoughts.

Nick pushed the office door all the way open. Bonnie was nowhere to be seen.

‘Maybe someone got hold of her after all,’ Melissa suggested, as Nick walked around Bonnie’s desk to look out the window next to it.

‘There was no need,’ he said, pointing out the window.



Melissa came to stand next to him and saw instantly what he meant. Bonnie's office window looked directly down at the still dark market.

'I'll bet she left before we did.' Melissa turned back to the office door, readying herself for the cold walk back down the hill.

'Do you think we're the only people in the house?' Nick asked as Melissa reached the door. She turned back to look at him. They both stood in silence for a moment, listening.

'Sounds like it.'

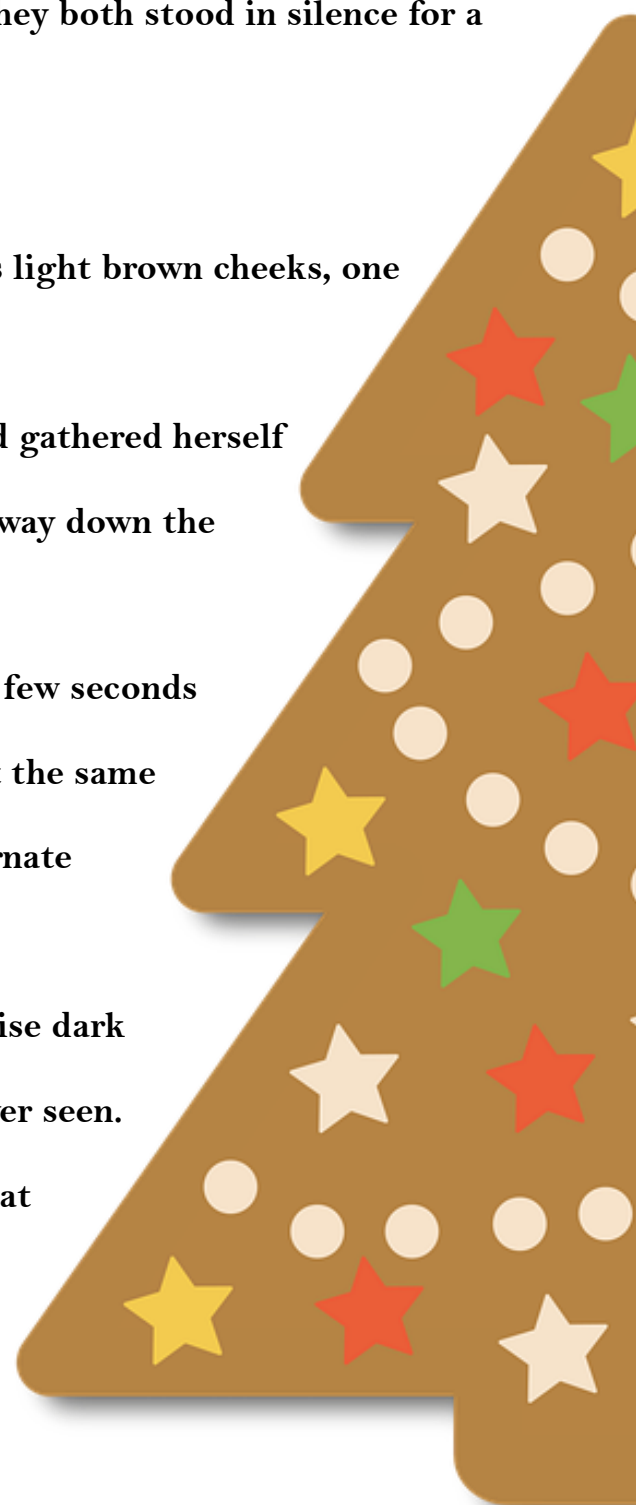
Nick smiled slowly, the dimples popping in his light brown cheeks, one at a time. 'I have an idea.'

Nick hurried past Melissa. By the time she had gathered herself together enough to follow him, he was already half way down the hallway. She walked quickly to catch up.

Melissa only realised where they were going a few seconds before they got there. They reached the main hall at the same time and without hesitating, Nick threw open the ornate wooden doors.

There, directly in front of them in the otherwise dark room, was the largest Christmas tree Melissa had ever seen. It was so tall she had to bend her head back to look at the gold star on the top, and it was covered, every branch, with warm fairy lights and glittering baubles.

'How do you feel about Christmas now?' Nick asked.



Melissa could hear the smile in his voice, which was useful, because she never wanted to have to look away from this tree.

‘I’m coming back around,’ Melissa answered. Nick laughed softly beside her.

This was it, Melissa thought, this was the moment to make her move. She could feel how close they were standing, the warmth from Nick’s body in the air next to her.

The pale moonlight that shone through the windows was suddenly joined by a warm, artificial light. Before Melissa could speak, Nick had walked away from the tree to look out the nearest window. Reluctantly, Melissa followed.

The market lights were on again.

The moment was gone.

‘Guess we should head back down,’ Nick said. Melissa nodded, her throat too dry to say anything.

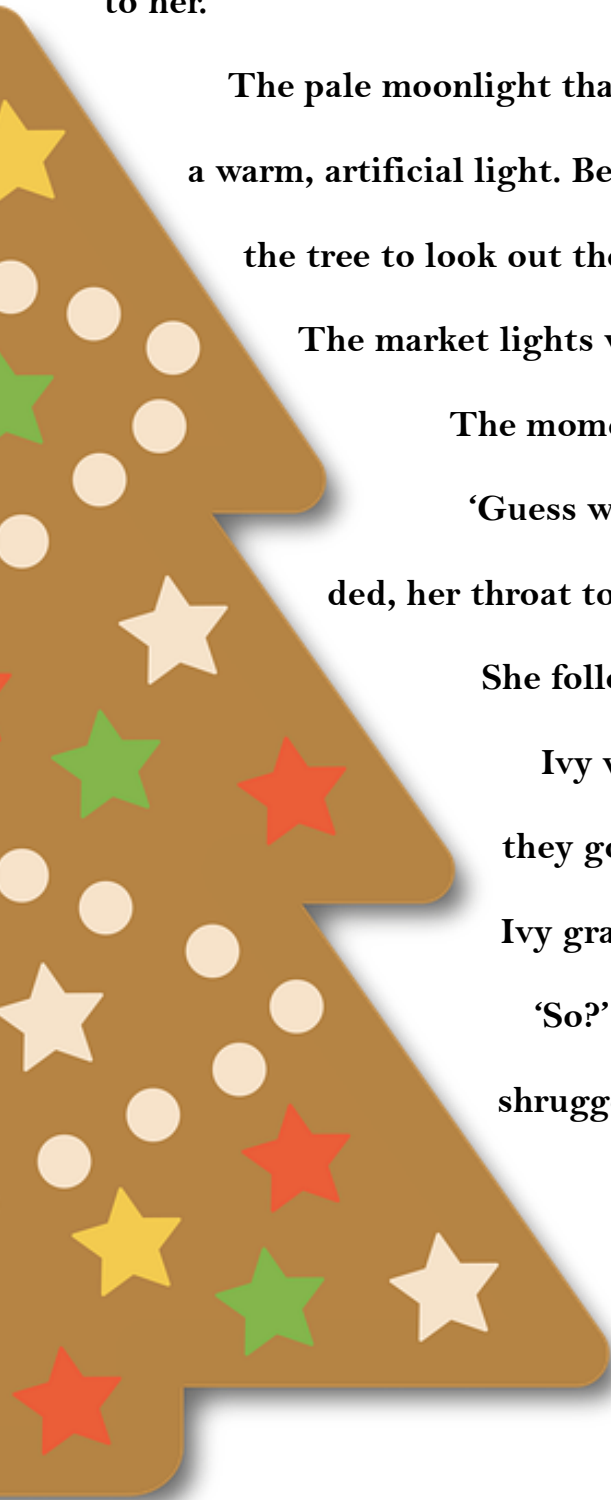
She followed him out of the house and back down the hill.

Ivy was waiting in front of the gingerbread stall when they got back. Nick headed straight over to his uncle while Ivy grabbed Melissa’s arm and dragged her a few feet away.

‘So?’ she asked, eyebrows raised expectantly. Melissa shrugged. Ivy frowned. ‘Nothing?’

Melissa was about to tell her about the moment that had almost been when Nick came back. He had a cup of hot chocolate in his hand and his Santa hat was crooked again. Ivy backed away, pointing at

Nick behind his back and mouthing words Melissa chose to ignore.




I thought you might need something to warm you up after our pointless walk,' Nick said, offering Melissa the hot chocolate.



'Oh.' She took it and held the warm cup between her cold hands. 'Thanks. It wasn't so pointless,' she said. 'It maybe went a little way towards making me like Christmas again.' Nick smiled at the ground. 'I might even see you here again next year,' Melissa added, impulsively.

Nick looked up at her, his smile so wide his dimples almost folded in on themselves. 'Maybe even sooner,' he suggested, cutting his eyes quickly to the cup in Melissa's hands and back again. Before Melissa could respond, Nick turned and headed back to his uncle's stall.

Melissa turned the cup around carefully until she could read the mobile phone number scribbled on the side of it.

The choir started playing their bells again. This time, Melissa didn't notice what song they were singing. 



Anastasia Gammon



Anastasia lives in Cornwall, somewhere between the moors and the sea. Her short stories have previously been published by Dear Damsels, Popshot Quarterly Magazine, and in the award nominated short story collection, *Cornish Short Stories: A Collection of Contemporary Cornish Writing*.

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Instagram: @stasialikescakes

PRINTABLE WINTER WRITING PROMPTS

Cut out the Christmas characters, settings and things and place them upside down in three separate piles (or use little bags). Take one from each pile until everyone has a different character, setting and thing. Now create a story that includes all of these features. You could even use this in a classroom — just print out several copies so you have enough options for the entire class.

CHARACTER	SETTING	THING
SANTA	SANTA'S GROTTO	STOCKING
ELF	NORTH POLE	CHRISTMAS PUDDING
FAIRY	SANTA'S WORKSHOP	BRUSSEL SPROUTS
ANGEL	WINTERY FOREST	WRAPPED GIFT
HUMAN	TOY SHOP	CHRISTMAS CRACKER
TOY	HOME	CANDLE

WE'D LOVE TO HEAR YOUR WINTER STORIES.
SEND THEM TO PAPERBOUNDMAGAZINE@OUTLOOK.COM

TURN OVER FOR MORE

THE DIARY OF A SNOWMAN

Imagine you are a snowman. What's it like? What do you see? What's your favourite thing about being a snowman? What do you like least? Write a diary extract of a day in the life of a snowman.



FREEWRTING



Set a timer (1, 2, 5 minutes — you decide). Using the image as inspiration, start writing and don't stop until the timer has run out.

[illegible]

A stylized illustration of a woman with long, wavy blue hair, wearing a light orange sweater and dark blue pants. She is holding a white teapot aloft in her right hand, with her left arm extended downwards. The background features wavy, layered shapes in shades of blue and teal, decorated with small white star-like patterns. The overall style is modern and whimsical.

Fairy Tales

why are they so
important?

Illustration by
Rūta Čiutaitė
Find out more about
Rūta in our
Illustrator's feature on
page 66

Join PaperBound's *Emily Ould* as she delves into the world of fairy tales and discovers why they are still so important to this day

Fairy tales. What comes to mind when you think about them? Is it Little Red Riding Hood carrying a basket through the forest? Is it a princess sleeping soundly in a tower beneath a whole stack of mattresses? Or maybe it's the wicked old witch, the fiery dragon, or the big bad wolf flashing their terrifying sharp teeth?

Fairy tales have been around for hundreds of years and lots of countries have their own versions. But, almost like magic, the main elements of the stories stay the same.

So why are they so important? Why do we keep telling them, over and over? What makes them so special?

Maybe it's because fairy tales are warning tales. They are almost a reflection of our own world, teaching us all about life – even the scary parts of it – while we are still young and more than likely haven't encountered many dangers yet. But we learn about them from a safe place, inside the pages of a book, where nothing can really hurt us. Some stories tell us not to speak to strangers, like Red Riding Hood in the forest, while others teach us to judge a person by what's on the inside and not by how they look, like *Beauty and the Beast*. These stories are filled with magic, adventure and wonder alongside characters who take us on a journey to find out something new. The stories and the lessons we learn from them usually stay with us for the rest of our lives. So let's look at the main ingredients of a fairy tale and see what makes them so spectacular.



Fairy Tale Ingredients

Hero/Heroine

This is your main character. They can be strong, fast, fierce, or timid, shy and slow. You decide. What do they want? What is their main goal – and what's stopping them from reaching it? For Cinderella, she wants to escape her evil step mother and step sisters and go to the ball, whereas for Shrek, he just wants to rescue the princess so he can get his swamp back.



Villain

This is the character who stands in the way of your hero's goal. They can be as mean as you like, or maybe just a little misunderstood. Villains are often the most fun to write about because it's a chance to be naughty without getting told off! Other villains in the past have included the big bad wolf, an evil queen, or a wicked witch.

Helper

The helper is usually the hero's best friend who helps them on their way to their happily ever after. Think of the mice in *Cinderella*, the genie in *Aladdin*, or Pascal the chameleon in *Tangled*. Of course, they don't have to be an animal. They could be a person, an object that's come to life, or even a robot. Can you think of anything else they might be?

Other ingredients to think about

Hero's goal

Your hero might want to fulfil a magical prophecy, to stop something evil from taking over the world, or perhaps just find someone they love. This could be a family member, like Granny in *Little Red Riding Hood*, or somebody they are in love with, such as a prince, princess or someone else.

Will your
characters live in an
enchanted forest, a
spooky old castle,
underwater, or the
world we live in?

Setting




Don't forget the setting! The setting is one of the most important ingredients when it comes to fairy tales. Often it's where your characters live, and can impact what they do and how they behave. Will your characters live in an enchanted forest, a spooky old castle, underwater, or the world we live in?

Moral of the story

There must always be a moral to the story you create. This doesn't need to be complicated. It can be as simple as learning not to talk to strangers, be brave in the face of hardship and help others, or listen to your heart and never give up. Whatever happens in your

fairy tale, be sure that your characters learn something along the way. Perhaps even the villain can learn that it's always better to be kind than nasty!

There are so many different ways to write fairy tales. No matter how much time goes by, we always seem to come back to them. They can teach us new things, or perhaps even old things that we may have forgotten. There's something comforting about them and their 'happily ever afters'. But it's important to remember, too, that heroes and villains can come in all shapes and sizes and that nobody is simply good or evil. Modern retellings of fairy tales are hugely popular and can show that, sometimes, the witches and monsters don't always have to be the villains, that the princess doesn't always need saving by the prince, and that the handsome stranger can't always be trusted ... 

Turn over to start
building your very
own
Fairy Tale

Fairy Tale

Build your own

Who is your hero/ heroine?
What do they want?

Who/ what is your villain?
How will they stand in your hero's way?

Describe or draw your villain here.

Setting

Fairy tale settings
are just as important
as the characters.
Where will you choose?

What will be the moral of your tale?
How will you give it a modern twist?

Are there any other
characters who might help
the hero on their quest?

Book Review Corner

WE ASKED YOU TO TELL US ABOUT BOOKS YOU LOVED READING. HERE'S WHAT YOU SAID:

THE GIRL WHO STOLE AN ELEPHANT BY NIZRANA FAROOK

MG

The Girl Who Stole an Elephant is an exciting adventure story set in the jungle of historical Sri Lanka, where the author was born. Chaya is a fiery-spirited twelve-year-old village girl who – like Robin Hood – steals trinkets from the rich to give to the poor. But she goes a step too far when she steals the Queen's jewels. In order to escape capture, Chaya and her friends Neel (a local village boy) and Nour (the spoiled daughter of a wealthy merchant) set off on a hair-raising jungle adventure, on the back of a royal elephant. The book is soaked in authentic detail which vividly evokes the Sri Lankan landscape, especially the flora and fauna of the forest. The jungle is a place of great beauty, but also of danger: leeches crawl in the undergrowth, bandits lurk in the shadows. Chaya's tempestuous relationship with Nour – first rivals, then friends – is convincingly evoked. Ananda the elephant is truly endearing, and there are lots of fascinating elephant facts thrown in along the way. A great book to read to children, or for kids to read themselves. The chapters are short with cliff-hanger endings, so I raced through in one sitting! The author's website has useful additional resources for teachers, including discussion notes and activities, comprehension worksheets, and school display resources such as posters and postcards. Perfect for kids aged 8+ who like adventure with heart.

PIV DAS GUPTA



TURN OVER FOR MORE REVIEWS



THE GOOD BEAR BY SARAH LEAN

The Good Bear by Sarah Lean is a charming, kind story about how sometimes what we *want* most isn't what we *need*.

We follow Thea Whittington as she tells a story about reuniting with her father, Henry, in Norway only to receive a somewhat frosty welcome. Thea dreams of becoming a writer as a young girl. Her father is a stiff man who doesn't see dreams, only the hard materialistic world in which he builds and crafts wooden sledges, and different items.

Thea explores Norway and finds an old bear, who is hidden away and starving in the snow. Through a bond like no other, they develop a kindred feeling that being left out in the cold doesn't mean there isn't warmth to be found.

They go on a journey together to heal the hurt they feel and to know that, in each other, strength can be found.

With wonderfully crafted illustrations by Fiona Woodcock, we feel every inch of snow and every breath Thea takes.

The Good Bear is a warm hearted story and a very rare find. You'll find yourself with a glistening icy tear rolling down your cheek at the end as you wish for a friend like the bear.

You want the ending to be a lifelong friendship but, as Sarah Lean observes, sometimes what we need is what surprises us all the most.

LUKE EMMETT, WEYBRIDGE

BEAUTIFUL BROKEN THINGS AND FIERCE FRAGILE HEARTS BY SARA BARNARD

Beautiful Broken Things and its companion novel *Fierce Fragile Hearts* by Sara Barnard are two books that have stayed with me for a long time after finishing them. The first tells the story of Caddy and her new friendship with Suze who comes down to live with her Aunt. Both books are coming of age and have many aspects of mental health related issues, friendship and being a teenager in the UK.

The books touch on heavy subjects such as abuse, living alone and depression.

The first book is told from Caddy's perspective and touches on how Suze has come into her life and changes things between an already established relationship between Caddy and her friend Rosie. It was the first book by Sara Barnard that I read and it made me fall in love instantly with her writing that I picked up the companion novel as soon as I knew that it was released.

What I loved the most is the mental health discussions in the book as Barnard treats the depression and the abuse in Suze's family respectfully and brought tears to my eyes as I read the book. It's funny, heartfelt and heart-breaking all at the same time and two of the best books that I've ever had the pleasure of reading.

CARLYN OULD, CORNWALL



HEARTBREAK BOYS BY SIMON JAMES GREEN

Jack and Nate are newly single, at the start of what was meant to be the best summer of their lives. Worse, their ex-boyfriends are now dating each other, and they won't stop posting about their fabulous relationship on social media.

Determined to outdo their exes and prove they've truly moved on, Jack and Nate agree to 'fake date' as they embark on their own Instagram-worthy summer adventure. However, it's not easy to make a string of depressing motorway service station motels and dreary campsites look glamorous. Worse, Jack and Nate's friendship fell apart years ago – spending a summer locked in the same campervan is going to be super awkward.

Heartbreak Boys may be set over the school summer holidays, but it's a heart-warming and hilarious tale that will bring a ray of sunshine to cold winter days. Simon James Green is brilliant at capturing authentic teenage voices, switching effortlessly between the point of views of drama queen Jack and awkward disaster Nate. The family dynamics are equally well-drawn, with some truly cringey parents that plenty of teenagers will definitely recognise.

One of the best things about this book is the range of queer characters represented, and the main message is that you should always be fully and unapologetically yourself, no matter who you are or what others think of you. It's a truly joyful book – the sort of heart-felt, vibrant, queer celebration that deserves to take its place on the shelves of every school and home library.

PHILIPPA PEALL, IPSWICH



WE'D LIKE TO THANK ALL OUR CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE FOR THEIR BOOK REVIEWS.

IF YOU'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR REVIEW IN OUR NEXT ISSUE, SEND IT TO:

PAPERBOUNDMAGAZINE@OUTLOOK.COM.

WE WELCOME REVIEWS FROM ALL AGES BUT, IF YOU ARE UNDER 18, PLEASE GET A PARENT OR GUARDIAN TO SEND IT ON YOUR BEHALF. PLEASE ENSURE YOUR REVIEW IS NO LONGER THAN 250 WORDS MAX. REVIEWS MAY BE EDITED.

DON'T FORGET TO MENTION IF IT'S SOMETHING WE'VE RECOMMENDED IN PAPERBOUND.

WE CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR WHAT YOU'VE BEEN READING!

Winter

By Anne Manson

W

ind howled across the frozen prairie, raising spiraling plumes of snow.

Bishop stared out the tiny cabin window into the wilderness, then emptied the flour bag into the week-old fat of the frying pan. It was the last of her food. She set it on the wood stove.

Above the howl of the wind rose another howl—a series of them. They were closing in on her.

At first, they'd simply gathered around the cabin at night, sniffing at the door. Later they'd got bolder, hurling themselves at the exterior with ravenous cries, while she stood terrified, shaking, clutching the cast iron pan—her only defense—as the cabin door shuddered under their weight.

Daytimes, they disappeared, and she wondered if her mind was playing tricks on her. She felt as though she'd been here forever, as though she was

light years away from home. All alone. Sometimes, she even thought she felt a familiar, barely detectable vibration under her feet. It was hard to know what was real and what wasn't.

As a precaution, she'd run around the perimeter of the cabin, squatting and urinating in the brilliant snow. Father had told her about a scientist who'd done that—marking his territory to keep them away—a vague memory from the mists of time. But they didn't seem to notice. She remembered something else, something about the scientist altering his diet. Had he eaten mice? She would have tried it—tried anything. But there wasn't a single sign of life in that white desert. Except for them.

Even the nights they didn't come, she sat awake, sleepless, by the cooling wood stove, the iron pan in her lap, waiting, starting at any unfamiliar sound. During the day, she gazed out the window in a sleep-deprived fog, occasionally slipping into a blessed doze.

Eventually she made a plan. She took apart the chair, cut strips from the legs, soaked them in water and bent them, painstakingly forming an oval with a tapered end. She soaked cords from the hammock in fat and wove them across the frame. Snowshoes.

She spent endless hours pondering, mountains or prairie? Open plain or wooded slopes? They could bring her down in a flash in the open. And the mountains were covered in pines—she could climb a tree. But how long would

she last? They would wait her out. And in the end, what were the chances of finding anyone to help her up there? Nil. She'd have to go across the prairie.

Bishop ate the greyish, floury sludge straight from the pan, staring out the window at the first glimmer of dawn—no rosy sunrise, but a lightening of the black landscape into a charcoal grey. She finished, put the pan away, banked the stove, and set about putting on every piece of clothing she had. By the time she was done, her shirt was damp with sweat and she could barely move. Last of all, she tied the snowshoes tightly to her boots.

She eased the cabin door open, but the wind caught it and slammed it hard against the exterior wall. A heavy mist of snow blew in and settled on the floor. She pulled her scarf up over her mouth. Then she summoned all her strength and heaved the door closed again. She might need to come back here.

She took a last look at the cabin's small wooden overhang, the snow-covered wood pile, the thin trail of dying smoke from the chimney, and felt a pang. At least it had protected her for a while.

Then she turned and stared out into the grey, clouded light—the sun, a muted silvery glow on the horizon. To her right, the west, and the massive peaks of the mountains—sharp, snow-covered pines, spiking the grey sky. To her left, east, and the barren, white plain.

A chorus of howls rose from the mountains and her heart shot to her throat. She shouldn't have used bacon fat to soak the rope for her snowshoes. It

was like laying a trail for them. But what could she do now? She'd needed to make them waterproof.

She set off across the prairie, heading toward that silvery, clouded sun. She tripped and fell on her first few steps and terror rose in her gorge. What if the snowshoes didn't work? But she figured out how to lift the tips with each step so they didn't catch, and soon she settled into an uneasy, careful jog, her heart racing, her legs aching numbly from lack of exercise. She kept her eyes fixed on the rising sun. East. She'd have to keep her wits about her so she didn't end up going in circles. Sun ahead. Mountains behind. Fingers crossed.

East. East. East. The sun edged along the horizon at a low angle. There was so little light at this time of year.

When was sunset?

Three? A little later?

It only gave her six hours or so. Her inner clothes were soon drenched with sweat, her face, hands and feet, rigid with cold.



She was fiercely thirsty. She stopped and raked her gloves over the frozen earth, stuffed snow in her mouth, gagged on the bits of grit, then scraped up some more. She pulled off her gloves and sucked on her numb fingertips. She couldn't afford to lose them. A toe or two, even the tip of her nose, fine. But not a finger. Please.

There was still no sign of a living soul. No houses, no road. Maybe she should have stayed and starved in the cabin. The scarf around her mouth was frozen rigid. The winter air passed over it and raked her lungs with every breath. She stuffed her fingers back into the gloves, looked behind her, held her breath, and listened. No howls. No sounds at all over the wind. No low grey figures running through the waist-high mists of whirling snow. The cabin was long gone—vanished into the horizon. But she couldn't see far. And they were clever. They might well be hunting her silently. Or merely waiting for her to tire and fall.

She set her jaw, lifted her aching legs, and set off again, this time keeping the low sun more or less on her right, to the south. It must be close to midday now. She stuffed down thoughts of panic and replaced them with anger. Yes. Rage would keep her warm. She untied the makeshift spear she had on her back and clutched it in her right hand. She wasn't going down without a fight.

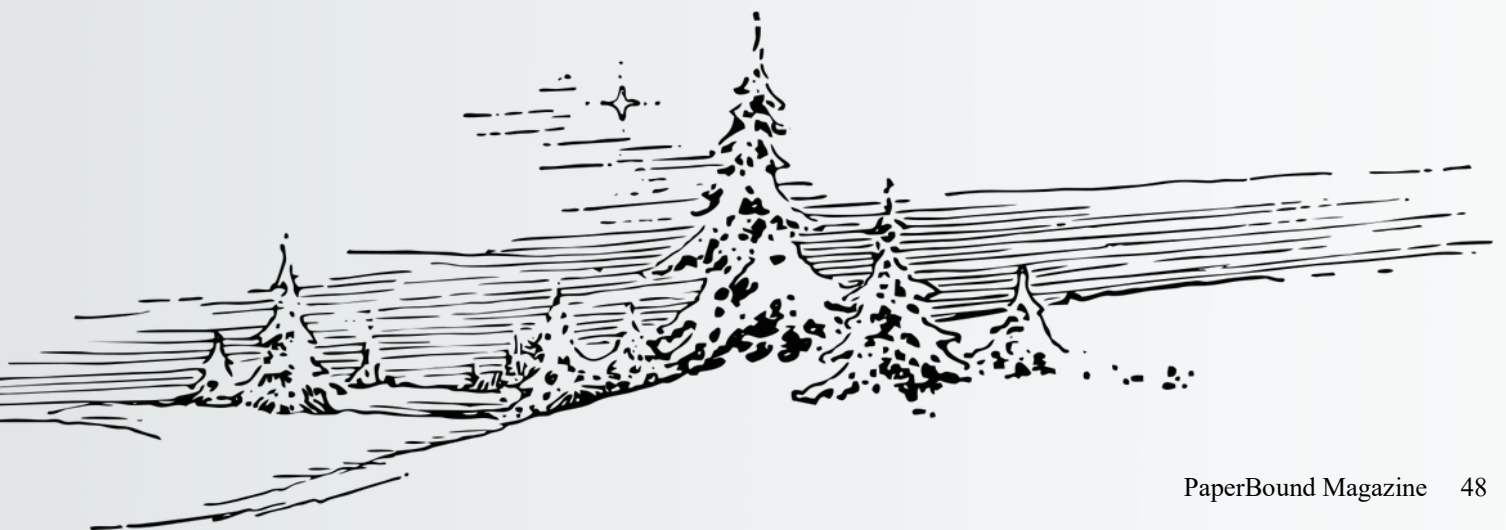
At the end, the sun was passing behind her, hovering on the edge of the



horizon, the landscape all frozen shadow, and there was still no sign of human habitation. Why hadn't she tried the mountains? She could have climbed a tree and rested. Her head was ringing. She had to hold herself upright. If she turned quickly or tilted her neck, the horizon spun round. She couldn't feel her toes or fingers. She knew she should stop and eat more snow, but she feared if she squatted down, she'd tumble over and never get up again. She plodded forward, her legs numb with pain, her head reeling, using the spear as a walking stick.

Occasionally she thought she saw a light, heard a voice, but then it would vanish. She really was imagining things. Maybe everything was in her mind—the snow, the ravenous howls, the endless tundra. All she knew for sure was that she had no compass and night was falling. And the frozen earth was hard as rock—no way to make a snow cave, no wood for a fire. It was then she heard them. Not the long-accustomed desolate howl—rather a chorus of joyous yips and barks.

They'd found her.



She ran, staggering wildly forward, trying to stay upright, as their hungry cries came closer and closer. She felt nothing but ache, saw nothing but grey whirls of snow, heard the eternal wind that grew and grew in her mind with the throbbing beat of her heart. Louder and louder, filling her head, like a relentless engine.

Suddenly she felt a stab of pain, glimpsed the grey mouth clamped on her leg and knew they'd got her. She fell, skidding forward. Immediately she felt a massive weight on her back. She screamed, her head reeling. She couldn't move, spasms of agony in her leg, explosions of noise all around, that screaming roar in her head.

Then, nothing but black.

Bishop opened her eyes. Everything had turned still and white. So, what she'd heard was true—this was what you saw before you died.

Then she became aware of her throbbing leg and pounding head. And something else. That long-familiar hushed vibration underneath her, the smell of disinfectant and filtered air. She closed her eyes, wished she was back in the cabin. Out alone on the tundra, even. Anywhere but here.

“Congratulations, Bishop. The Committee felt that was a pass.” The voice was neutral, impassive.

She turned her head painfully. He was sitting next to her bed. His face, pocked with old acne scars, his green uniform, the pulsing, blueish screen in the upper corner of his wire rim glasses.

“Ingenious to mark the perimeter with urine. Unfortunately, they only respect that if you’ve eaten mice.” He didn’t look at her, didn’t take her hand. It was as though he didn’t even know her.

“What?” Bishop’s throat was painfully dry.

“You have to eat mice—that’s the wolf diet—in the arctic, that is. They smell it in the urine. That’s what keeps them away. I told you that. You didn’t remember?”


She stared at him. “There weren’t any blasted mice.”

“No mice?” He glanced at his watch. “Dear me. I’ll make a note of that.” His left eye flicked left and right, and a miniscule line of text rolled across the lens of his glasses.

Bishop wondered how the Committee would feel if she throttled him.

“In any case, no time for regrets. I suggest you prepare for stage two. You’ll have a week or so for...” He gestured at her injured leg with distaste.

“And then...well, Bishop, we’re hopeful Spring may go a bit better. In the meantime, at least you’ve passed Winter.” He showed his teeth—his version of a smile.

Bishop stared at his yellowed canines. He was mistaken about the mice. It wouldn’t have made any difference. There was no escaping real wolves. 



Why we love *Winter*

It was another difficult decision to pick a winner from our shortlist but, the vivid atmosphere created in *Winter* and the crisp, authentic setting, gripped us all from the start. What could have been a beautiful landscape has been turned into something far more deadly and perilous.

The interpretation of the season and how the tension was maintained throughout was fantastic. We were on the edge of our seat reading it.

Congratulations, Anne!

A little prize will be on its way to you soon.

Anne Manson

Anne has a Masters in Writing for Young People from Bath Spa University. Her first novel, *Lobster Wars*, is a thriller about two boys who find a dead body on a small island off the coast of Maine. Her second, *Dark Sun Rising*, is about a girl accused of murder at the time of the American Revolution.

annemansonauthor.com

Twitter: @AnneManson11



WINTER

★ PaperBound
Recommends

BOOKSHELF



FAMILY

FAMILY

MG

FRIENDSHIP



MG



ACTION

MG

FANTASY



FANTASY

ACTION

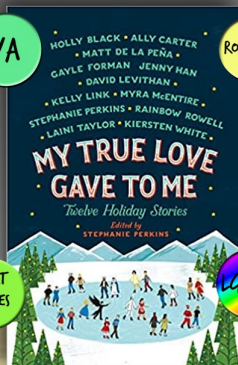
MG



MG

LGBTQ+

ROMANCE



YA

ROMANCE

SHORT STORIES

LGBTQ+



ROMANCE

YA

SUPERNATURAL

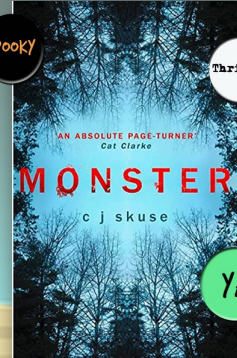
LGBTQ+

SHORT STORIES



FAMILY

YA

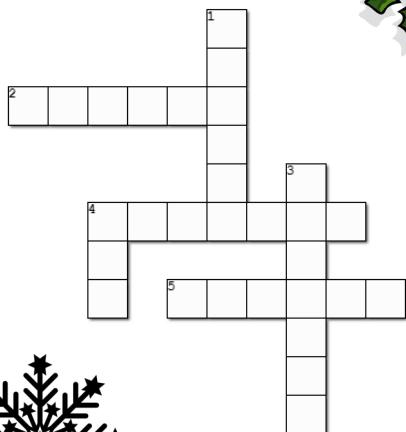


SPOOKY

Thriller

YA

CHRISTMAS QUIZZES



Across

2. What is the title of Damaris Young's new novel? The Creature....
4. Complete the title of Judith Jones's story: One Good Turn Deserves...
5. What is the title of our winning story this issue?

Down

1. Anastasia Gammon wrote a story for our winter issue. Complete the title: Last Night at the Christmas....
3. The first book in Caroline Logan's series is called The Stone of what?
4. The final book of Michelle Kenney's trilogy is called Storm of ... what?



UNSCRAMBLE THE
ANAGRAMS OF THE
BOOKS ON OUR WINTER
BOOKSHELF

OWNS LOAF

ELBOW SONG

HER THORN GLINTS

ANGEL ELF NATIVITY PRESENTS REINDEER SANTA SLEIGH
SNOW STOCKING TREE

FILL IN THE BLANKS AND FIND SANTA'S REINDEER

1. _O_ _T 2. B_ _T_ _ _ 3. _AS_ _R 4. C_ _I_ _

5. D_ _C_ _ 6. _R_ _ _ER 7. _I_ _E_

8. _V_ _O_ _P_ 9. D_ _NN_ _



ANSWERS ON NEXT PAGE

ILLUSTRATION BY THE
BRILLIANT
SHANARAMA!
(SHANA NIEBERG-
SUSCHITZKY)
FIND OUT MORE ABOUT
SHANA ON PAGE 66

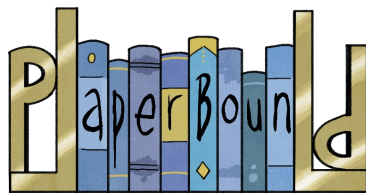


1. In C.S. Lewis's *The Lion the Witch and the Wardrobe*, what food did The White Witch use to tempt Edmund?
2. What book by Louisa M. Alcott begins with the line, 'Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents.'?
3. In the film *Fred Claus*, how is Fred related to Santa?
4. Who wrote the books *The Snowman*, and *Father Christmas*?
5. In *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens, how many ghosts did Scrooge encounter?
6. Complete the title of J.R.R Tolkien's book, '*Letters from _____*'.
7. In Roald Dahl's version of *The Twelve Days of Christmas*, what did my true love give on the third day?
8. In *Home Alone 2* Kevin ends up in New York, but where was he supposed to be travelling?
9. Who wrote *A Child's Christmas in Wales*?
10. In the film *Elf*, what does Buddy put on his spaghetti?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 66

Answers to Quizzes (Page 53-54):
Crossword Across: (2) Keeper (4) Another (5) Winter Down: (1) Market (3) Destiny (4) Ash
Anagrams: 1. Snow Foal 2. Snow Globe 3. Northern Lights
Reindeer: 1. Comet 2. Blitzen 3. Dasher 4. Cupid 5. Dancer 6. Prancer 7. Vixen 8. Rudolph 9. Donner

BORDER DESIGN BY
Rūta Čiutaitė
Find out more on
page 66



WRITING COMPETITION

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

WE ARE THRILLED TO ANNOUNCE PAPERBOUND'S 1ST UK WRITING COMPETITION FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AGED BETWEEN 11-16.

We are looking for writing in the form of **short stories, flash fiction or poetry**, with a maximum word count of **500 words**, no lower limit. The writing should be written by, and aimed at, young people between the ages of **11-16**. We are excited to read a range of writing, so we are leaving the theme up to you. Work must be the entrant's own original work and should not have been published anywhere else. Competition opens 1st December 2020.

ENTRIES WILL BE JUDGED ON:

- Your ideas and how these are organised
 - Your creativity
- The appeal to the reader

We won't be judging you on spelling and punctuation.

If you are shortlisted, we will help get your writing ready for publication.

PRIZES: All shortlisted entries will be printed in our summer issue in June 2021. The winning entry will also receive a £15 book token and other writing and book related goodies.

TO ENTER: complete the below application form and send it along with the entry (word doc only please) to **paperboundmagazine@outlook.com** (form can be scanned or a photo as long as we can clearly read it). Ensure that a parent or guardian has signed the form, and that they send it on behalf of the entrant. Please write **PaperBound Competition** (followed by name of the writer) in the subject line. Competition is **FREE** to enter.

CLOSING DATE: **Midnight Friday 9th April 2021** and is open to UK residents only, aged between 11-16 on the closing date. Any entries received after this date will, unfortunately, not be entered. Shortlisted writers will be informed in May 2021. Winner will be announced in the summer issue of PaperBound.

Name: _____

Title of writing: _____

Age (must be between 11-16 on closing date: April 9th 2021): _____

Parent/ legal guardian name: _____

Parent/ guardian email: _____ (we will use this to contact shortlisted entrants)

Parent/ guardian telephone number: _____

Parent's/ legal guardian's signature: _____

X _____

My parent/ legal guardian consents to my participation in this contest)

The Secret is Weapon PERSEVERANCE

OUR VERY OWN *RAY RHYS PHILLIPS* TELLS US ALL ABOUT THEIR WRITING JOURNEY AND HOW THE SECRET TO WRITING SUCCESS IS NEVER GIVING UP

When I was eight, I wanted to be the youngest person ever to be published. It was something I thought I could easily do, because I was completing book after book after book. Granted, they were about five pages long, stapled together in the middle by my dad's fancy office stapler, and encroached on some copyright law with characters like Tracey Beaker and Spyro the Dragon making an appearance. I loved the feeling of creating stories.

There are certain milestones in a writer's career that makes them sit back and think, "Wow, I've done it." Maybe that's finishing a novel for the first time and seeing the complete word count on the word document. Maybe it's getting an agent. Or maybe it's when you see the cover of your first published book.

For years, I yearned to find that same feeling of accomplishment I'd had every time I "published" one of my books as a child.

The first time I finished writing a (full length?) book, I was sixteen. It stood at an impressive (for me at the time) fifty thousand words. The loopholes needed to be stitched up, my editing skills were not quite there yet, but I knew to go over it

and make it better. At the same time, I was picking A Levels, and I was determined to do English Lit because of my good



GCSE results.

My first hurdle came from a particularly stuffy English tutor. She was not kind on the class: a bunch of teenagers who loved to read but then were told to analyse Shakespeare (I like Shakespeare, but she wanted proper textbook answers to

her questions and not any new ideas).

When I got a D for the AS level and an A for history, I thought my path was diverging. I tried to write while doing my A levels, but I went down a route of reading history books instead of fiction (which is not a bad thing, history is very inspirational.)

A levels came and went, and I applied for university courses that were not Creative Writing. All but one of my results were good, and that was enough to get rejections and an invitation to go through clearing. When you're a writer, you have to get used to rejections happening all the time, and even though each one stings, you learn to bounce back. This was my first one in a way, setting me up for the future.

I remembered a course that had grabbed my attention, even before the AS level result. Creative Writing at Bath Spa. It was perfect. I phoned up and asked about it, saying I wanted to do the joint honours with history, and just like that I was on it. I don't know if my history A level grade was what did it, but I had a place at university, and part of it included creative writing!

At the time, I felt like I'd made it.

During the Christmas holidays of my third year, I found out that there was new funding for a Masters, which was perfect timing. The MA in Writing for Young People called to me. I went for the interview and I got it! I felt unstoppable, like being a writer was just within my grasp.

This is when I entered the adult world of publishing properly. Most of my

*“WHEN OTHER PEOPLE
STARTED GETTING INTEREST, I
GOT SAD.”*

peers from the MA were older, had experienced more, and even tried to publish in the past. Some had already done so.

When it was my time to send my manuscript out, I was using what I'd learned over four and a half years of education on the subject to good use, writing out a synopsis and agent letters and polishing up my manuscript. There was an event coming up for the release of Torchlight Anthology, the work of all the students collectively together in one amazing volume. Some agents would be sent invites, and we could meet them, rub elbows with the greats.

When other people started getting interest, I got sad.

This felt like the next big wall in front of me. The launch night came and went. I sent the first three chapters out to people. I did this for the rest of the year.

Nothing.

I must have reread and rewrote that book so many times. I was determined to get there, for people to see its worth, contrary to the tears and hidden jealousy my housemate witnessed. The winter of 2018 I submitted the book into the Bath

Children's Novel Award.

My last push of optimism for this book. But of course, it didn't get through.

There was a small period after Christmas where I was sure I was going to give it up finally. I even looked up how to become a teacher in the hopes I could get on a teacher training course for the next year. But, and I'm sure some of you writers have had this moment, an idea started to form in my head, something that was making me itch for the keyboard. I'd already written the opening chapter during my attempts at NaNoWriMo (National Novel Writing Month) that November and I finally knew how I was going to continue. I had some holiday to claim from work before the end of March, so for two weeks at the end of

February, I wrote.

And wrote, and wrote.

The novel was finished by the end of the holiday.

I'd used all the skills I'd learned, all the tricks in planning and pacing that I had never had the chance to implement from the beginning of a project before. I tried to get people to proofread it but most people were busy or could only do a little, but it was ok, because I knew how to edit my

own work now. I sent this new book out, wounds aching from previous rejections, knowing that I shouldn't get too hopeful.

And that's when the first author milestone happened. I got a full manuscript request. My mind was blown. That was something that actually happened to people? I was so, so, so excited. My warnings to myself about not getting my hopes up were out the window.

The ending to that little tale is that it was rejected in the end, but the sting of that rejection was both the worst to feel in the moment and the easiest to bounce back from. After my treat-yourself meal of Chinese takeaway was eaten, I couldn't help thinking: if I did that once, I can do it again.

*“AN IDEA STARTED TO FORM
IN MY HEAD. SOMETHING THAT
WAS MAKING ME ITCH FOR
THE KEYBOARD”*

I did do it again. As well as the immediate passes, I got two more full requests before a rejection. I was tweaking my synopsis here and there, but overall, I was as proud of my work as I was the first time I sent it.

The fourth full request from was from an agency in America, who I had found out about on Twitter. With all publishing things, I had assumed that it was taking a long time for her to come to a decision or to even read it. That first week of January 2020 was when it finally happened. When I checked my email and saw that I'd finally had an offer of representation.

While I'm writing this for the winter issue at the end of October, I'm waiting for my book to be picked up by a publisher. The submission stage is the second longest agonising wait of the process, it seems. At the end of what is probably one of the worst years in recent times, I think it's important to also consider and reflect on personal goals and achievements. For me, that was this year. For some of you, the

thing you're starting this month could be what makes your year next year or the year after that!

I think about the mix of luck and hard work that has got me to this point. Most people don't mention it, but most books have so many rejections before they are published. The two books I've written probably have about 150 rejections between

them. Some people will have more, some will have less. But my advice to people reading this is: I hope you never give up.

Whether you're in school, in the midst of writing a book, trying to get noticed, waiting for a response, doubting yourself... you will meet people along the way who don't get you or your story. But, there will always be someone who does. Write for them. And for you.

Just keep going. 📖

If you've been inspired by Ray's story, or anything else in our magazine, we'd love to hear from you. Email us at paperboundmagazine@outlook.com



**"It was a tiny
gruesome seed that
lodged in my head,
and stayed with me
for nearly 20 years,
before it grew into
a trilogy."**



Michelle Kenney

PaperBound spoke to *Michelle Kenney* about
her YA *Book of Fire* trilogy.

Tell us a little about *The Book of Fire* Trilogy.

The Book of Fire YA fantasy trilogy follows wild girl Talia, surviving as a hunter-gatherer in a treehouse village valley, after a biochemical Great War has destroyed most of the world. The story focuses on two communities: a sealed off scientific population who believe the outside world to be poisoned, and a treehouse-dwelling community of foragers who believe they are the only Great War survivors - until a chance encounter changes everything...

The trilogy is rich in Roman mythology, science and history, with plenty of romance thrown in for good measure. The action is also set in and around a war-torn ruined Exeter! Often dubbed '*The Hunger Games* meets *Mythology*,' or '*Percy Jackson* meets *The Bone Season*'.

The series has strong themes and raises questions about the frequent conflict between nature and science.

Inspiration for the series grew from a visit to the Colosseum in Rome where they were burning torches of lavender at the end of every stand. The tour guide explained it was an authentic detail from the real gladiatorial games, where the scent was used to cover the scent of bloodshed. It was a tiny gruesome seed

that lodged in my head, and stayed with me for nearly 20 years, before it grew into a trilogy.

How important is setting to you and your books?

I deliberately chose Exeter for my setting because I wanted the landscape to be local and recognisable - partly because I like to ground my fantasy in a little reality, and partly because Exeter has a deep vein of Roman history I knew I could tap into

and use. I love living in Devon and feel very lucky to have the moor, coast and historical cities like Exeter on my doorstep for inspiration.

As the trilogy progressed, I realised readers were enjoying the local setting as much as I was enjoying writing it, and it inspired

me to research and include more local history and landmarks. These included the ruined Roman bathhouse beneath Cathedral Green, which I deliberately used as a backdrop to action in *City of Dust*, and of course Exeter City's famous underground passages.

Do you think dystopian fiction is on the rise again?

I think dystopian fiction is always bubbling away beneath the surface. Unfortunately, it's not difficult to imagine a dystopian world given recent world events, and this adds a factor of

What was the last book you read, and really enjoyed, for young people?

Noughts and Crosses by Malorie Blackman - Young Adult

Into the Jungle by Katherine Rundell - Middle Grade (8-12)

relatability at the moment too. *The Book of Fire* series imagines a world after a devastating Great War, and I've been surprised by the number of readers who've been in touch to say how the setting feels a little too raw and realistic to be entirely comfortable. However, this is a real measure of its success for me.

Book of Fire's core themes: *science vs nature, history vs future* and *questioning if we should, just because we can* underpin the whole series; and every reader who reviews or gets in contact to say Talia represents so much more than a wild girl in a recovering world, makes me very happy.

What dystopian novels do you love?

So many! *The Bone Season* series, *The Handmaid's Tale*, *The Hunger Games*, *1984*, *Divergent*, but perhaps the most influential for me was Robert C. O'Brien's *Z for Zachariah*.

Z for Zachariah was the very first dystopian novel I ever read at the influential age of 13, and at that time it felt as though it changed everything. Before then, I'd read a usual range of popular childhood authors including C.S Lewis, Ursula Le Guin, Anne McCaffrey, Enid Blyton and Ruby Ferguson. But this one story turned everything on its head - a reimagining of a world after an apocalyptical war, where the race for survival is uppermost and no-one is who they seem, felt so exciting and unique. Afterwards, I actively sought books that

gave that same thrill. I think part of the reason I love YA fantasy, is that it's brave and unafraid of taking chances or asking the difficult questions.

Could you tell us a little about your writing journey?

I always scribbled stories as a child, and even had some short stories published in my local newspaper as a teenager/adult; however I didn't start writing seriously until a traumatic event relating to the birth of my second child. While I always nursed secret hopes of getting published 'one day', the event was a wake-up call - a reminder that none of us are here forever, and fulfilling ambitions takes time and stamina! So I started writing seriously.

My first novel got an agent, but no deal. That same agent closed her business after a year, but by that point I had a second novel 'Genetica' and received four offers of representation within a week.

The initial feedback from publishers was great, but dystopia wasn't in vogue and it went on the back burner while we worked on my next novel. Then, just as we were about to submit the new novel, a trilogy offer came in from HarperCollins HQ, a full twelve months after the original book was submitted! It was the most exciting moment of my writing journey.

Genetica became *Book of Fire*, the first book in the trilogy.

If you could share one piece of writing advice with our readers, what would it be?


**Believe in your voice,
everyone else's is taken.**

How valuable was it to have people to
— share your writing with?

Looking back, enrolling in the 2015 Curtis Brown Writing for Young Adults/Children course was one of the most valuable steps in my writing journey. More importantly than the writing wisdom and wizardry - though with Catherine Johnson as course leader there was plenty of that - I met a brilliant bunch of like-minded people who became the best friends and support network a writer could want.



What's your favourite ever book for young people?

Too hard! I do remember reading *The Lion*, *The Witch* and *The Wardrobe* very vividly, and being absolutely filled with wonder that someone had written a door to another world through the back of a wardrobe. It felt as though they'd read my mind, and heard the questions I whispered to myself when the lights were out. It still captures that essence of childhood magic for me. 

Five years later we're still in daily contact, sharing and supporting the highs and lows of each other's journeys and lives. Some of us have agents and deals, some of us don't, but it doesn't matter because no-one's success impinges anyone else's, and everyone's journey offers a chance to learn.

One of my cohort, Stuart White, started the hugely successful #WriteMentor, the online, accessible, support network for published and unpublished writers alike.



The *Book of Fire* Trilogy is published by HarperCollins HQ Stories and is available now!

CHECK OUT MICHELLE'S WRITING CHALLENGE ON THE NEXT PAGE

Michelle Kenney

Michelle is a firm believer in magic, and that ancient doorways to other worlds can still be found if we look hard enough. She is also a hopeless scribbleaholic and, when left to her own devices, likes nothing better than to dream up new fantasy worlds in the back of a dog-eared notebook. Doctors say they're unlikely to find a cure any time soon.

The Book of Fire trilogy is published by HarperCollins HQStories and is available globally now (in English). The final book in the trilogy, *Storm of Ash*, was released earlier this year.

Michelle is represented by Northbank Talent Management, and loves chatting all things book-related here: Twitter: @mkenneypr Instagram: @mich_kenneyauthor Facebook: [BookofFireMK](https://www.facebook.com/BookofFireMK)

www.michellekenney.co.uk

Michelle Kenney's WRITING CHALLENGE



'there was something in Lake's Serpentine eyes that reached back through the dust, to a time when myth and reality were separated by the thinnest of veils.'

*The Book of Fire series is full of Roman myths and legends! **If you could recreate a beast of myth and legend, what would you create?** What strengths/skills would it have and why?*

Expand this into a map of your own mythical world. Where does your creature live? Who else lives there? Think about setting/time and add as much 'world detail' as you can.

We'd love to see what you come up with. Send your creations here:

paperboundmagazine@outlook.com.

★ MEET THE ILLUSTRATORS

★ SHIRLEY SHELBY

Winner

Instagram:
@picbook_illustrations

Shirley Shelby is a children's book illustrator and letterer. She usually works digitally these days using Photoshop or Procreate but also likes to hand draw her illustrations from time to time as well. She has taken several courses in illustration and design and loves to inspire others with her work. She especially loves illustrating animals and nature. Shirley illustrated the cover and contents page. We loved her designs so much, that she has also been chosen as this issue's winner!

Congratulations!

A little prize is on its way



★ Shana Nieberg-Suschitzky (Shanarama)

Shana is an illustrator and writer of stories for both younger and older children. She loves the light, whilst also being drawn to the dark side of storytelling. Shana studied Architecture and worked in the Film and TV world, so she always looks to create a strong narrative in her images, with lots of drama, a sprinkling of humour and told in a well-designed setting. Shana illustrated our Quizzes page this issue.

<https://shanarama.co.uk>

Instagram: @shanaramadesigns

Twitter: @Mumma_Penguin



★ Rūta Čiutaitė Blue Rue Designs

Rūta is a freelance illustrator living half in Cornwall, UK and half in Kaunas, Lithuania. She's a proud cat mama and avid plant curator. Always looking for the next thing to draw.

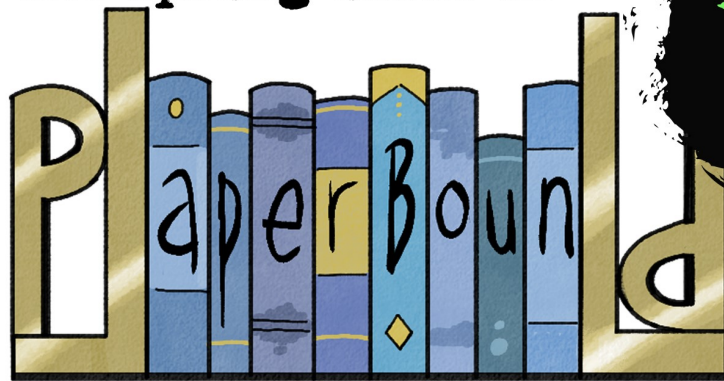
Rūta illustrated *One Good Turn Deserves Another*, *Christmas Trivia* and *Fairy Tales: why are they so important?*

Instagram: @blue_rue_designs
Behance: blueruedesigns
Etsy: blueruedesigns.etsy.com



IF YOU'RE AN ILLUSTRATOR AND WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOUR ART IN A FUTURE ISSUE,
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For the young, and the young at heart



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Author Interviews

Writing Tips



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