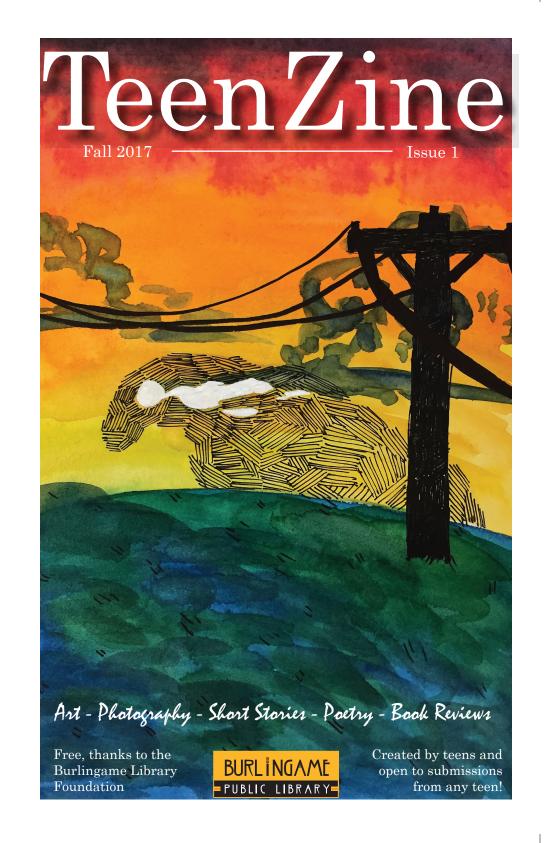
Want a chance to be featured in the next issue?

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



"Bonding Time, Redefined"

"Nobody Wins"



Short

Art Spread 8

Photos, digital art, and more!

"The Rose"



Poetry

Poetry



"The Labyrinth of Whispers"

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.

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.



Art by Tegan Alberts

Bonding Time, Redefined

By Emily Kam

I slapped my iPhone 5 down on the couch in dis- six-year-old fingers flew at gust.

"I hate you, you flapping bird!" I screamed at it.

mother said absentmindedly, her iPad casting a beau- was serene once more. tiful glow on her face.

was just electrocuted.

"Pooh, who cares."

Nina's skilled, but short the screen of her iPod Touch.

Slowly, my anger started to cool down a bit as I logged "Calm down, Zoe," my onto Instagram. The atmosphere of the living room

Just as things were start-"Yeah – ooh, I just earned ing to get really juicy as I 6,000 coins, Nina! Beat stalked my crush on Facethat," Harry whooped. He book, Dad turned off his jumped up and down, arms Kindle and announced in flying in a war dance. Har- a loud voice, "Okay, guys, ry was the most hyper ten- that's it! Enough sitting in year-old I ever knew. His a dark room with screens brown hair even seemed to shining into your pupils. We stick up on its own, like it gotta get some fresh air and spend some family time together! Now!"

Did he just announce that we were Facebook for the cool kids, wondering going to spend time with each other? if enough people liked my profile pho-Was I actually going to have to talk to. My crush, Craig Austin, had about and make conversation with Harry, 210 likes on his profile pic. I had 213, who had sugar running in his veins? but some were from my relatives. Do Or Nina, the ultimate fusspot? Or likes count if they are from relatives? (horrors) my embarrassing parents, Mom and Dad?

"What? No!" I wailed.

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

monstrosity of it all!

"Dad, I was just about to break have our electronics back. my Subway Surfers record and GET 7,000 COINS!" Harry yelled. Nina The Cheesecake Factory, our favorite screeched like a tea kettle, and Mom restaurant. I was glad to see the Wilooked extremely irritated.

gy 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 studies on family experiences and bonding my social life, calculating what the There's a great, close-knit family."

My heart started beating faster, average amount of Followers was on

"...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 I watched in shock as Dad snatched like a squashed blackberry between Nina's iPod touch, my iPhone 5, my siblings. It was raining. The car Mom's iPad, and Harry's iPad mini smelled like slush on snow boots and and tossed them on the floor. The a little bit like the sweat on Harry's gym shorts. But at least Dad let us

After parking, we hurried into Fi passcode posted near the door. We "Honey, I was emailing Zoe's biolo-quickly sat down and ordered. Dad was very pleased.

The next ting I knew, I was sitting like a sqashed blackberry between my siblings.

"I'll bet people will be looking time and other junk. I tuned out his at us here, just enjoying ourselves voice and refocused my thoughts on with each other, and thinking, 'Wow!

The Sabyrinth 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!









12______5

By Casey Kiesling



where it came from, when mind.

it started, who runs it, or why it exists. All we know is the day you turn members approached me. twenty, you'll be asked to enter. And on the day you turn fifty, you've lost.

Lottery.

ed on stiff paper emblazoned with the chair waiting in the center. Lottery logo. An L, with a fang on einobody, or else my victory would be of that. forfeit. That didn't concern me much, as there would be plenty of time to prize.

tery building. This too, like the Lot- identities in order to improve their tery, has been the same for as long as odds. The Lottery's odds were legendanyone can remember. Antique, ex- arily low, only 1 in 1,000,000,000,000, pertly-maintained furniture and even 000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 older paintings decorate the rooms. ,000. Yet, that didn't stop anyone from The staff all wear the same hooded entering, as it was free. And despite cloaks and masks and are all exact- it being useless, people still tried to ly seven feet tall. Their voices are all improve their chances however they genderless and identical. The same- could. I was not one of those fools.

obody has ever won the ness of the setup would had usually Lottery. It's been around unnerved me. It had, when I'd gone for longer than anyone can to register. Today though, I was too remember. No one knows preoccupied with thoughts of glory to

After half an hour, one of the staff

"Follow." I followed.

They led me out of the lobby, Nobody has ever won the Lottery, though a side door, down a hall, up Until now. I have won the Lottery. I some stairs, down another hall, and am the very first person to win the into a large, open room. It was bare, besides for the staff members lining The letter came last Sunday, print the walls like statues and the hospital

Without prompting, I sat in it. ther side, like more dangerous paren. Restraints closed over my arms and thesis. It was short, simply telling me legs. I wondered if I should be afraid. to show up at the Lottery building at But I wasn't. I had won the Lottery, a certain time, alone, for I had won and nothing would hurt me now. the Lottery. I was also warned to tell There was a purpose, I was convinced

"We will draw your blood now."

I nodded. They had taken a blood inform the people after I received the sample when I'd first came, to prevent cheating the system. Supposedly, Now, I sit in the lobby of the Lot- people had once assumed alternative

Caffeinated

The first time I drank coffee was back in

It was more of a sip-no more than a teaspoon full The brown drink my mom would have was bitter.

I didn't like it.

But that was when my days consisted of hopscotch

playdates

and star of the week winners.

drawing

singing

and only ever worrying about what was for dinner

Speeding up seven years,

never living a day without seeing a Starbucks, Pete's, or Philz cup

in one of my classmates' hands

I like coffee now--

the warm feeling it has on my hands,

the tasty brew of the beans.

the drops of milk I pour in my cup,

and even the caramel flavor I sometimes add on top.

Coffee can spark some energy in me as I spend hours of my day at a desk,

typing essays

polishing math problems

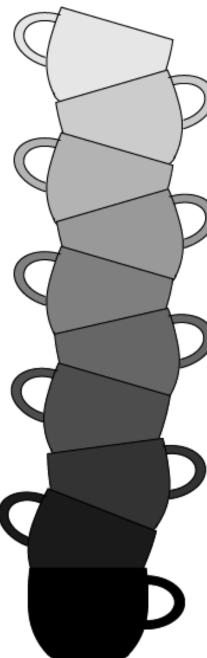
studving.

sometimes I wonder why dying is in that word.

Not living like I used to.

I am happy and find my own fun in this fast-paced world,

but as I grow, time only speeds up so much I need to catch up with it If life is caffeinated, why shouldn't I be?



– 6



By Lucy Wetherall

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 skv.

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.

syringe, and began to take my blood. the same fangs. Vampires. They were I watched it flow out of my body, out vampires. Vampires had just takand out and out. Then, it was over, en my blood and they were going to the needle taken out of my skin, band- drink it. I shuddered, once, involunaid placed where it had been, blood tarily. They watched me. removed from the room. I wondered how long DNA verification took.

a tray of food, and began to undo the People will notice I'm gone." restraints. I took the time to study their mask up close. It was wooden, have planned for this, you see. You completely covering the face, with are not the first to win. We make sure dark, dark oval eyes, and a grinning any claims you'd make fall apart unmouth with fangs. There weren't any der scrutiny. We have done this be-

We have done this before. Nobody will believe you.

other features, just the eyes and the ferocious fangs. There were multiple conspiracies. The rest will think you theories on why they never showed are mad. You might get passed up for any faces. Possibly to retain the air that promotion to manager at Bramof mystery which made the Lottery so well Industries." alluring.

meal, I leaned back in my seat and able? waited for something new to happen. I waited. And waited. Finally, I could amazing. We can learn so much about bear it no longer.

"Will I ever get my prize?"

All the masks turned slowly to- anyone?" ward me. I glared. The masks considered me for a long moment.

Finally, one of them, or all of them, was no point in resisting. or some of them spoke. "You will not blood to a great and glorious cause."

"Which is?"

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

A staff member approached with a But when they grinned, they all had

After a long moment, I said, "I'm going to reveal your secret. When you Another staff member brought me release me. You have to release me.

> A vampire in the front smiled. "We fore. 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

"How do you know where I work? Minutes later, having finished the And that there's a promotion avail-

> "Research. The Internet really is you. And now, don't you see how much better off you'll be if you just don't tell

> I nodded, mutely. I was defeated. I wasn't even the first winner. There

The vampire clapped his hands, obget a prize. The Lottery does not give viously pleased. "Wonderful, I'll show prizes. You win, your prize is giving 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

"Art
is not
what
you
see,
but
what
you
nake
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.