

Want a chance to be featured in the next issue?

We're acknowledging *Mental Health Awareness Month* and want you to share your stories, photos, artwork, and poems that highlight mental health issues. Our editorial board will select *one written work and one visual work* to be featured in the May Issue.

Submission Policy and Information

Thanks for submitting your work for publication in the BPL TEEN ZINE! This is a safe, creative space for you to show off your work. Please follow the below guidelines:

*Teens only (age 13-18)

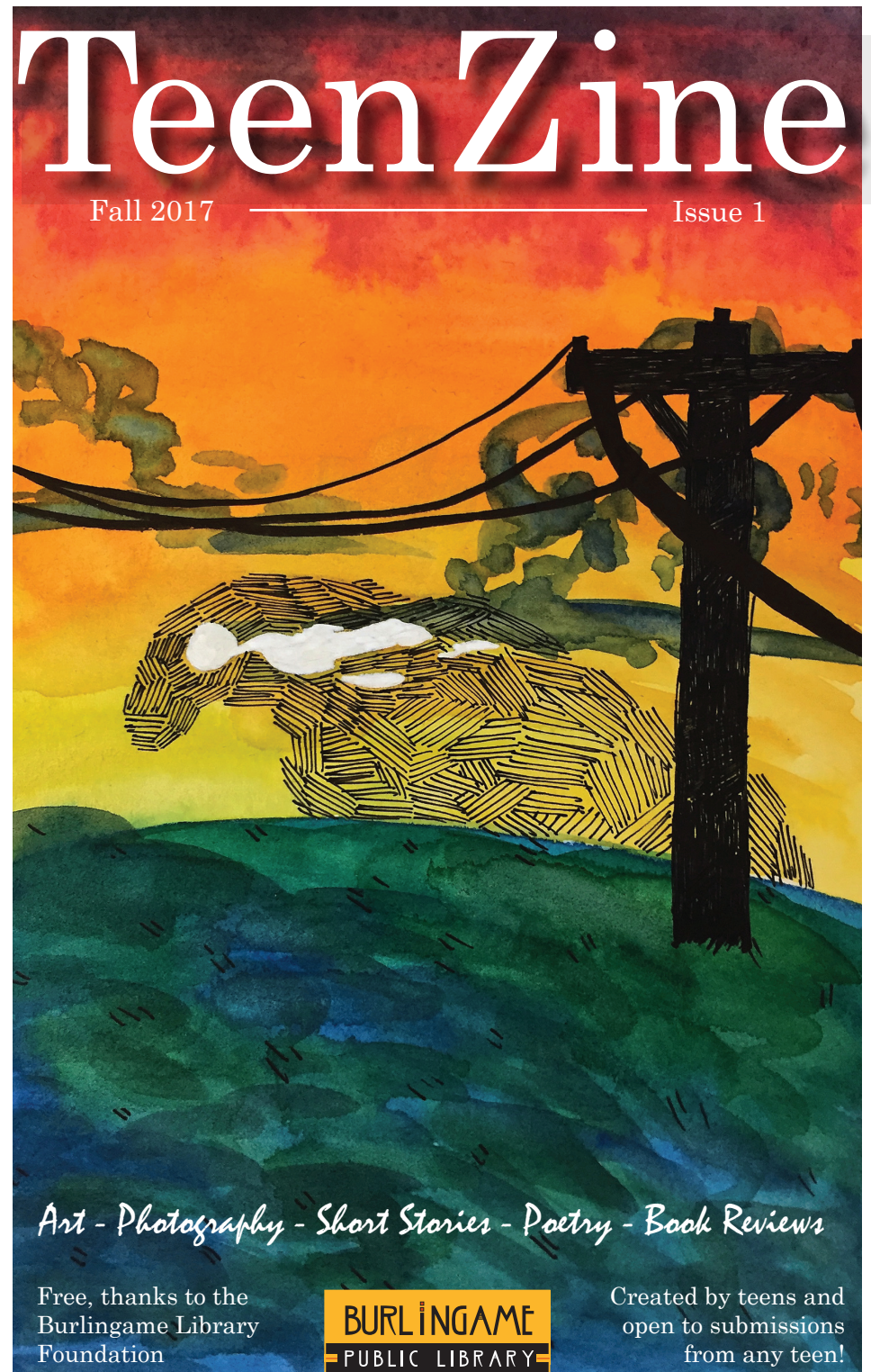
*Photos and art need to be high resolution if digital (minimum 200 dpi).

*1,000 word MAXIMUM for short stories.

*All attachments (the actual submission) must be emailed to Kim: day@plsinfo.org OR submitted in person to the Burlingame Library Children's Desk (480 Primrose Rd.)

*Please keep in mind the zine will be published and available for the public. We reserve the right to edit for length.

*Submissions will NOT be accepted if they include hate speech, slander, bullying, copyright infringement, or plagiarism.



Zine Staff

Kim Day - Teen librarian at the Burlingame Public Library, lover of animals, social justice, art, and literature.

Stella Lorence - Stella Lorence is a senior at Burlingame High School. She designs layouts and illustrations for The Burlingame B as well as the Teen Zine. In her free time, she enjoys playing with her dogs and spending time with her friends.

Nicole Chan - Nicole Chan is a sophomore at Burlingame High School. She helps create the BPL Teen Zine and serves on the TAB. In her free time, she likes to read and spend time with her family.

Table of Contents

Short Story **3** "Bonding Time, Redefined"

"Nobody Wins" **6** *Short Story*

Art Spread **8** Photos, digital art, and more!

"The Rose" **10** *Poetry*

Poetry **13** "The Labyrinth of Whispers"

Your Love

By Lucy Wetherall

Your love is a cut on the wrist
-a slap to the face
Red velvet curtains closing-
"Ladies and gentleman, please return to your seats in fifteen minutes."
You want me to change the steps to my life's variation.
I am Coppelia, your wind-up-doll, your promise, your pleases and thank yous;
I am your younger, your older, the weeping willow bowed to the ground so it may please the sky.

Your love is a tender devotion, a tenuous oath.
Your love is my wrongs righted,
an imprint of my handmade garrote,
My blazing verisimilitude-it is true because I know it and I feel it in my bones.

I am your crumbling pillar of strength, your Atlas with osteoporosis, your morals seeping into my blood.

Listen to my anger. Listen to my self-reproach-
I take it back.
You don't get my despair, my smallness. I will lock it in a cage and swallow the key before you see me cry.

Listen to my righteousness.

Today I am my own validation.
Today I choose uncertainty- my children named after someone new.
Today I choose your love because my skin has hardened and my pores absorbed your pain.

Today I am a sure footed step in the right direction, black leather boots as my armor.
One inch over the finish line, and darling, darling, I'll try not to be smug when I say it-
But darling,
I win.

Keep up with the Teen Zine!



Burlingame Public Library



@480primrose



@480primroseteens

Online:

Found under the "Teen" tab of the Burlingame Public Library's website.
- "The Wolf" - a short story by Xavier Nelson
- Review of *Deception's Princess*, a book by Esther Friesner. Review by librarian Kim Day.



Art by Tegan Alberts

Bonding Time, Redefined

By Emily Kam

I slapped my iPhone 5 down on the couch in disgust.

“I hate you, you flapping bird!” I screamed at it.

“Calm down, Zoe,” my mother said absentmindedly, her iPad casting a beautiful glow on her face.

“Yeah – ooh, I just earned 6,000 coins, Nina! Beat that,” Harry whooped. He jumped up and down, arms flying in a war dance. Harry was the most hyper ten-year-old I ever knew. His brown hair even seemed to stick up on its own, like it was just electrocuted.

“Pooh, who cares.”

Nina’s skilled, but short six-year-old fingers flew at the screen of her iPod Touch.

Slowly, my anger started to cool down a bit as I logged onto Instagram. The atmosphere of the living room was serene once more.

Just as things were starting to get really juicy as I stalked my crush on Facebook, Dad turned off his Kindle and announced in a loud voice, “Okay, guys, that’s it! Enough sitting in a dark room with screens shining into your pupils. We gotta get some fresh air and spend some family time together! Now!”

My heart started beating faster. Did he just announce that we were going to spend time with each other? Was I actually going to have to talk and make conversation with Harry, who had sugar running in his veins? Or Nina, the ultimate fusspot? Or (horrors) my embarrassing parents, Mom and Dad?

"What? No!" I wailed.

*There were those
sickening words again.
Family time --
together!*

I watched in shock as Dad snatched Nina's iPod touch, my iPhone 5, Mom's iPad, and Harry's iPad mini and tossed them on the floor. The monstrosity of it all!

"Dad, I was just about to break my Subway Surfers record and GET 7,000 COINS!" Harry yelled. Nina screeched like a tea kettle, and Mom looked extremely irritated.

"Honey, I was emailing Zoe's biology teacher—"

"Pish posh, so what? We're going to spend some quality family time together."

There were those sickening words again. Family time – together!

"Now everyone, calm down, calm down. Sit quietly and listen. I read this article on the Wall Street Journal about..."

My thoughts drifted away from Dad's droning about stupid studies on family experiences and bonding time and other junk. I tuned out his voice and refocused my thoughts on my social life, calculating what the

average amount of Followers was on Facebook for the cool kids, wondering if enough people liked my profile photo. My crush, Craig Austin, had about 210 likes on his profile pic. I had 213, but some were from my relatives. Do likes count if they are from relatives?

"...and since it's almost dinner time, why don't we go out to eat and spend time together? What do you think, kids?"

Mom thought it was a great idea. Me, not so much.

"But we always get take-out on Friday and watch a movie," Nina whined, her voice grating across my nerves.

"CHEESECAKE FACTORY!" Harry shrieked.

The next thing I knew, I was sitting like a squashed blackberry between my siblings. It was raining. The car smelled like slush on snow boots and a little bit like the sweat on Harry's gym shorts. But at least Dad let us have our electronics back.

After parking, we hurried into The Cheesecake Factory, our favorite restaurant. I was glad to see the Wi-Fi passcode posted near the door. We quickly sat down and ordered. Dad was very pleased.

*The next thing I knew, I
was sitting like a
squashed blackberry
between my siblings.*

"I'll bet people will be looking at us here, just enjoying ourselves with each other, and thinking, 'Wow! There's a great, close-knit family.'"

The labyrinth of whispers

By Lily Page

It's a whispery feeling
all smoke and incense incessant thoughts
whisper through your head
go on, stay back, run right ahead
but you look and turn around.
A silent voice in the back of your mind says,
"You never should have left bed."
The whole world at your fingertips,
But words are unable to leave your lips.
You dance the cha-cha
Between cantankerous "yes" and solemn "no,"
Every word is a waste, a fatal blow.
I want my footfalls to sprout flowers in my wake,
But my dreams are feather-light, one nightmarish flake.
Am I a flake off the old block?
The steam that rises from a bowl
of dirty bone stock?
It would seem that I am bent like the taffy
you loved as a child,
But i'm growing up now,
I have to suppress what is wild.
And I have so many recommendations
From those that surround me.
Do only dead fish go with the flow,
Or should I just "let it be?"
It's a whispery feeling,
Knowing that every moment is a decision,
And those decisions define you.
Take a deep breath. Shout.
Don't let the labyrinth of whispers confine you.

The Eyes of David



Art by Elaine Wan

“Sure Dad,” I sighed, desperately hoping that I wouldn’t see anyone I recognized and be humiliated for life. Then it happened – Craig Austin walked through the door. I wanted to duck under the table, but realized that would draw attention. I quickly decided to look at my iPhone, making sure that a sheet of my brown hair was fully covering the side of my face. After waiting a strenuous three seconds, I peeked between strands of my hair to see if Craig was looking at me. No, he wasn’t. He was looking at his iPod Nano. Thank goodness!

“Hey look,” Harry said, pointing with his chin, “That guy over there isn’t even eating dinner with his girlfriend, he’s just looking at his iPhone. Rude much?”

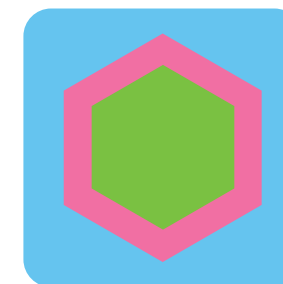
“Very rude,” Mom said disapprovingly.

“But it doesn’t matter because his girlfriend is looking at her own phone,” Nina interjected. “Oh wow, she got a flip-phone? That is so out. La-ame.”

Dad looked up from his iPhone 6 to see what we were talking about.

“Oh yeah, you’re right! That’s funny.” He chuckled. “Good thing we’re not like that. We spend time together as a family,” he beamed, glancing back at his screen. “Hey, the Packers are winning!”

I took a few more bites of my steak and string beans. Glancing around, I noticed my whole family engrossed once more in their electronics, occasionally taking nibbles of dinner. This family time wasn’t turning out so bad after all. Satisfied, I clicked on Facebook. Yes! Three hours since I got a new profile photo, and I already had eighty-seven likes!





The Rose

By Lucy Wetherall

oh
i feel,
said the rose.

Nonsense, said the vase. We are inanimate objects, we are empty and cold and voiceless.

i feel, said the dirt.

Not you too, said the table. We don't put on airs or pretend we are worth more than a stain or trip to the carpenter's. Stop pretending to be something.

but i cannot "just be" said the rose. i have hurt and been hurt, made the gardener bleed and tear off my thorns.

and i have been stomped on, murmured the dirt. i heard the worms cry in agony, and the beetle's backs crunch. it was sickening.

There you have it! Exclaimed the vase triumphantly- "sickening"
She's right, you know, added the table. Positively sickening.

but...
the rose's voice died off.
but i like to feel. i felt alive, like the sun was filling my veins and helping me stretch to the sky.

the table and the vase shared a glance.
Dearest rose, it might be better if you put the idea of feeling out of your head for a day or two, the vase said gently, as if she were carrying something fragile.

the rose drooped and whispered assent.
the dirt molded itself around her base, warming her stem.

as a dewdrop fell from her petals (for it could not have been a tear) the dirt drunk it up eagerly, tasting the echo of pain and gladness.

A staff member approached with a syringe, and began to take my blood. I watched it flow out of my body, out and out and out. Then, it was over, the needle taken out of my skin, band-aid placed where it had been, blood removed from the room. I wondered how long DNA verification took.

Another staff member brought me a tray of food, and began to undo the restraints. I took the time to study their mask up close. It was wooden, completely covering the face, with dark, dark oval eyes, and a grinning mouth with fangs. There weren't any

*We have done this
before. Nobody will
believe you.*

other features, just the eyes and the ferocious fangs. There were multiple theories on why they never showed any faces. Possibly to retain the air of mystery which made the Lottery so alluring.

Minutes later, having finished the meal, I leaned back in my seat and waited for something new to happen. I waited. And waited. Finally, I could bear it no longer.

"Will I ever get my prize?"

All the masks turned slowly toward me. I glared. The masks considered me for a long moment.

Finally, one of them, or all of them, or some of them spoke. "You will not get a prize. The Lottery does not give prizes. You win, your prize is giving blood to a great and glorious cause."

"Which is?"

"Us." As one, they lifted their masks. Their faces were not the same, old, young, male, female, dark, light.

But when they grinned, they all had the same fangs. Vampires. They were vampires. Vampires had just taken my blood and they were going to drink it. I shuddered, once, involuntarily. They watched me.

After a long moment, I said, "I'm going to reveal your secret. When you release me. You have to release me. People will notice I'm gone."

A vampire in the front smiled. "We have planned for this, you see. You are not the first to win. We make sure any claims you'd make fall apart under scrutiny. We have done this before. Nobody will believe you."

"The letter."

"Easily faked. The Internet makes it so easy. You'll notice, if you look closely, some subtle flaws with it."

"I can just tell the truth?" I offered desperately. "Surely some people will believe me."

"Only the sort that go looking for conspiracies. The rest will think you are mad. You might get passed up for that promotion to manager at Bramwell Industries."

"How do you know where I work? And that there's a promotion available?"

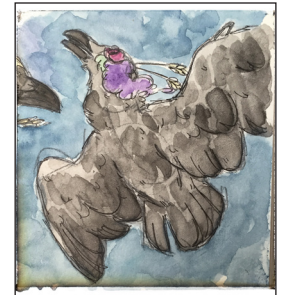
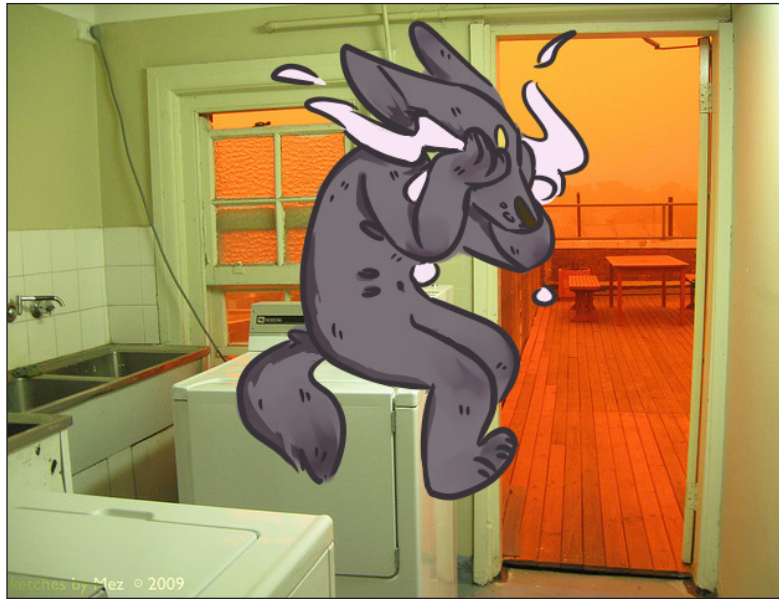
"Research. The Internet really is amazing. We can learn so much about you. And now, don't you see how much better off you'll be if you just don't tell anyone?"

I nodded, mutely. I was defeated. I wasn't even the first winner. There was no point in resisting.

The vampire clapped his hands, obviously pleased. "Wonderful. I'll show you out. I hope you enjoyed your visit." He slid his mask back on, before leading me to the lobby.

"Goodbye. Thank you for the blood."

"Art
is not
what
you
see,
but
what
you
make
others
see."



Clockwise from top left: Photo illustration by Tegan Alberts, photo illustration by Tegan Alberts, photo illustration by Tegan Alberts, art by Tegan Alberts, photograph by Elaine Wan, photo illustration by Tegan Alberts.
Quote by Edgar Degas.