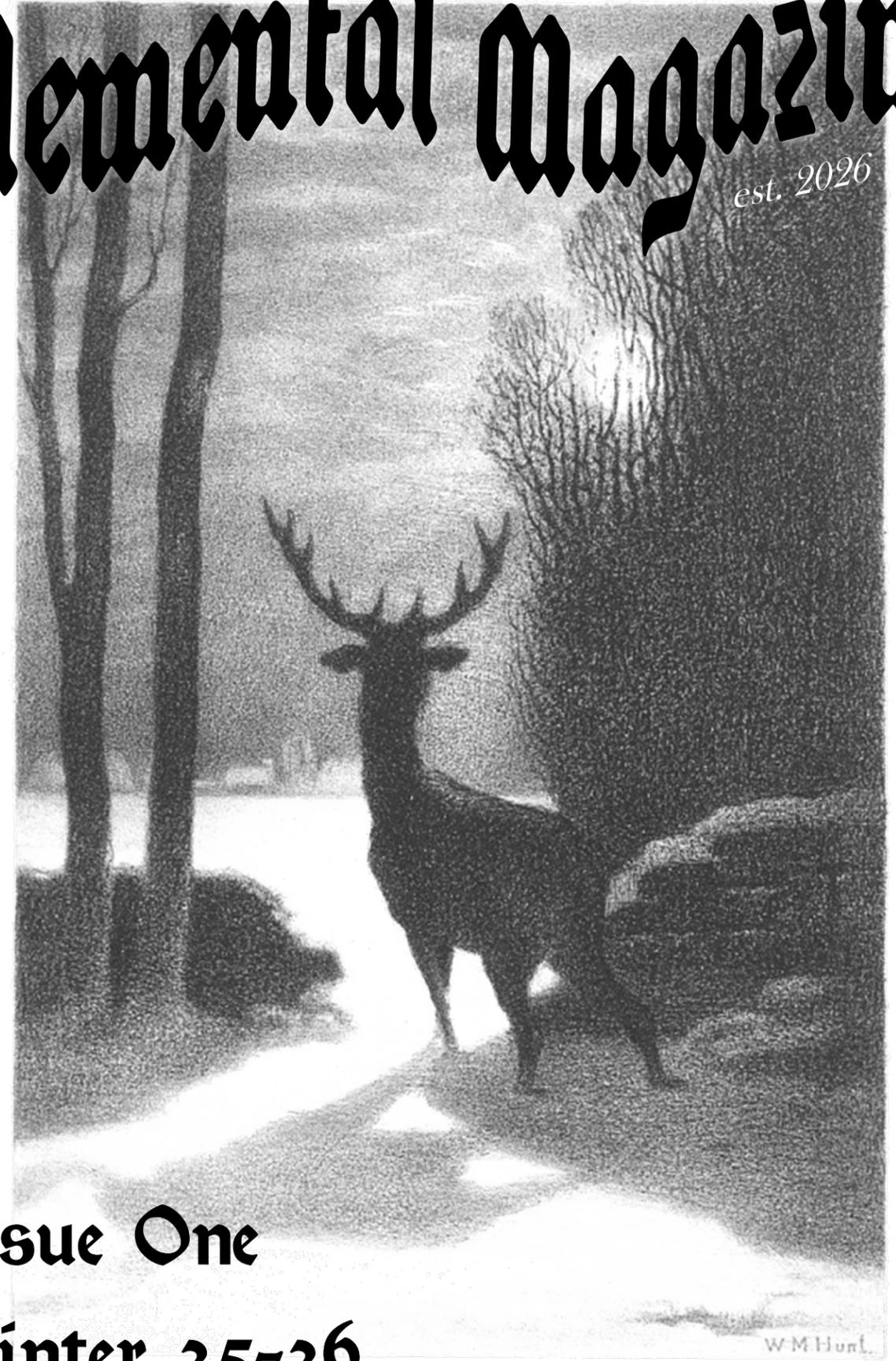


This zine is dedicated to Madeline Moore, a vibrant and creative woman who is missed every day.

1998-2025

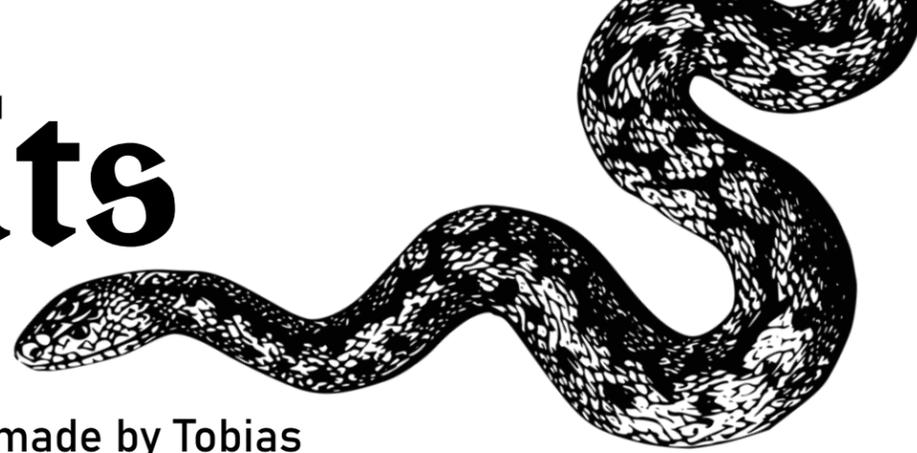
Elemental Magazine

est. 2026



Issue One
Winter 25-26

Credits



This Zine is made by Tobias Winifred Hawthorn, a local Kentucky artist. They made everything, including the puzzles, in a combination of Excel and Publisher.

Images were sourced from the Smithsonian open access catalog, other public domain websites, and some things were drawn by hand and scanned. The cover image is Stag in the Moonlight by William Morris Hunt in 1857.

The idea behind Elemental Magazine is simple- each season is a theme, each issue a small break from the mundanity of the world. Have fun, do the puzzles, learn a new game! This is the first issue and a bit of an experiment, so please reach out if you hated it OR like it! I wanna hear what you think!

You can make a zine too! All you need is an idea and the willingness to fuck up!

Some other stuff you might want to check out:

The Red Quarter, a monthly communist gaming zine.

The Paper Rag, a monthly Canadian zine by mail created by Blue Jay Walker.

And my website, puzzlesportfolio.neocities.org I make handmade puzzles, coloring pages, and zines!

Opinions? Puzzles? Art? Just want to chat?

Email blubuzz89@gmail.com!

Submissions cannot be over 500 words.

There is no payment, this zine will not be sold for profit. Most likely, you won't get famous. :-) It's just for fun!

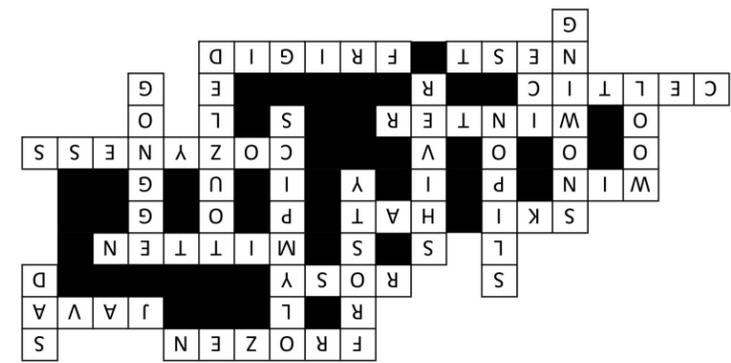
SUPER Grief kitty #01 - Hydrate!



ANSWERS!

A O C P B T M E Z G R T Q I H V D S B F
M K S E N L O A O M U A U K W C M E P I
F L U R R Y O V D Z B H I A E U S O B V
U G A Y A D Z R X A E F K V K I Z W N X E
S I E M I X E D B O L Y P C A U E S K L
E A H A F S B A F E I O G E Q A O K E
Y O B W C R K Y L Z D O N H D M T I L A
M Z R L E Q S C A R F L J E S C E B S O
W S O W V T P Z B S P K A C K W R O N L
B D P C O C O A I C O S W I T E X A R D
A I B W C Z I R M K K O T Y U A U B F Y E
E G A O R F B O H L A E N O U G A H K
A I B W C Z I R M K K O T Y U A U B F Y E
C V J O S S E N K R A D E R G O W K A Y
R E H A U W S K I E F N P C G G E R H U
F A T K E C O U A H P G A M N A L P C V
V I I N T E R I L N Z S Z I I V E R P
Y H Q U R A I N K R F D G J D M H L W Q
N S E X A N D O P F M V O K E W U I A U
X K W E C K B T A O N V N L M D V T
E Y V A U G O R E H T E E L S M H P S O
H S C W M W I F A V Y F S V E A R J F B

2. Frostbite
1. An Envelope
Riddles!





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Spellbound

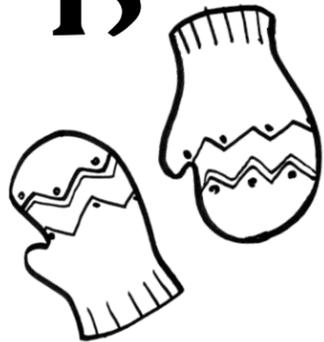
Emily Brontë

The night is darkening
round me,
The wild winds coldly blow;
But a tyrant spell has
bound me
And I cannot, cannot go.
The giant trees are bending
Their bare boughs weighed
with snow.

And the storm is fast
descending,
And yet I cannot go.
Clouds beyond clouds
above me,
Wastes beyond wastes
below;
But nothing drear can move
me;
I will not, cannot go.

BHIZLWZ RWA BORA BORASWERCUC

A O C P B T M E Z G R T Q I H V D S B F
M K S E N L O A O M U A U K W C M E P I
F L U R R Y O V D Z B H I A E U S O B V
U G A Y D Z R X A E F K V K I Z W N X E
S I E M I X E D B O L Y P C A U E S K L
E A H A G F S B A F E I O G E Q A O K E
Y O B W C R K Y L Z D O N H D M T I L A
W Z R L E Q S C A R F L J E S C E B S O
M S O W V T P Z B S P K A C K W R O N L
B D P C O C O A I C O S W I T E X A R D
E G A O R F B O H L A E N O U Q G A H K
A I B W C Z I R M K O T Y U A U B F Y E
C V J O S S E N K R A D E R G O W K A Y
R E H A U W S K I E F N P C G G E R H U
F A T K E C O U A H P G A M N A L P C V
V I I W I N T E R I L N Z S Z I I V E R P
Y H Q U R A I N K R F D G J D M H L W Q
E U L S L U S H Y D V W L Z D F A E O N
N S E X A N D O P F M V O K E W U I A U
X K W H E C K B T A O N V N L N M D V T
E Y V A U G O R E H T E E L S M H P S O
H S C W M W I F A V Y F S V E A R J F B



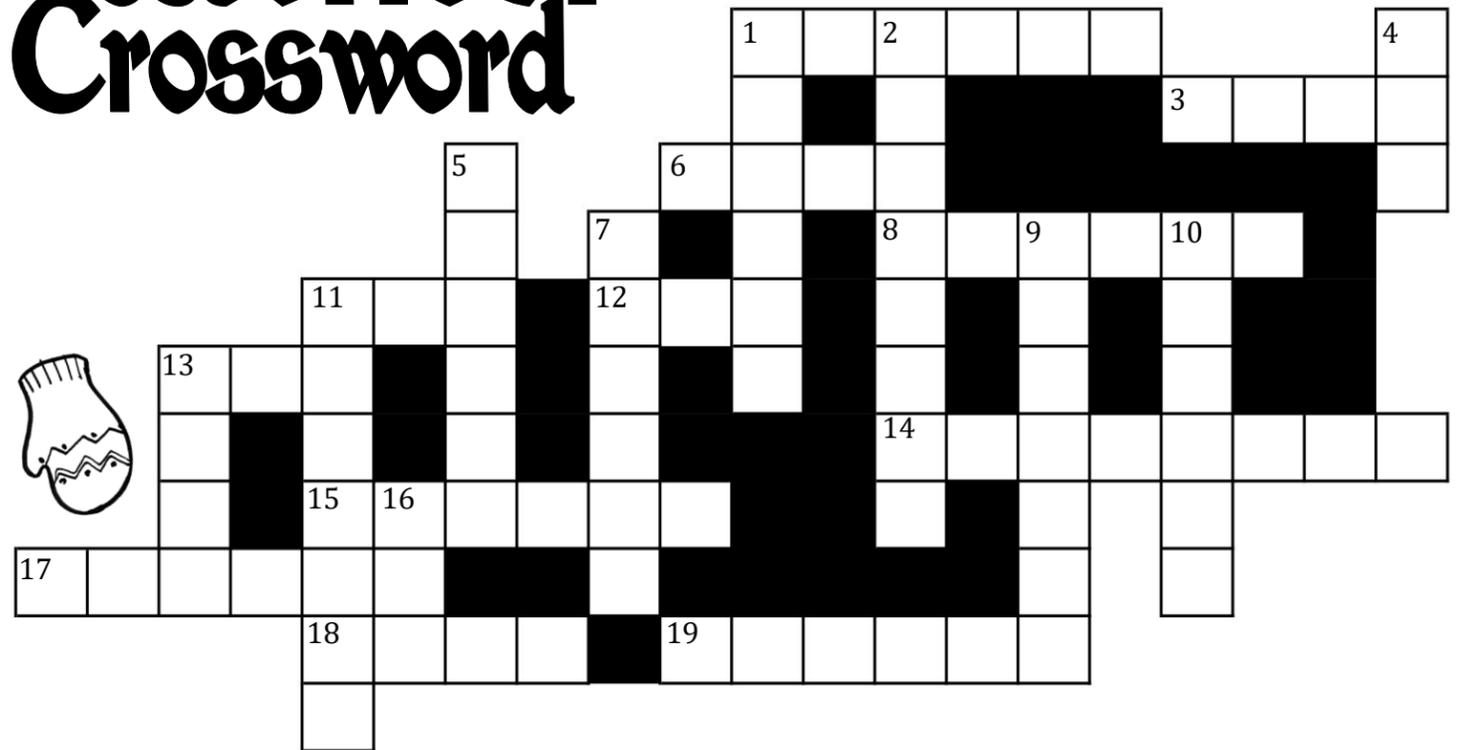
- Winter
- Snowflake
- Sweater
- Boots
- Gloves
- Hat

- Scarf
- Ice
- Darkness
- Sledding
- Cocoa
- Flurry

- Cozy
- Snuggle
- Sleet
- Slush
- Husky

How many extra words can you find?

Winter Crossword



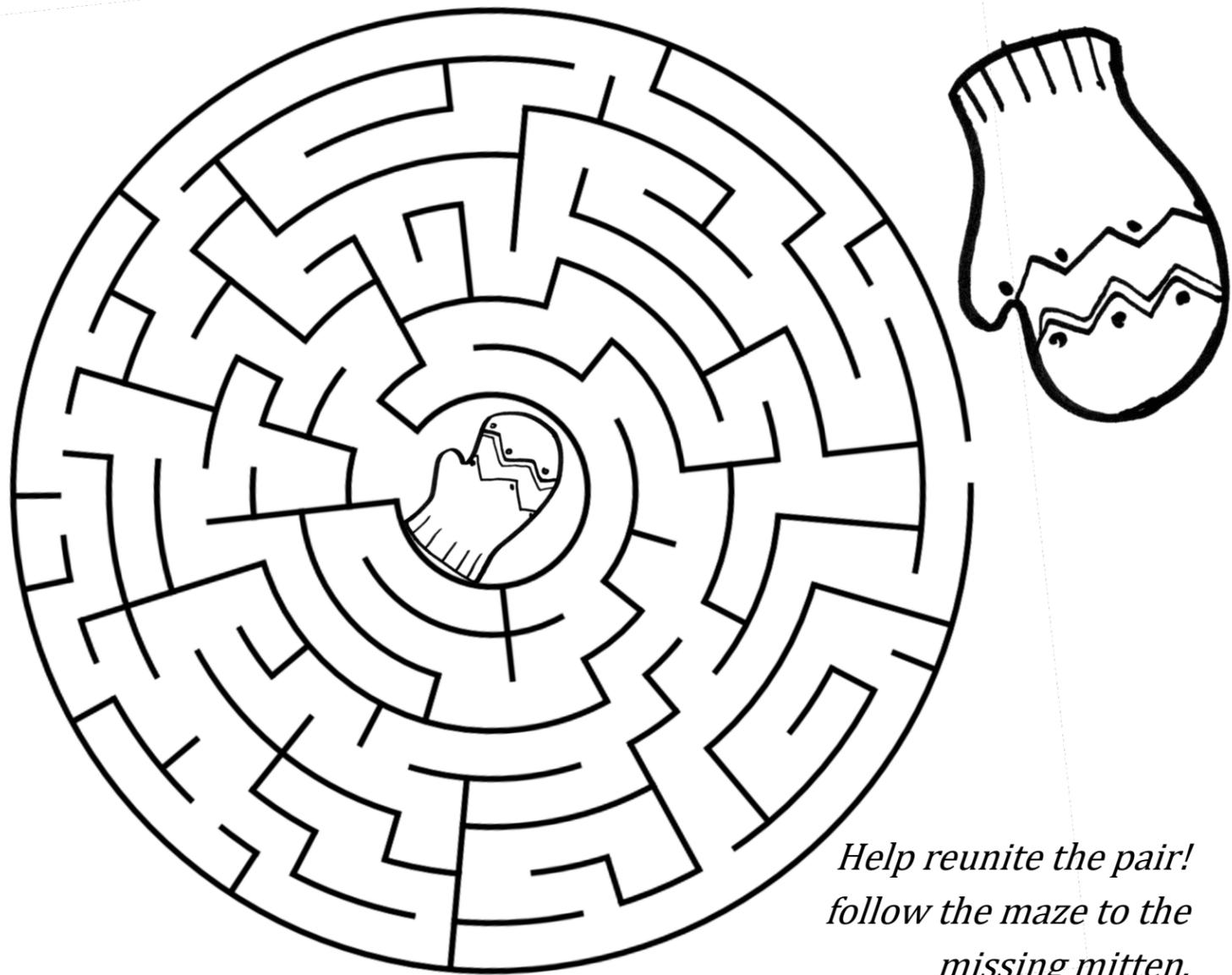
Across

1. Let it go!
3. Language and hot beverage.
6. Like Santa's cheeks.
8. Hand warmer.
11. Succeed.
12. Head covering.
13. Popular Wintertime sport.
14. A feeling of comfort.
15. title of the puzzle.
17. Samhain is considered the beginning of Winter in this tradition.
18. A home, for some.
19. Standoffish.

Down

1. A famous snowman
2. 1924 was the first year of this winter game.
4. Lack of sunlight can lead to this condition.
5. Get into.
7. Reaction to the cold.
9. "Hat hair"
10. Classic Christmas drink.
11. Coming down in flakes.
13. Natural insulator.
16. Do away with.





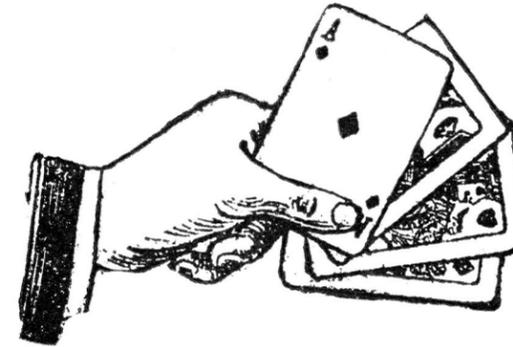
*Help reunite the pair!
follow the maze to the
missing mitten.*

Riddles!

What starts with an E, ends with an E, but only contains one letter?

What Bites with no teeth?

How to play: Old Maid



Old maid is a classic card game of deception and quick thinking. The object of the game is to make pairs, matching by number and color, and avoid being left with

the “old maid” (the queen without a match). It can be played with as little as two players, but is more fun with at least three.

To start, find one of the four queens in a standard 72 card deck and remove it. Then shuffle the deck and deal each card evenly. From there, players take turns picking a card from another players hand, making red or black pairs. If the player has three of a kind, they may make one pair, with one card left over. The loser is the player left with the old maid at the end.

A lot of the fun of the game comes from when you pick a card from another players hand. Trying to fake out your friends can be a real challenge, especially as the number of cards dwindles.



If you have more than 4 players, try adding a second deck!

You can also buy or make your own deck! Drawing your own designs can make the deck feel more personal, or even just imagining personalities for all the different cards! Could the spade queen and the heart queen be friends?



Yuki Onna

a Japanese folktale

Taken from the public domain



In the small village of Hoi lived a man named Kyuzaemon. He was poor, and doubly unfortunate in having lost both his son and his wife. He led a lonely life.

One winter a tremendous snowstorm came on. Kyuzaemon closed the shutters and made himself as comfortable as he could. Towards eleven o'clock at night he was awakened by a peculiar rapping at his door. Kyuzaemon sat up in bed and looked towards the door. The rapping came again, and with it the gentle voice of a girl. Thinking that it might be one of his neighbor's children wanting help, Kyuzaemon jumped out of bed; but when he got to the door the Voice and rapping came again and he sprang back with a cry: 'Who are you? What do you want?' 'Open the door! Open the door!' came the voice from outside.

'Open the door! Is that likely until I know who you are and what you are doing out so late and on such a night?'

'But you must let me in. How can I proceed farther in this deep snow? I do not ask for food, but only for shelter.'

'I am very sorry; but I have no quilts or bedding. I can't possibly let you stay in my house.'

'I don't want quilts or bedding, – only shelter,' pleaded the voice, but Kyuzaemon merely rebarred his door with a strong piece of wood, never once having ven-

tured to open a crack in the shutters to see who his visitor might be. As he turned towards his bed, with a shudder he beheld the figure of a woman standing beside it, clad in white, with her hair down her back. She had not the appearance of a ghost; her face was pretty, and she seemed to be about twenty-five years of age. Kyuzaemon, taken by surprise and very much alarmed, called out:

'Who and what are you, and how did you get in? Where did you leave your shoes?'

'I can come in anywhere when I choose,' said the figure, 'and I am the woman you would not let in. I require no shoes; for I whirl along over the snow, sometimes even flying through the air. I am on my way to visit the next village; but the wind is against me. That is why I wanted you to let me rest here. If you will do so I shall start as soon as the wind goes down; in any case I shall be gone by the morning.'

'I should not so much mind letting you rest if you were an ordinary woman. I should, in fact, be glad; but I fear spirits greatly, as my forefathers have done,' said Kyuzaemon.

'Be not afraid. You have a butsudana*?' said the figure.

'Yes, I have a butsudana,' said Kyuzaemon; 'but what would you want to do with that?'



'You say you are afraid of the spirits, of the effect that I may have upon you. I wish to pay my respects to your ancestors' tablets and assure their spirits that no ill shall befall you through me. Will you open and light the butsudana?'

'Yes,' said Kyuzaemon, with fear and trembling: 'I will open the butsudana, and light the lamp. Please pray for me as well, for I am an unfortunate and unlucky man; but you must tell me in return who and what spirit you are.'

'You want to know much; but I will tell you,' said the spirit. 'I believe you are a good man. My name was Oyasu. I am the daughter of Yazaemon, who lives in the next village. My father, as perhaps you may have heard, is a farmer, and he adopted into his family, and as a husband for his daughter, Isaburo. Isaburo is a good man; but on the death of his wife, last year, he forsook his father-in-law and went back to his old home. It is principally for that reason that I am about to seek and remonstrate with him now.'

'Am I to understand,' said Kyuzaemon, 'that the daughter who was married to Isaburo was the one who perished in the snow last year?'

'Yes: that is right,' said the spirit. 'I was Oyasu, the wife of Isaburo, who perished now a year ago in the great snowstorm, of which to-morrow will be the anniversary.' Kyuzaemon, with trembling hands, lit the lamp in the little butsudana. When this was done he saw the figure of the Yuki Onna advance; but there was no sound of footsteps as she glided to the altar.

Kyuzaemon retired to bed, where he promptly fell asleep; but shortly afterwards he was disturbed by the voice of the woman bidding him farewell. Before he had time to sit up she disappeared, leaving no sign; the fire still burned in the butsudana.

Kyuzaemon got up at daybreak, and went to the next village to see Isaburo, whom he found living with his father-in-law, Yazaemon.

'Yes,' said Isaburo: 'it was wrong of me to leave my late wife's father when she died, and I am not surprised that on cold nights when it snows I have been visited continually by my wife's spirit as a reproof. Early this morning I saw her again, and I resolved to return. I have only been here two hours as it is.'

*A traditional Buddhist shrine